

# Out Of Uniform

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*My day went from tragic to epic.*

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And so, sports day for this year is all said and done. Time to eat, or at least that was the plan. Scored me a massive plate of ribs with that new sauce. Gonna enjoy.....Wham! Now the great feast is all over me, like I just murdered someone. It's messed up that I can't enjoy some food, now I can't even get in my own car. Oh, but wait.....I got my winter jacket and pants. It's not cold, in fact it's quite in the hundreds, but to get out of this current mess is better than messing up my seat. I'll just change in the latrine at the laundromat since it's just a little walk from the field. There. Much better. Rinse these pt's off in the sink and.....yo, who is she? Must be new. Ok stop gawking at her. Somebody's fucking her it's just not me. Plus I don't think she wants to talk to a GI who don't have anything underneath his winter pt's but something that she might need a higher quality of. So I just make small nice conversation. "Hi." "Hi" she says "aren't you hot with all that on?" "Yeah, but a bunch of food spilled on me and this is all I had left in the car to change in." What I really wanted to say was "you're hot with or without any clothes on." But that's just something that will get me in trouble on post. Speaking of trouble, oh shit! The MP's are at my car. Am I'm getting a ticket? This is what I get for taking too long. So I dart out of the laundromat, but my pants are falling off my waist. Looks like I really did lose a lot of weight, and I think I might have shown her my ass, by accident, or course. But no matter, gotta talk this dude out of the ticket. "Hello. I was just about to move but I had food spilled all over my..." "Save the excuse. You parked your car next to the fire hose all day! I've been driving back and forth, and you still haven't moved it. Here you go, and if I were you, I would hop in your car right now, being way out of uniform and all." "Roger that Sergeant." What a fucking douche. Just want to punch this guy so bad, but whatever. I can take care of this next payday. Time to leave. Turn on the car, it's almost time for the flag. Fuck! At least get out of here before he comes back and I knock him out. I'll drive to the laundromat, salute and be on my way. Oh look, she's still there. And there goes the flag. Time to get out and show my respects. Dun, dun da duuuun, dun dun da Dunn..... BOOM! And not paying attention, my pants come down again! How embarrassing and she saw it all. And here I am saluting while my left hand is clutching my pants. I just hope no one else saw that. Ok flag completed. Time to get outta... "You! Get over here!" Oh great. Some big wig not in uniform is about to chew me out for being out of uniform. "Just who do you think you are just being all jacked up?" He shouts.

"Well, sir, food spilled on my pt's and this was all that I had to change in..." "That's not what I want to hear. I want to hear you tell me your unit, you first sergeant and your Commander. And you're at a housing area like you can just get away with that. You need to leave here, ASAP." Wow, just wow! This is really getting quite lame. As I drove off I find out it just so happens that she is his wife. Well, it is what it is. Now can I get off post without pissing someone else off? Start the car and I'm rolling again. Passing by the shoppette and, fuck my life! Out of gas! This is what I get for rolling the dice one time to many. At least I can roll in just short of the pump. Lord knows I dont want to get out for anything else. Well I got gas money... or do I? I forgot that I left my wallet at the house and just brought my ID's with me. So now I'm just stuck out and need a ride to my house or someone to loan me cash and follow me to the house. What a day. I'm just gonna lay my head on the steering wheel, hoping things will go my way. "Excuse me, is there something wrong with your car?" That voice sounds familiar. Looking up I saw the familiar boobs. It's her. "Why yes ma'am. I'm out of gas and I left my money at home. I'm sorry for being such a pain, I'm really not. I just want to go home and forget all of this." "Well, I can put some gas in and I can follow you home and you can pay me back." she says. "Ok, cool. Much appreciated." This can't be real. The wife of Captain Douchebag is helping me? This must be a joke, and I bet anything he's gonna come from nowhere and turn me in to the MP's. I lower myself so no one else sees me. Next thing I know, she's done pumping gas for me, and she tops off my car! I was just gonna put in like ten. Then again, I get to see her walk in. Nice ass indeed. Got my dick chubbing up, but I need to stop. She don't even have to do all this. I'm lucky right now. And her she comes. "Ok, I'll follow you." she calls out to me. Now I know this could lead to something. Luckily, I just moved apartments so no one knows me over there. Then again, why am I even thinking like this? She wants her money, and she's being nice....too nice, but let's see how it all pans out..... Finally home. Still scared, I look around to see who else will bust me for being out of uniform. Fuck it I'm off post. I see this all the time, and my apartment is just a few steps away. I hear her car door close. We enter through the door. "Ok, here is what I owe." I tell her as I hand her the money. "Oh, that won't be what I want." with a deep hungry look in her eyes. "O. K. So how am I going to pay you back?" While pulling down my winter pt pants, "with this....." she says. Next thing I know, she deep throats all of me, with no gag reflex. Looks like its game over for me, and I didn't even get to do anything to her. However, she's literally sucking out the last drop of my load. I was super soft, but then she took off all her clothes and I started heating back up again. Wanting to redeem myself, I was gonna go the rough route. I grabbed her by the throat. "Look, your husband pissed me off, and now that youre here, I'm gonna really fuck him over." "Good. That makes two of us." she whispers. At that point it was on. I put her in a reverse headlock with my left arm, while I played with her clit with my right hand. She was resisting, but I had a feeling she was gonna be down for this. Now her ooze is all over my fingers, so I put my hand all in it, while I banged her head against the wall. I took my hands out of her pussy and smacked the shit out of her stomach, all while still having her in the headlock. I could feel her body going limp, but she was moaning like shes never had big dick before. And so, it's time.... I walked her to the couch and slammed her face down on one of the cushions. She moved slowly, then assumed the position. The first stroke was fantastically wet and

she went into OMG mode from there. After that first nut from earlier, I was ready to fuck the shit out of her. I grab her right titty, lifted up her left leg and went into beast mode, eventually taking my hand off her titty and smacking her ass taking out all my frustrations from the last hour. Then I wrapped her hair around my hand and gave her some back handed goodness for good measure, each stroke her twat got even wetter than before. Then I pulled out, placed my left palm to her neck, and started smearing her nut off of my dick and on to her face so she would wipe her face off with her hand and lick her fingers. "How does your pussy tastes now?" I asked "Like desert for the Fucking Gods." she answered. And without warning, I jammed my dick right up her ass. At this point I let her have control of her body, and she rode that dick like a champ. Next thing I knew, I wrapped my arms around her and I tried to squeeze the life out of her as I busted a huge nut in her ass, and as I did that, I saw her straight squirt her pussy out, followed by the sexiest moan any bitch could do, but couldn't fake. Then I threw her back on the couch faced down. I gaped the shit out of her asshole, and the cream pie was perfect. She turned to look at me, smiled, and passed out. I put a blanket over her and then I surfed the Internet. Two hours later she woke up, not even worried about her husband or the bruises that I left on her body. She knew what she wanted, and thanks to her my day went from tragic to epic. I didn't even do anything else that weekend, cause she came over a few more times. I pretty much put that pussy through the Olympics. Sunday night, as she left, I had to ask. "Why did you help me out at the shoppette?" "Because I hate it when good guys get caught up on some simple shit that these clowns trip about too much. Plus I saw what you were working with, and for you to treat me like a slut made it even better. Never in my life have I've been fucked like this. I could literally die a happy woman." She said. "Don't know if I'll ever see you around after this, but if I do, just know this pussy and asshole would just squeal if they got to take in more of your dick." Fair enough. That made me feel like a fucking boss, and right as she closed the door, I get a phone call from my Platoon Sergeant. Gotta show up to the battery at four in the morning. Looks like The Chew out session as expected. So I get there a quarter till three, and my Platoon Sergeant, my Platoon Leader, my First Sergeant, my Commander, and Captain Douchebag were already there. Next thing I knew, I was getting my ass chewed between my Commander and top. In between keeping eye contact with everyone and the whimpering, "check, roger that, Sir First Sergeant" I see douchey giving me the look of his personal satisfaction that he did this to me, like he was the man. Thirty minutes later, he was satisfied, and shook the hand of both my Commander and First Sergeant, and he left. The office went silent for two minutes. It started to get really weird. Finally, my Commander broke the silence. "Ok. First off, we are not mad at you. We all knew your situation and there are people that vouched for you. It's just that this guy wanted to really see us lay it in on you for some reason. Like you fucked his wife or something." "Sir, you do know who is wife is, right?" asked First Sergeant. "The manager from the shoppette over there. She always talked about suckering that dude and then divorce him for all that he has because he treats soldiers bad. That captain is that sucker." "Interesting." replied my Commander. "but whatever. Word on the streets is that he's getting kicked out for being passed over for the rank of Major too many times. But enough of that," as he turned towards me. "How was your weekend?" "It was ok. Didn't do much of anything, other than being out of uniform." Payback

complete.