

WAR GAMES

By

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I was soon to discover to be a good-looking lad onboard a navy ship was a bloody asset and could get you far, or reward you with favours that other sailors might not get. We called pretty sailors *Skins*. For whatever reason, many sailors just loved to have a Skin in tow - a bit like parading a sexy bird around a village. And a few sailors could even get quite possessive and protective of their young mates. Of course, not every sailor liked pretty youths but many did, especially those so-called straight sailors who could think of you as a young lass when you were blowing them or getting fucked by them. That said, there were some who would give you shit, make your life hell because of your good looks. Usually they were just the fucked-up ones who couldn't figure out or come to terms with why they fancied you, why they'd like to fuck the arse off you until both of you

dropped with joy. If nothing else, it did make my life interesting, if a little dangerous and confusing at times. Of course, I soon discovered that good looks didn't work for you all the time.

The sea was bouncing up and down like a bastard as the cutter dropped and we hit the ocean with a crunch when the tackle holding it in place was disengaged. Fifty gallons of the wretched stuff drowned me instantly as the coxswain frantically fought us away from the steel hull, it threatening to smash us to pulp as we poised on the peak of a sixty-footer. Christ, there must have been a better way to start a Monday! Ten minutes ago, there was me warmly snuggled up in my hammock, throwing my meat up and down, thinking how much the young lad tossing next to me was enjoying his early morning wank. And now, here I was, almost throwing up the contents of my stomach.

“Expendable!” that’s what he said. “Send a Junior Signalmen, Hookey. They’re expendable.”

Yes, those were the bastard’s exact words.

Upon hearing that order, a hand had reached into my hammock. Not, as I thought at the time, to help me with my early morning entertainment but to end it. And that unhelpful hand had shaken me with almost as much force as I was being shaken with now, delighting in breaking the news that I had become the ‘chosen’ one. And me not even religious.

You see, we were playing War Games - sailors at sea, soldiers on shore - exactly where we were supposed to be. That was, until some plank-of-a-soldier had broken his ankle. If only it were his neck! And the consequences of that unfortunate mishap, the army urgently required a replacement Radio Operator to take his place.

So here I was, being bounced from arsehole to breakfast time, fifty pound radio strapped to my back and my cock sporting a magnificent morning glory requiring some urgent manipulative attention.

After a good ten minutes rollercoaster ride, even more sickening than the one I'd taken with Pinky at the fairground, we had reached the shore. Due to the rough sea and high winds the Coxswain couldn't beach the cutter so I was unceremoniously tossed over the side. Not even time to roll up my trouser legs or make myself cute and beautiful for my butch, camouflaged buddies.

Soaked to the crotch with ice-cold sea water - that most surely killed my stiffy - I scrambled up the beach toward my welcoming party of beefcake.

On catching sight of them, quite suddenly I was keen to meet my newfound soldier buddies but before I could say Shirley Bassey, or formerly introduce myself, four beefy bootnecks - or were they bison - hustled me into their bone-shaking beefcake carrier and sped me away to HQ. No, not a Home for Queens!

After another ten minutes of having my bottom bounced over rugged countryside in the back of the truck, I'd reached my destination. I was quickly bundled from the back of the lorry and set down before some mean-looking, mouth-watering men.

There were no sniggers or snide remarks as I stood before those black-booted, painted-faced, camouflaged, cocksure crusaders; dressed in my soaked, bum-hugging, number eight trousers, blue sea-jersey and boots, but to say that I stood out like a dinosaur's dick would be the understatement of the year. The only good thing, apart from the guys themselves, at least we were all on the same side. Well I hoped and prayed that was the case.

After a brief meeting with the Commander of Operations, who gave me a wink as he detailed my duties, I was entrusted with the secret codes. Then, to my sheer delight, I was given a cuddly crusader of my own. One, I was informed, who would lay down his life for me. And, quite naturally, I would lay down my life for him. That is, I would lay down for him.

With a nod and another wink from the man in charge, Crusader and I were quickly whisked away through a forest of trees, high upon a hilltop to a 'spotter' position where Crusader and I would camp. That is, he would build a bivouac, the handsome beast, whilst I, having already fallen in love with him, would try not to build a reputation for myself.

And so the war games began.

Together we scanned the countryside, Crusader and I, searching for the enemy, but the only enemy I was aware of was a collection of creepy crawlies chomping at my crotch. I looked at Crusader wondering if he would like to join the feast. Alas, my marine wasn't munching – yet!

Before darkness fell, my cuddly crusader had built our bivouac bedroom. Sadly, he told me it was only big enough for one so we would have to take turns in sleeping.

The night dragged on. He slept first - I watched him. He kept watch - I watched him. No marine was going to have me in my sleep. I most definitely wanted to be awake.

To my utter disappointment, the night passed without incident and soon dawn broke.

Crusader was making coffee whilst I continued to doze. Upon opening my sleepy eyes, I could see a fierce fire glowing beneath his billycan. As it happens, another was growing in my groin. I'd heard that soldiers rubbed things together to get a fire started and I began to wonder what he'd used. My trousers were hiding a fairly thick stick and I could see a large old log bulging in his combats. Had I missed something!

Sizzling sausages were served for breakfast, spluttering and spurting, sending my sex-starved mind into sexual scenarios as they swelled and spat

beside his bulging, camouflaged crotch only a few tantalising inches from my own.

Early morning meat consumed, we finished our meal with coffee. It was sweeter than him. Obviously Crusader didn't realise I had a figure to watch - apart from his.

As I washed the dishes, the sky suddenly opened and blessed us with its contents of acid rain. I made a beeline for the bivouac, my man diving in beside me.

He was a liar, my marine. The bivouac bedroom *was* big enough for two.

Side by side we lay, Crusader and I, my pert little buttocks pressing into his bulging crotch. All the while, he scanned the countryside for the enemy. Excited by my new position, I asked him if he was enjoying himself. He told me that he was, with a smile. I think he was referring to his soldier job and not my bum bouncing on his tender truncheon. Either way, I didn't mind. These War Games were beginning to feel like fun.

Crusader saw something moving close by and swiftly rolled me onto my tummy, covering me with his covetous body, protecting me. He placed his masculine mitt over my mouth. It smelt of fire, smelt of man, and smelt of crotch. Excitedly I arched my bum into his magnificent mound of cock, waiting for it to rise. Alas, it never did.

Rolling from my disappointed body, Crusader ordered me to erect my aerial and inform HQ that the enemy were in the vicinity. I wanted to tell him that my aerial was already erect but simply stood, allowing him to see that he was not only a marine but a magician, capable of manifesting a monster in my pants.

I think he winked.

Aerial erected, I rattled off the codes for 'Undesirables in the area'. Crusader cuddled into me and gave me a 'well done' hug. With a passive pant, I told him he was more than welcome. Nervous and excited, I dashed for a wee, more a semi-wank.

My cock still sticky, Crusader told me we'd better get our butts out of there; danger, death and who knows what other treats looming in the distance. I slung my radio onto my back and acknowledged with a wiggle of my arse. Crusader gave it a friendly pat then destroyed our bivouac bedroom - a saddening sight - before dowsing the fire.

Mission accomplished, Crusader gave me a gorgeous grin. I suspected he loved me. Well I was still a teenager and all smiles from men are sexual at that age, especially so, if they come from a real live Action Man.

We began to make tracks for a new 'spotter' position some miles away. Cautiously, Crusader led me through the undergrowth. Disgustingly, I led my

mind through his underpants. Following my man's muscled buttocks was simply mind-blowing.

I wasn't sure how long I could take this sexual torment. There was he, powerful, protective and with a packet to die for, and there was me, passive and pouting. In all honesty, I'd had a boner going since the second I'd arrived and was truly hungry for it. Sadly, I wasn't getting any raunchy rations just yet.

As Crusader hacked his way through the undergrowth, I wondered if I should make the first move - play dead and maybe get the kiss of life. If I were truly lucky, a snake might bite his cock and I would have to put my mouth over it and suck out the poison. Perhaps he would totally lose control, tie me to a tree and just have me right there in the woods.

We arrived at our new position. Crusader built us another bivouac bedroom - bigger this time! I gathered extra ferns for bedding. He most definitely loved me.

They came from nowhere, the enemy. In an instant, my masterful masterbatable marine was lying on the deck and being bullied by two big brutes. They tied his hands and feet, and then put tape over his luscious mouth.

Painfully, I watched every wicked move. Desperately I wanted to scream, "Can I do that, please!"

Next thing I knew, I was stiff in seconds. That is, my body froze. The biggest of the enemy dragged

my man into the undergrowth. To do what with, I wasn't sure. I hoped, wondered, if the same fate was about to befall me. Was I too about to be bound and gagged and dragged semiconscious into the bushes by a strapping soldier and...?

I managed to put my sensible head on. This was serious stuff. I needed to think fast. My protector now paralysed and I was still pouting. I had to come up with a plan.

I gave my enemy the once over. He was *lovely*. I could always change sides. I mean, he was a strapping lad, this enemy. He might be a willing enemy, a wanting enemy, a well-endowed enemy!

I decided I would see a psychiatrist when I returned to my ship.

My brain kicked in and I bravely erected my aerial and began to mouth the code for "Help!"

He looked straight through me, this mean, meaty, magnificent enemy of mine and pointed his weapon threateningly. "Look who we've got here," he cruelly cried. "Mary Poppins."

Well that was a bit below the belt. Shirley Temple would have been kinder.

"Give me the codes, pussy! Or I'll shove this right up your little arse," the big brute demanded, snatching my radio and shoving his weapon into my body.

“I hope you’re going to take the bayonet off first,” I muttered in my best Shirley Temple voice. But then I noticed it was his cock which he was holding and not his other weapon. I would change sides after all, I quickly decided. Things were definitely looking up.

I thought it might be a good idea to act all butch and told the brute that to give him the codes would be more than my life was worth. I quickly discovered my life wasn’t worth as much as I’d thought and was stripped naked in seconds, then pushed face down into the soft soil.

“So this is what an interrogation feels like,” I delighted as the enemy drove his deliciously thick cock deep into my hole. Try as I may, I just couldn’t remember the codes as he pounded his weapon deep.

I guess I should have struggled a little, complained or something, but this enemy was so sexy, butch and fuckable I would have allowed his flexing buttocks to drive his adorable cock into my bum until the next D-day if needs be.

“You don’t give in easily, do you darling?” the marine bellowed just as I was searching my brain for the code for ‘coming’.

I don’t give in easily. I thought I already had. Surely the thick bugger must have grasped that. I mean, I parted my legs wide enough for a whole regiment to climb inside.

It was after I'd come a second time, and my shag of the month still hadn't managed to make me spit out those magic codes, that I suddenly had a brilliant idea. I asked if we could change position and he ride me from the front. I told him that if he did I would most definitely give him the codes.

With a swift flick of his strong hands, he spun me over like a rag doll and began fucking me in rapid bursts; his meaty machine-gun more eager than ever to release his ball-busting bullets into my pretty backside.

While he was enjoying the fuck of his life, I teased his hands behind his back and held them tightly. Shit, he just loved that and moved into Howitzer mode.

Bang!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The fuck was wonderful, too good to spoil for the moment. I first let that big gun of his explode, sending shrapnels of spunk sailing in all directions when he ripped his condom off and sprayed his spunk all over my tummy.

Exhausted, he collapsed into my naked body. Whilst he lay on top of me, shagged and satisfied, I brought my plan into action and pulled one of his plastic restraining straps from his belt. Slipping it

over his wrists, I pulled with all of my might, securing them together.

I had him. Well, yes! But now I really had him. I'd captured one of the enemy!

I felt strangely apologetic; he was such a good shag. I told him I was sorry. I did the decent thing and pulled his pants to his waist, giving his spent cock a decent suck and kiss before putting it away.

Soon my mind cleared and I remembered my bivouac buddy and decided to go in search of him. Against a tree, bound and gagged, I discovered my sad Crusader. He looked lusty, luscious and defenceless. I was upon him in a flash.

I was right; it was a log lying against his loins. Lovingly, I lapped upon the limp lollipop, bringing it solid; bringing it to where it belonged, between my lips.

My Crusader moaned contentedly beneath his taped mouth while his muscled body writhed in pleasure. Lovingly, I worked over the length of his luscious cock, then around the super soft spheres hanging in the hairy sac below, then into the musty hole beneath, then back over the bud.

The code for 'Every man must do his duty' suddenly flashed into my mind when he sent a salvo of spunk sailing down my throat,

Crusader instinctively knew I wasn't done yet. This was the twentieth century and cannon balls

were out. He knew I wanted to be torpedoed by him. Sliding my lubricated hole over his tube, I sat down upon the gnarled and veiny length, ramming his cock deep into my hole.

With an almighty second shudder, I was sunk by a spunky spread of six when he unloaded his tube.

Wonderfully shagged and a little sore, I searched his eyes. They appeared soft and satisfied, not threatening. I told him all was fair in love and war, then reluctantly unbound him.

My duty done, I led Crusader back to my captive enemy. I guess I'd won him over because he gave my bum a loving pat and my waist a hug when he caught sight of the sad spectacle. He didn't ask me how I'd managed to capture my man but I guess he had a fair idea.

We decided to use our captive as bait. Sure enough, his buddy soon returned and was quickly dispatched by Crusader, who then gave me a look which asked, 'Would you like to shag this one as well?'

The red flare flew into the sky, illuminating the area, signalling the War Games were over. With some sadness in my eyes, and soreness in my bum, I waved goodbye to my booted buddy as the cutter bounced me back to my ship.

Back onboard, I was taken before the captain, who had heard news of my achievements.

“Well done, Sanderton. You did a magnificent job out there. I hear you scored well.”

“I don’t know. Is nothing sacred?” I muttered.

“Sandy! Sandy!” I felt an unwelcome hand shake me as the words were whispered. “Stop dreaming, Sandy. War Games have started. You’re on watch, gal.”