Sweat and Dirt and Gun Oil

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Another disaster averted, another night ahead of them. After all these months, it was as if the subconscious state of restlessness was something everyone had grown accustomed to—even the children. Thankfully, the further south they came, the milder the climate and the easier the steady trek towards Charleston.

Tom knew to thank the powers that be (skitters and other alien forces not included) for small favors. Everyone was safely situated in the old prison building they'd chosen as their temporary hideout. They'd even found halfway comfortable beds and cots for everyone.

Having made last rounds to assure himself that everyone was safe, he finally allowed himself to not be Professor Mason, Second-in-Command of 2nd Mass anymore, but just Tom Mason. Finding the room they'd assigned him as his sleeping quarters, he sighed and slung the strap of his gun over his shoulder, putting the heavy duty weapon against the wall.

He surveyed the room, which, for prison quarters, was spacey and almost luxurious. Perhaps one of the guards' rooms. It occurred to him that maybe there was something wrong with him sleeping here, when some of his comrades were camping out on lumpy mattresses in former prison cells.

A voice behind him made him startle. "Finally off duty, Professor Mason?"

He smiled when he recognized the voice. "You know, you can call me Tom," he said, turning around to face Anne.

"Are you sure," she said in a tone hovering between quizzical and salacious, "that we're ready to take that step in our relationship?"

He moved towards her, some of the tension already falling away with the sight of her smile. His hands found her hips and he drew her closer and planted a soft kiss on her lips before he said, "I think we're way past that step in our relationship."

She nodded. "Uhm-hm. I think I may have to agree."

Her hands came up to his neck and he felt her lean in for another kiss—the kind of kiss that electrified your senses and prickled in your belly. The kind that would lead to desire, to passion, to intimacy. He could feel it, and the way she sought out the physical contact, he knew she had the same intentions.

She fumbled with his jacket, wrestling it off of him, pulling at the hem of his thermal shirt. Watching over her shoulder, he was painfully aware of the open door. Lightly pushing her away, he said, "We might want to do this where it's a little more private."

"I don't care," she muttered.

“Besides, I smell of sweat and dirt and gun oil.”

“Sweat and dirt and gun oil doesn’t even smell that bad anymore,” she countered.

“I’d give my left pinky for a hot shower.”

“I’d give my left arm for a hot shower with the both of us in it.”

His expression took on a dreamy quality. “Just think of the possibilities. Running water, hot steam, the mirrors all foggy, the scent of shower gel.”

She closed her eyes, breathing in through her nose as if she could just smell it. “Perfection,” she mumbled.

She made a grab for the waistband of his grimy jeans, pulling him close, planting another kiss on his lips. “But that’s a bubble that’s about to pop. Sweat and dirt and gun oil is all we have. And if we close the door, we’ll even have privacy.”

He took her hand and pulled her with him to the door, giving it a push so that it fell into its lock. “Dr. Glass?” he addressed her mockingly. “Here’s the deal. Sweat and dirt and gun oil it is.”