

Chapter 1 : The Captain and the Colonel Chapter 1: Blind Date, a sherlock fanfic | FanFiction

colonel | captain | As nouns the difference between colonel and captain is that colonel is a commissioned officer in the army, air force, or marine corps in us military, it ranks above a lieutenant colonel and below a brigadier general while captain is a chief or leader.

What starts out as a secret tryst becomes a twisted web of manipulation and control. Contains non-con, dub-con, violence, torture, smut to the max. Disclaimer before you embark on this story: The estimated amount of chapters to this story is I hope, however, that the payoff in the end is worth it. Blind Date Sebastian was late, purposefully so. He enjoyed the power of making them wait for him. He scanned the restaurant and spotted the army doctor almost immediately. He looked good, better than his picture, in his jacket and tie. Sebastian straightened his own tie, which he felt extremely awkward in, squared his broad shoulders, and strode up to the table. Good to meet you in person, finally. John gave a sigh of relief. He gave the man a warm smile and stood to shake his hand. God, he was tall. Broad-shouldered, too—and very attractive. This was his first time going on any sort of date with a man, and he was nervous. Irrationally so, he berated himself. Surely he could come out of a same-sex date intact. Screw the wines, bring on the scotch. He absently felt at the gun concealed in his jacket. John blushed in surprise and gave a little laugh. Sebastian grinned, and they picked out their scotches, giving their orders to the waiter. The doctor looked nervous and fidgety. All that your page said was "Freelancing". I could never settle into a desk job," Sebastian said. Usually Sebastian had a quick fuck and moved on by revealing that he was a mercenary. He decided to change the topic. He was attractive and he knew it. John gave him an apologetic smile, chuckling nervously. The man had nice eyes, kind but sad. He was handsome, very much so, with cool grey eyes, a strong jaw with a bit of stubble, and his grin, though cocky, was undeniably attractive. John flushed a bit at the dirty thought. I got shot in the shoulder while going in to retrieve a downed lieutenant. He would have this man by the end of the night, he was sure of that. He debated whether he should play nice or let John know exactly what he was getting himself into early on. Sebastian smiled, raising an eyebrow. The man was quick. Oh, this was delightful! Oh, the dreary lives of civilians. Sticky emotions got involved at it always ended ugly. Sebastian leaned back, relieved. Once the food came, they continued getting to know each other. Both of them had alcoholics in the family, which made Sebastian feel an even deeper kinship with John. He leaned back as the plates of food were set in front of them and started in on his steak. Their live-ins both seemed to be big-headed, intelligent people who were always plotting or scheming by themselves. I like you, John Watson. This whole getup is a bit uncomfortable. That sort of line was typical for him, but he was usually yelling it over throbbing music while grinding against someone in a darkened club. It felt out of place and juvenile in a nice restaurant. He felt his own face burning—he had forgotten he even had the capacity to blush—and crammed another forkful of steak into his mouth. He could tell Sebastian was embarrassed by it when his face immediately turned bright red. John bit his lip and cleared his throat. I mean, I get it. He was totally flummoxed. He had turned on the charm, and it had been working! The whole dating thing I was thinking of getting another whiskey and finishing my steak. And talking to you about what your favorite kind of gun was. Can you guess what kind I have on me right now? Sebastian tried to be as smooth as he could, but he felt like a fucking idiot. Sebastian was probably a good kisser. With looks like those, he likely had loads of experience. John gave a silent, inward sigh as he finished off his food. Sebastian laced his fingers together after wiping them off and considered John again. Have you dated many men? He was just so adorable. Sebastian had no doubt that Doctor Watson could intimidate people, but right now he looked so vulnerable. It made him want to kiss him all the more, to show him what a proper kiss was like. You seem new to this whole thing. He was making such a fool out of himself. Maybe John just wanted him to back off and go home. Are we ordering desert, then? I think I saw a delicious piece of humble pie that you might like," John grinned. Sebastian laughed, a genuine belly laugh. But this made that moment seem like the cheap thrill it was. But an after-dinner coffee would suit me well. The doctor was a full head shorter, which he liked. He wondered how John would feel in his arms. He was certainly compact, but there was a softness around the edges that Sebastian found appealing. John smiled a bit to

himself as they walked. Did it make him feel special or wanted? None of those seemed to be it, though the feeling was all encompassing of them. Sebastian guided him into a warm-looking cigar parlor and ordered two black coffees. Good black coffee, plain and simple. He had figured that the man smoked, seeing as he was taking them to a cigar parlor. He wondered if he should tone down the swearing, but then thought, why should he? He swore all the time; no sense lying to John about it. He lit up and took a long drag, exhaling in a sigh of relief, then grabbed their two coffees and found a secluded nook for two by the window. They settled onto the padded benches, elbows touching. This was better, Sebastian decided as he blew smoke slowly through his mouth and nose. He finally got ahold of himself, cleared his throat, and took a sip of his coffee. What do you like to do in your spare time? That was a look of want. John swallowed and took another sip of his coffee. My flatmate—the genius I told you about is sort of a private eye. Sounded like that stupid detective Jim was so obsessed with, the one with the absurd name. He wondered if John had heard of him, or if his boss had. Ironic, that John was seeing the other end of the crimes. Not bloody likely, though.

I was a Captain for Eastern Air Lines from to its demise in This book was a very accurate history of the airline, and I am very proud to have been a small part of its history. There were many, many, more very professional employees, just like myself!!

What starts out as a secret tryst becomes a twisted web of manipulation and control. Contains non-con, dub-con, violence, torture, smut to the max. I have quite the collection of mobile phones at the flat that get texts from you now," he said, coldly eyeing Jim. Jim grinned wildly when he saw Sherlock, "Oh! Come to join the party, have you? Oh, but this IS fun! Is there anyone else I should be expecting? Just one flick of the trigger, that was all he needed. Sherlock met his eyes and nodded. Once he heard Sherlock talking, he pulled the gun back out of where it had been stashed, hands still bound, and silently moved down the hall, for the first time in the past nine hours, his hands were steady as he raised the gun and pointed it at Sebastian, cocking it. His face turned to a look of pure and utter hatred. Sebastian looked at John in alarm. He was expecting as much and keeping his own gun in his hand he suddenly kicked a leg out, knocking Sherlock down, but before he could fall, John used all his weight to catch Sherlock off balance and slam him against the wall, hard enough that Sherlock lost his breath and to his horror dropped the gun as he doubled over, gasping. Jim giggled in amusement. There was just enough time for Jim to understand. I can see why they keep you around. He stared at it for a moment, but his instinct was to run to John. Are youâ€”are you all right? He was so thin, so ill-looking. Everything had seemed to be in slow motion. He stumbled backwards, in shock, both guns falling from his limp fingers and clattering onto the ground. Sherlock stood up unsteadily. Sebastian whirled on him. While Sebastian had turned to yell at Sherlock, John had stumbled back a step to catch himself on the wall and then slid down it. He could hear Sebastian and Sherlock talking, but it was as if he was hearing it through a puddle of mud. Everything was thick and blurred together and nothing was distinguishable by the time it reached him. Sebastian stayed holding onto John as he slipped down the wall. John looked comatose, and Sebastian felt rather numb too. He looked over at the body, where a pool of red was slowly spreading across the wood floor. What had he expected? He was a criminal. Take money out of my accounts. Sherlock grit his teeth. It was time for Mycroft to do him a favor. Sherlock came into the house to collect John. John flinched as he was gently pulled out of the house. The wide-open space of outdoors after being locked in the cupboard for over a week was terrifying. He wanted to go back. He wanted to go help Jim. Once they reached Baker Street and he was herded inside, he timidly looked around. John let Sherlock lead him to his chair and sit him down. After the room started to get dark, it was as if his brain finally caught up with reality. He looked around the room and noticed Sherlock perched in his own chair watching him with narrowed eyes, studying with concern. Buttons was lapping at some water in a dish. Mycroft can pull a few strings. He still felt a bit trapped, but in a different way. He was free now, but it felt suffocating. Yes," Sherlock said, lacing his hands. Meanwhile, Sebastian was in prison, hating that there was nothing to distract him from his thinking. He kept thinking of Jim, on the floor, dead. He mourned for him despite everything, and he ached to see John. John gave another small nod and picked up the kitten, letting her curl in his arms. He slowly rose to his feet and headed towards the stairs with Mrs. Buttons, not intending on letting the kitten out of his sight. He paused before he left the room, though, and turned back to his friend. Instead, he went to his bathroom and drew himself a hot bath. He sunk down into it once it was filled and sat quietly for a while. Once it began to cool, he scrubbed every inch of himself clean with military precision and climbed out. Buttons up next to him. He lay awake for hours, unable to sleep, feeling too exposed and thinking about Sebastian. After a while, he grabbed his pillow and blanket and Mrs. Buttons and went to the closet. He pushed the doors open and curled onto the floor, feeling more at homeâ€”safer. Buttons even closer to him, and silently drifted off into an exhausted sleep. Oooooo God we are SO close to the end! Two more chapters, loovies. Thanks for sticking this epic misery-fest out. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : the colonel and the captain | Tumblr

Calvin and the Colonel is an animated cartoon television series in about Colonel Montgomery J. Klaxon, a shrewd fox and Calvin T. Burnside, a dumb bear. Their lawyer was Oliver Wendell Clutch, who was a weasel (literally).

Edited by Elizabeth Cosgriff. Posted on August 16, At first, I just thought it was entertaining. But then it became frightening. His recent statements about the Khans might have cost him the election in November. He criticized Trump by asking if the Republican candidate had ever sacrificed anything during his life. Khan said this while accompanied by his wife, Ghazala, who chose to remain silent. Evidently, the following weekend, Trump jumped at the chance to respond, first during an ABC interview and then on Twitter on Monday. Khan, who does not know me, viciously attacked me from the stage of the DNC and is now all over T. Trump also raised questions about Mrs. Trump totally underestimated the immense respect that Americans have for veterans and their families. Trump, the king of lowbrow and mean-spirited attacks, who said that Bette Midler is ugly, Hillary Clinton is the devil and Mexicans are "murderers and rapists," missed a good opportunity to shut his mouth. He has since become the target of much criticism, including from his Republican colleagues. You either publish empty thoughts that no one cares about, or you act crazy and get into the doghouse. Trump is more often than not in the doghouse. But you should still listen to the wise people around you. For now, Donald Trump seems like a toy car that lost contact with the remote control and is zigzagging around the kitchen table. Can you imagine how stressed the heads of the CIA are? As tradition dictates, members of the American intelligence community will soon have to meet the main candidates in the race and inform them about military operations and important issues in international relations. Donald Trump, a vulgar, mean, ignorant man, who is running a campaign based on fear and threats to the survival of white America, has become one of the two main contenders for the White House. Are American citizens so confused and disillusioned that they can no longer choose quality candidates to govern their country? I also believe that Trump will stick a spoke in his own wheels. The man who calls himself the voice of ordinary people was the target of much citizen criticism. The original quotation, accurately translated, could not be verified. Leave a comment You must be logged in to post a comment.

Chapter 4 : Captain Vs. Lieutenant in the Navy | calendrierdelascience.com

Captain Colonel is an elephant from the Chip'n Dale Rescue Rangers episode, "An Elephant Never Suspects ". He is Elliott's father and the leader of the elephant herd.

A lieutenant may serve as the captain of a vessel without holding the military rank of captain. His rank, lieutenant, is the equivalent of a captain in the land services. His position, however, is that of captain. A captain in the Navy is the equivalent of a colonel in the land-based services. Navy Rank Structure The officer ranks in the Navy include an ensign, the lowest of the officer ranks. The next higher ranks include lieutenant junior-grade, lieutenant, lieutenant commander, commander and captain. Above the rank of captain are admirals: The rear admiral, lower half, wears one star and is the equivalent of a brigadier general in the land services. The higher grade, rear admiral, upper half, wears two stars, the equivalent of a major general in the land-based services. Above them are the vice admiral and admiral. A lieutenant outranks an ensign, a lieutenant junior-grade and any of the five grades of warrant officers. Lieutenant commanders, commanders and captains -- whose pay grade is O-6 -- outrank lieutenants. Admirals, including the two echelons of rear admiral, vice admiral and admiral, outrank captains. Authority and Responsibility for Lieutenants The authority of a captain stems largely from the higher pay grade and the duty assignment of the officer. For example, under all circumstances, a captain outranks a lieutenant, but if the lieutenant is in command of a small boat, his authority exceeds that of a captain who is a passenger. Aboard large ships, lieutenants are prepared for command, but are unlikely to receive command of a ship before promotion to lieutenant commander. Authority and Responsibility for Captains A captain who works ashore in command of a naval facility, such as Naval Base Coronado, outranks and has authority over those officers of lesser rank who enter the base. By comparison, a lieutenant may have been to sea and served as a department head aboard a large vessel or have been in charge of a small vessel, but may not have had an independent command. References 2 Navy Base Coronado: Biographies About the Author Will Charpentier is a writer who specializes in boating and maritime subjects. A retired ship captain, Charpentier holds a doctorate in applied ocean science and engineering. He is also a certified marine technician and the author of a popular text on writing local history.

Chapter 5 : The Captain and the Colonel Chapter John's Choice, a sherlock fanfic | FanFiction

Corporal, captain and colonel Thank you for visiting our website! Below you will be able to find the answer to Corporal, captain and colonel crossword clue which was last seen on Wall Street Journal Crossword, September 26

Chapter 6 : Trump, the Captain and the Colonel | Watching America

"Captain John Watson? Colonel Sebastian Moran. Good to meet you in person, finally." He held out his hand to shake and gave a cocky grin. John gave a sigh of relief. He'd been sitting at the table for a full twenty minutes, fretting about whether he'd been stood up or not. He gave the man a warm smile and stood to shake his hand. God, he was tall.

Chapter 7 : The US GPV 8x8 Wheeled Captain and Colonel APC

The US GPV 8x8—8 Wheeled Captain and Colonel APC forms part of The General Purpose Vehicles (GPV) company, system of wheeled medium tactical vehicles, which include a family of trucks and a family of armoured personnel carriers.

Chapter 8 : Corporal, captain and colonel crossword clue

Trung TÃj (Lieutenant Colonel, rank of battalion commander) Thiáºu TÃj (Major, rank of vice battalion commander) Ä•áºji UÃ½ (Captain, rank of company commander).

Chapter 9 : The Colonel Floorplan (2 Bed, 2 Bath) | Evolve at Stones Bay Apartments

His comments would have slipped through the cracks if it weren't for one detail: The Khans' son, Captain Humayun Khan, was killed in Iraq in a bomb explosion. Trump totally underestimated the immense respect that Americans have for veterans and their families. You don't touch veterans. Period.