

My Battlefield Angel

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She saves me from the reaper

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As I wake, or at least my eyes and brain began to focus on the same things, I can see from the blurry image that I am inside. It is a small hut or shack, I can only see the room I'm in and from the floor at that. I can not move my body, shifting my eyes is all I can manage. Having no idea where I am, my mind starts to try to put together the events that I can still remember. The last that I can bring up is the patrol, we were on the way back from a small intelligence sweep of the sectors northeast of the firebase, looking for enemy movement in and around these areas. I was bringing up the rear and watching my patrols back as we moved through the jungle. I remember stopping to survey the area we had just moved through, making sure there was no trouble slipping up from behind. As I turned back forward, I saw the small black figure step from the bush, step in front of me, then the feeling of a sharp stinging and the sudden rush of warmth that flooded down the front of me. The world around me went black . . . That's it, then here, not sure where here is or how I got here but the heart is still beating, all I can really ask right now isn't it? I look around the area and it is very modest, very sparse actually. I can hear someone in the other room outside my vision, they seem to be scurrying around in that room. Other than that and the normal sounds of the jungle, there was nothing else to hear. I can see an AK-47 propped up in the corner. Seeing the weapon brings back the memory of the stinging feeling and I looked down. A large, wet, red patch of some material is across my stomach and the bedding under me seems very wet with the same. Looking around the place as I lay there, I see nothing but blurry images. Even so, my hearing seems rather clear. I can hear the sounds of a few animals, mostly chickens I assume, also, now and then I hear the traces of someone at work. The slight efforts I make to look at my surroundings tires me more than I can even imagine. Most of my time is spent dropping in and out of whatever consciousness this is. I hear someone enter through the back of the house, then the sound of something dropping on the floor on the other side of the wall next to me. A small body walks past the opening of the room. First in and then back out of my sight. I do not think they know I am awake, they don't seem to be paying much attention to me. As they move

around just out of my sight I catch glimpses of the person and it appears to be a young female. She is cleaning a little and I can only assume she is making something to eat. Judging from her size relative to items in the house, she is very tiny. I don't know if she is just very young or very petite. When she hits a lull in her activities I can see she has noticed I am awake, but she does seem relieved that I am not moving. She turns and picks up a pot and holds it toward me as if offering me some. All I am able to do is blink, so I blinked twice and glanced to a spot beside the make shift bed that I am on. She comes over and sits beside me, she looks very young, somewhere around 17. Offering me water first and holding the cup to my lips, small sips quench my thirst and then she offers a small piece of bread crust and some gravy. It tastes just like it was expected to, but it is food, at least I hope. After only a few small bites and even smaller sips of water I can feel myself starting to drift off. "Tiger Joe needs to get strong," she keeps repeating. It took me a little while but I remembered that I was wearing tiger-striped camo and well, we were all Joes. This is the routine for the next several times I regain consciousness . The only difference has been when she changed my bandages on my stomach. I am still not able to sit up or even raise my head to look down, I believe that is probably a good thing. She talks to me in a very broken, one word at a time type english, but we seem to be getting the gyst of understanding each other. She will not talk about my injuries or if she knows what actually happened. She also doesn't seem to know anything about the other Joes in the area. I mentioned her family and asked where they were and all she said was, "family gone", then went to sit across the room from me and wouldn't look at me anymore. She stayed away until after it was dark and when I could no longer hold on she came over close and wiped my brow with a nice cool towel, checked my bandages and as she did I fell asleep again. I wake in the wee early hours and the sun is just starting to slowly break the horizon. In a moment I see her as she stands from beside me, it is then that I realize that she had been sleeping on the floor beside me. I do not let her see that I am awake and she moves to sit against the wall down by my feet. I have no idea what she is doing and pretend to be asleep just a little longer. She sits and looks at me, like she is watching me sleep. She sits in a dark spot and the light from the window lays across my makeshift pallet. Shifting her hips as she gets into a comfortable spot, the front of her long dress falls open as she moves. Her nipples small and pointed as her fingers started to tease and play with them. She lays her head back and takes a deep breath. She trails her fingertips across the dark skin of her belly as she moves them between her thighs. Shifting again slowly, her legs part and she begins to slowly rub and tease the lips that were starting to swell and get so very wet. Fingers slide in and out as her hand begins to bring her close to her release. I strain and try not to move, but the site is driving me up a wall. I see as she brings herself to the edge and over, looking at me as she gets there. Sweat dripping from her nose and nipples as she cums over and over. Now, I know I am in no shape for anything but DAMN, that is hot. I watch as she sits and catches her breath, panting and laying her head back. I felt as though I was gonna explode, but nothing. As quickly as it started, it was over but the memory is one I will have forever. Each day was a collection of the moments from the one before. I was still not able to move on my own, which meant a large amount of contact between us. She spent as much time nursing me back as she did with maintaining her own life. Each night for the last three the same had happened, with her getting more

bold with each night. Getting closer, uncovering me more, on the third night even laying beside me with her hand on my thigh. This was it, I could not stay still any longer and decided if she continued the same tonight I would show her I was awake and see what happened. The next day was a carbon copy of the one before. She spent most of the day outside, coming in now and then to see how I am and check the bandages. When needed she gave me water, but these visits were brief. Later, after dark, she came in and found her spot in the dark. As I can see her getting close and at that point of no return and I opened my eyes wide and smile, "lovely, thank you," was all I could think to say. She jumps and a startled look covers her face, but she doesn't stop. She is so into her fingers that she can't stop and begins to go over the edge, hard and loud. When her orgasm starts to slip away she pushes herself against the wall and drops her head, breaking the lock of our eyes. I can tell she wants to run, to hide and I smile again telling her, "I am so glad you shared that with me, please do not stop because of me." She begins to relax and lets her top fall open. Moving closer to me, she slides so I can see her, she is wet and her lips swollen and puffy. I can feel the throbbing and know I am hard as hell. I assume it is my wounds but I can feel very little, except for the pain. The more I watched her the less I thought about that, she was a wonderful pain killer. She is finally close enough that she can reach out and touch me. She does, and softly wraps her hand around my cock as it again throbs and I can even feel a bit of a twitch at her first touch. She slowly lets her fingertips glide across, then up and down my shaft. Then she leans over me, licks the swollen head and lightly blows on me. The whole time she is fingering herself, her thighs soaked. She climbs onto the bed with me and sits just below my hips, between my thighs. Her hands wet and slippery from her own juices she strokes and slowly twists her hands around my cock and then back to her pussy. Sliding her hips forward she pulls my upright cock between her pussy lips, sliding between them and up and down against her clit. As much as I prayed for it and even begged, she would not slide me inside her, just sliding up and down wrapped with her swollen, tiny labia. We continued this dance for what seemed like a lifetime but I am sure it was over much sooner than I will ever remember it. As I could feel my orgasm begin to build to an explosion, she begins just before me, letting out a yell as she came. This of course was all I needed and I began to squirt all over the front of us both, as I was falling deep into my bliss she again leans over and this time licks the spent cum from my still jerking cock. I was in heaven and pulled her down close to me. The effort had drained me more than ever and I dropped off rather quickly. I wake up alone, she is no where in site. Not a sound or a sight of her all day. I am beginning to worry that I went too far last night, she is gone. I spend the entire day alone, for the first time since I have been here I am awake and can not fall asleep. I get rather thirsty and still she is nowhere around. Just as the sun is about to set she is at my bedside as if she just appears there. She leans over close to my ear and whispers, "Joes come soon," she kisses me and disappears into the dark. In less than 10 minutes I can hear someone about to enter the shack, stepping in as a unit and into the back room I am in I see some of the "Joes" from my unit. Lt. Davies gives me a nice drink of cold water and tells me, "Damn Sarge, didn't think we were gonna run across you here." As he says it, all goes black for me once again. When I finally fight back to consciousness I see the surroundings have changed to an army hospital ward, filled with equipment, litters and lots of activity.

Looking down I can see the ragged bandaging has been replaced with some fine army wrappings. Walking past, a Doc in a long white coat leans over and tells me, "Thought we were gonna lose you, rather touch and go for a while. You have been through allot, if it had been just a few hours more, there would have been nothing we could do. So, you just take it easy and rest, that's what you need the most right now." He shines a flashlight in my eyes, smiles, turns and disappears around the closest corner. After a few weeks of rest and rehab I am walking outside the hospital with Lt Davies talking about what had happened. "Well Sarg, it was on the way back from the forward observation point, you were the rear coverage. The best we can figure is, as your group moved through a small clearing, then you came into the clearing on the back side. When you did, someone moved in from out of the bush and cut you from hip to hip, straight across. You would have spilled out on the ground in front of you. The blood pool at the site where we believe you were hit was huge. We have no idea where you had gone, we looked for a few days and figured that the wound would have taken you by then, and the animals would do the rest." "What about the young girl I told you about, was she ever found," I asked? "We found no one at all and like I said, the old shack was a few kilometers away from where you were attacked, are you saying she carried you, split like a dressed hog?" I couldn't even think of a response. Not sure I could have made that trip at all, someone had to carry me. I never saw another soul while I was there, not a sign of anyone but her. I was to leave country shortly after that and had never heard anything about her. I had asked several friends to help locate her if possible. There was never any word until I was being loaded on the transport to come home, I was given a message. Once inside I opened it to see it was from a corporal I knew with the military police. He tells me that a young girl named Mai Ly was almost hysterical at the relocation center, she was demanding to know if Tiger Joe was ok, or did he go dead. He says she has been sent farther south to a much larger center. The plane doors close and we turn onto the runway and she is gone.