

A Loving Night during the End of Days

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In the end times of Darkness, love is our Light

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The night blows strong gusts of wind at my living room window as my light brown eyes peer through it. It's eleven 'o clock and I'm standing on patrol with a shotgun in my hand. I'm peering at my neighborhood, a neighborhood that wasn't the best growing up, but looking out at it *now*; growing up in it was a cake walk. My eyes look towards the heavens and I see fire.

Shaking my head, I look to the skies as old memories of playing outside surface, and I relive when its color changed, "I remember when you were blue."

I close my eyes and relive every surreal, frightening moment. The date was December 21, 2012. There were many theories concerning this date. The Mayans believed it to be the end of the world, while many others thought that the human race would grow in a new, positive way. Most people I knew laughed the whole thing off. They called it a hoax, but I knew better. I just knew *something* was going to happen. I can't really explain how I knew, I did though. I never expected this though- - Armageddon.

I was eighteen years old and just got out school for Christmas break. I missed my family and friends so much. I came home overjoyed to see them and had bought presents for them all, but four days before what was supposed to be a joyous day turned into a living hell. On midnight December 21, I was awoken by the thunderous sounds of the stars falling from the sky. My best friends and I ran to my bedroom window and were blinded by the sky bursting into flames. We were all raised Catholic growing up, so we knew the signs of the End when we saw them, but surprisingly there was no Rapture- -no safe haven for all true believers while Heaven's army fought Hell's demonic legions. It turned out what was written in the Good Book wasn't the place of the true believers. It wasn't just the angels who were going fight in this seven year war; humans had a place it too. Many angels began appearing to humans and forming small garrisons to fend off the demons invading our world. To our shock, an angel (Azrael) appeared to us as well with the offer and even though we had the free will to

reject Heaven's call for help how could anyone possibly say no when an angel shows up at your front door with guns, ammo, holy water, and an angel blade to slay demons with. Even more shocking was that Azrael presented me with the angel blade and filled me with the knowledge to fight Lucifer's forces . . . but that was three years ago. I've lost many a family member and friend to this struggle with four years to go.

I open my eyes and bring myself back to reality. It's 2015 and I'm still standing at my living room with a shotgun in my hand. I'm twenty-one years old now, but it's been this war that's truly made a man out of me. I turn my head and eye my best friends, my most trusted soldiers. Jason, Brandon, and Gabrielle, the four of us grew up together thick as thieves. Labeled as good kids, we were angels in our parents' presence and in their eyes, but were little devils away from them especially in our teen years. We did all our dirt together as one. No wonder we were so close. Jason and Brandon; they're my best friends that have been more like brothers to me since the very beginning of our friendship. We have a bond so tight that when I was injured during a demon attack two months ago they distracted the horde, so the garrison could get me to safety. They're great soldiers, but a man couldn't ask for better friends. My eyes than gaze at Gabrielle; my beautiful, kind, and loving Gabrielle . . . even if Jason, Brandon, and I had much more in common (being guys and all) Gabrielle was the closest to me. I was her un-appointed protector since a party where she had too much to drink and a guy thought she was an easy lay. If I had a berserk button it would be harming my friends, Gabby especially. I'd protect her from any harm that should come her way. Gabrielle was my friend and a young woman who was like a sister to me, but gazing over at that sleeping beauty, I fought the urge to leave my post and kiss her soft, full lips because of February 2013 Gabby became my lover. . .my very first lover.

February 2013

It was normally cold February night as Jason and I were on a scouting mission. The demons' actions had become increasingly violent due to the angels arriving. It had only been two months into the Apocalypse and I didn't know about the other garrisons around the world, but mine were up to our necks in demons. They lurked everywhere, in the shadows as well as possessing the weak-willed of us. Having gathered all the information for the night, we headed back home, but ambushed by a demon horde.

"Fuck!" I cursed myself as Jason and I were surrounded.

We were outnumbered eight on two, but we could take them- -I knew we could take them because we really had no other alternative. I gave Jason a look with a sly smirk telling him I was going to move in and with light nod gives me the *okay*. In a motion, I drew my angel blade. I threw it, sending it flying into a demon's chest while I pulled out my pistol, shooting bullets at anything that doesn't look human. Over my gunfire, I heard Jason cry out in pain, but knowing my *brother*, pain was nothing. If the demons cut his arm off he'd pick it up and use it as a weapon. We slew two monsters and had six left to deal with. It's funny though that in the midst of battle my mind wasn't focused on the fight, it was focused on Gabby and mostly her reaction to the sight of me when we got back to the house. I'd been cut up badly this night. There were no serious or mortal wounds, but it was going to take a lot of bandages and a good while to straighten me out. There's never been any kind of discrimination in my garrison, but I knew from the very beginning that there was no way any of the female in the house could handle being on the battlefield, so I asked Azrael to give them medical knowledge- -make them makeshift nurses to tend the wounded. All the guys had a personal girl to tend to them and naturally Gabrielle was mine. She always gave me the guilt trip for being reckless out on missions while she treated me, but since it was coming from her I could deal with it. How could I not? How could anyone not listen to a voice so sweet from a chick so gorgeous? Gabby sort of resembled Rosario Dawson, but not how Rosario Dawson looks *now*. She looked liked Dawson did in the movie *Alexander* with long brown hair, light bronze skin, brown eyes like mine and a dainty frame with C cup breasts, slim waist, and an apple shaped bottom.

Suddenly, a pair of sharp claws tore into my arm forcing me to drop my gun. The demon that cut me brought its hand up ready to deal my death blow, but a well placed kick to the gut makes it double over and my angel blade slicing open its throat put an end to him. With another one down and we needed at least one more to fall. Sure it would have been four on two, but it still would've been easier to make a getaway. There was no use in fighting anymore just for more demons to manifest. Jason made the last kill we needed and called out for me.

"Michael! Let's book it," He yelled before we took off running.

I ran backwards for a bit shooting at the demons chasing us. I nailed one before turning around and running at top speed. As we ran, my heart was beating so fast and hard that I swore I could hear it. We were going to make back- -we *had* to for the others' sake, but the doubt was always there. The doubt I had in myself. Two months before I was just a simply college student. I wasn't a leader and I damn sure wasn't a warrior, but I was one *now*. I had no choice, but to be. After what seemed like forever, Jason and I finally made to it the house fighting to catch our breaths.

I looked myself over as my breathing steadied and thought, "Gabby's going to kill me."

I was an absolute mess covered by my torn clothes and a combination of my own and demonic blood.

Jason let out a laugh and as if he was inside my head said, "You know Gabby going to kill you, right?"

I smiled wiping some blood from my face, "Yeah, I know."

"But I can deal with it though. It is *Gabby* after all," I added.

"Yeah, when you're getting pussy like Gabby's you can take anything."

At Jason's words I gave my friend a hard look. It was no secret that all the guys were hooking up with their nurses, but Gabrielle and I hadn't. Since forming this garrison, we now shared the same room and bed though nothing ever happened between us. There was a great love between us, but our relationship was platonic. We were the only virgins in the house, but many a night I'd dream of being able to open her legs and make Gabby mine. In reality however, I was too nervous to make a move fearing Gabrielle's reaction to such an idea.

"Don't look at me like that, Michael." Jason said in response to the look I was giving him. "What, are you guys going to get married first?"

I let out a groan at his words since I know where he's going with this, "Don't start, Jay. Everyone's waiting for us inside,"

"I'm not trying to start, but just hear me out. We serve Heaven, Michael, so we have a place in paradise set for us. Just because the world's ending doesn't mean you should stop being human. You love Gabby, right?"

"You know I do, but. . ."

Jason cut me off mid-sentence, "But that's just it, bro. You *love* her, Mike, so if you haven't done it yet . . . show her how much."

I couldn't help, but smile at my friend's words knowing them to be true. We gave each other daps before entering the house where the warm building was a pleasant change from the frigid cold of the night. Jason instantly found Brandon while my cousin Tristan asked for a status report.

"How is it out there, Mike? By the looks of you guys it's not good,"

I was about to answer when I saw Gabrielle appear behind him in the kitchen eager to hear from me as well.

"Since the angels came the demons are attacking in groups, but as of the here and now we're okay. Most of the blood on us is the demons'. I only wish the damn things hadn't done a number on my clothes."

Tristan smiled, "I see . . . so what's the plan for tonight?"

"You and Nick are on patrol tonight. Now, if you'll excuse me there's a small something I have to attend to,"

As I made my way to the kitchen my ears heard the others whisper and murmur amongst one another. Like the theologians do with Jesus and Mary Magdalene, the entire house speculated the nature of our relationship, but only Gabby and I knew the truth. I got halfway to the kitchen when Gabby ran towards me nearly knocking me over as she wrapped her arms around me extra tight. She hurt me, but I just gritted my teeth and took it.

"I'm okay, Gabby." I assured her, hugging her back. "Like I told Tristan, most of the blood on me isn't mine."

"But I know *you*, Michael and I know you're hurt."

I gave her cheek a kiss leaving a small blood spot, "Let me get cleaned up and I'm all yours."

We ended our embrace and she placed a loving hand on my face, "Dinner will be ready when you get out."

My clothes were a bloody, dirty heap on the bathroom floor as I took a relaxing shower. It would have been even better if the soap on my washcloth hadn't made the cuts I received (as mild as they are) sting and burn. If Gabby heard me groaning in pain, she'd say it's the price I was paying for being so headstrong. When I came into my bedroom, I found Gabby sitting at the foot of my bed with my dinner. It was a simple bowl of chicken flavored *Ramen Noodles* and a grilled-cheese sandwich, but after what I went through outside I would've taken damn near anything she made. I was that hungry. My nurse looked lovely in a plain red t-shirt and jeans. I smiled at her, but it faded when she frowned at the scars strewn all over my chocolate frame (especially the permanent one going diagonally across my chest from my very first battle) as I wore nothing, but my boxers which were covered by the fluffy white towel wrapped around my waist.

She beckoned me forth with a pat on the bed. Her hands felt so good on me as she applied ointment to the gash in my right arm from earlier while I enjoyed my dinner. I began to relax under the weight of

Gabby's soothing voice and touch as she softly sang *Everything's Alright* from the musical *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

*Try not to get worried
Try not to turn on to problems that upset you
Don't you know. . .
Everything's alright
Yes, everything's fine
And we want you to sleep well tonight
Let the world turn without you tonight
If we try we'll get by
So forget all about us tonight*

I certainly was no Messiah and for damn sure she wasn't a repentant whore, but thinking back on it it just goes show how sweet Gabrielle White really was (and still is). She wrapped my arm in an ace bandage and embraced me from behind.

I reached back and caressed her face, "You know I love you, right?"

She kissed my cheek, "I know . . . I love you too. I just wish you'd let the others do the grunt work. I don't want to lose you,"

I turned my head towards her, "You won't lose me, Gabby, but what kind of leader would I be if I just stayed here having the others go out and fight, huh?"

"Point taken . . . just try to come back to me like *this*; in one piece."

I smirked at her, but I remained serious, "I'll always come back to you."

I went to kiss her cheek again, but to my surprise Gabby's lips bum rushed mine kissing me with all she had. I instantly pulled out of the kiss though. This whole conversation had her emotions running high, so she wasn't thinking straight. This wasn't Gabby . . . it was just all the stress of everything that's happened to us manifesting. We all had our moments, the point where the stress and fear break us a bit. I always thought Gabby's would have been a random outburst or an emotional breakdown, but not this- *-never* this. Without another word, she tried to kiss me again though with quickness I put my hand up and she kissed the palm of my hand instead of my lips.

"Come on, Gabby. Stop," I told her.

She frowned at me again and it made me soften. Hmm, only Gabby could do this to me.

Sadly, she asked, "What, you don't want me, Michael?"

I wasn't taken aback by the question, but because Gabrielle was the one asking it. Every fiber of my being wanted to say yes and take her, but for some reason though my tongue was tied and my body (like my dick) was rigid and stiff.

Gabby smiled, "Yeah, you want me; Mike and I want you too. You're the only one for me- -the only one that can make me a woman."

"Are you sure?"

I only asked the question because I had to be sure. The girl of my dreams gave me an approving nod and we kissed, but it's a *real* kiss this time. Gabby almost took my head clean off, shoving her mouth into mine, so hard it hurt, but the passion seeping from it made me want to keep kissing her forever. I kept the kiss up as I twisted my body and used it to force Gabby onto her back. She let out moans and satisfying sighs as my lips found her neck while my hands fondled her thighs all the way up to her breasts. She slipped her tongue into my mouth sending what felt like a blazing fire through me that made me want Gabby even more. I pulled her shirt off revealing her brown nipples (since she never wore a bra inside the house) that I couldn't wait to take into my mouth- -and I didn't. She allowed me full access to her chest and I licked her right mound.

"Ah," was her reply to the feel of my tongue as she arched her back pushing more of her breast into my mouth and I began sucking on it.

My hand massaged her left breast, giving each of them equal attention. Done with the Gabby's right breast, I moved on to the left. Gabby's back arched more as her pleasure induced exclamations encouraged me to go further. I let go of the breast I'm sucking on and came up to kiss her, still massaging her right breast. I took her lips with all the passion I could muster and Gabrielle responded with just as much passion herself. We explored each other's mouths hungrily savoring our combined taste and didn't stop for a while, breathing in and out through our noses. We slowly separated, leaving a trail of saliva to linger a moment. We both knew what was coming up next and I looked into her eyes for approval. She gave it in a heartbeat and I descended. Gabby's pants came off and I met her red panties. Eyeing them, I smirked at the wet stain seeping through the bottom. Now, her underwear came away and the view of her womanhood was fantastic. She was wet and ready for me, but almost as an instinctive reaction she closed her legs and her cheeks went crimson red.

"Open those legs, girl. It's me, Gabby. You know I'll do you right," I reassured her.

She nodded with a nervous smile and slowly spread her legs. I smelled her essence first, the scent of Heaven with a hint of honey filled my nostrils, and I gave her a slow, deliberate lick. She gave me moans of appreciation which told me to continue. Gabby's entrance was teased by my tongue before finding her clit which was the cutest shade of brown and pink. By now we were lost in our own little erotic world. Excluding us there were eight other people in the house no doubt hearing what was happening behind my bedroom door. Hell, I knew some of them were listening, but we didn't care. At the moment, it was all about us. In these end times of darkness, love was going to be our light.

I sucked on the clit causing Gabby to let out loud yelps and cries of ecstasy. I steadily increased my speed, licking and entering her only slightly. She locked my head into her thighs forcing me to lick to until I probably couldn't anymore. Gabby's moans grew louder and louder which was like lovely music to my ears.

"Mmm! Michael, I'm going to. . .!"

She couldn't even get the full sentence out as she received her climax, riding the waves of pleasure as I lapped up the juices of her explosive offering. I stayed where I was until I saw her orgasm start to subside and I came up from between her legs. I gave her lips a kiss before standing up and revealing my nine inch member to my love causing her to blush again. Gabby wrapped a hand around it, stroking me a bit.

"Are you ready, baby?" I asked.

"Mhm,"

I climbed back into bed on top of her, sharing another passionate kiss.

Positioning myself at her entrance, I told her, "Don't worry, I'll do it slow."

I rubbed up and down her entrance with the tip of my member, covering it with her juices. I pushed in a little at a time and Gabby moaned when just the head made its way in. Inch by inch, my cock disappeared as it moved closer and closer inward. I quickly met her virginal seal. Looking up at her, I met her nervous yet confident look which gives me permission to break it. No words were needed at this point as I broke through and to my relief, Gabby didn't seem to be in any pain.

I had to make sure though, "Are you . . . alright?"

She nodded, "Yeah."

The tip of my dick kissed her cervix as I entered fully and her tightness gripped me with a pressure of ecstasy. She gave me a couple squeezes to let me know it was alright to move. I started a slow pace, pulling almost completely out then moving back in.

"Oooh, that's perfect, Mike. . ." Gabby moaned.

I quickened the pace steadily as she lubricated me more and more, which didn't at all hinder how much tighter I felt her getting. She put her arms around my neck and motioned me down to her in a small hug. As an added effect, her moaning closer to my ear while feeling her hot breath and excited voice made me nearly lose it all right there, but the pace quickened even more. It quickened until I rolled onto my back placing her on top not even letting my cock slip out and not a single beat was missed as I bent up a little to massage her breasts. The feeling intensified for her immensely and in return, for me as she rocked her hips down on me. I then sat up along with her and placed my hands on her firm backside and started thrusting more powerfully, letting her enjoy every single moment of her first time. She kissed me quickly as my thrusting proved too much (hitting her g-spot over and over) and forced her to cum for the second time that night, but it's *still* not over yet as I hadn't gotten my nut off yet. I pulled out, flipped Gabby onto her stomach, and entered her again. The nut had been building up for a while, so I knew I wasn't going to last much longer, but I gave her everything I had left. It was a sexy image I looked at as with each stroke I gave, I watched her ass ripple. My orgasm was coming and coming *real* soon. I gripped the bed sheets and gave her my death stroke before a warmth overtook me and I unleashed my seed deep within.

"Oh shit . . . fuck, Gabby!" I screamed and cumming felt so good as I collapsed onto top of her, but used my elbows to hold myself up as not to hurt her.

We both had nothing left and there was no need for words. We loved each other and what just occurred was the ultimate showing of it. We were no longer virgins, but that really didn't matter. For at least one night, the End of Days didn't matter- -it was all about us, just *us*. It was a loving night during the End of Days and it was nice.