



An International Incident

by Anonymous Author

I was stationed in the Persian Gulf in 1991 during the height of the Gulf War. I hated leaving Fort Stewart because I had several prospects that were heating up nicely.

I'd have to put all my relationships on the back burner for awhile and let them simmer, and just hope that the fires didn't die out before I returned. But war is war, and like thousands of other men, my plans were swept aside in its swiftly moving tide.

I found myself stuck on an isolated munitions site, far away from any type of modern civilization, or the comforts such a society provides. We were warned not to approach any of the local Arabic women.

Our sergeant said, "They want our strong arms over here, but they don't want our strong arms around their women. So, don't even think about getting laid here." He laughed and said, "If you plan on getting any relief for the duration of this conflict, you'd better plan on becoming real familiar with your own hand."

I was assigned to guard duty, and believe me, guarding munitions has got to be the world's most boring job. I just stood there day after day feeling like an idiot. Everyday, toward sundown, the same group of women would walk by giggling and talking amongst themselves.

One evening when I was sitting there thinking of the beach on Jekyll Island, I was jarred out of my reverie by one of the village women calling out to me. "Hello soldier," she said coyly in her heavily accented English, as her friends laughed and continued on their way.

She lifted her heavy black veil away from her face, and smiled radiantly.

I was pleasantly surprised, but frustrated too. There were two heavy gauge chain link fences, and mountains of coiled razor ribbon, between the desert beauty and me. She walked away quickly to catch up with her friends and I kept thinking, "I'd love to get her alone somewhere, but how?"

I knew it would be suicidal to go into the village looking for her. So I started trying to look for another way to meet with the forbidden flower. I talked to the soldier guarding the gate about my dilemma, and he told me that he'd let her in, as long as I would let him watch our encounter. Two days later she walked by alone, and I called out to her. She waited patiently as I ran out the gates and met her.

She spoke to me with her dark, expressive eyes, wordlessly saying everything that a woman needs to tell a man. One sight of her up close made me want to convert to Islam and spend the rest of my days fucking four fine daughters of Mohammed.

I reached out to take her by the arm and was relieved when she didn't pull away and dart down the street like a gazelle. As I led her past the guard post, the guard grinned at us and beckoned for his buddy to take over his post. It was a court martial offense for both of us, but with SCUD missiles exploding in the air above us, our only thoughts were of taking any

small pleasure that happened to pass our way.

She said her name was Alia, but that was about all I could understand of her tongue. I led her inside the munitions building and positioned her with her back up against the wall. She swung off her long black veil and revealed her waist-length, black hair. I ran my hands down her smooth, silky tresses and felt the heat begin to mount.

Alia leaned up and kissed me hard and urgently. Her lips were moist and pink and she began to thrust her warm, moist tongue rapidly in and out of my mouth. After a minute of this, she slowed down and explored my mouth with her delightful tongue.

It was an incredibly erotic kiss, and I imagined the multitude of pleasures her lovely mouth could bring. I wanted her to suck on my cock that was swelling uncomfortably against my camouflaged jeans. She glanced down and saw my predicament, and reached to free the willing captive.

She stroked my swollen cock through the fabric of my fatigues, then reached down with her tiny hands and unbuttoned my fly.

Her perfume was strange-a scent almost like incense, and her hands and feet were painted in intricate floral patterns called henna, a traditional art form in Arab culture. Alia's eyes, lined with ebony black kohl and rimmed with bluish-black shadow, looked straight up at me in invitation. She was an exotic, foreign creature, but my very heart and soul longed to possess every inch of her. And she was there at my beck and call, compliant and ready to do my bidding. It was a gift from Allah.

By this time I was desperate to be inside her, but I didn't want to rush her. She was far from being a blushing virgin, that much was obvious, but I didn't want to accidentally make the wrong move. I definitely didn't want her to change her mind and leave, so I tried to slow myself down.

I stepped back for a moment to take off my uniform and combat boots. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the guard smiling roguishly. He had positioned himself behind a stack of MK-82 bombs, and was well out of Alia's line of sight. I smiled myself, I must have made quite a silhouette standing there stark naked with my cock at attention. I was obviously making an impression on Alia.

She took one look at my huge cock and shook her head no. But there was no turning back for me or my delightful captive. I glanced at the guard again. He was getting impatient and

made a motion for me to lift up her skirts. I put my hand under her long skirt, then ran both hands over her silky thighs.

To my delight, I found the way unbarred. She wasn't wearing any panties! I assumed that these women would wear impenetrable chastity belt type undergarments, and smiled to learn the truth.

My cock throbbed as I stroked her hot pussy. She smiled up at me and cocked her leg to one side so I could enter her, but she was just so tiny. I lifted her up and set her down on top of a MK-82, then lifted her skirts above her waist. Alia unbuttoned her black cotton blouse and freed her lovely brown breasts.

I never realized how womanly her figure was until I saw those round, firm double D's waiting to be sucked and ravaged by me. Her nipples hardened when I struck home for the first time. Over and over I rammed my granite hard cock into her tight slit until she begged for me to stop. But I was just getting started. After spurting my heavy load of hot come into her welcoming cunt, I gazed over to see the guard, stripped to his olive drab tee shirt with his cock standing straight out. He was motioning for me to turn her around.

I pulled my cock out of her and turned her around gently, so that she lay straddling the bomb. She was hugging it tightly when I stepped back. The guard took my place, moving faster than a Tomahawk Cruise Missile, and mounted Alia from the back. We are both big men.

I'm over six feet tall and well built, and he's even bigger. I smiled as I watched his huge cock slide into her slippery cunt and begin pumping zealously. Alia began to look scared again. Then she gazed over at me and saw me watching her getting fucked by my comrade in arms. She made frantic motions to leave, but he had her firmly pinned down.

She was all his at that moment. She was spiked firmly between his throbbing cock and the bomb. "Settle down girl," he said soothingly, "I won't be long." He laughed and said "I am an American G.I., I can shoot straight and download before you know what hits you."

I motioned for her to lie still and within a minute or two the guard was dropping his wet, sticky load into her. "Bombs away," he said brightly, then returned to his post whistling a marching tune.

After he left the building Alia gave me an angry shove and pouted. I put my arms around her and drew her to my chest. After a moment or two, she warmed up to me again and

laughed loud when she looked down and saw that I was definitely ready for another round. I gathered up all our clothing and laid them in a pile on the concrete floor, then motioned for her to lie down. I mounted her again, face to face, and fucked her slowly and luxuriously.

Sounds of celebration, music and dance, came from the village and I wondered what was going on. Alia told me that it was a wedding and I realized that was the only way she had gotten alone to meet with me. I imagined another exotic Arabic girl, spreading her legs and getting fucked for the first time in the village beyond, and stepped up my pace.

When I finally christened her cunt again with my second load of come, she looked tired, but very happy. When she stood up three loads of American come gushed down her thighs. I stared at her moist, sticky thighs and she grabbed my hand and kissed it. "Thank you soldier," she said softly.

By the time I escorted my diminutive desert flower to the front gate, it was dark. In half a second she disappeared into a winding maze of alleys and side streets and was gone. I never saw her again, but of all the things I saw in the Persian Gulf, good and bad, Alia was definitely the best.

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*

Kristen's Illustrated Archive of erotic stories hosted by free 2 find sponsored by offer fun