

As Sylvia stared at the green holoscreen set in front of her workstation, the dull yellow letters bled into one another, and her eyes ached. She had been working on this report for at least three hours now, and was nowhere close to being finished. Their latest mission had been to a backwater dustball of an uncharted planet that still featured the remains of an ancient alien civilization, and Sylvia had been in charge of artifact retrieval. It had been a walk in the park in terms of difficulty, but the sheer monotony of cataloguing every piece of pottery and iron-work they had picked up from the site threatened to bore her into a coma. The clock in the bottom right corner of the screen blinked "10:15pm, Earth-time" in a way that Sylvia found almost taunting.

She sighed as she shut off the holoscreen and stood up from her station on the bridge; it was no use trying to finish the report now. She'd shower, sleep, and wrap it up when she was refreshed and alert. She turned to Sasha, who seemed even more tired, her head practically falling forward onto the desk before her. "Hey Sasha, I'm beat. I think I'll just call it for the night, get some rest."

Sasha forced her eyes open as she responded, blonde eyelashes fluttering as she did. "Alright, Syl. I'll see you tomorrow then," trying her hardest to stifle a yawn that followed the end of her sentence.

"Jeez you look beat. You alright, captain?" Sylvia asked, concerned for her friend and superior's wellbeing.

"Yeah, I'm just...I haven't been having as good a time on shore leave as you and Juli have, that's all." Sasha arched her eyebrows, further implying what she meant.

"Oh. Well hey, I know a couple people, they'd be more than happy to ahh, help you out next time we're somewhere nice. They really like blon-"

"Thanks Syl, but if I stoop that low, I'll lose all respect for myself." She gave a thin smile to show that she was joking. "I'm sure I'll do better next time."

Wishing her luck, Sylvia turned and left the bridge, the only sound accompanying her that of her heels clicking against the floor and the constant thrum of the Andromeda's engines and life support. Her mind drifted towards thought of her own love life. She still hadn't told Sasha or Juli about the mysterious alien she had encountered on that abandoned ship a week ago; how it had ambushed her, seemingly intent on killing her, only to relent and then ravish her. How its jet black carapace seemed to contain both dignity and ferocity (not to mention a rather wonderful cock). Beneath the white latex of her top, her nipples hardened just at the thought of their encounter, how he had brought her to climax over and over, the way his claws plucked at and played with her breasts....

Sylvia became so lost in the memory she almost accidentally walked past her room. The clean white corridors of the Andromeda had an almost hypnotic effect, and it didn't help that the door to her room blended into the wall seamlessly in a way that must have seemed very graceful when the interior designer was working on it, but made locating it a bit of a pain, especially when one was as tired as she was. As the door automatically slid open, she reflected sadly how she had not seen him since. Despite giving him the teleporter beacon, the alien hadn't shown up for another tryst as Sylvia had hoped. She tried to console herself as the door closed behind her; maybe his species didn't understand the concept of a continued relationship, maybe he didn't care, maybe the teleporter had malfunctioned (again), maybe maybe maybe. She remembered a phrase drilled into her during her training: a whole lot of maybes added up to a whole lot of nothing. She sighed wistfully as she turned the lights of her room on with a touch of the control pad revealing the comfortable amenities in which she lived.

The Andromeda had been designed with her crew in mind, and possessed some of the best living quarters Sylvia had seen while serving on starships. The bed was wide and soft with velvet sheets,

perfect for collapsing into after a hard day's work (or sharing with a lover, if it came to that), the thick shag carpet was a lovely shade of blue, and the connected bathroom contained every possible amenity and luxury a woman on the go needed. She turned around to adjust the lights and close the door on the holopanel behind her to the right...

...and turned back around to see a familiar black chest at eye level with her. The alien stood before her, completely silent, his frame towering over hers. Sylvia almost screamed in shock before catching herself, her shriek transforming into a girlish giggle at her own expense. "For being about seven feet tall, you're pretty sneaky." For his part, the alien stared down at her impassively, showing emotion only when he brushed an errant lock of blue hair out of her face. "Aww, I missed you too, big guy. You know, I still don't know your name...do you even have a name?" Sylvia asked as she ran her delicate hands along his thick chitin-covered arms.

The alien leaned in close, his head nearly bumping against hers. No words were spoken, but Sylvia's mind was suddenly filled with understanding, and a name rang true in her thoughts; Szkozak. Delighted by this development, she pulled in close to plant a long, passionate kiss on his beak, her chest rubbing against his while she did so. Even through the fabric of her top, the sensation of her nipples brushing against his hard, smooth carapace excited them, causing them to poke forward like twin mountain peaks through the latex that preserved her modesty. Modesty, however, was the furthest thing from her mind, and with a flick of the wrist she tore her top away, leaving it to settle uselessly on the floor while her tits spilled forth. A similar motion exposed her pussy as she removed her panties, leaving her only clothing the pair of synth-leather gauntlets and the three-inch heels she wore. Soon those too were cast aside, leaving Sylvia completely nude. She smiled wickedly as she strutted past Szkozak, putting as much swagger in her hips as she could as she dragged a finger along his chest in a

gesture that was both taunting and affectionate. "Come on, big guy. Let's see how you handle a shower."

With that, Sylvia stepped into the bathroom. As first officer of the *Andromeda*, Sylvia enjoyed her own private shower, four glass walls with shower-heads embedded in every wall and the ceiling, complete with climate control via a holopanel projected from the wall. With a few swipes on the panel, she activated every available shower-head, and was soon doused with several refreshing streams of water laced with cleaning agents. Sylvia took a moment just to enjoy the sensation and let the steaming water run down her body, washing away all the tension and stress she had accumulated. The footsteps behind her reminded her that she was not alone, and she soon felt something very hard and cylindrical rubbing against her ass and thighs, as if seeking entry. Without turning around, she teased, "Do you need an invitation?"

Almost before the sentence passed her lips, Szkozak found his mark and thrust forward, burying his cock halfway inside of her with one motion. Sylvia moaned in pleasure as he filled her pussy, his hands holding her wet hips tightly for a secure grip as he began to thrust repeatedly, working his shaft deeper and deeper. The force of his lovemaking forced Sylvia against one of the walls, her face and breasts pressed against the unyielding glass. However, she soon began to slide across the glass as her wet body failed to find a spot to stop on against the smooth surface, and Szkozak's penetration slowed as his partner slipped. Sylvia, already nearing orgasm and in a world of pleasure, did not notice, but Szkozak, unwilling to fuck her with only two-thirds of his cock, sought to rectify the situation. Grasping her left leg, he hiked it up and over his shoulder, making her do the vertical splits. Sylvia nearly fell over from this sudden change, but Szkozak's strong arms held her tight, and allowed him to work the full length of his cock inside of her. At the same time, his free hand moved to play with Sylvia's tits, fondling and tweaking with practiced expertise. That was all it took for an orgasm to go racing through Sylvia,

and she shuddered with delight as it raced through her. As she came, the shower-heads came to an automated stop, leaving them both standing there, still entangled with each other, dripping wet. "Why don't we move this somewhere more comfortable?" she asked as she reluctantly worked herself off of Szkozak's member. A slight nod was the alien's only response, but it was enough for Sylvia, who grabbed a towel as she went to dry off. Szkozak followed behind her, his cock still hard and erect. "Wait here," she instructed as she tossed the towel aside.

Sylvia walked in front of the bed and did a small 360 degree shimmy, wiggling her shapely hips and fondling her magnificent rack, giving Szkozak a small show for his pleasure. With a body as amazing as hers, it didn't hurt to show off, she thought. While Szkozak's posture did not change, his member, which had reached its full length, betrayed how excited he was. As she finished with a slow, luxurious drag of her hands up along her hips, over her smooth tummy and across her 32F breasts, she smiled wickedly and asked, "Well big guy, what are you going to do to me?" Leaning over the bed and placing her hands on it, she spread her legs, exposing her smooth-shaven pussy to him, giving him an open invitation to do whatever he pleased.

To Sylvia's surprise, Szkozak did not choose the obvious and presented target, and instead aimed a little higher. His cock pushed inside her, past the ring of muscle of her sphincter, and deep into her ass. His thrust nearly knocked the wind from her, but Sylvia recovered and shifted her hips so he could have better access. If he was going to fuck her ass, then she was going to make it as easy as possible for him. His clawed hands shifted their grasp from her hips to her sides, as he split his efforts between both thrusting into her and simply forcing her further down on his shaft. Sylvia panted like a dog in heat as she gripped the bedsheets in her hands, the pleasure balling her hands into fists as her face and tits rubbed against the velvet fabric, further exciting her sensitive nipples.

After several minutes of thrusting, Szkozak managed to work the entire length of his foot-long cock inside of her, and he reached forward, seizing Sylvia by her rack. Holding her up in front of him, he began to play with her breasts again, this time much more savagely than before, pinching and pulling so hard Sylvia would have been worried he'd tear her nipples off, if she wasn't preoccupied with the orgasm now racing through her, setting every nerve alight. Her scream of joy was cut off, however, as Szkozak brought her back down on the bed with a final thrust that signalled his own orgasm, thick green cum filling Sylvia and oozing out around his cock, still buried deep within her. Underneath him, Sylvia twitched and moaned, her eyelashes fluttering as she struggled to stay conscious through the sheer overstimulation she experienced. A foreign thought filled her mind; Rest. She reached a hand out to him as he pulled out of her and began to walk away, "Stay..."

His hand took hers before she drifted into sleep. As Sylvia's eyes finally closed, she saw him once again brushing hair out of her face, the only sign he cared for her beyond simply sex. She fell asleep smiling, not knowing when she would see him again, but knowing that she could wait.