

Sylvia's heels clicked against the rusted metal floor under her feet. The rest of the passage she stood in was in a similarly decrepit state; judging from the layers of dust on every surface, no living thing had been through this section of the ship in decades. That was the impression given by the rest of the ship as well; initial scans had revealed no life signs, and there was no one in the engine room, the bridge, or the crew's quarters. The ship itself was an unidentified design, not known by any of the databases on Sylvia's ship, the *Andromeda*. The alien vessel didn't have the guns of a warship, or the massive cargo bays of a freighter, but judging from the oversized engines, it had probably been very fast back in its heyday. That must have been years ago though. Now the crew had either died or abandoned ship, and Sylvia was here, having teleported onboard (and not lost all her clothes for once), picking through the remains. It was strange though; there were no bodies in the fetid corridors of the ship, not even skeletons, no blast marks on the outside of the ship to indicate a space battle, and all the escape pods were still in their moorings. Ignoring her sense of disquiet, she continued to the last part of the ship still unexplored: the science lab.

The sound of footsteps awoke him. He did not know how long he had been sleeping; the passage of time meant little to his species. He shook off the dust that had accumulated on his body and slipped into a corner, to await this mysterious newcomer. The lab around him sat in disrepair, equipment left unattended or dropped on the floor. He reflected with bitter anger on the mistreatment he suffered under the scopes, syringes, and scalpels of this lab, an anger now tempered with cold joy at the demise of those aboard the ship. They had no right to pluck him from his homeworld of eternal night and everlasting trees, to experiment and examine as if he were an unthinking beast, and now they had paid the price for their unchecked curiosity. There were other "samples," as they had put it, other than him aboard the ship, and one had breached containment, releasing a lethal strain of short-lived but

incredibly lethal bacteria. By the time the crew had realized it, there were already dead, their cells degenerating into ephemeral dust. He had gone into a self-induced stasis to avoid such a fate, shutting down most of his body's functions in order to wait for the bacteria to eventually die out. But now his sleep had ended, and a new life-form was in the ship with him. No matter; it would not block his path for long.

Sylvia stepped into the lab, handgun up and ready for any threat. The flashlight mounted under its barrel illuminated the lab she had stepped into, casting long, eerie shadows against the walls. Her heartbeat quickened, thumping its heightened rhythm beneath her breast. She brushed a strand of her long blue hair out of her face and stepped inside to investigate, keeping a measured, cautious pace. Like the rest of the ship, it was empty and desolate, with no signs of life. Long-neglected scientific equipment lay strewn about, most of it seemingly abandoned in the middle of work. Not wishing to tread over broken glass in high-heels, she took a long, awkward step over some smashed beakers on the ground. Before she could set her foot down, a bolt of living darkness smashed into her and slammed her into the wall behind her, sending her gun clattering into a corner, far out of reach.

Her vision spun as she tried to recover from the attack, and she gazed up into the face of her attacker. Or at least, what she thought was its face; the featureless black beak that glared at her had no mouth or nose, and only two spots that were less dark than the rest of its body gave any clue that it possessed eyes. With two arms, two legs, and a torso, it was humanoid in shape, but taller, more lithe, and covered from head to toe in a smooth black chitin, akin to a beetle. Beetles, however, were not seven feet tall, and most certainly did not possess razor sharp claws on their hands. She looked up at this mysterious attacker, and wondered if this was how she was going to die.

He looked down on this wondrous creature, and wondered what artist had crafted her. Surely her existence was not accidental; a being of such divine beauty must have been created by the greatest flesh-smiths and gene-weavers of the galaxy. Her blue hair reminded him of the flowers that bloomed in only the deepest darkness of his umbral homeworld, perfectly framing her lovely face, deep sapphire eyes, and fiery red lips. Her body was heavenly, its most obvious features being a long, swan-like neck perched above two of the most perfect breasts he had ever seen. Even through the skin-tight space suit she wore, he could only marvel at their wondrous size and perfect roundness. With a single delicate cut from one of his claws he sliced away at the suit, leaving it a useless rag on the floor and setting the objects of his desire free. Remarkably, they did not sag, but remained upright and perky, their nipples two spots of peach against twin mountains of milky flesh. His gaze travelled down, past her smooth, flat stomach, her shaven pussy, and down her long, graceful legs. The sound of her heavy breathing brought his attention back up. He breath had indeed quickened, but not from fear. Another emotion dominated her face. Not anxiety, not terror, but...desire?

*This has to be one of the hottest things to ever happened to me,* Sylvia thought as the alien looked up and down her body, now naked save for the few bits of jewelry doubling as equipment she still wore. To be so helpless and vulnerable to this mysterious attacker was so hot Sylvia was surprised she wasn't bursting into flames. Indeed, Sylvia had always enjoyed interspecies intercourse, finding xenos to be endlessly more erotic than normal human men. She had experienced more than her fair share of entanglements, but this was different; it wasn't like a primitive animal seeking to establish dominance over her or a pirate "plundering" her. There was a cold intelligence in the stance of the alien before her: it did not stoop like a beast, but stood proudly, its sentience evident in its bearing. The small tilt of its neck spoke of wonder and curiosity, and when it had torn her space suit away to get a better look at her

body, there was the slightest of shifts in posture when it beheld her 34E breasts. The alien was clearly attracted to her, and she to it. *Can't hurt to break the ice a little*, she thought as she ran her hands up and down its cold smooth chest, marveling at how hard the plates were. "So, is there anything you can use to....help us get to know each other better?" As if on cue, the chitinous plates between his legs shifted, and a long, knobby shaft emerged. Running her delicate hands along it, she guessed it was at least a foot long and an inch and a half wide. *If it feels this good in my hands, how good would it feel inside me?* With one hand stroking the alien's cock and the other playing with her left breast, she couldn't have been more ready to be fucked. "Come on big guy, come on! Show this girl a good time!" she moaned, deep in the throes of lust.

He continued to marvel at the female and her unending desire even as she stroked his cock. The females of his species had never been this easy of a lay. Like the males, they sought to end conflicts through violence, through the raking of claws and rending of throats. This specimen, however, sought to placate and please through sex. As he retracted his claws and gripped the bottom of her smooth, soft thighs and hoisted her into the air, her back pressed against the wall to keep her from falling, he decided that this was a much better way to get to know someone. She wrapped her arms around his strong neck, whispering a continuous stream of begging. The meaning of her words escaped him, but the intent was clear: ravish me. He was more than happy to oblige.

The first thrust brought pure bliss to Sylvia. The alien's girth stretched her pussy to almost max capacity, every contour and wall rubbed against and stimulated by the rhythmic pistoning of her new friend. With every motion, both in and out, the bumps on his shaft rubbed against her pussy in a way that nearly caused her to orgasm immediately. Her breasts bounced with every thrust, a hypnotic

display of jiggling tit-flesh and perky nipples, and the cold metal against her back contrasted wonderfully with the raging heat building up inside her. Glancing down, she realized with glee that the alien had only worked half of his shaft inside of her. "Ah, ah, ah...come on big guy, give it to mEEEEEE!" The last word from her mouth twisted into a shriek of pleasure as the alien penetrated further than ever before, and an orgasm raced through her body. Her nerves exploded like firecrackers, her toes curled in delight, and her fingers dug into the back of her companion's neck.

For his part, he had tried to hold back for as long as possible. For several minutes after she experienced her first orgasm, he continued his frenetic pace, driving his shaft deeper and deeper inside her. But when this beautiful creature, this angel, locked her legs around him and bucked her hips forward, he could restrain himself no more and let loose, blasting his load deep inside her womb. His cum, thick and green, overflowed from her womb and trickled out around his cock, still buried deep within her. Another orgasm struck her at the same time as this, and she practically melted in front of him, her entire body tensing and then relaxing from its force. When he was sure she could stand, or at least lean against the wall, he let her down delicately, not wishing to drop her. She managed to stay upright, back still pressed to the wall to support her suddenly tired body, chest heaving with every breath. He stood silently, with the only sound to be heard was that of her ragged panting and cum dripping on the floor.

She spoke again, tired but still obviously horny, and began pressing her hands against his lacquered chest. At first he was confused. Did she want him to go away? The light in her eyes said otherwise. She began gesturing, pointing to the ground. The realization dawned on him, and he soon lay on the ground with his cock sticking up in the air as straight as a ship's mast.

The language barrier now at least somewhat summited, Sylvia straddled her new friend and slowly eased herself down onto his member, sighing as the familiar feeling of penetration filled her. This time, gravity was on her side, and despite the resistance of her body, she was able to force all twelve inches of the alien's cock inside her. Her cervix and womb were soon gripping the shaft, and it was only thanks to Sylvia's enhanced physiology that she was able to perform this act and derive any pleasure from it. Slowly she rocked back and forth as her lover reclined, seemingly content to let her do all the work this time. Riding him cowgirl, she felt another orgasm building, this one slower, but no less intense. To help herself along, she took the alien's hands in her own and guided them to her chest. Realizing what she wanted, he began to pluck at and play with them, his cold hands sending shivers of excitement through her as he kneaded and pinched the heavenly orbs. Finally, like the tide coming in, her third and final orgasm washed over her, washing her with relief and ecstasy. She fell forward, resting against his cold black chest, cock still halfway inside her. If her lover was tired, he didn't show it, his face still an unreadable enigma. To her surprise however, one hand rose and began brushing her vivid blue hair out of her face, an unexpected show of affection. "Well aren't you just a big softie," she giggled as she rose, her lover's member finally leaving her pussy. Pressing a finger to her ear, she activated the earbud/earring she still wore. *"Sylvia to Andromeda, come in Andromeda."*

Sasha's voice came in, slightly distorted by static. "Syl, where have you been? Juli says your heart-rate is above normal."

Sylvia wracked her brain for an excuse. "Yeah, I uhh...fell down some stairs."

"You fell down some stairs for half an hour? You know, what don't answer that. Did you find any life-forms aboard?"

Sylvia gave a mischievous wink to her lover, who was now rising from the floor. “Nothing, Captain. Ship’s been abandoned for a long time, dunno what happened to the crew. I’ve searched the whole thing, ready to extract.”

“Roger that, teleport in T-5. Your clothes make it?”

Sylvia cast a glance at her ripped suit. “Nope, they vanished again. I think those pervs down in R&D do it on purpose. Sylvia over and out.” With that, Sylvia disconnected. “Now, what am I going to do with you, big guy?” She pondered as she looked him up and down.

He stood and waited patiently as the female furrowed her brow with thought, clearly trying to arrange another “meeting” between the two of them. By now his sharp mind had managed to comprehend at least some of her language, and he was able to listen in as she thought aloud. “I could try smuggling you onboard...no that’d never work, the ship scans every box that comes on, and I don’t want to have to explain you to Sasha or share you with Juli...wait, I’ve got it!” Realization dawned upon her, and she turned back to her suit, laying in tatters a few feet away from them. “Now big guy, if you want more of this,” she said as she bent over to pick something up, wiggling her shapely ass tantalizingly, “all you need to do is use this little gizmo.” She turned and handed him a small white disk with a single red button on it. “That’s an emergency teleporter beacon. You hit that button and you’ll be brought aboard my ship, where we can spend more time together. I’m sure you can find my quarters.” She leaned in close and whispered one last sentence. “Don’t take too long, big guy.” With that, she planted a kiss on his cheek, stepped back, and disappeared in a sudden flash of light.

He looked down at the tiny white beacon dwarfed by his hand. Oh yes, he would visit her. He would visit this...Sylvia.