

Starfire
Chapter One: Echoes of the Past
by Havoc

“Stop acting as if life is a rehearsal. Live this day as if it were your last. The past is over and gone. The future is not guaranteed.”

- Wayne Dyer

Most of her controls were dead. She could hear the sharp hiss as atmosphere vented from her cockpit, through the spider web of cracks in her forward viewport. Fighting the urge to panic, she slapped a hand at the controls on her flight suit, sealing the cutoffs at her sleeves, legs, and helmet. Now, if the worst should happen, at least she would have an hour or so of survival before her personal life support gave out completely.

“Colonel! Are you alright?”

She dragged a fraction of her attention away from the blaring alarms and flashing warning lights to answer her radio. “I’m hit pretty bad. Fifty percent maneuvering power, thirty percent thrust, no shields.” She glanced to one side as another warning light blinked on. “And I’ve just lost life support. Weapons are okay, but targeting could go at any minute.”

“I’ll see if I can guide you back to base.”

“No, fuck that!” She grit her teeth, wrestling with her controls until she was able to bring her mech back in line. “I’ve got enough to pilot by, I’m staying in this fight! No pirate is gonna bring me down!”

As she wrenched her mech around, she brought her arms up in the armored sleeves within her cockpit. Outside her viewport, moving a little more sluggishly than normal, the arms of her mech responded to her movements, and the heavy plasma cannon held in them came up. The space in front of her was thick with pirate fighters, swarming about with the mechs of the Combined Military’s frontier division. Her targeting reticule flashed from green to yellow to red, and back again, as targets flashed in and out of her computer’s finding range.

Gun’s no good right now, she thought to herself. *Alright, let’s try this...* She manipulated a control at her thumb tip, and covers blew off of each of her mech’s shoulders. Twenty missile ports were exposed. She pressed her firing button, and the missiles fired off, streaking out as their pre-programmed instructions took over. The missiles were programmed to ignore friendly IFF signatures and only seek out enemies, and this they did. Most of her missiles found an enemy fighter, causing significant damage if not outright destroying them. She grinned to herself in grim satisfaction. The pirate fighters might have been more nimble and faster than her pilots’ mechs, but they were nowhere

near as heavily armored. Now it was all a matter of...

Her thought was left unfinished as her mech was rocked by another blast. Frantically she checked her sensors. While she had been busy launching her missiles, the pirate fighter that had attacked her before had gotten back into firing position. The left arm of her mech was completely blown away, and now her craft was trailing fuel from a ruptured line.

"I've been hit again!" She looked around her cockpit, trying to figure out what her options were. She could still eject, but then she'd be an inviting, unarmed target for a pirate with a keen eye to pick out of space. She still had missiles that she could fight back with, but the danger there was that the missiles' thrust rockets could ignite the fuel she was leaking. "I need some help over here, I-"

Then something detonated on the left side of her mech, and her cockpit was penetrated. She threw her arms up to try to shield her face as debris peppered her armored flight suit, fragments making little pinging and clanging noises as they impacted her helmet. She had just enough time to feel something slice into her left arm, and then everything went bright.

With a gasp, Lieutenant Colonel M'raava Shigeshti shot upright in her bed. For several long moments, she turned her head from side to side, trying to make sense of her surroundings. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she placed a hand over it, trying to bring it under control. Before long, she realized that she had only been dreaming, though this one had been more vivid than most. But her arm was fine, she could breathe normally, and there were no alarms or warning signals going off. Only the quiet hum of the ship's engines and the occasional sound of someone walking through the hallway outside of her quarters.

Sighing, M'raava closed her eyes and flopped back onto the bed. She curled her tail around her body, her ruffled, light brown fur smoothing itself back out as she calmed herself. The S'hestir female was not easily startled, but the memories of that day, even years later, were still terrifying. She fought them back, reminding herself that it was long in the past. Her pointed feline ears slowly raised themselves back up, having been lying flat against her head in her moment of fright, and she brushed a hand through her blonde hair.

"M'raava? Are you alright?"

A larger, stronger hand closed over her own, and M'raava looked to the side. In her burst of startled activity, she had awoken her fiancé, who had been asleep next to her. His name was Colonel Arpad Apaffy, a soldier like her, but unlike her he was human. Taller than she, he was built strongly, with brown hair and eyes a few shades of blue lighter than her own. A quiet man, generally, he was looking at her in the darkness with concern on his face.

“I’m alright.” M’raava rolled onto her side, sliding closer to him. She curled her tail over him, twisting it through his legs. His other hand rested on her hip, stroking up and down along her fur. His touch was comforting to her, banishing away the last remnants of the nightmare. “Just having that dream again...”

“I know what bad dreams are like,” he said to her. Arpad lifted the hand he held to his lips, kissing the ring that encircled her finger. He planted another kiss on her forehead, lingering there for a time. “Go back to sleep. We are almost home. I am here if you need me.”

Injecting a playful tone into her voice, M’raava removed her hand from his grip, sliding it down his front and between his legs. “And what if I need you now?” She always felt a little frisky when she woke up, no matter when that was. Now that she was awake, she didn’t feel much like going back to sleep. She did, however, feel like having her fiance fulfill some of his manly duties.

Arching an eyebrow, Arpad slowly grinned. “Well...Then I suppose I have slept long enough.” He drew his fiancée closer, pulling her into a deeper kiss, as she started a fearsome purr.

Some hours later, M’raava stood in front of a large viewport in the main lounge of the passenger ship, much more appropriately dressed than she had been earlier. She was dressed smartly in her military dress uniform, one that she rarely wore even at the academy, bearing her rank insignia and rows of battle decorations. The S’hestir would have preferred to wear merely her blue flight suit, or even some much less restrictive civilian clothes, but unfortunately protocol dictated that she wear her uniform. She might have been on the way to a few weeks of shore leave, but until she actually disembarked the ship she was technically still on duty. And so, dress uniform it would have to be.

Not that the uniform was exactly unattractive. Composed of a white blouse, navy blue trousers and jacket, shiny polished black boots, and a pistol belt, the uniform could turn some heads if one wore it well, and Lt. Colonel M’raava Shigeshti wore it *very* well. Immaculately tailored, the uniform hugged her body like a glove, showing off her curves and presenting a fine show for any male, or female, of proper inclination to want to have a look. And M’raava didn’t much mind being looked at, though these days she was less likely to act on such looks than she might have been in the past, owing to the ring that now adorned her finger.

Of course, being in the position to wear such a uniform at all was something of a miracle for her. M’raava’s species, the S’hestir, was overall a very pacifistic one. They preferred more peaceful lines of work, such as acting, business, or the adult entertainment industries. All of that had changed, at least in part, over fifty years ago, when war with an alien race had devastated her species’ home world of S’hastii. Dragged along with their alien captors, the S’hestir had been forced to serve as slaves, until

finally the aliens had turned their attention to Earth, the home of humanity. Realizing their chance, the S'hestir had turned to sabotage, working from within to disable their captors' ships and allow the humans to defeat them. In return, humanity had shown the S'hestir gratitude by welcoming the survivors as citizens of Earth. Now Earth was as much their home as it was to the humans, and a long alliance had formed that showed no signs of ever weakening.

Which was how M'raava found herself in a military career. Eager to follow what she saw as the legacy of her people, over the objections of her family, she had joined the military and trained to be a mech pilot. Dreaming of fighting in glorious battles against distant alien forces, she had found herself more often than not engaged in escort missions, protecting merchant vessels from marauding pirate forces. While important work, M'raava had found it boring, at least until that fateful mission when she and her unit had been tasked with assaulting a pirate base. One of the most intense combat situations the feline had ever found herself in, it had also been her last. During the fight, her mech had been heavily damaged, and debris had struck her in the left arm, severing her radial nerve and rendering the arm useless.

Weeks of medical therapy and rehabilitation had restored her the use of her arm, but the medical board had refused to re-certify her as fit to fly combat missions, and so her assignment had been changed. As one of the military's most skilled pilots, her abilities and experience had been deemed too valuable to lose, so M'raava had been appointed to the Military Academy as a flight instructor and history teacher. She had been serving in that capacity for nearly twelve years now, and she found it a rewarding and entertaining line of work, if less so than being a combat pilot had been.

It had been during that period of assignment, after all, that she had met her fiancé, the human colonel Arpad Apaffy. A former special forces soldier, Arpad had been assigned to the Academy to head the security contingent after his unit had been disbanded. M'raava still didn't know everything about her beloved's past, but what she did know would have alarmed most women. From what she had learned, Arpad had been assigned with tracking down and apprehending wanted pirates who were suspected of monumental thefts and other horrific crimes, such as torture, mass murder, and destruction of cultural artifacts. While his unit had been singularly efficient in tracking these criminals down, they had refused to apprehend them as their orders had dictated. Instead, so the rumors went, they had brutally executed them on the spot without the formality of a trial.

Nothing had ever been outright proven, though, and rather than deal with the scandal and embarrassment of formal charges the military had quietly disbanded the unit and reassigned all of its members. Col. Apaffy had ended up at the Military Academy, and one thing had led to another, ending in his engagement to M'raava. Some women wouldn't have given him the time of day, given his past,

but M'raava knew him well. On the outside, he presented as cold and detached, but in private he was warm and caring. She knew that he was filled with regrets and memories of his past that haunted him, just as she was, but together they each fulfilled a requirement that they needed. One of companionship and common understanding. They completed one another. That fulfillment came in handy some nights, when the nightmares became almost too much to bear.

Shivering slightly, M'raava shook her head, sending away those echoes of the past and turning her attention back to the view outside of the large window. Her tail began to twitch as she watched the stars fly past the ship. When she looked out upon space like this, she could almost imagine that she was back in the cockpit of her combat mech, flying into another combat mission. Those memories were largely exciting, happy ones. They filled her with pride as she remembered all of the good work that she did before her injury, all of the merchants who had given her their thanks for a safe journey, or for rescuing them from a pirate attack. What she wouldn't give for the chance to rejoin her old combat unit...

“Enjoying the view?”

Her ears turning back at the voice coming from the rear, M'raava pivoted on her feet, a smile spreading across her face. “I always do.”

Arpad was sitting at a small lounge table behind her, having come up without her noticing while she was absorbed in her thoughts. He was dressed in uniform as well, though his was a bit different from hers. M'raava was Navy, hence her blue uniform, whereas Arpad was Army and wore a uniform of olive drab green, though it was cut in about the same fashion as hers. He also wore a pistol, though he preferred to carry his in a shoulder holster worn inside his jacket, a throwback to his days in the special forces. M'raava knew that he also carried a second weapon on his ankle. Arpad didn't feel comfortable without a few “friends” nearby.

Walking over to Arpad, M'raava leaned over slightly, placing her hands on her hips. “And how about you? Enjoying the view?” Her tail was wagging from side to side, an impish grin on her face.

With a small nod, the human soldier offered a little smile of his own. “I always do.”

“Good.” With that, M'raava plopped herself down on his lap, looping her arms around his neck. “You were wonderful, as always, Colonel.” She wiggled her rump on his lap slightly, emphasizing her point.

“Thank you, Lieutenant Colonel,” he responded, a false tone of formality to his voice. He placed a hand on her knee. “But surely you are not already thinking of the next time?”

Grinning wider, M'raava tapped his nose with one finger. “I might be.” Then she laughed. “You know what my people are like. Be thankful I haven't stripped you down right here.”

“Oh, I know, alright.”

Part of the reason that the S'hestir had been so readily accepted into human society was their nature. Peace-loving and friendly, the species was inclined towards sensuality, and many humans found them physically attractive. They made very good salespeople and entertainers. M'raava herself had, from an early age, been on track to become a professional singer, until a procedure to enhance her vocal cords had gone wrong. By the time she had healed, it was a little too late for her career to take off, and so she had gone the military route instead. But of course she hadn't lost her natural instincts, and suppressing them in public was a constant battle for her, one that had occasionally gotten her into trouble.

A tone sounded as the ship's intercom came on. *“Attention passengers. We will be arriving at our destination momentarily. Please be ready to make your way to the marked exits. Crews will transfer your belongings from your quarters to the terminal on the surface. Thank you for traveling with us.”*

A few seconds later, both M'raava and Arpad looked out the viewport as they felt the ship begin to slow. Coming into view was the blue, green, and swirled white orb that they both knew very well. They both felt the same increase in their heart rate, as they looked upon the planet of Earth for the first time in many months.

“Good to be home,” Arpad said for both of them.

Walking across the tarmac at the spaceport, after leaving the ship, M'raava was all smiles. The sky was bright blue and nearly cloudless, and the temperature was perfect, a warm spring day. She and Arpad carried no luggage with them; that was to be taken care of by the crew of their ship. They would pick up their luggage at the terminal exit, and then hire a cab to take them into the city. M'raava's family lived near the spaceport, and they would be spending part of their leave with them. The whole family was looking forward to having them for the visit, though M'raava was not looking forward to having to tone down their nighttime activities.

They entered the spaceport complex, walking into the cool air-conditioned building. A lot of people were moving about, going to various other terminals and mingling in shops and restaurants. The crowd was mostly civilian, though a few military uniforms could be spotted here and there along with M'raava's and Arpad's.

“Well, let's get to where we can pick up our luggage,” Arpad said. He stretched his arms, glad to finally be off of the ship. Just because he spent a lot of time in space didn't mean he really liked it, and there was something about being a starship, even one as roomy as the passenger liner they'd been

traveling on, that made him feel closed in.

“Fine with me,” M'raava agreed, her tail whipping from side to side with her delight at being home again. “Then we can get out of here and-”

“M'raava! M'raava, darling, over here!”

Turning her head in surprise, the S'hestir looked in the direction of the calling voice, her ears pricking up. What she saw made her heart leap in her chest. Standing across the concourse, waving her arm in the air to be seen through the crowd, was her mother, M'yerra Shigeshti. Accompanying her was her husband and M'raava's father, Henry Shigeshti, who went by that name only because his true S'hestir name was unpronounceable by humans. Both of them were getting on in years, though they were still healthy and energetic by most standards. M'yerra was a former concert violinist, and she still taught students to play while still making occasional appearance in concert. Henry was a jeweler by trade, owning a small but very successful shop in the nearby city. Together they had a rather large house in a nice neighborhood.

Grinning widely, M'raava fairly ran across the concourse, leaving Arpad behind as she rushed to her mother. “Mother, what are you doing here?” she asked, hugging the older woman tightly as she came to her. “I thought you and father would be waiting for us at home!”

“We decided to surprise you by meeting you here,” M'yerra said. “Wanted to save you the trouble of having to find a taxi. Our car is outside, and we can get going as soon as you get your luggage.” Stepping back from her daughter, M'yerra looked her up and down. “You look well, my dear. Even wearing that dreadful outfit.”

Through her joy at seeing her parents again, M'raava felt a twinge of irritation. “It's my uniform, *mother*. It's not dreadful, as I've told you before.” She crossed her arms, staring the elder woman down. Her mother was being the typical S'hestir, disapproving of anything related to war or the military. M'raava found it very hard to believe, especially considering how her species had been so instrumental in the military victory during the war years ago. “I wish you would stop badmouthing the career I've chosen. It's my life, not yours. Just because I chose a path you wouldn't have taken doesn't make it any less honorable.”

“Never mind your mother, girl,” Henry said, stepping into the conversation before it could become a full-blown argument. “I think you look wonderful. If I was twenty years younger, and you weren't my daughter...”

Breaking back into a smile, M'raava laughed. Her father always knew just what to say to keep the peace when she and her mother had a disagreement. “It's great to see you, too, daddy.” She gave her father a big hug as well, squeezing him tightly. “I hope you've both been well.”

“Well enough, well enough. Business is good, and we certainly can't complain about our health. We're both much better now that you're here, of course.”

“That's wonderful.” M'raava looked over her shoulder, as Arpad caught up to her, walking sedately in nothing like the attention-drawing dash that she had made. Standing to one side, she extended a hand to her human fiancé. “Mother, father, you remember Arpad, don't you?”

“Certainly,” Henry said. He smiled politely and shook Arpad's hand. “Welcome home. I trust my daughter has been keeping you occupied. Not wearing you out, is she?”

Arpad didn't smile, but there was a glint to his eye as he responded. “Oh no, I keep up with her okay.” He paused. “Napping helps.” That drew a laugh from Henry, and then Arpad turned to M'yerra. “Mrs. Shigeshti. I hope you have been well. It is good to see you.”

M'yerra gave him a somewhat cold look. M'raava could tell that she was torn between her disapproval of anything to do with fighting and her desire to be civil with the man her daughter had promised to marry. Finally, the female S'hestir nodded to Arpad, her ears laid slightly back, though she did not extend her hand. “Colonel...”

Waiting for a few moments, as though he were expecting more, Arpad eventually gave up and turned to M'raava. “We should get our things.”

“Right,” M'raava said, though she was still frowning at her mother. “Daddy, we'll meet you and mother out front, okay? We won't be long.”

Henry nodded. “We'll pull right up to the door in about ten minutes.” He waved his tail once, apparently a little irritated himself at his wife's behavior. “We're having one of your favorite meals at home tonight. Your mother and I went all out.” His eyes twinkled with mischief. “After all that time cooped up together on the ship, you both could probably use something to replenish your energy.”

Later that night, as M'raava was taking a much-needed shower in the familiar bathroom she'd known from childhood, she found herself breathing more than a few sighs of relief. While she had been looking forward to spending time with her family, she had neglected to anticipate the tension between her mother and Arpad. He didn't show his irritation with M'yerra, or at least nothing that someone who didn't know him very well would notice, but M'raava could see that he had not appreciated her constant disparaging comments to the military. M'yerra, on the flipside, had not been at all comfortable with having two uniformed officers at the dinner table. The meal had been an absolute chore, even though the food had been absolutely fantastic, much better than either M'raava or Arpad were accustomed to at the Academy.

Done with her shower, M'raava turned the water off and stepped out, grabbing a towel and a

blow dryer. Standing before the bathroom mirror, slightly fogged from the steamy heat, she got to work on drying her hair and her fur coat.

Maybe things will get better as the week goes on, she thought to herself. Maybe after Arpad and her mother had gone through a few days of being around one another, things would smooth over a bit. Her father seemed to rather like her fiancé, after all. Hopefully some of that would rub off on her mother. If it didn't, this would be the longest shore leave in history, and not in a good way.

M'raava teased a brush through her blonde hair, working it in tandem with the blow dryer. On the plus side of things, when they left her family to go visit Arpad's, things would likely be much more cordial. Arpad's father, Buda Apaffy, was a retired infantry general, and very approving of all matters military. Though understandably troubled by his son's checkered past, he nonetheless cared greatly for him and was willing to look past that. And he was satisfied with his son's choice in mate. M'raava hadn't had much chance for interaction with Arpad's mother, Greta, but from what she had heard she felt that she would get along well with her.

Turning off the blow dryer and hanging up her towel, M'raava took a moment to admire herself in the mirror, which had cleared up. She grinned as she looked over her body. Firm breasts, trim stomach and waist, wide hips, luxurious fur, and a tail that any other S'hestir would be envious of. Yes, if M'raava was another male or female looking upon herself, she would be all over herself in an instant. *Irresistible.*

Not bothering to cover up, M'raava opened the bathroom door into the bedroom she would be sharing with Arpad during their stay. The room was her own from childhood, though her parents had not preserved it as it had been when she'd been a young girl. Less cluttered and repainted to match the rest of the house, it looked more like a proper guest room now. As M'raava walked in, she saw that Arpad was already in bed, sitting up against the pillows with his head back, his arms crossed behind, and his eyes closed. With a mischievous smirk, she leaned against the doorway and whistled softly.

Arpad opened his eyes and looked over at her. "Enjoy your shower?" he asked her. He straightened up a bit, bringing his arms from behind his head and laying them on the bed. She saw his eyes traveling up and down her body, and thought she saw a twitch beneath the covers.

"I loved it," M'raava purred, twirling a finger in a lock of her hair. She started crossing the floor to the bed, her tail waving serenely behind her as she moved. "Thank you for bearing with my mother tonight. I know she can be a little grating."

"You get used to it," her fiancé replied, shrugging fractionally. He offered a little smile. "I do see where you inherit your looks from, though. And I do love a woman who knows how to order me around..."

“Oh, *you!*” M'raava hissed, her grin widening. She pounced on top of him, straddling him over the covers, her tail whipping back and forth behind her as she faced him eye to eye. “Getting an eye for my mother, are you?”

Meeting her gaze, Arpad rested his hands on her thighs, ruffling her fur. “She seems like she would be a handful in bed. That is all I mean.”

“I'm not enough for you, then?” Licking her lips, M'raava bared her sharp teeth at him. “Maybe I should remind you how much of a handful *I* can be...” Reaching down, she grabbed the top of the sheets in her hands, drawing them down her lover's body. He stayed still, watching her as she drew the covers down, revealing more of his body. M'raava's eyes roamed him as she went, taking in his sculpted muscles, and the scars he had accumulated through a lifetime of battle. Every time she saw them, they excited her, aroused her.

As the border of the covers passed his hips, her purring increased in volume. His cock was revealed to her hungry eyes, already standing proud and erect. She licked her lips again. Unable to resist, she lowered her head and kissed the tip lightly, flicking her tongue out against his heated flesh for the barest moment. Giving a small murmur of pleasure, Arpad jerked his hips up, trying to get himself inside of her mouth, but she lifted herself out of the way just in time. Clucking her tongue, M'raava waved a finger at him, a sparkle in her blue eyes.

“Ah, ah, ah...,” she scolded him. The female S'hestir reached up and tapped his nose with a finger. She could see the flash of frustration in his eyes, and knew that he'd wanted her the instant he'd seen her standing in the doorway. M'raava wanted him just as much right now, but she was even more eager to tease him a bit.

Winking, M'raava continued down his body, dragging the covers until they passed over his feet. Then she sat up on her haunches at the end of the bed, looking down at him. He was looking right back at her, his hands clenched into fists beside him. She wagged her tail even harder, the tension in his muscles exciting her. Already she was soaking wet between her legs. It was obvious from the expression on his face that he was resisting the urge to jump her and force her down, to have his way with her. She very much wanted him to try.

M'raava got back down on her stomach, pushing herself up his body. Her breasts glided along the tops of his legs, her nipples rubbing on his skin. The sensation sent shivers of pleasure through her chest, and she mewled softly, her eyes closing halfway. Arpad reached down with a hand, teasing his fingers through her hair and rubbing behind her pointed ears. She tilted her head against his touch, her ears twitching forward as his fingertips rubbed the silky soft fur right at their bases.

“You are always so soft when you come out of the bath,” Arpad said, his voice low and husky

with arousal.

M'raava grinned up at him, and she put a finger to his cock, tracing lightly along the underside. Her face was right next to his member now, and her breath was drifting against him. "And you're always so hard, when I come out of the bath."

Arpad sucked in a sharp breath, his fist clenching tighter beside him. "M'raava, if you do not—"

"Relax," she whispered in a soothing voice. M'raava touched her nose to his cock, breathing his human scent deeply. He smelled wonderful, as always. Supremely appetizing. Even though they had eaten dinner barely two hours prior, she could feel a hunger welling up inside of her.

Gently, M'raava pushed his cock back, laying it flat against his belly. Arpad groaned deeply as she put her tongue out, lapping it against his balls. Her rough, feline tongue dragged over his sack, making a soft rasping sound as she teased him. M'raava opened her mouth, sucking them inside, rolling them around on her tongue. As she did so she gripped his rigid length lightly in her hand, squeezing it softly and moving her fist up and down slowly.

Arpad let out a slow breath, closing his eyes and letting his head relax back. "That feels good," he whispered. He felt a shiver pass down his body as a shudder of pleasure passed through him.

"You like that?" M'raava asked, a chuckling purr sounding in the back of her throat. She slid up a hair more, her breasts forming a pillowy cushion around his cock. "Try this on for size..." With that, she lowered her head, catching his cock with her mouth and sliding him into her maw. She felt the tremor pass through him as he was bathed in the warmth of her muzzle, and she grinned around him. He felt so nice in her mouth. She loved tasting him like this.

Slowly, gradually, M'raava started up a gentle rhythm, moving her lips up and down his length. Arpad brought his hand to the back of her head, tangling his fingers in her hair and gripping her skull. His hips started moving up and down, aiding the passage of himself through her velvety jaws. She growled softly, massaging him with her tongue, coaxing his pleasure along. She could taste his precum issuing from the tip of his human cock, knew that if she continued on he would soon cum in her mouth. Tentatively M'raava reached behind herself with one hand, bringing her fingers up between her legs. She touched her pussy lightly, groaning as she felt how wet she was. At that moment she knew that she had to stop.

With a sharp mowl, the S'hestir lifted her head up, letting her fiance's cock slip from her mouth and slap back against his belly. Surprised, Arpad looked up, his eyes slightly wide as he gazed at her, not sure why she had stopped.

"M'raava, what...?"

Grinning wickedly, she straightened up, grinding her palm down on his cock. He had been about

to cum, and the confusion on his face was fun to see. “You're not going to get it that easy, love.”

Arching an eyebrow, Arpad sat up more. “Oh, I am not, am I?”

“Oh, no, you're not.” M'raava stared at him, crossing her arms over her breasts. She wagged her tail behind herself, watching him carefully. “If you want any more, you're going to have to take it.”

In a flash, almost before M'raava could register any movement, Arpad launched himself up from the bed, his arms reaching out for her. Shrieking in delight, she just barely managed to throw herself away from him, leaping off of the bed to her feet a short distance away. It took a bit to get him to this state, but when he got there it was a real delight.

“Ms. Shigeshti....,” Arpad said, swinging his legs off of the bed and coming to his feet. His voice was low and threatening, though the playful sparkle was still in his eyes. “If you think you can escape me, you are woefully mistaken.”

“Oh, big talk.” M'raava clasped her hands behind her back, swinging one leg impishly, digging her toes into the carpet. “I'm nimble you know. Comes from being a mech pilot. And you're just a big, meatheaded brawler. Think you can catch me?”

By way of an answer, Arpad darted forward, trying to grab her in his arms. Pivoting on her feet, she twisted away from his grasp, dancing around the room as he reached for her again and again. They started up a frenzied dance. M'raava would linger in one spot just long enough, waiting for him, and as soon as he got close to her she would dart away. At other times she would flit about the room like a fairy, her tail whipping about behind her, batting him around the head with it in her excitement. Arpad was grinning now, in the moment, intensely concentrating on catching his prize.

Finally, after several breathless minutes, Arpad managed to grab her arm. Gasping, M'raava found herself shoved roughly up against the wall face first, her breasts flattening against the flat surface. Her human fiance came up close behind her, his chest pressing against her back. She could feel his cock pulsing rigidly against her rump. She struggled against him, but he grabbed her other arm, tightening his grip on her.

Panting, her heart racing, the S'hestir looked back at him over her shoulder. “It seems...that you've caught me...” She curled her tail up and around his waist, pulling at him.

“Seems you are correct,” Arpad said. He leaned in, pressing his lips to the back of her neck, sending a shiver down her spine. “Now it is time for you to get what you deserve.” Reaching down, Arpad placed a hand underneath her left knee, pulling up and raising her leg.

M'raava dug her nails into the wall, her whole body spasming in pleasure as she felt his cock spear her pussy without hesitation. His member slipped deep inside of her tight passage, and he hilted himself within her body, driving her against the wall and lifting her up to her tiptoes. She bit her lip,

trying to keep herself from screaming and waking up everyone in the neighborhood. She barely managed to swallow down her cry of bliss, her breath coming in gasps.

And then he started to move.

M'raava's eyes went wide, and she gritted her teeth together, hissing out a moan of pleasure between her clenched jaws. Arpad had one hand under her leg, the other gripping around her waist, holding her there against the wall as he began frantically pounding his cock in and out of her. His thick length was rubbing along every inch of her inner passage, hitting all the right spots, and sending her tail wagging in a frenzy. She rocked her rump back against him as much as she could, her juices slicking out from her pussy and coating his cock as it slid to and fro.

"Oh, god...", M'raava whimpered, her voice high and shrill. She knew that her parents, in the bedroom right down the hall, could very well have heard her. But right now she didn't care. "Fuck me...Fuck me hard...I need it, I need it bad..."

"Damned...right...you do," Arpad gasped between thrusts. He was fighting to hold himself back. He wanted his fiancée to cum first, before he let himself go. The human could feel her rippling around him, and knew that she wasn't far off. Grunting, he lifted her up higher, angling himself deeper inside of her.

"Naaaahhhh!" Arching her back and letting her head droop forward, M'raava lost her capacity for rational speech, descending into animalistic howls and mewls as her orgasm washed over her like a tsunami. She pounded a fist against the wall, her body shaking as she clamped down on her mate's cock, tightening like a vice around him. At that, she heard him groan and felt him pulsing inside of her, the hot flood of his cum flowing into her as he drove himself as deep into her as he could manage. Arpad shot his seed directly into her womb, filling her core with his essence, warming her inside as his hands gripped her securely.

Slumping forward, completely drained, Arpad pressed his chest against M'raava, pinning her to the wall as they both shivered and shook in the afterglow of their pairing. She purred deeply, tilting her head back and to the side, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder. "You...are a beast...", she murmured, her voice weak and shaky for the moment.

"I try," he said simply, his voice sounding just as weak. Arpad managed to lean back, guiding M'raava away from the wall and back to the bed. They both sank down onto it, still entwined with one another, weary and breathless. "I hope we did not wake your parents."

There was a loud bang at the bedroom door as someone knocked on it hard. "You did!" They both lifted their heads up in surprise as they recognized her father's voice. "You kids keep it down in there! Some of us are trying to sleep!" Loud footsteps could then be heard in the hall, growing quieter

as he walked away, a door finally slamming as he went back into her parents' room.

After a momentary pause, M'raava collapsed back onto the bed, laughing as hard as she could in her weakened state. Over the sound of her own laughter, she thought she heard Arpad chuckling as well.

The next morning at breakfast, everyone tried to act as though the previous night hadn't happened. It was a difficult task. M'raava and Arpad kept giving each other little looks over the table, and M'yerra noticed it. She had woken up at the same time her husband had, and so had heard her daughter being ravished by her fiancé. She looked as though she could barely stand it.

M'raava might have felt embarrassed about it if it hadn't felt so wonderful, and Arpad felt the same way. In a way, both of them felt a perverse sense of pleasure at having been so public and open about it. Though, out of consideration for her parents' desire to have an uninterrupted night's sleep, they would be keeping it down for the remainder of their stay.

"So...," Henry said, breaking the slightly awkward silence at the breakfast table. "What did you two feel like doing today? You want to go out, or just stay in and take things easy?"

"Well, I'm not sure." M'raava looked at Arpad, chewing thoughtfully around a mouthful of bacon and eggs. "I kind of wanted to go around town, see what's new. Maybe we could stay in until after lunch, then spend the afternoon out and-" She was cut off by the ringing of the phone in the kitchen.

Henry stood up from the table. "I'll get it. Hold that thought, girl." He walked out, leaving the rest to their breakfast. They heard him lift the phone and answer it. "Hello?.....You're looking for who? Hold on a moment." The elder male S'hestir stuck his head into the dining area. "M'raava? It's for you."

Blinking, M'raava stood up. "For me?" She was puzzled. She didn't know who would be calling her at her parents' house, but whatever it was it probably wasn't good news. Her ears flattened to her head as she left the table, swapping places with her father as she took the phone from him. He sat back down as M'raava lifted the phone to her ear. "Hello?"

"Lieutenant Colonel Shigeshti?" a male voice on the other end of the line asked.

M'raava felt her heart sink. "This is Lieutenant Colonel M'raava Shigeshti," she said flatly, dreading what might be coming next.

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," the male said, unconvincingly. "This is Central Command. Is Colonel Apaffy there as well?"

"He is," M'raava confirmed, glancing back into the dining room at her fiancé.

"Good. I won't have to call him as well, then. You're being recalled, Lieutenant Colonel. We've

had a bit of a situation develop. You and Colonel Apaffy are ordered to return to the Academy at once for a briefing and reassignment. A ship will be at the spaceport this afternoon to pick you up. Please be ready to depart at that time.”

M'raava made a whining noise of protest. “You have *got* to be kidding me! I'm on leave! This is the first leave I've had in nearly a year. You can't be pulling me back already.”

“That's an order, Lieutenant Colonel. Fifteen hundred hours. That is all.” There was a click as the man on the other end of the line hung up.

M'raava growled softly, squeezing the phone tightly in her hand until a crack formed in the plastic casing. Then she hung up as well, storming back into the dining room. Arpad and her parents were looking at her expectantly, having heard only half of the conversation. “We have to go,” she said to her fiancé. “That was Command. They're recalling.”

After a moment's pause, Arpad gave a little sigh. “You are joking.”

“Wish I was, but I'm not.” The younger S'hestir sat down, crossing her arms sulkily, her tail swishing irritably. “I can't believe this.”

Standing up resignedly, Arpad brushed a hand back through his short brown hair. “I will go start packing...” He turned and left the dining room, heading for the stairs up to their room.

Avoiding her parents' disappointed gazes, M'raava stared at the tabletop. Whatever the emergency was, did it *really* require her and Arpad's response? Couldn't they find someone else to handle things? This had happened all too often to her. Every time she thought things were going her way, life threw her a curve ball.

“Can't things go my way for once?” she grumbled. But sulking wouldn't change things. Orders had been given, and M'raava was a loyal soldier. She would obey.