

What Friends Are For

There's nothing worse in the galaxy than a night where nothing's on the vid screen, and this night was one of them. I felt myself slump even deeper into the couch, flipping through the channels with my omni-tool, hoping that something even a tiny bit interesting would come across the screen.

I never expected my post-retirement living situation to involve shacking with a human girl in a swanky apartment on the Citadel. Krogan don't even "retire" at all, in an official sense. We stop working when our hearts stop or if we decide to go back to Tuchanka and lead a clan. I had no plans of doing either, seeing as how I like being alive and I'm a shitty leader. Most krogan may think I'm going soft, but those pyjaks haven't tried going through endless odd jobs that don't involve firing a gun. If anything, going soft was the way to go. I brushed this thought off as I adjusted myself in the couch, continuing to search for some channel to hold my attention.

Then I noticed that I had reached the 700s, the porn channels. I felt a mischievous smirk roll across my face, as if on instinct. It's been some time since I had a good release and Ali was sleeping in the other room. Conditions were just perfect. I typed in the digits 7-3-6, to *Fornax TV*. The vid they were showing was just like every other pornographic vid since after the First Contact War: an oiled-up, muscle-headed human giving a pounding to an oiled-up, hard-bodied asari. It gets old after the second time you see it, but I was too pent up to be picky.

With a sharp breath, I reached down the front of my boxer briefs, grabbing a hold of myself, rubbing the head of it with my thumb, until it grew to its full length. I felt my quad start to slip out from behind my plates as I stroked myself, rubbing the sack with a free finger.

When I'm jerking to vids, I jerk in motion with the actors, edging myself only when they change position. It's a must for me to finish when the vid does; not sure why, but it's how I get my rocks off the best. The human was banging the asari from behind by the end of the vid, fucking her so fast and so hard that his loins and abs turned red, along with the asari's ass. He roared out that he was close to coming, and just in time for me to do likewise. The actors were seconds away from the inevitable ear-bursting shriek that comes with an orgasm, when suddenly, the vid-screen flashed white, with the words **ERROR: STREAM DISCONNECTED** flashing in red lettering.

I sighed, out of disgust and cursed under my breath. Of all the times it had to shut off, it did so when I needed it most. The worst part was that I was still pretty hard and didn't feel like sleeping it off, so I was the bind of all binds on this night. That was when I took a quick glance at the door to Ali's room. I thought back to the conversation we had the other day about whether or not friends can casually screw, without the purpose of mating. She said she wouldn't worry about it, but if offered a nice request, she'd be up for anything. I pulled up my boxer briefs from around my ankles and made my way over to her door, which slid open as I approached.

Ali was fast asleep on the bed. The light of some human contraption called a "lava lamp" on the nightstand next to the bed illuminated her face. I could make out the smooth texture of her

copper skin, and the crinkly brown hair that draped over her face. She looked too peaceful to wake up and I didn't want to ruin her sleep, but I was damn near desperate tonight, so a few eggs had to get cracked, as the humans put it. I gave her bare shoulder a gentle tap with my finger.

"Uh, Ali?" I whispered, loud enough to wake her up. Her eyes opened and fluttered a few times to focus her vision before looking up at me.

"Hey, Snall," she murmured. "You're up late. Something wrong?" I began to itch at my hump.

"Well, I have bit of an... issue on my hands." Ali leant up against the wall in front of the bed to yawn, getting a glimpse of my erection, lengthened at attention in my underwear.

"Oh," she uttered, eyes widened, "I can see that."

"I was watching a really good vid in the living room, then the connection got cut," I confessed, reaching back to scratch at my hump. "And I remembered what you told me the other day about you doing anything for me, and I thought, well..."

"You thought what?"

"I thought... maybe you and I could..." I looked down and began to mumble.

"I thought we could have a quick fuck." Ali's eyes widened again, and dropped her jaw about an inch.

"Now, I understand if you're tired and want me to get the hell out of your room-"

"Oh, no, no, no," she interrupted. "I understand. We've all been there at some point. Just give me a minute to wake up, then take off your boxers and lay back on the bed." Ali leaned up even further to the wall, rubbing her eyes and blinking to focus her sights. I parked myself on the edge of the bed, staring down at my erection.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ali press for the holo-switch that activated the screen to the bedroom window to let more light in. The buzzing of the screen rolling up broke the awkward silence between us, as the neon lights from the busy wards below us flooded the room. The muffled hum of the skycars zooming past the building could also be heard, as well as a few gunshots from blocks away, reminding me that this was indeed the Kithoi Ward.

Ali crawled up behind me and started to rub my shoulders. I could only feel the tiny presses from her fingertips on my shoulder plates as she worked her hands. I felt her hair brush against the side of my face as she looked over my shoulder, peering at my erection.

"Damn," she hummed, licking her lips, "looks promising."

"You haven't even seen it yet," I said, "and you're already getting hot? Can't you wait 'til I take the boxer-briefs off?"

"I know," she responded. "It just looks thicker than I've had. Not as long, though."

"Then that means I'm your first krogan after all." We chuckled for a bit until I looked down again and noticed that I was starting to shrink. I interrupted Ali's massage and reached down my underwear to yank myself in an attempt to keep it up, to little avail.

"Try flexing it," Ali requested.

"What?"

"Flex it, like a bicep, and it'll stay up. Works for humans."

I pulled my hand from my boxers and, heeding her advice, flexed the muscles in my groin, causing my quad to lift and my rod to twitch. I was convinced it was Ali's attempt to make me look dumb, wagging my rod like it was my tail, but after a minute of the spasms, it got harder until it once again rose to its full apex.

"See?" Ali giggled. "You're still hard, and it's all thanks to human sex methods. Think again when you say we're the weaker sexual creature." She was referring to the talk we had about sex and how different it is for humans and krogan. I made the argument that krogan last longer in bed, and they aren't scared to draw some blood, while humans are all gentle and only contesting to see who'll come first, or hardest. Ali disagreed, of course, but I was always quick to remind her where I come from.

"Talk to me when you're over 600, and traveled the galaxy, okay?" I gave her a smug smirk, and she sucked her teeth and laughed in response.

"Touché."

She pulled me down onto the bed, carrying on with the massage. I slid my underwear down with my thumbs and kicked them off from around my ankles onto the floor. Ali whistled at the sight of me in the buff, my length at its highest and hardest. I scooted back towards the top of the bed, and rested my head on the stacks of pillows.

Once I was settled in position, she grabbed a hold of me. After a few rubs of the shaft, she dropped her head and started rolling her tongue along the tip. I sunk my head back into the pillows, panting like a varren at the sensation I've missed for a quarter of a century. She then wrapped her whole mouth around the thing, bobbing her head onto it while stroking it, which made the feeling so much more goddamn amazing.

The smooth texture of Ali's tongue draped around my shaft and flicked at the tip, with ease and awesome grace. I was convinced that I was in an otherworldly state at this moment and hoped to the void that it wouldn't end. She moaned softly on me as I reached for her head, not to grab and thrust down her throat, but rather to support her, for risk of choking.

Her hair in my hand was thin and was tangled and matted, like the skin of a honug, or the wool of Earth creatures called sheep. I couldn't help but grab a tight hold of it, and give it a tug. Ali gasped a bit at the pull and looked up at me with a bemused look.

"You gonna make this thing yours?" I whispered harshly. She nodded, and dropped her head down to the base, emitting a hard groan from me as I felt myself leak pre onto her tongue. I zoned out for quite a while as I just laid back and enjoyed the treatment, I swore that the moments even repeated themselves at times. There were licks that felt familiar and moans that vibrated around me in ways that I've felt less than forever ago. My perception of the time went back on its course unfortunately, when Ali pulled up from me with a big, wet pop.

"Wait," I protested. "Why'd you stop? I was enjoying that." Ali just smirked at me and wiped her mouth of the drool and pre.

"You don't expect me to do all of the work, do you?" She slowly pulled down the small shorts she was wearing, letting them slip down to her ankles, where she kicked them off to the floor. She was wearing no underwear, and the lighting of the lava lamp illuminated her hips and ass in the most pleasant way. Before long, Ali had crawled to the headboard on all fours, in the inviting position of being taken from behind. I bounced up off the bed, only to get back on, kneeling and aligning myself behind her.

Gripping her by the waist, I pulled her ass back into my groin. I slowly traced her back, hips and ass with both hands. Her skin was spongy to the touch, almost exactly like the cushions of the couch I was just sitting on. The only difference was its malleability as I lightly squeezed her plump buttocks together, molding the lumps of fat as she cooed in delight.

I played around with her thick figure for a while, wondering just how a species so fleshy and soft could be so shapely and not all look the same. I decided that I've playing around too long and carefully inserted myself into her core. She let out a quick, sharp inhale as I went in, an action that would repeat as I slowly started bucking my hips into her, the softness of her rump bouncing off of the rigidity of my plated groin in a sublime display of erotic contrast.

Ali lowered herself into the bed, so that her rear was in the air and her face down. From this angle, I can precisely examine her hypnotizing ass/waist ratio as I screwed her. The view only made my appetite rise and I picked up the pace, thrusting until I started to huff and puff.

"Don't kill yourself, oldie," she moaned. "Don't want you to get a heart attack on my watch." I let out a stifled snicker at her wisecrack.

"It ain't the age of the ship, curly," I retorted. "It's how smooth it flies, and how fast the thrusters are."

"Curly" was my special nickname for her, due to her curly hair, as "oldie" was hers to me. It was such a strange joy to hear that we can uphold our friendly banter even in an act that usually occurs past simple friendship. We shared a laugh until I thrust once roughly, causing her to resume moaning, only louder this time. I rammed into her with more force and speed by the second, as I felt my blood start to boil a bit. The rush of this act was bringing out my old animalistic side, and I had no intention of fighting it, whether I was screwing a friend or a random asari hooker.

"You enjoying yourself, girl?" I huffed.

"Yeah, I am." Ali's speech and moaning were muffled through the sheets.

"Thickest one you've ever had, right?"

"Uh-huh..."

"And this is the biggest ass I've had. Nice and plump, how I like 'em."

"You're... too damn kind." I gave her a swift smack on the rear, causing her skin to jiggle and making her squeak in shock. I pulled her by the hair, viciously more so than before, and leaned down to her face to lick it as she groaned softly.

"This ain't the time for sarcasm," I snarled. "Now, ya gonna take this cock? "

"I'm taking it, oldie!" she cried.

"Does this cock feel good all up inside ya?"

"Hell, yeah. Go faster!"

I smacked her ass twice this time.

"I got the cock; I make the commands. Now back your ass into me!" Ali rocked her body as hard as she could into my loins as I took a quick break from thrusting, the walls of her core engulfing me with the wetness of her fluids. Gripping her by her waist, I went back to plowing into her, smacking her ass and even growling like some kind of sex-possessed beast. I always knew I'd find the lady to bring out the roughest of my rough streak, but who knew it would be from someone so different?

At this point, we were both completely lost in the act, blind to anything else in the vicinity. Beads of sweat moistened my neck as I started wheezing. Ali's moaning increased in pitch and volume, muffling herself again by burying half of her face into the sheets. The sound of my thighs knocking against hers echoed around the room, making a hard slapping sound, akin to that of the human screwing the asari in the porn vid.

"Gonna make me come in a sec," Ali squeaked. I was seconds away from my own as well, but didn't announce it and focused on giving her a last good series of poundings. She dropped the arch in her back and pulled her head back, eyes squinting and gasping for air. The muscular walls of her core clasped onto me, washing her fluids onto my rod, finally sending me over the edge.

With one final hard slam into her haunches and a loud, stretched-out "fuck!" I shot my load into Ali, in many quick spurts. My whole body flexed itself at the intensity of the orgasm and I had to catch myself from collapsing onto Ali. When it was all over, I slowly pulled out of her, and we both fell down onto the soaked bed next to each other, breathless from our session.

"Wow," she finally panted, "that was..."

"Different?" I asked.

"Among other things, yeah." She gave me a few pats on my inner thigh, a sign of a job well done. "It's a good thing we aren't the same species. That load was a babymaker for sure."

"You forgot to take those human pills of yours today?"

"Didn't think I'd need them." Ali used the sheet to clean herself of my remaining residue and got out of the bed, putting on a sweatsuit and heading out the room.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Well, our little session woke me up," she snickered. "I'm just gonna go for a walk; maybe pick up something from Wang Subin's. You want anything?"

"Uh, sure. Could you get some spicy noodles and a Tupari, if they have it?"

"Spicy noodles and a Tupari. Got it." With those words, she walked out the room and the apartment. I lay there in the bed, putting my hands behind my head and looking up at the ceiling.

Damn, I thought, if this is considered going soft, I'm glad to retire.