**Kiara Joins the Military**

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**Introduction:**

Kiara was shy. She had never been popular at school and had chosen a new career in the military as a way of building confidence and starting again in life.

What she got wasn't quite what she expected.... but it starts her down a road that will change her forever.

**Chapter 1**

Kiara was shy. She had never been popular at school and had chosen a new career in the military as a way of building confidence and starting again in life. Away from her home town, she wanted only to keep her head down and make her way in life and had made a promising start. She had joined a male-dominated world in the military but was quietly determined to prove herself to everyone in her home town and in her new life.

As Kiara started training, she started to notice glances from some of the boys and even a couple of the girls. She didn't think of herself as pretty and had never had any real attention off of anyone before. The rumblings of attention made feel uncomfortable, even though nothing was done or said, she did everything she could to dissuade them. She wore baggy clothes in downtime that didn't show off her figure and she made sure not to give any of the males in her training group too much attention, less it encourage further attention. Speaking of her figure, Kiara was petite but well proportioned, 5'4" with a 34C bra size she had big perky breasts that sat high and firm on her chest with long red hair and bright green eyes. She had strong legs and a fantastic ass that had been formed from years of dance, horse-riding and running.

Running was one of Kiara's favorite activities, but there was no hiding from hungry eyes when stepping out for PT. As a trainee, Kiara was given issued PT kit that was ill fitting and uncomfortable. It was designed for use by both men and women and with her ample proportions, the items were tight across her ass and chest. The worst part was always the waiting around for the session to begin. As she stood at attention in formation, she was unable to hide as both instructors and trainees alike eye her up and down, searching for imperfections that she felt were amplified under scrutiny. She longed for the session to start so that she could run away and get out of her own head.

Mercifully, the pre-session instructions and roll-call didn't take too long today and they were released for 1 hour independent running across the academy grounds. She practically sprinted off from the assembly point and took a route that she knew would leave her mostly alone to run. The weather was scorching hot and she was terribly uncomfortable in the ill fitting, thick and scratchy material of her clothes. Especially uncomfortable were the shorts, she tried to put it out of her mind but the more she ran, the worse it got. Swiftly, Kiara realised that they were twisted somehow. She didn't want to stop and lose momentum but the rubbing was unbearable and, spotting a small estate staff's lock-up with a wooden fence along one side just off her path, she pulled over.

The small building was locked up and didn't look currently in use so Kiara pulled at her shorts to release whatever was rubbing her skin so badly. The tugging and fidgeting did nothing to make herself more comfortable and feeling down the back of her shorts, she realised that it was her underwear that was twisted. They were fully twisted in the middle and would have to take them off to fix the problem. Irritable in the heat and frustrated with her previous lack of attention to detail, she petulantly kicked off her shoes and pulled down her shorts, struggling to pull them over her ass. Clearly she had been in too much of a rush to get dressed and make parade on time. As she finally freed the shorts from her ass, the shorts caught her underwear and pulled them down with it to just under her cheeks. Kiara was shocked as the sudden exposure of her pussy to the air and the warmth of the sun hit her from behind. The sensation caught her off guard and she froze for a moment, bent over double with her shorts around her ankles and her underwear twisted and bunched beneath her ass cheeks. Gathering herself, Kiara slid the underwear down her legs and flicked them off her foot. She meant to flick them up to her hands to untwist them, but they shot off away from the building towards the path. Following the flight of her underwear with her eyes, she felt her stomach drop and the colour drain from her face from what she saw.

Kiara's Drill Sergeant was stood on the edge of the path, open mouthed and staring at her. She hadn't heard him jog up to her position and had no idea how long he had been stood there. She could see him staring at her crotch and her practically bare pussy mound. She had only begun shaving herself between her legs whilst at training as some of the other girls said it made hygiene whilst out in the field easier and she was feeling particularly exposed. She snapped to attention and shouted "Drill Sergeant!" as she had been programmed to do. She was naked from the waist down save for some thin running socks on her feet, and whilst she knew she was supposed to keep her eyes dead forward, she looked at her Drill Sergeant and saw that he hadn't reacted at all. He was still stood there, staring at her teenage pussy and could see a large swelling building up against his shorts. She dared not move, she wouldn't know what to do even if she were allowed to do so; her legs felt like lead and they trembled under his gaze. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he broke off his gaze to look down at his own feet where her underwear had landed close by. He bent down and picked them up, looking at them as he held them out slightly. His eyes flicked back to her pussy and he gripped the underwear in his hand tightly. With the briefest glace at her, he looked away down the path. Without saying a word to her, he carried on running, still holding on to her underwear.

Terrified, confused and relieved, Kiara began pulling on her shorts and trainers in a panicked fashion. She sprinted away in the opposite direction to her Drill Sergeant as fast as she could and she tried to make sense of what had just happened. What did this mean? Would she be in trouble? How could she ever face her Drill Sergeant again after what he had seen; or indeed what she had seen. She could feel the coarse material of the shorts now moving directly against her pussy and she was horrified to realise how good it felt. The shorts began to catch and stick to her pussy in the hot, muggy air. She was only just becoming aware of this when she heard a distant siren signalling that the session was nearly at an end and she needed to head back to the assembly area. Kiara was shocked that she had been blindly running, attempting to try and comprehend her half-naked encounter with her senior for over half an hour already, which had passed in the blink of an eye.

Back in the accommodation block, Kiara avoided eye contact or conversation with any of the others in her squad, and practically fled to the showers to clean herself up. She slipped into flip-flops for the shower with her towel and wash bag under her arm but locked herself in a toilet stall. Putting aside her items, she reached down the front of her pants and found that her pussy was soaking wet, hot and tender to the touch. She told herself that it was just a natural response to the scratchy material of her shorts and the hot weather but knew in reality that she was incredibly turned on and began to touch herself. She rubbed a finger up and down the slit between her pussy lips and felt how thick and sticky her juices were. She must have been wet since the incident to be this creamy already and the feeling of her fingers running over her soft pussy made her audibly moan. Even in her own stall, she was acutely aware that she must try and be quiet given that she was in a shared bathroom.

Slipping off her shorts, Kiara sat and leant back, spreading her legs and planting her flip-flopped feet either side of the stall door to leverage herself. She reached down between her legs and slipped two fingers inside her pussy. Sighing deeply in a great cathartic sense of release, she began to finger herself intensely, switching between rubbing up her slit to her clit before moving back down again, plunging inside herself. Flashing in her mind, wasn't her stock set of fantasies about some of the older boys or the prettier girls that she usually called upon to masturbate to. Instead, this time she was being dominated by the old, rough Drill Sergeant pushing her up against the wall that was behind her and taking her there. She had seen the lust that he had for her in his shorts and eyes and it was all she could think of. Had he made a move towards her, she wouldn't have resisted at all. Now all she could fantasize about was her Drill Sergeant fucking her pussy up against a dirty old wall. The exposure and the complete lack of control of the situation was intoxicating to her. She was consumed by it and by now her fingers had intensified their exploration and she felt beads of her juices running down over her ass onto the toilet seat. Individually, the man wasn't attractive to her, but the power he had over her was total and she knew that there was no resisting this primal urge. She felt herself building up inside before being roughly disturbed from her daze with a sudden snap. There was a second rap on her toilet stall door. "The Drill Sergeant is looking for you" warned a voice from the other side...

**Chapter 2**

Kiara shuffled nervously along the corridor in her flip flops. You were supposed to parade at the training staff's office in immaculate working uniform but she had decided to go as she was and plead ignorance if necessary. Inside, she was hoping that the Drill Sergeant would remember their moment outside if she was dressed in the same tight clothes he had half seen her in before. As she had readied herself to go to the office she had noticed how wet her shorts were around the crotch. There was an obvious patch that would be visible to anyone passing even a cursory glance if she didn't clench her legs tightly together. She had paused for a moment when pulling them up, knowing she should at least change those to retain any scraps of dignity from the day, but went as she was, excited at her messy state. A little voice inside her said that she wanted to be seen like this, she had seen the effect she'd had on her Drill Sergeant and a bud of sexual confidence was born within her.

Kiara had been totally exposed today, her hormones were flooding her bloodstream and she was still so desperately turned on from her interrupted masturbation session in the toilet stall. She subtly smelled her fingers and confirmed what she already knew. Anyone in close proximity, would know how turned on she was without even looking at the spreading patch between her legs, you could smell the sharpness of pussy on her fingers and emanating from between her legs. She was a mess, a shaking mess of hormones and eroticism and was overcome with nervous energy as she walked towards her fate.

Kiara approached the office and peered inside. She couldn't see anyone in there and gave an audible sigh of relief. Whatever was about to happen to her wouldn't have an audience. She mentally flipped the thought on it's head and realised that she would be alone with the person that was the cause of her state. This man had had a significant physical reaction to her exposed pussy less than an hour ago and now she was to be alone with him. She hesitated, but was seen. "Recruit! In here..." said a commanding deep voice from a small side office that she had never been in before. She considered herself a 'good girl' and hadn't been in serious trouble so far on the course, which was the only reason to be summoned to the Drill Sergeants office under normal circumstances.

Timidly, Kiara stepped in to the Drill Sergeant's office, closed the door behind her, but couldn't look him in the eye. Her eyes darted left and right and she became acutely aware of how confined the office was. There was a small desk in front of her and two soft chairs with no arms behind her, but apart from the chair upon which her Drill Sergeant sat, no room for anything else. In front of her on the desk was her underwear. Untwisted now, they sat squarely in the center of the desk. "I assume you know why you're here?" he inquired. It was a rhetorical question, and she kept silent, her eyes maintaining focus on her underwear, still unable to meet his eyes. "What happened today wasn't acceptable" he stated, "and you shall have to be punished". Silently, she thought that this judgement was harsh on her, but wasn't about to argue. "Do you agree? Do you need punishing? LOOK AT ME WHEN I AM ADDRESSING YOU!" The sudden change in tone startled her and her eyes shot up to meet his. He didn't look angry, he looked calm. She was in his world now, and he was in complete control. Clearly, the incident earlier when he had come across her exposed ass and pussy in full view in the sun had caught him off guard, but the balance of power was once again squarely in his hands. "Yes, I deserve to be punished, Drill Sergeant" she managed to squeak out. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

The Drill Sergeant rose from behind his desk and Kiara couldn't help but notice that he wasn't wearing his standard issue belt and that his trousers were noticeably tight around his groin. The belt was held in his right hand and folded in half three or four times. He side-stepped around the side of his desk and half passed her on her left hand side. As he passed her, his groin brushed against her hip, partially due to the size of the office, partially deliberate, she assessed. Silently, she stood stock still and raised her chin a little in an attempt to retain her composure. Her insides were fluttering wildly, her mouth was dry and it felt as if all the moisture in her body was flooding to her groin as the nervousness and anticipation of her impending punishment drove her mad with excitement. In her head, Kiara was in turmoil. She had barely even kissed a boy before and here she was, soaking wet having publicly exposed herself to an older man and her superior before masturbating as she recalled the incident. She felt her Drill Sergeant's palm on the small of her back. The force applied was soft but clear, she bent forward at the hips until her head rested on the desk, right where her underwear lay. Upon it she could smell both herself and the unmistakable smell of a man. This wasn't something she was used to on her underwear but she found it incredibly exciting. The effect of the motion meant that her legs naturally turned inwards, spreading her hips and cheeks. There was no way that her Drill Sergeant wouldn't be able to see the rapidly spreading wet patch that had formed between her legs and stained her running shorts. With her legs parting, Kiara both heard and felt her Drill Sergeants reaction simultaneously. His shaft twitched against her hip and he inhaled.

Taking a moment to compose himself, the Drill Sergeant stepped around behind her and Kiara sensed him crouching down. There was now no doubt that he had a full view of her soaked running shorts and even she could smell the sharp tang of her juices in the small space. Hands found the sides of her shorts and gripped her waist band. Steadily they pulled down her shorts but they caught between her thighs. Kiara knew that there was no resisting this happening and allowed her legs to carry on their range of motion, arched her back slightly and her legs parted to release her last shred of modesty. Still not wearing any underwear, which would be useless now anyway, her pussy was once again exposed to this man. Her wet pussy stood proudly on display, she could feel the faint tickle of his breath between her legs and felt her legs to begin to tremble with anticipation. She longed to push back, to feel him contact her sex and pleasure her. Nervousness had frozen her brain, she was completely compliant and would do anything that she was commanded to at this point. She could think of nothing else other than how badly she wanted, or needed, to feel his touch. She wanted to be claimed and taken. She was here, pliant and obedient, did he want her? Internally, she pleaded to feel this mans thick shaft pierce her hymen and deflower her on the desk. Why wasn't he fucking her? Why wasn't he making her a woman already?

'Whack!' After a short period of stillness, the first thing that Kiara knew was an explosion of pain arching out from the point of impact across her right ass cheek. As she had suspected, the belt had been prepared as a short flail. She felt the thick leather strap rise and fall upon her soft exposed flesh with force and she yelped loudly as she flinched. Instinctively, one hand gripped the desk to brace herself and the other she bit down upon to try and muffle herself against the pain of the spanking. She screwed her eyes shut and her breath ran hot.

Quickly, Kiara lost count of the smacks against her skin. Each one rocking her forward on her flip-flops as the pain shocked her system. She was sprawled across the desk and felt her eyes prick with tears, but instead of being upset, she was in a world of pleasure. She was on the edge of losing control. All she wanted to do was abandon her usual timidity and mount this man who was causing her such pain and primal arousal. Was she a freak for being so turned on by her exposure and the physical stimulus of being so ruthlessly spanked? As the hits continued, she felt thick, bright pink welts rising across her cheeks. With startling accuracy, the Drill Sergeant found the same spot over and over again. The only available respite was the occasional switching between cheeks. Her finger was being bitten hard now, the pain almost equal to the pounding her ass cheeks were being subjected to. She removed it from her mouth and her lips found the only other item available to her, her dirty underwear. She tasted her own juices soaked into the underwear which was now being used to muffle her moans but there was another taste there also. It tasted of man, salty and bitter, she had never tasted a mans cum before, and hoped that was what it was. The mixture of her own dirty underwear, her pussy juice and whatever her Drill Sergeant had left on them she found intoxicating. Enough was enough now, she needed him to take her.

**Chapter 3**

As suddenly as the spanking started, it stopped. Kiara didn't move, but neither did her Drill Sergeant. What he was doing, she had no idea, she couldn't feel or hear him moving. She lay on the desk, still braced with her face buried in her own dirty underwear, her running shorts damp around her ankles. She had no idea what would follow next. Slowly, her breathing rate relaxed and her chest stopped heaving so violently. Her position was uncomfortable, so she moved. In a slow deliberate motion, she began to rise from the desk and turned to face the Drill Sergeant who had so recently disciplined her.

He was red faced and breathing heavily. He had a surprised expression on his face and Kiara wondered why. As she did so she felt a bead of juice run down the inside of her leg. Maybe she wasn't supposed to be so turned on by the spanking she'd received. They made eye contact. She was was still breathing deeply and gulped, composing herself. Slowly, she slipped off her shorts and flip flops. Sitting back on the edge of his desk slightly she spread her legs a little, an invitation. Or perhaps more accurately, a plead. Her Drill Sergeant didn't move, his eyes moved down to once again rest on her dribbling pussy. Now that she could see it for herself, she could see that it was bright pink and swollen looking, it seemed like all the blood in her body was flooding to the area, her pretty little pussy blushing under the mans gaze.

She had never had sex before, but she regularly touched herself, so turned to what she knew and began to softly touch herself. Three fingers gently rubbed the outside of her pussy, moving in small circles over her slit and clit. One finger split her pussy lips, running up and down between them through her slit. She let out a small shudder of a moan and her lips parted slightly. Her Drill Sergeant made a slight move, barely noticeable, but his hand flinched towards her. He wanted her, badly. The tightness previously observed in his trousers was now a straining bulge. She traced the length of his shaft with her eyes and swallowed nervously. One thing was for sure, he was bigger than her fingers.

Reciprocating the slight movement of her Drill Sergeant, Kiara's pussy-free hand instinctively reached out towards him. This was it, decision time. There was no going back now. Her pussy was dripping wet as she rubbed it on his desk, one way or another this tension was going to come to a head. She wanted him, he wanted her. How would he react? Would lust override his professionalism? Her heart was pounding in her chest, her mouth was bone dry and her throat crackled with adrenaline. After leaving her inviting hand hanging momentarily, finally he took it. She gave the slightest pull towards her and he took over.

Swiping her hand off her pussy, he sank in one motion to his knees and took her in his mouth. Hungrily his tongue flicked out in search of the beads of pussy juice that had formed inside her and sought an escape through her lips. Softly kissing her pussy he moved up to her clit, flicking and teasing it with his tongue. He latched on to her clit, sucking on it hard as his fingers found the entrance to her pussy, She felt two fingers splitting her pussy lips. He had thick, rough fingers and they felt scratchy against the soft folds of her pussy's lips. Silently, she was thankful that she had been fingering herself and was so well lubricated. Those fingers and what she had spied in his trousers were sure to stretch her out.

As soon as his rough fingers had spread apart her lips, the Drill Sergeant wasted no time plunging his fingers up inside her. He felt his fingers hit her hymen and he stopped in suprise. Clearly, having seen this girl naked outdoors and then get so wet both before and during punishment, he hadn't expected her to be a virgin. She felt his uncertainty, and bore her hips down on his hand, grinding into his face and feeling his fingers stretch her further. He took the hint and returning to use his tongue along the folds of her lips and back to her clit but was careful with his fingers. He was saving her for now.

Kiara was sat on the edge of her Drill Sergeants desk, legs spread and having her pussy eaten out by a man significantly older than her. He was in his 40s at least and she was barely 19. It was getting hot and musky in the small office so she pulled off her rough issue t-shirt. Her chest was flushed a bright pink and she was heaving up and down as the pleasure spread from her pussy. Her Drill Sergeant saw her top fly off and followed suit. He took unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt and loosened his tie before pulling both off in one. He had a white tank top beneath that already looked to be dotted with sweat. Making eye contact, she could see a glisten on his face where her pussy had smeared its juices across both mouth and chin. Seeing her spread on his desk like this was too much and he pulled her face in to kiss her hard. He held a hand to the back of her head, his hand finding her military-standard bun on the back of her head and pulling it loose. This allowed him better purchase to push his fingers into her red hair and find a solid grip. Being kissed so hard, she could taste herself on his lips and tongue as he pushed into his mouth. This was all so new. The two boys she had kissed before had been as nervous and timid as her and neither had kissed her like this. This wasn't just her pussy she could taste, it was control and passion and it was driving her mad. She was melting in his strong grip and in that moment she was completely his. His office seemed like another world, away from the intense pressure of a military training environment.

The Drill Sergeant found Kiara's sports bra and taking hold, began to lift it up over her head. As he did so, her tits sprung out, free of their tight confinement. Her nipples were already well alert to what was going on, standing tall in the musky office air. As she lifted her arms to allow the bra to come completely off, she lost balance perched on the edge and gripped the back of his neck, literally falling for him. Having cast her bra dismissively to the side, he brought his hands down her body to her ass, lifting her. She was raised up with startling ease and impressed by his veteran strength. She was raised high enough so that her heavy breasts were level with his mouth. He clamped onto her right nipple and sucked hard. So hard in fact that she squealed and arched her back. His mouth didn't move as the suction only intensified to keep her nipple in place. After the shock of the initial pain quickly subsided, a spiky sharp pleasure replaced it. It felt amazing and she was ecstatic when he switched the the other nipple and the process started all over again. As he left one nipple and went to the other, the air stiffened them further as it breezed over her moist skin and she moaned with pleasure.

Both her nipples and pussy had felt the attention of his mouth now. She was panting, flushed and shivering and was ready for him. Setting her down he stepped back, admiring her body and the affect her was having upon her. She could see his eyes taking her in, his hands went to his trousers and he undid them. Dropping them to his ankles, his underwear followed. Now, she could finally see it, her prize.

**Chapter 4**

Normally, when people talk about a mans cock they describe length as if it is the sole metric of judgement. But what struck Kiara more than anything was the significant thickness of the shaft presented before her. Her first thought was a significant worry that it simply wouldn't fit. What a horribly unsatisfying climax that would be. She had never had a man inside her before, and what she had before her now was a real mans. He was uncut, his skin looked thick and he could see some significant veins running along and across its surface. She could tell that he was older, it looked finely aged, like it had tasted many a woman and now she was next to be taken. She felt that she was in good, safe, and experienced hands with him and his thick cock. If she could get it in, she was going to enjoy this. She could see his heavy balls hanging behind it, equally impressive they looked heavy and full and she imagined them bursting inside her. Filling her pussy with hot thick cum. She licked her lips as she stared at them.

Approaching her, he pushed her down. Lying her back on his desk he seemed to fill the space between her legs. She could feel the cold smooth wood of the desk on her back, she could feel the mans course hair of his thighs rub against hers. Her soft, subtle smoothness an antithesis of his course, rough solidity. Finally, she received the sensation that she longed for as his shaft up rubbed up against her pussy. She pushed herseld up onto her elbows, she wanted to see the moment happen. She wanted to watch and feel as his dick split her apart and made her a woman.

He didn't enter her, not yet. He gripped his thick shaft and rubbed his head up and down along her slit. She shuddered as a ripple of pleasure spread across her body. His large cock dwarfed her little pussy, his hair was closely cropped and his balls looked like big smooth orbs hanging ready behind it. As he readied himself, he began to slowly stroke his shaft backwards and forwards. As his skin rolled back, she saw his big head expose itself from within. She saw it, it looked ready to burst, swollen and angry. The Drill Sergeant went back to rubbing up and down her slit. The motion made her lips part and she felt his head run across her, clit to hole. She felt him pause over her opening and looked up to find his eyes.

As their eyes met he began to push into her. Her mouth parted as he inhaled and flinched, feeling herself being stretched softly open to accommodate his girth. The wetness of her pussy allowed him in, she took him well. She felt his head meet her hymen and a small spike of pain pricked out of her. He withdrew but as soon as he was out he went straight back in again. Twice more he pushed inside her, she felt her pussy react and accommodate him both times. On the third thrust he came all the way out and once again rubbed up and down her slit. She felt him gathering all the wetness that was available and stroked down his length. His shaft glistened.

Hovering back over her hole he pushed in all the way, splitting her hymen and pushing through much further. Instinctively Kiara cried out as she felt herself tear, screwed her eyes closed and rocked back off her elbows on to her back on the desk. "Shhh, all done, all done" soothed the Drill Sergeant. He stayed deep inside her, not moving, allowing her to grow accustomed to the alien appendage inside of her. At first, she felt almost panicked, that there was something inside of her that didn't belong. But she began to relax, her chest and breasts heaving up and down as she lay there, her hand stretched out to reach for the Drill Sergeants for comfort. As she found it, he began to move inside of her, small movements at first, building in range and momentum. The motion radiated pleasure from within, warming her up and relaxing her. His thick rough hands held her hips on each side. He kept her anchored to the desk as he thrust up into her.

As the thrusting continued, Kiara began to thrust back, she felt him inside her, spreading and stretching her. Every motion moistening her further as her body worked to contain the shaft inside. Her legs spread further, her hips tilted and rocked with each thrust. She was finally getting what she wanted, she needed him inside of her, she wanted him deeper. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around his torso, trying to pull him further into her. But this wasn't hers to control, the drill sergeant took control. His hand took a leg by the knee and raised it up, laying it on his shoulder. The effect this has was immediate and significant. The change in angle meant that her pussy had to adapt anew to the different position of his cock. It also allowed him to go much deeper. Kiara felt like her organs were about to be pushed out of her, he went so deep, and his cock was so thick, she had never felt so full in all her life.

Kiara squirmed, she shifted and adjusted but there was nothing that she could do, she was being spread and dominated by the drill sergeant. He was thrusting with passion now, enjoying her squirms as she struggled with the size of him. She couldn't hold herself now as she had been holding the desk, the thrusts were too powerful and she couldn't hold on. She was fucked back and forward and her tits bounced along with them, one hand tried to hold them swinging too much while the other ran through her red hair in ecstasy. The drill Sergeant reached for her other leg now and held them both by the ankles. He spread them and fucked her harder still. She could feel his big balls smacking against her ass, the effect was exhilarating. She wanted more, she wanted to scream.

In the tiny office, which was now thick with the mixing smells of their sex, Kiara's heart was beating out of her chest. A warmth was spread through her body emanating from her pussy, full as it was from the cock pounding into her. Her Drill Sergeant was mercilessly fucking her, holding her legs spread high and wide by the ankles. Kiaras chest and face was flushed bright pink, almost as much as her pussy was as it battled to try and tame the thick cock that stretched it. She could feel his pace slow, instead of the fast hard thrusts he was shifting to slower, deep ones. She was feeling his head pushing her open with every stroke. He pulled out completely. The sensation of it being taken out was heartbreaking to Kiara, in that moment it felt like the most devastating thing to ever happen and she whimpered pathetically.

Propping herself up to see where the object of her affection had disappeared to, she saw her Drill Sergeant retreat to one of the soft meeting chairs at the back of the office. She followed instinctively, practically running over to return his rogue cock to its rightful place inside her. It was hers, she wanted it back. So desperate she was to get it back she practically fell into it, half crawling the last step before grasping it. Her lover was sat back, sweating and red, it was her turn to look after him for. She took the cock into her mouth and sucked deeply. Immediately her mouth was flooded with the sharp taste of her pussy and his cock mixed within her. The cock was hard to fit in her mouth, awkward with its thickness. Her tongue danced over the slick head, flicking the slit at its summit and then searching out every bead of her juices remaining on the shaft as she licked from base to tip.

His balls were moist, partly from her juices that had run down over it, and partly sweaty from the exertion of fucking her so passionately. She stroked his shaft with her hand and took to sucking his balls, careful to pay enough attention to each by regularly switching. His skin was thick but his balls swelled beneath it. She fluttered excitedly at the thought of what they contained within, before returning to his dick. She used her mouth to suck and slide all the way up the side of his shaft, taking as much of it as she could in her mouth as she rose. She was back up at the top and thrust down upon it deeply. She didn't even get halfway down before it hit the back of her throat with force. She spluttered and gagged, but held it there, attempting to relax her throat. She felt it spasm and squeeze his head and heard him sigh, she seemed to be doing a good job. Looking up, she tried to keep her eyes open and as she fucked his cock with her throat. He big eyes maintaining eye contact with each stroke. Bobbing up and down, she sucked him hard until she could take it no longer. She needed to feel him back inside of her.

Rising up, Kiara straddled him on the chair, he made no attempt to stop her as she positioned her pussy back above his head. She reached down and split her lips apart, and began to lower herself back down upon him. Her pussy had contracted in it's absence and she felt the mild pain of being re-stretched to accommodate it. She slip down, her weight working to her advantage as gravity seemed to pull her on deeper and deeper. She'd never ridden a man like this before, but she had ridden horses a lot and her muscle memory and instinct took over. Rolling her hips, she rode the shaft hard, she was bucking wildly on his lap and held on to his shoulders to control her movements. Her breasts stood out in his face and her nipples were hard. His hands came up and toyed with them, twisting and pinching and sucking painfully. The pain was subordinate to the pleasure and it drove her to another level.

Kiara arched her back, she leaned away and she had to change her grip to holding his knees, giving her Drill Sergeant a clear view of her pussy stroking up and down on his shaft. This was too much for him and he stood up still inside her, his hands holding her around her back to keep her up. The movement had taken her by surprise as he moved decisively and suddenly. He took her back over to the desk and dropped her off. Holding her by the back of her neck, he pulled her off the desk and spun her round. He pushed her down roughly over the desk so that her breasts rested on the desk. Pulling her hair towards him to arch her back he immediately found her wet pussy waiting for him and thrust into her as hard as could. He was clearly in a higher state of arousal now as his strokes were very hard and deep, painful even. Now they weren't just having sex, she was being fucked and fucked hard.

In and out he pounded her pussy, her hair tight in his grip, her face looking up at the wall without focusing as she was consumed by the action she was getting. She felt her hair being pulled even harder, he pulled up her torso from the desk but kept her hips locked against it by his own. He released her hair and his arms came around her body. His left hand found her breast and nipple and squeezed hard, the right snaking up around her neck, gripping and squeezing. Her breathing was laboured by the force it exerted upon her, all the while he continued to pump in and out of her now tired pussy. She found the effect of the choking exhilarating, he was again in complete control, roughly dominating her as he fucked her his way. There was a brief moment of panic as she felt her oxygen restricted, but this only served to heighten her senses and she trusted him completely to look after her.

Kiara could feel the Drill Sergeants balls smashing against her clit as he drilled her and squeezed her sensitive nipples. Her pussy was screaming at her. Every sensation was tingling, arching sparks of pleasure out across her body as she was relentlessly fucked. Being fucked from behind was kinky and exhilarating. It felt naughty, like it was somehow even dirtier; her superior bending her over a desk, choking her and fucking her as hard as he could. This training was what she could get used to, she would be a passionate student in this arena. As dirty thoughts swirled around her head, she felt him stiffen behind her, like every muscle in his body was contracting at the same time. A hotness spread inside her pussy, she could feel it moving within and filling her up. He was cumming inside her, she didn't resist. The feeling of his cum filling her pussy felt amazing. She felt complete as he twitched and grunted as his orgasm rose and faded inside of her. As he finished, he began to pull out, releasing her body at the same time. She was so weak that she half fell, catching herself on the desk as her legs shook.

The Drill Sergeant had taken a half step back and her head was close to his cock now as she staggered. She saw beads of cum on the head still, it was mixed with her juices and she wanted all of it. She moved and took it in her mouth, half crouched in front of him catching him by surprise. She sucked it hard to clean all the drops off, he jerked and eased her off him. She was crouched in front of the desk, flushed, shaking and exhausted. Looking up she looked into the drill instructors eyes but there was no affection or emotion in them. "Leave and go back to your duties" was all he said as he turned away from her. She felt lost, she was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to curl up and rest in this safe, musky place but was being ordered out. Confused and shaking still, she gathered her shorts, top and bra and went to leave, almost forgetting to put them on before she did so. As she left the external office and was back in the corridor, she leant against the wall and exhaled deeply in both relief and exhaustion. Her pussy and body were shattered and she didn't have the energy to check if someone was watching her leave the office in such an obvious state. She rested a moment and could feel the course material of the issued clothes against her sensitive skin. Her nipples, which were still slightly hard, and pussy were especially sensitive and she realised that her drill sergeants cum was beginning to slip towards her pussy lips as she stood against the wall. She began to shuffle back to the bathroom with her legs clamped as much as possible to prevent any escaping her. As she shuffled she remembered her underwear, still on the desk where her face had been buried as she was fucked. That was tomorrows problem, maybe she would be invited back to retrieve them. She hoped so.