

~ A Call To Service ~

([A Woman In Uniform - Part 2](#))

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July 2002

For disclaimers see [part one](#).

Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

Again this one is for Allison since her birthday inspired part one.

PART ONE

Maeve could feel her muscles straining as she fought valiantly. Sweat poured down her long body as she wrestled with the socket wrench, releasing a stream of curses as she continued with her futile attempt to repair the heating system.

"Having any luck?" Jan, her sole companion, taunted her as she worked steadily at her computer.

"I can do this," Maeve fumed as she once again studied the instructions the technician had emailed to her.

"Do you have any idea how to fix it or are you just winging it?" Jan snickered at her.

The truth was that Maeve was completely clueless about the task she was trying to perform. Yet she was determined to fix the heat so she and her companion could start wearing more suitable clothing. It had been stressful enough being around the barely dressed blonde before, but since the night of their infamous checkers match it had become intolerable.

For the life of her, Maeve could not fathom what had possessed her to wager sex when she was losing so badly. She rolled her crystal blue eyes when she recalled that her pride and her libido had made the wager. Now as she closed her eyes every evening she could still taste the blonde's passion. The same foolish arrogance that had made her accept Jan's challenge led her to raise the stakes. Not only did she have to pleasure her companion but she couldn't seek any form of relief for her own aching need.

Although she had to only restrain herself for one week, it was proving to be the longest week of her life. Jan seemed to take delight in fueling her frustration. The small blonde found it increasingly necessary to touch and fondle Maeve constantly, and when she wasn't doing that, Jan would pleasure herself in front of the already tense brunette. Then Mother Nature decided to increase her agony; just as her week of celibacy was coming to an end, her body decided to change her cycle. Of course since they were living in such close quarters Jan's body quickly followed.

Maeve was grateful that Jan's teasing ceased when the brunette was curled up in bed with earth-shattering cramps. Instead, the normally irritating blonde offered comfort and tenderness. Maeve had relished the tender moments they had shared.

Then this morning, as she was watching the endless blips on her computer screen, she heard a soft moan. She looked over to Jan's cot and her body almost exploded when she discovered Jan lying there with the covers pulled back. She had removed her tank top and had one of her hands firmly placed in her panties while her other hand was cupping her breasts.

Maeve didn't want to watch the show yet she couldn't tear her eyes away from the glorious sight of Jan's body arching into her own hand. It had been over five months now since Maeve had experienced the gift Jan was giving her. She needed to feel what her body releasing and she knew that it was Jan she wanted to receive this pleasure from.

As Jan cried out in ecstasy one word kept drumming in Maeve's mind - *'Rematch'*! Now Maeve was locked in an intense battle with the heating system so that her companion would be forced to put on some clothing. She prayed that not seeing the blonde walking around half naked might ease her growing tension.

Maeve inhaled sharply as she felt two familiar hands come to rest on her hips. She felt Jan's breasts press into her back as the blonde molded herself to Maeve's body. "Having any luck?" Jan muttered softly into the back of Maeve's damp T-shirt. Maeve clenched her jaw, refusing to answer her playful companion.

Jan's nimble hands pulled up the hem of her shirt and slid up under the sweat-soaked garment. Maeve licked her lips as Jan's hands caressed her torso. She had no intention of halting Jan's exploration. Not only did she want to make love to the blonde again, she needed to make love to her. The only thing that prevented her from taking Jan in her arms was the nagging fear that the blonde was once again toying with her.

Each time Maeve responded to Jan's attention the blonde retreated, leaving the taller woman a quivering mass of desire. This time Maeve would simply allow the smaller woman to explore her freely, curious as to how far Jan would take things. The knowledge that Jan would eventually face a well-deserved payback was the only thing that helped Maeve maintain her composure.

Maeve fought to focus her attention on the heating system as Jan cupped her breasts and began to knead them gently while her hips ground into Maeve's firm backside. "Enjoying yourself?" Maeve offered flippantly as Jan began to moan sensually from behind her.

Jan sighed contentedly as she began to pinch and tease Maeve's nipples. Somehow the brunette managed to keep her hips still as the rhythm of Jan's thrusting steadily increased. A sudden blast of cooler air gushed into Maeve's face. "Success," the brunette said with a bright smile.

"You fixed it?" Jan sputtered as her movements stilled.

"You sound surprised." Maeve chuckled as Jan's hands slowly retreated from her body.

"I never doubted you, Ryan," the blonde lied as she returned to her position at the computer.

Maeve snorted in disbelief as she turned to her companion. She stretched her tired limbs above her head, very aware of a pair of emerald eyes watching her every movement. "I'm going to take a shower," she commented dryly as she repacked her tools.

"Need help?" Jan offered huskily as Maeve headed towards their bathroom.

"No thanks. I think I have matters well in hand," Maeve shot back with a sensual purr as Jan whimpered in frustration.

Despite her every intention of taking advantage of the privacy the shower provided, their limited water supply and Maeve's need to actually clean the sweat off her body didn't allow her the pleasure of exploring her own body. When she emerged from the bathroom wearing nothing but a thin towel wrapped around her firm body, she was surprised to see that Jan was actually focused on her work.

"We have an unscheduled break," Jan informed her.

Curious Maeve leaned over Jan's shoulder and peered at the data. "A seventy-six hour shutdown," Maeve responded with honest pleasure as she held the small towel tightly to her body, knowing that it concealed very little. "Nice," Maeve added, looking forward to the break from watching the mindless blips for a few days.

"Oh yeah," Jan agreed softly.

Maeve could feel the blonde's eyes roaming her body. She tilted her head slightly and found Jan's eyes firmly affixed to her backside, which was hanging out of the skimpy towel. Maeve dismissed the blonde's ogling and turned her attention back to the computer screen. "The blackout doesn't start for another three hours," Maeve noted, pleased that Jan's attention had returned to the data on the computer screen. "I'm going to get dressed," Maeve said as she returned to her full height. "Now that the temperature has returned to a more bearable level, I think it would be prudent to return to wearing our day uniforms," she informed her grimacing partner.

"I still think it's a little warm in here," Jan protested.

"Perhaps if you stopped staring at my bare ass long enough you would feel more comfortable," Maeve noted as she rolled her eyes at Jan's futile attempt to keep them in a constant state of undress.

"So what would you like to do with our unexpected downtime?" Jan inquired in a slightly nervous voice as Maeve walked over to her bunk and began to dress in her khaki day uniform. She took her time, knowing that Jan was watching her. Also there was a system to putting on the

uniform. Everything right down to her underwear was regulation and needed to be worn in a very specific manner.

"Oh, you know what I want," Maeve informed her directly as she brushed the crease on her trousers. She turned to find Jan wearing a sly smirk. "I want a rematch."

PART TWO

"Just what is it that you're burning over there?" Maeve inquired as she watched the tedious blips on her computer screen. The brunette glanced at her watch; in just a few more moments it would be eighteen hundred hours and their system would be blacked out for the next seventy-six hours. The sounds of muttering from the kitchen area caught her attention.

From what she could hear, Jan was having some sort of disagreement with their dinner. She also took note that she really liked the way the smaller woman's backside filled out her day uniform. Earlier Maeve had taken over the computer so Jan could shower and change into more appropriate clothing. Jan did try to protest but her efforts only resulted in her pulling KP for the night.

The computer beeped and Maeve punched in the appropriate code to acknowledge the shutdown. With that done Maeve leaned back in her chair and watched her roommate. Fixing the heating system had seemed like a really good idea until she saw Jan in uniform. *'It's amazing. The woman is even sexier with her clothes on!'* Maeve thought ruefully.

A smile emerged as Maeve contemplated her plans for later that evening. Tonight she was finally going to get her rematch and she had been planning - well, plotting actually - with some really interesting added incentives.

"Do you know the first thing I'm going to do when this assignment is over and we get back to port?" Jan babbled as she made her way over to their tiny dining area.

"Buy new batteries for your vibrator?" Maeve quipped as she stood and joined Jan at the small table.

"After that," Jan grunted as they both frowned at their cuisine. "Are we logged off?" Jan quickly inquired.

"All set," Maeve confirmed. "So tell me - what are your plans for your first night home?"

"Dinner at a really nice restaurant," Jan boasted. "Wearing my dress whites and having someone wait on me. Good food, a great bottle of wine and real coffee."

"Oh, coffee," Maeve whimpered in agreement. "At this point I'd settle for decent utensils," she added as she held up her dilapidated fork.

"So would you be interested in joining me?" Jan prodded.

"Of course," Maeve confirmed. "You're paying, right?"

"Me?" Jan choked on her glass of water. "Why should I pay?"

"It is the least you can do for making me put up with you in the mornings," Maeve argued.

"You have a problem with the fact that I'm a morning person?" Jan teased her.

"No, you are more than a morning person," Maeve corrected her. "You, my dear Lt. Commander, are downright frightening in the morning. No one should be that chatty at the crack of dawn."

"And this is winning you a dinner invitation how?" Jan inquired quizzically as she glared her.

"Oh, you're buying me dinner," Maeve vowed. "Thirteen months from Tuesday and it had better be a nice place."

Jan shook her head in disagreement as a playful smirk formed on her lips. "Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" Jan persisted.

"Always," Maeve responded with confidence.

"Just like the last time we played checkers," Jan noted in a sly tone.

"A minor setback," Maeve responded in a dismissive manner.

"So I take it that you plan to have your revenge tonight?" Jan challenged her.

"Count on it," Maeve responded confidently.

PART THREE

After dinner was complete Jan went about handling the cleanup while Maeve set up the checkerboard. Maeve stood confidently by the table as her roommate approached with a cocky spring in her step. Jan's emerald eyes glazed over as she stood defiantly before the tall brunette. Maeve held Jan's challenging gaze, knowing that this time she was ready for the feisty blonde. The clinking sound of metal drew her attention.

She looked down and wasn't surprised to find Jan undoing her belt. "What do you think you are doing?" Maeve inquired dryly.

"Just clearing the decks for when I need to call you into service," Jan calmly responded.

Maeve chuckled lightly as she shook her head. Despite the fact that she and Jan seemed to enjoy

teasing one another, Maeve was becoming very aware that the blonde was definitely getting to her in a very good way. There was something positively endearing about the smaller woman.

"Not so fast, sailor," she stated in a cool tone. "I have a few conditions this time."

"Such as?" Jan sighed as she folded her arms across her ample bosom.

"I've made a list," Maeve responded excitedly as she removed a piece of paper from her front pocket.

"Of course you did," Jan grumbled as she snatched the folded piece of paper from Maeve's hand.

"You wouldn't be teasing me about my organizational skills now, would you?" Maeve inquired sternly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Jan responded sarcastically as she began to scan the list. "Okay, let's see what you've come up with here. Number one - for every checker your opponent removes from the playing board, your opponent can remove one article of clothing of your choosing. Ribbons, medals, and decorations do not count." Jan looked up to count the ribbons on Maeve's chest. "I appreciate that one," the blonde conceded when she realized that Maeve had more decorations than she did. "Strip checkers; very creative," Jan congratulated her.

"Thank you," Maeve responded with a slight bow.

"Number two - no self-gratification unless you remove two or more of your opponent's pieces in a single turn." Jan scowled. "Stinker. Number three - you must cease self-gratification once your opponent has removed one of your pieces. Not a problem since I'm going to mop the floor with you. Number four - once the match is completed, the loser must gratify the winner until the blackout period is over. You're going to be very tired," Jan noted confidently. "Number five - if the winner requests anything the loser is uncomfortable with, she only needs to refuse. I like that one," Jan added sincerely. "Number six - the loser must refrain from self-exploration for a period of thirty days. Nope. No way. No how," Jan concluded adamantly.

"What's the problem?" Maeve taunted the smaller woman. "Don't you think you can hold out that long?"

"No, I think that you'll spontaneously combust within a week of your resounding defeat," Jan exclaimed in concern. "A week."

Maeve pretended to think about the revision for a moment having already decided that it was out of the question for either of them. "Fine," Maeve conceded. "And the other conditions?"

"I'm game," Jan readily agreed as she offered her hand to Maeve.

"Good," Maeve said as she shook the blonde's hand in agreement. "Just one more thing," she added quickly as she pulled Jan into her smoldering body. Wrapping her fingers through Jan's

short blonde locks, she lowered her head and captured Jan's full lips in a fiery kiss.

She parted Jan's lips with her tongue and began a passionate exploration of the blonde's mouth. Jan's body melted into her own as her hands roamed down the smaller woman's back and cupped her firm backside. She massaged the firmness eagerly as Jan's hands began to roam across her back. Jan released a deep moan into her mouth and Maeve instantly tore her lips away. "Let's play," the brunette asserted with an evil grin.

Jan nodded mutely as she tried to steady herself. Maeve was more than a little amused by the blonde's distant gaze and flushed features. "You won the last time so you can go first," Maeve offered once they both were seated.

"What?" Jan stammered absently.

"I said it's your move," Maeve stated firmly.

PART FOUR

An hour later Maeve was studying the checkerboard thoughtfully. Both women were now minus shoes, socks, and belts. Each had turned the removal of the items into an exploration of touches and caresses. A smile formed on Maeve's face as Jan looked down at the checkerboard. The blonde's eyes suddenly widened as she spotted the same opening that Maeve had.

Maeve made her move with a flourish as Jan stood next to her. Maeve put down the two black checkers she'd just swiped off the board and stood next to the blushing blonde. She cocked one dark eyebrow questioningly.

"Shirt," Jan responded softly.

"And?" Maeve drew the question out very slowly.

"T-shirt," Jan replied with a hard swallow.

Maeve ran her fingers along the buttons of the short-sleeved khaki dress shirt, mesmerized by the rise and fall of Jan's chest. She felt Jan's hands come up to rest on her hips. She looked deeply into Jan's sea-green eyes as she reached up with one hand and cupped the blonde's cheek. She smiled as Jan leaned into her touch.

With her other hand Maeve's long fingers began to slowly undo each button of Jan's shirt. Her fingers constantly strayed so she could caress the blonde's breasts in a slow sensual motion. She leaned into Jan's body as she tugged the tail of the shirt out of the blonde's slacks. As she slid the shirt down Jan's shoulders her thigh pressed against the smaller woman's center eliciting a moan.

She could feel Jan's hips thrust slightly forward as the warmth of her erratic breathing caressed Maeve's neck. The brunette tossed the shirt aside and took a small step away from the warmth of

Jan's body. She could see the blonde's nipples straining against the material of her white cotton T-shirt.

Maeve slowly circled the hardened nipples with the tips of her fingers. Her body trembled as Jan's eyes fluttered shut and her tongue peeked out slightly to gently wet her lips. She continued the slow tortuous movement until she felt Jan's body start to sway.

Maeve's fingertips drifted slowly down Jan's body until she was tugging the T-shirt out of Jan's pants. As Maeve lifted the offending article, her fingers caressed Jan's soft firm body. Jan lifted her arms so Maeve could completely remove the garment. Maeve's stomach clenched with desire as she looked upon Jan's half-naked body. She leaned in and cupped Jan's breasts that were now only concealed by her white bra. Maeve placed a gentle kiss between the valley of Jan's breasts.

Maeve placed a tender reassuring kiss on Jan's lips before returning to her seat. Jan blew out a heavy breath before shakily sitting down. Maeve held Jan's misty gaze as she lifted one of her long legs onto the edge of the table. Jan whimpered as Maeve cupped her center and began making small circles with the palm of her hand.

"Focus Christiansen," Jan mumbled as she diverted her gaze from Maeve's limited self-exploration.

"Take your time," Maeve responded with a soft moan.

Jan contemplated her next move as she chewed nervously on her bottom lip. By the time Jan had finally collected herself, it took her three more turns to finally remove one of Maeve's checkers from the board. Maeve could feel the dampness seeping through her pants and was more than ready to have Jan remove an article of clothing from her overheated body.

"Shirt," Maeve offered as she stood in front of the blonde who almost toppled over her chair when she bolted to her feet. Jan pressed her body against Maeve's and began to suckle her neck eagerly while her tiny fingers quickly undid the buttons of her shirt. Maeve's hips started to sway; her shirt was pulled from her body while Jan continued to feast upon her sensitive neck.

"Do you think we're going to make it to the end of the game?" Maeve panted once they'd returned to their seats.

"I don't know," Jan panted in response. "I really do like you, Maeve," the blonde confessed as Maeve made her next move. "I want you to know that it's not just about the challenge or the game," Jan explained as she removed another one of Maeve's checkers from the board.

"I feel the same way," Maeve confessed as she once again stood before Jan. She took the smaller woman's hand and placed it against her rapidly beating heart. The tips of Jan's fingers caressed Maeve's skin, sending tiny jolts of pleasure through Maeve's body as Jan removed her T-shirt.

A few moments later Jan was standing before Maeve who remained sitting in her chair. "Pants," Jan said huskily. Maeve kissed the woman's firm abdomen, slowly licking her way up to the

mole that was a constant source of amazement and fantasies for the brunette. She slowly lowered the zipper while she suckled and licked the tiny mole. She moaned in pleasure as Jan ran her fingers through her long black hair.

Jan stepped back as Maeve slipped out of her chair and sank to her knees. Her mouth and tongue feasted upon the blonde's skin as she lowered her pants down her legs. Jan supported herself on Maeve's broad shoulders as she stepped out of her pants, which were unceremoniously cast aside as Maeve began to kiss her way back up the blonde's trembling body.

Maeve tugged on the waistband of Jan's panties with her teeth before they shyly stepped away from one another and returned their focus to the game. They both knew that they were only continuing with the ruse of the game because neither would admit just how deep their emotions and passions were running.

The next series of moves granted Maeve possession of Jan's bra. The blonde stood before her once again; Maeve claimed her soft lips while she unclasped the garment and lowered it down Jan's arms. Maeve released Jan's lips and removed the bra, casting it aside with the rest of their clothing. Leaning down she slowly traced each of the blonde's erect nipples with her tongue. Jan was clinging to her as she sucked one of her nipples into the warmth of her mouth.

Jan ran the tips of her fingers up and down Maeve's back while the brunette teased her nipple with her teeth and her tongue while she gently rolled the other nipple between her fingers. Jan's whimpers of desire further fueled her passion.

"I want to see you," Jan pleaded.

"If you want my clothes, you need to win them," Maeve teased her as she ran her tongue up along Jan's neck.

"Oh god," Jan groaned before both women staggered back to their seats. Jan clung to the edge of the table as she studied the checkerboard. Maeve smiled as she watched the sway of Jan's breasts and her intense look of concentration. Jan was down to her panties and very few checkers and yet seemed determined to win the match.

Finally Jan moved a piece with reluctance. Maeve watched the move carefully, knowing that Jan wasn't going to be able to avoid her from taking one of her few remaining checkers and her underwear. Maeve's turn removed two more of Jan's checkers from the board. She smiled over to her lover as she realized just how truly beautiful Jan was.

They both stood and met each other halfway. Maeve sank to her knees and began to caress Jan's hips while the blonde ran her fingers through her long silky hair. Jan's excitement greeted her senses as she began to slowly lower her panties. Maeve paused for a moment and dipped her tongue into Jan's wetness. "You taste so good," Maeve murmured as she parted Jan and began to drink in her passion.

Maeve suckled Jan's clit in the warmth of her mouth. "Game's over," Jan cried out as Maeve suckled her throbbing clit harder. Jan's body arched as her thighs parted in an effort to offer more

of herself to her lover. Maeve drank in her passion greedily as she felt Jan's thighs trembling against her.

Maeve ceased her movements and looked up at her lover. "I concede," Jan choked out. "I'm yours." Maeve's heart warmed, sensing that Jan was offering her far more than her body.

"And I'm yours," Maeve offered honestly.

Maeve dipped her tongue back into the blonde's wetness as she reached down her own body and undid her pants. While she pressed her tongue against Jan's center, she pulled her own pants and underwear down. She plunged her tongue inside of her lover while her fingers entered her own wetness. "Oh, that's it . . . touch yourself," Jan encouraged her as her hips thrust against Maeve's touch.

Maeve plunged in and out of her own wetness with her long fingers while her tongue mirrored her actions. Jan's body rocked wildly; Maeve took her deeper while her own hips thrust furiously against her hand. Maeve could feel both of their bodies nearing the edge as her tongue glided back up to Jan's throbbing clit. She suckled it hard, teasing it with her teeth and her tongue while she rocked against her own touch.

Jan clutched her shoulders tightly. She cried out in pleasure; Maeve's own cries of ecstasy were muffled by Jan's passion. They continued to cling to one another as the waves of passion filled their bodies. "Come here," Jan choked out, her voice strained from her cries of release. Maeve removed her pants and underwear completely before struggling to her feet.

Jan guided the brunette over to their bunks and kissed her deeply as she finally removed the taller woman's bra. Once the last barrier between them was tossed aside, Jan lowered Maeve down onto her bunk. "I want to make love to you," Jan stated in voice filled with promise as she lowered herself down to meet Maeve's body.

Maeve trembled from the feel of their skin melting together. Jan cupped her face gently and brushed her lips tenderly against the brunette's. Jan's tongue traced Maeve's lips as their hips began to sway in a slow sensual rhythm. Maeve parted her lips as Jan caressed her shoulders. She greeted the blonde's tongue as Jan's hands drifted lower down her body.

Their tongues engaged in a duel as Jan cupped her breasts, teasing her aching nipples with her palms. Maeve moaned into the warmth of Jan's mouth as her body arched. She felt Jan's mouth leave her own and begin to work its way across her face and then down her neck as her thigh pressed into Maeve's center.

She cried out hungrily as Jan captured one of her nipples in her mouth while her fingers teased its twin. Maeve rocked against Jan's firm thigh as her body cried out for release. Jan continued to tease her nipple before lavishing the same attention to the other. Maeve was clutching the bedding as Jan brought her closer to the edge.

She gasped, her body trembling, when Jan began to kiss her way down her body. The fire

consumed her as Jan's lips and tongue blazed a slow determined path further down her aching body. Jan nestled between the brunette's thighs and draped Maeve's long legs over her shoulders.

Maeve thought she was going to pass out as she felt her body being raised and brought closer to Jan's eager mouth. She felt her body lifting higher at the first flicker of Jan's tongue against her throbbing clit. Jan licked and tasted her passion slowly as Maeve's body thrust harder, silently begging for release.

She cried out the blonde's name as Jan suckling her clit, two fingers pressed against her aching center. Jan entered her slowly at first, filling her completely as she teased Maeve's clit. Somehow Jan managed to hold her gyrating body as her hands and mouth took her deeper into the abyss.

Jan's teeth grazed her hood as her fingers plunged in and out of her. Maeve's body rocked wildly as she begged for more. Her body exploded as Jan's mouth and fingers increased their steady rhythm. She didn't have time to collapse before Jan quickly brought her to a second climax. The blonde seemed determine to continue when Maeve pulled herself from her lover's hold.

Jan climbed up her quivering body. Maeve pulled her down and captured her in a lingering kiss. As she tasted her passion on her lover's lips, Jan's fingers returned to her wetness. Maeve needed to give her lover the same pleasure as her own fingers began to caress Jan's wetness.

They entered one another as their bodies became one. Maeve was lost in the sensation of pleasuring her lover as she was being pleased. They cried out in unison before collapsing against each other. They clung together as their hearts raced.

Once their breathing had calmed, Maeve kissed Jan's brow. "This feels too good," Maeve confessed as her emotions threatened to spill over.

"I know," Jan said softly as she kissed Maeve's shoulder. "I'm scared."

"So am I," Maeve finally admitted as she looked deeply into her lover's eyes. "But we have thirteen months to figure it out," she reassured the smiling blonde.

"And if we don't?" Jan asked.

"You still owe me dinner," Maeve asserted.

"I do not," Jan argued before she brushed her lips against Maeve's cheek.

"Yes, you do," Maeve protested with a light laugh as she felt herself becoming lost in Jan's touch. "I'll explain it all to you later," she teased before pulling her lover in for a lingering kiss.

They silently agreed to put aside their fears of what the future might bring as they lost themselves in each other.

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