

# Cocked, Locked, and Ready to Roll

By JLNicky 01/02/2006

## Disclaimer:

There is a very definite pattern here in using the curse word of F \*\* K. If you have problems dealing with that word in your suppressed little mind...drift on my friend. However, if you want to read further...here is my uniform wearing, tantalizing rendition of a fantastic definition for 'Cocked and Locked'.

## Cocked and Locked

I was standing at parade rest while she inspected me. I let my gaze drift down and back up the cammie colored uniform she wore. She had it going on. Her tall form, those little bars shining on her collar, the crisp press of her creases, the protruding curve of her breasts as she stood in front of me during the inspection, the taper of her waist, the full curve of her hips, the entire picture was unbelievable. God, what I'd give if she would just circle me to give me a fine view of her full assets. I know I need to suppress my spreading grin as she distracts me by...oh my goodness...she is making the round. She stepped around me slowly, a jaunt around my body to inspect the whole package...err...uniform. Can you believe those perfectly fine looking, firm, flexing and covered globes of her ass? Their rounded nature has me clenching my hands that are currently crossed behind me as I stand in my unit. My gaze rises up to a vague point near her chin as she once again comes around to stand in front of me. I believe my eyes might have drifted downward once again if she hadn't slowly reached over toward me and untucked the corner of my button-sealed, cover jacket pocket, stroking my instantly hard nipple that rose beneath the three layers, bra, T-shirt and jacket. My eye's closed for a second as I weakened. They flew open at a slight clearing of her throat. Our gaze locked and I instantly found myself drawn toward her magnetism. She was beautiful. She was authoritative. She was holding back a smile. I frowned. Was that a smile of understanding? Did she know, what she just did to me? My body was on fire from a simple touch and here she was trying not to smile. My eye's narrowed slightly. She noticed and stepped back swiftly into inspection mode.

The ranks were dismissed after the updates were made. My eyes followed the captain without control. I was just a sergeant. I could only follow her in my dreams. That damn fraternization rule was a fucking killer. Thank goodness for the showers. Everyone used them and rank had no privileges. It was the only place I could be and let my wetness drench my body while I watched her shower.

Unfortunately I was close to breaking. Instead of sating my hunger I had only raised the level. I stood under the water and watched her as she soaped up her body, stroking her soft skin and running the abrasive washrag over her already hard nipples. It was agony seeing her bend and twist to get clean. I couldn't touch myself in the crowded room. I was killing myself with the fantasy. Each night I was waking in my sleep, knowing I had just had a massive orgasm. Literally wet dreams. Can you believe it? Her toned, firm body, writhing under mine as I pumped my cock into her again and again. Oh yeah. I had a cock for her. She was going to get the full ride if we ever got together. None of this Yes ma'am shit. I was going to stroke her to ecstasy with my weapon of love. I smiled every time I thought of it. Then my sex would clench, I'd get wet and my body would suffer more.

This last little touch was the straw on the proverbial camel. I was just desperate enough to break the rules and be damned with the consequences. New Years Eve and the whole camp was going to have a party. Isolated in the boondocks, we were unable to just hit the city and get the local anesthetics to drink, thinning our blood sufficiently to get high. We were stuck with each other and the house beer, Miller. If you drank at all that was your choice. Thank god for parties. Everyone drank. And eventually everyone would be oblivious to any late night attack I was planning to make on our commander.

I had made plans. Tonight was going to be the two hours of reaping my harvest. After checking my watch for the eightieth time, I knew it was almost the hour of deployment. My gear was packed and my assault weapon was strapped. I was fully cocked and loaded. I'm sure my commander would be pleased. If not now, she would be after I showed her my skill.

The party revelers were deep into the throws of delirium. I stood in the shadows of the hall, wondering when she would depart. She never stayed for the deeper revelry, the squad was bound to enjoy into the early morning hours. Her rank and position was definitely in jeopardy if she mingled with the enlisted, regardless of the other officers present. She was only keeping herself safe and it was understood. She was the commander. A separation was required. There she was. She left the commons. The commander of our small and proud squad was sober and striding across the compound on the way to some destination. She had access to all three of the more solid structures used for the camp. One was her tent-cum-shack. It had an official door and everything. The rest of us used tents, tent flap included for free.

After reconnaissance work, I also knew she had a bed inside. Not a cot, but an official twin size bed. That little sanctuary was going to become our haven of sexual delight. Without an ounce of regret, I stepped from the shadows as she crossed my path.

Her head swiveled sharply to take in the unknown presence nearing her person. She slowed slightly as she recognized me. I watched as her eyes swept down my muscular upper body wearing just my brown T-shirt to my waist, then back up and then sharply downward again to rest on a particular region. The geography was definitely mountainous. In fact, I would have said rivers were flowing at the base of the mountain if I had an ounce of cartographer blood in me. But, I think the expression of total recognition proved she had read a few maps in her time. She slowed to a stop; I moved five feet from her and crisply saluted. By reflex, she returned it.

“Nice night for a stroll, Ma’am?” I spoke my practiced conversation. She neglected to answer and just nodded. Her gaze was questioning and that little smile was trying to emerge. I kept my sobriety and motioned back to the squad party. The revelry was still ongoing, drifting over the quiet area of our compound.

“Mind if I join you in your stroll? I would enjoy your company. I was unable to attend tonight. I had something much more pressing to take care of.”

Her gaze returned to below my waist, then rose upward again. She looked like she might question the obvious equipment I was wearing. But, she didn't. Thankfully she followed the script. I moved to her side and gave a small forward motion with my hand to ask her to continue to walk. We moved side-by-side. I walked slower than my normal marching pace and she slowed to match. The Commander made this excellent decision, as I concluded Alpha and began the intricate stage of Bravo. A conversation between us moved forward as I added all the right elements of seduction.

"It's been quite hot here. My body is not accustomed to the heat. Don't you find it fascinating how everyone deals with the heat so differently?" She slowly nodded. My fascinating subject probably doing nothing, but the way my hand began to rub slowly from my neckline across my chest had her attention. I could feel her eyes burn my skin as she watched. My T-shirt material allowed the slow pressing slide of my hand to clearly define my ample breasts. The instant thought of her hands on me made my nipples harden and poke out through my shirt like twin tips of Mount Cimbewithyourtongue. A very impressive mountain rose up in my mind. My conversation continued, while I slid my hand across my well cut abs and down fairly near my highly sensitive arsenal. I shifted my hand to slide it casually into my pocket. The thought I might be touching my cock was a battle I wanted her to deal with.

"I find I want to try taking a plunge into the nearest cooling waters. I keep looking around for that oasis in the distance. I can't wait to slide myself in."

I noted her breathing was a bit more rapid. She seemed to blink when I stopped talking. We were nearing her tent. It was of course what I had planned to do. Distract her enough to lead her back to her sleeping quarters instead of her office, which she was more prone to head too.

She awoke from her dream and realized where she was. A slight twitch of my fingers in my pocket and a soft sound of a rattle sounded from within her shack. We both turned to look at the dark building.

“That did not sound good. You mind if I take a look inside? The perimeter equipment should have kept those little buggers out.” She tilted her head and pulled open the door. We looked in at the small quarters and the bedside crate that held a lamp shining softly. She moved in further and I took full advantage to check out her ass once more before I stepped inward. The soft click of her shack door closing behind us both seemed loud. She turned around to narrow her eyes at me slightly.

“I don’t see anything, Sergeant. Maybe we should just get one of the electronic resistors...” her words were stopped as the rattle sounded again. I couldn’t help myself; I pushed her to the side and pressed her up against a wall with the force of my body. Now, granted I was 5’8 and she was 5’10, but I’m sure my muscular frame was definitely more powerful. She stood in front of me with her face to the side of the tent. Her backside melded into mine. I held against her tightly as we froze to listen. My breath stirred the hair at her ear. She swallowed. I leaned inward and ground my cock into her clothed backside. She drew a deep breath. Her butt flexed. I drew a deep breath. I practically said ‘hallelujah’ as I felt her tremble from my touch.

“It sounds, like it's coming from within the tent. Don’t move, Commander. I’ll take a look.” She nodded. My hands ran down her sides as I gathered my leaning form to push off her. Just for a second, I pressed intimately tighter. Pushing away I gave another sharp thrust of my assault weapon before releasing her. When I stepped back, she leaned back and started to turn.

“Don’t move, Commander,” I reminded her as I gripped her hips in my hands and held her still. She cleared her throat. I slowly slid my hands upward along her rib cage. She trembled again. “Do we understand each other?” I hoped she fully understood. Her reply was the catalyst for the whole evening’s plan. I felt a pool of juices flow from my burning center when I heard her soft reply of ‘Yes, Sergeant.’

I know I should have stepped back, but she smelled so good. She felt so good. My body was so taut with desire. I was sitting on the edge of the knife and I needed a little something. I raised my hand to run up

her back and tangle my fingers into her hair. My other hand slid around her body and pulled her back against my front. We both groaned at the full press. My hair-embedded hand clenched and I pulled her head to a tilted angle. She looked at me and we shared a gaze of desire.

“You’re safe with me, Commander. I just need to inspect the tent. Make sure everything is taken care of. Then I’ll leave. All right?” She continued to stare at my mouth. I tightened my grip when she licked her lips.

Releasing her from the hold I had her in, I stepped away and drew in the heaving breaths her nearness caused. She stood still with her back to me facing the wall.

I turned to the bed and pulled the military issue blanket down and enjoyed the sight of crisp clean white sheets. I’d stashed my bag in here earlier and retrieved it. The contents jingled. My handcuffs and spare leg cuffs had metal connecting clips. They moved in the bag causing the commander to clear her throat. I glanced over at her and narrowed my eyes. She was still facing away. I swiftly threw into the bag the small remote I used to cause a rattle and retrieved a black leather blindfold, a slim black spandex style thong, and a feather. I tossed the three items onto the bed sheets and turned back to her.

“I think, Commander, whatever it is that was here is gone. I did, however, find some interesting items during my inspection. Would you care to tell me more about them?” Her face turned to me and then looked down at the three things lying across her bed. She swallowed and then looked back at me. I kept my focus and looked back at her. She moved a bit closer and looked the items over carefully. At this point she could definitely choose her own script. I waited with anticipation.

She held up the small spandex thong and looked at it then at me. I raised an eyebrow. She tilted her head and swallowed.

“I sleep in this. I like feathers and I use the blindfold to block out light?” I absorbed her hesitant explanation and nodded to her. She watched me carefully.

“I think I’ll just stick around for a few minutes, while you get ready for bed. Just in case the snake returns.” She eyed me warily and I just looked back. I think I felt my mouth dry up as she reached to begin unbuttoning her cover jacket. The air definitely thinned inside the tent as she shed her clothing one article at a time. I think my cock grew. The full view of her body once again revealed the body I had scoped out in many showers. She was bewitching as she turned and faced me then turned away and stretched. I couldn’t take my eyes off her. She drew out the disrobing into an agonizing display of torturing beauty.

I was completely aroused. I watched her step into the thong and then bring it up. Her dark curly hair at her pussy was barely covered and the string of material disappeared between the tight firm cheeks of her butt. She turned toward me as she finished. The desire, I know, showed in my eyes as I gazed back. She stood in only a black thong, her chest rapidly rising and falling as I moved back beside her. I couldn’t help it as I lifted a hand and cupped her breast in my palm. She froze. I let my thumb rub over the turgid tip. Lowering my head just a fraction, I let my tongue lather and flick the nipple. She gasped. She trembled. She became putty in my aroused hands.

“Turn around, Commander. I need to make sure this uniform is inspected.”

She turned toward the bed and I rested my hands on her bared shoulders. The soft, silken skin was hot. She flexed and her shoulder blades flexed. The lats of her upper back were cut. She worked out. My fingers followed her spine downward. At mid back I gave her a push. One hand held her hips and the other guided her to bend over. The flare of our arousal that the new position created made both of us swallow the juices that filled our throats. I stepped forward slightly and pressed my still clothed enormous bulging cock into her ass. We merged. It was so hot.

I couldn’t wait. My hands trembled slightly as I released her and quickly undid my belt and the 5-button front to my pants. I reached inward through the boxer slit and my hard on sprang free. My hand gripped its girth as I guided it to her available split cheeks. My legs

trembled as I ran the head from the top of her ass down to the deeper cleft. I could smell her juice-filled aroma. She reached over and braced herself to be entered. I needed her.

“I need you. I can’t wait. I am going to take you and fuck you.” My voice broke.

My finger slid under the scrap of the thong and moved it off to the side. My cock pushed into the dark crease of her cheeks. The dual groan we released was delicious. We rocked closer together and surrendered to our mutual fill of pleasure. I gripped her hips and pulled her backward. My cock was swallowed as she pressed against me. Our mutual movement stroked the opposite end embedded into my damp slit.

“Yes, Commander. That’s perfect.” I spoke with a groan. We held for a moment and then I slowly withdrew and moved back in. We were poetic. She moaned. I moaned. We began to rock and roll. Thank Elvis for that terminology.

I held back from lengthening my stroke fully until I heard her beg. “Please, Sergeant. More, harder!” I couldn’t stand it.

The full withdrawal had me pushing back inward for the entire length of my cock. I was in heaven. Commander pushed backward and sought my tool. Her head dropped lower as she widened her legs. We plundered the pleasure of each other. Thrusting into her, I ceased to think. My blood surged to my cunt and the repetitive touch against my clit along with the smaller thrusting dildo had me climb to my peak. I leaned over my commander’s body and reached around to slide my fingers between her slick folds. Her clit was diamond hard. She drenched my hand in a second. I circled the engorged clit as I speared her pussy. My pleasure fluttered its warning to my pending orgasm as I fucked harder. Her body was arching tight as a bowstring as I began to rub over her clit. The firm strokes had her cry out. She became rigid in my arms as I felt myself losing control. I was a rutting butch as I drew out my release. She lifted from the floor as I held her on my body and pressed hard against her clit. She arched with her own orgasm and we rode together. The fucking relief she gave me was fantastic.

We collapsed onto the bed as our bodies curled together.

I enjoyed the entire time we shared. For the next two hours, the commander was putty in my arms. I spread her legs two more times as I slid my cock into her. She wrapped her calves around me and pulled me closer widening her legs in the process. I drove deeper hearing her grunt and growl her pleasure. She panted as we fucked, my breasts thrusting into her face, her clit sliding between my fingers as we moved together. Her nails scratched my back deeply as we moved and twisted together. God, we were so good.

The time came to an end as the midnight hour arrived. She had to return to the party and toast out the old and bring in the new. It was tradition. We both moaned as we separated sated limbs. Our bodies were weak. I watched her dress back into her uniform. My cock stood out from my body, as I lay naked on her bed. She glanced at me over and over. Finally she was squared away and her uniform looked like it had never been tossed to the side for a couple of hours. She turned one final time toward me and studied me carefully. I looked back eye-to-eye.

“You’re not going to come to the party, Lieutenant?” she asked, finally letting her little fantasy go. I shook my head, slowly. My hand slid down my neck to my abs, then gently down to grasp my cock.

“I’ll be right here, Captain. Waiting for your return.” I stroked my cock from base to tip, my trembling exhausted body screaming for her touch still. She licked her lips and wiped her forehead with a shaking hand.

“Very good, Lieutenant. I’ll return shortly.”

“God, I hope so!” I moaned as I touched my clit by accident. She turned and left the shack with a growl.