

Burping Frog Publishing

The 180

Charlotte Redland



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LT Cordy was on a power trip; there was just no other way to put it. She hadn't intended to be so controlling, but after nearly six months of taking orders herself during her training, she just couldn't help it. The fact that her soldiers made it so easy only spurred her on. They did what she told them to, when she told them to do it with a salute and a crisp "Yes ma'am!" She found their compliance exhilarating, particularly since every single one of them was easy on the eyes, and most were a few years older. Since she was the only female in the platoon it felt like she had her own personal little Army of hunky servants.

She was particularly fond of bossing around SPC Lines. Why? Because he clearly hated it. He followed her directions to the letter without argument or attitude, but there was something in his eyes that gave him away. He didn't seem to mind at first, but as time went by and she became more and more demanding, he clearly began to resent it. He was also the only lower enlisted soldier who did not seem to be afraid of her, and the only one she had never caught staring at her ass ... but for some reason she wanted to. Even though fraternizing was clearly out of the question, she wanted him to want her. So, even though it was a little unprofessional she went out of her way to give him a hard time at least a couple of days a week, often putting him in the same room with her in the process. One day she would catch him looking.

About three months into her contract she decided to move off base. The single officer barracks were noisy, and a cute little

cottage was available for rent about a mile outside of the back gate. The property was just a few minutes from her company area, had no close neighbors, and was right in her price range. It was perfect, and her little Army came in very handy on the day she moved in. She didn't lift a single box. LT Cordy was living large, and she knew it. Now that she had her own place she could even start dating again, an idea that made her very happy. After all, she couldn't take out her sexual frustrations by torturing her soldiers forever ... and she was frustrated.

Not long after she moved into the cottage SPC Lines started behaving oddly. He was still respectful and obedient, but he seemed to be losing his composure. His facial expressions were becoming openly hostile. LT Cordy took this as a sign he was breaking ... it should be just a matter of time before he cracked and she would finally catch him looking. Lt Cordy had no idea why his attraction, or lack thereof, was so important to her, but it was. His refusal to ogle her had become a contest of wills, and she did not intend to lose. She found herself deliberately teasing him, bending over to pick things up, stretching to make her breasts heave, and just generally showing off in an accidentally-on-purpose kind of way.

As time went by SPC Lines became more and more frazzled. His work performance began to suffer, but still he refused to look at her anywhere but her face. LT Cordy took the opportunity to give him extra duty, inventing offenses on the days he didn't give her anything to work with. It was not her lane to handle discipline, but the platoon SGT did not have the guts to stand up to her, so taking over was easy. Before long she had SPC lines working twelve hours a day, six days a week under her watchful eyes. She was so obsessed with her new pet that she didn't even miss her social life.

She continued the onslaught for weeks, right up until a three day holiday weekend when LT Cordy had no choice but to let him go. By this point SPC Lines had murder in his eyes. LT Cordy was disappointed. She had had big plans for him over the weekend, but if she couldn't play with her new pet she decided

to stop at the Officer's Club for a couple of drinks and a game or two of pool before going home.

Some five hours later LT Cordy decided it was time to call it an evening and headed home. The road leading from the back gate to her cottage was unlit and totally deserted, but that wasn't unusual. What was unusual, however, was the fact that when she got home her garage door wouldn't open. Thinking the remote opening mechanism must be broken she made a mental note to call her land lord on Monday, parked in the driveway and headed for the front door.

Placing her key in the lock she turned the knob and stepped into her living room. As she was turning around to lock the door behind her, she caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of her eye. However, before she could react to it something big and heavy came shooting out of the dark and hit her square in the back, sending her flying face-first into her solid oak door. Stunned, she was vaguely aware of the sound of her deadbolt clicking home before a strong arm wrapped around her throat in a rear naked choke. She tried to tuck her chin to her chest to protect her throat, but was only partially successful. Gagging, she threw herself forward, taking whoever was attached to the arm with her. Something that wasn't her thumped heavily against the door above her head, and she bucked backward.

Growling, her attacker gave up on the choke and instead bounced her head off the door a second time. LT Cordy's head exploded in pain, and she literally saw stars for a moment before sliding down the wall to her knees. Her attacker chuckled wickedly, then stepped back into the darkness. Blinking, LT Cordy scrambled to her feet and lunged for the deadbolt, followed by the door knob. For a split second she genuinely thought that she was going to escape, before a combat booted foot smashed against the door, forcing it back closed.

Furious, LT Cordy lunged backwards elbow-first, following her attacker's leg through the darkness. She felt something crunch, then used her own momentum to follow up with what she hoped was a kick to the groin. Two hands came out of the black and

retaliated by slamming her into the wall. She landed flat, losing her breath in a painful whoosh. A moment later she heard her dead bolt click home a second time. She stood up slowly, making no attempt to go for the door. Instead she reached out and flipped on the doorway light. Standing there smiling at her with a bloody nose and a bruised forehead, was SPC Lines.

Of all the things she had imagined, this was not one of them. She and SPC Lines stared at each other for a moment before he reached up, touched his nose, looked at the blood on his fingers and said simply "Nice." A heartbeat later he was on her again, throwing a punch. She deflected it into the wall, and jumped straight up, head butting him. The force of her head against his sent him reeling backwards, and he used the space to kick her right in the gut, hard. The force of it sent her flying against the wall, and she let gravity take her down to the ground. He aimed another kick at her, this time at her head, and she was barely able to roll out of the way and deeper into the cottage. While SPC Lines pulled his foot free of the drywall, she scrambled awkwardly to her feet and ran. It wasn't ideal, but clearly she could not continue to trade blows with him. Her only chance was to put enough space between the two of them so that she could either get to her gun, or escape out the back door.

LT Cordy raced down the short hallway, scrambled around the corner and into the kitchen towards the garage and the back door. The bedroom and her gun were the other direction, but the kitchen had knives and was closer. It was a calculated risk either way, but she was confident she could out maneuver him over the short distance. If she couldn't she had her chief's knives as back up. She could hear SPC Lines crashing through the cottage just behind her in the darkness. It was too dark for him to see her, and she couldn't help but wonder how in the hell he was following her. It was like he knew where she was going. How long had he been in her home?

With her heart racing, LT Cordy skidded to a stop, yanked open the back door, and ran smack into an unfamiliar car parked in her garage. SPC Lines was literally on top her a second later,

pinning her to the hood with his weight. She could feel his body heat all along her back, and what she really hoped was a flashlight in his pocket pressed tightly against her ass. She squirmed, but got absolutely nowhere; he was just too heavy. Terrified, she tried to hold perfectly still and just waited for him to make his next move.

He just stood there, leaning against her and breathing for several minutes. Finally, he took a particularly deep breath and said “I’m tempted to make a few threats; to tell you exactly what I’m going to do to you. But I think you already have a pretty good idea.” LT Cordy thought about saying something nasty, but decided against it. The blood from her scalp was dripping into her eyes, and her head was so fuzzy she could barely think. If she was going to get out of this she had to keep her wits about her, which meant not getting her head bashed in for pissing him off.

When she remained silent he chuckled, saying “Wow. The one time it would be appropriate for you to mouth off, and you’ve got nothing to say. Fantastic.” She could actually hear his smirk in those words, and it made her angry all over again. Who the fuck was he to laugh at her? Snarling to herself, she tensed up. He felt it, and placed his forearm against the back of her head, pressing down to hold her. With his other hand, he reached into his cargo pocket. Sensing this would be her only chance to get away she bucked backwards, pushing against the car as hard as she could. It wasn’t enough, and a second later she felt something sharp stab into her thigh. The last thing she heard before blacking out was SPC Lines laughing at her.

LT Cordy’s head felt like it was full of cotton. She couldn’t remember where she was, or how she got there. Her face was sticky, and when she tried to open her eyes she immediately regretted it. Not only was it painfully bright, which made her more aware of the headache blooming behind her eyes, but her eyelashes were stuck together. As the events of the evening came rushing back to her, she focused on breathing slowly and began to take stock of her body. Her ACU top was gone and she was

barefoot, but other than that she was still clothed; something she was very grateful for. She was sitting in a chair, and it felt like she was tied to it pretty effectively.

Trying desperately to stay calm, she left her head sagging on her chest and just listened. Maybe if SPC Lines thought she was still unconscious she could catch him off guard. It was unlikely and she knew it, but any time she could buy playing opossum was precious. Focusing as much as she was able, she slowly became aware of a clock ticking, and the familiar hum her reading lamp. She was in her bedroom.

As whatever drug he gave her wore off, she was able to come more and more into her body. Rope ... she was tied to her desk chair with rope. Her hands were not only behind her back, but behind the chair and under the arm rests. It also felt like a length of rope was coiled around her ribs under her breasts, securing her torso to the chair back. Her calves were bound to the chair legs. It was a secure, but very uncomfortable position. She wasn't going anywhere, and it would be at least four days before anyone missed her. Panic welled up in her throat at the realization that she was totally at his mercy.

At that moment a strong hand grasped her chin and forced her head upward. "Open your eyes. Your heart rate returned to normal half an hour ago, so I know you're awake." SPC Line's voice sounded huskier than normal; the testosterone in it was tangible. She complied, gazing up at him through the crusty haze of her own blood caked around her eyes. It took a few moments for her pupils to adjust - her desk lamp was pointed right at her - but once she could see clearly her breath caught in her chest. He was no longer wearing his ACU top or the brown t-shirt, and the belt and top button on his pants were both undone. He was also a lot more athletic than she had ever imagined. In fact "shredded" was the most appropriate word to describe him. It was suddenly very obvious why she had not been able to push him off earlier; he had to out weight her by at least sixty pounds, all of it muscle.

"Your heart rate just spiked" he said, looking closely at her face from about a foot away. "Is that fear? Or arousal? I can't

tell ...” LT Cordy just glared at him, then looked down at herself. He had cut a vertical slash in her t-shirt, and two little wires were protruding through it from her chest. He had put a heart monitor on her. That fact gave her hope - it meant he didn’t want her dead. She looked back up to face him, looked right into his green eyes and tried to smile. “Go fuck yourself,” she said, mustering the sweetest, most sugary voice she could.

Chuckling, he straightened up, putting his open belt buckle right at her eye level. “I’ll take that as an invitation” he said, deftly undoing his buttons with one hand, then easing his boxers down just a bit. In spite of herself, LT Cordy could not help but stare at the monster that popped out as a result. His cock was huge, rock hard, and sticking straight out from his hips like a fucking flag pole. Trying not to imagine what he expected her to do with, she forced herself to look up at his face instead, then clenched her jaw as hard as she possibly could. If he was going to rape her mouth, she was going to make him work for it.

Smirking, he reached out and seized her head with both hands, forcing his thumbs into her TMJ joint. The pain was sharp and instant, and a slow deep ache began to spread to the rest of her jaw. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she opened them wider ... she was not going to cry in front of him. He made no attempt to pull her head forward, or thrust his cock against her lips. Instead he just stood there, staring into her eyes and squeezing. Apparently he was willing to wait for her to open her mouth on her own.

She inhaled deeply through her nose, and let it out slowly. Maybe if she was stubborn enough he would give up, rather than risk getting bitten. She just needed to hold out for a while. If she could win this contest of wills he would have to untie her to gain access to a hole without teeth, which would give her the opportunity to escape ... providing he didn’t drug her again. She could do this! She could. She couldn’t.

Of all the muscles she worked at the gym, the ones in her jaw were not included. After what seemed like an eternity she felt a space began to open up between her upper and lower jaws. She tried to snap her teeth back together, but SPC Lines had already

pushed his thumbs into the gap, and was putting downward pressure on her mandible. Resisting only brought on more pain. She winced, he squeezed, and just like that her mouth was open. He chose that moment to thrust hips forward, choking her. Gagging, she lost the battle with her tears and openly sobbed.

SPC Lines was not exactly sympathetic. “Awwww ... what’s the matter LT? Not in charge anymore? That’s OK. You’ll get used to it, now suck!” he said. His last two words came out as a groan, as LT Cordy did as she was told out of pure desperation. She couldn’t breathe, and decided the sooner he came, the sooner she could have her throat back. After a few moments he slowly pulled out of her mouth, clearly relishing the feel of her soft lips dragging over his shaft. Slowly, so slowly, he pushed his hips forward again, throwing his head back and pulling hers closer to his body. Closing his eyes, he gradually picked up speed, thrusting into her warm mouth more and more insistently.

As the onslaught continued, LT Cordy started to panic. He was choking her, it felt like the back of her throat was bruised, and she was starting to get light headed. She tried to keep her head, but after a while she lost control and started squirming. All thoughts of just getting it over with were gone, and instead she just wanted to get away. She tried to flip herself over backwards, but with his death grip on her head and jaw she got absolutely nowhere. In fact, the more she struggled, the worse it got. Before long it was obvious that he was actually trying to hurt her. She tried to bite him, but with his thumbs pressing into the space between her jaws, she just ended up biting the inside of her own cheek. Her mouth filled up with blood, and she sputtered uncontrollably. At that moment SPC Lines looked down at her face. His eyes went wide at the sight of the blood running down her face around his cock. His whole body tensed up and shook, and he literally howled his pleasure into the night. When he had finished his orgasm, he tilted her head so she had no choice to look at him through her mouthful of softening cock. “Swallow,” he commanded. She obeyed.

The tears running down her face washed away some of the

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