

Chapter 6 – Conflict in the Ranks

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The military showers were thick with the fog of a clean platoon, the majority of it's members having dried off and returned to the common area. The steamy silence was broken as the room's door slid into the wall with a pneumatic hiss, revealing two Harians still in military garb.

The first Harian pulled his shirt off, scrunching it into a ball and lobbing it at one of the pigeon holes. He had a series of thick whitish grey stripes running across his arms despite having few stripes on his otherwise chestnut-brown torso. "Third mission in a row." He grumbled before kicking his boots off, landing them close to his shirt.

"Well, Jorah," The second harian said, his tan fur covered in thin grey stripes from top to bottom. "Perhaps you shouldn't keep second guessing the Sergeant."

"That's Corporal Jorah to you, Private Aimes." He said jokingly, removing the rest of his clothes while heading for the nearest shower. Jorah exercised every day to remain in peak condition, and it showed. Every one of his stretches under the spraying water could have been recorded for an anatomy vid.

"Heh, Maybe it's time I got a promotion." Aimes muttered, stepping into the next stall before giving his superior a slap on the back. Compared to Jorah, Aimes was a mountain. The Harian focused more on weight training than overall exercise, and as such became one of the special weapons crew. Standing a full head taller than Jorah, Aimes' musculature was more obvious, and it caught Jorah's eye as the massive Harian turned his back to stretch.

Jorah felt a stirring in his loins as he watched the warm water cascade down the Private's back, trails of droplets tracing their way between the muscles. Normally he was surrounded by dozens of other Harians, but this time everything felt more intimate. He snapped his mind back to the moment but kept staring, the open plan of the shower stalls allowing him to see every inch of Aimes' body. "You, Corporal? That'll be the day."

"Oh, really?" Aimes turned to face his superior, looking down with arms akimbo. "Don't think I have what it takes?" His raised eyebrow mocked Jorah's statement, the two staring each other down to no avail.

"No, I don't think you have what it takes, Private." Aimes' military rank hung in the air between the two as their muscles tensed. Both knew what was coming, they just didn't know who would act first. Jorah's eyes were drawn down the massive Harian's chest, along his rippling muscles to the slowly thickening member swinging freely between his thighs. Aimes too was getting an eyeful as he scanned over Jorah's tight and well defined body before eventually resting on the long member now quite stiff and glistening in the mist.

After near to a minute of silent appreciation, Jorah decided to make the first move. Lunging at his opponent's midsection he slid one foot forward, raising Aimes off his feet. But the Private was ready. Grabbing Jorah's waist he pulled his weight well beyond the Corporals shoulders, sending the two crashing to the rubber mats below with Jorah on top.

Aimes arched his back sharply to fling Jorah into the air while pushing off from the wall, catching his superior with a meaty fist, ready to pull into a choke hold. But Jorah twisted out of the one handed hold and landed with a thud - arse first - in Aimes lap.

The two shuddered as Aimes' cock became firmly wedged between Jorah's cheeks. But Aimes was first to act, wrapping his muscular arms around the unsuspecting Harian before he could escape. Jorah attempted to wriggle out of the hold but his movements only served to further seal his fate as he felt the tip of Aimes' throbbing member press against the sweat-lubed pucker of his rear passage.

Aimes saw his comrade's cock jump at the intimate touch and grinned devilishly. Testing his theory Aimes used his significantly more powerful grip to push Jorah down, prying that tight ring open as the tip of his cock slipped inside. "Private!" Jorah shouted, deciding the contest was done.

"Yes, Corporal?" Aimes replied, inching the superior down his thick pole slowly.

Jorah stifled a moan as he was further impaled on the meaty prick. "What do you think... you're doing?" The conviction in his words faltered momentarily, causing Aimes to push him down further.

"Tell me to stop, Sir." The gauntlet had been thrown, Aimes calling his commanding officer out in not so many words.

"What-" Jorah cut his own sentence with a growling groan, the amount that which his tail hole was being stretched causing a new sensation within him "are you... you doing?" The misty surrounds coupled with the heavy musk from dozens of sweaty commandos having used this room only moments before were clouding the Corporals judgement.

"Tell me..." Aimes breathed into Jorah's ear, setting the smaller Harians nerves alight "to stop." Neither of them could truly explain the sensations coursing through their bodies, but both would have agreed they didn't want them to stop.

A loud, lust-fuelled moan escaped Jorah's lips as he gave in to his primal needs, reaching to his side to grab Aimes' hand and guide it to his lengthy member. As the Private wrapped his large hand around Jorah's cock, he pulled it back; pushing the Harian so far back as to hilt his arse in the process. Both of them froze as their hearts raced. Then Aimes began pumping.

It was slow at first, rhythmic and in time with his heartbeat. But as Aimes' other arm began sliding Jorah up and down his overly muscular chest, the Harian became rougher with his comrade-turned-captive. After several thrusts Jorah too began pushing in time with Aimes' pace; sliding his arse up chiseled abs before being slammed back down by a forceful arm.

It didn't take long before the first signs of an orgasm began building in Jorah, his legs becoming shaky and his breathing erratic. Aimes didn't notice until the long cock held firmly in his grip began pulsing, erupting its pearly white seed across both of their chests in spurt after spurt. Jorah was speechless, but could not avoid grunting with each release.

Aimes allowed this to continue for a short time before sitting himself upright. "I'm not finished with you yet, Corporal." He said, grinning madly as he pulled himself standing, still holding Jorah to his chest. Taking several steps over to the benches Aimes knelt down, allowing the exhausted form of his superior to slump across the ergonomically curved metal surface. He let his cock slip loose as Jorah's arse spurted near to a cup of pre cum from its confines.

"I'll... have you... punished... for this..." Jorah tried sounding commanding, but his tone was lost in the realms of ecstasy and lacked any form of authority. Which is exactly what Aimes needed.

"No. You won't." He lined his turgid tool up with Jorah's hole and thrust forward. The thick member bottomed out in one swift move, the moistness of the shower and the pre-reaming stretching it enough to blast Jorah's mind with more pleasure than pain.

"I-I" Jorah tried speaking but all he could think of was the cock pumping him full of wonderful sensations.

"You. What. Corporal?" Aimes grunted between thrusts. He felt himself getting close to something, but the way his heart was beating and his body was tingling, he was unsure exactly what.

"I..." Jorah's tongue had slipped from his mouth and was hanging long, swinging back and forth as he pushed back into Aimes' rhythm. "I..."

"You. What?"

"I... won't." Jorah admitted, his eyes rolled back in pleasure as he felt another orgasm fast approaching.

"Because?" Aimes felt he may be pushing his luck, but he had gotten the best of his superior officer and wasn't about to stop then. Aimes felt the Harian's arse tense up, gripping his member like a vice and pushing him close to the edge.

Jorah whined - a noise Aimes had never heard the Corporal make before - and slammed his arse back against Aimes' hips as he came, moaning "Cos I'm your..."

“MY WHAT?” Aimes let the commanding voice within him loose upon Jorah, and he felt the smaller Hadrian cringe in response. Jorah was cumming, hard.

“Your bitch!” Aimes’ cock practically exploded with cum as he climaxed, pulsing the hot seed into his partners arse as Jorah loosed his own white spray between the metal bench and his furred torso. With strong hands, Aimes held Jorah down - although there was no resistance from the smaller Harian anyway - and pumped load after load of his spunk deep inside his commander.

The two remained entangled for some time, sharing groans and moans as they rode out their respective orgasms. It was several minutes before Jorah spoke again. “Nobody hears about this.”

“Only if you become my shower bitch.” Aimes replied without hesitation. The clench of his partner’s rear told him all he needed to know. “Every. Single. Time.”