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ARMY GAMES

(M+F+)

by

Satyr (address withheld)

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ARMY GAMES

By

Satyr

(M+F+)

[An unnamed British Army officer enters the showers at a barracks while on exercise in Germany and has the shock—and time—of his life.]

AT THE TIME I was serving in the British Army as a junior staff officer at a headquarters somewhere in the middle of England. As was normal, when one of the big headquarters in Germany held one of their field exercises, reinforcements were sought from other, non-deploying, formations to bring the deploying HQ up to its war establishment. In peacetime there was no need for the HQ to be able to work 24 hours a day, all year around. Consequentially, the HQ would be on its peace establishment manning: sufficient to be able to do its job during a normal working week only. On exercises, as in wartime, there most certainly was a need to work around the clock! (Of course, in wartime, these war establishment posts would be filled by reservists or by the slack in the system: officers doing jobs that were needed in peacetime but not in war. For a peacetime exercise, the usual form was to rob Peter to pay Paul and strip staff officers out of units not exercising).

It was a hot German summer and I'd settled into the field routine of the deployed HQ quite swiftly—sleeping and eating when I could; working the rest of the time. Rapidly, the days and nights merged one into the other and soon the important business wasn't defined by the day of the week or by the time of day but by the events on, or planned to occur on, the fictional battlefield over which we fought.

As usual the HQ was expected to move every two to three days; not only to avoid detection (and then destruction) by the enemy but also to be able to keep close to our rapidly advancing (we hoped) troops. So that our superior and subordinate HQs could always talk to our General, a simple drill had evolved for movement of the HQ. The Main field HQ was exactly mirrored by an identical (but largely unmanned) field HQ some miles away. This shadow HQ had a small guard force, small admin team (principally cooks), and limited manning of two or three staff officers who simply kept the back-up HQ warm and the map displays up-to-date. If anything happened to Main then the surviving staff would move to this 'spare' HQ. Alternatively, for a planned move, then the staff from Main would move in phases to the back-up HQ which would take command and become Main. The former Main would move and re-establish elsewhere. It would be minimally manned and would then (after re-establishment) become the back-up HQ in its turn and ready for the whole move cycle to begin again.

Once in the field, life in Main became routine and was ticking along nicely for me when, out of the blue, came the news that somebody from the branch was needed to go to the reserve HQ. Clearly, it wasn't going to be one of the permanent staff of the HQ: they were too valuable as their

capabilities were known and it was 'their' exercise, their opportunity to shine and show what they could do. No, usual form was for one of the reinforcements to man the reserve HQ: we'd get our chance to shine on our own HQs exercises. As the sole reinforcement in my branch, it was me that jumped into a Land Rover that day to head for the quiet life.

Life in the reserve HQ wasn't bad, but it was *very* quiet. Day after day I sat quietly in the near deserted Ops Room reading and chatting to the other watch-keepers as we waited for the phone to ring. Twice a day I got situation updates and plotted these on the map board but other than that, the only distractions were the meals.

Like most field HQ locations, the amenities were rudimentary. The General liked his field HQ to be in a building and this one was in a deserted factory on the outskirts of a small German town. It was weather tight but that was about it. Electricity was supplied by a row of big trailer-mounted generators which thumped away all day and all night while communications were supplied by signallers operating from a fleet of box-bodied four-ton trucks. The other facilities were very rudimentary: the factory no longer had running water and the toilets were a bank of chemical lavatories which looked for all the world like a row of garish sentry boxes and which stood on the old loading-dock. Hot water for washing was available in large tin bowls from the cooks and a petrol-fuelled water boiler was kept running twenty-four hours a day to service the demand. Showers, or what there were of them, were typical field showers: a bag hung over a bowl if you were lucky or an all over wash with a wet flannel if you weren't. The water itself was imported in large bowsers which were pulled back and forth by Land Rovers and four-ton lorries and filled from whatever local resources were available: the nearest barracks or fire station or swimming baths ordinarily. For a bored and sweaty staff officer a quick trip out with one of the drivers on a replenishment run was a boon, especially if it meant getting into a real toilet block and a real shower!

My chance came mid-way through the second week at the reserve HQ. I'd just finished lunch when I overheard the chef's aside to his minion about the duty driver refilling the bowser. It was shaping up to be another long, hot, and lonely afternoon. I took my chance there and then, and headed direct to the vehicle park where a spotty lance-corporal manoeuvred his Land Rover onto the towing eye of a bowser.

'Sure, sir, no problem,' he replied. 'It'll take an hour or so to fill the bowser anyway. They've only got a small hosepipe at the German barracks. Good showers though!'

I dashed back to my quarters, such as they were (my sleeping bag on a camp bed in a corner of an empty factory floor with my rucksack at its head), and grabbed my towel and wash kit. By the time I got back to the vehicle park the driver had finished hitching the bowser and very quickly we were motoring through the German countryside. Fifteen minutes or so later we turned off the main road and into a deserted and slightly unkempt looking German barracks. As we pulled up at the red and white striped pole, the driver waved the vehicle document wallet at a bored looking German conscript who raised the pole with barely a glance at us.

'Good security—not!' muttered my driver as he powered away from the gate, empty bowser rattling along behind us. 'Place is near empty which explains their slackness,' he observed continued. 'I think the guy at the water point said that it's been empty for six months and that nobody knows when or if it'll be permanently garrisoned again. Accounts for why there's nobody about and why it looks so run down.' At that he pulled up outside a large single-story brick building set between two parallel rows of white painted two-storey barrack blocks. 'Here we are then sir,' he said, pointing a finger at the shower block. He jerked his thumb at an adjacent barrack block. 'That one's open if you need a toilet but there's no hot water. Plenty of that in the shower block though.' He paused a moment and looked at his watch. 'It'll take an hour or so to fill the bowser so see you back here at ... err, 1500; that OK?'

I nodded my assent and grabbed my towel and wash kit.

'Leave your webbing and helmet, sir; they'll be OK in the vehicle,' he added as I reached for the rest of my kit. 'Just take your weapon.'

I grinned in reply and patted my jacket pocket. Like most staff officers I had a pistol which I

kept in my jacket pocket and secured to me *via* its lanyard. It was a lot more convenient, safer from loss and comfortable than keeping it in my webbing.

After a quick stop in the adjacent barrack block I wandered over to the showers, noticing as I did so that there was now a very large 14-tonne lorry with British Army registration plates parked to the side of the shower block. Presumably, the crew were on the same errand as me.

I pushed my way through the shower block door to find myself in the humid steamy atmosphere of a fairly typical changing area: red tiled floor and white tiled walls with slatted benches fastened around them and with hooks part-way up the walls for clothing. To my left was the entry to the communal shower—none of this individual shower stall routine—which was separated from the changing area only by a tiled partition which didn't reach to the ceiling. I could hear the hiss of running water and steam coiled over the top verifying that it was in use.

Only three of the pegs were occupied, all of them with British combat uniforms and all at the far end of the changing room. Presumably the crew of the truck outside I thought to myself. Three gaily coloured towels lay on the bench just by the shower entrance further testifying to the crew's whereabouts.

I selected a peg near to the door and swiftly laid out my clean kit before stripping off my week-old combats, grabbed my shower gel and headed for the shower; carelessly tossing my towel onto the bench by others as I passed.

In the steam of the showers, I could make out three pink shapes clustered together under the jets at the far end. It wasn't the presence of the three pink shapes that stopped me dead in the doorway, I expected them there of course: it was what they were doing. The pink shape in the middle was a well-built tattooed lad of about 19 or 20 who sported a quite generous hardon. Another pink shape knelt on the streaming floor in front of him, head bobbing slowly backwards and forwards while the third figure stood adjacent watching and pirouetting slowly under the jets.

My shocked exclamation died still-born as the steam moved and the realization of what was wrong with the slowly pirouetting figure struck home: it's hair was longer and thicker than any male British soldier has worn since the queue was abandoned in the nineteenth century and its waist was narrow in relation to broadly swelling, womanly hips. In fact, the same two observations applied to the kneeling figure too. Unbidden my cock, deprived of female company for the past three weeks, jumped to half-mast. The spinning girl opened her eyes and glanced at me before resuming her pirouette as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her; to shower while some bloke got a blow job right beside her and another man developed a right stonker in the doorway.

I stood in shock and watched, struggling to find words. I couldn't, really couldn't, allow this to continue. I found my eye drawn to the slowly spinning girl. She looked about 19 and stood about five foot five inches tall. Her hair, which was blonde, was tied up on top of her head presumably to try and keep it dry(ish) while she showered. As she turned, I caressed her heart-shaped ass and long tanned legs with my eyes. She completed her pirouette and as she faced me again she swept the water off her face with an upward movement of her hands; presenting me with an unobstructed view of her lithe young body from smoothly-shaven snatch to generous coral-tipped titties which swung invitingly on her chest. In the back of my mind a little voice said very nice—no tattoos, no piercings... I felt my cock bounce to full rigidity and began to feel slightly light headed as the blood flowed into my organ.

I glanced down to see that the BJ tableau had shifted slightly, for the kneeling female had noticed my arrival. She sat back on her haunches now, looking at me unashamed and slowly wanked the guy's massively engorged prick. She had reddish-brown hair which she wore short; longer than a man's but not so long that she felt the need to prevent it from getting wet. Her titties sheltered behind her upraised arm but, from what little I could see, she seemed well-endowed in that department. 'Hi!' she said, grinning happily. She kept her eyes fixed on me while she sucked the man's huge cockhead back into her mouth and continued slowly fellating him. He grunted, whether in welcome or pleasure I couldn't tell.

The words had alerted the previously oblivious blonde's attention to my presence. I sensed rather than saw her movement and my eyes snapped back to her. 'Hi!' she said quietly then paused,

looking back at the obscene tableau behind her. She looked back at me; her eyes travelling appraisingly down the length of my body and rested for a moment on my throbbing hardon. She looked me directly in the eye and her pink tongue darted out to moisten her lips. 'Nice,' she said. 'I could do with some of that,' she announced quietly, her hand gesturing at my groin, 'And we're a cock short. Would you like to make up numbers and join in?'

I stuttered for a moment, trying to find the words. As an officer I couldn't possibly: not in a public place, not with a soldier, not in a group... and, what was more, I had to put a stop to this forthwith: the effect on my career, and on the army if I didn't and it all came out—devastating. Before I could get the words out, the blonde reached forward and ran her finger slowly along the length of my bobbing manhood. 'Would you like to join in?' she repeated. 'Your cock says you would.'

My mouth went dry: I couldn't say a word. Gently, the blonde took the bottle of shower gel from my nerveless grasp and popped it on the ledge under the shower head before gently grasping my hardon and drawing me under the jet. She turned me around gently under the stream before rubbing her now soapy hands over my chest, belly and cock. Her touch was light and divine and clearly, despite her youth, she wasn't exactly inexperienced with erections.

As the last of the soap rinsed off me, the blonde knelt, titties wobbling delightfully, and gently ran her fingers along my length then, meeting my eye, slowly kissed my *glans* and along the length of the underside of my shaft. Reaching my ball-sack, she opened her mouth wide and sucked one of my balls into her mouth, all the while caressing my shaft and thighs and lower chest with her free hand.

I moaned and dropped my hand to caress her hair and the soft smooth skin of the back of her neck. With a flick of her tongue over my nuts, she released my sack and guided my knob in her mouth. The warm wet feeling was divine: every nerve ending concentrated in the tip of my organ as the blonde tickled the purpled bell-end with her tongue before sucking me in and applying gentle suction to my weapon. A detached part of my mind registered that the brunette was resting on her haunches watching us, her free hand busy between her legs while she gently wanked her man and encouraged the blonde. 'G' on, suck 'im in. Get 'im real 'ard so 'e fucks yer good'. She returned her attention to her partner, 'I 'ope you're enjoying this—I wanna damn good fuckin' off yer...'

The soldier's response was immediate and positive: 'You'll fuckin' get 'un too. Come 'ere an' gimme a feel o' your titties.'

I watched the brunette's haunches tighten as she rose lithely to her feet, still stroking her man's erection. His hands flew to her titties, thumbs caressing her engorged nipples, and their lips met in a long savage kiss. The blonde released my dick from her mouth. I looked down and saw her look over her shoulder to watch her friends. She cupped my bollocks and slowly wanked my dick, its engorged end wet with her saliva.

The other couple's kiss broke and the soldier pivoted the girl so that her back was to him, her lush buttocks grinding into his erection. His hands slid up her flanks to cup and squeeze her magnificent young boobies as he kissed her earlobes. She reached behind her with one hand and held her man's cock; the other hand reaching up to hold his head down to her ear and neck as she watched her blonde friend play with me.

I guessed that the brunette was a bit older than her companions, probably middle-20s. She was about the same height as her blonde friend though slightly broader in the shoulder and hip. She was well tanned and showed a clear white outline where her bikini panties had been. Her knockers were brown all over, a clear sign of having taken the sun without a top. She was a bit bigger in the tit department than her friend—without a tape measure I'd guess a good-size C (going on D) in contrast to the blonde's generous B-cups. Below a deeply dimpled belly button (with semi-obligatory belly stud), her hips widened generously. At the juncture of her thighs a closely-trimmed Brazilian adorned her pubic mound.

I watched entranced as the soldier dropped a hand from the girl's lush titty and slid it over her belly. The brunette leant back and parted her thighs giving him easy access to her chasm. I watched as he gently parted the outer lips to show pink, slid a finger into her wetness and began to fingerfuck her. The girl arched her back, titties jiggling, in response. Her tongue peeped out and our eyes met. I realized in a flash that she was getting off on the voyeuristic aspect of the whole scene. She knew I was watching and was enjoying it.

As I looked down the blonde rose to her feet. Our lips met and locked, tongues probing. She tasted of spearmint and I could feel her hardened teats rubbing against my chest. I slid an arm around her waist and pulled her close, feeling her titties squash against me. I ran my hand down her spine and over the firm swell of her ass, my other hand sliding across her gluteal furrow at the join of her ass and thighs. She parted her legs slightly as I began to probe her slit with my thumb. She was wet already; I suppose she'd been toying with her clit, readying herself for a fucking, as she sucked me.

She broke the kiss, stepped back and grasped my throbbing cock. Glancing to the side, I saw that the brunette now leant back against the wall; legs spread wide, while the man knelt between her legs and tongued her open cunny.

The blonde tugged me urgently towards the wall, spun around to lean against it with her legs widespread and pelvis thrust forwards. I got the idea immediately: she wanted similar attention to that which her friend was receiving. I dropped to my knees in front of her and began to tongue her closed slit. Without a word, she reached down and used her fingers to spread herself, giving me easy access to the hard red nubbins that was her clitty. I lapped at her slit and drove my tongue deep into her; tasting her juices and smelling that sweet smell of hot young pussy. I no longer cared about the dangers of discovery; I was lost in lust and was interested only in preparing the blonde to fuck. I swept my tongue over her clit making her gasp. With part of my mind I registered that I could hear the tongue on cunt battle next to me as the kneeling lad prepared the brunette for her fucking.

I raised my hands and stroked the soft insides of the girl's thighs as I lapped at her cunt. I felt her muscles flex and sensed her leaning towards her friend. I rolled my eyes upwards and watched as the girls, who were both tweaking their engorged nipples, leant towards each other and locked lips.

As their kiss broke, I rose to my feet and positioned myself between the blonde's outstretched thighs, intending to take her standing up. As I rubbed my knob over her gash she leant forwards preventing entry.

'No,' she whispered, 'Not standing: fuck me doggy.' She dropped onto all fours, her head low and ass raised high. I could see her gash clearly presented to me. The brunette adopted the same position next to her and, without encouragement; the soldier thrust his massive dick into her cunt and started to fuck.

I rubbed my knob over the blonde's wetness to position myself and slid smoothly in, hilting on the first stroke. I heard her gasp and held my position, my belly hard against her soft round ass. I ran my hands along her ribs and cupped her hanging boobies before starting a slow fuck action.

The soldier was bouncing hard back-and-forth and I could see his long wet shaft sliding inand-out. The brunette's cunt gripping the lad's organ in a stretched white 'O' which gripped his shaft and pulled the surrounding flesh in-and-out in time with his thrusts. The lad slid his hands from the brunette's hips and forwards along her flanks to cup her bouncing titties. He changed grip and began to maul them with a milking motion, her titflesh squeezing between his fingers.

It was hard not to speed up and match tempo with the pounding soldier beside me, but I wanted to prolong things. I began to long-cock the girl; drawing out until only my *glans* was still in her cunt then slowly sliding forwards to penetrate her again. My hands clasped her firm titties and I could feel her fumbling with her clitty with her free hand.

The brunette began to moan deep in her throat. I saw her hand come back and she began to rub her pussy vigorously. The blonde leant towards her friend and their lips met and locked; muffling the brunette's moans. I could hear the slap slap of the soldier's balls and belly against the brunette's ass over the hiss of the showers. Suddenly he thrust forwards hard, pushing the kneeling girl forwards and breaking the girls kiss. His buttocks clenched hard and he threw his head back in a wordless cry of triumph as he shot his jism deep into the girl's belly.

I began to speed-up my own fuck-tempo, pumping in-and-out of the blonde's slippery fuck-

tube. 'Oh fuck,' she moaned, 'fuck fuck fuck fuck ...'

I changed my grip to her hips and let her titties swing free. I began to pump harder, feeling the sensation beginning to build in my balls. Next to me, the brunette and soldier had collapsed in a heap and the brunette's fingers flew as she completed her orgasm.

As her orgasm subsided, the brunette rolled to her knees and began to encourage me as I serviced her friend.

'G' on,' she said, 'Fuck 'er 'ard. ... G' on, really do 'er. ... 'Er titties are real bouncin' you should see 'em ...'

From the corner of my eye I could see the brunette leaning forwards and watching the obscene tableau closely as my fat prick plunged in-and-out of her friend's hole. Beyond her, the soldier reclined, slowly stroking his dick. Part of my mind registered that already he was starting to show signs of getting another erection.

The blonde, her head now resting on the tiles, looked back over her shoulder, her face contorted with lust. 'G' on, ... fuck me hard!' she ground out. 'G' on, ohhhh fuck, fuck, fuck ... Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me ... Fuck my cunt with that big dick ... Oh yes aaaaragh! ... fuck me ... aaaaarrrrrrrrrghhhhh!'

I needed no further invitation and began to work hard behind her, my dick thrusting hard inand-out of her wetness and hilting with virtually every stroke. Her fingers flew at her clit, brushing my shaft and bouncing balls, as she worked for her orgasm and I could feel my own climax coming.

The blonde got there first, by a short hair, and I felt her cunt muscles clench hard around my shaft. That was enough to trigger me and I grasped her hips, pulling her harder onto my spurting cock as I shouted my relief. I ground my hips hard into hers and shot my two-week old load deep into her twisting contracting young cunny.

It had been a good hard ride and, as my spasms eased, I collapsed over the naked girl's back; kissing her earlobes and the back of her neck in thanks.

As my breathing returned to normal and we separated I heard the brunette ask, 'Seconds, mate?'

I rolled onto my back and dashed the water from my eyes. The brunette leant over me, titties dangling temptingly. 'Reckon you could go again in a few minutes, mate?' she repeated and obviously addressed me. 'Now you've g' rid of that first load, I could do wiv a good, slow, humpin''. She spaced her words out, adding emphasis to them, 'You man enough for it?'

There was a note of challenge in her voice and a gleam in her eye. She licked her lips with a little cat-like dart of her tongue.

'Yes,' I replied nodding; my eyes drawn to her dangling boobies. 'I'm up for it but I'll need a few minutes and ... ' I gestured towards my groin, 'A little help...'

By way of answer the brunette reached for my groin and I felt her hand cup my genitals. She lowered her face towards them and gently blew along their length. I felt my old man begin to react to the stimulus and begin to stiffen.

As the brunette began to work on me, the blonde rose gracefully to her feet and stepped over my legs to the still reclining soldier who still lay on the shower floor. Jealously, I saw that his dick was already semi-tumescent and that a dribble of pre-cum was showing at the slit. The blonde knelt beside him, her hand going to the hardon and their lips met.

My attention was drawn back to my own entertainment by the brunette, who gently kissed one of my nuts.

'Pay 'tention,' she said, grinning. 'Now, yer ready for the best suck an' fuck o' yer life ever?' I grunted in the affirmative.

"K,' she murmured, meeting my eye with a mischievous grin.

Her oral technique was very different from the blonde's; more skilled, more sensual. I suppose, being that little bit older; she'd been sucking cock for longer and with more men so really knew what she was doing. She kept eye contact as she sucked me in and slowly ran her mouth upand-down my tool, taking me deeper with each stroke until my entire weapon was buried in her mouth and her lips formed a ring around the base of my cock My *glans* must have been in the back

of her throat but she showed no signs of discomfort. Several times, just as I thought I was about to shoot my load down her throat, she'd slow and put pressure on the base of my cock, slowing me but not spoiling my hardon.

Next to me, the blonde had worked the soldier to full hardness and now straddled him in the reverse cowgirl position so that I could see his dong slip between her cuntlips and into her belly. The brunette took my dick from her mouth and spread her saliva down the length of my shaft as I watched the blonde raise and lower herself on the man's hardon, her finely muscled thighs rippling. His hands came forwards, stroking her hips and then rose to cup and squeeze her titties in time with her thrusts; making her tit-flesh bulge out between his fingers.

The brunette grinned lasciviously and slowly stroked up-and-down on my hardon, her eyes on locked on mine. 'What position?' she asked as she positioned herself to run her tongue down the length of my weapon.

'You on top.'

"K,' she replied, 'Good fer me. But first ...' She gestured towards her pussy, 'A li'l 'elp wiv the lube for me too, huh?' I nodded my assent and she shuffled quickly up the length of my body, legs spread, and presented her gash to my mouth. She must have washed herself quickly under one of the still hissing shower jets while I recovered from fucking the blonde as there was no trace of the copious amounts of spunk the soldier had shot into her belly just a short time before.

I tickled her still reddened clitty with the tip of my tongue before sucking a fold of cunt-flesh into my mouth. I raised my hands and stroked her smooth bottom then slid them back down towards the backs of her thighs. The brunette's thighs began to flex and she started to moan slightly as I ate her snatch: a deep contented purr at the back of her throat. I began to feel her juices flow.

'Oh God! That's good,' she moaned. 'G' on, suck that cunt good. Ahhh yeah ... Oh God, yeah! G' on ... make my cunt nice an' wet for yer cock... Oh fuck ... yeah!'

She hunched her shoulders forwards and I could see her looking down at me, panting slightly; her lips parted and her tongue slowly caressing her lips. Her hands were up to her chest, pinching and rolling her hardened nipples which now resembled little thumbs.

Suddenly she shuffled back and flopped forwards letting me drown in a generous sea of warm tit-flesh. I kissed whatever I could reach before sucking a hard brown teat into my mouth; suckling hard at it. The brunette wriggled and began to pull free.

'Need fuckin',' she said; her voice filled with desire. 'Need fuckin' wiv that big 'ard cock now.'

She shuffled backwards a few more inches, grasping my manhood and guiding it to her slit. With a moan of satisfaction she slid down onto me. She took me in about halfway then stopped; a mischievous grin on her face. Looking down past my belly I could see my shaft ending at her pinkness. She leant forwards and our lips met as she lowered herself the rest of the way, impaling herself on me.

As we kissed, I felt her begin to milk me using her strong cunt muscles. I moaned my pleasure into her mouth. I felt her tongue probing. Our tongues met and twined. She began to move herself up-and-down on my embedded cock, her tongue flicking in-and-out in rhythm with her slow, deliberate, fuck-action.

Movement to my side distracted me and our kiss broke. I found the blonde kneeling beside my head. I could see a thick dribble of spunk along her inner thigh and around her cunthole. The blonde treated me to a full-on kiss before planting her lips on the brunette's, her hands coming up to caress and stroke the brunette's full titties; milking them in time with our fuck-movements. Behind the blonde, I could see the man rinsing himself off under the shower, his cock shrunken now, before padding off towards the changing room. He was gone only a few moments before popping his head back around the partition.

"Urry it along, girls,' he hissed, 'We gotta get goin'. Boss wants us back.' He waved something that looked like a mobile telephone to emphasise his words.

I could feel the sensation building. I wasn't going to last too much longer; the brunette's skill and the ongoing lezzie action made it all too exciting. I needed my release and began to thrust in time with the girl's movements. I felt movement at my groin and realised that the blonde had thrust

her fingers there and was assisting her friend along to her climax by stimulating her clitty. It was all too exciting: I was about to cum. The girl beat me to it, just: suddenly, her cunt contracted. The sudden tightness was enough and I shot my load, spurt after hot spurt, deep into her twitching cunt.

I'd barely finished when she kissed me hard. 'Thanks mate; good 'un,' she said, and stood up. My softening cock pulled out of her with an obscene plop and I could see my spunk trickling from her gash and down her leg.

Already, the blonde rotated quickly under the shower, washing the spunk off her naked body. The brunette stepped under the adjacent jet and pirouetted quickly. In the doorway, I saw the male—fully dressed now—waiting for his crew.

I'd barely pulled myself upright before the two girls appeared again in the doorway, dressed now but with their boots still unfastened and trouser bottoms flapping loose. From the way their uniforms clung to them it was clear that they hadn't wasted any time drying off. They grinned cheekily at me and, in unison, dropped curtsies and each blew a kiss. It was so practised and perfectly timed that I wondered how many other guys they'd done together and had practised that departure routine on. They were both gone before I could react, the shower room door banging to mark their departure. Tired now, I stepped under a jet as the room echoed with the roar of a heavy truck engine.

'Good shower, sir?' asked the lance-corporal a little while later as I settled myself into the Land Rover's passenger seat.

'Aye, the best,' I muttered as I buckled my seat harness, 'It sure was a good one..!'

Author's Note: This tale has some (very slight) basis in fact. Several years ago I was party to a conversation between two men who were in, or had recently left, the British Army and who had both served in Germany. One of the men told the tale of how he had gone into a barracks whilst on exercise in that country only to find the mixed male and female crew of a British army truck showering together. He wasn't as lucky as the unnamed narrator of my story and, as this was around the time that a number of sex and bullying scandals had hit the army, he had to challenge what any newspaper editor would see and report as highly inappropriate behaviour (even though the girl(s) was (or were) clearly voluntary participants AND there was no sexual activity). The thrust of his story was the response of the (still gloriously naked) girl soldier who matter of factly him that they (male and female soldiers) lived and worked together on exercise so showering together was perfectly natural and was what they did routinely. He went on to add that none of the soldiers could see anything wrong in what they were doing.

Another two stories are from another two men, one of whom reported walking and talking on a training area with a senior army chaplain who suddenly excused himself, stepped over to a bush and unzipped his trousers while continuing the conversation with the startled chap through a cloud of pungent steam. There is also the tale of the (female) senior officer who marched into a (shared) toilet at a field location encountering a male officer who had been in the process of leaving as she arrived. She then insisted on holding a conversation (on duty matters) through the closed stall door while 'doing her duty' (pun intended) and accompanied by the sound of basic bodily functions. ('I'm not into scat,' said my source sadly, 'so this was all rather distracting and not a little embarrassing. She got quite senior rank too and I'm afraid I've always had a rather vivid imagination. Every time I saw her thereafter I just couldn't get this vision of her, enthroned and... well... ahem... you know... out of my mind...).

This relaxed attitude to sex and bodily functions in the military (British and other) was reflected in tale in which a US Marine Corps officer related a ditty on homosexuality which went 'It's not gay when you're underway; it's helping a shipmate out...'

This story is meant as an erotic fantasy not real life. It's okay to READ stories about unprotected sex with others outside a monogamous relationship. It isn't okay to HAVE unprotected sex with people other than a trusted partner. There are a number of very unpleasant diseases—some incurable, some fatal, some both incurable and fatal—which can be contracted that way. Genital herpes is still a fact of life and HIV (AIDS) is still a real threat.

You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it!