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Standing Guard
An erotic short by

LEIGH ELLWOOD

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I knew all along, going into this love, of the probability that he would be sent away. The thought had perched in the back of my mind along with old ATM passcodes and birthdays of distant relatives. I knew to expect a call one day, yet I still cried uncontrollably when my love was whisked off to a country I couldn't pronounce, to guard a people who couldn't afford to guard themselves.

"That's the problem with dating military," friends told me. "You get attached, then he gets thrown on a ship and you don't see him for six months."

In our case, the separation is indefinite...or, God forbid, permanent. I don't want to think of the latter. When I do, it only gets me upset, knowing especially that we were only able to make love one time before left. Granted, we took advantage of every blessed second, yet it still wasn't enough to satisfy me.

I miss his touch. I miss the scent of his skin—rough spice and burning wood—pressed against mine in the dark. I miss the way his eyelids flutter and his nostrils flare as he rests between my thighs. I miss the attention to my pussy, the way his lips practically sucked mine wholly, devouring me like a condemned man's meal.

I can still feel where he explored me from inside, where two fingers crooked into my anus. I remember how his thumb circled my clit gently then stopped as I neared an ecstatic precipice. This was a game he liked to play, one we hope to continue. Loving oral attentions would nudge me gently to the cliff then pull back, teasing me about what to expect. Twice, three times, then four he did this until I went nearly mad and begged for him to finish the job with repeated, broad strokes up my pussy.

When he did finally comply, I was rendered boneless by the best orgasm of my life. It is the memory of that night, that talented tongue and that strong cock furthering the joy with repeated thrusts into my pussy, that sustains me now.

Sometimes I'll lie in bed alone at night, thinking of him standing guard, alone, at some military base in an arid, foreign

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desert. I know he would rather be home with me, in bed with me, making love to me. I can see him standing ramrod straight in his fatigues with his strong hands coiled at his hips, his eyes alert for any anomaly. He is a patient tiger ready to strike if needed. I know the hungry, tense look on his face, the stormy desire clouding his bright blue eyes. This is a look I've sensed at home, a taut hunger seeking satisfaction deep within the curves of his loving woman.

When he is not with me I know a tempest threatens to rupture his soul. I know, twelve time zones away, that the desire is building within him. He is thinking about how he would rather be wrapped with me in our bedsheets, how the only stiff part of his body should be his magnificent, thick cock as he is sliding it in and out of my pussy. How the only cries bellowing at night should come in the release of his joy, and not from the release of a violent death as a stranger is gunned down in the name of international security.

I savor the memory of his smile filtered in the soft shadows of my bedroom. I savor the memory of his touch, the weight of his body on mine, the feel of his cock in my tight channel. I wonder if he is thinking of the same of me. When he stands guard alone in a distant, military base, close to death from boredom, does he ease the pain by thinking of me? Does he think of my face, contorted with pleasure as he peers up from eating my pussy? Sometimes I can feel his ghostly kiss caressing my folds, and I ache for him all the more.

How much longer must I wait before I can lose myself in his embrace and enjoy his tongue on my clit again? *Will* it happen again? This man is loyal to his country and his work, and I love him for that. Knowing that he saves his desire for me strengthens our love.

I wish I could be there with him. I wish I could fly to that country with no name and surprise him one night on duty. I would be quiet so as not to arouse his killer instinct; I want to arouse the sensual animal in him instead. Every touch, every look, will be born of desire. That night, there is no good or bad, there is no war, no death, no weapons of mass destruction. There will be this wonderful man and the woman who aches for him.

I can see my sexy statue guarding a non-descript building in the middle of this base. It is dry, but I am wet. There is no air to rustle the occasional palm tree or the flaps of the many tents lined in rows to one side of the main building. This is where my

love sleeps, but this night he won't want for his tent, his uncomfortable cot, or the accompanying legion of snoring bedmates.

I can see a line of sweat snaking slowly across his brow and threatening to fall between his eyes. It must itch like crazy, but he knows his duty, he knows he must keep his hands at his sides. I want to wipe away the grime left in the wake of his day, and relish the combined scents of salt and musk that are so uniquely him. I want to brush my lips against his steeled jaw, and feel his hot, sweating flesh quiver at my touch. I want to taste him, all over.

Maybe he will think at first that I'm a mirage as I come slinking forward from the shadows. I anticipate the look on his face, a mixture of surprise and disbelief, questioning if mirages can appear at night. He'll shake his head, I know, and think he's dreaming. One touch, one caress to his cheek tells him differently.

Yet he knows his duty, and does not flinch. Which is fine. He serves others, and needs to be served.

Gently I dab at his forehead, careful not to let the flowing sleeve of my white gown block his vision. I don't intend, either, for it to block anything else. I let the soft fabric slip over my shoulders and pool to the sand. I am naked before my soldier now, and I step back to let him admire me. He pulls his gaze away from the inky black before us, confident the enemy is sleeping. I feel the heat radiating from his vision as it sweeps over my thighs, my belly, and my breasts with their erect nipples. It's a different sensation from what the desert offers; the desert doesn't excite me like he does. The desert doesn't reveal sensual desires in its many grains of sand. I look into my lover's eyes and know exactly what he wants, and how badly he wants it.

But I don't dare command him to ease just yet.

He is hard everywhere, from that amorous blue gaze to the erection tenting his fatigues. If the desert suddenly decided to favor us with a strong breeze, he would not budge. I think of his cock, solid and neglected all this time, and wonder what he does for relief so far away from me. I wonder how well he must know his own body, how he must be able to locate every ridge and

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raised vein on his shaft with his eyes closed. I long for the opportunity to commit him to memory, and to allow him the same opportunity with me. I want him to be able to look at my pussy and know what to touch, where to lick, and how long to do it before I pool into liquid.

For now, though, I run my hand over the rough fabric of his shirt. His nipples respond immediately, hardening under button pockets. I want to remove the shirt, knowing the delicate skin will become raw if rubbed too much against the underside of his uniform. I want to tear away this barrier and kiss away the discomfort. I want to swirl my tongue over each pebble of flesh and blow softly to cool the invisible fire raging across the surface.

One kiss, two kisses, more and more in a straight line down his abdomen. His heart beats, his stomach flutters, his throat vibrates his pleasure, yet he doesn't move. Should I be pleased or angered? Do I want to tempt him entirely to be derelict in his duties, and have his strong, thick fingers rake through my hair as I please him? It would feel wonderful, but the notion of playing temptress fuels me, empowers me. I feel like an exotic dancer performing for a VIP client forced to observe the "no touch" rule. I wonder just how far I can go until he breaks, and I look forward to this night's outcome.

Further down, my tongue finds his navel and explores. I trace the edge and probe the small crevice. It is a sensitive spot, I soon learn, that he enjoys having licked. It suits me because I know here I don't have much farther to go until I find the spot on his body that I like best.

His pants keep it hidden, yet I don't have to look far to know his excitement. Even in the dim I can see the pointed curve tenting his groin. I smooth my hand down until I find the zipper, and unleash him.

Standing at attention, his cock is silky and smooth in my grip, its tip ringed with a salty pre-cum that I have to sample immediately. My soldier stands guard as I kneel before him and take his cock into my mouth. I swirl my lips over the head, teasing him slightly...not so much as to make him lose control. Yet, there's a part of me that's wants to try. Can I suck him hard enough to make his knees buckle, render him unable to maintain his post? You know the old saying: make love, not war. Making love in this fashion is a damn sight better than sweating in a desert. So, I choose to go slow, to make it last. I fear if I cripple

him with an overwhelming amount of attention I might drive him mad.

It's a conundrum.

So slowly, lovingly, I take him whole. His musk is a unique spice; I taste the tang of the desert and inhale the electric charge of his lust. My lips slide across the shaft and I commit him to memory. It is his cock I fantasize about when I'm alone at night, his cock I imagine is teasing my clit when I play with my folds. Here I enjoy taking advantage of the time to pleasure him, but I know he wants release. I know he want to melt into a puddle and evaporate in the humid desert air, his orgasmic cries fading into the dark.

His legs twitch, yet only a low moan barely escapes his pinched lips. He remains the good soldier, and I stay to my duty. I increase my attentions, one hand bracing a taut thigh while the other fondles his tightening scrotum. I can feel the orgasm forming.

He remains solid as he comes, and quiet. The desert is still, the enemy asleep, the flies are too dogged by the heat to buzz as the orgasm vibrates through his cock and down my throat. I drink from him, enjoying every last drop, and look up to see the chink in the statue that resulted. There's a slight smile curving one side of his lower lip.

I let him soften in my mouth before rising. A chaste kiss to that bent corner lets him know I'll see him soon, that when he's home we'll do so much more. The look in his eyes is grateful, yet a bit apologetic, as I see how badly he wants to reciprocate. Unfortunately, the dream is only so obliging, and I am embraced by the desert as a breeze finally sweeps through the base and carries me home.

I love my solider, and I will wait for him to come home and be at ease. I will wait for the time when his smile will once again brighten my bedroom, which I hope one day will become ours again. I look forward to the day I can pleasure him for real, but for now I will lie here and guard the memories of his love in my heart.

About the Author

Leigh Ellwood writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit her website for more information on Leigh's books.

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