

# **CAMOUFLAGE**

**A SERIES**

**Written By Milagro**

## Chapter One

"Not this guy again," I thought to myself as my familiar stranger walked past my favorite swing for the hundredth time, repeating needless orders to soldiers who looked confused. This was starting to get embarrassing, as some of them could see through his charade. He didn't need to be there at that moment, and he didn't need to repeat one order a thousand times over.

"Bala, leave that place! Can't you see that someone is reading?" Bala, the innocent young private soldier mowing the lawn, jumped at the sound of his Oga's voice, gave me a look, mumbled under his breath, and walked away.

I felt a bit offended by how the soldier had reacted, but I could absolutely understand his annoyance, so I stood up to leave. I had closed my book and had my earpiece plugged in preparation to go when I felt a hand on my wrist.

"Hi, I'm really sorry about that. Uh, I didn't mean to disturb your reading time. I'm sorry; I just..." he stumbled on his words when I looked at him and smiled. "You have the most beautiful smile," he said without thinking. I could see the realization hit and how shy he became again. He took a step back, shaking his head, and I found it really cute.

"It's alright; I was almost done anyway. But I think you need to apologize to that guy, though. You asked him to mow the lawn, then barked his head off." I laughed, and he joined in.

He had finally summoned up the courage to at least say something to me after weeks of literal stalking and long looks. "Okay, I'm just going to let you do your thing here while I find another quiet place to finish my book because your men seem to want to drive those machines through my very being." I smiled while walking backward.

"You know, these guys are pretty upset, and I'd hate to leave you unprotected," he said, smiling shyly as he walked towards me. "Do you mind if I walk with you?" He was careful as he searched my face. I thought I saw a combination of fear and hope, and for some reason, it felt right to be around this man, and I didn't want him to stop talking anytime soon. So, yeah, I let him walk with me, and we chatted about the environment, his work, my books, even the weather, but we didn't discuss how he'd been stalking me or why he stared at me the way he did.

I can still remember the first time I saw him, his shy smile—or I thought that was what it was at the time (smiles). I remember how sexy he looked in that military uniform and his eyes as they stared through my very soul. Boy, it still weakens me to think about it now. He was definitely not the kind of guy I would look at twice, but there was something about his aura, how he carried himself, how he looked like he knew he could command a room with just his presence, that combination of confidence and shyness, and man... I don't know how such contradictory traits can create such a blast, but he had me rooted every single time.

## Chapter Two

I'd always wait for his mouth to move, tell me what his eyes were already saying to me, but he'd simply walk away every single time, until today! Oh, this giddiness I felt, the slow burn from my heart that spread warmth all over my body. I wasn't sure what all this meant, but it felt too good to not explore it, it felt too close to not touch it, and it felt too good to not want it, so I simply gravitated towards whatever it was headfast and without a care in the world.

"Earth to Chizaram," he said, smiling that wicked smile again, as I was jolted from that first memory of him into his beautiful presence. "I could hear you, Eric. I was just thinking about this book; it has a twist to it I really love." I laughed at my fib because it was an obvious one, and I was sure he knew it too, but he played along.

"Don't say anything, please. Just hear me out before I lose these last shreds of confidence," he pleaded, as I started to speak. "I go to bed and wake up every day with the singular thought of you in my head. I am distracted by your smile; it drives me insane how much I long for you, Zaram. I make a fool of myself when you pass by, when you smile, even if it's not at me, it feels like my world comes alive. I don't know enough about you to feel this crazy, but I feel like I've known you all my life, and a glimpse of you is all I need to complete my day." He paused to catch his breath and brought his eyes down then back up at me, waiting.

"I am not going to push," he sounded more confident. "I just want you to know that I am your shadow. I am not going anywhere."

Eric's words lingered in the air as my heart raced with a mix of excitement and uncertainty. I couldn't deny the attraction between us, but venturing into the unknown was both thrilling and terrifying. "I'm willing to wait, Zaram. I am aware that you don't come across people like me every day." He winked amusingly in an effort to ease the tension. I chuckled, feeling a warmth spreading within me.

We continued walking, a sense of renewed friendship surrounding us.

"Can I ask you a question, Zaram?" I agreed, my interest peaked. "Certainly, Eric. What are you considering?"

He inhaled deeply and spoke with a vulnerable tone. "Would you consider giving us a chance?"

For a split second, time appeared to stand still as the question lingered in the air. I considered all the unknowns, dangers, and unexplored land that lay ahead. But more than anything, I reflected on our sincere connection and how our hearts appeared to beat in unison with every word and glance.

"Yes, Eric, willing to give us a try," I responded with a sweet grin on my lips.

Eric's face lit up with unbridled excitement, and he moved in closer, taking my face in the palms of his hands. He leaned in, and we shared a passionate kiss. Our unsaid pact was confirmed by this, and it also began a new chapter in our relationship.

## Chapter Three

He stood up and walked over to where I was pouring some food into a cooler and kissed me on the forehead. Then he turned me over to face him. "Baby, they can only try; this just goes to show how much of a treasure you are." He laughed heartily. I couldn't keep the frown on my face. "It's not funny!" I mumbled. "Is there really no one we can report this to?" He gave me a funny look. "Are you talking about the C.O. (Commanding Officer) who is also after you? Cause yeah, we could absolutely just go to the HQ and report to him, add him to the dangerously long list of people who cannot wait to deal with me." He continued laughing and proceeded to cover my face with kisses, which soon turned steamy as his hands moved all over my body. Waves and waves of ecstasy rushed through me. I leaned into his body, wanting more. Eric's delicate yet possessive hand followed the contours of my body. He knew my body like the palm of his hands and proceeded to play me like a Spanish guitar. The world around us vanished into oblivion.

When Eric's lips left mine, they left a trail of sultry kisses along my jawline and all the way down to the bend in my neck. As he nibbled and sucked, leaving a path of fiery sensations in his wake, his warm breath sent chills down my spine. As I drew him nearer, I moaned softly while my fingers tangled in his hair. Every part of my body was probed by Eric's hands, which stoked a fierce appetite inside of me. Our bodies were pushed to move as one. Our passion was uncontrollably burning, consuming us completely like wildfire. Every touch, kiss, caress only fueled the raging fires of passion that engulfed us. "I love you, Zaram; I love you so much," he whispered, his lips hovering over mine, his hand trembling as he pulled the shirt, his shirt, over my head. Every time with this man felt like the first time, the same spark, newness, rush, and I couldn't wait as my hands went straight for his belt as our kisses became more intense and hurried. He walked me backward till we tumbled on the couch, laughed at our own craziness, but nothing could tear our lips apart. Eric's fingers trailed my skin and skimmed every part of my body till he found my essence; he rubbed my already swollen knob, which had been waiting for his touch. My entire body jerked at his touch, and I could feel his lips curve as they gradually met mine and left a trail of kisses and love bites on my cheeks, neck, chest, till he got to my breast where he bit softly on my hard, pointy nipples, making me shudder and softly call out his name as my hand moved to his head to press him on. His mouth on my breasts and fingers inside me in unison were too much to bear; I could feel my insides tighten and begged him to stop, but, of course, he wouldn't. He loved me hot, wet, needy, and begging. I felt his hands grip my hip and push them upwards, and before I could take another breath, he was kneeling between my legs and burying his head in my very sensitive essence. He lapped up my very core, drinking from me every last drop of cum as I continued to shudder and plead. Then he buried his tongue inside me, igniting another round of sensations that had me holding his head in place and riding his face without a care in the world as I exploded a second time.

Sated, and motionless, I felt him slowly bury himself inside me, filling me up so much so I couldn't tell where his flesh stopped and mine began. He pulled out all the way and slid in again ever so slowly; he repeated this process, drawing me out of that state of weakness and building a tempo within me that I didn't think I was capable of dancing to. But move I did, begging him to go faster, but he wouldn't. It felt like he was trying to slowly draw my soul out of my body, but I needed him to move. I was held spellbound by how he looked at me, and I couldn't, for the life of me, look away or even close my eyes. I just laid back and allowed him to take what he wanted, what he needed, until I saw him throw his head back, bare his teeth, and groan. Then his tempo became faster. "I can't hold back, Zaram; I want this to last longer, but I can't hold back." He rode faster, moaning harder as he came hot and fast with an urgency that was beyond him.

We stayed that way for a while, cuddling, till I dozed off on his chest. I felt when he left to prepare, watched him as he changed, and came over to kiss me goodbye. Life was perfect with this man, and I felt like the happiest woman in the world.

## Chapter Four

The days that followed cast long shadows over our once-passionate relationship as we were now steeped in a foreboding darkness. It started out subtly, like a predator hiding in the shadows, creeping into our lives and causing a frightening change. I made the decision to confront Eric once more one evening when I was unable to control my anxiety any longer. My fingers shook with a mixture of fear and resolve as I dialed his number. I couldn't help but wonder if he would pick up this time and what he would say if he did.

He picked up after only a few rings, much to my astonishment. "Hello?" His voice was hoarse and worn out. I hesitantly said, "Eric, it's me, Zaram," seeking to strike a balance between expressing my worry and preventing a confrontation. On the other end of the line, there was a long pause that suggested he was considering his next move. He finally replied, his voice cold, "Zara, I'm really swamped with work right now."

Again, there was a long period of stillness between us. "Zara, I can't talk about this right now," his voice filled with annoyance. I was unable to control my tears as they started to fill up in my eyes. "We used to share everything, Eric. We were there for one another all the time. Why is this happening to us?" He groaned, and the fatigue in his voice pierced me like a sharp object. "I'll call you back when the moment is right, Zara. Just a little more time, please."

I wanted to complain and demand an explanation, but I could tell he was worn out. "Fine, Eric, but don't keep me in the dark for too long," I reluctantly agreed. "I love you. I simply want us to get through this together because I love you."

"I adore you as well, Zaram. Just hang in there a little longer," he muttered in response before cutting the connection off. I couldn't get rid of the suspicion that Eric was hiding something—something that may split us apart—from me, so I decided to find out exactly what was happening.

## Chapter Five.

I have no idea how long I stood there, looking into the darkness where Eric had walked towards... Minutes, hours? I couldn't tell. I knew my heart was still beating, but nothing else in my body seemed capable of moving. Nothing felt functional. Was this really happening? Maybe I should go after him. Maybe I should beg one more time. No, beg until he changes his mind! I don't care; I would grovel. I would do anything he asks as long as we are together. Could he have gone far? How stupid! How could I have stood here watching him walk away? "I laughed at my own foolishness." I should go after him. Surely, he didn't mean all those hurtful words he said to me. Surely, it was just one of those angry moments. It was my fault anyway. Snooping around and finding things I wasn't even meant to find. What had even driven me to pick up those calls and read those messages or go over to that hideous place? What had made me do that? It still hurt, thinking about his arms around Cynthia, the lady I've come to know as his cousin who needed a place to stay for over 6 months! His heavily pregnant cousin who I went baby shopping for just last week. She cried on my shoulders, telling me about her boyfriend abandoning her when she informed him of her pregnancy, the pregnancy! The same one I convinced her to keep with promises that she would not lack anything. Could that pregnancy belong to... Could that baby be...?