

Encounter -- Diversion (CenCom Multi Author)
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Diversion

The men guarded the fire barrel as if it were in danger of running off down the street. And perhaps it might. Anything else of value disappeared in the blink of an eye in the broken remnants of the city.

The fire meant more than hot food and a degree of warmth -- it added a measure of safety. Things could sneak up on you in the dark. Anything you didn't see coming was just as likely to kill you as not.

Which was why Cobb stayed out of the light. While the others counted on the fire to see those who came out of the night, he hung in the shadows, accustoming his vision to the dark. He preferred to see those who hunted him before they saw him.

Novak, too, hung back, haunting the old fire escapes, walking the roofs, preferring an aerial view of the night. Her hearing was sharp, and he knew she heard him long before he made it to her perch atop the rusted landing.

Heard him, and did not turn away.

"You waiting for me?"

"What gives you that idea?"

He came up behind her, slipping an arm around her waist, to pull her into his arms, enjoying the heat of her body where her curves filled the hollow spaces. His cock hardened against her ass, but that was no surprise. He was always hard around her. "I was hoping to find you up here."

"If I didn't know better I'd think you'd missed me."

"Always," he whispered against her ear. He nibbled on the soft lobe and she shuddered. The soft mew of her indrawn breath made him even harder.

She twisted in his arms to face him, experienced fingers making short work of his military issue belt and reaching for the snap on his fatigues.

He slid his hands under her T-shirt and pushed it up, not all the way off, that would be too dangerous when all hell could break loose at any moment. Up, enough, though, to expose her breasts to his questing fingers.

Her busy hands paused, and she moaned, pushing into his palms. "Lord, I've missed this."

"So you didn't miss me. You just missed my hands. On your tits." He pinched her nipples, hard, then soothed them with his thumbs.

"More."

He stroked, then pinched again.

"I missed more than your hands, though that feels pretty damn good.

Leaning down, he captured one flushed red nipple with his lips and sucked it hard. She bent her knees and slid down a little, creating a delicious friction against his cock. "I need you," she whispered. "Now!"

Still suckling her nipple, he undid her fatigues, shoving them over her hips until they dropped to the steel floor and she kicked one foot loose. He freed his aching cock from the restraining fabric, letting his pants crumple out of the way, and tangled the naked leg he'd managed to capture around his waist.

Transferring both hands to her ass, he hefted her higher, then lowered her onto his cock. She was already slick and hot. The delicious scent of her need made him draw in a deep breath. "God, you smell good."

"I smell like sex," she said with a laugh.

"That's what I said."

She dropped one hand from his shoulder to lift the neglected nipple back toward his mouth. "So shut up and fuck me."

With an effort that was as much dumb luck as sheer masculine strength, he turned them around and backed her against the brick wall. Her other leg -- the one still encased in fabric from the knee down -- came up around his waist, and she wrapped it around his ass for friction while the wall supported her back. He

reached back and pulled her dangling pants the rest of the way off and straightened for a moment to stuff them behind her.

“Thanks,” she managed.

“No problem,” he mumbled around her nipple. Both hands on her ass again, he thrust hard, grinding deep into her pussy. She groaned, and he held there for a moment, soaking up the feeling of being inside her once more. Truth was, he’d missed her more than all the other things he’d lost in the great collapse.

Certainly more than he’s missed anything else about army life.

Her pussy began to contract around his cock, trying to supply the friction she needed, but he held still for another long beat before he let go of the moment and pulled back, only to thrust in again, deep and hard.

That’s the way their relationship had always been. Deep and hard. Nothing fast and easy with them, ever.

“Ohhh,” she moaned, then bit her lip. He let go of her nipple, crushing her breasts between them, and covered her mouth with his own. She’d always been a noisy fuck, and although he loved all the little -- and not so little -- sounds she made, the present situation called for some degree of discretion.

She bit his lip, and a moan of his own flowed into her mouth, where their tongues battled for dominance.

Below them they could hear the click of the bottom ladder as someone not so light-handed tested its stability before taking that first step. Novak thrust back against him, grinding hard. He obliged her, urgency of another kind driving him deeper, faster. Might be one of their men on patrol.

Might not, too.

They fought together to contain her growl as orgasm shook her. The force of it, the contractions around his cock, the feel of her body shaking, arching hard against the wall, clamping his cock in the vise of her muscle spasms, it was beautiful to watch, to feel. It took all of his strength to hold her tight while he

continued to thrust into her, slower now, holding the moment for her as long as he could.

He pulled out as she began to relax around him, one sharp tug of his hand sending his seed splattering against the wall.

It wasn't a pretty world. It wasn't a safe world. And it was no place for two soldiers to bring a child into.

Not now. Not yet. Maybe no one could make things the way they were before the collapse. But they were damn sure gonna clean things up. One city at a time. And for that, he needed his partner.

Novak watched him, nodding once, a brief flash of regret crossing her face. "Not yet."

"Not yet," he agreed. "Too much work to do just now."

The clip of boots on the stairs solidified their position.

But one day. When the world was just a little better...

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