**Abigail's Gift**

by Tempest  
  
*Ex-Army Ranger John Nightingale, now a partner in a personal security company, meets Abigail Argent at an extended family reunion.*

Abigail Argent, who went by the name Abbie, was a brilliant and beautiful girl with flaxen hair and pale-green eyes that, if you looked closely, had flecks of gold in their irises. She was mature beyond her fifteen years, and her mother always believed that her daughter possessed a special gift that ran in her family. She told her of it when Abigail was on the cusp of womanhood, in that last anteroom of childhood, before puberty. She was nine years old.

"What special gift, Mama?" Abigail asked.

"I do not know, darlin', it's for you to find out fer yerself. But when it comes to you, you will know it, and you can't never tell another soul."

"Why, Mama?"

"'Cause sometimes folks don't take too kindly to others that's different from themselves. They might could hurt you."

"Okay, Mama," Abigail said.

"Mark my words, Abbie, don't tell nobody."

**Chapter One**

It was when Abigail was ten and a half and entered puberty that she discovered the special gift that her mother told her about.

The first time she experienced it was one day at the Mall when she was standing in front of a man on the up escalator. She had noticed him earlier when she thought he was following her and staring at her breasts inside her halter top. As she got off the escalator, she turned and confronted him.

"Why are you following me?" she asked loudly as she stared angrily at him.

'Cause you've got a nice pair of tits that I'd love to suck on, the man said to himself.

"I wasn't following you," he said aloud.

"What did you just say?" Abigail demanded.

"I said I wasn't following you," the man replied.

Abigail was now getting angry. "You said something about my boobs."

"No, I didn't," he said, now getting very nervous as Abbie was drawing attention to them; shoppers were stopping and staring.

"You'd better go away, or I'll call security," she said almost shouting.

With those words, Abigail stormed off. She didn't see him again, but while she was confronting him, she had a bizarre feeling. It was like he wasn't talking to her—it was more like she was hearing his voice in her head. Two days later, Sandra, Abigail's big sister, was talking to her about the C she got in English on her mid-term report card, something Sandra was concerned with. Abigail had her back to her and was trying to act like she wasn't listening.

"Turn around when I'm speaking to you, Abbie," she said harshly.

Abigail turned around and saw that her sister had her face a mere foot away from hers, and she heard a voice in her head that said,Should I take her iPhone away?

Before Sandra could speak, Abigail said,

"Please don't take my iPhone away, Sandra."

How did she know I was going to say that? Sandra mused. I think I'll give her an ultimatum. If her grades don't improve to a B by the end of this semester, I'll take her phone away for a month.

"I should, but . . . "

Abigail cut Sandra off and said, "If you don't take my phone away, I'll promise I'll get at least a B before the semester's over."

Sandra had a quizzical look on her face.

"Alright . . . I can agree to that," she replied. "But I'm serious; there is no way a girl of your intelligence should get Cs."

Abigail hugged her sister.

"Thanks, Sis," she said and went upstairs to her room. "What the heck is going on with me," she said to herself. "First the perv in the Mall and now my own sister. It's like I hear their thoughts. Am I going crazy—"

Then it suddenly dawned on her. She remembered what her mother had told her when she was nine. Her mother had said that she had a special gift. "Is that what Mama was talking about?" Abigail said out loud. "Do I have the gift to read other peoples' minds? Is that what I'm hearing?"

Over the next few days, Abigail began to experiment with her special gift. She would stand next to a handsome guy in the Chick-fil-A line at the Mall and listen to his thoughts.

God, she's beautiful, I'd love to see her naked, he thought.

Abigail would look at him and give him a shy smile. Then there were the perverts who would stare at her body and she would hear their thoughts,I'd love to fuck that tight pussy or play with those tits. She would give them icy stares that would frequently unnerve them.

Abigail was enjoying her newly-realized gift but recalled her mother's warning and took care not to draw attention to herself by an open reaction to what she 'heard'. She enjoyed the nice comments she received about her developing body or her beauty. More than once, she had considered giving encouragement to a handsome man who was thinking those thoughts. But she also had to put up with the crude sexually-explicit things that ran through perverts' sick minds. But it was the lies that hurt her the most. So-called friends who would say nice things about her when their thoughts said otherwise. She dumped one of her friends because of that, ignoring the girl's pleas to know why or what she had done.

Abbie was intelligent enough to realize that this gift would change her life and that it could be a blessing or a curse. She promised herself that she would learn to use it wisely.

**Chapter Two**

Over the next two years, Abbie watched her boyish figure begin to blossom. Her hips were shaping nicely and her behind was approaching perfection. Her incipient buds grew into small breasts with nipples that needed the protection of a soft cotton bra so as not to become aroused from their rubbing against a coarser material. Abigail's nipples were hypersensitive, and she soon found that she could have an orgasm by merely rubbing them.

Abigail had discovered the pleasure that an orgasm brought at a very early age. She was just five years old when her mother put a quarter into the horse ride coin slot outside the grocery store after shopping one day. As the mechanical horse rocked back and forth, Abigail's crotch slid along the plastic saddle, giving her new enjoyable feelings in her coochie, as she called her vulva. Her mother had told her not to let boys or men touch her coochie, and when Abigail asked where her coochie was, her mother had told her.

For Abbie, that ride was over too soon, and that night in bed, she put her favorite toy—Paddington Bear—between her legs and began to hump it. She soon got the same feeling that she enjoyed on the horse ride, and after a few minutes, she climaxed. She didn't know what was happening to her but enjoyed the feeling nonetheless.

As she progressed through puberty, she began to notice that boys, and some men, were taking more notice of her. This was especially true when she wore tight-fitting clothes like jeans or shorts with camisoles and other snug-fitting tops. She particularly enjoyed the attention of handsome men; they surreptitiously admired her beauty and her developing body in ways that made her nipples tingle or the gusset of her panties to dampen. Their thoughts were sexually explicit about what they fantasized about doing with her if they were alone. They would usually dismiss such thoughts as just wishful thinking and would remind themselves what would happen if they ever tried to make those kinds of suggestions to her.

But Abigail hated the attention of the older men who weren't admiring her but were leering at her, staring openly at her small breasts inside her top or ogling her crotch. Often they would rub their penises with a hand inside their pants pockets, making her feel like a thousand ants were crawling over her skin.

Abigail was not promiscuous by any stretch of the imagination; she had given her cherry to an older man, a family friend when she was twelve. His name was Simon, and he was thirty-six. He was a bachelor and lived on the same street as Abigail. Since he had a backyard pool, and Abigail's sister and her husband didn't, Abigail would sometimes go visit him to swim. She knew from his thoughts that he was sexually attracted to her, but she hadn't given him the encouragement she knew that he would need. It was not until Abigail's best friend, Rachel confided in her that she had lost her virginity to her fifteen-year-old-boyfriend, Dave, that she decided that it was time she lost hers.

Rachel had told Abigail that she and Dave were in his bedroom, and he was helping her with her homework. They started kissing, and one thing led to another, and they ended up naked on Dave's bed. They had made out quite a few times where she let him feel her breasts and put his fingers inside her. She had also given him a couple of blowjobs, but they had never had intercourse.

Dave asked Rachel if she wanted to go all the way, and she agreed, but only if he wore a condom. As soon as he had rolled the condom on, he penetrated her, and in just four strokes, he came. Rachel said that he had the nerve to ask her if it was good for her as it was for him once he was done. She had quickly gotten dressed, picked up her bookbag, and stormed out of his bedroom with Dave chasing after her, asking her what the problem was.

'If you're going to let someone pop your cherry,' Rachel advised her, 'make sure they know how to make a girl feel good and not just stick it inside you and shoot his load inside ten seconds.' Abigail decided that she was going to take her friend's advice and try to get Simon to do things with her, hopefully leading to intercourse.

**Chapter Three**

"Going 'round to Simon's house to swim, Sandra," Abigail told her sister.

"Is he expecting you?" Sandra asked.

"Yeah, I called him, and he said it was okay."

"You shouldn't impose on his generosity. You know what he's like, he would never say no." Little did Sandra know but that's what Abigail hoped

"He's cool, Sis, see ya later."

Abigail had put on a lime-green bikini that she was growing out of, which she thought would serve its purpose. Her breasts were overflowing the bra a little, and the tight leg opening cut deep each side of her vulva, making it appear larger. She could see the pronounced cameltoe in the gusset where she had pulled the bikini bottoms up tight. Wearing a long, oversized teeshirt to cover her bikini, with a beach towel in one hand and a bag with a tube of sunscreen and her iPhone in the other, she headed out the door.

"Hey, Simon," Abigail said as Simon opened his front door.

"Abigail It's so nice to see you again, darlin'," Simon said, "come on in."

"Aren't you working today?" Abigail asked as she entered his foyer. She noticed that he had his swimsuit on.

Simon, who worked from home, replied, "No, I'm done for the day."

Abigail heard his thoughts.I'd much rather watch you in a swimsuit than work.

Abigail followed Simon through his living room through the French doors and out onto the pool deck. She dropped her bag on the circular table shaded by an octagonal canvas umbrella, spread her towel on a chaise lounge, and pulled the teeshirt over her head.

She heard Simon's thoughts as he saw her bikini,Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, she's so fucking gorgeous. And will you look at that bikini; it doesn't leave much to the imagination.

Abigail smiled to herself. "You like my bikini?" she asked him.

"It's . . . it's very nice," he replied.

"I'm glad you like it," she said with a feigned, shy smile.

Abigail lay back on the chaise with her sunglasses on so she could see Simon, but he couldn't know that she was looking at him. She looked down at her mons that swelled up from her stomach with the cleft of her vulva visible, and her nipples tingled at the thought that Simon was looking at it too. She glanced at him, where he sat at the table reading a book, but his eyes were not on the pages but rather were on her body. She could hear his thoughts.

Fuck me, her tits have grown since I saw her here last summer. Oh God, will you look at that cameltoe? I hope she can't see my erection.

Oh, I can see it, Simon, you can't hide that lovely bulge in your swimsuit, Abigail said to herself.

"Gosh, I'm thirsty. Could I get a coke, please, Simon?" Abigail asked.

"Sure. Any preference on what kind?"

"Dr. Pepper if you have it?"

She could see him trying to adjust his penis so that his erection was not so obvious, but the act was futile. As he stood up, he decided to bend slightly so as not to make the bulge as prominent, but she could see the outline of his penis standing out like a Toucan's beak. Simon took more time than was necessary to retrieve a soda from the fridge to let his erection go down; it did, but not by much. He returned and handed Abigail a cold plastic bottle of Dr. Pepper.

"Thanks, Simon," she said, staring at his tumescent penis inside his swimsuit.

Five minutes later, Abigail got up and walked slowly to the edge of the pool, giving Simon time to look at the deep cleft between her rounded buttocks. She dove in and swam a couple of laps, then climbed up the steps at the shallow end and walked back to the chaise. She could see Simon staring at her crotch.

Good God almighty will you look at that, she heard him think as she walked passed where he was sitting. She stopped, turned and looked at him.

"Can I get a kiss?" she asked.

"A what?" Simon replied.

"A kiss, can I get a kiss? I've only ever kissed boys, and I was wondering if men kiss any better."

"I . . . I guess," he said.

Abigail slid sideways onto his lap, feeling his hard penis underneath her, and put her arms around his neck. He leaned in and kissed her on her lips, sending sparks of pleasure into her pussy.

"Mmm, that was good," she said and kissed him back but harder. His mouth opened, and she felt his tongue pressing against her lips. She opened her mouth, and they began to French kiss. Simon had his hand on her hip. She took one hand from around his neck and moved his hand from her hip and put it over her right breast.

Surprised, Simon broke their kiss and said, "I don't think I should be touching you there, Abbie."

Abigail held her hand over his preventing him from removing it and pressed it against her breast.

"But it feels good, doesn't it Simon? It sure feels good to me."

"Yes, but I could get into a lot of trouble. You're jail bait, darlin'. I might could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out."

Abigail smiled. "I'm not about to tell, are you?"

"I guess not."

She let go of his hand and took her other hand from around his neck and unfastened her bra top and dropped it on the table.

"Jesus Christ, Abbie," he said as he saw her breasts. She took his hand and placed it back on her now bare breast. As he gently squeezed, he felt her nipple harden and press into his palm.God, she's got firm tits, and I love that they're a nice small handful,he thought.

Abigail smiled to herself. They began kissing again, and as she moved on his lap, she could feel the hard rod of his erection under her.

"I like that I can do that," Abigail said after breaking their kiss.

"Do what?" Simon asked as he peppered her neck and shoulders with kisses.

"That I can make you hard," Abigail replied, moving her butt on his erection to make her point.

"You're so sexy, Abbie. I can't take my eyes off your body. Last time I saw you in a swimsuit, you hardly had any tits at all. Now look at them, they're perfect," he said as he kissed and lightly sucked first one nipple then the other.

"You wanna fool around?" Abigail asked, holding her breath, waiting for a 'yes'.

Do I dare? Simon said to himself.I could get in really big trouble if anyone found out. Damn, I bet she's as tight as a drum.

"Are you sure you want to do this, Abbie?"

"I'm sure. I've always liked you, Simon."

"Are you a virgin?" he asked.

"No," she lied, "but be gentle with me." Abigail was trembling with excitement as she got off his lap and followed him into his bedroom.

"I'd like to take a shower first," Abigail said.

"My bathroom's through that door," Simon said. He admired her sexy ass as she walked into the bathroom, where she removed her bikini bottoms and got into the shower. As she was soaping up, the shower stall door opened and Simon stepped inside. She caught her breath as she saw his erection standing straight up against his stomach. The foreskin was pulled all the way back, exposing the smooth, shiny head with its purple-tinged rim. Abigail had only seen penises on the Internet, but seeing one in the flesh, so to speak, was altogether different. For one thing, Simon's veins seemed larger; they were more like vines climbing up a tree trunk. She tentatively reached out and grasped it, causing it to twitch that made her jump.

"Shall I wash you?" Simon asked.

"Yes, please," Abigail replied.

Abigail stood there with her hands on his shoulders as he washed her shoulders, her breasts, her stomach, and, as he pushed his hand in between her legs to wash her vulva, a gasp escaped her lips. When he was done, Simon handed her the bar of soap, and she proceeded to wash him. What surprised her the most was the weight of his testicles. They finished by rinsing off. After drying, they went back into the bedroom and got onto his king-sized bed after Simon had pulled the covers back.

Abigail lay with her head in the crook of Simon's shoulder with his one arm around her and the other gently squeezing each of her breasts in turn, teasing her nipples and watching her domed-areolas stipple and darken with her intense arousal. Her hypersensitive nipples were now as hard as frozen peas, and as he rubbed them, waves of pleasure washed over her entire body.

Simon's hand left her breast, and she felt his fingertips trail down across her stomach and cup her mound, which was lightly dusted with fine flaxen-colored hair. She gasped loudly as she felt the tip of his middle finger push into her tight cleft and rub her clitoris.

"Oh, gawd, Simon," she moaned as she felt his finger enter her tight, wet hole.

Simon quickly brought Abigail to orgasm with just his finger rubbing her clit. He could feel her body spasm as her thighs squeezed his hand.

"Gawd that was a good one," Abigail said as she regained her composure.

"Why don't you lie on your back," Simon suggested.

Abigail complied, and he got between her legs and draped them over his thighs. She looked down at his penis, lying with its head on her mons. As much as she tried to relax, Simon could feel the tension in her body.

"You're a virgin, aren't you?" he said.

Abigail nodded.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want you to think that I wasn't ready for you."

"I'll be as gentle as I can, darlin', but you really need to try to relax. Okay?"

"Okay," she replied.

Simon took the shaft of his penis in between his thumb and forefinger and began working its head up and down her cleft, pushing her plump labia aside. Then he worked the head in small circles around the small opening of her vagina. After a few minutes, he rested the head at her opening and began to push. With steady pressure, he managed to enter her. A small whimper of pain escaped her lips as what remained of her hymen sacrificed itself to his invading member. He began to push farther into her.

"No! Wait!" she said. "Let me get used to having you inside me."

Simon sat there with the head of his penis inside Abigail's tight pussy for a good minute.

"Okay, I'm ready," she said.

Slowly he began to push again, and, as her juices flowed mixing with his precum, he slowly slid his full five inches inside of her very tight vagina.

"Gawd, that feels sooo good," she gushed.

For the next five minutes, Simon fucked her, becoming more and more ardent as he chased his orgasm. When Abigail climaxed for the third time, he felt his ball sack draw up tight, and his penis swell, and the first load of his thick semen spurted into her. He continued to fuck her until he was done, spent. As he pulled out of her, Abigail felt his semen seeping out and running down between her buttocks.

"I'm leaking," Abigail giggled as she cupped her pussy, then got off the bed and headed into his bathroom where she sat on the toilet. She looked down into the bowl and saw his white semen tinged with the blood from her torn hymen. She sat there for almost five minutes letting his semen run out. She then wiped herself with toilet tissue, flushed the commode and pulled her bikini bottoms back on.

Back in the bedroom, Simon had already put his swimsuit back on.

"Are you okay?" he asked. Concerned.

"Yeah, I'm okay now. Thank you, Simon. I'm thrilled that you were my first, but I think I'd better be getting on home now."

Abigail retrieved her swimsuit bra top, put it on, and then her teeshirt over it. She gave Simon a hot wet kiss on the mouth and promised that she would be back for more. Back home, she took a long bath to ease the soreness she felt. Sitting there, she decided that she liked sex, but it was not as fulfilling as she thought it would be. It seemed to be missing something, though she couldn't put her finger on what that would be.

Abbie had sex with Simon several more times that summer then told him that she would not be coming over anymore. The expression on his face and his sad thoughts that she could hear troubled her, but she stayed strong. Abigail knew that Simon had no real feelings for her and that he only wanted to fuck her for his own pleasure, not that there was anything wrong with that.

"There has to be more to sex than what I experienced with Simon," she said as she walked home after having sex with him for the last time. "There just has to be."

Though she did not see it coming, Abigail's life would change forever the day that she met John Nightingale.

**Chapter Four**

John Nightingale was thirty years old with sandy colored hair and rugged good looks. He had served in the US Army as a Ranger from the age of eighteen until he was twenty-six. He saved the majority of his monthly paycheck, which he sent to a longtime family friend who was a financial savant. The friend had invested it for him—wisely as it turned out. Discharged from the Army at the age of twenty-six as an E7 Sergeant First Class, John had a very nice nest egg, part of which he used to invest in a security business founded by a former Army mentor, Major Jordan Roach.

Over the next two years, John helped grow the business, renamed Roach-Nightingale Security Services, that, in addition to other specialties, provided protection for men and women who, because of their wealth or position, were potential targets for ransom or worse. The Major had hired ex-military like himself; men and women he had either worked with or admired. All men and women were US Army veterans with combat experience. All were weapons experts. But Jordan Roach thought so highly of John that he brought him in as a partner. They now had six full-time security specialists, several freelancers, and a small secretarial and accounting staff.

John received an invitation in the mail to attend the biennial Nightingale family reunion in Missouri. It was to be at Horseshoe Lake State Park, which was located on Horseshoe Lake some ten miles northeast of St. Louis. The extended family was quite large with relatives from all walks of life. Some old, some young, and some in the middle. The last reunion he had attended was when he was twelve, and his parents were still alive. He only knew a couple of relatives—an uncle, a grandmother, or a cousin or two. The rest were just faces with names he would forget ten seconds after they had introduced themselves, hugged and kissed him.

Because the family had grown so much over the years, it was now a two-day event that was held in the large park. He was advised to take advantage of the block of hotel rooms that had been reserved for the group at special rates. He booked a room at the Embassy Suites in Downtown St. Louis for three nights. He planned to fly in on Friday, spend Saturday and Sunday at the reunion, and fly home on Monday.

John wasn't particularly looking forward to it, but he felt an obligation to stay in touch with the extended family as those in his immediate family had all passed. Work had been demanding the past month, including a potential blackmail that he had foiled. He was charged with escorting the very forward seventeen-year-old daughter of the CEO of a multi-million dollar empire that gave John's firm a lot of business. The daughter, whose name was Charlotte, though she preferred to be called Charly, was scheduled to attend a dance recital and competition at a hotel in Houston on a Saturday afternoon. John had driven her from her home in the Austin area to the hotel on Friday night and checked in. Her father's personal assistant had booked adjoining rooms with a connecting door.

"Charly, you're not supposed to be in my room and certainly not dressed in just your underwear," he said as she twirled her long blonde tresses around her index finger. John was unpacking his small overnight suitcase when she came through the connecting door.

"Oh, c'mon, John, don't be such a prude, you know you want to fuck me."

Truth be told, John did want to fuck her. She was a gorgeous girl, tall with dancer's legs and breasts that seemed to be spilling over the cups of her bra. She was very desirable but was his charge for the weekend, and it was company policy to keep your hands off the clients' goods and that certainly included their daughters.

"I can't, Charly, I'd lose my job if it was discovered that I'd had sex with a client's daughter."

"I won't tell if you won't," she said. "I'm not a virgin if that's what you're worried about," she added.

Just then, there was a knock on her room door, and a voice said, "Room Service."

"Did you order room service?" John asked Charlotte.

"No, I didn't,"

"Okay, you stay here and don't open that door unless it's me. Okay?"

"You're scaring me, John," Charlotte said.

"Don't worry, I can take care of you. Now lock the adjoining door behind me."

John went into Charlotte's room and quietly shut the door behind him. He hid in the bathroom and waited. John wasn't sure if whoever was outside the door had a key card or not. He drew his concealed carry, a Glock 30S chambered in .45ACP. Its magazine held ten rounds, and he always kept a round in the chamber.

John heard a beep as a keycard was inserted. He heard the door open, and a voice said, "Room Service, Miss Bancroft."

A dark-haired man in his early thirties entered the room and moved past the open bathroom door. His arm was stretched out in front of him, and there was an automatic pistol in his hand. John heard the bedroom door close and latch, as the man moved into the room. He stepped quietly behind the man and pressed the barrel of his Glock into the man's back.

"Very carefully throw your piece onto the bed; do not make any sudden moves as there's a Glock forty-five pointed at your spine. The bullet will probably kill you, but if it doesn't, you'll spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair shitting into a colostomy bag and wearing a diaper."

John could sense the fear in the man who quickly threw his weapon onto the bed. It bounced once then lay there. John hooked his leg around the man's legs and followed him to the carpet. He put his Glock to his side and pulled out a pair of handcuffs and secured the man's hands behind his back.

Picking up his Glock, John stood and put it back in the leather pancake holster inside the waistband of his pants. He then picked up the man's 9mm Beretta, ejected the magazine and racked the slide to remove the round in the chamber, catching it in his hand.

"I need hotel security in Miss Bancroft's room ASAP," John said into the bedside phone. Four minutes later, there was a knock at the door, and a voice said,

"Hotel security."

After checking through the peephole, he opened the door and let the head of the hotel security and one other man inside. He had met both of them earlier as part of his normal security check.

Half an hour later, after explaining what had gone down, the local cops had removed the guy. The detective who accompanied them took a statement from John. He said it was going to be challenging to prove the intent to kidnap but said the guy would be charged with possession of a firearm by a convicted felon: possession of a firearm without a permit: stealing a hotel keycard: entering a hotel room with the intent to rob or cause bodily harm. John was told the guy would serve at least ten years on the first count alone. He gave John back his handcuffs and wished him a good evening.

"You can come back in now, Charly," John said through the door.

After John had told her what had gone down, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on his lips.

"Oh, thank you, John, I'm glad you were here," she said. "I'm leaving that connecting door open tonight."

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John stirred and looked at the alarm clock that read one-sixteen AM. He felt a dip in the mattress when Charlotte slipped into bed and snuggled up to him putting one leg over his. John could feel her naked pussy pressing into his thigh and a firm breast against his arm.

"Sorry, John," she said. "I was so scared of sleeping in my room alone. Can I sleep with you?"

"You shouldn't be here, but I guess it's okay, but you need to put some clothes on."

"I always sleep in the nude, so I don't have any pajamas," Charlotte replied as she kissed his shoulder. "Besides, you saved me, so I owe you."

With the feeling of a seventeen-year-old girl's naked body pressing against his naked body and a young girl's smell in his nostrils, all thought of company policy left the building. Charlotte began kissing his shoulder, then his neck, and finally his mouth. The feeling of her soft lips on his made him dizzy with desire. He could feel her gently pressing her now quite wet pussy into his thigh and her firm, young breast into his arm; they had the desired effect.

"You on birth control?" John asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

Over the next three hours, John and Charlotte made love twice. He loved how snug her pussy was as she clenched it around his shaft as she climaxed. He came inside her the first time and was amazed when an hour later, she was able to bring him to full hardness with her lips around the head of his penis, and he ejaculated a fair amount of semen into her mouth which she hungrily swallowed.

The dance recital was a disaster. Charlotte was so tired that she failed to complete her number much to the chagrin of her female teacher. John was able to calm the teacher when he related the events of the previous evening—leaving out, of course, their lovemaking.

"I'm gonna ask for you the next time I need protection," Charlotte told him after French kissing him goodbye. When he got back to the office, he told Jenny, the coordinator, to send someone else the next time Miss Bancroft needed escorting.

"She's going to be mighty pissed. She told her father that she wanted you to protect her every time she needed security," Jenny said with a knowing smile.

**Chapter Six**

After an uneventful flight from San Antonio to Saint Louis Lambert International, John arrived at his hotel at five-thirty on Friday afternoon prior to the eve of the Nightingale family reunion. He parked his Hertz Ford Focus and rolled his suitcase into the Embassy Suites lobby and checked in. St. Louis had been the chosen destination because of its central location, which meant that none of the families would have to travel coast to coast, but a few did fly in from overseas.

"There you go, Mr. Nightingale," the attractive young woman behind the check-in desk said as she handed him the keycard to his room, "Enjoy your stay. If there's anything you need, then please let a member of our staff know."

John unpacked, took a shower and put on clean clothes, and went down to the hotel's bar for a drink before dinner.

John ordered an Absolut vodka martini, up with a twist that the barman quickly poured and placed on a napkin in front of him. The bar began to fill up, but John didn't recognize anyone. Then he heard the barstool next to him scrape, and, as he turned to see who was climbing onto it, he caught his breath as he saw one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen sitting next to him.

She was tall and leggy with dark brown hair cut in layers and had sparkling blue eyes. She wore a dark-blue cocktail dress with thin straps; there was a single strand of pearls around her neck and no rings on the ring finger of her left hand.

"Are you here for the Nightingale Family reunion by any chance? she asked.

John proffered his hand. "Yes, I am. John Nightingale, from New Braunfels, Texas. And you are . . .?"

The woman took his hand and smiled, showing two rows of perfect alabaster-white teeth. "Alice Hopkins, from Washington, DC."

The barman placed a napkin in front of Alice and asked her what she wanted to drink.

"I'll have the same as him," she said, nodding toward John. "So, you're the ex-Army Ranger I've read about?"

"That's right. You've been studying our extensive family tree I take it?"

"I'm a genealogist for the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History. My field is animal evolutionary development, not human, but I did read the newsletter. I'm the daughter of Jacob Nightingale. He's your great-great-uncle's grandson on your father's side, so we are distant relatives."

"So you did get that information from the twice-yearly newsletter they send out? I wish they would have contacted me before publishing that," John replied.

"I make it my business to know who I'm having dinner with," Alice said matter-of-factly. "You were a Ranger for most of your service and were honorably discharged as a Sergeant First Class; you have two Purple Hearts and two Silver Stars. You've got quite an impressive record, John."

"Thank you, I'm flattered," John replied, "but that's what soldiers do."

"Well, my life hasn't been as exciting as yours, I'm afraid—unless you count a messy divorce. I was married to Jim Biden for a few years."

"Jim Biden, the congressman?"

"One and the same. It seems that he couldn't keep his pen out of the Congressional ink well."

"I hadn't heard about that."

"Oh, they hushed it up and paid the three girls off. Silly little things, they thought they were in love with him."

"Listen, Alice, I'm getting hungry. Will you join me for dinner? I have a table reserved."

"I'd love to, and then you can tell me how you won all those medals."

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Two hours later, John pushed the door to his room, closed with the sole of his right shoe while Alice hung around his neck, pressing her firm breasts into his chest. Through most of the dinner, she had been playing footsie and had made it quite clear that she wanted to have sex with him.

Rather than tearing their clothes off, Alice went into the bathroom and closed the door while John got undressed and into bed. Five minutes later, she emerged from the bathroom naked.

"Holy crap, Alice! You've got one gorgeous body," John said as he admired how her breasts, that he estimated to be a nice handful, jiggled as she walked to the bed. She had a perfect hourglass figure. John liked that her mons was neatly trimmed and thinned into a small triangle of brown pubic hairs that pointed to the deep vee of her vulva, its slit tight and revealing no inner labia.

"You ain't too shabby yourself, John," Alice said as she got into the bed and immediately went to work on his erection, which she lifted off his washboard stomach. She took its tapered head into her mouth, closing her full, luscious lips around its underside.

"Damn, Alice, you really give one hell of a blowjob. Your husband's an effing idiot to prefer the Senate aides to you."

Alice lifted her mouth off his penis with a smile and said, "Even though I'm only twenty-seven, I think he preferred the young teenagers. He was caught having sex with a seventeen-year-old in his office by his Chief of Staff. If it had been Ethel, his secretary, who had caught him, they wouldn't have been able to cover it up."

"Congressman or not, he's still an effing idiot."

"Is what we're doing considered incest?" Alice asked with a sexy smile, then went back to fellating him.

"I think we're too far removed," John replied.

"Well, I'm glad we aren't too far removed from each other right now. I'm on birth control, so you don't have to wear a condom if you don't want to, and I'd love for you to come inside me."

John wasted no time. He got between Alice's long, slender legs and swiped the head of his penis up and down her long labial cleft a few times to merge his precum with her juices that had begun to flow. As he parted her outer labia, he could see the moist, pink folds of her inner labia and the dark opening to her vagina.

"C'mon, John, quit fooling around, I've wanted you inside of me all through cocktails and dinner."

Positioning his cockhead against Alice's wet opening, he pushed, and, in one continuous thrust, he entered her, causing her to gasp in surprise.

"I love how tight you are," John said as he began fucking her with long slow outward strokes and quick inward ones bumping her cervix.

"And I love it when you bump my end. You can fuck me a little harder if you want."

As John fucked Alice, he squeezed her gorgeous breasts and tweaked her large, firm nipples. Alice had her long legs wrapped around his waist, with her ankles locked behind his back, humping him back as he fucked her.

"God, John!" she cried as she climaxed. She held him deep inside her as her orgasm took hold. John could feel her heart beating as he lay on top of her, her breasts squashed against his chest and her arms around his neck.

John couldn't wait, so he began fucking her again with short urgent strokes. His orgasm came crashing in as he exploded inside of her, filling her with his hot, thick semen. They lay there in their post-orgasmic state, their bodies glistening with sweat and Alice's vulva throbbing softly.

"God, that was amazing, John," Alice said. "If you're ever in the DC area, give me a call because I'd love to fuck you in my bed sometime."

"I might just take you up on that, Alice," John replied.

As they lay in each other's arms, they both slowly dropped into a deep sleep.

**Chapter Seven**

Alice woke before John the next morning. So as not to disturb him, she slipped out of bed, got dressed, and before heading to her room, left him a note on which she had written her phone number.

John woke twenty minutes later to an empty bed. Then he saw the note:

John  
I loved having dinner with you, loved the sex even more. Here's my phone number, maybe we can hook up later at the reunion. I'm free tonight.  
Alice

512-555-2003

John showered, got dressed, and ordered room service for breakfast. An hour later, he was in his rental and driving on I-55 for the ten-mile trip to the reunion. He exited onto SR-111, crossed the causeway, and parked in the large lot. He then headed for the registration tent. After getting a name tag, that also displayed his city and state of residence, he headed out to mingle in the steadily growing crowd.

Half an hour went by without seeing anyone he recognized. Then he noticed a young girl sitting at a picnic table under a shelter with a galvanized metal roof. John was struck with her beauty. She had long, flaxen-colored hair that was fixed in a single plait that fell down the center of her back. And she wore a white camisole with spaghetti straps; the camisole was trimmed with pink lace. He could see that she was wearing a bra, as witnessed by the extra straps and the outline in her top. A pair of pink cotton shorts were so snug that he could see the cleft between her buttocks pressed against the wood of the picnic table bench. Her long legs stretched out, and he could see that she was wearing pink Keds. She had a book in her hand that she was reading.

As John moved closer, he looked at her name tag and noticed that she lived in the same city as he did. He walked over to introduce himself.

"Hi, I'm John Nightingale," John said, offering his hand.

As she looked up at him, he noticed her pale-green eyes with gold flecks;what a beautiful girl and what gorgeous eyes,he thought.

"Thanks for the compliment," Abigail said, then caught herself realizing he had only thought it. As she looked at John, a strange but pleasant new feeling washed through her as if she somehow knew him, though she did not recognize his face or name.

"I . . . er was just going to say that you're a very beautiful girl, and I love your gorgeous eyes," John looked at her name tag again, "Abigail Argent."

"Sorry," Abigail said. "It's the heat," she added with a smile. She shook his hand.

"You looked at me a bit little strangely," John said.

"Sorry 'bout that. I go by Abbie," she said, quickly changing the subject.

"Excuse me?" John said.

"My name's Abigail, but everyone calls me Abbie,"

"Oh, okay, I get it. Abbie it is. You have an unusual last name—Argent. It means silver, like an argent moon."

"I didn't know that."

John sat down and looked at Abigail.God, she's so damn beautiful, he said to himself.

Abigail smiled and said, "Thanks, John."

John had no idea for what she had thanked him but did not care, He was fascinated by her and just wanted to keep the conversation going.

"You're welcome. Can I get you a coke?" John was always amused that his fellow Texans had adopted the word 'coke' as being a soft drink of any brand.

"A Dr. Pepper would be nice. Thank you."

"I'll be right back," John said; he got up and left.

"Gawd he's sooo good-looking," Abigail said to the picnic table. "I wonder if he's really interested in me? I guess there's one way to find out."

"Sorry, did you say something, Abbie?" John asked as he put a red plastic cup of Dr. Pepper with ice cubes floating on top in front of her and sat down. He sipped a Shiner Bock draft beer from the same kind of cup.

"I was just talking to myself," Abigail said.

"Oh, okay."Abbie's a very interesting girl, John said to himself.I wonder how old she is.

"I'm fifteen," Abigail said, "I'll be sixteen in a few months—in case you were wondering," she quickly added, chiding herself.

"Thanks for telling me that."

"I thought you'd want to know."

"Er . . .I guess," John replied. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Thanks for the drink. So, you live in New Braunfels too? Whereabouts?"

"Uh-huh, My house is on a street called Arendes Drive, off of Route 46. How about you, Abbie, which is a beautiful name, by the way?"

"Thanks, John. I know where that is. We live on Horseshoe Trail near the John Newcombe Tennis Ranch on the other side of forty-six from you."

"You here with your parents?"

"No, Mama died a year ago last May, and I never knew my daddy. I live with my older sister and her husband."

"I am so sorry to hear that, darlin'."

It was kind of him to say that. I'm beginning to like this guy. He seems like a really caring person. I wonder if he's married or has a girlfriend, Abigail said to herself.

"Thanks, John. You here with your wife or girlfriend?"

"Nope. I'm not married and don't have a girlfriend right now. How about you?"

I like John's sense of humor,Abigail thought. "No, I'm not married either," she replied with a girlish giggle. "And I too don't currently have a boyfriend but . . . I could be yours if you want," added, surprising herself.

John chuckled. "I think I'd like that. And, we could go out on dates, to the movies or Rudy's or Dairy Queen maybe," he said, going along with her playful banter.

"You'll be wanting my phone number, right?" Abigail asked.

"Oh, I do? Why?"

"You know, so you can call me up and invite me to go on a date?"

You're serious?

"Yes, aren't you?"

"Okay . . . well . . . I guess it's okay."

"You have an iPhone?" Abigail asked.

"I do, and it's discoverable."

Abigail made a few taps on her iPhone, and her contact information appeared on John's phone. He added her information to his Contacts under the Personal group.

"I see that your birthday's on the sixth of August; you should allow me to buy you a present," John said, looking at her information.

"Uh-huh, and that's very kind of you."

So, she'll be sixteen soon. I wonder if she's a virgin?John said to himself.I wonder what would it be like to make love to one so young? God, it's a good thing that she can't read my mind, or she'd think I was some kind of pervert,he mused.

Gawd, he's thinking about what it would be like to have sex with me, Abigail said to herself.And no, John, I would never think of you as a pervert. I wonder how I could let him know I would be willing?

"I know we've only just met, John, but can I ask you a personal question?"

"I guess, and I'll try and give you an honest answer."

"Do you find me attractive?"

"Why, yes. You're absolutely gorgeous."

"Thanks, but I meant attractive in other ways," Abigail asked with a sweet smile.

Jeez, Abbie's very mature for a fifteen-year-old, John thought.I think she wants to know if I find her sexually attractive—which I do. But I don't think I should tell her that; I've only just met her, and I don't want to start off on the wrong foot. I've heard from friends with nieces that pubescent girls can be sexually provocative—it's the raging hormones, I think they said.

"Er, I'm not sure how I should answer that question, Abbie. You're just fifteen, and I'm thirty, and I'm not sure we should be having this kind of conversation."

"C'mon, John, I know you want to tell me, I can see it in your eyes."

Jeez, is this girl reading my mind or what?He thought. "Okay. For starters, you are a very beautiful young woman, and I absolutely love your eyes, they're gorgeous. God, I don't think I should be saying this, but yes, I find you to be very desirable."

Abigail smiled inwardly as she thought.This gift is kinda fun, but I gotta be careful how I use it. Damn, I can feel my panties getting damp.

"Thanks, John. I like it when a nice man like you pays me a compliment. You wouldn't believe what some of the pervs tell me."

"I can imagine. I haven't been able to take my eyes off you ever since I first saw you, but I hope you don't think that I'm a pervert."

"Heavens no, I can tell that you could never be a perv. I like you; I like you a lot. Are you staying at the Embassy Suites?"

"I am; I'm in room three-six-four."Now, why the heck did I tell her my room number?John said to himself

Abigail smiled inwardly.It doesn't matter, John, you didnt have to tell me.

Just then, a woman and a man came walked up to the picnic table where Abigail and John sat talking.

"Abbie, are you going to introduce us to your new friend," the woman by the name of Sandra Petree said.

"This is John Nightingale, Sis," Abbie replied.

John shook hands with both Sandra and her husband, Troy. "Very nice to meet y'all. I have been completely charmed by your beautiful young sister," John said.

"You must be the war hero that we've read about in the family's semi-annual newsletter."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," John replied modestly.All this hero bullshit is really embarrassing. I wish that damn newsletter had not written the article. Hell, they didn't even call me and let me know what they were going to put it in there,He thought.

"I don't think they put Silver Stars and Purple Hearts in breakfast cereal boxes," Troy said. "Thank you for your service."

"Are you staying at the Embassy Suites hotel?" Sandra asked.

"Yes, I am."

"Would you care to join us for dinner? We have reservations at seven."

"I'd love to but only on one condition, and that's if I can be seated next to this lovely young woman," John replied.

"Oh, I think that can be arranged." Sandra smiled knowingly. Come along now, Abbie, we have to have our immediate family photos taken. See you at seven in the lobby, John."

Abbie was impressed that John was a war hero but much more impressed by his modesty.This is a guy that I could really fall for. She thought as she looked at John and gave him a big smile as she followed Sandra and Troy toward the photo venue.

John was wandering around the picnic area, sipping his beer and pondering his meeting with Abbie when he spotted Alice. She made an immediate beeline to him and put her arm around his.

"You free tonight?" she asked.

"Sorry, darlin', but I'm having dinner with the Petrees."

"Oh. Okay. Are you staying over 'til Monday?"

"I'm fixin' to."

"Perhaps we could have dinner Sunday night?"

"Okay, I've got your phone number; I'll let you know."

"Okay," Alice said with a pout and a hint of disappointment in her voice.

**Chapter Eight**

John was waiting in the lobby at five to seven. Ten minutes later, he saw Abigail get out of the elevator, followed by her sister and her brother-in-law.

Abigail lit up when she saw John and gave him a hug. He put his arms around her and hugged her back; he could smell a hint of jasmine shampoo in her flaxen hair and feel her firm breasts pressing against his chest.

Jeez, she smells good, and I can feel her perfect boobs against my chest. I could really get used to this, John said to himself. "Hi, Abbie, it's good to see you again," John said. "Y'all too, Sandra and Troy," he added as he shook their hands.

I'm glad he likes to feel my boobs, Abigail thought.

The mâitre d' seated them in a booth by the window, with Abigail and John next to each other on the banquette and Sandra and Troy opposite sitting on chairs. As they sipped their drinks, Abigail moved slowly closer and closer to John until she was almost touching him. The first time Abigail touched John's knee, he jerked a little and was glad that Sandra and Troy were in conversation, looking at each other and didn't see him react.

Jeez, Abbie, you little minx,John said to himself. He looked at her, noting the cheeky smile on her face.

Since Abigail had discovered her special gift, she found that she could read whatever people were thinking, but only if she focused on the individual. Today at the reunion, she was in a group having the Petree family photographs taken when she tried concentrating on six people. She instinctively put her hands over her ears as a cacophony of voices filled her head. Her sister asked her if she was okay. Abigail brushed off her concern with a laugh.

So, I'm a little minx, huh, John. Try this one, she said to herself as she moved her hand up his thigh. John stopped her before she reached his crotch.

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After dinner, Abigail went up to their room while Sandra, Troy, and John went into the bar for an after-dinner drink.

"Abbie's a delightful young woman," John said easily.

"Yes, and she's very mature for her age," Sandra said. "While we were having our photographs taken, she told me that she really likes you."

"I like her as well. Did she tell you that I was going to take her out on a date?"

Sandra chuckled. "Yeah, I think that's so cute."

"So you wouldn't mind? I mean, I'm thirty, and she's just fifteen."

"Not at all. Abbie's very mature, and it would be fun for her. I—well—we," Sandra said, looking at Troy, "find that lately, she doesn't seem to enjoy the company of kids her own age. I think it might have something to do with her going through puberty. I remember when I was her age, I found boys so stupid."

"It will be fun. I don't have any young female relatives," John said.

"You do now, " Sandra said, "you've got Abbie."

"I do, don't I? How about that. And to think that I almost didn't come to the reunion this year, but now I'm glad that I did."

John finished up his martini, wished the two of them a good evening, and headed for his room. He had stripped and was about to shower when there was a knock at the door. He looked through the peephole to see Abigail standing there.

Shit, I should not have given her my room number, he said to himself. Now what do I do?

"What a sec," John called through the door and quickly put his cotton boxers back on. Abigail came inside as soon as he opened the door.

"What are you doing here, Abbie?" he asked as she sat on the edge of the bed.

"I came to see you," she replied. She got up and hugged him, and he hugged her in return.There's something about hugging this young girl's body, firm, budding, intensely intoxicating, he thought.Mmm, she feels so good. I wonder what it's like to kiss her?

"Won't your sister wonder where you are?"

"No, she won't, but I'm not staying long. Can I get a kiss? I've only kissed boys," she lied, "and watched people kiss in the movies. I don't think boys know how to kiss properly."

John put his arms around her and leaned down. Abigail looked up at him; she was only four inches shorter than him, so she stretched up, and they kissed. She felt small in his arms, and he felt her foot curl around his ankle. A shiver of excitement ran through John's body as he felt her soft, full lips on his. The kiss lasted for just ten seconds, but, to John, it seemed like an eternity.

"That was good," she said.

"It was, wasn't it," he replied.

"We should do it again," she said.

"We should," he replied and leaned down and kissed her again. This time he tilted his head and parted his lips and pushed his tongue against hers. She took the offer and opened her mouth. They began French kissing, and Abigail pressed her body against his, feeling his penis grow inside his thin cotton boxers.

God, this is so good, I don't want to stop, John thought,Abbie's like a drug; I can't get enough of her.

Abigail broke their kiss and smiled at him. "Must be getting back," she said sweetly.

No, don't go; I want to kiss you, I want to hold you, I want to explore your beautiful body, he said to himself.

"Maybe when we get home," she said enigmatically and left, leaving John with not just a puzzled look on his face, but a raging erection inside his underwear.

"Maybe do what when we're back home?" he said to the closed hotel room door.

**Chapter Nine**

John decided to go home a day early because, as much as he would have liked to fuck Alice again, he was a bit concerned that she was getting too pushy. The last thing he needed in his life was a woman who wanted to own him. In any case, there was Abigail. The girl had crawled inside of his head, and he couldn't shake her loose—not that he wanted to.

On Monday afternoon, he figured that Abigail was out of school so he called her. "Hey, Abbie, it's John."

"Oh, hi, John. I missed you at the park yesterday."

"Yeah, sorry about that, I wanted to avoid seeing someone so I came home a day early."

"Was it Alice?"

How the heck did she know that?John thought.

"Yes it was, how did you know that?"

"I saw you talking to her. I could tell she wanted to . . . you know."

There was something about Abbie, that was somehow different, John said to himself.Whenever I was around her, it seemed as if she knew what I was thinking.

"You did? I slept with her on Friday night, and she kept bugging me to sleep with her again."

"And why didn't you want to?"

"Can I pick you up and take you to DQ?" John said changing the subject. He didn't want to tell her that if he had sex with Alice, it would be Abigail's face he would have in his mind.

"Sure, you want to come 'round right now?"

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," he said and ended the call.

Abigail was waiting in her driveway as John pulled in. She ran and got in the passenger seat, leaned over, and kissed him on his lips; he could smell her shampoo on her still damp hair.

"You showered," John said.

"I take a shower every day when I get home from school," Abigail replied.with a smile

Ten minutes later, John pulled into the parking lot of the local Dairy Queen on Landa Street. Inside, Abigail ordered a sundae and John a banana split. They sat next to the window.

"Abbie, if I ask you a question, will you give me an honest answer?" John wanted to know, as crazy as it might seem, if she was somehow reading his thoughts. He had read about telepaths and those who were prescients, but was always skeptical of their abilities, thinking it was some kind of magic trick.

Abigail thought for the longest time. She was torn between keeping her gift a secret as her mother had advised her to do, and confiding in John because she liked him so much and saw only him in her future. It was apparent to her from his thoughts that he wanted to know but was skeptical.

"Abbie."

"Yes," Abigail said nervously.

"Yes, what? That you'll answer my question honestly?"

"You want to know if I have the gift of telepathy and if I am a prescient."

John's mouth fell open, and he dropped his spoon onto the table with such a clatter that the couple at the next table stopped talking and looked at him.

"You just thought that you've read about people like me, but you're skeptical and think it's some kind of magic trick. You also find me sexually attractive and have been trying to find the right words to tell me."

"I . . . I . . . Jesus, Abbie. That's a little scary. I mean, you know my thoughts?"

"Not all of them. If I don't concentrate, then the words don't come into my head. When I saw you talking to Alice, I concentrated on her. She's sexually attracted to you, and she sees you as husband material."

"Do you know why I avoided her and left a day early?"

"No, because I wasn't with you when you made that decision. I don't seem to have the ability to read peoples' thoughts if I'm not near to them."

"I wanted to sleep with her again, but I knew it wasn't her that I would be thinking of when we made love—"

"It was me."

"Yes, and that scares me."

"You're worried that I'm too young and that we'll get found out, and you'll go to prison."

"Abbie, can I ask a favor of you? Please don't read my thoughts as it's a little uncomfortable knowing that you know what I'm thinking or what I am about to say."

"I'm sorry, I'll try not to, I promise," Abigail replied, not sure if she could keep her promise.

"Thank you. How long have you known that you had this . . . this gift?"

"Since I entered puberty. It seemed that as my body began to change, my mind changed too. It was quite sudden actually; one day, my sister was on me about the C I got on my mid-term report card and, all of a sudden, I could hear her thoughts in my head. I thought I was going crazy at first, then I remembered what Mama had told me when I was nine. She told me that I had a special gift and that when I found it, I was never to tell anyone. Mama said folks don't take too kindly to others who are different from themselves."

"I can understand that. It's probably why in the olden times, they burned witches at the stake. But you told me."

"Yes, and I struggled with that decision. I like you very much, John. Don't be shocked but I know that I'm going to fall in love with you and you with me. I can't see all of the future. I mean, I can't see plane crashes or the winning numbers for the lottery. It's sort of like looking into a mist and seeing shapes. You know that they are people because they are moving and talking, but you can't make them out. But I can see us clear as day."

"Wow, Abbie, this is a lot to take in."

"I know, John. I'm sorry to dump this on you, but I thought I owed it to you. Gawd, I want to kiss you so bad. What say we finish our ice cream and go to your place for a while. I'm not expected home for dinner until six-thirty."

"Okay. God help me, but I so want to kiss you again too."

Once inside John's house, Abigail flung her arms around his neck, and they kissed passionately. She shuddered slightly as she felt his hand caress her left breast.

"Just a sec," she said after breaking from their kiss. She put her hands under her top and released the center clasp of her bra, then went back to kissing him. John moaned into Abigail's mouth as he ran his hands over her naked breasts. They were perfect palmfuls, and he could feel the hardness in her nipples. He teased them, feeling how hard they were, all the while they French kissed. Then Abigail surprised John by climaxing. She pressed her lips against his harder as her body trembled with a mini-orgasm. Abigail's knees went weak, and John had to hold her up. When she was done, she opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"Mmmm, that was a good one," she said.

"I never knew a girl could have an orgasm from just kissing and nipple stimulation," John said.

"My nipples have always been hypersensitive. I'd like to go without a bra once in a while, but as soon as I begin moving, the material rubs my nipples, and I start to get aroused."

"Well, I'm going to enjoy sucking on them and making you climax again."

"Jeez, my panties are getting damp just thinking of that. Could you pick me up on Friday afternoon?"

"Of course. I'd love to."

"I'll tell Sandra that you're taking me to dinner, and I'll be back late."

"Great. How about a casual dinner at Rudy's, then we can come back here to get to know each other better?"

"I love Rudy's." Abigail smiled happily.

"I have to ask, but is your sister okay with you seeing me?"

"Yeah, she's cool. Oh, by the way, school lets out for summer on Friday so we can see each other during the week when you're not working. And, before I forget, I'd love to see your office."

"I look forward to showing it to you and introducing you to our team, but you'll need to be very careful with what you do with their thoughts, okay?"

"Okay, I'll just tell you."

John took Abigail home. She kissed him and got out of the car and watched as he drove off.

**Chapter Ten**

John headed into his office on Tuesday for a meeting. Much to his dismay, he had been assigned to pick-up and accompany Charlotte Bancroft on Wednesday to Oklahoma City for a dance recital and competition, which meant another overnight stay. He tried to get out of it, but his partner, retired Major Jordan Roach, reminded John that Miss Bancroft's father put a lot of security business their way. John accepted with a 'Yes, sir!' and a smile for his friend.

John picked up Charly at the Bancroft mansion in the Northwest Hills area of Austin at ten-thirty Wednesday morning, and they began the five and a half-hour drive up I-35 to Oklahoma City, where they checked in at the Sheraton Downtown.

"I'm buying you dinner this evening, Nightingale," Charlotte said as they headed up in the elevator. They had adjoining rooms, and John was happy to see that there was no connecting door. John didn't know that it was a moot point as Charlotte had managed to slip the extra room keycard out of John's folder before she handed it to him.

Dinner was delightful, and Charlotte was—well, Charlotte. For one so young, she really was a good dinner date, and John got the distinct impression that she wanted to have sex that night to which John, under normal circumstances, would have wholeheartedly agreed. After all, what red-blooded guy would turn down a roll in the sack with a gorgeous, nubile, and over-sexed seventeen-year-old? But these were not normal circumstances. If his partner, who was also his boss, found out, or worse still the girl's father found out, he would not only be out of a job but might even be charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

No, tonight, his hotel room door would remain closed.

After dinner, John had showered and was lying in bed naked. He had his hand around his semi-erect penis, thinking about when he and Charlotte had sex the last time that he had chaperoned her when he heard the door open and the click of the lock as it closed. Before he could react and get out of bed, he felt the mattress dip and the unmistakable odor of Charlotte's Caron Poivre perfume, that John knew was very expensive.

"Charly, how did you get into my room?"

"I slipped the extra room key-card into my purse at check-in. I knew you wouldn't let me into your room. I want you to know, I wasn't happy that you told your girl to assign someone else for my protection."

"I had to, Charly. After last time, I couldn't put myself in a position of temptation again."

"So, you do like me, John Nightingale?"

"It's difficult to not like you, Charly. You're extraordinarily beautiful; you have a gorgeous body, and I love your youthful passion."

Charly scissored her legs, pounded the bed with the heels of her feet. "I knew you liked me, and I loved the sex last time. Shall we take up where were left off?"

John sighed. "Charly, I know I should kick you out and tell you to go back to your room."

"But you're not going to, are you?" she said with a slight pout and a smile.

John sighed again. "I guess not. But no one can ever find out. Please promise me that."

Charlotte crossed her heart as she said, "Cross my heart and hope to die."

She then got off the bed, removed her dress and bra and panties, and got back onto the bed and proceeded to stroke and suck John's now fully erect penis. He groaned with pleasure as Charlotte fellated him. John thought she was pretty experienced for someone so young.

"God, Charly, you're incredible. I've had some good oral sex in my time, but you're up there with the best."

Charlotte lifted her mouth off John's penis and smiled. "Thanks, John, I gave my first blowjob to my cousin when I was nine. It wasn't too much fun for me because I choked on his cum."

Five minutes later, John had to stop Charlotte as he was getting close to his climax.

"Oh," Charlotte said with faux sorrow, "and I was just getting into it."

Charlotte slid up the bed and pressed her young body against his. John could feel the heat radiating from her skin and the firmness of her breast against his arm and her soft hand playing with the sparse hair around his left nipple. She traced the thin line of sandy-colored hair to its juncture with that from his right nipple and then down across his stomach, where it merged with his pubes. As she moved her hand to his side, she felt the welt of a three-inch-long scar that she had not felt or seen in their previous lovemaking session in Houston.

"How did you get this?" she asked.

"Oh, that little scratch? A sliver of metal from a mortar round that landed close to where my platoon was engaging a group of Taliban fighters. Private First Class Murphy wasn't as lucky."

"What happened to Private Murphy?"

"He lost part of his right leg and his right hand. Killed himself a year later when he found out that his wife had been sleeping with his best friend while he was in Afghanistan and all the way through his rehab."

"That's so sad. Why didn't he kill his wife, after all she had cheated on him?"

"Because he was still in love with her, I guess. I don't think that being in love is all it's made out to be. In my line of work, I've seen my fair share of both men and women having affairs when they conveniently forgot their wedding vows."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," Charlotte said.

"I guess I've just seen too much of life for my age. You're still very young, and the young always seem to feel that everything is possible," John said. "Have you ever been in love, Charly?" he added.

"Just the once when I was twelve—well, I thought I was. Jimmy was his name, and he was sixteen. As soon as I let him pop my cherry, he was gone—dumped me for a girl in the ninth grade. I could easily fall for you, John. I mean, you're handsome, your body is toned, and you're as sexy as heck and an amazing lover."

"Don't even go there, Charly. That's never going to happen."

"But you want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Charley, never confuse sex with love," John replied firmly.

"But you wanna fuck, right?"

John didn't say a word but pulled Charlotte closer to him, and then rolled her on top of him, trapping his hard rod that pressed into her stomach. She began rubbing herself up and down his body, feeling his precum on her skin.

"Mmm, this feels so good, John. I've never had sex with me on top."

With that, Charlotte pushed the palms of her hands onto John's muscular chest and raised herself up with her knees to the sides of his hips. She lifted and put her hand between their bodies. Feeling his hard erection, she grasped its shaft and guided its head to her hot, wet opening. Every so slowly, she eased herself lower. She gasped with pleasure as she felt him enter her. A few moments later, John's penis was fully ensconced in Charlotte's tight, hot vagina.

"Gawd, I love how your cock stretches me and fills me up," she said, then began to move back and forth, feeling her engorged clit dipping to kiss his slick shaft sending jolts of pure pleasure through her nether regions.

Charlotte began moaning as John pinched her nipples and squeezed her breasts, feeling how firm they were. She rode him faster as she chased her first orgasm of the night. A few minutes later, with beads of perspiration starting to form on her brow and the undersides of her breasts, her orgasm came crashing in. John felt her whole body seem to vibrate with pure pleasure.

"God, Charly," John moaned he felt his ballsack tighten, and the shaft of his penis swell as he exploded inside Charlotte's pussy. Spurt after spurt flooded her with his thick semen until he was finally spent. Charlotte's orgasm slowly waned, and she collapsed on top of him.

"Gawd, John," she said, "I don't know what it is, but I have the most intense orgasms when we fuck." Charlotte rolled off of him, pressed her crotch into his thigh with her pussy leaking semen, and she put her head on his chest.

"Probably because it's somewhat illicit. I know you're old enough in this state at seventeen to have sex, but if your parents found out you were having sex with a thirty-year-old man who's supposedly protecting you, they would go ballistic. By the way, why doesn't your mother attend your recitals?"

"She's not my real mother. My Mom died when I was five. I barely remember her. Gwen's my stepmother, and she doesn't much care for me; the feeling is mutual. My Dad's too busy to come. I do it because I love to dance, and I'd do it whether they were here or not."

Later that night, Charlotte wanted to have sex again, but, as much as he would have loved to fuck her again, John refused, telling her that she needed rest up for the recital the next day."

**Chapter Eleven**

After driving Charlotte back to her home outside Austin, John checked in with the office before heading home. The next day, Friday, John drove to Abigail's house to pick her up for an early dinner at Rudy's Texas Bar-B-Q on Route 337.

"Have fun, Abbie," Sandra told her sister as she fondly watched her get into the passenger seat of John's Audi while John thoughtfully stood and held the door open for her.

"I'm looking forward to our date," Abigail said after buckling her seatbelt.

"Me too," John replied, "but I have to stop by my bank on the way to deposit my expense check. I'll have to go inside today instead of just going to the ATM."

Abigail was quiet for a short while, then said softly, "I want to see what it feels like to have sex with you."

"Wow! Don't you think you're a little young to be thinking of having sex?"

"No, I don't; I'm almost sixteen," Abigail replied. She knew that John had thoughts about what it would be like to have sex with her, but up until now, it was something that she hadn't talked to him about. "A few of my friends are having sex, and I lost my virginity when I was thirteen."

"That's quite young, isn't it?"

"I guess. But a few of my friends lost theirs earlier than that. Heck, my friend AndiJo started at nine, and she's still going strong." Abigail giggled.

"Wow! I didn't know that went on," John said as he pulled into the parking lot of his branch of Frost Bank. "You want to stay here or come inside with me?"

"I'm with you, handsome," Abigail replied with a grin.

John and Abigail stood in line behind a man who appeared to John to have clothes on that were not suited to the hot weather. A woman with a little boy was in front of him. When she stepped up to the teller, Abigail tugged John's sleeve and turned her face up to him. He looked down at her, and she beckoned him to lower his head.

"That man in front of us is planning to rob the bank," she whispered in his ear. "He's got a gun in the right-hand pocket of his coat."

John's eyes narrowed in disbelief. Abigail nodded emphatically. He moved Abigail behind him then surreptitiously reached down and drew his Smith and Wesson snub nose .38 caliber revolver from his ankle holster, his concealed carry. As the man in front of them stepped forward and put his hand inside the right-hand pocket of his topcoat, John stepped forward, and put the barrel of the gun against the man's back; John pressed against the man's back so his revolver couldn't be seen by anyone else. The female teller looked curiously at the two customers who seemed about to have some sort of disagreement. John spoke in the man's ear.

"This is a thirty-eight special, and I suggest you release your grip on that weapon in your right-hand pocket and put your hands on the counter in front of you. Do it NOW," John added, not loud but emphatically enough that the man complied.

The man froze. It was not something he expected. He withdrew an empty hand from his pocket and placed it together with his left hand on the counter.

"Get on the floor face down and put your hands behind your head." John ordered, causing other customers and tellers to gasp in disbelief at what they were witnessing. The man complied.

"Okay, folks," John said. "I'm a security officer, and this man was about to rob this bank."

The manager, who had come out of his office to see what was happening, looked at John and then the man on the floor.

"What's going on, John?" he asked.

"Is this the way you treat your customers?" the wannabe bank robber said, now emboldened.

John moved his gun to his left hand, dropped to one knee and reached into the man's pocket with his right hand and pulled out a nickel-plated revolver. He stood back up and laid it on the counter in front of him. The three female tellers gasped when they saw the gun.

"I assume that you have a permit to carry this," John said. Then he went through the man's other pockets and pulled out a black trash bag and a piece of paper with the words:

PUT ALL OF THE MONEY IN THE BAG AND NO ONE GETS HURT

"Hmm, I guess you were going to give the money to the poor," John said as he handed the note to the manager. The siren of a car belonging to the New Braunfels Police Department could be heard outside. John deduced that one of the tellers had pressed the silent alarm.

Two officers came into the bank with their weapons drawn. When the senior officer, a man who went by the name of JC, saw John, he holstered his weapon.

"John Nightingale," he said, smiling.

"Hey there, JC," John replied. "I've got a present for you." He went on to tell the deputies that he had seen the bulge of the would-be bank robber's revolver in the man's pocket and that he was wearing clothes more suited to a fall day and that he was acting nervously, he figured he was up to no good. As it turned out, the man, whose name was Ernest Banks, was wanted for bank robberies in both Louisiana and Alabama. When JC said the man's name, John grinned, at the irony.

"That was exciting," Abigail said as they entered Rudy's Texas Bar-B-Q two hours later. They got into line, picked up individual servings of coleslaw and banana pudding from the side coolers then placed their meat order at the counter. They agreed on spare ribs and brisket to be washed down with two drinks from the self-service bar. John paid for their meal while it was being loaded onto their tray.

"Let's find a spot with a little privacy," John suggested.

"Over here," Abbie said as she led him to a corner of the huge dining room with its grid of long family-style tables.

John set the tray down and they each set up their meals on large pieces of waxed paper—perfect for a pile of barbecue.

"Well, so much for an early dinner," John replied as he started on a perfect Hill Country spare rib with its unique mesquite flavor.

"Can we talk about it?" Abigail said.

"You mean what you started to talk about in the car?"

"Uh-huh. I really want to make love with you, John, I really do. I had sex a few times with a nice older neighbor but, even though it was enjoyable, something was missing."

"I don't know, Abbie. To be honest, I've thought—sorry, that was dumb. Of course, you know that I've thought about what it would be like to make love to you."

Abigail just smiled as she ate her brisket.

"I mean, how is this going to work? Your sister would never let you spend the night with me."

"Yes, she would."

"Right," he said raising an eyebrow.

"No, really. I was talking to her about sex just the other day; about how my friends didn't much care for the way they lost their virginity. I could hear her thoughts. Her first was an older guy when she was fourteen."

"So your sister doesn't know that you can . . . ?"

"No, you're the only one who knows."

"You honor me. So, what did your sister say about losing her virginity?"

"She asked if I was thinking of having sex. I told her I was, and then she said, 'make sure you don't get pregnant,' and I could read her thoughts. She was thinking that she hoped it was going to be with you."

"Wow! So . . . when do you—we . . . ?"

"Tomorrow night. I'm in the safe part of my cycle, and I've already told Sandra that I'm spending the night at your house."

"That was presumptuous of you, wasn't it?" John said with a chuckle.

Abigail smiled. "You seem to forget that I know what you're thinking."

"Damn, this is going to take some getting used to. I wish I could know what you're thinking. Now let's dig in and fill up on this food of the gods. We'll need our strength!" he teased.

**Chapter Twelve**

John wanted to make their first lovemaking session something special, something that she would look back on with fond memories, so he booked a table for two at Gennaro's La Cucina Italiana on East Common Street for six-thirty. When he picked her up from her house, he saw her sister, Sandra, saying something to her as she hugged and kissed her. Sandra looked at John, standing by the open passenger door and smiled then went back inside and closed her front door. Abigail looked stunning dressed in a yellow, short-sleeved cotton summer dress on which were printed bold stylized flowers. The bodice had spaghetti straps and was form-fitting. John could see the straps of her bra in a matching color. The skirt was flounced, and she wore classic strap sandals. She carried her iPhone in her left hand.

"Wow, Abbie!" John said. "You look absolutely gorgeous."

Abigail pirouetted and said, "You like?"

"Do I ever?"

Abigail got into the passenger seat, and when John was inside, he said, "I think your ensemble is missing something." He handed her a long velvet-covered box. She opened it, and inside was a small gold filigree heart on a thin gold chain.

"This for me?" Abigail said as she took the chain out of the box. She put it on and flipped the sun visor down to look at it in the vanity mirror. "It's gorgeous, John, thank you very much," she said as she leaned across and kissed him. She wore a happy smile for the rest of the drive to the restaurant.

John had eaten at Gennaro's several times before and liked their authentic Italian food. He thought that Abigail would love pizza from their wood-fired oven, but she surprised him by ordering their Lobster Ravioli.

"That was delicious," Abigail said as she wiped her lips with her napkin and pushed her plate away. "By the way, our waitress had some very naughty thoughts about you. I think tonight I'm going to do what she wanted to do to you," she added with a giggle.

"I can't wait," John replied.

"But I didn't care for what the busboy clearing the next table wanted to do with me," Abigail said with a sigh. "It's what I have to put up with. If I sense that someone is about to say something unpleasant, I shut them out but sometimes I'm not quick enough.

"What did he want to do?"

"I don't want to go into detail; it wasn't very nice and involved him and his two friends."

"Little shit," John said, "I should go and kick his butt into next week on general principles."

"John! Leave it be, he's just a kid. I've heard way worse thoughts than being gang banged. I've learned to live with it."

"Don't let it spoil your evening, Abbie," he added.

Abigail smiled. "Nothing could spoil this evening, trust me on that."

Ever since Abigail had confided in John that she could hear what he was thinking, he was cautious about making sure his thoughts did not upset her or make her jealous. The first time he tried to do just that, Abigail had chided him. What she said reinforced what he had thought the first time he met her—that she was a very mature and intelligent fifteen-year-old girl.

"John, I know what you're trying to do," she told him. "Please don't. I want you to be yourself and don't worry about me, I'm not the jealous type. In any case, if I see a good-looking guy, how do you know, I'm not having the same kind of thoughts that you have when you see a beautiful woman."

John had chuckled and replied, "I guess you're right on that."

On the drive back to John's house, he could see her fingering the filigree heart and smiling.

"You like it, don't you?"

"No, I don't like it—I love it. You're so sweet."

"You want to take a shower with me?" John asked once they were in his house. Or would you be too embarrassed?"

Abigail smiled. "Listen to yourself, John. Who's going to be embarrassed?"

John sighed. "There's nothing that escapes you is there, darlin"?"

"Nope, not much. Now which way to your bathroom?"

Abigail followed John to his master suite. They stood facing each other as they undressed. Abigail had already stripped to her underwear while John was still unbuttoning his shirt, staring at her.

"John, get with the program here."

Abigail stood there, waiting for John to get undressed to his boxers. She couldn't take her eyes off the tent his semi-erect penis caused, nor the quarter-sized wet spot at the apex of the tent.

"I see you're ready, willing, and most definitely able," she said, followed by a fit of giggles which reminded John that she was still a young girl.

John watched as Abigail reached behind her and unfastened her bra and let it slip off her arms onto the wooden floor. John had to catch his breath as he saw her breasts for the first time. He had felt them and marveled at how firm they were, but now he could see them, riding high on her chest spaced far apart with her domed-areolas that were darkened and stippled with nipples like pink raisins in their centers.

"You've got gorgeous tits, Abigail," John said.

"Thanks, I'm glad you like 'em," Abigail replied as she hooked her thumbs inside the low waistband of her matching yellow bikini panties. He watched mesmerized as she shoved them over her narrow hips and let go of them; gravity took over, and they fell and puddle around her slender ankles.

John stared at her mons, lush and full swelling up from her stomach—a tapered mound pointing to her vulva between slender thighs. He smiled as he admired the sexy creases at the confluence of her vulva and the tops of her thighs.

He felt an incredible feeling of arousal washing through him as he stared at the most perfect female form he had ever seen.

"I know," she said, then apologized for reading his thoughts. "Sorry, but I like that you find me attractive." She looked down at his penis, tenting his underwear. "And I like that I can turn you on," she added.

He didn't say anything for the longest time.

Abigail put one hand on her hip, bent her left leg slightly and cocked her head. "Well?" she said.

"I . . . I'm lost for words, Abbie," he said at last. "You're beautiful, wonderful, and you have a perfect body, and you're only fifteen!"

"What you see is what I'm going to be as I've stopped growing."

"Then, you're perfect."

"You going to stand there or are you going to finish getting undressed?"

John quickly shed his boxers; his penis now fully erect stood straight up against his stomach. Now it was Abigail's turn to catch her breath as she looked at it.

"It's beautiful," she said, "and I can't wait to do what our waitress wanted to do with it."

"I can't wait, either."

"But we shower first," she said.

They both got into the shower. John washed Abigail first. He took every opportunity to wash her breasts and particularly between her legs and her buttocks making doubly sure that she was as clean as can be.

"I think I'm now clean enough for the next month," she said with a giggle, then washed John. She shuddered the first time she took his penis in her hand. He was a little fatter and longer than Simon's, the neighbor who had taken her virginity. They rinsed, dried off, and went back into the bedroom.

"Get onto the bed on your back," Abigail commanded.

"Yes, ma'am," John replied and obeyed.

Abigail climbed onto the bed and knelt beside him. Grasping the shaft of his penis in her small hand, she lifted it to vertical and lowered her mouth over its head.

John groaned, "Jeez, Abbie, that feels amazing."

"So, I'm doing it, right?"

"You most certainly are, but you didn't have to ask, and I didn't have to tell you, did I?"

Abigail looked sheepishly at John. "Sorry, John, I know I promised to not read your thoughts, but I'm so close to you now that I don't have to concentrate—they just come into my head automatically. Since I told you of my gift, your thoughts don't take over like they do if I concentrate on someone. It's as if they get put into a special library, and I can read them or not."

Abigail went back to sucking on the head of John's penis while stroking his shaft. Once in a while, she would lick from its root to the very tip, all the while looking at him with her pale-green eyes.

"That feels good Abbie, how did you know I liked—"

Abigail giggled.

"Duh! But of course you know what I like, don't you? God, you're going to be one incredible lover, knowing my likes and dislikes."

After five minutes of fellating him, John put his hand over hers and stopped her.

"If you keep doing that so good, I'm going to come."

"You want a raincheck?"

"You bet."

"Good, because I really like the feeling of your penis inside my mouth. Next time, I'll let you ejaculate in my mouth if you want to—but that was a silly question, wasn't it?"

"Uh-huh. Do you know what I want to do next?"

Abigail didn't reply but lay to John's side on her back and opened her legs. John lay between them with this hands on her breasts and his face mere inches away from her vulva that had now flowered open. He could see the thin folds of her inner labia with its clitoral hood retracted, exposing her small pink button to which he immediately directed his attention.

John sucked, licked, and teased her clitoris until it almost doubled in size. Then he reached up and began to tweak Abigail's turgid hypersensitive nipples. Within seconds, she climaxed, clamping her thighs tightly about John's head.

'Oh, Gawd, John!" she cried out.

John could feel her heart beating rapidly as her gasping breath escaped her parched lips in hard little 'uhs'.Her legs and butt jerked involuntarily as her orgasm took over her body. As it finally ebbed, she released her grip on his head and opened her eyes.

"Oh, John! That was an amazing orgasm. I just know that I'm going to love having sex with you. You ready to do it?"

John smiled, sat up, and lifted Abigail's thighs over his, letting his semi-erect penis lay across her prominent mons. She was staring intently at him with love and anticipation in her eyes. Holding his shaft between thumb and forefinger, John guided its head to the dark opening of her vagina and began to move it around in small circles. His precum and Abigail's juices blended to lubricate her tight opening.

After a few enjoyable minutes of preparation, John began to gently push into her. Abigail had told him that she wasn't a virgin, and he'd never had sex with a virgin, but she was quite tight. He began to push in and then back off, and after a few minutes, he entered her. As he did so, a quick gasp escaped her lips.

"Gawd, you're really stretching me, John."

"Are you okay, lover?"

Uh-huh, I'm fine, it's just that you're much bigger than the other guy I had sex with."

John slowly pushed into Abigail's vagina until the head bumped her cervix. She had managed to take all of his almost six inches inside her. She tugged at him for him to lay down on top of her, which he did supporting his weight on his forearms. As he began to make love to her, she curled her crotch up against his thrusts, actively making love to him.

As John neared his orgasm, he had a strange, almost other-worldly feeling. It was like he was suddenly more aware of Abigail. As she climaxed for the second time, he too climaxed. He exploded inside her, and as he did so, he could 'hear' her telling him she loved him with all her heart.

John's orgasm was over, but Abigail's went on for another minute until she was done. He felt small tics and jerks in both his and her bodies like little aftershocks, but they soon ebbed. He rolled to her side and put his arms around her. She snuggled up to him and kissed him.

"I do too, Abbie," he said.

"You do too, what?"

"I love you with all my heart."

"You can hear me?" she asked excitedly.

"I don't know. But when we were climaxing together, I thought that I heard you say that you loved me with all your heart."

"I heard you think the same thing, John. You might have suddenly developed the gift of telepathy. Or maybe our love for each other has bonded us on some basic level?"

"Wow! How about that?"

"Let's try it," Abigail said. "What am I thinking?"

"You thought our lovemaking was incredible, and you want to do it again," John said.

"That's right. So . . . can we?"

"I don't think I could manage it so—" John stopped mid-sentence. "But you know that, don't you?" he said with a chuckle.

Abigail smiled.

"I don't know if it will be the same as mine where I can hear other people's thoughts, or you can hear only mine. In any case, it's amazing. Now I can let you know what other people are thinking without speaking to you."

"That might be fun, which reminds me, Monday is our company Bring Your Daughter To Work Day. Would you like to come since I don't have a daughter?"

"I'd love to, John. And you will in the not too distant future," she said and snuggled up to his side as she slipped into a deep and satisfying sleep.

**Chapter Thirteen**

"It's gonna cost ya a bundle," Jonny Segal said. He was talking to a man he knew well, though not by his real name; he always addressed him simply as 'J'. Segal had performed many jobs for J but never an assassination. J had told Segal that a man by the name of David Lee Hansen, was due to take the witness stand to testify against J's client in a trial that, if he were found guilty, the client would spend the rest of his life in a Federal penitentiary.

"How much?" J asked.

Segal rubbed his jaw for a few moments. Then said, "It ain't gonna be easy; the FBI will have him stashed away somewhere in their Witness Protection Program, and it's gonna cost me a bundle for my inside guy to find out where."

The man with no name, only known as J smiled. "The FBI doesn't have him. He doesn't trust them, and he has enough money to hire his own security detail."

"Who's taking care of him?"

"A security firm by the name of Roach-Nightingale Security Services out of Austin. Find out which of them has a weak spot that can be exploited to discover where they have Hansen stashed. I would suggest you concentrate on the two partners since they will be keeping their people on a need to know basis. Only the small detail guarding Hansen, and probably the two partners will know his whereabouts. So now I've made your job a lot easier, how much?"

"I'm gonna need a hundred grand."

"Not a problem, but it has to be done before the end of the month. If he takes the stand, then my client's toast and you and me are out a lot of money."

"I'll take care of it, J," Segal said.

"You'd better," J said.

"Look, have I ever let you down before?"

"No, you haven't, but a lot's hanging on this."

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Monday morning at five o'clock, John awoke, slipped out of bed, and went to the bathroom where he emptied his bladder and began to brush his teeth. Abigail wandered into the bathroom yawning and stretching.

"Morning, baby," she said, sat on the toilet and began to urinate.

"Morning, sweetheart," John replied as he spat into the sink then rinsed his mouth out with water.

Abigail tore several sheets of toilet tissue off the roll and wiped herself. She got off the toilet and flushed it.

"I'd love to if you think we've got time," she said, reading John's thoughts.

They went back to bed and, to John's surprise, she climbed on top of him, straddling his hips with her knees bent on either side of him. John looked down at where her red, plumped labia seemed to hug the shaft of his penis as she sat on it.

"Mmm, this feels good," she said as she began sliding back and forth on his shaft. She had the palms of her hands flat on John's chest, her arms pushing her small breasts together, her nipples hard as could be.

Yes, it does. If you keep that up, you're going to make me come."

Just then, Abigail slid all the way forward, causing her clitoris to dip and kiss his shaft sending waves of pleasure through her body.

"I could too," she said as she began masturbating on John's penis.

After a few minutes of Abigail sliding along his shaft, now coated with her juices and his precum, John could feel his climax nearing. He was on the cusp of his orgasm as Abigail climaxed. She was breathing hard and was furiously sliding along his shaft, clinging to the dying embers of her orgasm as John erupted into his orgasm. Abbie dropped on top of him, joining their sweaty bodies trapping John's semen between them. They stayed like this in their post-orgasmic state until the alarm clock sounded at six-thirty.

They got out of bed and showered together. After getting dressed, John drove Abigail back to her house, where she changed into clean clothes. She then got back in John's Audi, and they drove the forty-five minutes to John's office on West Third Street in the Market District of downtown Austin. He parked in the underground parking garage and took the elevator from the lobby to the offices of Roach-Nightingale Security Services that occupied the whole of the tenth floor.

"This is my friend Abbie," John said to Martha, the receptionist.

"My, my what a beautiful young woman," Martha gushed.

Abigail followed John into his corner office. She looked around, then sat in his leather swivel chair.

"This is nice, but you don't spend much time here, I see. It doesn't look lived in," Abigail said.

"I know. I'm gone on assignment quite a bit, as you know. Come on, let me introduce you to everyone."

John was not aware that Boone, one of Segal's men, had been keeping watch on the office from the lobby. He saw John and Abigail get into the elevator and noted that it stopped on the tenth floor. He walked outside and called Segal on his cell phone.

"I just saw that guy Nightingale get in the elevator, and he had a young girl with him," Boone said. "I was told by a janitor that they were having a Bring Your Daughter to Work Day."

"Nightingale ain't married," Segal replied. "I wonder who the girl is. Follow them back to his house and see where the girl lives. She must be the daughter of a friend."

"Will do, boss," Boone said and ended the call.

Boone waited until four-thirty when he saw John and Abigail get out of the elevator and walk to the underground parking garage and get into John's Audi S8. He knew where John lived, so he followed at a distance so as not to draw attention. When John dropped Abigail at her house on Horseshoe Trail, Boone noted the address as he drove by then turned right at the next street and pulled to the curb. He called Segal.

"The girl lives in a house on a street called Horseshoe Trail," Boone said, "so she must be the daughter of a friend."

"Good work, Boone," Segal replied. Meet me at the warehouse tomorrow at noon, and you, me, and Chet can go over a plan to snatch the girl."

"Why do we need the girl, boss?" Boone asked.

Segal sighed. He used Boone for his muscle and not for his brains. "So we can pressure this Nightingale guy into giving up the location of the hit, idiot. Now get going. I'll meet you tomorrow."

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Segal was already at the warehouse the next day with his right-hand man, Chet, when Boone pulled through the overhead door and parked his car next to Segal's Ford pickup and Chet's Chevy. There was a dark blue Chrysler Town and Country minivan parked next to the Chevy.

"Who owns the minivan?" Boone asked as he entered the small office that used to be the shipping and receiving office before the company that had rented the warehouse moved out. Boone managed to rent the place on a month-to-month basis as the owner was keen to get some income as he hadn't been able to find a long-term tenant.

"Chet boosted it yesterday," Segal said.

"So, what's the plan, boss?" Chet asked.

"We snatch the girl and bring her here. Boone, I want you to go back tomorrow afternoon and see if there's a good place to grab her after she gets off her school bus."

"Don't need to, Boss, I went back the next morning, and she walks the whole length of her street alone to catch the bus at the end," Boone replied boastfully.

"I'm impressed, Boone, you're using your brains for a change. Chet, find me some plates for the minivan that won't be missed for a while."

"Yeah, I'll go find some in the long-term parking lot at the airport," Chet replied.

**Chapter Fourteen**

The next morning, Segal drove the minivan with Chet in the back and Boone in the passenger seat. They sat a block away from Abigail's house on Horseshoe Trail. The van was parked on the same side of the street, facing the direction in which Abigail would be walking so that the sliding door faced the curb. The engine was idling to keep the inside of the minivan cool. The June Texas sky was a soft blue of early morning, and it was almost eighty-five degrees.

"Gonna be another scorcher," Segal said.

Abigail, in spite of her prescience, was unaware of the three men waiting for her. As she walked, Segal put the van into DRIVE and pulled up level with her, the passenger door opened, and Boone stepped out.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said with a phony smile.

Too late Abigail got a flash of his thoughts and she turned to run, but Boone grabbed her around her waist and pushed her through the door of the minivan that Chet had slid open. Chet grabbed her holding his hand over her mouth. Boone closed the sliding door and climbed back into the passenger seat as Chet began to put pre-cut duct tape over her mouth and around her wrists. He then put a blindfold over her eyes.

John was in a meeting when he heard Abigail's thoughts—John, I've been kidnapped by three men in a dark blue minivan. He pushed his chair back so quickly that it tipped over backward and stood up.

"Sorry, but I have an emergency. Gotta go, I'll call later," he said and left the meeting.

Talk to me, Abbie, he said as he got into his Audi A8. His tires squealed as he exited the parking garage and almost collided with a delivery van whose driver slammed his hand onto the horn while cursing loudly.

I've been kidnapped, Abbie repeated. I was on my way to catch the school bus when a man grabbed me and threw me into the back of a minivan. There are three of them.

Can you see where you're being taken?

No, they put a blindfold over my eyes. They turned right onto forty-six, and I'm pretty sure that we're on thirty-five headed toward Austin now.

Good girl. Don't worry, Abbie, I will move heaven and earth to find you. Make a mental note of anything else that you see or hear and let me know. I love you, Abbie.

Love you too, John.

John pulled to the side of the road and killed the engine. He sat there for a few minutes, breathing deeply, collecting his thoughts. He called his partner, Jordan Roach.

"Sorry to leave the meeting like that, Sir," he said.

"What's going on, John?"

The girl I brought to the office, Abbie, has been kidnapped."

"Oh, my God, John. What can we do to help?" Jordan said, not realizing that John had not received a phone call before he left the meeting

"I don't know yet, but I need to try to find out where they've taken her and why."

"Listen, I'll put Jenny on alert to coordinate any assets that you need. Use her direct line."

"Yes, I will. And thanks, Jordan, I appreciate it."

"Think nothing of it, John. We'll do whatever it takes to get her back. And John?"

"Yes?"

"How did you learn about the kidnapping when you were in our meeting?" Jordan said as he suddenly remembered that John never received a phone call.

"Sir? Please trust me. I will explain everything to you later."

"You know that you have my unconditional trust. Now go find our girl."

"Thank you, Sir."

John ended the call.

As close as they were, in John's mind, Jordan would always be Major Roach, which is why he always addressed him as 'Sir'.

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Boone got out of the passenger seat, entered the warehouse through a side door, and hit the button to open the overhead door. Segal drove the minivan inside the warehouse and parked. Boone closed the overhead door and walked the few paces and slid back the minivan's side door. Chet carried a struggling Abigail out of the van and into the office where he sat her down in a chair. Boone taped her legs and wrists to the chair and removed the blindfold from her eyes.

Abigail looked around the small office. Three sides were constructed of metal and glass partitions that looked out into the warehouse. She could see storage racking with tall, green steel uprights and orange beams that supported wire shelves. The fourth wall of the office was constructed of cinder blocks with a large window looking out onto a concrete truck loading dock turning area. Beyond the chain-link fence that surrounded the property, Abigail could see a grassy field and beyond was a highway atop a small embankment. She focused on communicating with John.

I'm in an office in what looks like a warehouse. I can see a bunch of storage racks. They are empty. I can also see outside. Beyond the fence, there's a field then an embankment and a highway above it because I can see a fast-flowing stream of cars and trucks. It looks really busy.

Good girl. Can you see any signs?John asked.

Yes, I can see a large sign, but I can't make out what it says; it's too far away. It's a squarish and it's all blue but I can't make our the lettering, it's too small.

That must be the Eisenhower Interstate System sign. You must be on I-35 like you said.

"Leave me alone," Abigail told Boone, who was knelt beside the chair and had his hand on her thigh under her skirt.

"Now, now, little girl, if you're nice to me, then I'll be nice to you," Boone said as she slid his hand a little higher until his fingertips were touching Abigail's vulva through the cotton of her panties.

What's going on, Abbie? John asked.

One of the guys has his hand under my skirt, and he's groping me.

"Stop it, you bastard," Abigail shouted.

"Cut it out, Boone," Segal said. "Grab her phone, I wanna see if she has Nightingale's number in there."

"Just having a little fun, boss," Boone said and took his hand from under Abigail's skirt; he grabbed his crotch with his cupped hand as he looked down at her. He grabbed her phone out of her pocket and handed it to Segal who searched for John's number.

Abigail could hear what Boone wanted to do to her, and it scared her.

Talk to me, Abbie, John said, what's going on?

I'm scared, John. The man that had his hand under my skirts wants to rape me.

Hold tight, Abbie, I'll get you back. Focus and tell me more about what you see.

There are four cars parked in the warehouse outside the office. The dark-blue minivan that brought me in, a green Chevy, a white Ford F150, and a red Ford convertible.

Can you see any of their license plates?

Just a minute.Abigail strained her eyes to see if she could read the license plate of the nearest vehicle, the white Ford pickup.

I can see most of the white Ford pickup's plate. It's a Louisiana plate, and I can make out an X, then a 3, then a 2, another 3, then a 5, but I can't make out the last two numbers because there's a chrome ball that's hiding it.

That would be a trailer hitch. But I've got enough to find out who it belongs to. Hang in there baby, I love you.

John was about to call Jenny to give her the pickup's plate number when his phone warbled. He looked at the caller ID, and it said Unknown. He answered the call.

"This is John Nightingale, who's calling?"

"We've got your little girlfriend, you wanna say hello to her?" Segal said and put the phone in front of Abigail's mouth. "Say hello to your boyfriend, sweetie."

"John, it's me, Abbie," Abigail said, then Segal pulled the phone away from her mouth before she could say anything more.

"What do you want—money?"

"Oh no, Mr. Nightingale. We want the location of the package that your company is guarding."

"I don't know what you're talking about," John lied.

Segal took the phone away from his mouth and turned to Boone. "Let me know what color panties Mr. Nightingale's little girlfriend is wearing."

"Love to, boss," Boone replied. He hoisted Abigail's dress and pulled her panties down to her knees. She could smell tobacco smoke on his breath and his sweat.

"Pink ones, boss, and she's got a sweet little cunt," Boone said as he pushed his finger into the soft folds of Abigail's vulva. Abigail pushed his hand away.

Segal put the phone back to his ear. "Did you hear that Mr. Nightingale? I'm having to hold my friend back from getting a taste of your girlfriend's pussy. Now, where are you holding the package?"

"I'm not personally involved," John replied. Only my partner and the protection detail know the location for obvious reasons. I'm going to need a little time. I have to get back to my office as my partner will not disclose that kind of information to me over an open line," John lied.

"You have until six this evening, or I'll turn my two guys loose on the little girl. I'm sure you don't want her to be gang-raped. One of them will enjoy doing it in your little girlfriend's ass, won't you?" Segal said to Boone.

"I love little girl pussy and ass, Boss," Boone replied. "Just say the word, my buddy here and me can DP her."

"Did you hear that Mr. Nightingale? Get the information I need by six this evening or my two guys here are going to take it in turns to fuck Abbie in all her holes," Segal said and ended the call.

**Chapter Fifteen**

John called Jenny and gave her the information on the Chevy pickup truck's license plate information. She promised to get right on it.

You okay, Abbie? Did that guy do anything to you?

I'm okay. He pulled my panties down to my knees and tried to push his finger inside me, but I managed to push his hand away.

We're getting the name of the owner of that truck, but I need more information to find out where on I-35 you are.

Wait a minute. I think there's been an accident on the highway I was telling you I could see. I see flashing blue and red lights. It looks like a lot of the traffic has come to a dead stop, so the road must be blocked. I can't see what's happening because the road is too high on the embankment.

Keep looking; I'm going to call my office to see if they can find out where the accident is located.

John called Jenny again and relayed the information about the accident then ended the call. Ten minutes went by with no more information from either Abigail or Jenny. Then his phone rang; it was Jenny.

"An accident was reported on I-35 a short while ago. A tractor-trailer jackknifed, and one of the northbound lanes is closed. It's at mile-marker two-twenty-three point six. I hope that will help, John."

"Thanks for the information, Jenny," John ended the call without explaining how he knew of the traffic accident.

I've got the location of the accident, Abbie. Are you on the same side of the highway where it was?

Yes, I can't be more than a few hundred yards away,

Hang tight, I'll be there soon, love you.

John started the engine and got on South Seguin Avenue and took the northbound ramp to I-35. Fifteen minutes later, he slowed to a crawl at the tail end of a traffic jam. He crawled along for the next twenty agonizing minutes until he took exit two-oh-six and got onto the northbound I-35 Frontage Road. Two miles later, when he was almost level with a heavy-duty wrecker hooking up to the semi that had jackknifed, he saw the entrance to an industrial park. Several warehouses fronted onto the interstate frontage road and he had an idea to find the right one.

Abbie, I'm almost there, but I don't know which warehouse is the one you're in. I'm going to double toot my horn when I pass each one, and you let me know when I'm close.

John drove slowly passed the first warehouse that looked too busy but blew his horn anyway.

Did you hear that, Abbie?

Very faint,Abbie replied

John stopped at the next warehouse that looked to be deserted. He blew his horn again.

Closer, Abbie told him.

He stopped at the third warehouse and honked his horn once more.

That's the one, John, she said.

Hold tight, baby. I'm coming to get you. Have you seen anyone with a weapon?

I think I saw one of the men with a shotgun.

John drove passed the warehouse and parked. He checked that there was a round in the chamber of his Glock. The gun doesn't have a safety; there is a secondary 'trigger' that has to be engaged for the gun to fire; he put it back in his holster and got out of the car. Although the rear truck yard that faced the interstate was enclosed with a chain-link fence, the front of the warehouse with its main office entrance wasn't, so John quickly moved across the front lawn and ducked down below the front window. He raised up to take a look inside the reception area. It was deserted, and the lights were turned off. He tried the glass and aluminum double doors, but they were locked.

Taking his small lock pick case out of the inside pocket of his windbreaker, John went to work on the lock. He had it unlocked inside ten seconds. Putting the case away, he pushed open the door and went inside. The reception area was a twenty by fifteen foot room with a receptionist desk in the center of the twenty-foot long wall. There was a door at each end of the room. John tried the left-hand door. It led to an open office area with cubicles and private offices to one side. The lights were off, and the room was empty of furniture, only the gray cloth cubicle panels remained.

The other door led to the main warehouse area. Through the maze of the racking uprights, he could see the office that Abigail had described, and next to a large roll-up metal door was the white Chevy pickup, the minivan, and two Fords. He traversed the width of the warehouse, ducking under the beams between the uprights walking quietly across the aisles between the racks until he was crouched behind the hood of the Chevy pickup.

John had a clear view of the office and could see Abigail's head through the glass above the waist-high metal panel.

I'm looking at you, Abbie, he told her.

She looked through the windows into the warehouse.Where are you, John?

Behind the white pickup, but don't look for me. Any signs of more weapons besides the shotgun?

I think the fat one called Chet has a gun because I saw him cleaning it.

Is there any way you can get one of them to leave—maybe tell them you're hungry?

Okay, I'll try.

"Can I get something to eat," Abigail said. "I'm really hungry and haven't eaten since breakfast."

Segal looked at Chet. "Go and get some hamburgers, fries, and drinks from that McDonald's we passed down the bottom of the street. Bring enough for all of us."

Chet sighed, got off the desk he was sitting on, and left the office. John watched him walk to the roll-up door, open it, and get into his Ford Mustang. John waited for him to leave.

Abbie, have they let you use the bathroom?

Yes, and that fat pig Boone stood and watched me pee. He creeps me out.

Okay, tell them you need to go again.

"I need to use the bathroom again," Abigail said.

"I'll take her," Boone said with a big smile on his face. "I like watching her piss."

"Okay," Segal said, "but be quick about it."

John watched as Boone removed the tape from Abigail's ankles and pulled her up by her wrists that were still taped together in front of her. He marched her out of the office and down toward where the vehicles were parked and into the women's bathroom. John drew his Glock out of its leather pancake holster and crept toward the bathroom. He carefully pushed open the door and peered inside. Abigail was sitting on the toilet, and Boone was kneeling in front of her holding a couple of sheets of toilet paper waiting to wipe her when she was done.

Don't look at me, Abbie, John told her.

Boone was so engrossed in watching her urinate that he didn't hear John creep up behind him. John his Glock by its barrel and slammed the pistol's butt down on the back of Boone's skull. Boone fell forward, striking his head heavily on the rim of the toilet bowl. John lifted Abigail off the toilet over the unconscious body of Boone. After removing the tape from her wrists, he hugged and kissed her.

"You okay, baby?"

"I'm okay. I'm so glad to see you, John. They had no intention of letting me go. That fat pig and his buddy were going to take turns raping me before killing me."

"Well, you're safe now," John said. He knew that he may have hit Boone hard enough to kill him but he was not the least concerned. It would be one less dirtbag in the world. He pulled a couple of yards of linen off the roll in the hand dryer and cut it off with his folding knife. After making sure that Boone was tied up securely with his hands bound to his ankles behind his back and the duct tape he had removed from Abigail's wrists was securely taped across his mouth, he told her to stay in the bathroom while he dealt with the other guy.

"Be careful, John, Abigail said.

"Don't worry about me, Abbie," John replied.

He left Abigail in the bathroom and moved along the outside wall in a crouch with his Glock in his right hand. When he reached the office, he stood and opened the door.

"You took your time; you been feeling the little girl's—" Segal stopped as he turned around and saw John. "Who the fuck are you, and what're you doing here?"

"I'm your worst nightmare. You kidnapped my friend, and you're going to be put away for a very long time," John replied.

Segal eyed the Remington pump shotgun, that John knew as a stockade gun from his Army days, on the table beside him.

"Go for it," John said mockingly. "You'll save the State the cost of a trial."

At that moment, Chet's Mustang came into the warehouse, surprising John momentarily and giving Segal the split second he needed to grab the shotgun. In his haste, he fired way too soon as he brought the barrel around to aim at John. The double-ought buckshot shattered the window to John's left and, before Segal could work the pump to chamber another round, John shot him three times in the chest. He fell backward onto the vinyl-tiled floor knocking over a chair as he went down.

A bullet shattered the window to John's right, clipping his left shoulder and knocking him to the floor. As Chet came through the door to finish him off, Abigail jumped onto his back; as she put her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist to hold on, her foot knocked Chet's revolver out of his hand. Chet pulled Abigail off his back and pushed her onto the floor then went for his revolver. Before he could reach it, John shot him between his eyes. The .45 caliber hollow point slug made a neat round hole in Segal's head and removed a fair portion of the back of his skull that plastered the office wall.

Abigail screamed as she saw the blood stain spreading down John's left arm. "You've been shot," she said as she rushed over to where he lay on the floor. "What can I do?" she asked.

"First, take a deep breath, calm down then help me get my windbreaker off to see how badly I'm hurt. It burns like Hell, but I don't think the bullet went in."

Abigail helped John remove his jacket and shirt. There was a deep furrow in John's left shoulder caused by the bullet. Abigail tore the sleeve off John's shirt and wrapped the wound.

"Thanks, sweetheart," John said then pulled his iPhone out of his pocket and dialed nine-one-one.

**Chapter Sixteen**

John sat in Jordan's secure office.

"Sir, you need to know how I knew of Abbie's kidnapping from no apparent communications to me. There is no simple way to explain it other than to tell you that we are able to communicate telepathically."

Knowing that it was a strange explanation but that there was no other possible explanation that made sense, Jordan calmly answered,

"Tell me all about it, John."

For the next hour, he told his boss and friend how he had met Abbie, learned of her gift, and how they fell in love. He confided that he intended to marry her as soon as she turned 16.

Jordan asked some pointed questions then reaffirmed his unconditional support of John.

"An amazing operation, John. From the best Sergeant I ever knew to the best security agent. You got skills, as the troops say. I am so glad that you were able to save Abbie as I intend to be your best man."

"I would ask no one else, Sir" John smiled, and they shook hands then hugged.

John had deliberately not shared Abbie's prescient abilities with Jordan as he felt it was only her right to share or not.

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"Ouch, be careful, Abbie," John said as she placed the palms of her hands on his upper chest, her vulva sitting on his erect penis on his stomach, her labia hugging the shaft in its sensual embrace.

"Oh! Sorry, John," she said as she moved her right hand away from his left shoulder that had a bandage around both his upper arm and shoulder.

"I never thanked you for saving my life, did I?" he said.

"And I never thanked you for saving mine," she replied.

They both smiled happily at each other.

"I think I like you on top," he said.

"I think I like being on top," Abigail replied.

"I think that looking at your pussy lips hugging my cock is an incredibly sexy sight."

"I think this might be more of a sexy sight?" Abigail said as she lifted a little, grasped the shaft of John's penis in her hand, and guided its head to her hot, wet opening. After lowering herself a little, she released her grip and slowly dropped until she was fully impaled on his hard shaft. John watched her outer labia invert as she lowered herself until their pubes met.

"God, Abbie, I love it when you do that. Feeling your pussy slide over my cock is an incredible sensation."

Abigail put her palms on his pecs and began scrubbing back and forth. John reached up with his good arm and began gently squeezing each of her firm breasts in turn and tweaking her perfect hard nipples. She had closed her eyes and concentrated on the intensely pleasurable feelings that were bombarding her nervous system, from her vagina, from her clitoris that was rubbing along her lover's penis, and, of course, from her hypersensitive nipples.

"Gaawwd, John," she cried as she climaxed. She lay on his chest with her hands on his face as her orgasm raged. John could feel her chest rise and fall rapidly as she panted. He had his right hand on her cool, firm buttock, feeling her butt jerk uncontrollably. Abigail's orgasm lasted a good minute until the small tics and twitches like aftershocks finally abated and left her body feeling limp like Jell-O. Her breathing slowed, and she raised herself up and looked at him with total love in her pale-green eyes.

"I can't get enough of you, John, you make me complete."

"I'm glad because you're stuck with me for life," John replied with a smile.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Abigail said as she raised up, letting John's penis slap back against his stomach. She lay beside him with her head on his stomach, grasped his penis, and raised it up a little so she could put her lips around its head.

"Mmmm, that feels good," John said as Abigail began to stroke his shaft while applying suction to its head. She swirled her tongue around the end, tasting his precum that was seeping out.

"I'm going to let you cash in that raincheck I gave you last time I gave you a blowjob," she said. She licked his penis from its root to its tip.

"Which one was that?" he asked knowingly.

"The one where I said you could come in my mouth and I'd swallow your semen."

John groaned with pleasure as Abigail went back to giving him the most incredible oral sex he had ever had. He reached down Abigail's back between her legs and began rubbing the pucker of her anus.

"Mmmmm," she moaned with the head of his penis inside her mouth.

John pushed his forefinger into Abigail's butt up to the second knuckle.

"Now THAT feels good," she said and went back to fellating him.

John could feel the stirrings of his orgasm deep in his bowels. A warmth spread through his nether regions, and his scrotum drew up into a single firm mass.

"God, Abbie, gonna come, baby," he said as he felt his penis swell.

Abigail felt it as well. She flinched a little as the first load of his thick, hot liquid hit the back of her throat, but she carried on stroking his penis until she felt it begin to soften. She sat up and smiled at him with her cheeks bulging. She swallowed twice and licked her lips.

"Mmm, tastes okay," she said. A milkshake it ain't, but it's acceptable."

"I'm glad, sweetheart because that was one heck of a blowjob."

"I liked it when you put your finger in my butt. You think we should try anal sex sometime?"

"I'd love to, baby. Now come and cuddle."

Abigail lay beside John with her head in the crook of his right shoulder, and her leg draped over his, pressing her wet pussy into his thigh. She held his penis in her hand, feeling it slowly get softer as the blood drained out of it. John had his arm around her, his fingertips brushing her nipple.

"I had an interesting conversation with Jordan, the day after the incident at the warehouse," John said after a while.

"I know," she said with a giggle.

"I really had no choice in telling him how I knew you were in trouble. I'm sorry, but he promised to keep it a secret."

"That's okay."

"So, how do you feel about a job with the company when you turn eighteen? I sense that you're reluctant."

"Let's just see where we are when we get there," she smiled enigmatically.

**Chapter Seventeen**

When Abigail turned sixteen, her sister Sandra signed the necessary papers for her to marry John. Sandra served as Matron of Honor, and Jordan Roach was John's Best Man. Two of Abigail's friends from school served as her bridesmaids. John and Abigail honeymooned on Aruba, and when they returned, it was time for Abigail to go back to school. Being married, she was the talk of the eleventh grade, and her homeroom teacher was surprised when John turned up for the teacher-parent conference. The girls on Abbie's soccer team thought her husband was really hot stuff, which made her happy.

At age eighteen, Abigail Nightingale was hired by Roach-Nightingale Security Services as a Special Agent. One of the services which the company offered was screening potential employees for the more sensitive positions in their client companies. Although they had a resident expert who performed the polygraph tests on the potential employees, Abigail would always be behind the one-way glass during the test and would report directly to either Jordan or John on the truthfulness of the prospective employee's answers. Most of the time, the polygraph test cleared the potential employee, but there were occasions when Abigail reported otherwise. The potential employee was never informed as to why they had failed the test. The company that had asked for the screening was just told that Roach-Nightingale Security Services would not recommend that they hire the potential.

Abigail's time in the field was more often than not with John, but never on dangerous assignments. She would accompany him on interviews with potential new clients. She would 'tell' John what the potential client was thinking and was invaluable in making sure her company's proposal met the prospective client's needs.

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At twenty-three, Abigail told John that she was ready to start a family. Over the next five years, she gave John three healthy children. The first was a healthy baby boy they named John Jr. When John Jr. was four-years-old, Abigail gave birth to identical twin girls —Argent and Arwen.

As their children grew, it became apparent to both John and Abigail that, as John Jr. passed into puberty, he did not possess any telepathic powers. But from an early age, both of the twins could communicate with each other, but neither of them could read others' thoughts. Abigail surmised that they did not possess the 'special' gift that she and John had but rather it was because they were identical twins and most identical twins seemed to know what the other was thinking and could complete each other's sentences. Abigail and John never told their children about their special gifts, and they often surprised the children when they thought they were fooling their parents.

John and Abigail were blessed with four grandchildren—two from John Jr.—a boy and a girl, a boy from and Arwen and a girl from Argent. Only one of them was a telepath and, not surprisingly, it was Casandra the daughter of Argent. As Abigail had, Cass as she liked to be called, only developed the gift as she entered puberty. With her mother and grandmother to guide and advise her, she used her gift sparingly.