

Fanatic Xenophile

An Erotic Short Story Series
by R. Lyle (Resolute)

Part Three

Once he had the restroom he relieved himself and freshened up for a second round. He came back out to see Rukra with one leg up on the couch, thick tail waving back and forth but not letting him see that join between those lovely thighs. A rich, sparkling emerald eye cast a gaze over her shoulder to him. Either it was something else she had picked up, or *bedroom eyes* was one of those fun little commonalities between their species.

"Am I meant to watch and enjoy, or join in?" Ashton asked. "I'd hate to make the wrong assumption."

Rukra chuckled and lifted her tail higher—not high enough. "Why don't you sit on the couch and find out?"

He did, and the thicker-weave cloth meant to be a mess-catcher became a barrier over his loins. Then Rukra followed: warm, agile, maybe a dozen kilos lighter but very much made of lithe muscle and transcendent sensuality. The music was back up to a low thrumming rhythm: a prelude to that strong mating beat. He wondered if it was strange that recognizing the beat turned him on almost as much as it evidently did to Rukra.

They were face-to-face. Kissing and the Ankan equivalent weren't options, unfortunately. Nuzzling turned out to translate well enough to make up for it.

A few minutes of practice, along with increasing amounts of caressing and grinding against each other, was only broken when Rukra reached down to pull the cloth back and start stroking him—with both hands, held high enough that the pair of crossed claws wouldn't get close. Not

that he doubted her care. He reached around to tease her in turn, and when she pulled the cloth away and tossed it aside, he tore the foil and slipped on the condom.

"Such an interesting design," Rukra said, her digits caressing over the ten or so ribs while she helped him apply lube to the little barrier. "I imagine this would be quite popular if an Ankan version could be created."

"Are Ankans signatories to the Commons Design Database? You could put in a proposal."

She hummed as she toyed with his balls, the claw resting on his thigh. "Maybe later. Right now, I want a practical demonstration."

"I think that could be arranged. Do you want to turn around, or—." He cut himself off as Rukra leaned over to tap a control, the near-ambient music doing a fade-over to a more familiar *thump-thump-thump*. She didn't waste any more time with foreplay, just raised herself up on those strong legs—it occurred to him her species likely evolved as ambush predators of some sort, maybe hooking those claws into prey—and sank onto him with a huffing groan.

As before, she was hot, tight, the grip and texture undeniably different from what he was built for—though, how long had it been since he'd slept with another human to compare? This time, her eyes were on him, at least until she got far enough to properly experience the new ridges. Deliberate or incidental timing with a bass drop in the music had her shudder and writhe as intensely as she had when he'd finished in her. Those odd hands flew to his shoulders, the tips of the claws (thankfully, dulled) scraping the (thankfully, durable) couch behind him.

He grinned and explored her strange, banded torso with one hand while the other went under her thigh—her rump, not that she really had one—to help support her weight and unashamedly grope the lovely Ankan.

"I, this, when." She huffed and took in a breath, her movements stilling despite the ongoing shivers. "Sorry. I... want to move, I want to take you."

It feels good... I may be, my movements, I may be, enthusiastic?"

The translators were good—there'd been a push in the last decade to fine-tune inflections and tones. It was still a toss-up whether she was more worried about being dominant, or whether she was worried about the potential for harm. *Which is why we ask questions, even if my gut says it's the latter.*

"Enthusiastic sounds very pleasant," he said, keeping the motions of his hips slow and sensual to not distract her—too much. "What's your concern?"

Rukra inhaled again, and her eyes focused. "I... may be more active. More... engaged?" She glanced at her tablet. "Passionate."

"There's a saying with humans: 'You're threatening me with a good time.'" He waited while she looked at that translation too, already starting to chuckle, to confirm the meaning. "Are you concerned you'll hurt me?"

"That," she said, "and just warning you." Her shudder reminded him he was still balls-deep in her, and it took effort not to lift his hips or otherwise distract her. "I want... the music is good, so good, and I want more of this." She clenched around him, and his self-control eroded. "More."

He licked his lips and considered; it was far from the first time *danger of bodily harm* of some kind or other came up during this little form of cultural exchange. "Let's do a bit of testing before we keep going." To their mutual disappointment, he pulled out, though not away, keeping his cock against her nethers. "Show me what you might do that has you worried. I know you'll be gentle."

Rukra nodded and kept her hands on his shoulders. "I might... grip you. I won't use my claws."

"Your fingers, right? These?" He touched her digits and kept his own atop them. "So, start squeezing, more and more firmly. I'll let you know

when it starts hurting, or you let me know when you think that's the hardest you'd hold me." He rolled his hips once and heard her intake of breath. "Let's get those worries out of the way so we can enjoy each other."

She nodded, and started adding pressure. "More?"

He guided her fingers with his grip. "I'll let you know when it's uncomfortable, and when it's painful."

Her head ducked as she followed his lead. He smiled even as the rounded digits started to dig in. "Don't let go yet. Uncomfortable starts here, for me. How about you, if I get handsy?"

"A little harder and I'd prefer to not keep feeling it, but not painful."

"Good. So, you *can* grip me this hard, see?" He waggled his fingers atop hers. "It might even bruise, and you know what? The more pleasure we're sharing at the time, I might even *want* you to grip me harder than this."

Her head tilted, eye fixed on him, and she slowly straightened. "How much more until it's painful? I don't want to injure you."

He grinned and let his longer fingers act as leverage to press hers into his skin. "That's starting to sting a bit—"

"Ashton!" Her eyes flashed as she sat right up—and his cock twitched between them as the motion rubbed in a rather nice way. "That was... I suppose effective, except now I *am* thinking of 'threatening you with a good time' as you put it."

"See?" He roamed her thigh and tail with his other hand. "There's some spots that might be more sensitive to others, but even if something hurts and we have to pause or stop, I trust you enough to know it'd be accidental."

She nodded, and touched her rounded snout-equivalent to his nose. "Please, do tell me. And I'll do the same."

He leaned his forehead against hers. "So, is that all? No biting? No injecting me with your young?"

"No biting," she said, her body twitching—a flinch? "And definitely no injections or young. For either of us."

"Noted."

Her equivalent of a smirk crossed her face as she pulled back. "And you... you're not going to take me to any secret labs and experiment with me to make weird human-Ankan hybrids, are you?"

"I wouldn't even if I had any secret labs." He chuckled; one of the wide-ranging commonalities among sapient species with any level of pattern recognition was fringe conspiracies. "Unless you want to role-play that out?"

"No, no. Not my current mood." She reached over to toggle the volume before pressing closer. "The idea of *trying* for a hybrid... no, let's just keep this simple." The bass thrummed around them, and she arched her back as she rose up. He dropped a hand to guide him back in as she sank down again, another rippling spasm running through her at the strokes of the ribs. "Ah... I want to stop thinking. Nothing but mating. Nothing but pleasure."

"That," he said, "sounds like a very good threat."

"There's only one thing I want to do." Her voice couldn't drop to a whisper without the translator losing her, though he could hear the sultry tone under and through the artificial voice. "This."

She sank onto him and a groan caught in his throat. Before, she'd hardly been a passive partner, but her focus had been on the music. Now she had those emerald eyes on him. Borderline predatory eyes. Her rise upward and next descent were careful, their hips angling and the occasional murmured or tactile correction making it smoother. She started to ride him. Her motions were slower than a full-on bounce, smooth, her lithe grace only broken by her squirms and spasms each

time those ribs ran past her sensitive inner ring.

The songs switched, the beat grew deeper, and her tail twitched against his legs. She was starting to caress his skin, digits tightening to a grip each time she rose up enough to rub herself and then dropped back down. A croon rolled in her throat as he did his best to move with her. Another, as he took a firmer grip of her between-thigh-and-tail, and an idea sparked in his head.

"Do you," he started, then sucked in a breath, a little more caught up in her surge of pleasure than he'd realized. "Can I hold you firmer, too, like —"

"Yes," she hissed, firmly nuzzling his chest as his groping found a spot on the side of her tail base. He played with the pressure, rubbing and squeezing, though it was pretty hard to tell whether it was his hand, the condom, his cock, or the music that was drawing more reaction from her. Her digits clenched on his shoulder, then flinched back. Her head tilted to look up at him. Her eyes seemed a little unfocused. No less beautiful, though.

"Keep going," he said, placing his hand atop hers for a moment. "*Threaten me.*"

Her growl would have given him pause if he hadn't just invited it. Alien hips smacked against his as she matched the beat of the music. The sudden grip on his skin, through his muscles, might've hurt if it didn't just join in with the surge of pleasure. Her head went to his chest again, and his to her neck. Both of her legs were shaking. Heated breath tickled over his sternum, his belly. Maybe she was watching him disappear into her, again and again... *fuck*. The muscles inside her were just as active, hyperactive, spasmodic, like she was relentlessly milking his cock. *Especially* when only half of him was in and those ribs did their work, and pretty soon she was having trouble rising back up to seek that stimulation.

"Do you—"

"More," came her cry, natural voice muffled and translated voice subdued as if she'd murmured. Her hands were tensing and relaxing just enough to keep the pain from being distracting. He'd probably bruise. He didn't care.

He dropped both hands to her thighs, lifted her, used his position to roll his hips at different angles when she wasn't about to drop back down and maybe bend something. He shook off the urge to shudder at the thought and moved in time with the music, stroking her near-constantly. It wouldn't be long before he'd feel that pressure building...

She was holding onto him harder, more desperately, with wordless sounds of alien pleasure forming a near-constant call. Her walls were constantly gripping him—she was nearly too tight to push into anymore. Her thighs and tail were spasming, her breath catching and voice gone ragged, unintelligible... even for the translator.

Good as it felt, his instinct said to double-check.

"Rukra?"

Her body tensed up. It was an ongoing orgasm, not recognition. Though, the way she was shuddering, it was a little too close to a seizure for his liking...

"Hey, Rukra," he said, his concern overcoming his arousal. "Rukra." He pulled out when she didn't answer, and while she pulled at him, still slowly writhing, she also didn't reply. At least it wasn't a seizure. Probably. "Hey. Hey. Answer me," he said, louder, turning to set her down.

She moaned and didn't let up her hold—though at least it wasn't painful now—so he leaned over and ignored the needy pulse in his wet, neglected hard-on as he guided her head onto a pillow. Her eyes were closed. Should he try opening them?

"Rukra," he said, making sure his voice cut through the music. A slap at the controls switched it back to quiet and ambient rather than turning it

off. Good enough. "Do you need medical?"

She took in a shaky breath and her head turned, turned back—she was shaking her head. Another, quieter moan followed, putting the pieces in place.

Relief took the edge off his nerves. Well, it wasn't the first time he'd fucked someone into subspace. He just hadn't been expecting it from *this* tryst. "Breathe, Rukra. Just breathe and ride it out."

"Okay," she said, then took another breath. "I, okay." One of her hands gently stroked his shoulder, and a low croon rolled in her throat. "Will be okay."

"Good. If you need water, or anything else, let me know when you can."

She was breathing more regularly and cracked an eye, though the pupil was about as wide as he'd ever seen it and barely focused before the eyelid fell shut again. "Too much," she said, the translator simulating the breathless tone pretty well. Kudos to the programmers. "Too good. Didn't... want to stop."

"Yeah, but I don't think either of us were ready for this kind of intensity." He toweled off his sweat before too much more of it dripped on her, then grabbed another to help clean her. "Stretch if you feel any cramping. I'll help with whatever you need."

"Handsome human," she said, nearly too soft for the translator to catch. A few breaths later, she wriggled, then straightened a shaky leg. Her eyes opened and focused after a moment. "You didn't finish."

"Not quite," he admitted, "but you weren't answering. I got worried."

She nodded, head ducking. The other leg followed the first. "I didn't want to... don't think I could? Shades of hightrees, that was... is it bad I want you to do it again? Maybe in three days..."

He chuckled and gently wiped her thighs and tail with the towel. He'd softened enough that he figured he could just slip off the condom—even

if they went again, probably best not to do it with that one. She let him go so he could toss both in their receptacles. "Well, we can talk about the next time once we're cooled off. I would enjoy more of your company."

"I'd like that." Her back arched, tail nudging his knee where he'd kneeled. "Right now, I'm undecided."

He frowned. "About?"

Her head tilted to eye his groin. "Having you put on another condom and finishing, or my figuring out something else so I can walk tomorrow."

"Ah," he said, grinning despite his still-lingering concern. "I'll freely admit, I've pushed myself farther than I should a few times." His still half-mast cock twitched at some memories. "Fuck, I can't say I wouldn't do it again..."

Her gaze had been drawn by the movement, and she carefully raised her tail to tease him. "A hard choice."

"How are you feeling, though?"

She stretched one leg again, the motion smooth and languid. "More recovered. I'm up to experimenting." Her hand scooped up the bottle of lube from where he'd set it on the nightstand, and she eyed his cock as it slowly stiffened again. "You did like me using my hands, if I recall."

"I did," he said, stroking her legs and watching a soft shiver run through her. "Or I could use mine, or both of us, or rub myself on or between your thighs, or—"

Her legs rose in the air, leaving her tail under him while she reached back to grab one of the barrier cloths. He had a few moments to drink in the sight of her glistening slit and alien folds before the cloth blocked him. Her ankles rested on his shoulders and turned enough that her wide, taloned feet nudged the back of his head. Her gaze was bright as she beckoned him closer, digits guiding his unsheathed length between the thickly muscled legs, trapping him between their smooth skin.

"A little less—here, like this," he said, guiding her legs by increments until the pressure was just right. She added a good helping of lube and spread it over him. "Oh, that's perfect."

Her tail rode up to rub his balls and rump. "Time to set your own rhythm, Ashton. Let me know before you finish." She set the lube and the spare condom on the armrest above her. "Assuming I don't just hold up this cloth and let you make a mess..."

He had to admit that had a certain appeal. A slow thrust barely nudged her legs out of position. "Just let me know if I can do anything in return."

The outer muscles didn't clench like her inner ones, but for him, it was still a league above either of their hands. "You've done plenty, Ashton." The arch of her feet—or the equivalent—nudged his head forward, as if push-pulling him closer. "Show me how much you appreciate this alien body of mine."

He throbbed, and the lube-slicked skin was easy to outright thrust into. It wasn't so easy to hold back for some strange reason. "I could spend all day and night telling you my appreciation, showing you, and I'd barely be getting started." He hugged her legs and thrust again, watching her watch him push into view each time he 'hilted' himself.

He remembered learning this kind of sex by experimenting with another semi-bored and overly horny human guy during a wilderness survival camp. A few weeks later, after telling the story to a classmate—another human, a gal he hadn't exactly been *dating*, but, again, overly horny—she'd wheedled him into trying it with her. He still remembered her infectious laugh, complimenting his girth but remarking 'it looks like a mushroom sprouting' and the mood devolving into a giggle fit from there. He'd have chuckled in the present if it wasn't for the resurgence of pleasure reminding him he'd been at that lovely plateau before the interruption.

"We have so many differences," he murmured, playing one hand over her torso, "and I want to explore each and every one of yours, if you'd let

me."

Come to think of it, that girl—Corei?—had said something afterwards about how different aliens must look. Cue a teenager circumventing restrictions on adult material by doing 'biology research'... followed a few hours later by looking up medical treatment for chafing. *And look at me today, still thirsty and throbbing for aliens.*

If Rukra had any mushroom-related comments, she didn't voice them. Her digits caressed and circled his tip and head each time his hips met her legs. The scintillant green of her eyes shrunk as her pupils widened, her focus on the drips of pre leaking out with his throbs and tenses.

"Not going to be long," he gasped. "I need..."

Her legs relaxed. He was about to voice a borderline complaint when they parted completely, the Ankan gazing up at him with the condom package in her hand. She rather dexterously tore the foil, though the step after *pinch the tip* gave her more trouble.

"Wait, other way."

"Thank you," she said, slowly unrolling the plain barrier down his slick length. "If... there's something I want to try." Her head ducked. "It's considered... very kinky."

He shivered in her grip, instinct clamoring to toss words aside and bury himself in whatever would get him off. He forced himself to stay lucid. "What's that?"

"Using my mouth. I won't hurt you," she replied. Before he could fully process, her head was right next to his cock. Having the teeth on the outside was edging towards unnerving, that close to his sensitive bits. And yet, he trusted her word to not hurt him. The sight of her purple tongue slipping out into view made him shudder, and she pulled back, eyeing him with concern. "If you're uncomfortable—"

"Not at all. I'll hold still," he said, taking in a breath to cool his inflamed nerves. "Go for it. It's just... knowing this is kinky for you..."

Rukra's head tilted, and she looked down to his cock in her grip. His rigid, twitching cock. "Oh. I see." She gave what certainly felt like a sly look before refocusing. Her tongue was maybe as long as his, narrower, and the same dark purple as her equivalent of labia and passage. Even through the condom he could feel her warm breath, and then the gentle, hot pressure of that muscle. Whether from the condom's lubricant or her saliva, or a mix, the slow swirl around his tip was near frictionless. He did his damndest to keep from tensing out of her grip or pushing his hips forward or anything else—clearly she wanted to go at her pace.

Whether or not she intended that pace to be a nearly maddening tease, especially when she moaned and withdrew, gripping him tighter... well, he was hardly going to make demands of her just yet.

"So... *lewd*," she murmured, making sounds like she was licking her lips. "Not the best taste but the feel... I want to try that again. Later." Her other hand moved down between them until she pulled the cloth away. "More, if you'll let me. I'd need a guard for my teeth."

"I would let you." He was having a hard time breathing regularly. He wanted to thrust, he wanted... "I'd, I trust you, to—"

"I know," she said, cutting him off, "but I don't want to worry about anything other than... than having you on my tongue, in my... Ashton, I need you in me right now."

He didn't need a second invitation, though he did watch for any discomfort as he moved down to press himself to her entrance. She was still thoroughly wet from before and barely offered resistance to his penetration. Her legs locked around his thighs, his hips, holding him despite the slick lube while her hands went to his back, behind his head; for a moment he almost thought she was going to try kissing him. No, just pulling him into her embrace, her hips moving as if he needed any further coaxing to grind and thrust. Tension coiled in his core, hot and pulsing and needful...

"So, that's, using the mouth, it's kinky to Ankans?" he breathed, just

loud enough to get translated, "Just using your lips, your tongue..."

Her grip on him, outside and in, tightened. "Yes. It's... odd, it's like taboo and danger all in one."

He chuckled. "That guard, you could—nnh—just take me in your mouth, much as you want, flavored lube..." His fingers dug into the cushions, trying to drag out the pleasure as much as he could. "Fuck, Rukra... I can get a dental dam," he gasped, and realized she wouldn't know what it was. Probably. "Protection for me, I'd use my mouth, my tongue, where I'm fucking you right now..."

Her back arched under him, inner walls quivering in that little Ankan climax. "Ash, Ashton, only thing kinkier... you, a human, finishing in me..."

"Without a condom?" he guessed, and leaned in after her quick nod to nuzzle her. "Let's order, ah, get tested, we can... our mouths on each other..." He wasn't sure he was still making sense. He wanted, he *needed*... "Then the music, I take you... like this, an alien filling you up, your very own human, all for you... *Rukra*..."

If she hadn't pulled his hips down with his ankles he would have thrust himself to the hilt on his own, that delicious tension breaking and flooding him with purest pleasure. That oh-so-simple biology didn't care about species or protection, it just felt *hot* and *wet* and *tight* and told the rest of his body to *breed her*. Her head pressed to his shoulder, digits digging into his skin, her odd and alien moans still music to his ears. Those legs, built for jumping and dashing, were a vise around his waist, not that he'd think about pulling back. He couldn't stop, couldn't hold back, and she was squeezing him, milking him, eager for every drop she wouldn't get. He felt like he couldn't even move except to grind against her, his muscles taut and tremulous and unresponsive. Every time with a new species felt like this, like he was just discovering sex again, his senses overwhelmed and his head spinning even though he sucked in breaths by the lungful and moaned them right back out. Rukra nuzzled his chin, his ear; he turned his head, hearing her echoing pleasure back

to him, either coaxing more out of him or just trapped in the ecstasy as well...

It ebbed after what felt like minutes, though it couldn't have been. He wished it could be. Relindeans could have climaxes that lasted that long—but, Rukra wasn't Relindean, she was Ankan, someone new, and different, and beautiful, and he'd had sex with her *twice*...

He tensed one last time, his last spurt leaving his throbbing cock, and then practically collapsed by her side as she lowered one leg and helped him roll. At some point he slipped out of her. She reached down, very gently playing with his cock and the mess trapped against it, crooning her approval. He nuzzled her arm, her neck, holding her in a warm half-embrace, catching his breath and squirming a little as she kept playing.

"If you want me to stop..."

"You're fine," he whispered, then said it louder when the translator didn't pick it up. He leaned into her grip. "Sensitive, but a good sensitive. I like it."

She nodded and kept playing with him. The gentle strokes kept him nearly hard even though he was temporarily spent. He wondered if he'd even get soft if she was sucking him off, what with him knowing how kinky it was for her. The thought had him shiver and she brought her leg closer, letting him rest on her still-slick thigh.

"A handsome, needful human," she said, pulling his attention from the tug-of-war between soothing and teasing. "I can't believe I licked you..."

He chuckled. "Want to order that guard?"

"No, I'd have to get it custom fitted," she said, the translator's voice carrying her disappointment.

"I can help reserve a scanner if you need it." He borrowed her boldness and rubbed his hand over her slit. "And the compatibility test. Though, that's a lot more work for both of us—I'm not averse to doing it, mind, you'll just want to be prepared."

She nodded and moved down to play with his balls. "Maybe. You'd also said... a dental something?"

"Dental dam," he replied. "A square of the same material as a condom, made for oral sex. So that's something we could do tonight."

"I'm not sure if I can handle another orgasm," she said, shivering under his hand. "Next time?"

"I'd like a next time." He found her other hand with his. "More than one next times, if you're willing."

Her chuff-purr vibrated through her head against his collarbone. "I'd like that. I'm still not sure about a romantic relationship."

"I'm not really looking, either. Something to talk about later if it comes up. For now, friends, sexual partners... do you prefer a sex partner to be exclusive? I don't as long as everyone's honest and risk-aware, but I want to ask."

"No? I don't think so. I don't see needing to bed anyone else while you're available, though."

"You never know," he said, "Tokksenid can have some interesting guests and residents."

She nodded, and then chuckled. "A curiosity. If another alien, maybe even a male Ankan was open to the idea, would you be open to sharing him? Oh." Her digits squeezed his shaft. "I felt that twitch. Yes?"

He licked his lips. "Can't say I'd turn down that opportunity. It's not the first time I've been... if this translates, a human sandwich with alien bread."

After looking up the definition of a sandwich, Rukra laughed. "Noted. Though he may not appreciate the music."

"Probably not, from what you've told me... oh! Now I have an idea." He reached up to knock on the board. "Instead of the music, we could hook this up to a subvocalizer microphone. Then the Ankan is amplifying his

own call instead of trying to compete."

She froze, pupils dilating.

"You okay?" he asked after a few moments.

"... I need to be capable of walking tomorrow, so I will think about that later. I will not think about it now."

He grinned. "Or?"

"Or," she growled, "I will pin you to this couch and ride you until neither of us can move."

"Once again, Rukra..."

"Threatening you with a good time, I know." She slowly let go of his cock and sat up. "I need the restroom again... then, share a drink? Not that I *want* to wind things down—"

"No, I get it," he said, leaning up and stretching. "Oof. I'd want to plan better if we're renting a room for a whole day and night and not moving after. Especially if we're adding another guest."

Her pupils briefly widened again before settling back into slits. "I was going to say, the drink could be clothing optional, but at this rate we'll have to behave ourselves."

"I can behave, I can behave."

She lightly tapped a digit on his softening cock, which also reminded him to get the condom off. "I was also talking to myself."

"Ah, the struggle." He glanced towards the bathroom. "Do you shower? We could share a shower. Cleaning and light teasing only. Speaking of, I'll tidy things out here while you do your business, so we can enjoy that drink afterwards."

Her hand settled on his. "I'd like that. Thank you, Ashton."

He smiled. "You're welcome." He watched her legs tremble as she made to stand and reached out in time to steady her back onto his lap. She

chuffed. "Take your time, I've got you."

"Yes, you do, don't you? I'll call out when the shower's ready." It took a few moments before she tried again to stand and take a cautious step. Once she had her balance, she shakily sauntered across the room and around the corner—with one more flash under her tail for good measure.

There was probably something wrong with him that he found Rukra so enticing. He'd never met an Ankan before today, and already his brain had wired enough of her movements and features to 'sexy' that she could out-compete his own species.

Then again, anyone saying it was wrong just didn't know how they were missing out.

He started cleaning—himself, then the room—with a smile. Variety was the spice of life. He was just the madman who kept saying 'Add more!' And he could live with that.

Especially when it felt so damn good...