

BEING GAMMA

PROLOGUE: This is a work of fiction, describing a 'what if' world if after the Persians sacked and destroyed Athens following the battle of Thermopylae in 480 BC or BCE, if you prefer. The USA is not really all that different of a place, but there are some noticeable differences if Athens had never been rebuilt and Athenian philosophy had never materialized. This is not a war story, rather a social examination of a 'what if' society.

Randi Thomas was sitting in swing seat in the playground area of the elementary school across the street from his home in Springfield, Illinois. His tote bag sitting on the ground next to him. He was waiting for his best friend Toni to show up. While waiting, he idly inspected his bare legs for any missed hairs after shaving everywhere that morning. He and his pal Toni had graduated from Sarah Barton High School two weeks prior. Their girlfriends were waiting for them at Abigail's Frocker for young ladies for a fitting for their dresses for the upcoming big party at Ardmore Country Club. Satisfied that his legs at least, were hairless he quickly scanned his toes to insure that they were neatly painted. He heard a car pull into the empty parking lot next to the playground and saw Toni in his new convertible, a graduation gift from his doting and moderately wealthy father. Toni was dressed like him in the Southern Illinois young ladies casual summer costume; Daisy Duke's shorts, spaghetti strapped silk tee shirt, wedged sandals, an arm load of bangles and assorted costume jewelry. Randi made a quick inspection of his makeup with his compact mirror and grabbing his tote bag strutted over to Toni's side of the convertible, leaned into it and gave Toni as sexy a good morning kiss his eighteen years of experience could muster.

Toni responded with as much tongue as he possessed. "You know when you do that, my clitty really pinches in my tube", breathed Toni.

Randi replied, "Well, we could go into my house and we could take care of that". Randi had a copy of the key to Toni's chastity restraint in his panty drawer.

Tempted, Toni replied, "Maybe later, we going to late to meet the girl's as it is. Jump in and let's get going".

At Abigail's, two very attractive young ladies, likewise dressed in the appropriate summer costume were going through a catalogue, trying to decide on their dresses.

"Those two sissies better get here soon so we can get this over with", snapped Grace Williams, Randi's girlfriend.

"They are probably pulling each other's pud's", scorned Denise Sanders, Toni's girl.

Just then Randi and Toni sauntered into the boutique and the sissies and girl's exchange air kisses, cheeks brushing.

"About time", exclaimed Denise with a smile.

Like all girl's, she really liked sissies, so sexy and so compliant. The four friends poured through the catalog and fingered fabric samples and after a couple of hours decided on their new frocks, after all we can't have and design, fabric and color clashing's.

The country club party was actually a very important social event for young women and Gamma's of proper age. Young men, upon high school graduation had to immediately report for three years of military or other public service. Alphas all went into the military, Beta males had a choice of military or other public service, but all of them would gone for three years minimum. The dance would be attended by Beta's who had completed service and were either gainfully employed, in college, tech school or re-enlisted in the military. There would be a scattering of junior military officers, all Alphas. The Alphas were the targets of all of the young ladies. The Gammas, escorted by young women, were the frosting on the cake, so to speak. Gamma's were noted for their sexual flexibility.

Six Years Previous:

Randall Thomas was just starting seventh grade. He had attended only all male schools and Washington Middle School was no exception. Middle school was the start of the male pecking order ritual. In particular, there was a violent inter-school athletic contest called 'Battle Ball'. Battle Ball was a contest that was quite simple in nature. It required no previous training, had no rules except that clubs, knives, brass knuckles and other such contraptions were barred. The object of the game was to move a ten foot in diameter, rubber ball the length of a standard football field and across the opponents goal line. Teams were simply one grade class against another. If one class had more members than another, too bad. The only rule was that teams couldn't engage opponents more than two years senior or junior to each other. It was basically a brawl between school boys. What was important, is that the whole affair was visually recorded and reviewed by the schools instructors and the players graded on leadership, aggressive play and resourcefulness. In their first contest, Randall lasted three minutes before his left shoulder was dislocated and Tony lasted thirty-five more seconds, succumbing to a snapped fibula. It was further determined by the attending physician's and review of game recordings by a panel of the schools instructors that there was a very high probability that neither Randall or Tony would live through the next two school terms. Fatalities in this activity were common despite the few precautions taken. Failure to participate in Battle Ball was an automatic reassignment of the students social status to that of Gamma. Gamma's were promptly enrolled in an all girl's school. This not a gender reassignment, rather a social reassignment in order to save the students life.

In both the Thomas and Ambelli households there were tears when the reassignment notices were delivered. Both mothers in relief and both fathers in disappointment. A student did not have to accept reassignment, but his chance of surviving to graduation were minimal. Both boys were enrolled at St. Emily Junior High and compelled by school rules to conform with all school regulations and dress codes.

Also, by accepting Gamma status, the boys were required to dress enfemme full time. However, since they were genetic males they would retain their right to vote upon reaching the age of majority, something their female classmate's would not be able to do. As both boys had older sister's, the transition into the feminine world was somewhat eased, but not without a great deal of glee on the part of their siblings and their friends. In both households, it was decided that the boys would undergo ridged hormone therapy to ease their transition. The new school advised the parents of all new Gamma's that beards, mustaches, excessive body hair would not be acceptable. Also, all Gamma's must wear chastity devices while in or participating in school event's and the parents were advised to keep their Gamma offerings in chastity at all times outside of the home. When the boys complained about the full time chastity, their mothers bluntly told that tenting of panties in public was not socially acceptable.

Randall, now Randi once recovered sufficiently from his injury he was escorted by his mother and gleeful sister around to the various establishments that specializes in feminine attire and accessories. First and most stressful was the acquisition of the chastity device. Wearing one of his sister's skirts and panties, blouse, his own sneakers and a touch of makeup, Randi's first stop was to a gynecologist that handled the chastity devices. Randi also experienced the phenomenon of 'tenting' that lessened his objections to the process, it was disquieting, however when the doctor handed the key to the devices lock to his mother and she promptly deposited it into her purse. Rendered 'socially acceptable' Randi went on a whirlwind shopping spree, acquiring all manner of unfamiliar clothing, shoes, accessories, toiletries and finally two new ear studs which were inserted into the also new holes in his ear lobes. The final stop was at a place he was to become increasingly familiar with, the beauty shop for a hair rearrangement. Back at home his mother and sister helped in dress in a suitable outfit for a young lady of his age as the family was dining out to display their new Omega. Looking in the mirror for the first time Randi saw a rather attractive young girl, wearing a short denim skirt, sleeveless blouse to accommodate his shoulder binding and low heeled sandals. His hair was in a page boy bob with a hairclip with a bow. Yeeck. The dinner outing passed with ease, even with an encounter with former schoolmates. Publicly embarrassing Gamma's was socially impermissible and those persons that did so were fined and subjected to public shaming by having to wear a shaming sign around their necks and stand for two hours on the curb of a busy intersection for seven days. Thus emotionally fortified, Randi quickly assumed his new societal role as an Gamma, destined to be a life long transvestite. After a few days of adjustment, Randi thoroughly enjoyed school as an Gamma. With his slight build and somewhat feminine bone structure, Randi became quite the hormone enhanced clothes horse. Toni, whose injury was somewhat more severe joined Randi at St. Emily's a few weeks later and two became very close friends. In a connivance between their mothers, the two boys had key to their chastity devices at each other's home where they quickly discovered mutual masturbation. The rule, unknown to their fathers, was that they could pull each other's pud and if they preferred, orally stimulate each other and engage in other mild sexual activities other than intercourse, absolutely not permitted. Toni's sister Annette, secretly provided the boys with a small vibrating device whose primary usage was immediately discovered. The two sailed through female puberty, comparing their budding boobs, widening hips, mostly accumulated fat, having their larynxes' shortened and voices stationed in their preteen high alto. They also had their very accomplished cock sucking lips enhanced. The world was good. Many girlfriends aided in their sexual exploration, all noncoital, except when their current girlfriends

demonstrated the joys of strap-on instruments when the highly lubricated devices were introduced into their eager rectums.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY, RANDI'S NARRATIVE:

Toni and I picked up the girls for our big double date at the country club. All of us in our new dresses and freshly minted hairdos. Gracie's hand went immediately under my dress and between my nylon pantied cheeks, she had discovered that by manipulating the base of my butt plug, items that Toni and I discovered on shopping trip that included a stop at an adult toy store that we had frequented previously when we were sixteen, that she could manipulate the item to press against my prostate and produce a nice squirt of cum into my panties. My mother discovered mine while straightening, rather snooping in my room. She didn't stop giggling for two days. She also told my sister about my new friend and joined in the feminine humor fest. My father was just baffled, having not been let in on the source of their amusement. I had to tell her stop playing with my plug as I wearing only a thin panty liner. She relented and leaned forward and whispered into Denise's ear. I knew what that was about, as did Toni. We knew that a squirting contest was going to take place later this evening. What the girls would do is have Toni and I on our heads on our hands and knees spread. They would then lift our skirt hems onto our backs, pull down our panties and proceed to play with our exposed cock heads in our chastity devices, much to our mutual discomfort as our imprisoned members would unsuccessfully try to inflate. Then holding our trapped penises pointing back between our thighs, play with our butt plugs seeing who could force the longest squirt out of our beleaguered prostates. The girls immensely enjoyed this game.

The party at country club was great deal of fun, dancing and illegal drinking. We were joined at our table by two Alpha junior army officers, very exciting. They were attending the University of Illinois at Urbana for some of advanced mathematical courses. They said that they were artillery officers. Toni and I were copiously complimented when they discovered that we were Gamma's. Our dates were thrilled, apparently, Alphas had a thing for Gamma's that had pretty women in escort, or vice versa. The evening flew by with the two Alphas entrancing the four of us. The item that stuck was that the girls and Toni and I had been accepted at Champagne- Urbana and having two dashing Alphas at least good acquaintances could prove very useful. After we left the party, the main event, at least as the girls were concerned, started.

Gracie reached into the large tote that she had left in the car and extracted a liter bottle of Honduran rum and we had to stop at a convenience store for some cola, cups and ice. Finally, at our favorite necking spot, we stopped and continued our illicit partying. We babbled and giggled through half a liter of rum before the groping and smooching began. Boob groping and finger fucking gave way to the two main events. Those being the sum shoot to be followed by the strap on injections. The girls had Toni and I out of our frocks post haste and then they began disrobing, very seductively. Then main difference between our clothing was that the girls didn't wear waist nipper corsets. The four of us in panties, bras, stay up hose, fuck me pumps, ear fobs dangling and jewelry clanking proceeded with the evenings events. The girls insisted upon some oral warm up before they serviced Toni and I. Once sated, the girls delved into their totes and donned their weaponry. With panties disposed of they fumbled their

obscene intruders into position, flipping little switches to insure that all of the little motors were in good working order they turned and with menacing grins approached Toni and I.

"Assume the position", giggled Denise.

We rolled down our panties, unhooked our bras and the spread out blanket, cradled our heads and elevated our asses. With our now over heated Mistresses fully engaged in the festivities, Toni and I quickly packed lubricant up each other's asses.

"Gracie smirked, "You two are quite experienced at that, aren't you?" With my index and middle fingers probing Toni's asshole, I could only smile.

The girls knelt down, next to us and gently returned our plugs to their proper locations. Once satisfied with their handiwork and bouncing their faux cocks off of our stocking encased thighs as if a promise of things to come, they reached around our corseted waists, gently cradling our encased cocks and aiming the bare helmets through the gap of our spread thighs, Gracie intoned, ready, set....go. With the conclusion of the countdown, their free hands went to work manipulating the base of our plugs. The object of their contest was not the speed of getting us to ejaculate, rather the distance of the emission. So the girls, being experts at this contest, slowly worked the bulb of the plug around in our anal canal taking note of our state of readiness by the mews and gasps we emitted as the bulbs grazed our prostates. All great fun..... for them. When either contestant felt that her charge was ready, then suitable pressure was employed against the targeted organ. Once a volley was fired, its landing spot was marked with whatever was handy. Three volleys was the agreed upon total to proclaim a completed contest. Denise's game was on that night and Toni was manipulated to out ranging me two to one. The winner, Denise had pleasure of Gracie kissing her ass.

Once the spoils of victory were collected, Denise declared in a righteous voice, ""I'm horny".

Our butt plugs were removed and the vibrating and twisting dildo's replaced them. The next half an hour resulted in many more, but less intense emissions from our caged and painfully restricted ding dongs. The one thing that Toni and I knew was that very few males in America had as much sexual contact with young females as Omegas. Albeit, under very controlled conditions. After the girls had orgasmed to their contentment, they returned our plugs to their original resting places and allowed us up and to get dressed. We finished off the rum and cuddled for a bit, gingerly sitting around our ravaged bottoms. We dropped the girls off at their homes with the suitable goodnight gropes and kisses and Toni dropped me off with more gropes and kisses. I went to bed after gratefully removing my chastity. My very sore cock swelled up, but it was too sore to wank and I had been too drained to care.

The next morning mom pounced on me and in her subtlety feminine manner, demanded to know how my date at country club went. I did the basic, it was fun and we had a good time, all in son to mother evasive answers. I did mention the two Army Officers, which Impressed her, but left out the rum,

squirting contest and anal invasions. Sipping my coffee, I figured that I had satisfied her curiosity, an error that was pointed out by her next question.

"Who won the contest?" she asked while standing at the sink with her back to me.

I coughed and warm coffee ran out of my nose.

"Pardon me", I queried, "What contest?"

Mom, still standing with her back to me, continued, "Gracie stopped by last week and showed me her new strap-on dildo. How does your bottom feel this morning?"

Gagging, I replied, "A little sore, thank you".

Continuing, my mother twisted the knife, "Gracie told me that it was bigger and had more interesting features than the older one that you were used to".

I sat there stunned thinking, 'Is there nothing private between women?'

Wiping her hands with a dish towel, mom sat down next to me and smiling, "All Gracie did was keeping me apprised of her relationship with you. She very happy to be dating an Gamma. You realize that most of the girl's at your school engaged in a lesbian relationship mainly because contact between teenage boys and girls is so restricted. So Gracie just wanted to know how far she could go with you. I told her that as long as you were in chastity, go for it. You had as much fun as she did".

I didn't fully appreciate how closely mothers keep an eye on the sexual activity of their offspring.

Mother very much enjoyed my embarrassment and repeated her original question, "Who won the squirting contest?"

Thoroughly cowed, I whispered, Toni, two to one.

"Well, better luck next time", consoled Mom.

I blurted out, "You don't care about my fooling around with Gracie?"

"Oh no, I do care and I encouraged Gracie to keep me Informed. You don't think that Mrs. Ambelli and I allowed you and Toni to have copies of your chastity keys to kept in your bedrooms so that you could pee while standing. We were well aware that boys locked in chastity needed places for safely releasing their urges. I know that you and Toni engage in regular oral sex. Don't worry, I approve. A certain level of skill in cock sucking is a valuable tool for young ladies and young Gammas. Now, go shower and put on something nice, maybe one of your cotton sun dresses. Gracie's coming over and your father is taking us all to brunch".

When Gracie arrived for our trip to brunch, I embraced her and during our air kiss, I whispered, "Tattletale", into her ear.

She leaned back, still in our embrace and with a very convincing look of surprise on her face, replied, "Your Mom ratted me out?"

"Indeed she did. I may take revenge on you with your own strap-on", I replied.

She glanced at me coyly, coping a feel of my encased cock under the short hem of my sun dress and whispered, "That might be fun, girlfriend. I'll think about it".

Dad broke into our embrace and shooed us all to the family chariot. The restaurant was busy, so there was no problem with Gracie and I being served bloody Mary's, which surprisingly aided in alleviating my mild hangover. Gracie spent the afternoon at our house, drinking gin and tonics with mother and I on our patio in the backyard. Dad was banished to watch a baseball game in the house. About an hour later, Dad returned with Toni and his father along with Denise and her Dad. The men stood aside while the flurry of skirts engaged in the perfunctory air kisses. Once the ceremony was concluded and everyone had a beverage my Dad called the impromptu meeting to order.

"It's apparent that our young people here are all going attend U of I this fall. Girl's, you may not be aware of this, but state law requires that all new parents establish an 'educational account', similar to a 401k account for all newborns. All of the Dad's here, including yours, Gracie have been diligent in adding to those accounts. In short, these educational accounts have done quite well over the years. Each of you girl's have in excess of sixty thousand dollars available for use in your academic pursuits. These monies can be used for anything, so ladies pay attention. All of the fathers, including Gracie's have agreed to pay your tuitions and books providing that you four find and pay for a suitable apartment for the four of you through your sophomore year. One more condition, none of you can marry prior to the completion of said sophomore year. Randy and Toni, you shall maintain your chastity as is customary, but be free to remove the devices while in the confines of your domicile. As for Denise and Gracie, absolutely no pregnancies. Your fathers are aware that you four have been engaging in some sexual play for past year. That's to be expected, but if for whatever reason, Gracie and or Denise start dating other males, they must have either Randi or Toni close by to act as chaperones. They don't have to be part of the date, but they must be close enough to act as your conscience. Those are the conditions to be adhered to for your first two years on your own".

Denise spoke up, "Can Gracie and I chaperone Randi and Toni if they stray?" Toni's father laughed, "Absolutely, they are very pretty Gammas and I have no doubt that they will tempt members of either sex".

Denise's father broke in, "We are not trying to cramp what you may believe is your very sophisticated style. But, believe me, you actually quite naïve. High School romances and juvenile scoff lawing does not prepare one for the world. In fact, all of the males that you will encounter are going to be at least three years older than you and those three years represents a huge social gap. Many of them have seen and done things that you cannot conceive of, this goes for our Gamma girl's too. So what we are preaching about is that we want you guys to watch out for and take care of each other".

Randi spoke up, "How soon do we need to start preparing?"

“Last week”, his father replied. “You have to apply for the classes that you need and some you may want. I know that all of you have received the class registration forms, I've seen Randi's. Get those as soon as possible, otherwise you could end up quite disappointed in what's left. But, your most important task is finding a place to live. Also, watch your money, it's not inexhaustible. So, you girl's should start now, Randi go get a laptop and you guys can check out what's available, where is it and is it big enough and how much does it cost”.

So started the first afternoon of our adult life.

The rest of that afternoon was taken up by looking up available apartments and flats, many had photos of the interiors and most had rental costs attached which were eye popping. So, we spent the rest of the doing what the Dad's recommended, a unique experience. A week later we felt organized enough to take our first road trip to Urbana. It was eye opening, there was a plethora of twenty something males all about the campus and environs. The real girl's were enthralled with all of the unchastised masculinity roaming about. Toni and I were less enthusiastic about the men, but we could see that being an Gamma in an open society could present social problems. We were happy that thanks to our fathers, we had a two year adjustment window ahead of us. We had three available apartment's picked to look at. All were more or less furnished, poorly. We settled on one about a half a mile from campus, well within bicycle range, made the deposit and signed the lease starting occupation one week prior to the start of classes. We spent the rest of the afternoon snooping around the area and having decided that we had been responsible enough for one day, we headed home to frolic that evening at one of our favorite bistro's and visit our necking spot for some anal and oral abuse. The rest of the summer was spent acquiring the bits and pieces of small furniture that we would need for our new digs. Also, more importantly, updating our wardrobes.

Moving day was one to remember. Denise' father rented a U-Haul trailer that was big enough to pack everything that we had decided to take to Urbana, or so we thought. After an exhausting day of watching our fathers move everything into our new apartment, they went home and we got cleaned up and went out to dinner. As we had no contacts in Urbana, our dinner was alcohol free, but our apartment was well stocked, so we returned to the apartment, arranged a few stray items and rearranged other's. Satisfied, we retired to our bedrooms, girl's in one, sissies in the other and changed into our sexiest nighties. Our first sleep over, champagne and all. The girls did the honors of removing our chastity devices and they got their first look ever at our naked tools. They were enthralled, hand jobs to start, followed by strap-on's and then Gracie went into the girls bedroom and returned with two packaged condoms. Coitus was a marvelous event. The girls were both excited and disgusted with their first oral encounter with the male sexual member. After about three hours of intense and very varied sexual activity, Toni and I fucking the girls, them fucking us, sixty nining with everyone, we were exhausted. The bedrooms had twin beds, which after a short conversation over breakfast it was decided that they had to go. So, after breakfast we knocked on the building managers office door and inquired about replacing them with two queen sized beds. Without cracking a smile, he said 'no problem', but we would have to buy them ourselves, to which we replied, 'No problem'. That afternoon we had two new queen sized beds delivered along with new bedding and pillows. With minimal snickering, the delivery men moved the twins to the storage area in the basement and set up the new playpen.

The next week we started classes. Silly us, we wore conventional skirts and blouses first day. It became quickly apparent that there wasn't a dress code here. We became quite slutty in appearance which quickly resulted in the expansion of our social circle. We did heed our father's advice and confined our sexual activities to within our little household. So went our first semester, short skirts and shorts along with clingy tops all to advertise look, but do not touch, while keeping our increasing debauchery among ourselves. It was glorious.

After Christmas break, Denise ran into one of the Alpha army officers that we had met at the country club party the previous summer. She arranged for the both of them to join us for pizza at a local restaurant. Dressing a little less slutty, we excitedly joined the two dashing soldiers for dinner. They regaled us with tales of military life, which left Toni and I curiously a little jealous and the girl's enthralled. After a couple of hours of listening to the somewhat pompous lecturing and apparent disinterest in our lives aside from a curiosity about the day to day lives of Gammas. Gracie also noticed this mild oddity, but still tried to get an occasional word in edgewise. She did manage a question about any combat experience either of them may have had. Bill, the obvious senior of the two, replied quietly that he had in Sumatra, he said that he was a newly minted second lieutenant and recently graduated from field artillery school and assigned to a small thing called firebase. He went on explaining that they were positioned on a large sand spit guarding the entrance to a small river and a larger staging area upstream. They were attacked by a sizable group of Moslem irregulars and nearly overrun. Continuing, he indicated that it was a very near thing. It was touch and go before the artillerymen and the infantryman assigned to perimeter security repelled the attack. He didn't elaborate further. Sobering our party and promising to repeat our evening, the two Alphas graciously made their departure. Apparently oblivious to the tale of near tragedy, the girls merely whispered their disappointment that our soldier friends did not wear their uniforms. It would be so socially enhancing to be seen dining with Alpha officer's. Toni and I filed this apparent indifference to the real hazards of military life as the result of a very protective life.

After making the required visit to the Ladies Room to make repairs to our makeup and to remove any stray mushrooms from our faces and clothing we left the restaurant and made the two block hike back to our residence, enjoying the leers and whistles along the march. Over wine, we discussed the evenings events. The girls, still in a state of delirium about dining with the two soldiers were talking themselves into an accelerated state of sexual excitement. This was fine with Toni and I, as we were the nearest available objects of relief. Without a word being said, the four of us repaired to our bedrooms to don our usual activity costumes, fly away baby doll nighties with very flimsy panties and fuzzy slippers. As usual, Toni and I were the first to return to the contest field, the living room. The girls finally paraded out of their bedroom, dildo's bouncing announcing the nature of the evenings opening event. With glasses of wine, safely placed out of harms way, uncapping of lubricant containers commenced. I believe that the bold decision to impale Toni and I was a very direct act to remind us of our Gamma status. The girls also demanded that our chastity's were to remain in place for the time being. They started with a squirting contest, but as we didn't want cummies staining the carpet, volume of three emissions into cheap balloons wrapped over our tubes open end would denote the winner. I asked Gracie why the spurting contest? She replied that soldier Bill gave her the idea when told the tale

of his first day in artillery school and inspecting the cannon for the first time, the officers noted the lettering on barrel that read, 'point at the enemy'. Immediately following Gracie's reply, fingers gripped the bases of our butt plugs and the game was on. As the evening progressed, our rectum and tongues were the girls targets, finally the last event was to allow Toni and I were allowed to sixty-nine while the girls watched and commented and awarded us style points. Later, Toni and I were cuddling in bed, our chastity's removed, we discussed the less than satisfactory turn of events. We had to put a stop to this loss of our chastity keys to the tender mercies of the girls. The next morning, we discovered our keys hanging on the door knob of our bedroom and the girls gone. All of their belongings were still here, but they left two hours prior to their first classes.

That afternoon, the girls returned to the apartment, but with dour expressions. Toni asked what was wrong? Finally, Denise 'fessed up', "Bill and Tom played more attention to you guys and barely acknowledged that Gracie and I were there!" Green eyed jealousy slithered onto the scene.

Toni laughed, I think that you will find that many males, Alpha's and Beta's will be very curious about Gammas. Especially when we're out with you two. You are very pretty women and we are very pretty Gammas. Many men are fascinated by the comparison of pretty women and pretty boys. Also, we have bigger boobs than you girl's have.

"That's another thing," Denise exclaimed, starting to laugh. "So, you think that it's just curiosity?"

Toni nodded. "Keep in mind, young men have virtually no contact with girls and even less with Gammas. Most guys our age have never even met an Gamma."

Gracie and Denise looked at each other and half heartedly agreed. "Your right", said Gracie, "We were pretty excited about pizza with Tom and Bill and let down that we were basically ignored".

I jumped in and added, "I think that the longer we are here together, the more we're going to meet more men and they will be just as curious about us as Bill and Tom. I should add, I thought that Bill was a bit pompous, but I wouldn't be surprised if that is a common symptom among the Alphas".

"Yeah", added Toni, "but, by far most of the men that you will meet will be Beta's and I have a hunch that that they will be much more receptive to your charms."

Denise reddened, "OK, I'm sorry we humiliated you guys last night, so Gracie and I will let you have a little revenge tonight." "Just a little," interjected Gracie.

Denise blurted, "Guy's, do you think that we should see Bill and Tom again if they ask?"

"Absolutely," I replied, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

It was only three days before Tom called and invited the four of us too the Army and Navy 300 dance.

"What's the 300 dance?" asked Gracie.

Embarrassingly, I had to admit that I had no idea. So off to Google. I reported to my roommates, that the 300 dance was a memorial event, celebrating the stand of the 300 Spartans at the battle of

Thermopylae in ancient Greek times. While the Spartans were annihilated, they bought time for other Greeks to unite and defeat the invading Persians. So squeezing a bit of ancient Greek history in our disinterested brains we had to yet determine, what to wear? The dance was three weeks off, giving us time to determine the parameters of the event. The easy way would have been to call Tom or Bill and ask, but that would admit our ignorance. Out of the question. It turned out that the affair was semi formal, so dressy LBD's would be acceptable, easy enough. We had enough lead time to make appointments at a reputable salon for the necessary beauty overhaul and to decide if our existing frocks were suitable or if new would be preferable. New of course. And shoes.

Surprise, surprise. Bill and Tom sent a limo to pick us up at our apartment. They didn't accompany us in the limo, they sent a ROTC cadet instead. He was a very cute and nervous Alpha that was going to be an officer, but must have been highly thought of to assigned such a delicate mission. He sat on one of the jump seats fidgeting in his shyness. This was the first time that he had ever escorted females and Gammas. He couldn't tell the difference between us, typical of teenage men. Actually, most females could not separate us, except that we Gammas were the taller two. The limo pulled into the drop off lane and pulling to a stop, the cadet bounded out of the vehicle opening the rear door us. Bill and Tom were standing on the curb and were quite impressive in their dress uniforms. We were escorted three by three through the main entrance' double doors, also manned by uniformed cadets. Each of our officers had a lady on the right arm and a sissy on his left. All very impressive and exciting. A cadet in a white uniform jacket escorted us to our assigned table, where three more similarly uniformed cadets stood waiting to seat the officers ladies. This was all quite breathtaking for eighteen year old's. Once seated, another white coated cadet holding an order tablet asked the officers what beverages would we like. Bill and Tom ordered whiskey's for themselves and red wines for us. I knew immediately that this was going to be a very femme evening. Toni squirmed in his seat and inadvertently brushed his butt plug against his prostate and generate a little squirt of cum into his panty liner with a muffled gasp. Tom and Bill had no clue as to what just happened as Toni just quietly breathed, "Pardon me". Denise and Gracie just hid smiles behind their bejeweled hands. Immediately following Toni's minor faux pas, the parade began.

First to arrive at our table was a Major, who Bill whispered was his and Tom's commanding officer. He was clearly impressed that his junior officers had corralled four such beauties. He gallantly circles our table lightly kissing each of our hands. A first for all of us. The Major was followed several Army Sergeant's, very trim and impressive in their dress blues with the wide inverted chevrons and left jacket chests emblazoned with a wide variety of colored ribbons, about which we knew nothing. The Sergeant's merely nodded at our introduction. The Sergeant's were followed by an Air Force Colonel and a Navy Commander, both of which commanded their branches of the Cadet Corps. Meeting all these military men, we surmised a great deal of how that mysterious service [to women and Gammas] was organized. The big clue was when two Warrant Officers paid their respects to our table. The had silver wings above their rows of ribbons on their jackets which we were told, indicated that they were pilots. Lieutenant Bill informed us that all pilots were Warrant Officers and Betas except for a few Alphas that passed flight schools and were destined to be the commanding officers in the flying corps. All of this military protocol was new to we girls and quite exciting. Just for dinner was to be served,

another Sergeant approached our table. He was older and had a sleeve full of chevrons and by far the most ribbons and silver wings with a tiny parachute in the center on his chest. Both Tom and Bill immediately jumped to their feet as they had done with the more senior officers.

“Good evening Sergeant Major”, said Bill, nearly at attention as was Tom.

“Good evening to you sirs”, replied the Sergeant.

We watched with fascination as this greeting was very different than the ones for the other. Bill introduced us to Sergeant Major Beck. The Sergeant Major did as the other officer's did, circled the table greeting us individually and kissing our hands. This man was different in that he exuded power and danger.

“Sergeant Major would you honor us by joining our table for dinner, we have the room and the most beautiful ladies?” asked Bill.

A wry smile crossed his face and he nodded and replied, “I would be honored, sir”.

Toni and I made room between us for our new guest, conveniently moving the girls closer to the young officers. Bill flagged a white bracketed cadet and informed him of the Sergeant Majors relocation. Plates and silverware along with a glass of whiskey appeared at light speed as three cadets had the Sergeant Major ready for dinner in less than thirty seconds.

Turning to me the Sergeant Major said, “Thank you and your very attractive companion’s for putting up with these two young officers for this stuffy evening. Your presence and Lieutenant Master’s generosity of sharing you and your lovely companions have saved me from a tedious dining with that Air Force Colonel, his staff and their wives this evening.”

Just then a platoon of cadets refreshed our beverages, removed empty glasses and served dinner. Bill and Tom were beaming having scored the coup of having probably the most distinguished soldier in the room dining at their table. Dinner was accompanied by the usual small talk. We girls were somewhat intimidated by our company, but managed not to blurt out anything out of order.

But, after the table had been cleared, I could not help myself. I asked the Sergeant Major about the ribbons on his jacket.

He smiled and replied that the ribbons were representative of the awards that a soldier receives during his time of service. He pointed to the gold and red ribbon with small silver star in the center on the top row of the two rows on Bills jacket. That ribbon tells other soldiers that the Lieutenant served in the South East Asian theater of operations and the star tells one that he was engaged in combat during his tour. All ribbons have different color combinations and denote different things. It is merely a modern form of ancient heraldry.”

I looked at the several rows of ribbons on the Sargent Majors jacket and remarked that he had certainly accomplished quite a few things. He smiled and just said that he had been around longer. Tom choked on his drink by that comment.

The Sergeant Major rose and made his excuses for leaving and then looking at Toni and I said, "Excuse me, but are you two Gammas?"

We both flushed and nodded timidly. He continued, "Beautiful, absolutely beautiful." He shook both of our officers hands and was off.

Tom spoke up, "Sergeant Major Beck is one of the most highly decorated soldiers in the entire Army. It was an honor to dine with him."

Bill looked at Toni and I and remarked about how astonished he was that the Sergeant Major concluded that we were Omegas. He continued that while there nothing wrong with Gammas, it amazed he and Tom because that they couldn't tell and nobody else did. We decided to shake off the Sergeant Mayor's remarks and in a few minutes the band struck up and the evenings festivities began. All of us girls spent the rest of the evening dancing with soldiers, Alphas, Betas and even some bold cadets. At the end of the evening, Bill and Tom rode with us back to the apartment. Escorting us to the front door, they declined our invitation to a nightcap. Explaining that they had duty the next morning. Their loss. We were exhausted, so our nightcap was short and our night wear was quite modest.

Three months later, on a warm April day, Toni and I were sunning in the local park. We were lounging on a blanket dressed in our Daisy Duke's shorts and silk spaghetti strapped camisoles, boy and in our case, girl watching.

A voice behind us gently startled us, "Are my favorite sissies enjoying themselves?"

Turning around in was of all people the Sergeant Major. He was in street clothes, shorts and a grey sweat shirt that had ARMY embroidered across the chest.

We jumped up and squealed, "Sergeant Major Beck!!!!"

"As you were," he smiled. "I was out for a walk and look what I found, the worlds prettiest sissies. Am I lucky or what?" We blushed furiously and nervously offered our hands. He shook them gently and asked, "Where are your roommate's. I'm surprised they let you out of their sight".

"They're out on kind of a date with Bill and Tom", replied Toni.

Beck looked at Toni quizzically and then understanding crossed his face, "Oh, the two young lieutenants," he smiled.

I came to my senses, "Please join us, Serg...." He cut me short, "Please call me Dave, almost no one does and it would be a pleasant change".

We chatted for a while with Toni and I becoming more comfortable as we went. Dave then looked at his watch. "It's about time for lunch, would you two care to join me?" he asked. We nodded in amazement. He gathered up the blanket and pointing the direction led the way. It was only a couple of blocks and we came to a tavern and we balked.

"Dave, we're only nineteen," exclaimed Toni.

Dave just smiled and replied, "Don't worry about that." So he held the door and Toni and I scooted in. The bartender gave us a curious look, but relaxed when he saw Dave follow us in.

"Good afternoon Sergeant Major, the ladies are with you?" he asked.

Dave replied, "They are, this Randi and swinging his hand, Toni. We are here for lunch." A young woman server came over to us and asked us to follow her. As we were being seated, Dave asked the girl to bring three mugs of the house craft beer. No one asked for an ID or asked our age. We were impressed with being in the company of power. In short order, our beverages arrived along with three menus.

"Dave, I am amazed at the service that you get," whispered Toni.

He gave Toni a classic, 'What did you expect look.' Lunch was typical bar food, but very good. He picked up conversation exactly where it was left off in the park. He was genuinely interested in our general personal histories. He explained that we were the first Gammas that he had ever had an extensive conversation with. He was particularly interested in our high school experiences.

"You realize that Alphas and Betas have very little contact, outside of family, with teenage femininity." He was interested in any problems we may have had 'transitioning,' as he so quaintly described it. We told him that it was embarrassing to start with, the whole lifestyle was so alien. Not just the clothes, but everything. Women are just so different and they tend to bully mercilessly, but in a more subtle, mental way. He asked about Denise and Gracie and how intimate our relationship was. To that we just replied 'Very,' but did not elaborate. We stayed at the bar for over two hours, had three beers and Dave just signed the check and left a twenty on the check, for the server. Before leaving the bar we exchanged phone numbers and Dave asked if we would be interested in repeating lunch in the near future. Trying not to appear to ecstatic, we accepted. On the way out of the bar, the bartender said, "Come back soon, ladies." It was very exciting afternoon for two teenage faux girls.

When Gracie and Denise returned to the apartment, they had Bill and Tom in tow and asked us to Join them for dinner. Then, Denise gave us a detailed description of their day with Bill and Tom sitting back with their whiskies marveling at Denise's recall. As an after thought, Gracie asked us about our day. I just replied that we just had lunch with Sergeant Major Beck. Both Bill and Tom coughed their drinks. Denise and Gracie just sat there mouth opened.

Bill spoke up, "Did you by chance mention Tom and I?"

"Just that you were out with the girls," replied Toni.

"How did you come to meet up with the Sergeant Major?" asked Tom.

I smirked, slightly, "At the park a couple of blocks away. He was out for a walk and Toni and were getting some sun. He stopped and joined us and a little later, he invited us to join him for lunch."

Bill laughed, "There are a few hundred thousand soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen that would kill for a lunch with Sergeant Major Beck and he hustled you two, amazing."

Toni piped up, "We talked for over two hours and he bought lunch and few beers too."

"Providing alcohol to minors too, doubly amazing," reveled Bill.

I spoke up, "He must be a very important man. The service at the bar was almost instantaneous, although he tips well."

Tom answered, "He is a very important man. He is in line for Sergeant Major of the Army. A very big deal. He would be the most senior enlisted man in the armed forces as, the Army is the senior service. Not to mention his service record."

"He also asked us for our phone numbers," gloated Toni.

Bill just dropped his head on the table. Denise changed the subject to dinner and we voted for Chinese. Bill and Tom left, somewhat bemused by Toni and mine's adventure, saying that they would be back at six thirty or so.

Lieutenant's Tom and Bill finished their courses in advanced trigonometry in May and were reassigned, Bill to Korea and Tom to Germany. Before they left they arranged a small going away party where Bill proposed to Gracie and Tom to Denise. They had the courtesy to advise Toni and I of their intentions. Surprisingly, especially to Toni and I, we felt quite happy for the girls and the guys, also. We had never discussed it, but we felt the flame sputtering between us and the girls. Deep down in we knew that both girls were too big a catch for even such outstanding sissies as Toni and I. More over, we both did not feel like a lifetime of having our sexual activities s controlled by them. I believe that neither of the soldiers knew what in store for them. Toni also thought that stormy weather was in the forecast. Over our freshman year, Toni and I had grown closer and we were thinking of the girl's more as roommates as opposed to the sexual athletes that began the term. With the excitement of the engagement's waning, the living arrangements for the four of us stayed the same, but we ceased all sexual contact with them. In July, our friend Dave was appointed to the Pentagon post. Toni and I were disappointed, but realistic about the demands of military life we put up brave, but tearful front. The girls, always somewhat intimidated by the Sergeant Major business were probably relieved by his departure. We were all surprised when Toni and I received an e-mail video of Dave's ceremony of him assuming the post of Sergeant Major of the Army. It was nice, but somewhat dull.

Life in our apartment assumed a platonic routine. Gracie and Denise were offered and accepted jobs as servers at Murphy's Bar and Grill. Toni and I were given jobs as odd job clerks and gofers for the ROTC units which Dave was formally the senior NCO. The girls made more money at the bar, but given our notorious relationship with Dave, we received a lot more respect. Toni and I lunched at Murphy's two or three times a week and we soon had a gaggle of cadets following us there. The bar owner Sean Murphy did make it clear that he would allow us to dine, but Toni and I and our fawning cadets would not be served alcohol until we were of legal age. It became a minor scandal around campus that ROTC cadets were being served at Murphy's, but not other under age students. A minor scandal in that the cadets were among the very few male students at university that were under twenty one that were being served at Murphy's. So went our Sophomore year.

Memorial Day weekend Toni and I and the girls went home for the holiday and of course, a big cookout for the four families was held at Toni's parents house. It was a very pleasant affair, with everybody over imbibing. The fathers gathered the four of us and asked our plans for our sophomore year. Surprised, we hadn't considered a change in our current arrangements, which pleased them no end. Just as the impromptu, but short meeting ended, my cell phone rang. It was Dave, he called regularly as it was, but he asked to talk with Toni and my father.

"This call is for you and Mr. Ambelli, it's the Sergeant Major."

The expression on the two men's face was priceless. Both men had served their required military service after high school and technically still in the service in the inactive reserves.

My dad took my phone and answered, "Good afternoon Sergeant Major, to what do I owe this honor?"

Our entire party went dead silent. What followed was, "fine, yes sir, of course, yes, I believe that Mr. Ambelli would agree to that, thank you sir and good day to you sir."

My dad, somewhat pale beneath his tan handed my phone back to me saying, "The Sergeant Major would like to talk to you and Toni and he said to put the call on speaker mode."

I took the phone and unthinkingly said, "How are you Dave?"

The fathers to a man, dropped their drinks. Dave went to tell me that he would like Toni and I to work as paid interns for him in Washington and if our fathers permitted, he would send all of the details in Tuesday's mail. We then slipped into the pater among friend's on a call. I asked him what he was doing and he replied that he had been at a memorial ceremony at Arlington national cemetery that morning and he and bunch of reprobate's from the 'Old Guard' were unceremoniously swilling beer along with the Vice President under a tent in the VIP area of the Arlington grounds.

I then handed the phone to Toni, "Dave wants to talk to you sweetie."

As Toni chatted with Dave, the father's, with fresh drinks in disbelieving hands, eavesdropped in on Toni's conversation.

After the call, the fathers gathered around Toni and I with Mr. Ambelli saying, "I knew that you two knew a sergeant major, but would never guessed that it was that Sargent Major."

Then my Dad had all of the other dad's gather around and he gave them the gist of the one sided talk that he had with the Sergeant Major. Toni and I, for the first time in our lives were included in the men's conversation. The men, of course were all veterans and as such were very interested in our relationship with the Sergeant Major of the Army. As Toni's and mine relationship with Dave was entirely platonic we were free to be forthcoming in our remarks. The ladies, huddled together in their own group and were in a state of mild amazement at the sight of two Gamma sissies, dressed in somewhat brief sundresses, being included in a conversation with a group of men. The men were laughing at our descriptions of our many encounters with Dave.

What impressed the men the most was my answering the phone, "How are you Dave?" Apparently Sergeant Major's in the Army don't have first names.

The following Wednesday, a large packet was delivered to our apartment in Urbana. It contained a rather vague description of the duties envisioned for the 'interns'. Also included in the packet were the usual federal employment forms and detailed forms required for receiving a security clearance. We had to call home and get some basic information concerning our exact birth places. We dropped the completed forms in the next morning's mail and during our lunch break, went to Murphy's.

Sean was tending bar and we filled him in on our new jobs in Washington, provided some unknown stain didn't show up on our security investigations. Sean was nearly as excited as we were and he made us promise to thank Dave for indirectly supplying the ROTC cadets as a nice add to his customer base. Two weeks later, Toni and I were called into the Army ROTC Commander's office. Major Perkins, clearly impressed, told us that our applications had been accepted and that we were to go the United Airlines booth at the Indianapolis International Airport and present the vouchers that the Detachment Clerk will give you, this coming Friday at 08:00 hours, two suitcases, maximum and be sure to pack at least three suits as part of your wardrobe. Then the Major called in two Sergeant's to act as witnesses. We were the only Gammas ever to take the federal military oath of allegiance. The Major said, your in the Army now, you are to have the pay grade of E-4, Specialists.

He continued, "As the Army does not have a female branch, you will dress in attire dictated by your gender, Gammas. When you arrive in Washington, you will be met by a driver and staff car. The driver will take you to your quarters, an apartment provided by the Army. You will consider yourselves to be on pass until 06:30 hours Monday morning, when a staff car will pick you up and transport you to the Pentagon. There, you will be met in the main foyer by one of the duty officers and escorted to the Sergeant Major's offices. Later today, no later than 15:00 hours you will report to the Army ROTC Detachment Clerk and pick up your official orders, your military I.D. card's and keep them with you at all times until you report to the Sergeant Major's offices. What I have told you are not suggestions, they are your orders. Now get out of here and go to Murphy's and have your celebration. Dismissed."

Stunned, Toni and I scuttled out of Major Perkins and going down the hallway, one of the Instructor Sergeant's winked at us and said, "You two Troopers have one for me at Murphy's."

We called our father's from Murphy's and sat through thirty seconds of stunned silence as my dad gathered himself.

"You and Toni are officially in the Army? That's unheard of, I am very proud, I think and now I am going to have to figure out how to tell your mother."

We chatted more, telling him about how and when we were going to Washington. Toni then called his father with the exact same responses. Denise, had joined us and was as excited as we were. Sean told us that if all of girls would come down to Murphy's Wednesday night, he would provide the dinners and drinks for the four of us girls as a going away dinner. We had a couple of more drinks and then reported to the Detachment Clerk's office. Orders and airline vouchers in hand, we did what all Gamma soldiers do, we went shopping. That evening, we talked by phone with our mother's and showed off the new suits we had purchased to Gracie and Denise. Then the four of us got tearfully drunk. Toni asked Denise

if she would drive Toni and I to Indianapolis in his car and told the girls that they could use his car until we returned in September.

When we debarked the plane in Washington, a soldier holding a handwritten cardboard sign with our first names printed on it was waiting.

His very surprised expression was explained by his slurring, "I thought that the names on the cardboard sign were last names. You can be assured that I am very pleasantly surprised."

We just smiled and said that we needed to collect our baggage. The soldier identified himself as Rick, very efficiently collected a small cart for our suitcases and we followed him out to his staff car. We arrived at our new apartment in about forty five minutes and Rick said that we were about ten miles from the Pentagon and he would be picking us up Monday morning at 06:30 hours and we should eat breakfast before we left as we would certainly cause a good deal of confusion. Rick helped us with our luggage and assured us that he would certainly enjoy this assignment. Our apartment was a very roomy one bedroom with a queen sized bed, ample closet space, a kitchen, dining room, living room and large bathroom. All in all very satisfactory.

A block down the street was small shopping center, with a supermarket, liquor store, beauty parlor, department store, and best of all, a bar. Once we were unpacked, we went shopping for food and booze. We noticed a automotive dealership next to the shopping center and we rented a car on a short term lease. The apartment was completely furnished and had new linens in the linen closet and flatware and a nice collection of pots, pans, skillets and a small TV in the kitchen, a large flat screen in the living room and a stereo center also in the living room. Toni remarked that it appears that we had joined a very thoughtful Army. We spent the weekend exploring although we didn't venture into Washington DC proper.

Monday morning came early, 05:00 hours. We showered in shifts, toast and coffee for breakfast, put on our faces, brushed our hair and dressed. We had five minutes to spare before Specialist Rick arrived. Rick inspected us and asked us decidedly unusual questions. 'Did we have our orders and military ID's'. Rick dropped us off at the main entrance and told us to see the soldier at the security desk. Show our ID cards and orders and he will arrange for an escort. Entering the building, we were surprised at the number of women and Gamma's [?] in the lobby area. We stopped at the security desk, showed our ID cards and watched the officer physically stagger as compared the card photos with us. Regaining his composure, the lieutenant drew a breath and said that he had never seen an Gamma with a military ID. He then stepped back into the security office and a military policeman came out with him and assumed the identical amazed expression. The lieutenant explained that the MP would escort to us the Sergeant Majors office.

Arriving at the Sergeant Majors office, the MP winked and said "Good Luck, ladies."

A Master Sergeant came out from behind his desk and gurgled, Specialists Thomas and Ambelli, I presume?"

The Sergeant then called through an open door into a larger office, "Sergeant Miller, our new troopers are here."

A short Staff Sergeant came into the foyer office, stopped dead in his tracks and assumed the open mouthed state of astonishment that was becoming common. Closing his mouth, Sergeant Miller murmured, "If these two are Thomas and Ambelli, things are improving remarkably around here." Continuing, he said, "I handle the personnel items here, so you can give me your Orders."

After being relieved of our orders, Sergeant Oostmann told us to follow him. We went into another ante-office that handled the communications and the day to day routine. We were introduced briefly to the five soldiers in the office to their astonishment and proceeded into the Sergeant Majors office. Dave came around from his desk and greeted us warmly and commented approvingly of our suits and dismissed Sergeant Oostmann.

Admiring our appearance in our new suits, with hems four inches above the knee, mind you, Dave gushed, "You, two are the best looking troopers in the Army. You have certainly made an impression in your first fifteen minutes here. My phones been ringing off the hook. Now, there is a lot to do this morning. First, let me show you guys your office,"

Both Toni and I were overwhelmed so far by the reception we had received, obviously testosterone enhanced.

We followed Dave into a small office just off of his. "This is yours, it's small, but it has a private latrine. The only one in the suite without a urinal," he smiled. "Now, let's talk about your jobs."

Toni and I sat down on the empty desk top and gave Dave our absolute attention.

Dave cleared his throat and continued, "As I outlined in my memo inviting you guys here, I have convinced the Army that they needed to reach out to that over fifty percent of the population that we basically ignore. So, I lied to the brass and told them that I knew the two people that were familiar with the Army and knew all about that neglected fifty plus percent. What I have in mind is for the two of you to experience, partially, the training beyond basic training of recruit Beta's in the combat arms and some of the support branches. We envision a Facebook page that will show video of you two participating in the various aspects of the training regimes in the instructional schools for those branches and interviews with some selected recruits. Also, if possible, start a blog with daily inputs about your experiences. How does that sound to you two?"

We sat on the desk open mouthed and numbly nodded our assent. "Good," said Dave. "Your payroll setup is taken care of, the same as your ROTC pay, direct deposit to your personal bank accounts. By the way, your monthly is something around twenty five hundred dollars. Of course, the Army will cover your billets and you'll get a per diem for those days that you are not in Washington. Now, today, after we get your Pentagon ID badges put together, Specialist Merkel, that's Rick, will drive you over to Fort Myer, where you will report to 1st Battalion, 3rd Infantry Supply and pick up your clothing issue and a partial issue of your battle rattle. About your clothing, since you have been subjected to female hormones for an extended period of time, it is unlikely that the clothing will fit properly. So, I have arranged for a tailor and two seamstress' to meet you at supply, they will make the necessary

adjustments while you wait. Take all of your issued items home with you to your apartment and store them there. Any questions?"

We sat there in stunned silence. We weren't going to just sit around the Pentagon and conjure up press releases, we were going to create these press items on camera and be the star's. We were truly going to be in the Army. OMG.

It only took about a half hour to get our ID badges and Rick showed up a few minutes later.

"I guess we're going to 3rd Infantry S-3 and get you two troopers outfitted," smiled Rick.

We nodded, not very confidently. I chirped, "Dave, said it was a clothing fitting and to pick up something called 'battle rattle' and other stuff."

Rick smiled broadly and replied, "I don't think that your going to issued Class A's, that's what I am wearing. Rather, I'd bet it's going to be fatigue's, field pack, duffel bag, mess kit and other stuff. It's all very sexy, but none of it will accessorize very well with those very nice suits that you will be wearing around here."

Toni broke in, "Sergeant Major said that we were take all of the stuff back to our apartment and keep it there."

"That makes sense," explained Rick. "Your apartment is your billet, that what the Army calls barracks." Continuing, Rick said, "It's 09:15, so let's get going."

We arrived at Fort Myer and showed our military ID's to the astonished MP at the entry gate and Rick smoothly pulled over to the curb, got out of the staff car and asked two soldiers walking by, directions. Getting back into the car, Rick said, "I've never been here before and had no idea of where S-3 was."

Shortly thereafter we pulled up to a warehouse type building, that read 1st Bn. 3rd Inf. Rgmt. Supply.

"We're here ladies," announced Rick, somewhat smugly.

Standing next to a van with Army markings were two Spec. 4's. They were photographing us as we walked up the sidewalk towards the entry door. I asked Rick who were they. Rick replied that they were from 457th Signal Detachment and were part of our team. They would be shooting the video for our Facebook page. Toni and I just looked at each other and shrugged our shoulders.

In the entry foyer, a Spec. Four sat at the small desk and eyed us with the customary open mouthed wonder that Toni and I were becoming comfortable with. Quickly recovering, the soldier looked at Toni and I, asking, "Thomas and Ambelli?"

We nodded and the soldier added, "Follow me, please."

With our comfortable heels making a soft clicking on the drab tiled floor, we entered a large room with a long counter on one side fronting what obviously a large warehouse. Behind the counter a Staff

Sergeant leered at us. Our video team took up positions and proceeded to record everything that happened.

Next to the Sergeant stood three women peering at us with practiced eyes we only seen before at a dress boutique. The Sergeant spoke first, introducing himself as Sergeant Anderson and waving a hand towards the women, introducing them as Ms. Zimmerman, head seamstress and her assistant's. "I received a call from Sergeant Major Beck this morning and nearly had a heart attack. I must be the first Supply Sergeant t in history to get a personal telephone call from the Sergeant Major of the Army. Sergeant Major Beck informed me that for your personal equipment dispersal, you would be using the Third Infantry as your supply base. For the record's, I will need to have you fill out these brief forms. I will need your names, rank, serial numbers, unit, that will be Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 3rd Infantry Regiment and your duty station, that will be Headquarters and Headquarters Company, U.S. Army, Pentagon. These ladies have first call on you. They are going fit you to your fatigue's. Your present physical proportions do not appear to comply with current Army typical standards. While you are in the company of Ms. Zimmerman, the two Specialists here will gather and layout your kit for you to confirm and sign for. Do you understand?" We nodded and answered, "Yes, Sergeant." Anderson then faced Ms. Zimmerman and nodded. "Follow me girls." Ordered Zimmerman and she waved for us to come with her. She turned and halted the video team in their tracks, saying that it was ladies only from this point.

"You girls realize that you are making history. The first non-males ever to be inducted into the American military," gushed Ms. Zimmerman, adding, "I know that you are Gamma's, but it is a great day for women too."

We entered what was a large locker room that had a hunky Lance Corporal stationed at it's entrance.

"He's here to see to it that we are not disturbed," murmured Ms. Z. To Toni and I it was like a day in a very drab dress shop and the clothes were hideous. The ladies had us disrobe and they complimented us on our suit as they carefully hung them in lockers. Off came our shoes, garter belts, stockings and blouses. Finally, reduced to panties and bra's were ready for our new army outfits. First came a pair of heavy wool blend socks and a cotton tee shirt, both were drab brown. The tee shirts were going to have to be taken in at the shoulder's and waist. Next came the trousers, we had not worn trousers since we were twelve, it was very odd and confining. The trousers fit in the butt, but everywhere else they had to taken in. Then the blouse, again too big at the waist and shoulders. Finally, the boots. They stylish in a butch sort of way, but way heavier than anything you would buy. The outer clothing was all the same color, they called it standard camouflage. While we were getting measured and pinned, any complete item was turned over to one of the junior seamstress' for transformation. I must admit that they worked very fast. Within an hour, Toni and I stood in front of a mirror in our newly tailored 'battle dress'. It was horrible in a very exciting sort of way. Ms. Z was satisfied with the fit, we were not consulted and went to the door and told the soldier stationed there that we were ready to get our other stuff. Ms. Z told us that the other two sets of fatigue's would ready in an hour or so. We returned to the main supply room and found the counter piled high with 'stuff'.

Rick whistled softly as Toni and I marched into the room. "I can truthfully say that I know the prettiest troopers in the 3rd Regiment," whispered Rick.

Sergeant Anderson concurred and added, "Those are the best fitting fatigues that I have ever seen. Now that we have you two properly uniformed, let's get down to business."

He handed us each a form which was a checklist for all of the items on the counter. Starting with the duffle bag, Toni and I checked off all of the items on the counter plus what we were wearing and the two sets of fatigues undergoing reconstruction. Surprisingly, they all fit in the bag. We signed the form and looked with not a little bewilderment at the two full oblong bags at our feet.

Sergeant Anderson inspected the forms that we had signed, satisfied he looked us and said, "It has been a distinct pleasure outfitting our new members of the 'Old Guard' and don't forget you civvies."

Shortly thereafter, Ms. Z announced that our fatigues were ready and our suits and shoes were boxed and ready to go. Toni and I shouldered our duffle bags and Rick and one the video techs grabbed our civvies and off to the staff car we went, dutifully recorded by the second video tech. Rick introduced us to our video team, Jeff Butler and Mason Jenkins and suggested that since we had all missed lunch that we stop at a fast food place and get know each other.

A burger joint was the first thing we came to and we all ordered through the drive through. We pulled into a small municipal park down the street and proceeded to 'picnic'. Rick told us all, between mouthful's of burger and fries that he worked for Sergeant Major Beck as his driver and the two Spec. 4's from Signal were TDY [temporary duty] assigned to the Sergeant Majors staff and they would be with us as part of our team for the rest of the summer. The Signal guys would shoot and edit the video's for our Facebook page. Mumbling around more French fries, Rick also laid out a brief description of our itinerary for the summer. Looking at Toni and I, he continued in more detail, we were to experience Army life up close and personal. Starting Thursday, we were going to Fort Dix to qualify with the Army's standard issue shoulder weapon, the M4 at the post rifle range. We were going by helicopter, leaving from Fort Myer and to report to Headquarters Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 129th Training Regiment. Jeff spoke up saying that the 2nd Battalion was his Basic Training unit, so he knew where it was. Toni suggested that we get some beer and continue the discussion at the apartment. Rick being twenty one, was elected to get the beer. Toni said that we would get the beer as Rick had to return the staff car to the Pentagon's motor pool. I asked Jeff and Mason about their van and they said that their duty station was at Fort Belvoir but the Sergeant Major had arranged for an apartment for them, not too far from ours. They also added that they weren't twenty one yet, well neither were Toni and I, but we had excellent fake Illinois drivers licenses that remedied that problem. Rick did suggest that we call into Sergeant Oostmann and ask to be dismissed for the day, adding that the Army did not like it's soldiers wandering off.

I called the Sargent Majors office and talked with Sgt. Oostmann and he said to go ahead and take off,¹ but not to unpack the barracks bag as we were going to Fort Dix Thursday. So, Toni and I dropped our Army stuff off at our apartment, changed into more mature shorts and dressy tee shirts. We redid our make-up and looking every bit over twenty one, headed for the liquor store.

About an hour later, Jeff and Mason showed up followed by Rick thirty minutes later. We drank beer and played the video on our laptop and between the five of us put together what we thought was a coherent presentation. Then we started on composing the blog. Two pizzas and two twelve packs later, we think we had a presentation that would appeal to the mother's and sisters of young Army troops. Rick, drinking his final beer at about eight played out our duties for tomorrow. Jeff and Mason were to report to the Sergeant Majors office at 08:00 dressed in their class A uniforms. Toni and I would be picked up by Rick at 07:45 and would be in our business suits and the five of us would review the video and the blog in Toni and mine's office before we presented it to Sargent Major Beck.

The next morning, after tweaking our presentation, Dave had time to review it. He played the video on his laptop and read through the blog and peered at us sternly and congratulated Jeff and Mason for their video work, especially capturing the footage of the best looking fatigues in the Army and deemed the blog as accurate and thoughtful. "Well done, at least I like it. I'm going to have the rest of the staff look at it and if it passes muster, I'll present it to General McFarland for his approval and we'll see what happens," said Dave.

Then looking at the five of us, he asked if Rick had informed about Thursday? We nodded yes and then he said, "standby in the PX cafeteria and I'll keep you advised."

About two hours a later, Sgt. Oostmann showed up and told us, "The Sergeant Major said to tell you 'Well done and that your dismissed for today.'"

Rick smiled and said, "OK, we've had a good start. Show up tomorrow, same uniform, and we'll plan Thursday."

Toni and I were dropped off by Rick and we changed into our civvies and engaged in some vigorous sexual activity. We mused about the number of Spec. 4's in the Army spent three hours corn holing each other that day. We lay naked on our queen sized bed alternatively jacking each other off and sixty nining. It was very invigorating in a relaxing way. After we showered, dressed in our Daisy Dukes and put on light make-up and mixed Pina Colada's and talked about our Army life. Which we agreed was an excellent way to spend a summer. While we were e-mailing pictures and comments concerning our fatigues, Rick called. He asked if he could come over to acquaint us with some of the gear in our barracks bags that we were going to use Thursday. Toni asked him if he likes Pina Colada's? "You do! Well come on over big boy."

Rick came by to discover two fairly buzzed Gamma's dressed in their best casual 'fuck me' clothes.

"I see that you two have a hefty head start on me," laughed Rick.

"Yes," giggled Toni. "We were celebrating our second full day as soldiers. So far, we like what we see."

Rick snorted, "Well, that's going to change Thursday. And, that's why I asked to come over. However, I might be a little late."

"What's the big deal about Thursday?" I asked.

"Well....your going on a two mile hike, in full combat gear.....carrying a rifle. You are going to be instructed in the use of that weapon and you are going to shoot at targets.....for record. If you don't perform satisfactorily, you will have to do it again."

"Oh, shit," murmured Toni. "What's the hard part?" I whispered.

"For you guy's, the hike will be the hardest. You have to hike there.....and back," stated Rick. "I brought with me a couple of item's that is not part of your initial issue that we need to fit."

We eyed Rick suspiciously as he pulled Kevlar helmets out of his sports bag. "Be thankful that the helmets are Kevlar. They are a lot lighter than the old steel ones the Army used fifty years ago," pontificated Rick. "Come over here Randi and we'll get you set up."

I sat on the couch next Rick and he pulled a cloth that had the same camouflage pattern as our fatigue's. He wrapped the fitted cloth over the helmet and sat the device on my head. It was loose, so Rick adjusted the fitted head band a couple of times so the helmet sat snug on my head. Then he adjusted the chin straps and I looked in the mirror, in horror.

"Looks good," said Rick. "OK, Toni let's get you set up." Rick appraised his efforts and said, "Your battle harness and canteens are in your barracks bag along with your belts, poncho, mess kit, extra socks, underwear, fatigue's, beret, field cap, wear that tomorrow and the other stuff that will go into your field pack. This is not the full combat load, which weighs about eighty pounds. You'll be carrying about forty."

I asked again, "So, are we to wear the fatigue's on the trip to this Fort Dix?"

Rick nodded, "My advice is to be careful with the alcohol Wednesday night, it will be an early start and you don't want to have the added baggage of a hangover." Rick sat back with his beer and looked at the two very pretty Gamma'. He hadn't been this close to non-relative females since, never. Even their faint, rum soaked perfume was intoxicating and they were boys. Two soft, curvy and very pretty boys. He didn't think that gender could be so maneuvered as to produce such wonders.

'I have the best job in the Army', he mused.' He also knew that for the next twenty four hours, he had to prepare these two to enter the actual door to the masculine world. They could drink like men, swear like men, but they did not think like men and the fact that they shared a bed flummoxed him until it dawned on him that the Sergeant Major knew far more about them than he let on. Do your job, he warned himself. Don't even begin to wander out of bounds with these two. He knew he had to keep the two Signal guys on the straight and narrow also.

The next morning was spent setting up the Facebook page. The five soldiers finally got the page open and the page nearly shuts down with all of the hits.

"I think we have a success" opined Rick. "OK, I have an empty room down the hall. Jeff, you and Mason will assist me in a little dismounted drill exercise for our stars."

I looked at Toni and mouthed 'dismounted drill?'

Rick smiled, "Yes, DD. You need to know the basics for our little excursion tomorrow. It's not difficult, but required."

"Can we do this in skirts?" asked Toni.

"I don't think that there will be a problem. These are not difficult maneuvers, but you should know them. You're going to be in a formation of troops tomorrow and all they are going to do is the very basics of drill," replied Rick.

The five soldiers went down the hall to the vacant room and Rick laid out his drill plan.

"Jeff, you and Mason take the girls over to the side over there and instruct them as how to stand at attention, parade rest and at ease. Then teach the proper way to hand salute. Once we get that under control, we'll work right, left and about face. Once over that hill we will march in step and then route step. That's about all we need to cover."

For the next two hours we saluted, right faced, left faced, marched in step and discovered why the Army does not wear heels. We got home tired, but excited about our Fort Dix adventure.

Thursday, Rick picked us up at 05:30 and Jeff and Mason arrived at the same time. We decided to get breakfast before our flight to Dix. We arrived at the helipad at Fort Myer and met our pilot, a Chief Warrant Officer with a macabre sense of humor and a leering eye.

We landed at Andrews AFB and were met by a Lance Corporeal driving a van and he took us to our destination, Headquarters Co., 2nd Bn., 129th Tng. Rgmt. right on time and under the suspicious gaze of the Battalions Sgt. Major, we drew weapons and instructions. The First Sergeant of A Co. arrived at the A Company Armory and took us under his wing. First Lieutenant Wilson, Commanding Officer of A Company met us and instructed the First Sergeant and the Platoon Sergeant as what was to be the expected conduct of the trainees. At precisely 09:30 hours, A Company fell in to ranks.

We [Toni and I] were assigned to the 4th Squad of the 4th Platoon and in the 4th rank. We were at the very end of the column. Eating dust, I believe is the correct term for our position in the column. We had our M4's on the strap on our shoulders. The Company was called to attention, right face forward march. Then attention again and then route step. After about a quarter of a mile, our pack starting to let us know that they were there. Thank God, the road was reasonably flat and an hour later, we arrived at the range. We took a ten minute break and the range Safety Officer gave his talk, followed by the Battalion Sgt. Major who gave a short discernment about Toni and mine's presence on the range.

The Company was informed that we were part of a project being conducted by the Sergeant Major of the Army and that it would be better to pee on the shoes of the President of the United States rather than disrespect in any way the personnel assigned by the Sergeant Major of the Army. After this warning, a Staff Sergeant collected Toni and I and we given, intense, but very courteous instruction in aiming and discharging the M4 rifle. We did quite well, and qualified as Sharpshooters. While we were involved in military training matters, our Signal cohorts were unobtrusively recording our march to the range and our training and actual firing. We were encouraged to talk and record those conversations with other trainees. These interviews turned out to be very good stuff for our subsequent video and blog. After the hike back to the company area, the Battalions Sgt. Major invited the five of us to have

evening chow with the trainees at the mess hall. More interviews and video.....excellent. Rick was ecstatic about the days events. Sergeant Major Dave was ecstatic about the video and the interviews. Toni and I were very proud, after the trip we earned our title of soldiers. That evening, after showering and donning our sexist nighties, Toni and I had a few cocktails and engaged in decidedly unmilitary activities.

Rick answered his cell phone, to his surprise it was Sergeant Major Beck. "Sergeant Major, this is a surprise. What can I do for you?" Answered Rick.

The Sergeant Majors replied, "Rick, I have a proposition for you that I would like to discuss in private. Can you meet me in the PX cafeteria in five minutes?"

Rick, without hesitation answered, "I'm on my way, sir."

A few minutes later, over both men met in the noisy, crowded cafeteria.

Beck started off quickly, "I'm sure that you are aware that your tour of duty will complete next May. I am authorized to offer you an immediate promotion to Sergeant E-5 and a bonus of ten thousand dollars, if you re-enlist."

Rick sat back, clearly surprised.

The Sergeant Major continued, "The reason this offer is coming now is the Facebook detail that you have been ramrodding has gone viral and General McFarland does not like the idea of a pack of Spec 4's gallivanting around the country without there being an NCO in charge. As I said, your Facebook project is quite the success. In less than a week, it has had hits in the eight figures, well done."

Rick stuttered, "Thank you for the compliment Sergeant Major, but I hadn't planned on re-enlisting. I was hoping to enter college after I got out of the Army."

Beck smiled and nodding, "The General guessed as much. I'm going to sweeten the pot. The Army will enroll you at Virginia Tech this coming fall as a part time student. In addition, after you have completed two years in grade as an E-5, you will be enrolled in the Warrant Officer Training Academy, earmarked for the Aide de Camp program."

Rick was astonished, becoming a WO Aide de Camp was one of the biggest plums in the Army.

Beck went on, "As you know, the way the Army is organized, only Alphas can become commissioned officer's and only those Alphas that graduate from West Point will rise to General officer's rank. The bulk of the Officer Corps are ROTC products, but will never go beyond bird Colonel. WO Aide's only work with General's and West Point Colonel's. If you accept this offer, General McFarland wants to meet you this afternoon."

Rick took a deep breath, and murmured, "This is best offer that I have had today, I accept Sergeant Major."

Beck looked Rick in the eye and reached across the small table and the two men shook hands. Getting up to leave, the Sergeant Major stated in a matter of fashion, "On thing that I will not tolerate in this command is soldiers being out of uniform. Sergeant Merkel, get into the PX, purchase the insignia

appropriate to your rank and have the tailor sew them on and see me at my office immediately after chow."

Rick sat back and whistled to himself, 'I guess that I am really in the Army now'.

Toni and I, along with Jeff and Mason were going over the Fort Dix video and outlining the blog in our office. Rick was nowhere to be found, so we carried on without him. We heard clapping coming from the foyer and Jeff cracked open the office door and took a peek. He turned around and motioned for the rest of us to join him.

"It's Rick, something's going on," he said.

Being naturally nosey, Toni and I led the way into the small crowd. It was Rick, surrounded by the office staff. Working our way to the front, there stood Rick with Dave shaking hands around.

Mason whispered, "Look at his jacket sleeves, Rick made Sergeant."

The Sergeant Major turned and the four of us standing there and boomed out, "Those are the soldiers that made Merkel a Sergeant. Everybody, give them a hand." Dave continued, "Sgt. Merkel just came from General McFarland's office with the sweetest re-enlistment deal ever given a dog face. Along with the new stripe and the ten grand bonus, if Sgt. Merkel keeps his nose clean and continues with his exemplary performance, he guaranteed the first available class at the Warrant Officers Academy once he completes his time in grade requirement. He guaranteed placement in the WO Aide de Camp school as the icing on the cake. Well done Rick."

The men in the office were clearly impressed. "OK, back to work, men. Oh, I am expecting a sixty liter keg of beer, that left Rhine-Main this morning and a mixed case of booze to be delivered here this afternoon. This promotion deserves a proper celebrating." Sergeant Oostmann then bellowed, "Sgt. Merkel, assemble your detail and get them back to work. They fucked off all morning."

Back in our office, we continued congratulating and questioning Rick. He admitted that the Sergeant Major took advantage of General McFarland's desire to have an NCO in charge of our team and he put together a package I could not refuse. The brass needed someone to blame beside a committee of Spec 4's. He then asked what we had come up with for this week's Facebook page and blog. I told Rick that we had a good start and we might finish it this afternoon and give the product to the Sergeant Major for approval and pass along to the General. About 14:30, the beer and liquor arrived and progress halted. It was a party to remember, Toni and I were hit on unmercifully. Somewhat inebriated, the five of us returned to the office and put the finishing touches on the video and blog. Rick and the Signal guys came up to apartment with us and we had a private celebrating session. Then Rick dropped the bomb shell. He told about our next project, we going to fly to Ft. Sill in Oklahoma and fire cannons. Being as drunk as we were, the idea of discharging high explosives didn't faze us in the least. Our Fort Dix video and blog were approved by Dave and the General, on Tuesday, so preparations for our expedition to the artillery training center went into high gear and prepared to leave DC the next morning.

Jeff and Mason picked us up at 05:30 and met with Rick at small restaurant near Fort Myer. After a quick breakfast, we went to helipad, boarded the Blackhawk and flew to Andrews AFB, which is associated with Fort Dix. There we transferred to a Air Force Hawker 400-XP, a small, comfortable passenger jet.

Three hours later we landed at Fort Sill. We were met by a Lance Corporeal driving a passenger van. We went directly to the Field Artillery Training Center where we met a First Lieutenant who gave Toni and I what we now referred to as the Army gape. He gave us a great deal of courtesy, realizing that the arrival of four Spec. Fours and a Buck Sergeant in an Air Force passenger jet was sufficiently unusual to merit caution. Just as the Lieutenant began his speech about the mission of the Artillery Training Center, the Center's Regimental Sergeant Major and his entourage arrived and graciously took over.

We were assigned to a training Battery that was learning about the M119, 105mm Howitzer. Rick explained to the Sergeant Major what our mission was and where he could find our report on the internet. The Sergeant Major was very interested in our project and our wheels were greased. The Sergeant Major insisted upon tagging along with us and we readily agreed. The Sergeant Major jumped into the van with us and off we went to the artillery range. Arriving at the Range Masters hut, the Sergeant Major talked briefly with the Captain in charge and a few minutes later a First Lieutenant and a Sergeant First Class appeared. The Sergeant Major explained to the new arrivals what we were about and how important this would be to the Army. Just as the Sergeant Major finished his spiel, his cell phone rang. Answering it and a few Yes Sir's later, he handed the phone to the Captain and that officer did an admirable imitation of the SM. The Captain then handed the phone to the Lieutenant, advising him that it was the Post Commander. With formalities out of the way, the Captain told the Lance Corporeal to follow his Humvee.

Toni and I were shown around the battery, which consisted of three M119 Howitzer's that were towed by truck's. There were seven trainees manning each gun. We were engaged in handling ammo, then loading the gun and even got to pull firing lanyard. After the exercise, we had the opportunity to talk with the trainees and instructors. We got a lot of exciting video while firing the piece and excellent interviews. The main draw back, however was handling the ammo. Each of the shells weighed sixty pounds, a load that Gamma's rarely encounter.

We were then informed that we were to overnight at a local motel, because there were no secure billets available for Gamma's on post. That suited all of us just fine. The aircrew of the plane that we flew to Ft. Sill in were also staying at the same motel. The eight of us had a very interesting dinner and drinks afterwards. The aircrew was enjoying what they referred to as a nice two day pass, playing golf at the Ft. Sill post course. After the Air Force finished bragging about their golf game, the pilot asked us what was on the schedule for tomorrow? Rick replied that our two 'star's' were going to revolutionize the Field Artillery's understanding of M109SPA'S utility.

"So, you girl's are going to menace the state of Oklahoma with a self propelled 155mm cannon tomorrow?" remarked the pilot.

Toni and I grinned and told him that menacing would local only. The pilot laughed and said that we would be staying at the motel one more night and that we would be flying back to Andrews Friday morning. Takeoff would be at 08:30 hour and our Blackhawk would waiting for us. The airmen didn't know that our evening had been videoed by our very sneaky Signal Corps Specialists.

Our day with the M109SPA crew was cramped, but very exciting. We merely observed as the workings of the self propelled gun required a good deal of training. At the lunch break, MRE's [meals ready to eat], we were given an in depth tour of the vehicle and an opportunity to take some great video and get good interviews with the crew. The day was followed by another enjoyable meal with the aircrew and several adult beverages.

Toni and I had packed a nightie each and settled in one the two double beds in our room and started our evenings entertainment off with snuggly kissing and mutual masturbation. Being in a good mood, Toni flipped me over onto my tummy and with two fingers, greased my bottom up very thoroughly and when was satisfied with his handiwork, flipped over onto my back. Knowing what was coming, I raised my hips, spread my legs and Toni slid his cock past my sphincter and kissing me all the time, gave me very excellent fucking. Before he came, he pulled out of my bottom with a slight pop and sat on my chest, pinning my arms to my side, bent forward, pinching my nostrils shut, forcing me to breath through my mouth, embedded his cock in my mouth.

Once Toni had his sliding against my lips, he began to talk to me. "What do think our fearless leader, Sgt. Merkel is doing right now? Drinking with the flyboys at the bar? Watching TV in his room? Stroking his cock?"

I replied, "Mmmph, Mmmph. "

Toni, still thrusting into my mouth, "What about our two video techs? Drinking beer in their room? Romping with hookers?"

Again, I replied, "Mmmph, Mmmph."

Toni giggled, "Girl, you are having a hard time enunciating. Is your mouth full?"

Once more, "Mmmph, Mmmph."

Toni laughed, "I think your right, your mouth is full."

After a few more strokes, he gushed his seed onto my eager tongue. It was heavenly. After cleaning his tool thoroughly with my tongue, we repeated the activity with me on top. We spent the next hour exercising in a variety of other positions. Ah, the Army life for Gamma's. We started Friday morning with delicious sixty nine and then dressed in our yucky fatigues, packed for our flight back to Andrews AFB.

Upon our return to the Pentagon, Dave was very pleased with our video and blog inputs as was General McFarland. In the next few weeks we made a helicopter assault with the 1st Air Cavalry at Fort Campbell, drove M1A1 main battle tanks at Fort Knox, marched in a 4th of July parade with a ceremonial company of the 3rd Infantry 'Old Guard' in revolutionary war uniforms and worked with Combat Engineers at Fort Leonard Wood. All in all it had been a very exciting summer. Our Facebook page was a huge success as was our blog. One good thing though, when Toni and I went out in civilian clothes, we weren't recognized. We got strange looks occasionally, transferring a face from fatigues and helmet to a

sundress and make-up is mentally difficult. It was early August and Toni and I were called into Sergeant Major Dave's office and were surprised to see General McFarland also there.

After the General returned our salutes, with a grin....Dave told us to take a seat. "General McFarland has approached me with an idea for your last mission for this summer," said Dave. "If you accept, and this would be totally voluntary. If you accept, you will be the most famous Specialist Fours in the Army. That is if you aren't already. How do you feel about going to airborne training school and qualifying as Army parachutists?"

We turned green at the thought, jumping out of a perfectly good airplane that's going to land in a few minutes? We glanced at the two men, on their chests were the silver wings of the Army Airborne Infantry.

Toni stood up and came to attention, he was so cute in that dark, short skirted suit, cream blouse and ruby necklace, standing stiffly, announcing, "It sounds like a plan Sergeant Major."

I quickly rose to my feet and declared, "Count me in, Sergeant Major."

The General looked Dave, nodded his head and said, "You have some fine troops here, Sergeant Major, I'll get things rolling on my end and keep you informed, good day."

Dave stood as General McFarland left his office. "This assignment will take about three weeks, minimum and will involve some physical training. So, start jogging in your boots, you'll need to be prepared. And thanks for volunteering. Tomorrow, I want the entire team here for a meeting. I'm sure Sgt. Merkel is going to be thrilled. Dismissed."

I looked at Toni on the way out of Dave's office and whispered, "What have we done?" Toni smirked, "Toughen up, sissy."

The next morning we drove to the Pentagon's motor pool area, where we had kind of a personal parking spot. We had breakfast in the cafeteria and wandered into the office by 08:00. Dave was already there and waved us over to his office. Rick and the video guru's were seated around the conference table.

"OK, the girls have agreed to this project so hold you peace until I'm finished. This coming Saturday, we, yes I am going to be there with you. We'll need all of brass and braid we can get to pull this off. General McFarland has already greased the wheels a bit. We are going to Fort Benning, to the Airborne Parachute School. The goal is for our girls to get their jump wings."

Rick, Jeff and Mason all choked on their coffee.

Continuing, the Sergeant Major said, "General McFarland got our gals into the next class, starting Monday next. The five of you will have a vacant floor of a barracks in the jump school as your billet. You will all be issued chow cards for the mess hall the school uses. Sgt. Merkel will be the NCOIC as usual, but I will be around as much as I can be to add some heft to your authority, Sergeant. The school is actually enthused about us being there. They obviously follow us on Facebook. I have been through jump school and know that it is a very intense three weeks. One advantage, the Air Force has agreed to fly you down to Georgia after the very good reviews you have given them about your previous flights. Incidentally, the same flight crew will take you down, but they will not be hanging around for three

weeks. We need to do a little preview training to prepare everybody for their role. So, we will practice at Fort Myer, the 3rd Regiment has offered to provide any assistance that they can offer. Questions?"

Rick raised his hand, "Sergeant Major, you and General McFarland are seriously going have our bread and butter jump out of airplanes?"

Jeff and Mason laughed, nervously. Toni and I were sickly silent.

Dave chuckled and replied, "The hard part of this school is the pre-jump training. Anybody with a hundred bucks can parachute out of a plane with fifteen minutes of instruction. The difficult part of parachute jumping is that it is not a natural activity. In reality, it's actually quite easy. The Airborne School will not allow you to show up with a C-Note and jump. This, like all of the other schools you have covered this summer is a military activity. Also, they are a very snooty bunch down there at Benning and they don't suffer tourists."

Jeff raised his hand, "Sergeant Major, how much access to the training sites will Mason and I have for video?"

"Good question, Jeff. You and Mason will have full access to follow and video Randi and Toni throughout the training schedule, including the jumps. There will be five of those in week three."

My heart was in full palpitation at this point.

Rick again, "Sergeant Major, what do you have in mind as a training schedule for the rest of this week?"

"Running, in boots and some close order drill," replied Dave. "That's about it. Figure an hour or so in the morning and the same in the afternoon. That includes all of you." Looking around the table, there no hands raised so Dave adjourned the meeting.

Our flight down to Fort Benning was uneventful, chatting with the disbelieving aircrew. They came to the conclusion that Toni and I were certifiably insane for volunteering for jump school. We were met at the airfield by the First Sergeant of the training company we were assigned to. He told us that the third floor of the barracks was currently unoccupied so Toni and I were to billet in a squad room and the Signal boys in another. Rick was to take the floor chiefs room. We had no problem sharing the shower, except that the boys erection problems when we did our toiletries in our panties and sports bras.

Our first week was running, physical training, classroom and learning how to land and roll. By the end of the week we were 'bruises are us'. The second week was dropping from the training tower, parachute packing and more jumping from platforms and rolling. After our Initial trip to the mess hall, our fellow soldiers treated us like one of the troops. They were probably a good deal more polite than usual. Jump week, we loaded onto an Air Force C-130. Jeff, Mason and Rick had participated in the first weeks of the schools regime and were being allowed to jump for qualification. Mason and Jeff were going try and get some video of Toni and I as we plunged to our doom. Hooking up, checking the chute pack of the soldier in front of you was nerve wracking, despite our shaky knees, we exited the rear of the transport at a near run. The jolt of the chute opening was anticlimactic, the ride down from twelve hundred feet was thrilling. The landing was a bit hard, but I rolled nicely, recovered smartly and collapsed my chute.

Bundling it up, one of instructors came by me, gave a big smile swatted my butt saying, "I've been waiting two weeks for this moment, well done soldier."

I was never so proud in my life.

Toni received the same treatment. We marched back to the training area and had our critique and were dismissed for the afternoon. We, our five man detail, went over to the post PX and had a few beers and looked at the video Jeff and Mason had taken. There was some very good stuff there. As per usual, we e-mailed the video and some comments for our blog back to Dave for his review. About three beers later, Rick's cell phone rang, it was Sergeant Major Beck. Rick put the phone on speaker mode and we all listened to Dave's congratulatory remarks. A very satisfactory day's work. We ran a couple of more mile's, more classes and four more jumps, one at night.

All five of us completed the school and were presented our paratrooper wings. It was a big deal, Dave and General McFarland came down to Fort Benning for the presentation and that caused quite a commotion. The post commander and the school commandant preened their way through the entire ceremony. We left for our barracks right after the ceremony and packed up our gear, for we were flying back to Washington with Dave and the General. At the airfield, 'our' flight crew was waiting for us. In their tidy three man formation, they saluted the General and being very respectful of the Sergeant Major, congratulated the five of us. Dave whispered to me that due to our excellent presentation of the Air Force and their air crew, this aircraft and crew were unofficially ours. On the trip to Andrews, General McFarland was exuberant. He must said 'outstanding' fifty times.

Toni whispered to me, "This must mean we're going to be knighted."

I just giggled. Departing the plane at Andrews, the ground crew was astonished by receiving an Army Lieutenant General, the Sargent Major of the Army and five soldiers in fatigues, all wearing airborne wings. The crew of our Blackhawk were equally impressed. Arriving at Fort Myer, the fife and drum unit of the 'Old Guard' was waiting and 'Ruffles and Flourishes' greeted us. The battalion commander and just about every man of the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Regiment was present. Toni and I were called in front of the battalion commander and he congratulated us for attaining official jump status and the attending regimental personnel all applauded. Very satisfying. The Sergeant Major, obviously very pleased with the reception told the five of to take the weekend off.

We rode back to our apartment with Jeff and Mason. Grabbed our gear and told them that a cookout Sunday was in order. Toni and I stowed our bags, loaded our dirty fatigues in the laundry hamper, stripped and took showers and slid into bed for an extended session of debauchery. After a couple of hours of fingering, sucking and jerking we were snapped of rhythm by a phone call from Rick.

"The Sergeant Major would like to take the team out to dinner tonight," informed Rick. "I know your tired, but I suggest that everybody attend. I think that this is important. Dress nicely, but not formally. Be ready by 18:30 and I'll pick you guys up, OK?"

"Best offer we've had today," sighed Toni. "We'll be ready."

Thank God for bob's, they're relatively easy to repair and it would feel good to doll up after three weeks of maleness. We met Rick and Dave at the nice little Italian restaurant not far from our apartment and

had a couple of drinks at the bar. Jeff and Mason made twenty one over the summer, so we were all legal, at least on paper. Dave began by saying that the Fort Benning adventure was the last for this season. Toni and I were going back to school and Jeff and Mason were going to be discharged in the spring. Dave went on to embellish upon how much the general was pleased with our efforts and he was already planning for next year. Dave looked at our Signal Corps video team and told them that General McFarland was going to formally ask them to re-enlist. The military invites enlisted men to re-up. You could volunteer, but it was unusual for enlisted personnel to be accepted without a formal invitation. Dave went on to tell the boys the deal would include the standard ten thousand dollars bonus plus a promotion to Sergeant and an additional promotion to Staff Sergeant as soon as they were time in grade eligible, also they would stay with their current assignment for as long as practical. They had five months to think it over. When and if they accepted, the bonus and promotion would be immediate.

Watching Jeff and Mason, you could almost hear the gears meshing. Dave then turned to Toni and I were next. We were told that the Army would pick up our books and tuitions at the U. of I.. Also, since we were still active duty in the Army and would remain so for another thirty two months, while attending to our studies, we would be TDY [temporary duty] to the schools Army ROTC Corps. We could return to our apartment in Urbana and we would receive an off post housing and meals allowance in addition to our base pay. Dave looked at Rick and the Signal boys and continued saying that General McFarland was thinking about continuing our project at the university with the existing team. Watching the guys, Toni and I could see that they were intrigued by the idea of spending the winter out of Washington DC. Over dinner, the conversation centered on life at the University of Illinois.

Toni and I spent Saturday in debauchery and grocery shopping for Sunday's cookout, of course Rick and Dave were invited along with the Signal boys and we decided to do it up right. Steaks, corn on the cob, potato salad and beer and booze. Everybody showed up before noon and a proper alcoholic base was established and Toni started the grill and I did the beverages. As icing on the cake, we were our Daisy Duke shorts and flimsy lace trimmed silk tee's. After a couple of rounds of adult beverages, Dave whispered to Toni and I that he had invited a couple of guests and they would arrive in a very short time. Toni was thrilled, and asked who?

"General McFarland and his wife," smiled Dave.

"Oh, shit," I gasped, "look at Toni and me. We look like teenage sluts!!"

"All the better," smirked Dave. "Jeff, Mason," snapped Dave, "Do you men have your video equipment with you?"

The two guys nodded, warily. "Go get a camera, your going to have a working party."

Jeff headed for their van and almost collided with the general. Rick was the first see the general, accompanied by a very attractive woman wearing short shorts and sleeveless silk blouse, the General was appropriately attired in shorts and polo shirt. Rick snapped to attention nearly shouting, "Attention." Mason tripped and fell while scrambling out of his lawn chair. Dave chuckled and presented a casual salute. I blushed furiously. Toni merely asked what would they like to drink?

Alice, the general's wife came smiling over to Toni and I and shaking our hands saying how pleased she was to meet the prettiest Specialist Fours in the Army. Meanwhile, Jeff was capturing all of this on a mini

cam. The General, of course was a scotch drinker and fortunately we had a 750ml of Johnny Walker Black among the bottles on the picnic bench. Alice was even luckier, we had a very nice Mosel white wine in a cooler. Wine in hand, Alice circled Toni and I, admiring the handiwork of nearly eight years of female hormones had done to our bodies. After completing her inspection, Alice turned to Dave and in a very sexy voice, admonished him for sending Toni and I into the field among all those sex starved soldiers.

She then raised her glass turning to all of us congratulating us on our successful completion of jump school. A true Army wife. Toni had wisely held the steaks off the grill while we gave the general and Alice a chance to catch up, beverage wise. Then Alice, with a refreshed glass of wine, demanded to see what sort of hovel the Army condemned us to. In our somewhat messy apartment, Alice gave it a conditional stamp of approval. Viewing the bedroom and it's single queen bed, she remarked, "This must be the coziest squad room in the Army," and with a sly wink, ordered us back to join the men.

The party lasted into the early evening. Alice ruled over it like a monarch. The General held court with Rick and the Signal Corps. I watched this fascination and came to realization that the boys had joined a club when they jumped out of perfectly good airplanes. Dave, Toni and I were assigned the role of faithful courtiers to Queen Alice. I got the distinct impression that Alice would like to have Toni and I as her ladies in waiting. Dave, ever the diplomat, kept Alice more or less on earth. The party lasted into the early evening. By then, everybody had been overserved and had over eaten. The General and Alice left first, per military protocol, followed by Rick. Jeff and Mason stayed awhile, helping us clean up. They had one more beer and we reviewed the video that had been taken by everyone. The video was fantastic, but it could never be shown publicly. Jeff slurred that he and Mason were going to re-enlist. Both Toni and I squealed our approval and gave both of the Signal geeks a very tonguey kiss. They left our apartment with high erections bulging their shorts. An excellent cookout.

Monday came, our last day in Washington for this year. We donned our dark charcoal suits, our pale yellow blouses, girly dark gray ties, nude hose, garter belts, three inch stiletto fuck me black pumps and best of all, pinned our paratrooper jump wings above our left breasts. We were determined to strut our stuff on our last day. The Sergeant at the security desk gave us a hand salute and every soldier, sailor and airman we walked past did a double take. When we arrived at the office, everyone their turned out to wish us a genuine good by and safe travel. When we got to our little office, Dave, Rick, Jeff and Mason were there. They were excellent spirits, having just reviewed the cookout video. Dave reminded us that the Army still had the death penalty and that he had sent a copy of the video to General McFarland by courier, so we were advised in the sternest manner that this video was not to be made public. He indicated that the general wouldn't care, but Alice would command the firing squad. We all then went down to the PX cafeteria, had coffee and reminisced about the summer. After an hour or so Dave broke it up, telling Toni and I to pick up our orders and travel voucher from our personnel office and to be safe.

When we were cut loose from our office, Toni and I made a quick trip to 1st Battalion Supply and returned our helmets and thanked Sergeant Anderson for all of his help and consideration. We dropped off our rental car to the dealership and straightened the apartment and waited for our Signal Corps chariot to take us to Reagan National. We had four bags apiece, two suitcases, duffle bag with our Army stuff and of course, our make-up kits. When we arrived at Reagan, we were outed. A couple of ladies put two and two together and shrieked, "It's Toni and Randi." So we had to be saved by airport security and they hustle us through check in and past the airport security line. Boarding our flight, we created

the same commotion on the plane until the co-pilot came back to the cabin and threatened to de-board anyone not in their seats and had the flight attendants move us to first class. Were we ever coddled on our flight to Abraham Lincoln Capitol Airport in Springfield.

Our dad's met us at the airport and after negotiating only a small mob arrived at our childhood homes. After changing, Mom, Dad, my sister Met and her husband Mark jumped into Mark's SUV and went to the Abelli's where another small mob had gathered, including the local media. Gracie and Denise and their parents, siblings and lieutenant's were present. Mr. Ambelli had rented a large tent for the back yard and had hired a caterer and the liquor flowed free. A couple of hours into the party my phone rang, it was Dave. I chatted with Dave for a bit until Toni butted in asking who was I talking to? I told it was Dave, he just wanted to be sure we arrived safely.

Denise, hanging onto Lieutenant Tom's arm asked me who I was talking to, when I replied, " Dave, you know, the Sergeant Major."

Tom blanched, "THE Sergeant Major? He called you at home?" "Yes," I replied, "He just wanted to be sure we arrived safely."

Just then Toni called to his Dad and told him that he was wanted on the phone and so was my Dad. Mr. Ambelli asked Toni who was on the phone and Toni replied that it was Dave.

Mr. Ambelli had a puzzled look on his face, then he turned pale, "You mean the Sergeant Major?"

Lieutenant Bill overheard the exchange and hurried over, dragging Gracie with him. Mr. Ambelli switched the speaker mode on and we all listened. The conversation was small talk, with Dave telling all of the eavesdroppers what terrific soldiers Toni and I were and he embellished how remarkable that it was that we earned our jump wings. He went on to ask if by chance Toni and I played the flute or drums. Toni and I shook our heads no and he passed that on to Dave. Dave replied that information would disappoint the 'Old Guard's' Bandmaster, he was hoping to have us join the fife and drum unit for a performance that we could add to our Facebook page. Bill and Tom just stared at us. When the hoopla of Dave's phone call died away, Denise and Gracie cornered Toni and I and said that they were getting married next May and they asked us to be brides maids. We readily agreed, then putting it out of our minds, we proceeded to get very tipsy. The old soldiers tale about coming home after an extended absence, after twenty minutes It's like you never left. There was one thing about Army life that I really missed, not sleeping alone.

While picking up our orders at the Pentagon, Toni and I learned that we had thirty days of paid leave coming, and since we didn't have to report to the ROTC unit for eight days, we were encouraged to take seven days leave to relax and take care of any personal business in Illinois we might have. So we did. The next day we drove to Urbana in Toni's convertible, taking our Army stuff with us and met with the apartment manager and let him know about our double lives of students and soldiers. The manager, being a Beta, had the exact look of military astonishment that we come to so enjoy. We stopped by Murphy's and received a very warm welcome. The whole staff had been following our Facebook page and blog and were very excited about us returning to U of I. We then spent some time shopping and with a bottle of I W Harper and a six pack of Canadian beer, 'Moosehead', settled into the new nighties

we had bought, caught up in the art of illicit sex. The morning, after an extended shower involving more illicit sex, we drove back to Springfield. We spent the rest of the week doing basically, nothing.

The day after the Labor Day holiday, we donned our fatigues and with our Army berets perched jauntily, we reported for duty to the Army ROTC Company. Major Perkins was still the CO and was impressed with our acquired military bearing. He asked for our class schedules, telling us that we would become assistant instructors and that our ROTC duties would be worked around our class schedules. He also remarked that our airborne wings would add a great deal of gravitas to our personas. Our military duties were light and the Major was right about the paratrooper wings insignia along with the 3rd Infantry Regiment shoulder patch sewn into our fatigues did impress the cadets.

Gracie and Denise had returned and while we socialized at great deal, they were still sexually loyal to their beau's, at least as far as we could tell. We did notice a great deal of giggling and moaning emitting from their bedroom in the evenings. This routine stayed the course until December. Major Perkins called us into his office and told us that Sergeant Major Beck had called and said our services would be required over the Christmas break.

"It seems that the Coast Guard would like us to do a video and blog about them." Said the Major, "So, you are to report to the Air National Guard base at the Champagne airport on December 29th, where your aircraft will be waiting to transport you to Andrews AFB. You have a personal aircraft?"

We tried not to giggle. "In a manner of speaking," I replied.

Toni then explained about the small Air Force passenger jet that we used for our Facebook travels.

The Major was clearly impressed and continued, "At Andrews, you will take on six additional passenger's, Lieutenant General McFarland, his wife, the Sergeant Major of the Army, and three Army Sergeant's. Where upon the Aircraft will proceed to US Coast Guard station, Key West. This order also advises the Specialist Fours to bring along swimming costumes and suitable civilian clothing. Your seems that you two are going on vacation with powerful friends. Wow!!!"

We went down to Murphy's for a mild celebration and Denise and Gracie joined us. Needless to say, envy was the day's watchword. To mollify our roomies, we quickly changed the subject to their Impending weddings plans, which were five months off. Gracie then remarked on how unusual it was that Toni and I were dressed in fatigues.

"You guys are the only Gamma's that I have ever seen in pants," she wondered.

"Well, our schedules are so different, we rarely see each other coming and going," I replied.

"We wear fatigues practically every weekday that we work at the ROTC," added Toni.

Sean was tending bar and he threw in his opinion of our unbelievable good fortune. We countered with a gem of information that he had never met Alice. A comment that led to a heavily redacted description of the cookout in Washington.

Sean, laughing continued, "I suppose that Alice has adopted her husband's rank."

Toni answered, "Alice is a military brat, her daddy was a general and she is emotionally well equipped to play the queen bee and with her coming long indicates that she really enjoyed the cookout."

"Is there any chance that Gracie and I could come along?" asked a hopeful Denise.

Toni and I looked at each other. "We could ask," murmured Toni. "This is a working vacation and we would need a really good reason. You know basically what we do on our trips, aside from the jump school thing, none of them lasted more than three or four days."

I interjected, "Let's have another drink and talk about what reason would induce the Army to take two civilian's along on an official trip."

"I could tend bar," volunteered Sean.

"You would have a better chance," I retorted.

"Alice might buy this," whispered Toni.

"How so?" I asked.

"We have two very photogenic young officers wives to be, to show off to the 'Coasties' and the queen bee might be up to chaperoning our two innocents amongst the uncouth swabbies," answered Toni.

Mulling Toni's reasoning, I added, "Well, they certainly drink well enough to keep Alice company. I'll call Dave in the morning."

Gracie and Denise were ecstatic and they kissed both of us, for the first time in a year.

Sean then pronounced, "If you pull this off, I will stand you four for a vacation bon voyage party." Surprisingly, Dave thought that it was a great idea and he would run it by General McFarland. Three days later Dave called and said the general was all for it.

For the next month all of the inmates of our apartment in were running amok, preparing for semester finals, Christmas shopping and the day after Christmas, taking the girls along with us to pick up their travel and motel voucher's. Major Perkins gave all of us a do an don't lecture and instructed the girls about the hazards of fraternizing with Air Force personnel. The next day we loaded Toni's car with our stuff and with Toni and I in our fatigues and the girls in stylish suits made our way to the Air National Guard gate of the A. Lincoln airport. We showed the astonished gate guard our military ID's an orders and the girls presented their temporary ID's and accompanied orders and were interviewed by the Officer of the Day in what passed for the passenger lounge. Once all of the Air Force personnel were satisfied, 'our' flight crew collected us, remarking about how their job was getting better and better. "Wait until we get to Andrews and pick up Alice," remarked Toni, sneakily. The girls had never flown before and were doubly excited. Once we were at cruising altitude, the crew chief came into the cabin with bloody Mary's and pastry, a first for all of us flying on this airline. The pilot, a jaunty Chief Warrant Officer came into the cabin along with the Staff Sergeant Crew Chief and helped themselves to the pastries, sipped coffee and chatted for about an hour, thoroughly entrancing Gracie and Denise. Before leaving for the cockpit, the pilot announced that there would be a one hour layover at Andrews for refueling and that we would be required to leave the aircraft during the process.

Landing at Andrews, the aircraft was directed to the passenger terminal and we left the plane. Waiting for us in the terminal was Rick. After a quick embrace and greetings, Toni introduced Denise and Gracie. Rick was in his Class A's and we followed him to the VIP lounge where we found Dave and the newly minted Sergeant's, Jeff and Mason, who were having lunch. We quickly introduced the girls to the guys and were seated at the table. A waiter immediately came to table and asked if we wished to order. Dave suggested that we eat something, as we were not going to arrive at Key West until about 5 PM. While we were eating, General McFarland, his Aide and Alice arrived. Again, introductions around and could tell by her near gushing, Alice was entranced with the girls. Turning to Toni and I, the general handed each of us a large package.

"The Army Chief of Staff has approved a Class A uniform for Gamma's. The Pentagon seamstresses fabricated two sets apiece for each of you," pontificated the General, "You are both out of uniforms, so please retire to the ladies lounge and repair that problem."

Toni and I hurried to the lounge, excited to see what the Army brass came up with for a Class A uniform for Omega's. What we found was a skirt and jacket in the standard dark green, a tan blouse, very plain, a girly tie, clip on, nude pantyhose, and black pumps with a two inch heel. Also included was a new beret. Our jackets had our rank sewn on, black plastic name tag, 3rd Regiment shoulder patch, and a new gleaming paratrooper jump wings pinned to the upper left breast area. Of course the skirt hem was two inches above the knee everything fit perfectly. There was no G.I. underwear, so our non-regulation panties and bras had to suffice. We packed our fatigues, G.I. tee shirt, socks, boots and somewhat battered old berets were neatly packed into smallish carry-ons for future use. Being in our new uniforms required that our make-up be upgraded.

We strutted into the main lounge to polite applause. Alice was especially appreciating, commenting on how much better we looked being out of 'Those horrid camouflage thing's.' An Airman came up to us and asked for our carry-ons, then stopping dead in his tracks as he noticed our jump wings on our jackets. He raised his eyebrows and nodded respectfully. On the tarmac outside the passenger terminal, our plane was waiting. The two Warrant Officer pilots, stood at attention while General McFarland and Alice and the girls boarded first, followed by CWO Meeks, the general's aide. Then came the Sergeant Major, followed by Sergeant Rick, then Sergeant's Jeff and Mason and finally, Toni and I to the low whistles of our gallant pilots.

The flight reached cruising and the Staff Sergeant Crew Chief entered the passenger cabin pushing a small cart containing various bottles of liquor and wine. He left that in the rear area of the cabin and returned with a cooler containing beer, soda and ice. Alice asked him if he was the bartender also. To which he replied that he was not, he was the tote and carry guy.

Alice looked at her husband and said, "There's not enough room in the cabin for everyone to self serve. Who's going to handle the distribution of the refreshments?"

The General looked at the Sergeant Major and asked him to arrange a detail to address the problem.

Dave looked around noted, "Let's see here, Sergeant Merkel, arrange a detail for the distribution of the refreshments"

Rick, without hesitation replied, " Sergeant Major, we are faced with the situation of lack of space to accommodate more than two men to accomplish the General's order, so I have decided that the two Specialists, being the junior in rank and the more agile of the available personnel, also being familiar with the preference of the troops and guests present, would be the best solution to solving our problem."

CWO Meeks noted with satisfaction, "Sergeant Merkel, I believe that you will make an excellent Aide de Camp. You identified the problem, assessed your options and came to correct military solution."

General McFarland, grinning, spoke up, "Chief Meeks, as usual, you have analyzed in the situation and have given public credit to the detail NCOIC, well done."

Gracie and Denise sat there open mouthed while Alice explained just what had happened. Dave sat back smiling, knowing that Alice was going to be in seventh heaven tutoring the two future Army wives on how things are done. Toni and I knew from the time the Crew Chief showed up with the cart exactly who was going to do what. We went about our stewardess duties taking orders by rank, of course. Alice and the girls were after the General in being served and Alice couldn't resist remarking on how nicely uniformed her airborne stewards were and patted Toni on his nicely tailored, skirted ass. Our duties helped to pass the time and we did manage to imbibe a couple of whiskey's on the trip.

We landed at Key West International and were met by a detail of appreciative Coast Guardsmen. Our baggage was tossed into the back of a pickup truck and the rest of us into two passenger vans. Our pilots and crew chief taxied the plane to a nearby handstand for the day as they were leaving the next day. We were taken to a smallish resort on the gulf side of the key and of course, Toni and I, being the lowest ranking slugs on this trip got the crappiest room. It was actually quite nice except for the outstanding view of the highway. Stowing our gear, we had the rest of the day off.

Newly minted Sergeant Jeff rapped on our room door advising us that the queen bee had already set up shop in the resorts garden and our presence was requested. Jeff also said that Alice was not a fan of pretty Gamma's in Army green. Toni and I decided upon flowery, short sun dresses. The flower print would hide liquor spillage and mini hems would encourage unsolicited beverages. My God, we were getting good at this girly approach. So getting into sun dresses was simple, no hose and a quick make-up repair and we were ready to join Alice in her assault upon distilled spirits.

As usual, Alice gushed, the sergeants erected and CWO Meeks sat back to enjoy the show. Dave and General McFarland came into the garden and joined us. Somebody forgot Gracie and Denise....OMG.....Rick was detailed to collect them. As it turned out, the girls were prepared and waiting in their room. So, Rick returned with them in a few minutes. Alice immediately commandeered them and the four of us began taking lessons from Alice in how Army wives drank. It wasn't twenty minutes before the Captain in command of Coast Guard Station Key West and the Stations Master Chief Petty Officer joined us and immediately began to demonstrate the imbibing capabilities of the US Coast Guard. The Captain made a feeble assault upon Alice's future Army wives and was deftly torpedoed.

The thirsty crowd was beginning to overwhelm the waitress, so the general, obviously impressed with our performance on the plane down, volunteered Toni and I to assist in hustling the drinks to our military comrades.

It became quickly apparent why the general was so eager for us to help the waitress was that he was intrigued by the scantiness of the hems to our sun dresses as his hand was a frequent patter of our pantied bottoms.

Toni looked at me and grinned following the latest patting by a flag officer, realizing that this was the only place in the United States military that such an activity could take place.

Alice, smiling at her husband's mild transgressions, asked Gracie and Denise about us. "The Specialist's were your high school boyfriends I'm told." Gracie nodded and Alice attacked, "Tell me everything."

The resort's waitress along with Toni and I were keeping up with the demand until a Lieutenant [Senior Grade] and a Marine Gunnery Sergeant suddenly appeared.

The Lieutenant approached the general, saluted and informed General McFarland that a Captain Jensen, Commandant of Naval Air Station Key West was interested in joining the party. The General, a firm believer in the concept of 'the more, the merrier', immediately acquiesced. Our party, beginning with ten, the Coast Guard making twelve and the Navy now reinforcing it to fourteen professional drinkers, began to overwhelm the staff.

The shift manager of the resort appeared and began apologizing for the lack of staff, but the Navy Captain cut him short and said that he would have ten sailors here in fifteen minutes to handle the military and his three waitresses could return to servicing his guests. The manager accepted and the resort's waitress, along with Toni and I made some three hundred dollars in tips before the sailors arrived.

The senior officers huddled and Captain Jensen asked if Toni and I could do a segment at the Naval Air Station? General McFarland replied that ten minutes ago he could have, but reminded the Captain that he had dismissed the resort's staff, which, incidentally included his two Specialists that were the objects of the show.

Confused, Captain Jensen said, "The two girls in the sun dresses?"

McFarland nodded, "Those are the babe's." Smiling, General McFarland ordered, "Merkel, go round up those two before they seduce the entire Key."

Rick found Toni and I in the lounge, with the waitress dividing the tips. "Ladies, the General wants you front and center ASAP," barked Rick.

"He can wait," snapped Toni, "we're busy dividing our tips with Margie."

"You two are the Facebook girls aren't you," said Margie.

"That's us," I replied.

"That's Sergeant Rick, he's destined for big things and he's single," added Toni.

'Margie was a looker,' decided Rick, but the General was more important.

Margie eyed Rick, "When do you get off?" asked Margie.

'Not often enough,' thought Rick. But, he smartly replied, "Never, but I am very sneaky."

Margie commented, "I'm free in an hour, and I usually take my shift drink here."

Toni said, "There is an invitation Sergeant."

Toni and I took our cash to Ronnie the bartender and he appreciated the change so Toni and I stuffed the 3 fifties apiece into our bra's and went to face the General.

"Specialists, this is Captain Jensen of the Naval Air Station Key West and he has a request," pontificated General McFarland.

"Err....soldiers, I am here to officially request upon behalf of the Department of the Navy, that you do a Facebook program about the training program here at Naval Air Station Key West," said Captain Jensen.

Toni and I were suppressing giggles as was the stern faced Gunnery Sergeant as his Commanding Officer pleaded his request before two Gamma's in very brief sun dresses. Alice was watching the proceedings with a great deal of interest, while providing syllable by syllable commentary to Gracie and Denise. Our answer was forgone, of course we would.. After all it would add to our time in Key West.

The next morning was blustery and the gulf was in heavy chop, as the Coasties phrased it. We were assigned to what called a Rapid Response Boat. It had a crew of four and room for four passenger's. As our compliment consisted of four, Toni, myself and our two Signal geeks, a second RRB was assigned to us. As soon as we all boarded the forty one foot vessel, the CPO [Chief Petty Officer] in command said that we already had business.

Apparently, a cabin cruiser had engine problems and was adrift about ten miles out in the gulf, from the Station. Off we went. Our tiny flotilla of two RRB's headed out into the heavy chop. We bounced about in spite of being strapped into our seats. In about forty five minutes we located the pleasure boat. It was listing badly and of course, the information about the number of people aboard the craft was incorrect. There were ten souls in peril, not the six apparently reported. It was decided that the accompanying RRB would take seven and we would take three. A third RRB would be dispatched from the Station to deal with the cruiser.

As the seas were too rough to approach the cruiser, a life line was fired to boat. This was all very exciting video. Our partner RRB took their seven, one at a time, onto their boat. We stood by and when the other boat was loaded, retrieved the life line and our customers, three young women and two ankle biter dogs. The dogless young lady was towing a large net bag containing two large water coolers.

Once the girls were retrieved, the one with the two coolers said, "I just had to save the daiquiris."

It was all very exciting. One of girls looked at Toni and I and exclaimed, "We've been rescued by Randi and Toni!"

Our trip back to the Station was done at a much slower speed, for safety and comfort.

The Coast Guard CPO would not allow the girls to partake in the rescued daiquiri's as he so quaintly put it, "American warships were 'dry' while at sea."

We got great video and interviews that morning. The Station commander was ecstatic with the video and interviews. Deeming our mission accomplished, the Coast Guard released us from any further obligation. That evening, the owner of the cruiser invited our entire party to dinner, our Florida vacation was off to a terrific start.

We returned to the resort and showed General McFarland and Dave our footage and they were more than satisfied with the package. The General said that our Navy gig was three days off, so he told us to enjoy ourselves. So, we ditched our soggy fatigues and after an enjoyable shower together, Toni and I donned our Daisy Duke's and dressy tee shirts and went into the hotel's lounge. We received a suitable reception [bulging crotches] from Mason and Jeff and ordered daiquiris.

About a half an hour later, we were joined by Alice and the girls. They had been shopping and were not aware of our dinner invitation. Jeff showed the ladies the video from the mornings rescue on his tablet, they were very impressed. Alice asked us what did we plan to wear for dinner? I told her that we had brought along new LBD's. Chiffon and lace numbers, with mid thigh hems and three inch heels.

Gracie and Denise looked at Alice and Alice knew exactly what had to be done, "The girls and I need a few items to get for dinner," she said.

The three women abruptly left the bar. "What was that all about?" asked Mason.

Toni laughed, "They're going shopping again. I think that they feel that they have to upgrade their wardrobe for dinner."

Jeff looked at me, confused, "The best Mason and I have is decent slacks and shirt, is that OK?"

"That will be fine," I said. "Women dress for each other. You guy's could come in bib's and no one would care."

With that reassurance, the two sergeants ordered another beer. Rick then wandered into the lounge and joined us. "The General and Sergeant Major are very pleased with the mornings work," he said. Turning to Jeff and Mason, "Great video. The rescue is the best thing you've gotten since the jump school stuff. Actually, better."

We beamed. Rick ordered two beers and Toni looked askance at Rick. "Two fisted drinking this afternoon, Sarge?" asked Toni.

Rick laughed, "No, Chief Meeks is joining us." CWO Meeks walked into the lounge and added to the rounds of congratulations for Gamma team.

The Chief looked at Toni and I and asked, "The General wants to know if you have suitable civilian attire for dinner this evening?"

I nodded, "Toni and I are always prepared, Sir."

Meeks smiled and said, "That puts you a step ahead of Mrs. McFarland and her entourage. Your foresight will be appreciated by the General." Privately, Meeks was reassessing his opinion of the Gamma's.

Meeks then motioned to Rick to join him at an empty table for a private conversation.

"Sergeant, last night I thought of a shortcut for you to Warrant Officer status," said CWO Meeks.

Rick listened attentively.

"I ran this by the general this morning and he was in full agreement," continued Meeks. "How do you feel about learning to fly helicopters?"

Rick sat back in his chair, astonished. Army pilot school's were very restrictive in their recruiting and you do have to apply, go through the physical, etcetera, etcetera and he had done none of these.

Meeks, seeing Rick's pause, quickly added, "The General has set you up for the physical and the various tests as soon as we return to Washington. If you pass and I have no doubts about that, you will be assigned to the next chopper class at Fort Rucker. Should you graduate, you will automatically become a CWO 1 and therefore skip Warrant Officers School and go directly to active duty with a line outfit for two years. You will then be assigned to the General Officers Aide School with the caveats of being airborne and pilot qualified. You would most likely go to the top very rapidly. What do you think?"

"I'm game," said Rick quietly.

"Excellent," replied Meeks, "and keep this to yourself until you qualify for flight school, OK?"

Rick just sat there for a second and said, "Thank you, Sir."

A limousine picked us up at 7:00 PM and we were met at the restaurant's entrance by the Maître 'D and escorted to a private dining room where Mr. Van Dyke greeted us. The General and Chief Meeks were in their Class A uniforms as were the three Sergeants, apparently Mr. Meeks had determined the evenings dress code. Alice, the girls and Toni and I were in various designs of LBD's.

Mr. Van Dyke asked where the two Specialists were? The three young women who were rescued by the video team's boat rushed by him and hugged us.

Confused, Mr. Van Dyke looked at the General and he grinned slyly, "Specialist's Thomas and Ambelli are Gamma's and for dinner I have permitted them to dress.....more appropriately."

Recovering adroitly, Mr. Van Dyke shook hands with the video team and Alice and the rest of our party. Dinner was expensively exceptional. The true hero's, the Coast Guardsmen, were still at the bar swapping lies with the Captain and steward of Mr. Van Dyke's disabled, but recovered yacht. Mr. Van Dyke thoroughly enjoyed spending several thousand dollars while hobnobbing with a Lieutenant General while his wife was charmed by Alice. Toni, Gracie, Denise and I chatted with the Van Dyke daughter's and their two college friends. Chief Meeks and our three Sergeants sat back and watched the show while the Coasties returned to the bar with the yacht crew. The party broke up at about

midnight and we night capped at the resort's lounge. Alice finally found time for Toni and I and complimented us on our dresses. She also indicated that she had plans for all of us girls for the next two days. Wonderful?

As it turned out, hanging with Alice and our former girlfriends was rather enjoyable. We shopped, sunbathed and toured local bars. It was a very girly deviation from our usual Army routine. Key West lived up to it's reputation as the several gay shops had a delightful assortment of toys that Toni and I had not conceived of. We especially appreciated the vibrating dildo's with wall hunting suction cup's. We played several variations of sexual domination in the shower with the device firmly embedded in our willing rectums. We loved the morning brunches wearing our bikini non-swimwear. Toni and I displayed our taut Army bodies, particularly our boobs, which were more displayable than either the genetic girls attributes. Toni and I knew how to tuck our manly packages discreetly even in the most skimpy panty. The predominantly Latin beach boys literally hovered around our party. Grand Matron Alice loved every second of it.

Alice whispered, "If those hyper sexually charged boys knew what you two had hidden in your bottoms, they would crap their lycra briefs."

Toni wasn't so sure. "I bet that they are as queer as a three dollar bill. They are very cute, however."

I asked Toni if it would be worthwhile corralling a couple of them and stretching their bottoms. Denise and Gracie turned beet red at the thought. Alice, nodded approvingly.

Leaning across the table, Alice looked Gracie and Denise in the eye and said, "Ladies, these two Gamma's are out of your league. You do not want to mess with paratroopers in bikinis, they will humiliate you in ways you cannot imagine."

In that sentence, Alice saved Toni and I from the dreaded fate of being bridesmaids. Not to mention the fact that it would be unsuitable for the brides to have given their virginity to two of the bridesmaids. Alice gave Toni and I a sideways sly look.

We spent our two free days doing basically, nothing. We shopped a bit, bar hopped and just being idle sissies.

We were idling on the resort patio with Jeff and Mason when Toni asked the men, "Why did you guys re-up?"

Jeff paused and then responded, "The Sergeant Major had a talk with us. He said that General McFarland was very pleased with our efforts and told Beck that if he could get us to re-up, he would see to it that we would get our stripes....and the ten grand, of course."

Mason laughed, "Sergeant Major Beck sweetened the offer by offering us a permanent detail with you two. Jeff and I are a couple of morons to take the bait. Beck also said that we could expect summary execution if we in any manner had what he termed as "inappropriate" activity with you guys."

"Summary execution?", I giggled.

Mason taking a swig from his beer bottle said, "The Sergeant Major gave us a graphic description of the place and method. We would be drawn and quartered on the Third Infantry Regiment's parade grounds."

Toni gasped.

Jeff added, "We would be marched out to the grounds accompanied by the Fife and Drum Corps playing some traditional death march."

Mason jumped back in, "Yeah, we would stripped naked and Alice would personally castrate us with a dull butter knife."

Toni and I were quite wide eyed by now.

Laughing now, Jeff added, "I was to be first, since I'm the oldest. I'm three months older than Mason."

Mason got up and walked around our table holding his crotch and said, "Then we would be spread out on the ground, each our remaining extremities would be fastened by rope and each rope would fastened to the harness of a one of the caisson horse's and each horse would be whipped by the General, CWO Meeks, Alice and the Sergeant Major until our arms and legs were torn from our bodies."

Toni was aghast, "They can't do that!"

"Oh yes they can," deadpanned Jeff. "That's why they call it 'Summary Execution'. They need the Fife and Drum Corps present to provide the drum, for the Drum Head Courts Martial."

I was laughing by now, but Toni had not quite yet caught the spoof. "Enough," I said.

Mason sat back down saying, "You don't think that good old Dave wouldn't do something like that if he caught anyone messing with his favorite sissies?"

"Your quite right Sergeant. Good old Dave is quite protective of Alice's favorite Gamma's."

Jeff and Mason had snapped to attention while Toni and I quickly followed suit as General McFarland stood few feet away holding a glass of bourbon.

"May I join the party?" he asked. Toni finally got the joke.

Chief Meeks soon joined us on the patio with Gracie on his arm, followed by Rick and Denise with the grand entrance made by Alice on the arm of the Sergeant Major. A platoon of bus boys and waiters descended to rearrange tables and take orders. The Maître 'D appeared to create order out of the chaos.

"Mason, why don't you relate the conditions of your re-enlistment to good old Dave and my wife," ordered the General.

Toni and I could barely contain our laughter as Mason started with his excellent imitation of a fish out of water.

Sergeant Major Beck pulled a chair out for Alice and once she was properly seated looked at Mason and said wryly, "I am glad that you Sergeant Jenkins took my advice to heart."

The ever nosey Alice asked me, "What advice was that, dear?" I told them about drawing and quartering and Alice looked sternly at the two Sergeants and pronounced, "I have done three of those with the Sergeant Major and they take quite a while to complete."

Jeff and Mason started to laugh, I joined in and Toni looked pale. Alice, having established her dominance, let everyone relax and we set about doing what the Army does best, drink to excess.

The next morning, Toni and I frolicked a while before donning our Army stuff and we jumped into the van that Jeff and Mason had secured and followed the Navy staff car containing the General, CWO Meeks and the Sergeant Major to Naval Air Station Key West on Boca Chica Key. We were met by the Navy Stations CO and the ever present Marine Gunnery Sergeant.

He explained the mission of the Station and asked General McFarland what would he like to see? The General deferred to Rick saying, "Sergeant Merkel is in charge of this detail and I think that he can outline what our Facebook page is all about."

The Navy Captain was adroitly placed in the service of an Army Buck Sergeant, CWO Meeks was quite proud of his boss.

Rick explained that our mission was to inform the female relations of the enlisted men of their boys duties.

The Marine Gunny whispered to the Captain that he had a good idea of what we were looking for, thus relieving the Captain of his awkward position in the chain of command.

CWO Meeks thought to himself, 'Well done, Gunny'.

With military hijinks concluded, the Gunny hustled the five of us off to the maintenance area where many of the EM worked. The Gunny introduced us to the daily grind of keeping aircraft in flying condition. That was followed by visiting the Ordnance area, where the air to air missiles and other munitions were stored and maintained. We watched 'helos', helicopters in naval parlance being refueled, I'm sure that the Gunny would think that the 'dog faces' would be awed by such a complex operation.

To be fair, the Naval Air Station was a very busy and complex place. We did get some great interviews once the sailors realized who we were. After noon chow, we saw a good deal of the ordinary daily routine that all servicemen perform and more interviews.

The one event that stood out was a sailor who had his tablet with him, went onto our Facebook page and he was passing around to his buddies video of Toni and I making our first jump at Benning. The sailors watch the video and then point at us. Several approached Toni and I asking for autographs, presumably for their mothers and sisters.

Because the video we made was so mundane, we concentrated on the interviews, which were very good and I think that with 'action' video's running as a background made for compelling viewing for their female family members. We had the Facebook work nearly completed by dinner and we presented our 'masterpiece' to Dave and the General. The men were not particularly impressed, but Alice raved. She thought that it the best piece we done yet, going right to the mothers hearts.

General McFarland looked at the Sergeant Major and said, "What do we know?"

Toni and I excused ourselves early from the group and went to our room, showered, changed into our flimsiest nighties and groped and a lot of other stuff until we were out of sexual gas.

The next morning we had breakfast with Alice who was unusually subdued. She was lamenting our last day in Key West.

"This was the finest vacation that I have had in years," she said. "I so enjoyed sharing it with all of you. I told the General that the Army needs more sissies like you two."

Toni spilled his coffee. Alice went on, "Do Gracie and Denise ever get after you two for having better bodies than they have," she grinned.

I told Alice that the matter has come up from time to time, but that since they were girl girls, they always intimidated us into denying it.

It was Toni's turn to go after Alice in a good natured way. "You know, we could tell you what hormones we take and if you used them in much smaller amounts, it could help in sustaining your own incredible attributes," he commented.

Alice brightened considerably at that suggestion. "How do you take your meds?" she asked.

Toni went on, "Some are by injection and some, orally. The best way is to have the pharmacist prepare them in one large oval tablet and insert the tablet into your bottom, of course you need to follow the tablet with a small butt plug to keep your bowel from expelling the tablet,"

Alice looked at Toni as if he was a very pretty lunatic. "You sissies are very anally oriented, aren't you," smiled Alice.

Toni replied, "If you want outstanding sissy boobs and butt, you have to walk the sissy mile."

Alice, ready for that foil, replied "How many miles of intruders have traveled through your entrance, my dear?"

Toni, equally ready, "Not nearly enough, Mistress. Not nearly enough."

Alice sat back with an evil smile, "Toni, my luscious and very horny sissy, I am going to fuck your bottom to jelly someday. Maybe the next time the General finds a war that he can participate in. That goes for you too." Alice punctuated that statement by cupping my left breast.

Toni smirked, "Do Specialist Fours get the death penalty for having a frolic with a General's wife?" "Sweet cheeks, you won't be fucking me. Your going to be locked into your darling chastity devise. I'm sure that you are well experienced in rubbing your special gland against hard objects."

Toni now blushed, "You've been talking to the girls!" I turned red at that revelation.

"By the way, this is not just a little idle chatter," said Alice. "The girls told me all about your trysts in your apartment and in high school. They both agreed that you two were very accomplished."

"Your serious!" I squeaked.

Smiling with her eyes, Alice held out her hand, "A card with your phone number, please."

I dug into my purse and robotically handed a card over. Alice stood and went to each of us and we received her tongue into our willing mouths. As Alice walked off the patio, mentally girding her loins for future battle.

Toni looked at me and whispered, "This conversation stays right here."

Toni, Jeff, Mason, Rick and I lounged around at an old bar downtown that afternoon. We made idle chit chat, thinking that the Coast Guard stuff was really good and the Navy was so, so but, Alice may be right and it may play very well with the mom's. We all laughed when Rick said that we worried about our ratings like TV producers. Actually, he was right. We had this intense conversation about keeping our audience and our cushy jobs. A couple of older ladies stopped by our table and asked if we were the two Gamma's on Facebook. I reluctantly nodded and they gushed their appreciation for showing the women of America what their men had done for three years of their lives.

After the women moved on, Rick stood and made an announcement. "The rumor is, that we are taking our road show overseas next year, by that I am talking about Eastern Europe and possibly the Mid East."

Jeff and Mason nodded, "That would some much needed intensity to our video and blogs," said Mason.

Jeff added, "The Coast Guard stuff was great, especially the rescued cooler of booze."

Rick laughed, "The only thing about that is rescuing rich civilians from their yachts gets old after a couple of episodes and if you haven't forgotten, we're the face of the Army. We blow up yachts and machine gun the survivors, not tow them to port and party with them."

"It was a good party," said a defensive Toni.

General McFarland has this trip in mind, I don't think that the Sergeant Major is all on board yet," replied Rick.

We mulled Rick's announcement over for a few seconds and ordered another round. The group slowly bar hopped back to the hotel and Dave found us as we entered the hotel's foyer.

"Directly to the patio, troopers. General McFarland has a congratulating banquet in the works for his favorite soldiers."

The sergeant's obeyed Dave immediately, but Toni and I went to the ladies room for a much needed pee and make-up repair. The General was into a pontificating mood and he was saying that we had pretty much mined the US scene out and that we would be going to several Army outposts in the Baltic Republics, Poland and the Ukraine next summer. McFarland went on, instructing everyone to get range time with their M4's over the winter.

"Lover, it looks like we are going into action next summer," breathed Toni into my ear.

I kissed him and said, "We're going to visit some line outfits, nothing more and after all, we're Airborne of the First Battalion of the Third Infantry Regiment. We fear nothing," I said without much confidence.

"I'll be sure to bring my fife and don't you forget your drum," said the now defiant Toni.

We giggled and smooched. "We'll need new lingerie, you realize," whispered Toni.

"I love shopping for lingerie, but no camo," I replied, clutching Toni's hardening cock.

"OK, pastels only, just for you," grunted Toni as he came in my hand. Toni returned my favor with his mouth.

"You know, I'll bet that Alice has told the girls the same thing that she told us. I'll bet that bitch has it in mind to fuck our whole household and humiliate the shit out of us to boot." I said to Toni's bobbing locks. Finally, cumming in Toni's mouth, I continued my fantasy about Alice.

"I have no doubt about that," gagged Toni as he swallowed my load. "We have to find out if the girls have been solicited. We've ass fucked them and they seemed to enjoy it, but no doubt, Alice's tool is quite a bit larger than ours."

"You're right about that, maybe we should let them use 'Rodney' for stretching exercises," I offered.

"No need," replied Toni, "They used a monster they call 'Bubba' on me one night. It's half again as wide as the good old Rod."

"You fucked them?" I demanded.

"No, they fucked me. You were pulling Charge of Quarters at the ROTC that night. Anyway, Bubba filled me up big time. They got Bubba in to the hilt and it rested directly on my prostate and they milked the shit outta me," confessed Toni as he licked his drying cum off of my hand. Toni really likes cum.

Our trip back to Champagne was uneventful and the four of us were glad to be back, despite the Illinois winter weather. That evening, sitting around the kitchen table, Denise asked Toni and I if Alice was a serious person?

"What do you mean by serious?" I asked. Denise looked at Gracie and in a quiet voice said, Alice told Gracie and I that the next time the General was out of Washington for a couple of weeks that she was going visit us."

Gracie amended Denise's statement with, "Denise means visit us and fuck us."

Toni looked at me and replied, "Mrs. McFarland is a very serious person. She the same promise to us." It my turn to butt in, "Alice wants to attend your weddings and she wants the satisfaction of knowing that she has fucked both of the brides, before their new hubbies have."

Both girls eye's flew wide open. "She want's you guys to fuck her?" declared Gracie.

"No," said Toni, "she wants to fuck us."

Denise looked quizzical at me and asked, "What does the General think about this?"

Getting up and mixing a fresh drink, "The General probably doesn't care.....as long as it doesn't become public knowledge," I casually remarked. "And, don't ever tell Tom and Bill. If Alice does you two, they will have a guardian angel looking over their careers."

Toni added, "You can take it the bank that we will be seeing Alice before the semester's over. So you will need to exercise good 'ol Bubba between those very cute butt cheeks of yours. We, Toni and I, would love to loosen you up, but as know very well, our hormone enhanced peckers are not of suitable size to give you an adequate stretching of what to expect."

In early April...April made her appearance. Toni and I were on duty at the ROTC offices when the Top Sergeant called us into his office.

Leaning back in his chair, First Sergeant Warren looked at us and said, "There is an Alice lady that called and asked for Specialist's Ambelli and Thomas to pick her up at the airport tomorrow morning at 11:30 hours."

I thought to myself, 'My God, that lady is bold.'

The Top continued, "I have heard of only one Alice who would have the balls to call a Army Headquarters unit and demand chauffeur service and name the servees. If I am correct in assuming that this Alice is closely associated with a certain high ranking General Officer, just nod." Toni and I nodded obediently. "Only you two and myself are to know that 'Alice' is here in town, understand?" ordered the Sergeant. "Now," he continued, "I assume that this is not a formal trip for 'Alice' and I further assume that she will require the company of you two for the duration of her stay? Toni, you and Randi will pick up our guest in your private vehicle and you will have an open pass for the entirety of her visit here and...you will not allow her, under threat of a Courts Martial, to get within five blocks of this office. Is that clear?" We nodded obediently again. "Also, when you are in the public company of 'Alice', you will be dressed in civilian attire," added the First Sergeant. "Dismissed."

Toni and I about faced, exiting the Tops office and clamping down the gleaming, waxed hallway in our fatigue trousers tucked into our spit shined jump boots [We're Airborne, after all] we grimly made our way to Murphy's. I called Gracie on the way and told her to round up Denise and meet Toni and I there.

The girls came into the bar shortly after we arrived. "What's this all about?" asked Denise.

Toni looked at her and just said, " Alice." Sean brought four beers to our table, setting them down asked, "You are a grim looking bunch. Is there a national emergency? War, maybe?"

I looked at Sean and told him to get himself a beer and to join us. We recounted our trip to Key West and Alice meeting the girls and Gracie filled in the details concerning the purpose of Alice's visit. Sean, nonplussed, asked if he could come along.

"Jesus Christ," whispered Toni, "Alice is the wife of an Army Lieutenant General. We've talked about this place and she is sure to want to come here. Discretion is the name of the game. If we can get her out of town without her being identified, I'll suck your cock behind the bar for a whole shift."

"Deal," replied Sean with an eager look. Toni reddened at the acceptance of his offer.

Putting in my two cents worth, "There is a reasonable probability that Alice will ask you to join in the fun." At this, Sean preened. I added, "Is your rectum experienced at entertaining large dildo's?" Sean expression changed dramatically.

Toni smirked, "You see, sweetie, Alice is the 'fucker' and the rest of us are the 'fuckee's'."

Gracie jumped in looking at Sean, "Should General McFarland discover that you have invaded Alice's very guarded cummy, you will be publicly drawn and quartered." At that we all started to laugh. Epic gallows humor.

Toni and I picked up Alice the next morning. We were in our civilian 'Class A's'. Our charcoal suits and heels. She gave us a quick inspection, noting our proper make-up, hair and accessories. Deemed suitable for her company, we left for our digs in Urbana. We got Alice settled in and as both of the girls had labs this day, they wouldn't be around until about four in the afternoon. Alice spent time with drink in hand, inspecting our apartment. Noticing that each of the two bedrooms had only one bed in each, Alice nodded approvingly, "Very cozy," she remarked. She divided her wardrobe between the two and she told us, "Why don't we all get into something more comfortable?"

Toni looked her shyly, "Just how comfortable?" Alice, mixing another drink replied, "Very, and keep your chastity's on."

Stripping in our bedroom I whispered to Toni, "She doesn't waste any time, does she." Toni just smiled and got the lube tube. We changed into short silk sleep chemise's and panties.

Locked and lubed, we started for the door when Toni said "Stop! Thigh highs and garter belts."

I agreed and five minutes later two hookers paraded into the living room. Alice, standing regally in tap pants and tee shirt regarded us with approval. "Give me your keys," she ordered. She then had us bend over and our bottoms were invaded by vibrating butt plugs. Pulling our panties back into place, she said "Go mix yourselves drinks and join me on the couch," cooed Alice.

Sitting next to Alice on the couch, she pulled us both close to her. Kissing us one after the other, she breathed, "If you were mine, you both would have tongue studs."

Toni pecked her on the nose and grabbing our hands, dragged me back to the bedroom. Alice squealed with pleasure when we returned"" a minute later, flashing our bar bells.

Toni stuck his tongue into Alice's willing mouth and tapped his stud off the back side of Her Highness's teeth.

"Naughty girl, I have a much better place for that," whispered Alice. I had slid off the couch and wormed my way between Alice's legs and slid her tap pants off and onto the floor. Breathing heavily in anticipation, Alice still kissing Toni, mumbled something about afternoon delights as I attacked her clit with metallic delight. It only took a few seconds and Alice was shivering with her orgasm, the first of many to cum. Toni and I were both in extreme discomfort as our cocks were fruitlessly trying to expand in their confinement.

Alice, recovering from her orgasm got up and kicking her tap pants across the carpeting ordered, "OK, on your backs on the floor and spread your legs, my pretties, I am going to get the General."

Lying on the carpeting, chemise hems on our bellies awaiting our fate, we were groaning in pain when Alice returned with the tip of her impressive strap on leading the way. She knelt by Toni first and wrapped a lace choker around his neck and wrist restraints locked in place. A thin silver chain was looped through the silver ring sewed into the choker and attached to the wrist cuffs. Taking a small cushion from the couch, Alice had Toni lift his hips and the sissy grandson of Italian immigrants was left lying in obscene exposure as Alice turned her attention to me. In a couple of minutes, Alice had two Gamma sissies at the mercies of her whims.

She paraded around us with the dildo of her strap on bouncing eagerly. She chose me first. Kneeling between my legs, she slowly rolled my panties down my legs and threw them next to her tap pants. Scooting forward on her knee's, Alice placed herself in attack position. She slowly withdrew the butt plug, leaving the vibrating bulb to torture my sphincter before removing the intruder. My rosebud was at her mercy as she pressed the tube of lubricant into my entrance and squeezed out a goodly dollop of the grease and inserting two fingers, worked past my sphincter and proceeded to explore my anal canal. Pausing on my prostate, she elicited an impressive spurt of sperm from my imprisoned cock.

"Gracie was right about you Randi. You are a very eager sissy.

Sitting back, she turned her attention to her tool. Well lubricated, she maneuvered the tip to my entrance. My little inmate was numb by now from it's futile attempts at expansion. As she pressed on, pain became noticeable as my sphincter was stretched wider than it had ever experienced.

'Relax, relax, relax', I commanded myself and my defense's were breached. Slowly, Thank God, she pressed on and achieving maximum insertion she leaned forward, my boobs being messaged and nipples tweaked, she was admiring my best girly attributes.

She reached to her side, pressing a switch, the dildo began to vibrate and wiggle. I saw stars. My wrists tugged fruitlessly at their restraint as she slowly began to fuck my ass to jello. I squirted several more times and then Alice shuddered to a spiritual orgasm.

Collapsing onto me, Alice breathed, "You are one great fuck, Specialist Thomas." Leaving me still impaled, Alice sat back and unlocked my chastity. Enormously grateful, my willy snapped to attention. "Toni, roll over here and give your roommate his just reward and you can get a close up view of what's in store for you."

The rest of the afternoon was a gymnastics review as Alice did us doggy style while we sixty nined. We broke off several times for refreshments, with Alice mixing drinks while Toni and reposed on our knees on the cushions, vibrators reinserted and giving the 'General' the occasional kiss of adulation. Finally, at about 15:00 hours, Alice declared victory and using a bag of ice to reduce us to total, unconditional surrender, replaced our chastity's and released our wrists, but she did not remove our choker's. She unstrapped her weapon and stood over us while our tongue studs were put through a final workout.

"Outstanding," she cried. "Let's get showered and dressed before the girls get home."

Toni and I limped into our bedroom and gently tended to each others ravaged bottoms. We showered, repaired our makeup and deciding on short, pleated tartan skirts, long sleeved cotton blouses and Japanese school girl leggings, we returned to our Mistress. Alice was chatting with the girls in the kitchen when we made our entrance.

"Are they cute or what," declared Denise as we presented ourselves.

Alice commanded, "Give me twirl, I want to see your panties."

Obligingly, we did several as the women applauded in appreciation.

"Alice tells us that you two were quite entertaining this afternoon," smirked Denise.

Gracie looked at the thin necklace Alice was wearing and chortled, "I recognize those keys you are displaying, Mrs. McFarland. They wouldn't give them to us. How did you manage that?"

"Experience, my dear, experience," was Alice's haughty reply. "If they were mine, I'd keep them. I would love to have these two assigned to my household. I would have them prancing around in those cute French Maid costumes and driving my guests wild. But alas, the General would never permit it. These two militarized sissies are his pride and joys. I would like to see his reaction to his favorites busily moving about the house, skimpy skirted and with their Airborne jump wings proudly shining on their left breasts."

Gracie and Denise were giggling like mad at the mental image.

"We are dining out, I take it," asked Alice.

Denise looked Toni, "Murphy's? Sweetie?"

Gracie added, "Well, it's a college bar and they are certainly dressed for it."

Alice laughed, "I would like that and I want to meet this Sean person."

Toni and I curtsied clumsily and I replied, "As you wish , Mistress."

Gracie, looking at Alice, "You don't waste any time, do you?"

Alice, stood and ordered, "OK, girls get cleaned up and we'll take Missy Toni's very nice chariot to your den of youthful inequity."

An hour later, Toni and I led the way to the buildings parking lot. The chilly breeze instantly finding it's way beneath our brief skirts while the women, snugly dressed in wool skirts and pantyhose, giggled at our discomfort. Fortunately, it was early and a vacant parking spot was available near the entrance to the bar.

Whistles greeted Toni and I made our entrance and Sean laid his forehead on the bar hiding his laughter. The server on duty smiling, asked Alice if the two school girls in our party were of legal age.

The ever haughty matron replied, "Yes, and very experienced too."

More hoots and applause from the patrons. After we were seated, Sean came over to the table and introduced himself.

He looked at Toni and I and asked, "Is this recommended off duty attire for our noble paratroopers?" referring to our somewhat brief attire.

"Well, I like it," said a beefy vet, wearing an 82nd Airborne sweatshirt and he winked at Toni and I.

"You two look absolutely adorable," said Alice. "And, I will not mention a word about it to the General or the Sergeant Major." Turning to Sean, Alice asked, "Sir, would you join us for dinner?"

Sean, obviously pleased agreed. "As soon as my relief arrives."

The excitement of our arrival died down, aside from several ROTC cadets stopping by to greet us and everyone watching when Toni and I walked to the ladies room. Alice was enjoying every minute of experience despite the rare occurrence of her not being the center of attention. Sean soon joined us and entranced Alice with his commonality and Irish good looks. Fed, intoxicated and thoroughly leered at, we left Murphy's three hours later. Alice, in high spirits insisted upon a few night caps before she allowed Toni and I to thankfully retire, without the keys to our chastity's. The night was filled giggles, gasps and muted shrieks coming through the wall that our bedroom shared with the girls.

Breakfast was interesting, Gracie and Denise were the most well fucked women we had ever seen.

Her Highness swooped into the dining area and sitting at the dining table, between the girls just said, "Coffee, please, black. Also, two slices of toast with butter and some berry jam, if you have any," she ordered.

I got up to fill the order, not out of any particular feeling of obligation, rather to have a good visual of our female companions. Gracie and Denise were still in night clothes and robes. They looked like hell. Alice had obviously showered and donned a short corduroy skirt and sleeveless sweatshirt, bearing ARMY across the chest.

Alice nodded a short thank you when I presented her coffee and toast, along with a jar of somewhat expensive English gooseberry jam. Toni and I sat side by side, in fighting trim, aside from some soreness in our derriere's and pinching of our tube encased cocks. Our knees were primly closed together and exposed by our short skirts, plain three quarter length sleeved blouses, light makeup and minimal jewelry.

"Your girlfriend's were quite exciting last night," commented Alice. "This has been a very invigorating trip thus far, but aside from that bar, I haven't seen much of the local color. Would you boys mind if you drove me around town to see the sites?"

Toni and I were somewhat taken aback, we hadn't been referred to as 'you boy's' for quite a few years. We left the girls to recover and were herded by Alice to Toni's car.

We had driven about six blocks and Alice saw a Starbuck's. Let's have some coffee, I have a couple of things to discuss with you two. At with walk thru, the young girl order taker was mildly astonished that three, well one woman and two very deceiving sissies all ordered 'black' coffee.

Finding a reasonably private area, Alice sat us down. "You two have been wonderful and I want to thank you for your hospitality," began Alice. "I am going back to Washington tomorrow morning and there are some things I want you to be aware of. First, I want to relieve of any idea's that I am some sort of sexual predator. I have been married to the General for twenty-five years and I am his 'special aide'. CWO Meeks handles all of the assessment's of military personnel that deal with the General and I handle the 'interview's' with their wives and girlfriends. Since you two fall in the gap between those two groups and the fact that I have been intrigued with you since we met at your cookout, I couldn't resist an in-depth interview."

At this revelation, Toni and I wondered what a third degree interrogation would be like. Alice went on, "When I discovered that the two Army brides to be were your roommates, I couldn't resist taking advantage of the opportunity. I am very pleased that you two are quite the most feminine Gamma's in you private lives that I have ever met. You would be surprised at the number of officer's that consort with Gamma's and you are the best, in more ways than one. I have something of a lesbian streak in me, so that explains me screwing the shit out of your delectable roomies. As have you, I'm told. Anyway, as far as I can tell, the girl's have the grit to handle the considerable stress of being Army wives."

I asked Alice, "Just how much did Gracie and Denise tell you about our 'relationship?'."

Alice laughed, "Everything, I am so jealous of them. Having you two for themselves for what, four years?"

Toni and I turned red at Alice's casual revelations. "I do have news for you guys. This coming summer's expedition to Europe will be the end of your Facebook operations and that you will remain on active duty here in Champaign. Sergeant Major Beck insisted that that you permitted to complete your enlistment so that you would honorably discharged and be Veterans Administration eligible for G.I. Bill education and VA medical benefits.

"Wow," said Toni, "So, we can forget about West Point." Alice's eyes widened and laughing out loud replied, "I wouldn't keep my hopes up, sweetie."

I said, "I think, that is a wise decision. I feel that we have taken our tour of military training has gone as far as it could go before becoming outrageously redundant."

Alice added "The Pentagon thinks the same thing, but they have been getting some mild pressure about opening the military up to women. Getting involved in that fight, which us girls will lose, has no upside's for you guys."

Toni interjected, "Changing the subject, the girls were going to invite you and the General to their weddings. Have they mentioned it?"

"As a matter of fact, they did and I told them to plan for a double wedding. It's the General's idea. You will be back in country by late August. The General has arranged for leave and transportation for our young Lieutenant's for then and the wedding is to take place in Springfield."

I added, "The General has quite a bit of pull, doesn't he."

Alice smiled, "The General is up for his fourth star and his appointment as the Army Chief of Staff. This is privileged information until it is publicly announced."

That certainly impressed the crap out of Toni and I.

Alice went on, "On last thing, I don't think that it would appropriate for me to work the girls over two nights in row, so I will be your guest in bed tonight." My sphincter gripped the stem on my small butt plug in anticipation. After we left the coffee shop, we drove around for a bit showing off the highlights of Champagne-Urbana. We then stopped for an extended lunch listening to Alice impart her selective view of the military. Then she dropped the bomb.

"You know that Sergeant Major Beck is retiring in a year?" she said.

We sat there stunned for a minute and then realized that Dave was in his early forties and he would have over twenty years service, probably twenty-five when he retired.

Alice continued, "Dave will have twenty-five years in and he has gotten to the top. There are no more mountain's for him to climb."

"So that and the General getting to the top is another reason for discontinuing the Facebook," said Toni.

Alice nodded, "But, don't despair. You guys will be loading cannons and jumping out of airplanes for eternity."

Wistfully, I said, "As weird as this sounds, I'm going to miss the Army."

Toni laughed, "Yeah, but keep in mind we had a very good gig in this deal and we took three very nice guys along with us."

"The General and the Sergeant Major also realize that, Toni and the boys showed up, manned up and earned everything that they are and will get," added Alice.

"The Sergeant Major is a very special man, isn't he?" I said to Alice.

"You don't know the half of it. Sergeant Major Beck is an Alpha who turned down an appointment to West Point and didn't wait for his draft notice. He walked into the nearest Army Post and enlisted. That is unheard of."

Toni and I sat open mouthed at this revelation.

Alice went on, "The General met the Sergeant Major during the first Gulf War. Dave was a squad leader in the 24th Infantry Division and the General was his Butter Bar Platoon Leader. Needless to say, they hit it off from the start. When the fighting ceased, The now First Lieutenant McFarland asked Dave to apply for Airborne jump school with him. After jump school they went on to Ranger school and the General and I married....Dave was best man."

The silence at our table was broken by another of Toni's, "Wow, I could use another drink."

Alice waved at the server and we were refilled. Alice leaned over the table and in a conspiratorial voice continued, "Let's talk reality. You guy's being Gamma's face shall we say, an uncertain future. I have no doubt that after you graduate that you two will land on your feet, but I am going to suggest a sure thing. Dave, after he retires, is going to become the liaison training officer of the 32nd Infantry Brigade Combat Team of the Wisconsin National Guard with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. The Governor of Wisconsin asked for him specifically as Dave is originally from the state. His office will be in Milwaukee because of its being the air transport center for the Wisconsin Air National Guard units. After you two graduate, Dave is going to ask you to join him as his staff."

We were stunned. "Dave asked me to run this by you two as a heads up. He correctly realizes that your Facebook travels have acquainted you with many of the aspects and missions of the various Army units and how the troops think," continued Alice.

Would we be joining the Guard for this?" I asked. "No," replied Alice, "you would be civilian employees of the Wisconsin National Guard. I don't believe that they are ready for you two as uniformed soldiers." Toni and I preened at that remark. "Well, that's the plan as it stands. Think about it, it's a year and a half down the road and things can change, but I think that it might be a great opportunity for you." The next morning we dropped Alice at the Champagne-Urbana airport and she thankfully gave us our chastity keys back. We wouldn't see Alice again until the girls wedding.

After the Memorial Day holiday, we reported back to Washington and our much anticipated European trip. We had read in the news that General McFarland received his fourth star and was now Army Chief of Staff. A Major General Andrew Smith was now our CO. We reported to Dave on the Wednesday morning following the holiday and Jeff and Mason were in Dave's office. "OK, gang. We are off to report to General Smith.

Once the formalities were dispensed with, General Smith gave us a pep talk and then turned the meeting over to the Sergeant Major.

Dave looked at Jeff and Mason and asked point blank, "Which one of you wants to be in charge of this detail. Sergeant Merkel is at Fort Rucker, learning how to fly helicopters and so a new honcho is needed. The Chief of Staff has authorized the new detail NCOIC be promoted to Staff Sergeant, immediately. So which one of you gets the poison?"

General Smith, enjoying this little play immensely, was sitting back, admiring the Sergeant Major's skill. Jeff and Mason pointed at each other simultaneously getting a chuckle from the General.

Dave looked Toni and I and asked, "Do either of you Specialists have a quarter?"

I reached into my GI issue shoulder bag and rummaging through my wallet, found a suitable coin.

Dave flipped the coin and looked at Jeff, "Call it Sergeant Williams." Uncovering his palm, Dave said, "Good call, Staff Sergeant, congratulations."

A week later we started our grand European tour. We boarded a older C-5A transport and uncomfortably made our way across the Atlantic and landed at Rhine-Main Air Force base in Frankfurt,

Germany where we overnighed. Since we would have been segregated by rank at the bases EM and NCO clubs, we went off base to a local gasthaus. We drank the excellent beer as German distilled products were virtually undrinkable to our refined palates. The next morning we loaded into the C-5A for the jump to Riga, the capitol of Latvia. From Riga, we made our way to the vicinity of a small Latvian village with an unpronounceable name. Our escorts, Missile Artillerymen from HQ Battery of the 6th Missile Battalion of the 61st Artillery were quite the chatterboxes.

We were well received by the Battalion Commander and Battalion Sergeant Major. We learned that there had been quite a competition from the Line Batteries as to who was going to host our visit. Charlie Battery was the apparent winner and the Battery Commander, a Captain and the First Sergeant greeted us with smiles and a list of what we could and couldn't film on the 'Patriot' firing lines. The hardware that we could record was rather boring, but the interviews with the troops were far more interesting than the ones we had the previous summer at the training bases. These were 'seasoned' soldiers and their comments were saltier and with far deeper insight than the trainees we were accustomed to at training bases. It soon became apparent to us that this was the real Army and that these soldiers commanded real and lethal weaponry. Our interviews were beyond the 'hi Mom' stuff we were used to. General Smith and Dave thought that the interviews with the artillerymen raised the reality quotient of our Facebook program ten fold.

We stayed overnight at Charlie Battery where Toni and I had a private squad room and we joined in drinking good liquor with the Missile men at their crude, but comfortable 'club'. The next morning it was back to Riga and on to Poland and the fair city of Bialystok.

We spent three days riding around with Alpha Troop of the 2nd Bn. of the 18th Armored Cavalry Regiment. They were involved in maneuvers with Polish troops and it gave us our first opportunity to interact with foreign soldiers. The Poles were astonished that Toni and I weren't women. Something we didn't know was that only the US didn't have women soldiers but, allowed what the Pole's referred to as 'crossdressers' as they so quaintly put it, to serve in the American army. When the Cavalry Troopers of the 18th pointed out that we were also paratroopers, we became local gods. We were surprised that the Pole's were well acquainted with our Facebook page and interviewed several of them, promising to get their remarks online.

Three days of mud and discomfort further entrenched the reality of the life of the combat arm's line troops. The 18th had mechanized infantry and artillery included in their merry band and we had some good video and interviews with them. We were also surprised at the amount of adult beverages that found their way into the mechanized vehicles.

We then proceeded to Odessa on the Black Sea and to our surprise, found ourselves in the Coast Guard again.

In Odessa, we were scooped up by boisterous Coastie Petty Officers, who were training their Ukrainian counterparts in the fine art of port security. We spent a week riding the harbor, taking great video and getting drunk with our hosts, American and Ukrainian. On our way back to Germany we were asked if we could stop at Landstuhle Army Hospital. The hospital is located in the far west of Germany, near the

French border. We spent a week there, mostly with interviews at the hospital, patients [mostly battle casualties] and staff. We did have a couple of days to visit the Mosel Valley wine areas and Saarbrücken. We slipped into France to the small town of Stiring-Wendel, just to say that we had been to France. The trip was very interesting and very different. Being among line troops is very different from being around trainees. They are a much more mature and serious bunch. The hospital stop was heart wrenching, that's all that I can say about that. We had been gone a month and were looking forward to so intense rest and relaxation in Washington. Not so fast.

Staff Sergeant Jeff knocked on the door to our room and he and Mason came in and Jeff said, "There's been a change of plans."

Toni mouthed, 'Oh no!'

"Oh yes," responded Mason.

Jeff started solemnly, "We are to catch a C-130 in Rhine-Main and proceed to Bagram Air Force base in Afghanistan. We leave here tomorrow morning and overnight in Frankfurt and ship out the day after tomorrow. We are authorized to draw body armor and other stuff from the Air Force supply at Rhine-Main. Let's go and talk this over."

We went into town and over beer cursed the moron that came up with this plan. In the morning we were ordered to report to the hospital out patient dispensary for shots. We received a nice battery of inoculations for things that we did not know even existed. Arriving at Rhine-Main, we drew our stuff from base supply, reoccupied our previous quarters, changed into our civvies and returned to the gasthaus near the base, where we picked up our grouching from the previous evening. Toni and I had sex of the doomed that night.

We boarded the C-130 the next morning and headed east. Our traveling companion's were somewhat cool to us, even after they discovered that Toni and I were Gamma's. There were several snide remarks about our little band tucking our fatigue pants cuffs into our boots airborne style until they noticed the jump wings on our field jackets. Then things changed. A torrent of information spewed forth from these very hard men we were riding with.

Asking where we were going in 'Stan, Jeff replied, " Headquarters of 3rd of the 2nd Rangers." For two or three hours, we videoed interviews with our companions and were readily accepted into the 'honorable profession of arms'.

It seemed like years later we landed in Kuwait to exchange some passengers and refuel. Late the next afternoon we arrived at Bagram. A Ranger Corporeal met us with a Humvee, not surprisingly equipped with a M2, .50 caliber machine gun mounted on the roof. We dropped our gear off at the 'barracks', a collection of shacks that you would expect to find in a South American barrio. Then, on to Headquarters where we were met by the 3rd Ranger Battalion Commanding Officer.

"I assume that you know who is responsible for your being here?" Lt. Colonel Gibbons snarled.

We unanimously shook our heads, no.

He calmed, "The Chief of Staff is the culprit and he wants you guys to go on a perimeter patrol while you're here. I must advise you that this is not merely riding around the perimeter checking for breaks in the wire. Probing the barrier by the Taliban and other's is commonplace, so you will have to draw an M4 from the armory and ammunition and four hand grenades each. Do you have body armor? Well, the armorer will check you out and see to it that you have everything that you need. Questions?"

Jeff asked, "Sir, are camera night vision lenses available?"

The Colonel nodded, "See our Signal Officer about that, I'm sure he can set you up. Anything else? Go get some chow and take it easy for a couple of days to get over your travel lag and someone will let you know when you're on. Dismissed."

Toni was the first to speak on the way back to our hovels, "Well, that was pleasant."

Mason replied, "This is the real deal, sweetie. Let's take the Colonel's advice and get some rest."

At our barracks, a Ranger SFC was waiting.

"I'm Sergeant Keely, Platoon Sergeant of the 4th Platoon, Delta Company. I am your personal nemesis for the next few days. You people are going to spend some time at the range and some familiarization with our Humvees, which are somewhat 'different' than those you may have ridden in before. So, here's our routine while here in garrison, reveille is at 06:00, chow at 06:45. Sergeant Williams, your detail will form up in the last rank of the formation which is held in the Company Street right outside the door. I left a cooler of odds and ends, cold fried chicken, biscuits and other stuff in your billet, so I will see you in the morning."

"Thank you, Sergeant," said Jeff.

"One question," said Keely, "Your jump wings, they are real, right?"

We all nodded. Keely just smiled and said, "Enjoy your stay in lovely Bagram."

Toni and I went to our room and began unpacking our duffle's and storing the items in the wall and foot lockers.

A rap on the door and Mason said, "Soups on." We followed Mason down the narrow hallway to the Sergeant's billet and Jeff was sitting on his bunk eating a chicken leg and drinking a beer.

Waving his drumstick at a large cooler on the floor said, "Dig in."

It was a picnic lunch, fried chicken, potato salad, cold slaw, biscuits and beer. There was a note on the cooler, it read 'Some items enclosed are forbidden by law in Afghanistan. Do not imbibe in out of doors!' Toni said that they must be referring to the potato salad. We were exhausted and the beer on top of the victuals hastened an early evening.

A loud rap on the door and a shout of 'Reveille', stirred Toni and I out of our overdue rest. We wisely donned our fatigues before going to shower room as it was full of some of the most dangerous men in the world. They were absolute gentlemen in a homicidal sort of way.

A Sergeant walked down the hall shouting, "Formation in ten, formation in ten." Naked men hustled to their rooms, not that there wasn't anything that we were unfamiliar with. Ten minutes later, we ran into the Company Street and immediately saw Jeff at the rear of the growing formation and we fell in beside him. Incidentally, this was our first reveille, very exciting, but strange. Sergeant Keely standing in front of the formation, called, "Report." First Squad present and accounted for, Second Squad the same and so forth, then Jeff called out, Signal Detail present or accounted for. Snickers arose from the Ranger ranks.

"At ease," said Sergeant Keely, "No special announcements, go to chow and reform at 08:00 for Motor Stables, dismissed."

Standing in the mess line, Toni whispered to me, "These are scruffiest soldiers that I have ever seen."

I stifled a giggle realizing that we were in the maw of war. After breakfast, a Buck Sergeant collected us and loading us into a Humvee drove to the armory we were issued M4 rifles, ammunition and ear plugs. Then the three striper drove us to the rifle range where we fired at targets for two hours. The range master was eventually satisfied with our efforts and we were on break until lunch.

Jeff and Mason videoed everything that they could between their own sharpshooting efforts. We were sitting in the shade of our hovel while several Rangers, just returned from some mission stopped to chat with us. More great video and interviews. That afternoon the Buck Sergeant returned with a different Humvee and gave a detailed tour of the vehicle. We then boarded the Humvee and went to a different range. This one had a scattering of vehicles in various stages of demolition along with human silhouette targets. We spent another two hours becoming intimate with the M2, vehicle mounted machine gun.

The Sergeant, satisfied said on the way back to our billet, "Good job on the Maw Deuce, tomorrow we'll get acquainted with the SAW, Squad Automatic Weapon."

Back in our room, Toni lying spread eagle on her bunk said, "They must think that we are going to war!"

I looked at her and replied, "We are at war, silly."

After another morning on the automatic weapons range, we attended the pre-patrol briefing for our adventure beginning that afternoon.

I was surprised that it was only a platoon involved in the security detail. Six Humvee's would be employed in the perimeter fence patrol. There was a pre-fabricated concrete wall topped by a barbed wire entanglement and the perimeter road only extended about one third of the base perimeter. Other areas of the perimeter were manned by Air Force and Marine troops. Also, surprise, surprise, there was a prison on the base, larger than Guantanamo Bay's that contained numerous nore do wells. We learned our shift started at 16:00 and was twenty-four hours in duration. Our 'Signal Detail' was on the first shift, two hours on, six off.

Toni and Mason were in one Humvee with Myself and Jeff following. It was all quite relaxed on the first tour, driving up and down the perimeter road, checking the wall and wire. We dismounted from the Humvee occasionally to follow the fence in areas the Humvee's could not traverse. We went on foot to a point where other security forces took over and then returned to the vehicles to continue our 'mounted' surveillance, all in all rather boring. We turned over our patrol to the next shift at 18:00 and went to the guard billet, ate and relaxed. At 02:00, we fired up the Humvee's and resumed patrol. The

routine continued for about forty-five minutes when a shrieking whistles broke the whine of aircraft landing and taking off.

“Mortar’s,” shouted the squad leader, “Flat on the ground,” he yelled.

Four explosions disintegrated the hard scabble earth about sixty yards beyond our position and the concussions bounced our bodies off the ground. Twenty feet from me lay Toni.

She yelled at me, “Sergeant Major Dave didn't say anything about this in his e-mails.”

The squad leader was shouting into his radio about weaponry and coordinate’s. “Fall back to the ‘vee’s”, he ordered.

We piled into the Humvee's and the drivers took up what I assumed were defensive positions. We were ordered out of the vehicles and positioned in prone firing position facing the wall. The M2 gunners stayed with their weapons as did the driver/radio operator. The squad leader took the SAW and lay prone between me and the Humvee.

“You have the right flank, ‘cookie’, “ he shouted, quietly.

I instinctively loaded my M4 and peered through the twilight gloom, waiting for the perimeter wall to explode. A loud explosion went off on the other side of the wall and pieces of concrete went into the air.

“RPG,” shouted the squad leader.

Seconds after the first explosion, a second round hit the same area.

“Get your grenades off your harness and keep them in reach,” bellowed the squad leader.

The ever cinematic Sergeant Jeff was putting a night vision lens on his camera as four more RPG rounds slammed into the reinforced concrete. More mortar rounds were dropping, working their way towards the runway. The noise was deafening, closely followed by the sound of terror being produced by my heart.

A hole was created in the wall by the shape charged warheads of the RPG's followed by another round flew through the hole in wall and skidded for a hundred feet before detonating. Suddenly, the damaged section of wall disintegrated and three man wide gap in the wall appeared. Three more RPG rounds led the aggressor’s charge. The closest one to me exploded, showering me with dirt and gravel sized stones.

The first trio of Taliban plunged through the gap and the SAW erupted along with my terrified M4. Jeff was crouching along our miniscule defensive line videoing and firing his M4 from the hip. John Wayne would have been proud. More Taliban burst through the gap and the M2’s opened up with awesome effect. Men were literally being blown apart.

“Get your grenades ready,” shouted the squad leader. “Don't pull the pins yet.”

For some unknown reason, I felt quite calm now as I busied myself reloading my rifle and staring at the grenades, none of which I had ever thrown before. Two more RPG's wound through the gap, followed

by several more of the Faithful, seeking their seventy 'hories'. Gunfire erupted on the far side of the wall and attempts to breach the wall ceased. We remained alert for an hour and a half until the gunfire and explosions ended. A Humvee trundled into our position and an Air Force Lieutenant got out and after conferring with our squad leader, left.

"OK," said the squad leader, "The hostiles have been neutralized, but we are maintain our position until relieved."

We lay there for another two hours before a platoon of Marines and several Stryker's and a half dozen Air Engineer's relieved us. We returned to the guardhouse and relaxed and rearmed. Toni and I were so proud of ourselves and our squad leader went around to all of us saying how good we did. The rest of our guard mount went uneventfully.

Sergeant Keely and the Battalion Commander dropped by while we were on patrol and congratulated us on our performance under fire.

Looking at Toni and I, the BC said, "Since you two are infantry, I will report your participation in this action and you will be awarded your CIB's. You two Signal Sergeant's, did a fine job recording the action and incidentally, engaging the enemy at the same time. So, I am going to recommend you two for a Bronze Star. Again, well done."

Toni asked, "What's a CIB?"

The squad leader respond, "Combat Infantryman's Badge. You can only earn one by being engaged with an enemy while a member of an official Infantry unit. You two are part of the 3rd Regiment, are you not?"

Jeff and Mason gave us both a hug. "Yeah," said Mason. "You are already 'killer hot' and now you are going to be US Army officially, 'killer deadly'.

We spent two more days at Bagram before we caught a flight to Rhine-Main accompanied by a dozen wounded soldiers and Marines. Toni and I ere now veteran's and we had had enough of war.

We were met at Andrews by Dave who congratulated us for surviving and the terrific video Jeff had e-mailed.

"You guys did great, the Chief of Staff is ecstatic and General Smith is greatly impressed. In fact, General Smith wants to see the four of you in his office at 08:00 tomorrow. So, when we get back to Washington, you guys take the rest of the day off, relax and get prepared for a dull rest of the summer putting together several Facebook episodes about your recent exploits."

We arrived in our dusty apartment at about three in the afternoon, showered and sixty nined for a while and lounged around with good whiskey until we decided to get dressed for our dinner date with Jeff and Mason. My cell phone rang and it was Dave. The Sergeant Major asked us to dinner and I replied that we had committed to the Signal boys and why didn't he join us. Dave readily agreed and we all met at our favorite local Italian restaurant. We told Dave about our trip, leaving out Bagram. After dinner we went to the small bar in the strip mall down the street from our apartment. Dave bought the first round

and started commenting upon the After Action Report submitted by the CO of Delta Company of the 3rd of the 2nd Rangers.

He looked at Jeff and Mason and said that their Bronze Stars had been approved and by order of the Chief of Staff, it had been upgraded to include the 'V' for valor device." The two Sergeants nodded their thanks, then Dave looked at Toni and I and said, "Since you two are bound and determined to upset the time honored Army tradition's the Chief of Staff has deemed it proper that you two be similarly awarded."

Toni gasped, "Does that mean that we are going to get medals?" Dave laughed, "And your CIB's."

Our sundresses were being stretched out of shape from our puffing up. I insisted upon getting the next round, saluting my comrades in arms and my favorite Sergeant Major.

The next morning, the four of us rode in the Signal Corps van to the Pentagon. We strode through the foyer like we owned it and presented ourselves to General Smith. We discussed our trip and the General agreed that we material for several Facebook pages and blogs.

The General then stood up and his Aide said, "Attention."

The four of us snapped to and General stepped around his desk and ordered Sergeant's Williams and Morgan, "Front and Center."

With a wide smile on his face, the General said, "It is the privilege of every commanding officer to recognize the military deeds of those under his command. Today, I am privileged to recognize Sergeant's Jeffrey Williams and Mason Jenkins for valor in the face of the enemy. Sergeant Williams, step forward. I am proud and indeed honored to present you with the Bronze Star award with the 'V' device for valor on behalf of a grateful nation."

With that, General Smith pinned the medal on Jeff's uniform jacket and handed Jeff the award's case. Jeff saluted the General and with the crispest about face that he had ever done, returned to stand in rank with Mason. The ceremony was repeated for Mason.

General Smith then looked at Toni and I and said, "In about two hours, there will be a ceremony at Fort Myers at which you will present yourselves. The Battalion Commander of the Old Guard is very much looking forward to it. Now, while it may be early here, someplace in the world, the sun has passed the yard arm. Chief, please do the honors." The six of us sat around the General's office drinking bourbon until nearly 10:00 hours and reasonably fortified, we left for Fort Myers.

Toni and I formed up with Headquarters and Headquarters Company on the parade grounds and nervously awaited the coming ceremony. We were the rear rank with the drivers and other gofers, our Signal buddies were mere spectators. The fife and drum guys were formed up to the right of the battalion formation. As the BC made his way to the podium platform, the bugle fellows joined in with the fife's and drums in 'Ruffles and Flourishes'. The Battalion Sergeant Major made a small hand gesture and the musician's fell silent.

"Today, the 3rd Regiment is honored to recognize the military deeds of two of our command in combat with enemy forces," intoned the Battalion Commander.

Sergeant Major Dietz stepped forward and bellowed, "Specialists Randi Thomas and Toni Ambelli, front and center."

Toni and I, being at the far left of the rear rank sucked it up and two strides forward, right face, marched passed the right of our rank and left face towards the first rank of our small formation. Another left face and a right placed us in front of the BC. We hand saluted and announced our presence. The BC, returned our salute and began with a short homily concerning the valor of the Infantry and awarded both of us with the CIB, Combat Infantryman's Badge. He reminded his command that the only troops eligible for the award are active members of an Infantry Regiment that have actively engaged with an armed enemy force. After receiving our CIB's, we were not dismissed.

The BC continued by stating, "In addition, the honored soldiers in place are further awarded the Bronze Star with the valor device for their actions in defense of Bagram Air Base, Afghanistan against an enemy force of superior numbers and armament. The Specialists, assigned to hold the flanks of their squad, did so, armed with only their rifles and hand grenades, inflicting numerous casualties on the enemy after the enemy had breached the defensive barriers. The people of the United States are forever in debt to their fortitude."

With that exaggeration, the Colonel stepped forward and pinned the medal above our left breasts with something of a leer. We hand saluted and with the Colonel's response, about faced and retreated in a military manner to original positions in the ranks. We passed in review of the BC and I am sure that he bragged about the butt kickers in his command at the Army and Navy Club that evening.

Our happy little Facebook Detail gathered that evening at our favorite local bar to celebrate being alive when in walked Dave and to our great surprise, a Warrant Officer One that greatly resembled Rick. We were all proud that Rick had earned his pilot's wings and his and Dave's presence made the evening complete, or so we thought. Less than a minute later General McFarland and Alice also joined us. The General admonished us for not inviting Alice and him to our party.

Staff Sergeant Jeff, being our Detail NCOIC, responded with a quickly thought out lie, "Sir, the chain of command was too cluttered to notify The General and the ever gracious Alice in such a short notice, Sir."

The General laughed, "You will go far in this man's Army, son." CWO Meeks had Alice seated and he and Mason moved an adjacent empty table next to ours and the party was duly organized. The server, a pretty early twenties brunette came over me and asked who are the people that just came in.

I responded smugly, "The older gentleman with the blonde woman was the Army Chief of Staff, the top guy. The other older gentleman is the Sergeant Major of the Army, very important guy, the African American gentleman is the Generals right hand man. The young officer in uniform is a helicopter pilot and you know Jeff, Mason, Toni and myself. I'll get the first round."

Alice had positioned herself between Toni and myself.

"You can't imagine how proud I am of you two," she whispered. "The General want's to see the video of your awards ceremony and he wants all the women and Gamma's in the country to see it. This is a really big deal. Even I can't butt in on it." Toni and I snickered at Alice's admission of impotence.

The General made numerous toasts to the four of us and the Army's new helicopter pilot Rick, and Dave for envisioning the program. He stopped his pontificating for moment and the Chief of Staff looked at Rick and said, "Mr. Merkel, the 101st Airborne is looking for chopper pilots. Line duty greatly enhances a soldier's portfolio when it involves said soldiers being in close contact with flag officers. Having gone through airborne jump school and chopper pilot training, you, my lad are positioned to be an outstanding ADC whose voice will be heard in those closed meetings of the high muckity mucks in the Pentagon. Should I put your name in with a recommendation?"

The Sergeant Major placed his hand on Rick's shoulder and whispered into his ear. Rick, looking at the General, nodded. Knowing that he was in the game with both feet. CWO Meeks, watching the interchange with satisfaction, knowing Rick had just discovered what the Army was all about.

Sergeant Major Beck slide between myself and Toni, kissed the both of us on the top of our heads and whispered, "Thank you for producing a fine soldier."

Toni and I were all ah tingle. I just realized that the quick peck on the top of my head was a kiss from the only man to kiss me, other than my father. The evening concluded with the usual cordial handshaking and faire thee wells. Back at our apartment, Toni and I snuggled and after more nightcaps, staggered off to bed. Our days at the Pentagon ended several days later and we returned to our studies at the U of I and duties with the ROTC.

A year later, our enlistment was up and as we were not invited to re-enlist, Toni and I shelved our Army 'stuff' forever. There was one caveat to our military service however, we drank with the men at the family gatherings. Our Facebook programs still ran and we still received a ton of e-mails from New and old fans.

The event of the summer was the dual weddings of Denise and Gracie. Their beau's, both Captains by now had arranged a semi military ceremony at a local church and the reception was at Denise' parents home which bordered a nice city park. Toni and I, going stag as usual, were not a part of the wedding party, which thankfully, allowed us to drink to excess.

Sitting alone at a picnic table, we were suddenly joined by ex-Sergeant Major Dave. "You two look delicious, why are you sitting alone? He said as he joined us.

Toni replied, "Ours is the fate of Gamma's, look but, don't touch."

Dave smiled a sad smile. "You two personify the fate of the typical dogface, do a dirty job well and be discarded."

"They did more than that," exclaimed a female voice. It was Alice. "You don't think that I would miss a wedding at which I had screwed both of the bride's, do you?" she remarked with satisfaction.

Dave, choked slightly, having heard many tales about Alice. He looked me, sitting grimly in my satin dress and I wagged a finger at Toni and pointed to myself and nodded. Dave's respect for Alice, gained new heights.

Coming to grips with this revelation, Dave jumped to feet and rushed to assist General McFarlane, bearing two trays of beverages. "Why didn't you grab one of the shavetails to carry that stuff, Sir", said Dave.

Unbeknownst to us, the bride's and groom's while working the crowd spied our little group and panic set in. Captain Tom abandoned his bride on the spot and huddled with Captain Bill who merely turned and stared. Recovering his military bearing and bride. Captain Tom ushered the newly wedded to our picnic table. Both the General and Dave stood to greet the Captains and grope the bride's. Toni and my father's, talking with groom's father's noticed Toni and I at the picnic table with the very erect newly weds. The father's of the groom's asked our father's what was going on.

Toni's dad said, "If I'm not mistaken, your son's and daughters in law are having a conversation with the Chief of Staff of the Army and the former Sergeant Major of the Army."

Captain Tom's mother joined the men and asked, "Who are the men that Tom is talking to?" Captain Tom's father could only mutter, "It's Tom's boss."

"How nice of him to come," she replied.

Tom rushed over to the gathered parents and urged them to join the party at the picnic table. It was not a request. Toni and I watched the genuflecting of Tom and Bill before General McFarlane and the simultaneous wry smile of Alice and we realized that Alice was the actual Commander in Chief of the Army.

While Alice was directing the traffic at the picnic table, Dave signaled to Toni and I to follow him.

At another table, we sat together and Dave made his pitch. "I have a proposition for the both of you," began Dave.

Toni, ever the smart aleck, replied, "Oh goody, we love to be propositioned."

That comment was met with the disapproving glare that only a well seasoned Sergeant Major could deliver. Realizing her error, Toni raised his bracelet and bangle covered arm's in mock surrender.

Mollified, Dave continued, "I have accepted a position with the Wisconsin National Guard. This position also requires that I have a small staff of experienced ex-military personnel. When you two graduate this month, I would like very much for you two take those positions. You would have the pay and considerations of a Captain in the state guard. You would have to move to Milwaukee as that is my headquarters. I have discussed your appointments with the Governor and his is very familiar with the work that you have done for the Army and has approved your appointments."

Alice had given us a heads up on Dave's appointment and our possible involvement with it but, this was far beyond what we expected. We immediately accepted. Dave reached across the table and we shook hands on the deal.

With another unneeded celebratory drink, we toasted our new positions with Dave.

Toni said, "We'll, sweets, it looks like apartment hunting in Milwaukee for us."

Dave coughed, "I have an another offer for you two. I have purchased a remodeled townhouse, fronting on the Milwaukee River. It is on the top floor of a rehabbed small industrial building. It has some thirty five hundred square feet of living space, including four spacious bedrooms and underground parking, if you are interested in moving in with an old soldier, it would be available, rent free."

Toni and I looked at each other and I asked, "When could we see it. I mean, when could we move in?"

Dave, blushing [a first] said, "How about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow it is," gushed Toni.

The next morning, Toni and I left for Milwaukee to meet with Dave. An easy five hour drive, including a terrifying hour in Chicago, we easily found the place. It was right downtown in the city and Dave's description left out some important details. He had a dock and a twenty eight foot cabin cruiser moored to it. Also, an immense balcony and a roof garden.

"What do think?" asked Dave.

"It's beautiful," I replied.

Toni asked the obvious," Dave, dear. May I have a drink?"

"Forgive me, I have forgotten my manners," said Dave.

I knew instantly what Toni was up to. Dave returned with a tray and three whiskies and we toasted Dave's townhouse and accepted his offer about moving in.

Toni then putting her drink down, dropped to his knees and started to unbuckle Dave's trousers. I followed Toni's lead. Dave was standing there with his drink in one hand and the tray in the other while his trousers slid to the carpet.

Toni looking up at Dave said, "This place deserves some payment," and pulled Dave's boxer shorts down to his knees.

"My, my. This is impressive," said Toni as he grasped Dave's erecting member.

I watched Toni with fascination as the unlikely thought that this was going to be our first blow job on a male other than each other was whirling around in my mind. Toni began the slow lick and pulled my head into the action. Immobilized by his ankle covered trousers and occupied hands, Dave was the victim of two experts in the art of oral gratification.

Breathing heavily, Dave asked, " How many bedrooms do you girls want?"

Toni, turning duties over to me answered, "None, we'll join you."

Dave finally surrendered and filled my mouth and Toni expertly took over.

I looked at Dave and said, "I've been waiting over three years for that." END