

A PLEASANT DUTY

by Gargath

Ben suppressed a yawn as he made his way across the tarmac towards the waiting starship. The Guernica sun was only barely peeking over the horizon, the spring air still damp with early morning mist. Given the choice between a coffee and five more minutes of sleep, Ben had chosen the latter - a decision he now regretted.

The old orbital freighter that awaited him at the far end of the ramp had almost finished loading its cargo when Ben stepped through the narrow hatch and a bored looking young man in an ill-fitting uniform ushered him into the small passenger compartment. As Ben had expected, he was the only traveler on this early morning flight.

Guernica was an agricultural colony and did not see much tourism. Few people arrived, even fewer of them ever left the lush, green planet on the outskirts of the Terran sphere of influence. This suited Ben well enough, even if it meant that on the rare occasions where he did travel to Gateway, he had to do so on the freighters' schedule.

"Welcome aboard the 0555 service to Guernica Gateway," a disembodied voice announced through crackly speakers.

"Please remain seated with your seatbelts fastened throughout your journey, which will take approximately 55 minutes."

Ben did as he was told and closed his tired eyes. It was not long before a low rumble crept through the floor panels and soon engulfed his seat. On the Core Worlds, antigravity drives had long supplanted their more primitive forebears, but out here it was still old-fashioned rocket motors that carried him - and what he suspected to be a couple hundred tons of grain - off the planet's surface. Outside the small window the ground quickly disappeared and the blue of the sky slowly faded into darkness. The engines fell silent. The freighter would now coast on its parabolic orbit until rendezvous.

Nothing to do, but wait..., Ben thought to himself.

He reached into the pocket of his old leather jacket for his communicator and re-read the message one last time.

Dear Ben,

I hope this mail finds you well.

I was sad to hear of your father's passing. As you know, he had a big impact on my life and he will be missed.

Without him, I would not be where I am today.

It was not easy to track down your whereabouts and believe me, I do not intend to re-open old wounds in contacting you.

I always knew that we would eventually lose touch when you two left Elekor and I do not blame you for it, but that does not mean it did not sadden me. I can only hope you found what you were looking for.

As much as I do not wish it, I have to ask for your help today. You are the only human I can turn to. Even now I struggle to find the words.

You may remember I have a son: Corrin. You knew him when he was just a foal. He has grown up to be one of our brightest and most gifted. He yearns for knowledge beyond what we can give him here on Elekor, he dreams of one day attending Luna Academy.

I have taught him everything I can about the beyond, few others have ever even left Elekor.

There is nothing for him here, Ben. If he stays, eventually his light will dim and I know he will never be happy. He needs to go out there, he needs to live amongst the humans, just like I once did.

You know better than anyone what that means. I implore you to help him. Do for him what your father did for me all those years ago and help him to live among your kind without losing his dignity - or his sanity.

He means more to me than anything in this universe and I hope you can some day forgive me, but I have already sent him on his way to Guernica. I could not take the chance that you might refuse.

Forever in your debt,

Farlax

Ben took a deep breath. The old Gavtan's words were like an echo from a former life. A lot of things had changed since those early years on Elekor. More than once since the death of his father Ben had contemplated returning, but deep down he knew he would not fit in. He was no longer the brash, young man he had once been.

And now this. Now he was going to take responsibility for helping the son of his father's best friend in the universe sequester his own nature.

When he first read the letter, the thought of simply saying No had briefly crossed Ben's mind, of simply sending Corrin back home when he met him. But he knew he was kidding himself. Looking at the picture of the handsome young Gavtan that his father had attached to his message, he had instantly realised that he could never do it.

There was something about those dark, inquisitive eyes and his wicked smile that Ben found impossible to resist. His dark brown fur almost sparkled in the light of the morning sun, one of his fore hooves raised off the ground, one hand extended in the polite greeting of his people. Even though it had been almost twenty years since Elekor, Ben could not deny that he found this young Gavtan quite attractive.

It was rare for one of the Gavtan to leave their home systems, even rarer for them and humans to mingle. The lingering awkwardness of first contact and their so unfortunately intertwined histories played a part in that, for sure, but it was the far more immediate reasons that made it so difficult. The very reasons Ben would have to help Corrin overcome. In that respect at least, the old man was right. Ben probably was indeed the only human who would understand.

"Rendezvous sequence initiated. Please prepare to disembark swiftly once docking completes," came the voice over the speakers. Outside the small window, Gateway station came into view.

Like many of the outer colonies that shared this fate, Guernica's only access to the wider universe was this prefabricated rotating wheel that housed freight and passenger docks in its hub and a few thousand people - mostly dock workers - inside the torus.

It could be a rough place at times and Ben had little desire to return here. In fact, he had not been back since the day he first arrived in Guernica, most likely on the very same freighter that was now carrying him towards the station's massive space doors.

It took mere minutes for the freighter to be moored and unloading of its cargo to begin. The air had a stale smell to it as Ben stepped through the bulkhead and headed down the unceremonious corridor at the end of which a battered old lift awaited him.

He steadied himself as it carried him up towards the promenade. The doors slid open and immediately a thousand noises assaulted his ears.

The promenade was the main thoroughfare that ran along the entire inside of the torus, skirted by prefab buildings up to five floors high. Sunlight streamed through transparent sections overhead, casting long, slowly moving shadows as the station rotated in space.

Despite being the smallest production model space port, Gateway was large and busy enough to get lost in. Fortunately for Ben, it was also rather sparse in amenities and the stations only bar conveniently located close to the docks.

Ben did not need to search for long. Right after passing through the sliding doors, he found Corrin. The Gavtan was hard to miss, standing alone at a table in the corner, staring intently into his glass in order to avoid the gaze of the handful other patrons dedicated enough to be here this early.

"Huh...? What's he wantin' with that centaur?" he overheard one of them inquire with no-one in particular.

Sadly, he was right not to expect much courtesy from a place like this. While technically accurate, the use of the slur told Ben enough about the man uttering it.

The Gavtan had heard it, too, but before the situation could escalate, Ben quickly stepped closer.

"Corrin, I presume? My name is Ben, a friend of your father's."

The Gavtan looked up. It seemed like it took his eyes a moment to focus, as if he was either drunk or very tired. But then he smiled weakly, raised his right fore hoof and extended his left arm in greeting.

He looked just like his picture, apart from the loose shirt now covering his humanoid torso. Even though it hid nothing of any importance, Ben knew that people tended to react better to the Gavtan when they were perceived as not being *entirely* naked.

"I'm... pleased to meet you," he said slowly with only a slight accent to his Intercosmo.

"The pleasure is mine. I hope you didn't wait long?" Ben asked.

"The starliner... arrived a few hours ago," Corrin replied and again it seemed like the simple sentence required all his concentration.

"It must have been a rather rough trip?"

Corrin nodded and swallowed hard. "Y-yes. A long trip..."

Ben placed his hand reassuringly on the young Gavtan's flank. He paused. Corrin's rough fur was soaked in sweat.

"Is everything all right...?" he asked.

"It's been... three days," was all Corrin could manage in response.

"My god... You must be..."

The Gavtan nodded, his face and neck quickly turning a bright shade of red when he realised that Ben understood.

Ben wasted no time. Turning on his heel he hurried towards the barman, returning after a quick exchange of words with a keycard in his hand.

"We're staying the night," he announced, trying his best to ignore the laughter and the sneers from the other side of the room. He didn't care what those guys knew - or thought they knew - about the Gavtan.

The door slid shut behind them. The room was spartan, but at least it was quiet. Human engineers had long ago given up on trying and create suitable accommodation for the various alien races they had come in contact with.

Instead, stations like Gateway offered them rooms like this one. There was no

furniture, screens and terminal were attached to one wall. In a corner, instead of naked metal panels, the floor consisted of a soft mattress-like surface with shaped cushions provided to hopefully allow for at least some level of comfort no matter one's body shape.

Ben felt Corrin shiver as he again gave his flank a reassuring stroke.

"We're alone now. There's no need to hide it anymore," he said quietly.

"But... you're human," Corrin protested. "It's... not decent... in front of you."

"Did your father tell you nothing about me?"

"Only that you... used to live on Elkor once."

"I *grew up* there, Corrin!" Ben laughed. "I've seen it all. More than just seen, in fact. Relax! Let it go and let me help you."

Slowly he felt the tension fade from the Gavtan's body.

"Everything is going to be okay. Let it happen," he whispered, then flung his jacket into the far corner of the room.

He did not have to wait long. His permission was all it took for Corrin to let what little remained of his self control fade away. Underneath his equine body, his penis quickly grew from between the loose folds of skin. Ben raised an eyebrow. He knew Corrin had to be pent up, but it didn't usually happen this quickly.

With a *thud*, the firm equine shaft twitched and slapped against the Gavtan's belly, forcing a whimper from his lips.

"Already...?" Ben gasped. He had only seen it once or twice, but he knew the slapping was a sign of extreme distress. Left to his own devices and unable to find company, a lone Gavtan would eventually find a frustratingly unsatisfying orgasm that way. They rarely allowed things to get this dire.

"I'm... desperately horny, Ben..." Corrin moaned. "Three days... no privacy. I've... long run out of distracting things to think about."

A few eager drops of clear liquid dripped from his flared tip, his equine body unwilling to suppress its needs even a moment longer. The sound of clopping filled the room as Corrin urgently stepped from hoof to hoof.

"Please..." he whispered and then again, "Please..."

Ben was already on his knees. He reached out and wrapped both his hands around the equine member, drawing a half-desperate, half-relieved whimper from Corrin's lips.

"I need it... need to cum! Badly... Please...!"

He could not deny that those words of Corrin's suffering turned him on, but Ben

knew better than to indulge in teasing. He had experience with the urgency of the Gavtans' urges. They overcame them unannounced, quickly and was very difficult to ignore when they did. Three days... He was not going to prolong a fellow creature's plight.

The cock between his fingers twitched again, the tip flaring out in anticipation. Slowly Ben began to stroke it, feeling the young Gavtan almost immediately thrust into his movements.

"Y-yes...! I... don't think... I'm gonna last..." Corrin moaned. "You're so... good...!"

Ben could feel the heat coming off Corrin's body, shoulder pressing into his side. With each stroke of his hands, he let the tips of his fingers caress the rim around his crown, feeling it twitch eagerly in response.

"C-can I... be loud... here?" the Gavtan asked, an almost pleading tone to his voice. "Be as loud as you have to," Ben said, slowly increasing the pace of his efforts.

He masturbated the Gavtan who had no way of doing so himself for only another few seconds.

"I'm gonna... gonna... ... C-cumming...! Aaahhhggg...!" he screamed at the top of his lungs as his massive body tensed, his tail hiked high above his back and the first, long rope of his release burst from his shaft. Again and again Ben's fingers felt him pump hot, pent-up semen into the ground, spurting two, three seconds at a time until the floor between his fore hooves was completely covered in a white, sticky mess.

Corrin was panting heavily, his knees buckling as he slowly sank to the ground. He didn't even care that he was getting his fur covered in his own spunk and neither did Ben as he lay down next to him, head resting on Corrin's soft underbelly as he enjoyed the fruits of his labour, waiting patiently until the Gavtan's ragged breathing had returned to normal.

"I've never seen one of you cum this quickly," he mused quietly. "Is there something I should know...?"

Corrin's breathing stalled for a moment. He hesitated.

"I... I guess you'll find out in a moment anyway."

Taking a deep breath, he continued, "You see... while I waited down there, I had quite a few drinks and... I have to *go* like... crazy, if... you know what I mean."

Ben could almost hear Corrin blush as he said that. He was going to make it easy for him.

"And that turns you on, hm? I mean... there's nothing wrong with that. In fact, since I'll have to pay the cleaning charge for this room anyways, if you'd rather enjoy the afterglow a little longer, I don't see why you couldn't..."

He let his words trail off, just smiling quietly. If he had not misjudged the young

Gavtan, he wouldn't need much convincing.

Ben reached out and held the equine's softening member in one hand, right as the stream of hot urine burst forth, splattering loudly against the floor plates as Corrin began to hose them down.

"Oh... ooohhh... f-fuuuuhh..." he sighed with relief as his stream intensified, spilling the contents of his impressively sized and very full bladder all over the floor. Ben's clothes were soaked within seconds, but he hardly noticed. If there was one thing he had missed since he left Elekor, it was this complete lack of inhibitions. Corrin had cum hard and was now pissing his brains out right here in front of him. And he was okay with that. More than okay. His own cock was straining inside his pants from the intensity of the whole situation he found himself in.

Just when Ben started to wonder whether the flood would ever end, it finally started to die down and as it did, he felt Corrin's shaft firm up again between his fingers.

Ben chuckled quietly.

"I guess we'll need to have a round two before we return to the introductions proper."