**Army Girl**

by Isabella

**Part 01**

I wanted a degree and a good job in electronics, I went to five universities for interviews, I was looking for some kind of bursary or scholarship to help to pay for my education but because my grades from collaee weren't the best in the world and my parents didn't fall below the poverty line there would be no help available for me. Even the worst of universities were charging the most they could get away with every year, so, to get a degree I would have to find nine thousand pounds a year just for tuition and then five thousand a year for rent and another five thousand pounds a year for food and clothes. There was no way I would be able to study and earn nineteen thousand pounds a year as well. I could get a loan for the tuition costs easily but it would mean being lumbered with a sixty thousand pound debt to pay back to the government.

The final university that I had an interview at was actually the last resort as far as I was concerned. Situated as it was in Southampton, the Anglia Ruskin University would offer me a place but after the interview the head of faculty invited me to go with him for a coffee in the refectory. I, being the suspicious kind had assumed that he was going to hit on me, kind of a condition of my acceptance but as Ruskin came sixty-third out of sixty three in the league tables of universities with a faculty of Electronics, their head of faculty was very down to earth.

"Have you considered what life after university would offer a woman with a degree in Electronics from Anglia Ruskin Victoria?"

Was this a trick question, was I still being interviewed? I just blew on top of my coffee and looked confused.

"What I mean is, you'll leave university with a huge debt, between sixty and seventy thousand pounds, if you got a double first from us, you could command thirty-five to forty thousand a year after two or three years in post, a two-one and that would drop to twenty-five to thirty a year after the first few years. If you only get a two-two, you'll be lucky to get twenty thousand and a third; you'll be working in a call centre for thirteen grand a year."

I slumped in my seat, I knew what he was getting at, in the interview my SATs and pre interview tests had been brought up, I was predicted to get no higher than a two-two and only then if I buckled down to three years of hard study.

"I'm not trying to depress you Vicky, I'm a realist, would you say that you're physically fit?"

I nodded my head; I was very sporty at school, one of the reasons that I didn't get such good results in my college qualifications.

"It's just that I do pass on candidates from time to time to the Army, they need electronics experts and they are happy to pay the university fees as well as a wage. You'll do twenty-six weeks in university classrooms, get a four week long paid vacation and you work for the Amy for twelve weeks a year for the first three years. The twelve weeks practical experience in Army electronics often lifts an under graduate's score by ten to twenty percent. Could make the difference between a two-two and a two-one."

I was given directions to the recruitment office in the middle of Southampton and an envelope to hand over when I got there. As I was leaving the refectory I could hear the phone conversation as my interviewer was calling in my details to the Army recruitment office.

The desk at the recruitment office was manned by an RAF airman, he told me that I'd have to sit a quick assessment test to point me in the direction of the right service and trade but before I had the chance to write my name on top of the test sheet an Army officer walked in.

"Are you Victoria?"

"Yes!"

"You were given a letter for me?"

"Oh, gosh yes, here it is!"

Lieutenant Baker took the envelope from me and opened it, "According to your initial assessment test you've scored perfectly for a radio technician in the Army!"

The RAF guy rolled his eyes and snatched the paper from in front of me, "Ten more seconds and you'd have been mine!" He said as he left the small room that I was about to sit the test in.

Lieutenant Baker sat opposite me and smiled, "Good thing you hadn't put your name on top of the test sheet, you'd have disappeared into the system and probably ended up in the Navy as a radar tech or communications officer."

I was very confused but then it had been a very confusing day so far. Anglia Ruskin was the worst of the worst university in the country and even they didn't want me and the last place in the world that I thought I'd be sitting was in the armed services recruitment office interview room.

"Are you over eighteen?"

"Yes!"

"Do you have a criminal record of any kind?"

"No!"

"Are you physically fit?"

"Yes!"

"Do you play any sports?"

"Yes!"

"You're supposed to elaborate, do you play football?"

"Yes, I played for the college team."

"Do you play cricket?"

"Yes, I played for the school team but not since college."

"Do you play rugby?"

"Only touch rugby at school."

"Do you swim competitively?"

"Yes, I did two hundred meter butterfly for my county."

"Do you do gymnastics?"

"Really, do I look like a size zero waif, I'm far too heavy and tall for gymnastics."

Lieutenant Baker laughed at that answer, "Sorry, that was a test, some people just say yes to everything even though the closest they get to sports is watching football on a Saturday afternoon."

"I did as many sports as I could while I was at school, one of the reasons that I didn't get straight 'A's in my exams."

"Do you think you could finish an Army assault course in three minutes?"

"I have no idea; I don't know what's involved."

"Well, at least it's an honest answer. I'm pushing you through for a medical and fitness test on Monday, have to be fast because as you know, Universities are filling up fast at this time of the year and we'd want to get you into the best university possible, if you're still interested in a career in the army that is."

I explained that I didn't know anything at all about the Army, certainly not enough to sign up for the Army right away.

"We pay the UEA well for each candidate they send through to us, they gave you the test and should have outlined everything about the Army to you."

Lieutenant Baker went through the basics of Army life and training as well as service conditions, as he detailed everything I realised that I had been given all of the salient facts while I was drinking coffee at the university, it's just that it wasn't laid out quite as fully as Lieutenant Baker explained it all to me.

I would have to sign up for nine years of service, if I left the Army at the end of three years at university, I would have to pay back all of my tuition fees, and there wouldn't be an education loan to cushion the blow. There was a sliding scale if I left the Army between the fourth and eighth year of service that was roughly one sixth of the cost for each year left of my term. For three years my training would all be in the UK and only after I finished my degree would I be liable for overseas deployment.

I did my first year, because I was so late starting the process I didn't get the usual six weeks at boot camp but I knew that I'd get that pleasure as soon as my first year of study was over. University was as expected; I got mediocre results even though I was working harder than any other student at the university. And I wasn't at Southampton University either; I was at Cambridge, not the sixty-third university for electronics but the top university.

Apart from my study I had been concentrating on my fitness, while my class mates were partying, drinking and fucking around the campus I was running the tracks and working on my upper body strength, I knew that I'd have to face the assault course after my end of year exam.

I wore my uniform for the first time after reporting to the ATR training establishment in Winchester. I was just over twenty years old and I was in with a bunch of eighteen year old lesbians in four person dormitories. I learned all about the history of the Army and how to march, stand to attention and salute correctly and that took up a whole week, on the Monday morning of the second week, after breakfast and a kit inspection we were told to dress in fatigues and report to the assault course, twenty women lined up at the start line for our first introduction to the assault course and eighty men standing around watching us.

It would appear that the highlight of the men's basic training was to watch twenty unfit eighteen to twenty year old girls fall at the first hurdle. A quarter of the women who present for basic training would fail because of the assault course, you could try almost as often as you wanted in the first eight weeks of training but if you couldn't get round in three minutes by the end of the basic training you'd be flushed from the Army.

For the first time in a year I was head and shoulders ahead of my fellow students, I had a good idea what I'd be up against and had put in a lot of work on climbing ropes, leaping ditches, cross country running as well as track running and as the men started jeering at us I started in the third group of four. By the nets I was ahead of the first three groups and went over the top like a monkey. I passed the finish line in two-fifty and wasn't even breathing heavily.

I was congratulated on passing the course on my first go but then the training instructor made me clamber into a twenty-five kilo Bergen and sent me off at the rear of a platoon of men doing their first five kilometres march under load. They were dressed in full combat kit including Kevlar helmets and forty kilo packs. I was wet, covered in mud and tired from the assault course but at least all I was wearing was a t-shirt and combat trousers with ten ton Army boots on my feet.

At the five-k mark there were trucks to carry us all back to the camp in time for lunch. I ended up going through the showers with the rest of my platoon, they had been going over and over the sections of the assault course that they had failed on their first time through. My biggest problem was avoiding nineteen lesbians offering to wash my back for me in the showers. I had definitely attracted a lot of attention from the rest of my troupe because I had shown just how fit I was.

On the Tuesday morning I was told to report to the commander's office, I sat outside Major Whitman's office waiting for her ADC to call me through, Major Whitman was the commanding officer of the woman's training camp but it wasn't her that I had to see. Lieutenant Colonel Cromford, the commanding officer of the whole camp wanted me. I'd caused a little bit of a stir on my first bite of the assault course, I had passed that easily, well, ten seconds to spare and without breaking a sweat as well and although I hadn't worn full kit for the route march, I had carried the Bergen with the load necessary and over the correct distance for the women and passed that as well especially straight after doing the assault course.

There wasn't much more they could do with me for the next seven weeks of training other than to bore me to death going over and over the same thing for seven weeks. "Your start in the Army was unconventional because we had to send you straight off to university instead of bringing you through basic training first so I'm suggesting continuing the unconventional nature of your training by putting you in with D platoon, they started phase two of their basic training last week and we know that it will be tough for you to make up that week but, you have done a year of study into electronics and their first week was basically introduction to electronics as used in the Army so I'm hoping you'll cope well enough."

Well, D platoon wasn't training in my exact field, I should have been doing radio electronics and they were doing guidance systems but it was all electronics at the end of the day. I had to move my kit out of the women's block and into one of the men's blocks. I did have a dorm to myself but basically I had to eat, train and live with nineteen men. The platoon Sergeant, the Corporal and the Lance Jacks all worked tirelessly to prevent any impropriety of any kind taking part between me and any of the men in the platoon but for the most part they were all far too young for me so there wasn't any danger of me dropping my khaki pants for any of them.

The guy at Southampton University had been spot on the money when he said that the Army training would help my university work, when I started the second year at Cambridge I was actually ahead of my cohort of fellow students and because I wasn't playing catch-up things really gelled and by the end of the second year I had the second highest mark in the final assignment. A two week holiday and straight back to ATR Winchester and slip back into uniform for twelve weeks and then another two week holiday before university again.

I reported to the camp office expecting to be slotted in with nineteen lesbians again. It would have been a different platoon of nineteen women to my first week in Winchester but we should have all been at the same point in our Army training.

"You're late; you were supposed to be here yesterday."

"No, my orders say today...zero nine hundred hours today."

"We were given seventy-two hour's notice to deploy yesterday and everyone was supposed to be contacted at zero six hundred yesterday, you only have two days to get kitted out and have all your shots."

"What do you mean? I've been on holiday; I don't officially come onto strength here until today"

The officer of the day came in at that point, "You officially came on our strength two weeks ago at the start of your vacation. You'll be fined a small amount for failing to turn up yesterday."

"That's not fair, I wasn't told anything about it!"

"We used your contact number, left a message on your answer phone."

"I was out of the country until eleven o'clock last night and haven't been home yet."

"The rules say that you have to give us accurate contact details, even if you're out of the country."

I was rushed, still complaining through to the MO, still complaining as he stuck a hundred needles in my arm and my arse, still complaining as I went through the stores. Now it's funny that no one ever knows where a seventy-two hour deployment is heading so it's really strange that the stores officer seems to know what camouflage to hand out. I had a good idea where we were going to end up when I was handed desert camouflage kit and a fully armoured vest and sand coloured Kevlar helmet.

The rest of that day was spent on a refresher course for the various guided armaments that the British Army used in the field and collecting all of the technical drawings we would need to maintain the portfolio of advanced weaponry. I drew my SA-eighty mark two from the armoury and reported to the firing range to proof the weapon and get a mark for ten shots on the range. The morning of our final day in Winchester was spent refreshing ourselves on first aid.

I was still complaining about being dragged off on deployment overseas just because of the quirk of fate that I had been assigned to Winchester barracks for twelve weeks while the university was closed for summer vacation, I asked to see the officer in charge of the deployment, I tried to play the role card, I was being deployed as a weapons tech when my pay book stated that I was a radio tech.

"Have you completed your part three qualifications in radio engineering?"

"No sir."

"Part two?"

"No sir."

"Part one even?"

"No sir."

"What training have you completed so far?"

"Basic infantry and advanced weapons guidance systems sir."

"Then you're going to exactly the right place to do the job that you're trained to do."

"But I was supposed to do my radio training over the next twelve weeks, radio electronics is all I've been working on at university for the past twenty-six weeks sir."

"You're deploying this evening, here's your orders, bus five to RAF Brize Norton and then air transport out to your deployment. I'll register your complaints up the line, if they think they were wrong in sending you on deployment you'll be back in six to eight weeks, but don't hold your breath."

"But what about my place at Cambridge? What will happen to that if I'm not back by the start of the year?"

"You're not the first squaddie to get deployed in the middle of a degree course, as soon as you come back you'll be slotted right back in to the course."

Bus five was forty-nine men and me, a little strange but then twenty men to one woman was usual for a front line deployment. As soon as we sat in our seats on the transport we were told of our destination, we were heading for Afghanistan, Camp Bastion and we'd be arriving at around two o'clock in the morning. We were advised to try and get as much sleep during the flight as possible, some of us were stopping in Bastion but some of us were being onwardly deployed to front line units by helicopters, troop transfers out to the front lines were done under cover of darkness so some would be heading straight out as soon as the transport touched down.

We formed up on the apron at the side of our transport in the freezing cold; one thirty in the morning can be mighty cold in Afghanistan. Five names were called off, I was one of those called out, the dispersal officer pointed out a sand coloured Chinook helicopter that was just winding up its turbines readying for takeoff. The five of us were on the chopper within ten minutes of landing on the strip in Camp Bastion and sixty seconds later we were banking out over the desert and heading roughly east towards Pakistan.

We deplaned just before dawn somewhere in the Afghan mountains and when I say deplaned I don't mean that the chopper landed and we strolled out down the rear ramp, no, that would be all too easy, at fifteen feet above ground, just as the dawn light was rushing at us from Pakistan, five ropes were dropped from the Chinook with our packs fixed to the ends and the five of us had to rappel to the ground.

Two things dawned, the day and the fact that we weren't inside the safety of a forward military encampment. We were on a track over a small hill with high mountains on all sides. The five of us stood looking like lemons as our ride disappeared still heading eastwards and because of helicopter limitations in ceiling height it was flying through the gaps between the mountains. To anyone tracking the chopper it would have looked like a simple blip on their radar when we were dropped off.

"What the fuck do we do now?"

One of my companions, a corporal, had expressed what we were all feeling; we stood in silence for five minutes when someone came up with a good idea.

"You could all get out of sight in case your arrival was witnessed, that would be a good start!"

As one, we all grabbed our Bergens and headed for what little cover there was, then it dawned on us all, the comment hadn't been 'WE' but 'YOU' and as we took up defensive positions behind a large rock we started to ask who had said to get under cover. There was a sudden movement on the ground a few feet away from where we'd formed up. A cape, covered in small rocks and sand moved to reveal a shallow trench filled with a soldier.

"I'm Sergeant Patterson, I'm your guide to the outpost, we have to lay up here until dusk and then head off, ten 'clicks' to the east to your home away from home for the next month. Sergeant Patterson stood up to inspect us; he actually tugged our patches to get a better look at them before starting to laugh out loud.

"I can't believe it, what have we got here, two Royal Artillery gunners, a cook, a medical orderly and, God help us, a female electronics technician. I think what we have here lady and gentlemen is an unholy fuck up, you've been delivered to the wrong party, I just wonder where my five man covert insertion squad has been delivered to."

We had to sit it out all day in the baking sun, very little water to drink and no food, the five men that were supposed to be airdropped onto the little hillock would have been better prepared, they would have known that they had to spend a day and a night before they got to their base camp.

We followed Patterson up the side of one mountain and down the other, ten kilometres on flat ground would have been a two hour march tops. But one kilometre up a mountain and the same kilometre down the other side only actually took us a half a kilometre closer to our camp in the east so it was a full ten hours of hard slog in freezing conditions to reach our camp.

We arrived at the camp just before dawn and it was a good thing that he did because if we had been short as the sun came up, we'd have to lay up for another day, no one was allowed to approach the camp in the daylight. The camp had been set up by the Americans; it had been a rock pinnacle that had been eroded into a horseshoe canyon. Well, nature and a little help from Alfred Nobel's invention, dynamite. The Americans had called up a bombing raid on the next mountain when they first set up their hidden camp, the sound of bombs falling close by helping to disguise the blasting of the rock to make a usable surface inside the curtain of rock provided by the pinnacle on three hundred and fifty degrees around the camp.

Army camps never had a reputation as being well appointed or palatial but this camp was worse than most. It had a single latrine tent, four stalls for making toilet and four rows of sinks to one side and a row of open shower heads at the end opposite to the entrance. Water was very strictly rationed. An ingenious method of collecting rain water had been set up for drinking and cooking and the grey water from the latrine block was filtered and pumped back into the system, the only waste that wasn't recycled was that flushed down the toilet, well, flushed was something of a misnomer, the four toilets were earth closets, once a week one of the soldiers had the job of raking out the crap and burying it at the outer edge of the camp.

Once a week or so a C-one thirty would parachute supplies into the canyon below the camp, at night and under cover of a fighter bomber raid on the caves a few miles away that were used by insurgents, the very caves that our outpost was spying on. We would have men out at dusk with a laser designator pointed at a convenient rock to give the Hercules a point to drop the palettes of supplies onto. The supplies were hauled up the mountain to our camp before dawn, supplies, parachutes and palettes as well; no sign of our night time activities were left behind.

The bad news for me and the four men that came with me was, to conserve the secrecy of our camp, they only risked personnel exchanges once a month, so we were stuck there for the next four weeks at the very least. Add to our discomfort the fact that no one wanted us there; they needed a specialist team of SAS infiltrators out on the mountain passes to record insurgent movements. The Army was still working from the pack of cards list, always on the lookout for outstanding members.

They needed SAS Special Forces and they got five useless buggers on vacation for a month. Well, they did have use for our cook and medical orderly, the observation post was too small to have a permanent cook on staff so they usually took turns at cooking like they took turns at digging the crap into the ground. So just three useless members, they had no electronic weaponry, just a bunch of eavesdropping equipment and very specialised communications equipment to pass on insurgent movements without anyone else picking it up.

Being a girl, while my companions hit the sack, still dirty from close to seventy-two hours of travelling, I needed a shower far more than I needed sleep, I didn't even bother dropping my helmet or body armour off at my tent, well I say my tent, the tent I would be sharing with the other four men that came with me. I headed straight for the latrine tent,

I got another huge shock; because of the water shortage in the camp there was no possibility to use the American showers in the latrines unless it was during a period of rain and after close to three days of arduous travelling to get to the camp, I was in desperate need of a shower and all I was offered was a single half litre of water to wash myself and clean my teeth with. I was desperate for a shower but would just have to make do with what was available. I dropped my Bergen at the side of the sinks, propped my SA-eighty at the side of it and collected fresh underwear, my towel and wash kit from my pack and started my wash in a solitary pint and a bit of water.

I wouldn't normally have stripped down to bra and knickers for a wash but I really needed to wash every inch of my body as the sand had got into every nook and cranny of my body. I was half way through washing my legs when one of the observer corps guys coming off duty walked in to use the crapper; he stopped dead in his tracks and just like his corps badge on his sleeve said, he observed what I was doing closely.

I looked over at him and said, "Never seen a woman washing before?"

"Not never but I've been on this hill top for six months with a bunch of men with too little water to go round. I need to load my memory banks for the long cold nights ahead."

It was unusual to have an army camp without a single woman around; even the SAS Regiment had female communications officers and a few women who went in the field for urban observations, the squaddie disappeared into the toilet cubicle and instead of the grunting I had expected to hear through the door I could hear him masturbating behind the thin metal door. I knew that the year before when I was billeted in the same block as 'D' platoon and spent all of my time working with them, training with them and eating with them, that one or two of them wished that I was sleeping with them as well. I guessed that I was the trigger image to all nineteen of them as they whacked off at night in the dark. Now, for the first time, I could hear one of them jerking off after seeing me in my bra and knickers.

I went over to the door and pressed my ear against the door, I could even hear his heavy breathing through the door, suddenly the red flag in the little window of the lock rotated to green and my head pushed the door open. He looked ridiculous, standing there in a t-shirt with his shorts and underpants around his ankles. His face was bright red and his hand was flashing up and down his cock shaft at around one-twenty beats a minute.

I'd never done anything like it before, never been tempted to touch a man's cock, I wasn't a lesbian, or should I say I didn't think I was a lesbian, I preferred to be around women but had never really been tempted to touch one of them either, I had just never found anything that had awakened my sexuality one way or the other. I reached out and touched the tip of his cock, he grabbed on to my hand and wrapped my fingers around his cock and he moved my hand back and forth until I got the idea and took over.

As soon as I got the rhythm that he wanted he let go of my hand and reached up to my breasts with both hands, he pulled my bra down, hooking my bra cups under my breasts, turning a full bra into something more like a shelf bra. My hand was moving at around sixty strokes a minute rather than his one-twenty but because of the visual stimulation of my breasts and the fact that he was fondling my fun-bags, all thirty-six 'DD' of them, I guess he came about twice as fast under my hand as he would have done by himself. And when he did cum, he erupted like a volcano, covering my hand, wrist, lower arm and belly.

He whispered an apology and took a step backwards, his softening cock slipped from my fingers as I stared down at the amount of baby juice splashed all over me, the door swung closed silently and the green flag in the lock rotated to red. I went into the next stall and used toilet tissue to wipe my body clean of spunk, I only had just a fraction over a pint of water to wash my body with and now I had to start all over again.

I dropped my bra and washed my tits, it didn't seem to matter much to me anymore, one man had already seen my breasts, one man, many men, what was the difference. I had washed between my legs before the next man came in to use the toilet, he had a broad grin on his face as he walked in and he didn't even do a double take when he saw my breasts still on display as I was drying myself. It was more than obvious that the happy squaddie who had left the bad smell in the toilet a few moments earlier was wasting no time in telling his mates about his good fortune.

There wasn't a word spoken, I was grabbed and pulled into one of the stalls where the soldier pulled his shorts down and kissed me as he pulled my panties down, he was trying to fuck me but I twisted my body away from him.

"What, what's wrong, Jim said you were well up for it."

"I'm a virgin; all I did was gave him a hand job."

"The lying little bastard, he said he fucked you, okay, a hand hob from you is better than doing it for myself like I've done three times every day since I landed up here five months ago."

It was a bit of a struggle but he managed to get me so that I was facing the door and he had his back to it, then he pushed me down onto the toilet seat and thrust his cock in my direction. I started to do the same to him as I had done to Jim, it was a little different the second time though because the new guy wasn't fondling my breasts.

"You said I couldn't fuck you because you're still a virgin, what about a BJ instead?"

I was focusing on my task on his cock, the words soaked into my head slowly and suddenly it dawned on what he was asking me to do, I looked up into his eyes as the full extent of his request dawned on me and my jaw dropped open in surprise and disgust. He took that action on my part totally wrong and before I could say that I wouldn't suck his cock, I found that I already was.

He started to give me instructions, telling me exactly what he wanted me to do with my mouth on his cock and he wasn't whispering either, suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"Jacko, Jacko, is she in there with you? Open the door mate, let's all have a look see."

I guessed that the guy polishing my tonsils with his dick's head was called Jacko, I was pushed backwards on the toilet as Jacko moved out of the way so that the door could be opened and three men were fighting to get a look at what I was doing to Jacko.

I was still sucking Jacko's cock as he was being buffeted by the other three men as they were trying to get into the cubicle with us, a hand reached past Jacko's arse and made a grab for one of my tits when there was a distant 'Whoosh......Bang' sound from somewhere in the valley below our camp. There wasn't a sound but my four visitors disappeared from the toilet tent.

I pulled my t-shirt and body armour on, donned my helmet grabbed my rifle and ran; I left my Bergen in the toilet block to look after itself. I formed up on the camp CO, most of the troupe were in slit trenches, they had heard the explosion and seen the fireball and had just run from where ever they had been and dived into a trench. They hadn't thought it through, they had just made the dash, most were already in bed so were still just dressed in under pants and vests.

The CO, his ADC and I were the only ones still standing and we were the only ones wearing armour and helmets, I was the only one armed with a rifle, the officers had their side arms and that was all. The ADC and I were detailed to the camp entrance to see what we could see, I was on my belly ten feet from the edge of the cliff face and I belly walked to the edge.

There was a faint vapour trail from the side of the mountains opposite, the caves that we were interested in and in the valley below the burning wreckage of a scout helicopter. The ADC wriggled up to my side, "Sit rep private?"

I told him what my assessment was, I pointed out movement coming down into the valley from the caves opposite and I also pointed out one injured American soldier that had been in the back of the scout helicopter.

"What's your assessment private? Will they reach him before dark?"

"No doubt about it sir, they think they're golden, the scout has obviously strayed off route, they have no idea that we're here watching so they are walking openly, running almost, they'll hear any support aircraft coming from mules away."

"We need to try and get the American to slip back towards the dried stream bed if he can."

The sight on the SA-eighty wasn't exactly telescopic, mine had four times magnification and I could see the injured man quite clearly. "I can try and flash him a message with a laser designator Sir, Morse code on the rock at the side of his face, if I had a laser designator that is."

"Keep an eye on them!"

The ADC wriggled away from the edge and once he was safely out of sight he stood up and ran back to the main body of the hidden camp. Private Wilkinson, one of the Royal Artillery gunners that had arrived with me slid up alongside of me in full combat rig. He whispered, "Looks like you totally wasted that shower!"

I shushed him, "Focus Wilky, how the fuck do we get the fly-boy out of this alive and not give away our position?" Lieutenant Gamble gave me this for you, are we calling up bombers?"

"No, but I think you've just given me an idea, let me do this, you pop back and get me a walkie-talkie."

I pointed the laser at the rock just in front of the airman. I pulled the end cap off of the laser and altered the focusing lens so that instead of a pinpoint of laser light there was an inch round red disk on the rock nine hundred yards away.

I sent a message in Morse code telling the airman to roll back to the stream bed. I knew that he had seen the message but he was waving his hand from side to side to indicate that he couldn't move or couldn't understand my rusty Morse. I fired up the laser again, splashed the rock and then started to move the dot of light backwards towards the stream bed. He did follow the light with his head but he tapped his leg and then waved his hand from side to side again.

Wilkinson was back at my side with the radio and he began to track as many of the insurgents as he could. He spotted that a few of the insurgents were carrying American shoulder launched anti-aircraft missiles, "Looks like they used an AIM-nine to bring down the chopper and they have more down there."

I called the CO and told him about the missiles; it meant that the Americans couldn't send in choppers to rescue their man and, our supply drops would be in jeopardy while the enemy had sophisticated missiles. The SAS sergeant butted in, "We had some heavier weapons dropped in on the last transport, silenced Barratt fifty cal snipers rifles with sound and flash suppressors, if we had a good enough shot, we could perhaps hold them back until dark."

We were each asked for our range average, I'd only spent four hours on the range but I did have a ninety-five average, a little short of marksman or sniper material but a good ten percent better than the next best shooter in the camp. The gun was brought over to me and unpacked I was just ranging on one of the men carrying a missile when the radio crackled telling me to switch to tack two.

I was talking to an American AWAX commander he was bringing in Apache gunships from the East but he wanted the men with the missiles dealing with a few seconds before the choppers unmasked from behind the caves. Private Wilkinson had set up a second Barratt and he was telling me who he was going to target and who I should try for, the radio crackled that the helicopters were in position.

I heard 'Sput' and saw a man fall in my peripheral vision; I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger and the man that had filled my scope fell to the floor. I selected my second target, heard Wilkinson's Barratt 'sput' again and I pulled the trigger again, this time I didn't close my eyes and I watched my second target fall, he was more hole than man.

Suddenly all hell broke loose as six helicopter gunships came in with their nose guns blazing. We were asked to paint the areas where the AIM-nine's had fallen, I pointed the designator at one of the missile packs just as one of the opposition was trying to pull it out from under the fallen man's body and the whole area erupted in a ball of flame and falling rocks as a high explosive rocket came arching from a Black hawk being screened by the other six helicopters. I picked out each missile where they lay on the ground and each one was destroyed by a massive explosion.

I didn't see the second black hawk drop into the valley at the side of the still burning helicopter that was downed just after dawn, I didn't see it pick up the injured American Airman being rescued because strong hands were pulling my legs away from the edge if the cliff, I was sobbing, I had never expected to kill anyone, I was in the Army, I had signed up to be a radio technician, serendipity of fate had made me into a missile technician but I was never expected to launch a missile, just prepare, test and repair missiles in a rearward camp. I had never expected to actually see the man that my actions killed.

The SAS sergeant dragged me sobbing to my assigned tent and held me in his arms until I stopped shaking. He removed my helmet, my boots and my body armour and laid me on my bed. He sat over me while I fell asleep.

I woke up at five o'clock in the afternoon, the events of the early morning an unpleasant memory. I was asked if I was up to a walk, the huge sniper's rifle I had used earlier had been stripped down, cleaned and oiled and was ready to go out on patrol, from the looks on the faces around me I was expected to be the one carrying the weapon when it went out on patrol.

"We know that they took delivery of six missiles, one was used to bring down the scout helicopter and you helped to deal with four others so there is still one out there, probably in the caves. Somebody has to go and find it before they reinforce the insurgent garrison."

We climbed down from our hiding place and crossed the valley in three hours Private Wilkinson and I were both climbing up to a cave that was opposite the caves that we were about to attack. When the caves were fully garrisoned they would have a lookout in the cave we were heading to but as they couldn't see anything at night, the lookout, if he was there, would be sleeping, granted, sleeping with one ear open for trouble.

As we crested on to the narrow shelf Private Wilkinson passed me his rifle and I staggered under the weight of two such huge weapons. My partner looked weird, we had both been kitted out in Gilly suits, the traditional uniform of the professional sniper. That wasn't what made him look ridiculous; it was creeping up to the cave mouth with night vision goggles on his head and a huge Ka-Bar knife in his right hand and he was crouching down low to be ready to pounce if he were to be discovered, he finally jumped into the cave and thirty seconds later he came out with a silly grin on his face.

He whispered, "Empty thank God!"

"Would you have been able to do it if there had been a sentry in there?"

He thought for a moment, "Yes, I had you in my mind, if I couldn't beat him; you'd never be able to do him at close range with that monster over your shoulder!"

We settled down on the floor of the cave, set our rifles up on their bipods and then started to scan the cave mouths and the track in front of the caves in both directions with our night scopes. Once I was happy that there was no threat from above I started to scan the lower ledge, another part of the same track but using the track it would take over a mile to get up to the caves, the assault team was going to have to climb by hand about a hundred feet up a virtually sheer cliff face.

I pressed my mike key; the pickup was strapped to my throat, "Sierra Tango two to Alpha Tango Leader over."

"Leader over."

"Alpha Tango Leader, you are clear to approach all targets."

"Leader to Sierra Tangos, keep them peeled guys. Alert if threat before eighty feet, deal with all threats after eighty feet, over and out."

Wilkinson and I had just been given our orders, if the assault team were less than eighty feet up the cliff face we were just to warn them if we saw movement outside the caves. Once they had passed eighty feet high, then it would be up to Private Wilkinson and I to save them with our powerful silenced weapons.

We just had to sit tight and watch the caves and the approaches from the East. The assault team would jump anyone they found inside the caves, no prisoners naturally, then they would destroy any weapons they found with explosives. They were going to use remote controlled triggers and head down to the valley floor, as soon as they were all off of the cliff face, Wilkinson and I would exfiltrate down and rendezvous with the assault team on the valley floor.

The plan was to trigger the blast as soon as we were safely back in our camp. Any X-rays that were killed in the raid would be piled on top of the explosives so that there would be no evidence of how they were actually killed.

I was scanning the track towards Pakistan, away off in the distance there was a heavily laden mule train heading our way. Thirty men and eight donkeys struggling under the weight of weapons and ammunition.

"Sierra Tango Two to Alpha Tango Leader, table please, party of thirty from the east and they are packing!"

"How far?"

"They're running heavy, two hours or so, could be closer to three."

I pulled my gun back to the assault team, they were ten feet from the track, ten feet from the cave mouths. 'Sput!' Wilkinson's gun whispered and I started scanning the cave moths, I saw a man on the floor just inside the mouth of a cave. My earpiece crackled, "Sierra Tango one to Alpha Tango Leader, one X-ray down in the mouth of target three."

I knew that killing the man in cold blood would have bothered my partner so I reached over in the dark and touched his arm, just to let him know that I was there and that I felt for him, I was just glad that it wasn't me that had seen the man leaving the cave.

Private Wilkinson whispered, "Is it true that you let one if the observer corps lads fuck you and that you gave another a blow job?"

Normally, if one of the other squaddies, male or female, had asked me a personal question I'd have told them to piss off and mind their own business but me and Wilkinson were linked now, we had both killed men, we had lay next to each other and used powerful weapons to take lives and we'd done it together and now, we were both in the hot seat again.

The assault team was about to clamber over the edge and mount their assault, there was two clicks on the coms net, Alpha Tango Leader was asking if it was safe to carry on with the assault.

"Sierra Tango One, all targets clear and quiet over," came in my ear from my partner.

"Sierra Tango Two to all Alpha Tangos you are screened from the visitors for twenty minutes and they are still over an hour away along the trail.

"Well?"

"I'm still a virgin, Jim's a lying bastard, I'll admit that I did start to give Jacko a blow job but somebody fucked a four million dollar spy copter and kind of put an end to it."

"If you were horny why didn't you come to me or one of the others in our team?"

"I wasn't horny; I've never been horny in my life!"

'Sput!'

I froze and said, "What was that?"

"X-ray heading to see where his mate had got too."

My earpiece crackled, "Sierra Tango One to Alpha Tango Leader, second X-ray slotted, same target over."

Wilkinson's message was answered by just two clicks on the coms net.

The assault team formed up, they were organised into five three man teams, if the SAS had been doing the Assault they would have had just five men and they would have rolled through all five caves killing everyone silently.

Wilkinson and I just listened on as the coms traffic was all from Alpha Tango's members, whispering when they had finally cleared their assigned targets. There was a flurry of activity, bodies were dragged from target's one, four and five and all dumped into targets two and three. We were watching every step from our side of the Mountain. The assault team were brushing down the tracks outside the caves.

I was expecting the call to watch the assault team's backs as they rappelled down the front of the cliff. The X-rays had set cleats in the mountain above the caves to help them to move ordinance quickly down onto the lower track when they were delivering arms and explosives to their fighters all over Afghanistan but they were always careful to remove the ropes so that their enemies couldn't use their own equipment against them in a surprise attack. Our men had just looped long ropes through the cleats and used them to rappel down, pulling them free as soon as they were at the bottom and leaving no trace that they had ever been there.

My earpiece crackles, "Here it comes, get ready to pull out!"

The message wasn't good, they had found the last AIM-nine missile and they were taking it back to our camp, it would be taken out when my platoon were extracted at the end of the month. The American's would be able to trace which country they had sold the missile too and hopefully plug that route for weapons up.

"Alpha Tango Leader to Sierra Tango's, I'm sorry guys..."

Now when a man with an arm full of guns and his running shoes on tells his guardian angels that he's sorry, it usually means that he's about to dump some kind of shit onto you.

"...the brass have changed your part of the mission, you're to stay put, we've set our charges but your dinner party is too close now, if they see our remote detonation they'll know that we were here and they'll start getting curious. Our overseas cousins will be running high and fast from the west, they want you two to paint the inside of the west wall of targets two and three so the jocks can stand off and float a visible present deep inside. We'll trigger as soon as the package enters the letter box. We need our visitors to report back that it was just a lucky airstrike."

I looked at Wilkinson and said, "Shit, they're sacrificing us!"

"Don't think that this plan has been arrived at lightly, we've found over a hundred premade suicide vests, we're taking one of them back too to see if we can get a clue as to their origin. If they have any thoughts that we had boots on, they'll restructure and disappear. Paint the target and then lie low until an hour after nightfall. Do not engage unless you are compromised. Understood?"

"Two, got that!"

"One, not happy but got that!"

We were told that the fast movers would be on tack six calls Foxtrot Bravo One and Two. I was to light up cave three and my partner was responsible for the bombs going into cave number two. We slipped back from the edge and placed our rifles at the back of the cave, all we needed were our night scopes to watch what the mule train was up too.

We were calling in the progress of the mule train to a controller sitting someplace high over our world in an AWAX and he was holding two fighter bombers out just beyond our little valley. When the mule train was just one hundred feet from the easternmost cave, we called that in too.

"Foxtrot One to Sierra Tango One, we're thirty seconds out, time to paint target two. Wilkinson and I both fired up our laser designators, it was almost dawn and we could see without the aid of night vision, we braced ourselves, trying to keep out of sight of the X-rays on the other side of the valley. The jets were very high and anyone looking on would swear that they were just transitioning to a different theatre to deliver their packages. The bombers were actually so far away and so high that they had already released their payloads and the bombs were riding down following the reflection of the laser spot deep inside the cave's belly.

"On my mark we have to close down and roll back into the cave."

I could see the bomb's streaking towards their respective targets they were about fifty feet away, the guys leading the donkeys didn't even look up at the bombers, as far as they were concerned they were way out of the bombers sphere of interest.

"Mark!"

We powered down our adult laser pointers and Wilkinson pulled me back into the cave. The bombs were still travelling and without the laser spot to home in on they were just following their last instruction. If we had turned off too soon the bombs could have been knocked off course by strong winds and they wouldn't have tried to get back on target but we really had left it to the very last moment.

At our base camp, Alpha Tango Leader was pointing his remote controller in the direction of the caves and as the bombs went through the cave mouth he pressed his trigger. There was just one explosion and twin tongues of fire licked out and actually entered the mouth of our cave. I was at the back of the cave, Wilkinson was on top of me protecting me from the flash and as soon as it was safe to move I started beating the smouldering strands of his Gilly suit.

We slithered as close to the edge as we dared go. The men were still on the path but their donkeys had bolted and all had fallen to their deaths at the foot of the cliff face. There must have been something with a time delay in one of the packs because as we looked down to the line of dead donkeys, somewhere in the middle of the carnage there was a small explosion that started a fire and then some of the AK-forty-seven ammunition started popping off and then a few of the RPG's in another pack blew up too and very soon the whole mule train was ablaze.

My arm was tapped and a hand signal to go further into the back of the cave, I followed right as far to the back of the cave as possible, Private Wilkinson he spun the channel selector on his radio to tack one. "Sierra Tango One to base, over."

"Base receiving, over."

"Sierra Tango One to base. Mission complete, one hundred percent, over!"

"Base to Sierra Tango One, message understood, our observers confirm, X-ray ordinance total loss. You'd better keep your heads down, observe radio silence, listen only, try and get some sleep and we'll call you after dusk to confirm exit, over and out."

We were well out of sight deep in the cave, there were so few X-rays in the party that they would probably just poke about a bit and then bed down in one of the three caves that weren't burning furiously. "Hopefully they won't send a sentry out but I'll keep my Ka-bar handy to keep things as quietly as possible."

Private Wilkinson started to pull his Gilly suit off and stack it between us and the cave mouth. It was just after dawn and was still quite cold inside the cave so I gave him a bit of a funny luck.

"It's going to get very hot in here very soon, we've got to last in here all day, anyway, you don't want to stay a virgin for the rest of your life do you?"

"I'll get round to it before I die!"

"If our neighbours get too nosey, that could be sooner than you think, if they come we'll have a hard time fighting them off, one RPG in the cave mouth and it's 'Good night Vienna'. We may just as well make the most of our last few hours on earth.

Private Wilkinson helped me out of my Gilly suit, "What's your first name? I can't be deflowered by Private Wilkinson!"

"Gunner!"

"Do you really want to be that pedantic at a time like this?"

He laughed his head off as silently as he could so as not to give us away.

"Gunner, my mother was a fan of Friends; she named me Gunther Wilkinson but my brothers and sisters couldn't get their tongues round that and so I ended up Gunner. And I became a gunner too. So I guess I'm Gunner Gunner."

"Okay, okay, stop now if you want to do me just do it and stop with the Gunner."

We stripped each other totally, we made a visual screen with our camouflage suits and behind them we laid out our body armour and propped them up with our Barrett rifles so that they were there, loaded and pointing in roughly the right direction. And then we just lay in the fine dust and straw that covered the floor of the cave. We experimented all day long, fingers, mouths, Gunner sucked on my nipples and licked between my legs. I sucked his nipples and sucked his cock.

He put his hand over my mouth as he invaded my cunt with his cock to stifle any possible screaming I may do. We didn't get a wink of sleep all day, we just fucked in every different position and way that Gunner could remember or invent. And all the time, as we fucked, we could hear the chatter of the X-rays just a few hundred feet away.

As dusk fell Gunner and I started to get dressed, leaving our Gilly suits blocking the view into our lair until an hour after dusk. We put our Gilly suits on and then used our night scopes to have a really good look around and we accounted for all of the X-rays, they were all sitting openly around the entrance to target four.

We spent an hour carefully picking our way down to the valley below, the X-rays seemed to be totally convinced that they were all alone in the valley, they hadn't bothered to put up sentries and they had set a fire going inside the cave that cast a red glow out over the valley and we didn't see a single one of them even bother to look out past the cave for over an hour.

We had been very careful about cleaning our hideout so that if they ever used it again, they still wouldn't know that we had been there and that we had used it to cap a few of their fellow countrymen before the last bombing raid.

We were met at the foot of the cliff leading up to our base and helped to scale up to the camp above. The edge of the cliff was ringed by observers and radio operators doing the intelligence work that they did every night in total darkness.

We were debriefed by the CO, his ADC and the SAS Sergeant before we were allowed to go to bed. After the excitement of the first few days of our accidental posting the rest of the month that we languished at the secret forward base was very boring, we couldn't really do any serious training because we had to be careful how much noise we made. Jacko and the boys made play after play to get into my knickers. I did give Jacko a hand job but I was careful that we were all alone when I did it so that there was no audience.

I did take a few turns on lookout and I went out on two patrols at night down the valley. I found a few electronic items that had been abandoned by the Americans because they were broken and I managed to fix them, I even got a TV and a DVD player working, not that there were any DVD's to watch or TV channels that could be tuned too but when it was time for me and my four troupe members to be swapped for the squad that should have been dropped off four weeks earlier, I did promise the observers that I'd send them some DVD's in the post as soon as I got back to civilisation.

Jacko hugged me and kissed me on my cheek and whispered in my ear, "Don't bother with any Disney films or bloody Mamma Mia crap, send us sex DVD's and preferably, star in one yourself."

It was an arduous nine hour yomp out to the covert collection point carrying all of our kit, for some reason Gunner and I had to drag the heavy Barratt fifty cal and wear our Gilly suits as well as our Bergen packs but at least we didn't have to carry the AIM-nine missile or the bombers suicide vest like the other Royal Artillery squaddie and the cook had to. The only squad member who didn't have to carry any extra weapons was the medico because of the Geneva Convention.

We had to sleep all the next day while waiting for a chopper to collect us at nightfall. At Camp Bastian Gunner and I were passed straight onto a transport on its way to Brize Norton. It was a cargo plane so not the most comfortable flight in the world. We now had the Barratt as well as the missile and the bombers vest to stow but at least we could take the Gilly suits off. Once the air crew settled into their in-flight jobs, Gunner and I were left all alone in the cargo bay for several hours so we both joined the mile high club, several times over.

We were both transferred to yet another helicopter at Brize and flown westward to a training camp that appeared on no maps in the wilds of Herefordshire. We spent the night under canvas where we fucked again for old time's sake. In the morning we had to wear our dress uniforms and we were paraded in front of the whole of Twenty-one Regiment where we were presented with medals that we could wear with pride on our uniforms but that would never appear in any register of honours other than the Twenty-first Regiment's own ledgers.

We were both invited to join the training to become members of the SAS, Gunner jumped at the chance but I turned them down.

When I finally found myself at the gates of ATR Winchester I only had a week of training left before my holiday and then, two weeks later back to Cambridge. I was marched in front of the officer that I had been complaining bitterly about my posting to just six weeks earlier.

"Where do you get off Private Clarke, you gave me a hard time before your posting because you were being posted as a missile technician and you wanted to remain here as a radio tech yet, as soon as you get into theatre, you switch to sniper and make a bloody good fist of it too from what I hear through the grapevine."

He shook my hand and congratulated me on the way I handled a very difficult situation. I spent a week training on digital communications equipment and I was then out of uniform. I didn't go looking for a hot holiday destination; I went home to my parent's house for a rest. They knew that I had changed; they didn't know that I had lost my virginity and killed at least two men in just twenty-four hours.