Homesick and lonely.

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From 2002-2004, I was stationed at the US Naval base in Yokosuka, Japan. It was then, and still is, the Headquarters of the US Pacific Fleet. When I was stationed there, it was a very busy place. The war in Iraq was in full swing, and a lot of our ships were deployed. My rate was IS, which designates Intelligence Specialist. Because my rank at the time was E-6, which is Petty Officer First Class, I was in charge of a small group of sailors.

I remember the day that she arrived,a young female sailor named Karen, from a small town in Minnesota. She had just finished Intelligence school in Dam Neck, Virginia and this was her first duty assignment. She was a cute little 19 year old Irish girl, with auburn hair and freckles. She looked scared to death. As time went on, she picked up her job and did it well, but I noticed that she was always very quiet and never smiled.

About four months after she arrived, we both had a day off. I was doing some errands around the base, when I noticed her sitting, reading a book. As I approached her, she turned her head. When I got closer, I noticed that she had been crying, so I asked her what was wrong. At first, she was reluctant to tell me. After some coaxing, she said that she was homesick, and missed her family. She also mentioned that, because she was shy, she had trouble making friends, and was lonely.

She told me that she was originally going to be stationed in the United States, but because of the circumstances, they sent her to Japan. She rarely left the base because she was afraid to go into the city alone. She said that she grew up on a farm in a very small town, and had never even left Minnesota. The shock of a big city frightened her. I told her that there were nice people on this base, and advised her that she get to know a few of them. I told her that she could always come to me to talk.

I also mentioned that I go into Tokyo, which is about fifty miles North of us, quite often, and that I'd like to take her in some day. She shook her head, with a look of fear on her face. We talked after that for a little bit, then went our separate ways. She took my advise and over the next few months, loosened up and made friends, but she really latched on to me.We would all go out in groups, but

Karen always stuck with me.

One night, I noticed that, when she was off-duty, she always wore the same clothes. It turned out that her father had died, and her mother and two brothers were struggling to keep the farm going. So Karen enlisted, and sent most of her money home. She kept only what she needed. When I found this out, I offered to take her into the city and buy her clothes. She was, at first, vehemently against it, stating that she couldn't pay me back. I told her that I offered, therefore, she didn't need to pay me back. I gave her a 200 dollar limit, which, at the time, was about 23000 yen. We bought some of the clothes at the Naval Exchange on the base, but others in the city of Yokosuka.

Now, all of this was innocent, there had been no physical contact, of any kind, up to this point. In fact, it appeared that she looked at me as like a big brother, which was fine. About a month after this, I decided to get a small off base apartment in the city. This upset Karen, because she thought that she was losing, as she put it, "her best friend." I told her that she could call and visit me, but she said that she was still afraid to go into the city alone.

About two weeks later, in June I believe, was her twentieth birthday, so I decided to take her out. She was all excited. On the night of her birthday, she was wearing the new clothes that I had bought her. A nice pair of jeans, her US Navy sweatshirt and her sneakers. Karen was a natural girl, she never wore makeup, but didn't really need to. Her hair, which was just about shoulder length, was down. She looked adorable.

When I picked her up, she stated that, she wasn't hungry, and didn't like Japanese food. We decided to walk around the city for a while and go to the ocean. When she finally said that she was hungry, I asked her what her favorite food was. To my surprise, it was spaghetti in oil. I told her that, if she wanted, I'd take her back to my apartment and cook her a dinner of spaghetti.

Her eyes lit up when I said that, so back we went. I didn't really spend a lot of my time in my apartment and always kept the windows closed. I didn't own an air conditioner either, so when we arrived, it was quite warm. I opened the windows and put on a fan. I then went into my tiny bedroom and gave Karen a T shirt.

"Here, put this on if you get too hot."I said, pointing to the bathroom.

Karen was a little girl, about five foot, two inches tall, and thin. I am exactly six feet, and, at that time, weighed about 185 pounds. Needless to say, the T-shirt was too big for her, so she tied the bottom in a knot. I chuckled as she folded her sweatshirt to Navy regulations and put it on a chair.

"Be yourself here Karen, we're not on duty." I said. "Just one friend cooking another friend dinner."

I gave her a soft drink, and, as I cooked, she set the table. We had dinner and chatted. After dinner, I did something that she couldn't believe. I had a birthday cake made special, just for her. I told her to close her eyes asp presented it to her. When she opened her eyes, she was stunned, the smile on that cute, little face was nice to see.. Then, all of a sudden, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry!" she said, as she went into the bathroom.

I felt terrible, that was the last thing that I wanted, or expected to happen. After about two minutes, she emerged.

"Are you okay?" I asked, "I didn't mean to upset you."

She replied., "I'm sorry, it's the first time I've had a birthday, and not been with my family."

She walked over and gave me a big hug.

"Thank you, Paul." she said.

That was when I felt them, her perky, little braless tits pushing against my chest. I started to wonder. I saw her put just her sweatshirt on the chair when she changed. Did she come not wearing a bra, or did she just remove it in the bathroom?

The cake was chocolate, with white frosting. The baker had put the front of an aircraft carrier flight deck with the number 20 on it. I lit 20 candles and told her to make a wish. After she did, we cut the cake and sat on a sofa that I had bought. It was small, only two people could fit on it. Suddenly, this quiet, young woman began to open up to me.

She told me that she loved being in he Navy, and was thinking of making it a career. But being away from her family was giving her second thoughts. I explained to her the pros and cons about being a career military person, and that the decision had to be hers and hers alone. She told me, that aside from her family, she had a boyfriend back in Minnesota, but he was mad when she enlisted, and hadn't answered her letters.

I saw her eyes well up with tears again as she spoke. "If it wasn't for you, I never would have made it."

Then, cringe, she said "Thank you for being such a good friend."

I leaned over and gave her a big hug as she cried her eyes out. She pressed her tits against me real tight, her little nipples felt like steel balls pressing against my chest. After crying for a few minutes, she went back in the bathroom.

It was getting late, and I needed to be on duty in the morning, but she wasn't on until later in the day. As I said earlier, the T-shirt that I had given her to wear was very large. I was closing up my house, getting ready to take her back to the base, when she emerged from the bathroom wearing just the shirt and a pair of white panties.

The shirt was almost like a small dress on her, going down to the top of her thighs. She briskly walked over and sat back down next to me.

"I'm sorry I cried like that," She said "I feel like such a baby."

"Don't worry about it." I replied. Then I asked, "Why did you take your jeans off?"

"You told me to be myself," she said. "It's hot in here and I hate wearing clothes."

Then she looked at me and said. " I grew up with two brothers, if you're hot, don't be afraid to take your pants off."

I was totally shocked, for just over eight months, I'd known Karen as this shy, reserved girl who didn't say much, suddenly she appeared giddy. I reminded her that we had to leave to go back to the base soon.

"When?" she asked.

"In about half hour or so." I said.

"Okay." she replied.

Then this shy, reserved little farm girl from Minnesota, said something that threw me for a loop.

"You know, I've been told that I give great head."

I replied, "That's a bit too personal, isn't it Karen."

"Well," she said "Don't you want to find out?"

Suddenly, she took the shirt off. Though small, her tits were round and firm, her hard nipples pointing upward on her freckled body. I immediately got an erection,and she noticed.

"Well, he does." she said, looking at the bulge in my pants.

She leaned over and began unbuttoning my pants while she kissed the bulge. Now, from a moral standpoint, I should have ended it right there. This was a young woman who was basically under my command. I should have ordered her to stop, but I couldn't. By now, she had unzipped my fly and pulled my cock out of my boxers.

"Why don't you take these off." she said.

I couldn't believe that I did it. I stood up, took my pants off and sat back down on the sofa. In less than a second she was down there. I looked down at her auburn hair moving up and down on my cock. She had a tattoo of a shamrock on her lower back. It became apparent that little miss innocent, wasn't so innocent at all.

She sucked with a steady rythm, going slow and fast, but with a power in her mouth. "They" were right, she was giving me great head.

"Mmmm, I love giving blowjobs." she said, taking a momentary break.

She got off of the couch and on her knees on the floor. She pushed my thighs aside very wide, I reached down and felt her tits, they were like rocks, hard and firm. She looked at me with those Irish eyes, and began to lick my balls, actually putting one in her mouth and sucking it hard. Then she licked the underside of my cock.

We never broke eye contact, she was like a different girl. She had this lustful, animalistic look in her eyes.She wanted my cock. She put her hands on my thighs, and attacked it again. She pushed down on my thighs, and blew me with deep, fast strokes. The suction was strong. She would spit on it on occasion and look at me.

I looked down at her white freckled back and followed it downward. Though she had panties on, she had the roundest ass I ever saw. I began to gently rub her ass with my hand. Without missing a beat, she reached back with her left hand, and took her panties off. She had a maginificent body. I wanted to fuck her so hard, but she had a mission.

She started going faster,then she reached up, grabbed one of my hands and put it on her head
As she pushed up and down on my thighs, I pushed her head down with my left hand, her eyes

bulged. I reached back and stuck a finger in her pussy, then another.

"Mmmmmmm." she said in a muffed voice.

As I finger fucked her tight, little pussy, she went nuts on my cock. She was sucking so hard, the back of the sofa was hitting the wall. She moved her little ass back and forth as I fingered her hard. Suddenly, she came.

"My God." she said, in a muffle voice.

I was getting the best blowjob that I ever had, My cock began to fill up,and she knew it. She took it up to another level, a loud slurping sound could be heard as she sucked my cock with a vengeance. I put both hands on her head. I couldn't hold back.

"Make it cum." I said loudly.

She took my cock out of her mouth and started stroking me, she looked up at me with this, lustful, dirty look.

"Cum on my face..." she said. "Cum on my face."

My right hand started tapping my thigh.

"I'm gonna....cum." I said.

She opened her mouth, the first shot was right on target, hitting the tip of her tongue, the second hit her right in the nose. She stroked away and milked every drop of cum out of me.

We each took quick shower and drove back to the base. I slept like a baby that night. After that point, we had a secret, very hot affair.We fucked numerous times after that, including a loud, rough bang in a Tokyo hotel.This shy little sailor, when naked, was a dirty little slut. On duty, nobody knew, we kept it a secret.

Eventually, as with a military affairs, it ended. I got transfered. But Karen was okay now, I didn't need to worry about her. We've kept in touch all of these years, and seen each other a few times while she was on leave.. She still in Navy but is going home for Thanksgivings holiday, for a week, and has invited me up. I look forward to seeing her again.