

Welcome Company
By Stargazer

The pub was unusually quiet for this time of week. Some local sports channel was rebroadcasting a recent match on the one functional telescreen, with the other mounts markedly empty of their screens. A faint buzz of the air conditioning unit from the ceiling could be heard over the occasional clinking of glass against the weathered bartop. And this was just how Saya liked it. She'd been to this pub frequently during their stops at the station. Nordash Station... or was it Mildash? A few drinks in and she couldn't be bothered to remember. Flipping the glass upside down onto the counter before her, she slid it back and forth for a moment until the bartender noticed.

"One more?" the stout canine asked her.

With naught but a nod, she responded, hoping to drown out her sorrow from the recently passed anniversary she visited home for. The door to the pub slid open with an audible whir, and the light from outside hid the features of the figure entering- at least at first. Saya squinted, unable to see through the bright light. As the door shut once more, the room darkened, and her eyes adjusted from the blast of light they had endured. A feline figure stepped forward, slowly approaching the bar. Saya eyed him, noticing spots scattered along his fur. The markings much resembled her own. It took her brain a moment to catch onto what she was looking at: another cheetah. Another. Cheetah. Her eyes, normally showing the hours of labor and stress laid upon her by a certain destructive bear, now lit up with an unusual energy.

Just in time, the bartender slides a glass full of liquid down in front of her, pulling her away from awkwardly staring at the other guest.

"I'll get your bill run up." the bartender adds, before stepping away.

She nods, sipping at her drink as the other guest looks over to her.

"Whatcha drinking? Looks good."

Her drink catches in her throat before she manages to swallow it down. Narrowly escaping an embarrassing coughing fit. "*Of course his voice is sexy.*" She thinks to herself before responding, "It's uh.. Just a Torpedo. This guy makes 'em real well."

"Ah, I haven't had one of those in ages. I don't get off-world too often, and gods know we don't have good booze down there" He motions to the bartender who starts prepping the drink.

"*Off-world? So he's a local? Cheetahs are a very small minority on Sila'Tak. I didn't think I'd ever run into another one.*" She takes another sip before turning to him. "You're a local?"

"Yep. Takan, born and raised. Well, sorta. It's... Er, we don't have to get into that."

The bartender returns with the drink and her acquaintance immediately takes a sip, now finding himself on the end of the awkward balance.

“Huh. Me too. Grew up outside the Cullan Spaceport. My parents worked in the scrapyards.”

“Well I’ll be damned.” with raised brows, he offers a hand to shake. “Name’s Lukasama. But you can just call me Lukas if you want.”

She offers her hand in return before turning back to her drink, “Saya.”

“Saya.” he repeats. Taking a sip, his mind finally catches up with him. “...wait. Saya? Sayanamari Tannavicci?”

“That’s me.”

“I’ve heard of you.”

Her brow furrows.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, you used to work for Reese down at the spaceport? Fixing parts and shit for him?”

“Yeah?”

“Damn, you have quite a reputation. You can pretty much fix anything with a power source, huh?”

“You want an autograph or somethin’?”

His excitement fades as a flush comes over him, suddenly becoming aware of how he was sounding. “Er, no. Sorry. I just admire people who can work with shit like that.”

She cracks a slight smirk, almost feeling sympathy for the guy... *Almost*. “It’s alright. You seem nice enough anyway.”

A short silence falls between them, each taking a sip of their drinks.

Lukas breaks it. “So. If it’s not too much to ask. How did YOU manage to do it?”

“Do what?”

“Escape. Sila’Tak.”

She stares down into her drink. “I’d... rather not talk about it right now.”

Noticing her distress, he backpedals. “Oh, uh... sorry... if it’s a... sore spot.”

She shrugs, returning his question before taking a swig, “You?”

“I sucked a LOT of dick.”

She spits out her drink, and he bursts out into laughter.

“Goddammit Saya. You’re cleaning that up.” The bartender shouts from the other side of the bar.

Taking a moment to recover, she wipes her face a bit before turning to him. “What the fuck man?”

“You asked! And it’s only a half lie.” He now finds himself shrugging off her response. “It wasn’t easy to get a job that gets me up here at least some of the time, and eventually I’ll have enough saved up to get out of this system entirely.”

She narrows her eyes questioningly, before downing the rest of her drink and wiping up the mess she made. “D’ya enjoy it?”

“My job?”

Now it was her turn. “No, sucking dick.” She smiles, teasing.

“Oh, ha-ha.” he responds, sarcastically laughing. “As a matter of fact I do. And I’m pretty damn good at it, too.”

A moment passes before he adds, “I’m better with pussy though.”

Her eyes go wide again. “Issat so?”

He nods confidently.

“Well, if you have some free time I wouldn’t complain about a bit of *welcome company* back at my ship for a change. I might be interested in testing your claims.”

He smiles, nodding. “As it turns out, I do.”

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A whirr can be heard as the mechanical door slides shut in the small ship cabin. Swiftly peeling out of her work-suit and slicing open her chestwrap with a claw, it's not long before the scarred form of the cheetah is right in view. Reaching over to the nearby drawer, Saya pulls out a bottle of some nondescript alcohol and pops it open. *Clink*. The cap hits the floor and she leans back on her bed to take a swig. Looking down at her companion, the cheetah clears her throat. He shakes his head, attention ripped from the diagrams and schematics strewn about the wall. With a raised brow, she spreads her legs and takes another sip.

"Well? Let's see if you can back up that talk from earlier."

He goes from uncertain to smug instantly, "Try not to spill your drink."

Leaning in, he reaches to brace himself between her legs and they exchange glances one last time before-

"Mmmf~ Mm!" Two quick moans escape the engineer, and a chill goes up her spine as he gets to work. "*Fuck, okay maybe- maybe he is good at this*", she thinks.

Pulling her in close, he begins with slow licks up the length of her opening, teasing the sensitive point at the top, before working back down again. He can feel the heat of her lust as she fights back the moans of pleasure, and her sounds only serve to encourage him as he goes.

"F-fuck." she practically chirps, burying her face in her arm as she feels the ripples of ecstasy work their way up her body with each motion of her partner's tongue.

He continues on, intensifying his motions, teasing her folds, pressing deeper inside her, kissing around her sensitive lips, *tasting her need*, before eventually flicking up around her clit.

"Mmmf! F-fuck ok fuck.. Alright, cheetah boy, you win." Her wavering breaths cause her voice to flutter as she speaks, "Tha- that's enough."

Proud of his work, he's suddenly pulled nose-to-nose with her by his collar.

Staring deep into his eyes, she orders. "Your cock. Inside me. Now."

Shifting to the demeanor of an obedient pet, he simply nods, blushing and she releases her grip.

Minor shifting and shuffling ensues, and he finds himself now exposed alongside her. His member is already hard, with the slightest drop of pre hanging from his tip. She pulls him up onto the bed frame with her, and quickly straddles over him.

Lining him up with her slickened entrance, she slowly lowers herself down.

“F-fuck,” they speak in a breathy sigh together, taking in each other’s sensation.

Grinding her hips against him as she adjusts to the filling sensation, she bites her lip.

*“I haven’t felt a cock like this in far too long”,* she thinks, feeling the thick member filling her. After a few moments, she raises up, then sits back down, taking him to the hilt in a motion that begins to speed up. Up, down, in, out... faster.. And faster..

“Fuck, Saya..” he feels his pressure build as she rides, the sexy form of her lithe body filling his view. He braces his grip against her legs, stabilizing her as each movement peels away the restraint he has against letting loose inside her tight pussy.

Words are gone to her, her only sounds escaping in the form of moans and chirps, and she feels herself nearing a climax.

Closer..

And Closer...

*Almost...*

“F-fuck, Saya I’m gonna- d-do I need to p-pull out?”, the words barely escape him, feeling the last shreds of control beginning to slip away.

“No, do it! Fucking fill me! I want it ALL.” She orders, and that’s all it took.

One last thrust together, and the damn breaks, releasing pump after pump of his warm cum deep inside her, the waves of pleasure washing over them as their hips lock together.

“Ahhn!~” is all that escapes her mouth as she cums on his cock, the two experiencing a mutual bliss too often missed.

Eventually, their climaxes begin to subside and their breathing stabilizes. Reaching up to brace herself against the roof of the bed she lets out a very long satisfied sigh.

“Fuck, man... You.. I like you.”

He can only laugh softly at her remark, before quipping, “Well, with the way you drenched my crotch, I’d sure as hell hope so.”

After another few moments, finally back down from the high, he asks one more question, “I’m... not gonna end up owing child support am I? Cumming inside you like that.”

She laughs.

“Hey, how is that funny?!” he half shouts.

“No. I’m sterile. You’re fine, dude.”

“Oh. shit. Uh-”

“Work accident. Messed me up pretty bad, but hey on the bright side I can do that with no worries anymore, eh?” She says, now in a notably better mood than usual.

“I suppose so.”

Looking around for the bottle she lost track of at some point during their engagement, she adds one more remark, “Thanks for the good fuck. I’ll send you my contact, and I’ll be sure to let you know the next time we’ll be around.”

“I would like that very much.”

~FIN~