

Starfire
Chapter Seven: Evidence
by Havoc

“Justice and power must be brought together, so that whatever is just may be powerful, and whatever is powerful may be just.”

- Blaise Pascal

As soon as he heard that a ship was coming to Eris not on the normal schedule, Arpad hurried up to the main hangar, the largest on the dwarf planet and the only one that wasn't built directly into the landscape. He grumbled a little as he walked, a bit annoyed that he hadn't been informed of this arrival earlier. Then again, he had a lot of things on his mind right now, so it was entirely possible that he'd been told about it and it had just slipped his mind. For one thing, Arpad's assignment as the chief of base security had him running all over the place for most of every day, or night, as the shift schedule dictated. For another, the last several days had been a fairly big nightmare for him. He'd really gone through the ringer with General Liam, the base commander, and some of the internal review folks from the military. Arpad and his fiancée, the S'hestir lieutenant colonel M'raava Shigeshti, had been under a bit of a spotlight lately, what with the inevitable discovery by the commander that they'd had somewhat of a more than close relationship with the recently-arrested Neekeri F'earri. He'd been hoping that wouldn't come to light, but the two alien women hadn't exactly been subtle about it, so it had only been a matter of time. Frankly, he was surprised the secret had held for even a day. Luckily for Arpad and M'raava, the internal review board had decided to give them a pass. Because of Arpad's high security clearance and nearly spotless record, and M'raava's reputation from her Academy teaching days, they'd quickly been cleared of any impropriety.

In retrospect, Colonel Apaffy thought to himself, I wish we had not done what we had did. Even though Keri was...well...I think 'bombshell' would be putting it mildly... He pushed the memory out of his head for the moment. He had more important things to consider now, and letting his imagination run wild would be just that much more of a distraction.

When he entered the hangar, the arriving ship was already settling down on the polished metal landing area. Arpad walked over to the railing on the raised platform overlooking the bay and gazed down at the ship. He noticed someone standing well clear of the landing zone. He squinted, and felt surprise when he realized that it was M'raava. What was she doing here? Scratching his head, he took the service elevator down to the ground level of the bay and walked out to her.

“M'raava,” he said to her. The tan-furred S'hestir turned her head to look at him, her tail waving back and forth. Arpad looked at the ship, a small passenger carrier, and then back at his betrothed.

“What are you doing here? Did you know this ship would be arriving today? You did not say anything to me if you did...”

M'raava flashed a cheeky smile at him, and she bumped back against him with her shapely rear. “Yeah, I knew all about it,” she replied. “You're not the only one around here who's allowed a few secrets. Or should I remind you that you didn't tell me Keri was gonna be arrested?” She swatted his shoulder playfully to soften the rebuke.

“I am the head of base security,” he reminded her. “I should be informed of unscheduled arrivals.” He looked back at the ship. The egress hatch was opening, and a ramp was extending down, touching the bay floor with a muted clang. “So, who is on that ship?”

“Keri's advocate,” M'raava said. “I contacted her on Earth and asked her to come as soon as possible. I don't trust any of the military lawyers on Eris right now. They're all General Liam's subordinates. I thought Keri could use someone representing her who could be a little more impartial.”

Arpad watched as someone emerged from the ship. The disembarking passenger was a human, female, and she looked several decades older than he and M'raava. As she reached the bottom of the ramp, carrying a small suitcase in one hand and a briefcase in the other, Arpad's eyes widened in recognition. He fixed a smile on his face, one most unnatural to his usually impassive expression. He could sense M'raava's eyes on him, and from the audible swishing of her tail he knew that she was becoming very amused by his reaction.

“God help me, M'raava, but you will be the death of me someday...”

The woman was Greta Apaffy, Arpad's mother. Consequently, she was the wife of Buda Apaffy, the retired general who was currently in charge of the prosecution against Lieutenant F'earri. Greta was a lawyer back on Earth, though she hadn't seen a case in court in some years, and in her day she had been one of the best. Criminal cases weren't her specialty, much less military tribunals, but she had experience in the field. She spotted M'raava and Arpad at once, and headed over to them. Greta was shorter and stouter than her husband and son, though still a little taller than M'raava, and she had the air of a real “iron lady” about her. But her face had a friendliness and softness about it that belied her otherwise imposing appearance.

Arpad waved to his mother, but turned his head towards M'raava and spoke quietly to her through his smiling teeth. “What the hell did you do, M'raava?” he asked, tension in his voice.

“Calm down, Arpad,” M'raava soothed him. “I cleared it with General Liam, of course. Even I'm not dumb enough to do this without asking the brass first.”

“You could have asked *me*!”

“You'd have said no.”

“Arpad, dear,” Greta said, coming up to them and setting her bags down. She held her arms open, and Arpad dutifully hugged his mother. “So good to see you! You need to call home more often.” She released her son and turned to M'raava, giving her the same hug. “And M'raava, how nice to see you. I was surprised when I got your call, but it sounded like you were desperate.”

“Hello, Mrs. Apaffy,” M'raava said. “Thank you for coming on such short notice.”

“How could I refuse? Buda left without telling me exactly what he was coming here for, so when you called I was eager to come find out what all the fuss was over.” She gave M'raava a polite kiss on both cheeks. “My husband...Ah, he's always so frustratingly proper. Never tells me anything about 'official matters.’” She held up her hands, making air quotes with her fingers. “Silly man. So, I had the chance to look over the files you sent me.”

“Files?” Arpad asked.

“Why, the charges against Lieutenant F'earri, of course,” Greta said. “I need to be informed about what my client is facing, don't I? It certainly seems to be a very serious matter. Murder, treason, espionage...I haven't seen a major case like this in quite some time. You flatter me with your confidence in my abilities, M'raava.” Suddenly, she glanced over Arpad's and M'raava's shoulders.

The sound of heavy footsteps thundered behind them, and a booming voice echoed around the hangar. “What is the meaning of this!?”

Arpad covered his eyes with one hand, suppressing a groan. His father sounded livid, and he knew this wasn't going to be good. But his mother looked unconcerned as she stepped between him and M'raava, facing her husband down with an easy smile on her face.

“Hello, dearest,” she said. “I wondered how long it would take for you to come greet me. I was just saying hello to our son and future daughter-in-law.”

“You shouldn't be here,” Buda Apaffy told his wife. “I'm here on official business. I don't have any time for you right now. I would have told you as much if you'd told me you were coming. I was just informed of your arrival by General Liam.”

Greta crossed her arms, looking up at her husband with one eyebrow raised. “I don't need your permission,” she informed him. “I was invited here by M'raava. She requested I come on the behalf of one of her subordinates. And I'm ashamed of you for not telling me of the trouble she was in. What's the meaning of *that*, dear husband?”

Buda opened and closed his mouth several times, taken aback by what his wife was telling him. He looked at M'raava, his eyes narrowing. “Explain.”

M'raava turned to face him, ignoring the warning glance from her fiancé. “I asked her to come,” she confirmed. “Lieutenant F'earri is one of my people, and she's my friend besides. I wanted someone

I could trust to represent her in her court martial, since just about everyone already seems convinced that she's guilty.”

“Your impartiality in this matter is hardly sterling, Colonel,” Buda retorted. “You were lucky to avoid a court martial yourself for fraternization. You're not thinking clearly, based on the evidence we have. I'll remind that Lieutenant F'earri is the reason you were nearly put in an early grave!”

“So you say.”

“That's enough of that,” Greta said firmly. She pointed at her husband. “I could just as easily say that you're the biased one here, Buda. I will admit that there seems to be more than enough evidence against the lieutenant you have in the brig, but does the evidence not strike you as rather convenient?”

Buda frowned. “How do you mean?”

“What I mean is, how would someone clever enough to commit acts of sabotage like you say she has be so careless as to leave such a clear trail for investigators to follow?” Greta said. “She painted your case for you as clearly as if she'd done it with a brush on a canvas. No investigator is that good, or that lucky. There's more there, and if you were smart you'd recognize that.”

“There's the matter of her falsified records,” the retired general said. “What do you say to that?”

“I say that she should be ashamed of it, and if you want to reprimand her for that, be my guest.” Greta shook her head. “But she would not be the first to lie about her age to join the military, and she will not be the last. Treason is a much higher offense to leap to.”

Buda opened his mouth to respond, but then he closed it again. He shook his head, sighing. “Fine. Do as you like. But when the matter comes to trial, I hope you have stronger evidence of her innocence than that you don't believe she'd commit further crimes. That will not hold up.” With one last glare at M'raava, and a particularly disappointed one at his son, he turned and stormed back to the elevator that would take him back into the base.

They all watched him go, and then Greta uncrossed her arms and addressed M'raava and Arpad. “That went well,” she pronounced with a smile. “So, Arpad. I shall see you later. M'raava, dear, if you'd be so kind, I'd like to go and meet with my client. I'll need to go over these files with her directly, and of course I want you there as her commanding officer. We have a lot of work to do before the court martial, which is in two days' time, if I'm not mistaken?” M'raava nodded. “Then why are we wasting time here? Show me to the brig.”

Nearly an hour later, Keri was finally brought into the same meeting room that M'raava had spoken to her in on the day she'd been arrested. Greta and M'raava were seated on the same side of the

interview table, while Keri was shown to her chair on the opposite side. The guard who brought her in cuffed her leg shackles to the chair, which was fixed to the floor, and uncuffed her hands. Keri rubbed her wrists where the cuffs had been affixed, her shoulders hunched as she looked down at her lap. M'raava felt sorry for her all over again. She really looked rough now, as though she hadn't been eating much the past few days, and whatever of her gray fur was visible beyond the borders of her brig jumpsuit was disheveled. Her yellow eyes seemed duller than when last they'd met.

Greta beheld her for a moment, then she nodded to the guard. "Thank you, sir," she said to him. "And please turn off any listening devices that you might have active in this room. I have the right to speak with my client privately."

The guard scowled, but he grudgingly nodded and then left the room. M'raava waited for a few minutes, to give him enough time to follow Greta's directions, and then she reached across the table and put her hand over Keri's. "How are you doing?"

"Lousy...", Keri mumbled. Her ears were flat against her head, and she barely glanced up at M'raava. "Food sucks. Nobody to talk to. Can't sleep too good." She sighed. "So who are you?" This question was directed at Greta.

"My name is Greta Apaffy," Greta answered. This, at least, got some reaction from Keri, who recognized the same last name as Arpad and the general who was prosecuting her. "M'raava asked me to come here from Earth. I'm going to be defending you in your court martial."

"At least there's some good news," Keri said, looking as though she felt relieved. "I wasn't looking forward to an appointed advocate too much." She even managed to smile a bit. "You must be Arpad's mother. I met his father already...That kind of sucked. Er...no offense..."

Greta barked out a laugh. "None taken, I assure you, dear girl," she said, still chuckling. "My husband can be overbearing at times. He takes his former career as a general very seriously. Much like Arpad does his current work, but perhaps a little more so." She folded her hands on the table and leaned forward. "I'm going to skip further pleasantries, if you don't mind. There's precious little time. I wanted to meet with you so we can talk about the charges you're facing. Rather serious ones. First, and I have to ask this, so forgive how silly the question may sound...Did you do anything that you're being accused of?"

"No way!" Keri denied vehemently, pushing herself back to sit up straight in her chair. "I would never do anything to hurt another S'hestir! Mareshta was an ass, and a shameless flirt, but he was one of my people! It's unthinkable! And of course, I wouldn't have done anything to hurt M'raava..." She glanced over at M'raava, earnestly hoping that she still believed her, but she needn't have feared that. The lieutenant colonel was as convinced of her innocence as she had been the entire time.

"I'm well aware of your...well, let's say 'fondness' for my daughter-in-law, and my son," Greta said. "M'raava has been very forthcoming with me, as she should be. I must admit, I find it all very strange, but...well...I'm not S'hestir, so I'll let it pass. Though, to be fair, M'raava's incident came before all that." She placed her briefcase on the table and withdrew the copies of the files that M'raava had sent with her first message. "And yet you did provide her with the guidance she needed to survive the ordeal, so that cannot be discounted." She looked over some of the files. "The next thing I need to address is the discrepancies in your record. Specifically, the false documents you provided the military with in order to enter the Academy. Where did you acquire the fake papers, and why?"

Keri sighed, not looking forward to going over this again. "I got the papers from a forger I found on the net," she said. "My parents wouldn't let me apply to the Academy, so I ran away from home. I searched around until I found someone who said he could give me a new identity."

"Is Neekeri F'earri your real name?"

"Yes," Keri said. "They're common enough S'hestir names anyway. I figured a new name wasn't necessary."

M'raava nodded. "She's right," she told Greta. "F'earri is one of the most common surnames for S'hestir. And Neekeri is a popular girls' name. A little antiquated, but you still run across it a lot among my people."

"Alright." Greta read through more of the files. "Apart from the forged history, your record in the Academy is exemplary. You graduated near the top of your class, not too many infractions for rule-breaking, and you were appointed to a fairly prestigious assignment soon after completing your training." She smiled at Keri. "So you have that going for you. There's not too much that they can use for a basis that you're a prime candidate for treason. But even I have to admit that the evidence against you is pretty strong."

"I know, but...," Keri said desperately. She shrugged her shoulders. "But it's all lies! I'm a mechanic. I've never been trained on the programming for the mechs, just the equipment itself!"

Greta held out the files. "But you have more experience with the models in question than almost anyone else on the staff here on Eris," she pointed out. "It can be pointed out that you could have easily picked up the knowledge required while working with the other members of your maintenance crew. And that's exactly what the prosecution will allege, you can count on that." She looked back at the papers in her hand. "According to the evidence here, your security codes were used in the hangar bay housing the mechs at the same time that the alterations were logged in their programming. Since you are not responsible for that, we have to assume someone forged your credentials. What we need to do is raise reasonable doubt. Now tell me, who else could have presented the lieutenant's security codes?"

She looked between M'raava and Keri, clearly asking both of them the question this time.

M'raava blinked. "I'm not sure," she admitted. "I guess anyone in the security garrison could have access to the security codes for everyone on base. Then there's me. I'm required to have the overrides for all personnel working under me. But I wouldn't have very well caused my own mech to malfunction."

"Unless you wished to draw attention away from yourself," Greta said. She held up a hand to forestall the objection from M'raava. "I'm just playing devils' advocate. We will definitely *not* be bringing that up at trial. Who else?"

Keri thought about it for a second. "That's probably it," she said. "Apart from the command staff. But...Well...Even if I don't like General Liam all that much, I don't think he'd do this..."

"From what I know about him through my husband, I tend to agree. How many people work in base security?"

"About a thousand, give or take," M'raava said with some dejection. "That's a pretty big suspect pool..."

"It could be smaller than you imagine," Greta said. "Are they the only people who could have accessed the records? Surely there must be people here who are good with computers."

Both S'hestir women looked at each other. "You're right about that," M'raava said slowly. "It wouldn't necessarily need to be someone with security clearance. If someone was good enough, they could hack the security codes to create a duplicate passcard. They might even be able to hack the scanners themselves. That wouldn't leave any physical evidence."

"And, of course, someone that good would easily be able to alter the programming on the mechs." Greta smiled. "Then that is where we shall focus our own investigation," she decided. "We need to look into who might have had opportunity, ability, and motive to frame Keri. If we find that, we narrow down the list of people who could have been responsible." She reached over and patted Keri's shoulder. "Stay resilient, Lieutenant. We'll get to the bottom of this. You'll have your freedom, and I'll clear your name. It may take some time, but we have two days before your trial. With hard work, that should be more than enough."

Outside the doorway that separated the brig from the rest of the base, M'raava and Greta found Arpad waiting for them. He was standing in the hallway across from the door, leaning back against the wall with his arms crossed. His eyes were shifting from side to side slowly, as though he was checking for people walking up and down the hall. Not many people made a point of it to visit the brig, so M'raava was somewhat confused by his vigilance.

“You have finished speaking with Lieutenant F'earri?” he asked, still looking to one side.

“Yes, for now,” Greta said. “I shall probably have to return later, but I've learned what I need to know for the moment.”

Arpad glanced at M'raava, and then at his mother. “So...Well...What do you think?”

“I think I have my work cut out for me,” Greta said honestly. “On the face of it, she's guilty. She forged her history to enter the military, and then the evidence suggests she used her position to commit acts of sabotage and murder.”

“You believe that?” Arpad asked, his blue eyes narrowing.

“Not in the least,” Greta said. “It's a nice story, and the evidence backs it up, but it makes no sense. For one thing, she's S'hestir. Not once in history has there been an example of one turning against us. They are loyal almost to a fault.” She smiled at M'raava. “And if sabotage was the goal here, whoever is behind this could have set their sights a good deal higher. The lieutenant is an artillery officer by training. I'm sure that if she wanted to commit acts of sabotage, she could have devised something much more destructive.”

Arpad slowly nodded in agreement. “I have been thinking that as well,” he said. “This seems too small-time for a pirate group like the Sasori Syndicate. They obliterated our research base on Sedna. I would think there must be something else at work, here.”

“I've been thinking about that,” M'raava said. “First the base on Sedna is attacked, and now this stuff happens here on Eris. You'd have to be an idiot to think the two things weren't related. We were talking with Keri about looking for who might have a motive to frame her. Shouldn't our first focus be on the people who survived the attack on Sedna?”

Greta scratched her chin thoughtfully. “That's not a bad idea,” she mused. “Who would the suspects be?”

Arpad rattled the list off without hesitation. “Only a few of the research staff survived,” he said. “The only military survivors were Captain Nixon and a squad of his marines from the ground forces stationed there. And one of the pilots in M'raava's squadron, Major Fletcher, was the commander of the squadron assigned to Sedna. He made it out as well. Altogether, I believe there were only fifteen people who returned alive.”

“Then I shall want to speak with them,” Greta said. “I'm sure they were all interviewed by the military when they were debriefed, but in light of what's happening now, it wouldn't hurt to do it again.”

“I can give you all of their files, and the transcripts of their debriefing,” Arpad promised her.

M'raava raised an eyebrow at him. “You're gonna help?” she asked. “What will the general

think of you helping the defense?”

Arpad looked away awkwardly. “He does not have to know,” he muttered. “I think you are right. My father is not thinking rationally about this matter. He is allowing feelings of prejudice and pride to get in the way of his logic. I think Keri could not be responsible for what they believe she did. So whatever I can help with, I will do it.”

M'raava beamed at her human fiancé. “I knew I could count on you!” she said. She bounded forward and wrapped her arms around him, standing on tiptoe to peck him on the cheek.

“Then I'll go get settled,” Greta said. “You can find me at my husband's quarters if you need me. I'll be going over what I have so far.” She chuckled. “I think it's going to be an awkward evening for Buda, but he'll know better than to leave me out of the loop next time.” She picked up her bags and walked off, still laughing to herself.

Later in the evening, M'raava was in the quarters she shared with Arpad, just stepping out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her body. The rest of her day after meeting with Greta and Keri had been surreal in its normality. Though her squadron was grounded for the moment, that didn't mean that she was free to goof off. Her pilots still needed training, so they had spent the day on simulators and in the classroom, continuing to learn the ins and outs of their experimental mech models. After a solitary dinner, while Arpad was attending to his own duties, she'd come back to relax in a much-needed hot shower. She felt a lot better than she had the previous few days. Now that Greta was here, she felt like Keri's defense was in much better hands.

M'raava sat down in a small chair in front of a mirror, picking up a blow dryer to work on her blonde hair. She took great care in brushing it out, untangling the bits that had knotted up in the shower. When she was finished, her tresses shimmered and fluffed out, looking just as good as they had before she'd gone in.

As she was finishing up, she heard the door to the suite slide open, and she looked over her shoulder to see Arpad come in. He closed the door behind him and then stretched his arms and back, and M'raava heard several pops as his weary joints cracked.

“Long day?” she asked him.

“Very,” he confirmed. He sat down on the edge of their bed, watching her as she cropped her towel and began primping her fur. “I got the files that my mother will need, and gave them to her. Tomorrow, we should be able to interview the people we need to speak with.”

“Good,” M'raava said. She turned to face him, raising a leg to brush the fur on her thighs. She saw her fiancé's eyes widen just a bit, as she acted provocatively. They hadn't been on the same sleep

schedule in almost a week because of their different assignments, and she was in the mood to tease him a bit. “We only have two days left to build a defense for Keri. We better work quick, yeah?”

“Indeed, we must.” Arpad's hands gripped the edge of the bed slightly as he watched her. She could see the hunger lying dormant underneath his typically passive expression. He wanted her right now.

Finishing with her task, M'raava set her brush aside and got up from the chair, walking naked over to Arpad. She put her hands on his shoulders and climbed onto his lap, her legs on either side of his waist as she settled her firm rump down on his lap. His hands came around her waist almost immediately. “You kinda surprised me, today. I didn't think you'd want to go through backdoors to help Keri. You're always so serious about your work.”

“I like her,” Arpad said simply. “And I think she is innocent. If I did not help, I would not be able to live with myself.” He leaned in and kissed her neck gently, pulling her body closer against his chest.

“You are a good man,” M'raava purred. “I keep getting little reminders of the good choice I made...” She pricked her claws along his uniform shirt, leaving little needle-marks in the fabric. “You might want to get this off, before I shred it off you.”

Arpad gave her a small smile. “I would not want that. This is my last good uniform. I must find time for laundry soon.” He gently shifted her off of his lap, and then he stood up from the bed. M'raava bounced up to the head of the bed, reclining on her back as she watched him undress. Every inch of his sculpted body that was revealed to her made her heat rise that much more.

“I wouldn't mind it if you had nothing to wear,” she growled, a wide grin on her face. Her eyes roamed up and down his body, especially his rear as his pants came off. She couldn't keep her tail from swaying back and forth over the bed.

“I am sure you would not,” he said, a little chuckle in his voice. With his clothes now in a pile on the floor, he got back up on the bed. M'raava purred louder, her thighs falling to either side in front of him. He got an eyeful of her pussy, already wet and ready for him. “You work fast.”

“I've had a few stressful days,” M'raava said with a coy little shrug. She wrapped her tail around his waist, tugging him forward. “I need some release.” She captured his mouth with hers, pressing her rough feline tongue between his lips as her purr shook the bed.

Arpad groaned a little, leaning into her kiss. He wrapped his arms around her body and held her against him, delighting in the feel of her soft, silky fur against his smooth skin. His nose was full of the scent of the soap she used, this time a fragrant mixture of rosemary and sandalwood. She was really too much for him sometimes, with the way she got him going. He wanted to take her right away, but what

was the fun in that? A S'hestir wasn't the only being in the galaxy that could expertly tease.

The human released his fiancée from his arms, and then he slowly kissed his way down her front. M'raava gasped and arched her back as she felt his lips close around first the right, and then the left, nipple of her breasts. He took turns between them for several long, drawn-out minutes, suckling gently at them and swirling his tongue around the delicate, fleshy nubs. By the time he was finished with them, they were standing up hard and straight, prominent among the soft, downy tan fur covering her mounds.

Arpad kissed his way down her belly, his tongue briefly dipping inside her navel. The tickling sensation made M'raava give a little squeal of laughter, her belly going concave momentarily as her muscles reflexively fled the teasing stimulation. Her lover chuckled quietly, kissing her belly before moving even lower. The S'hestir gave a whimper of need as his hands slid underneath her rump. She put a hand down on the back of his head, fervently pushing down, but he resisted her. M'raava could feel his breath drifting against her most sensitive area, but he steadfastly refused to make the final approach.

She growled. "What are you waiting f-...f-fuuuck...", her demand trailed off into a moan of pleasure, as he had been waiting for her to ask that exact question. M'raava gasped as she felt his tongue dive between her silken lips. After days of running herself ragged, it felt like the most amazing thing she'd ever experienced.

The human's tongue played its way around her delicate folds, at times sliding deep inside at at others barely trailing around the edges. He had long years of experience in driving his girl wild, and he put all of it to use. M'raava mewled loudly, her hand pushing even more firmly against the back of his head, but now he didn't resist. They guided each other, his tongue a constant question, pressing and lapping against her to find out what would bring her the most pleasure tonight. Her soft moans of encouragement told him when he was striking gold, as did the pressing of her thighs against either side of his head. If his cock wasn't straining against the surface of the bed, he would have been perfectly content to stay right here for the entirety of the evening.

Grinning to himself, Arpad suddenly withdrew his tongue from her pussy. M'raava whined pitifully enough to break the coldest of stone hearts, but he wasn't done with her by a long shot. His busy tongue slid inches down, and then she felt that wet warmth pressing against the sensitive, tight pucker of her tailhole.

"A-Arpad!" she gasped, her eyes shooting wide open as her back arched up. Her hands shot down to the sheets covering the bed, and her fingers grasped handfuls of the cloth. Not what she had been expecting at all, but oh...how wonderfully deviant that felt! He murmured his satisfaction at still

being able to surprise her, and his tongue pressed against her star, the tip running around the edges in rapid circles. She moaned deeply as her legs spread wider, and she felt his hands lifting her ass to give him better access.

He pushed deeper, feeling that subtle resistance that her back entrance gave, before she relaxed slightly and his tongue slipped just inside. She growled through clenched teeth, her claws digging into the sheets as he legs flexed straight out on either side of his body. Her breathing increased rapidly, pleasure from this unexpected stimulation building up in her until she thought she was ready to explode. But as much delight as it brought to her, he kept her just on the edge, keeping her from reaching that sublime peak. Her tail wrapped tighter around his body, her hips jerking back and forth as he pressed his tongue in and out. Just as she thought she was about to cum, he stopped, lifting his head and rising up to his knees.

“You like that,” he said, a much wider smile than usual on his face. Arpad licked his lips, tasting the spicy, different flavor of that forbidden area that still clung to him. What might have otherwise been a question, was now not necessary, since he could see her panting beneath him. M'raava was as aroused as he had ever seen her.

“Dammit, you know I can't...fuck...I can't stand it when you do that,” she groaned. She pushed herself up on her elbows, looking down at his cock. He was absolutely rigid, his member bobbing up and down with his heartbeat. She wanted him so bad she couldn't think straight. “I know what you want tonight...”

“Do you?” he asked, an air of mystery in his voice. He chuckled.

“Mmhm...” M'raava got up and turned around, laying her torso on the bed with her head on the pillows. She raised her rear in the air, lifting her tail high so that it curled over her back. Looking back at him, she swayed her hips from side to side. She could feel his gaze on her ass, and when she felt his hands rest on top of her rump, she knew what was coming next. The thought made her heart jump into her throat.

Arpad rubbed her ass and the base of her tail, and he moved forward. His cock touched her puckered entrance. His tongue had done all the work that was required, slickening her up for what was to come. He wrapped one hand around his cock to keep himself steady, and then he pressed forward. He and M'raava both moaned quietly as the head of his shaft pushed inside of her ass, and he took his hand away to wrap them both around her waist. He kept pressing forward, pulling her back against him as he slid inside of her tight confines. This was a pleasure that they indulged in sparingly, but was still one of their favorites.

“Tight...,” he murmured, taking a moment to let her get used to it. She responded with a

whimper of pleasure, her ring squeezing around his girth. Clenching his teeth, he jerked his hips forward, making her scream as their hips connected and he buried himself fully.

“Fuck!” she yelled, pushing herself up on her hands. Her tail whipped back to wrap around his shoulder. He grinned and then pulled back, her tailhole hugging his cock until only the tip remained inside. Then he thrust back in as deep as he could go.

M'raava rocked back against him, grabbing one of the pillows and clutching it in her arms. She buried her face against the soft, fluffy rectangle, muffling her screams as he fucked her hard and rough. She couldn't remember feeling this good in quite a while, and that meant it had really been a long time. This seemed exactly what she needed, a good hard mating that could help her forget her worries. She cried her lover's name, each thrust of his cock in her tightest place making a burst of pleasure pass through her body. His hands were tight around her middle as he pushed in and out, that subtle burn and stretch lighting fires along her spine.

The military man hunched over her back, wrapping his arms around her and grabbing her breasts in his palms. He groaned, driving his cock deep inside her rear with deep, short thrusts. His cock pulsed as it reached bottom depth, his balls slapping her pussy. Her wet warmth was dripping all over him, the added lubrication making his member slide more easily. The slickness made the feeling all the more naughty and wonderful. Her eagerness was contagious, and he found himself losing the fight to hold back as they both barreled towards their climax.

When M'raava felt that first shot of warmth inside of her, she mewled loudly and pressed her ass back. Arpad gasped as her tailhole clenched around him, his arms squeezing her body almost painfully. She growled as she began to cum with him, her whole body seizing up in ecstasy as his seed flowed into her. He was holding his cock deep inside of her, knot moving, and she felt every pulse traveling his length and into her. She felt like the room was spinning, and there was a rushing in her ears like water crashing against a beach.

As the flow of his cum petered out, Arpad rolled M'raava to the side, holding her against his body as they spooned together on the bed. She breathed slowly and evenly, her heart slowly returning to its normal beat as the frenzy of sex became replaced by the loving warmth of his embrace. She rubbed the top of her head against his chin.

“I needed that...,” she whispered to him, purring pleasantly. He stroked a hand down along her side. “I’ll probably need a few more of those as the week goes on...”

Arpad smiled a little and kissed the top of her head. “Well, I will be here,” he assured her. “We will do the best that we can, together.” He closed his eyes, not bothering to cover them up with the blankets. They suddenly seemed too tired even for that.