

*Foundry Stardate: 71699.02*

*It's been approximately two months – 150 stardates, by Foundry standards – since the Earth's destruction took place.*

*The Intergalactic Foundry still hasn't released the exact reason as to why the planet had been destroyed, nor what caused it, but I wouldn't be surprised if they had a hand in it.*

*Don't know if it's really a good idea to be entering this into a Foundry spacecraft's database, but Jonesy's tests on this ship showed there's only one comm channel to them. Information can be uploaded to the ship without difficulty, and as long as I keep the file size manageable, I can upload what I want to an outgoing server. Most of the ship's information, though, doesn't touch that comm channel on its own. By that logic, my logs are out of their reach, long as they don't physically board the ship. Makes me wonder the purpose of keeping logs in the first place if I'm the only person I'd ever want laying eyes on them...*

*Current status: floating over some random planet on the outskirts of the Milky Way. "Scouting mission" was a success, I guess. The Foundry is still on my ass about taking the ship, and blackmailing me to take on these errands under the radar. Still, most planet visits I've made have been... eventful, so I'm not complaining. Much.*

*Seeing as I'm the lone member of this ship, they've got me scouting the more remote planets, most just outside of the Foundry's jurisdiction, and since I'm fulfilling missions faithfully enough, I can get away with doing this with next to no supervision. Their eyes aren't on me 24/7 anymore, which is a damn relief. It means I can finally get some time to give myself a hand for a job well done!*

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The space skiff hovered in the orbit of the green planet below. It fell within a particular class of spacecraft: while capable of the same beyond-lightspeed travel of much larger ships, it was downsized to host significantly smaller crews dedicated to scouting missions. Beyond-lightspeed technology was hardly costly for the Foundry to mass-produce, so the vessel was cost-efficient on many counts, especially in the event of failed missions. This ship may be the most efficient of all, hosting a sole crew member.

The low droning of the ship's support systems drowned out the gentle squelching and slapping in his lap, as Davis Tyrres jacked his hand along the length of his cock. His jeans and purple jockstrap were wrapped around his ankles, leaving his bottom half exposed to the surrounding windows and endless space before him. The skiff's computers were bereft of any pornography, leaving the man only to his memory and imagination to sate him. And sate him, they did, as his climax approached.

"Fuck...!" He cursed under his breath. He shut his eyes tight, ready to ride the wave of ecstasy awaiting him on the other side. "One week's worth of waiting, and...!"

*[INCOMING TRANSMISSION! MAIN SCREEN TURNED ON!]*

He nearly missed the alert in his masturbatory stupor. His eyes shot back open to find the sobering sight of his "superior" staring him down.

“Tyrres! Enjoying ourselves on our time off, I see.”

Davis nearly stumbled out of the chair he sat within. He cursed much louder than before, now in shock and surprise. He made a vain effort to conceal his crotch from the screen in front of him.

“The FUCK are you doing!?” Davis shot an accusatory finger at the green-skinned officer. “Gimme a warning! Don’t just force-open my comm channel! I nearly ripped my dick off!”

The remark brought a smirk to their face. “Nearly? Well, we can’t settle for that, can we?” They adjusted the rank insignia on their chest: four stars, much like an Earth admiral would wear. “The Foundry’s charged me with improving and innovating across the galaxies; surely I can’t settle for *nearly* improving on the human form~!”

“Get fucked, you fishy prick...!”

The admiral scoffs. “Seems fitting that would be your response, Tyrres, as I was calling in regards to the report you just sent, regarding possible intelligent life at your current coordinates.” They flicked through another screen as they spoke. “A positive test is less than surprising – one well shy of space travel yet, but positive all the same – and I would like to commend you on a job well done on that, but what I wanted to discuss was the reason as to why you spent longer than anticipated on-planet.” They continued, not a break between thoughts. “No injury claims were included on the report and I can see now that none were necessary... Which leads me to assume you’ve decided to copulate with *yet another* specimen in the middle of your scouting mission!

“Does your libido have no limits, Tyrres? Or am I to assume all the other humans I’ve worked with were exceptional cases, when they managed to refrain from such vulgar acts!? Do you not understand the weight of your actions!? Whether or not you wear the Intergalactic Foundry’s uniform, you are still required...” The admiral’s tirade continued, but loud as they shouted, Davis couldn’t help but feel the words melt together in a soup of Foundry rhetoric. Universal superpower this, galactic history lessons that, political influence across thousands of solar systems... Every word from the admiral’s mouth could just as easily come from a textbook. “... At this point I might almost prefer you continue your masturbatory acts, if it would keep your pants on--”

“Okay, I get it,” Davis interjected, “Please, shut up. You don’t have to explain basic galactic politics to me; I didn’t go to college for nothing. Besides, you’re overestimating the impact of a near-dead species.” He stands himself up in his chair. “I doubt you’re calling me just to go off on a rant, so can we cut to the chase and tell me what you want me to do already?”

The admiral rolls their eyes. “I was just starting to enjoy it...” A new screen pops up to the side, more visible on the comm screen. A star map, with a ship and its route drawn to a celestial body. Almost certainly Davis’s ship. “We picked up signals at a star system near you: carbon-based life. I’ve sent the coordinates to your ship’s computer. Scan the planet’s major landmasses for intelligent life, and report back.”

They reach to something beyond the screen’s view, before looking back at Davis. A sneer stretches across their face. “And perhaps it’s redundant to make the point, but please... Do try your best to *keep your pants on* while you take part in this mission!”

Cucked and chastised for too long, Davis snaps. He thrusts his now-flaccid dick at the monitor, gesturing obscenely to his lap. “*Suck it!* I know what I’m fucking doing, so piss off already!”

The profanity fails to break the admiral’s posture. They simply sigh. “You should be thankful for your unique circumstances. Were I able to, I could arrest you for such disrespect. Do what you wish until your arrive. Donvarrus, logging off.” With that sign-off the invasive call finally closes, leaving Davis in the company of the vast cosmos once again. The ship whirrs and revvs almost on its own, and soon even the cosmos seem to speed away from him. He slumps in the pilot’s chair.

“Goddamn chatterbox...” He mutters and mocks. “‘Do what you wish...?’ I’d love to, but *someone* killed my boner... Now what am I gonna do?” He peers out the window as the stars seem to speed past him. The trip wouldn’t be long, and trying to jerk off during beyond-light-speed travel always left him too uneasy to cum. He was left with no choice but to pull his pants back up, as the ship sped to its destination.

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The Foundry’s records dubbed the planet “STUDY-V20-5-14-20-1,” a name divinated from a set of queries Davis had no interest in exploring. The atmosphere seemed a dismal, stale green-grey from the ship, but they seemed more saturated from the ground. The plant life was shockingly colorful in contrast: grass tinted a blue more reminiscent of Earth’s old skies, and plants with tremendous leaves in a variety of saturated oranges, purples, lime-greens... Many of those plants bore fruit of the same sky blue as the grass they fell upon. Foreign as it was to an Earthling like Davis, he certainly didn’t question there was life here.

The pale soil crackled beneath his brown boots as he moved. The gentle breeze found its way through the copper strands of hair on his head, billowing beneath his light cream jacket. Emerald eyes flicking along the horizon and landscape, Davis paused as a burgundy blur flits by his vision. It lands on a nearby tree – he could only think of calling it that, given its size – ten legs sticking tight to the leaves. He didn’t spend long observing the insect, before strutting past. “Animal life present on-planet...” He grimaced. “Definitely too small to be intelligent life... Big enough to be creepy...”

Davis’s trek through the planet’s forests yielded little more of note; a new species of animal would crop up every so often, but there was always a clear hint to their limited cognition, expressed in violent gnashing of teeth and scurrying at breakneck speeds to the man’s ankles. Eventually, the sky began to turn dark, painted with a new flickering star with each passing moment, and Davis recognized he’d have to start his search again from a new locale. A return to the ship was in order. Donvarrus could care less about how long the mission lasted, as long as he was kept up to date on its progress, and so an extension had to be properly reported.

The leaves rustled. Davis jerked his head to the sound. One of the trees had a branch broken and felled – if he could call what held the singular heavy leaf a branch. He squinted. Nothing he had seen yet was nearly large enough to move the leaves of these alien trees considerably, and certainly not with that much force. He peered around the flora. Something shifted around in the darkness, shambling out of the canopy. It was certainly larger than any other animal on the planet’s surface yet... But Davis’s inexperience in biology betrayed him. He couldn’t perceive its movements as feral or domestic. What little of its shape he could make out confirmed even less. If something that big saw him as a threat for even a moment, he might not make it back to the ship at all...

But if it was any smarter than a monkey, that's one less conversation with Donvarrus.

A trail of twisting and circling marks in the ground would be Davis's guide. The creature's trail led out of the forest he first landed in, climbing to a rocky incline. The encroaching darkness made the footpath difficult to follow, but the spacefarer kept on the trail. His feet were already sore from the earlier survey, and the climb was no kinder to him. His trek led higher and higher, until he met with the mouth of a cavern carved into the side of the cliff. He scanned the ground beneath him: the same shambling trail led inside. For a moment, he could swear he saw the trail glisten, lined with some kind of fluid.

The cavern was pitch, a void of complete darkness. Davis produced an orb from his pocket, shaking and striking it a few times before it finally erupted in light. He couldn't help but wince from the flash, and staggered in a daze for a moment. He tossed it above his head, letting it float behind him as his journey into the depths continued. His eyes continued to adjust after flashbanging himself, but the orb's illumination made the cave much easier to navigate. The passage slipped deep into the cliff side, but eventually Davis came to a corner, and an eerie slithering sound echoed from beyond his sight.

Common sense finally overtook Davis's obstinance, as his shaking hand reached for one of his plasma pistols. Whether it could sense his movements or finally noticed the approaching light, his quarry began to hiss louder than before; more guttural; more violent. It was becoming harder and harder to assure himself avoiding Donvarrus was worth this. Each step toward that dark corner felt heavier than the last...

Until the unknown lost its patience and turned the corner for him.

It was on top of him faster than his trigger finger could hope to move. He was flattened onto the cave floor, pinned under its weight. His arms outstretched, he was left defenceless before the creature, but at last its form gave way to the light. Tendrils of a mixture of greys and greens and blue stretched past Davis's head and over his abdomen, but nowhere in the moistened mass could he spy anything resembling a skull. He could still hear its hissing, calmed as now was, reverberating from its center. Was it some sort of tentacled land jellyfish...?

As Davis ruminated the specimen further, he realized he was still alive and unmauled. Whatever it sought to do, it was hesitating. Observing. Judging. Its reservation told the spacefarer enough, as he began to open his mouth. "H-Hi...? I-I uh, I come in peace...?"

It didn't release him. His feeble greeting caused the mass to shift, but it did not retreat from him. Intelligent or not, he couldn't expect it to immediately understand him, after all... But he had made his judgement, and that meant his actual mission would be complete. All he had to do was survive this encounter. He peered over the alien, looking for a pair of eyes to look at, or anything resembling a target of 'conversation.' All he could find were the tendrils grasping his body, leaving him outstretched before it, and the center of mass, where a dark and dripping hole of some kind resided.

Davis's libido spoke for him, as his jeans began to tent toward that hole. Panic took him for just a moment, before he looked again at the beast. It must've taken note of his boner, as it began to shift its focus. He couldn't help but smirk. He pulled one of his hands gently, slowly, out of the alien's grip. Whether it allowed him to escape or simply split its attention too far, his wrist slipped free, and he

snuck his hand down, past his fallen pistol and to the buttons fastening the denim prison his cock laid within.

The one-handed act was clumsy, but the button yielded to him eventually. The zipper was only so much easier to disengage. The creature 'stared' patiently, watching its gift unwrap step-by-step. Davis, meanwhile, imagined the reward awaiting him, the feeling of this curious alien's tentacles groping over more of his body, the warmth of its hole engulfing his member, and the release he was so rudely denied before. Impatience guided his hand under both his jeans and his jockstrap's waistband. Fingers caressing his own thighs, turning him on all the more, he pulls his bottomwear away, his aching erection bouncing out to meet his new friend.

The alien jolted to attention as Davis's cock shot out from its hiding place, but its observation continued in earnest. It snuck a tendril between his legs, caressing his balls and slithering along his length. Something viscous coated the appendage, sending a chill up the spacefarer's spine. He tried thrusting himself against it, but the same tendril pushed down on his crotch. He pouted, but seeing it wrap back around his dick left little room to complain. He sat patiently, feeling it coil against him; he could only hope it had the knowledge to start jerking him off.

Something solid and slimy started to press against his puckered asshole, and Davis realized this alien may know a bit more than how to handle his rod. He relaxed, doing his best to invite the entering tentacle, but as it sought to sink into him, he could feel it stretch him further and further than he expected. What started as moans of pleasure shifted more to pain with each inch invading his colon. He did his best to relax against it, but his new experimental buddy couldn't help but push his hole's limits.

"Fuck...! That's enough, damnit...!" He cursed under his breath. It wouldn't matter if it could hear him; he's certain the alien wouldn't know to stop. It proved his point swiftly enough, as it kept pushing against his inner walls. Knowing he was in this ride for the long haul, Davis chose instead to ride what pleasure it offered him, and tried to slip his free hand under his shirt.

A tendril took his wrist once more, but it didn't pin him down this time. All of his limbs claimed by one of its numerous appendages, the ground left his back. The open air of the cavern crawled along his skin as he hung in the air, limbs held ajar by the strong, slick tentacles. Adrenaline shot through him, feeling himself hoisted off the ground, and his excitement took him. He couldn't help but giggle, even as his hole ached from the continued invasion. His erect cock leaked pre from the mixture of stimuli.

The alien's tendril continued its voyage through his body as far as it could, but from what Davis could feel, its venture wouldn't last much longer at all. Eventually, he could actually feel it retreat, sneaking back and focusing on a new goal. But that movement was felt the most on his prostate, the soft friction of the girthy tentacle coaxing more and more pleasure out of him. After his earlier unintended edging session, it didn't take much more teasing for Davis to pass his breaking point.

The tendril on his cock didn't have to move an inch before his cum boiled out of his balls and surged out like a fountain. The spacefarer howled, embracing his long-awaited release, coating the alien before him with a stream of his alabaster spunk. The creature paused, but the tentacle in his ass was still pressed firmly on his p-spot, keeping the pressure inside him built up, even as his liquid desire spewed from his dick head. Was it confused, after all its teasing? Did it simply expect him to last longer, or did it not know what torturous pleasure it brought him?

The last drops of semen drooled from his softening dick. Davis looked at his partner. The addition of white to the alien's colour palette wasn't as appealing as he had hoped, more as if he had cum over a mossy rock, or a rotting tree branch. The strength holding him in the air sunk to the ground, the tentacles choosing to gently support gravity rather than defy it. Finding himself belly-up on the ground again, the skyfarer watched as the hole he first spotted began to descend over his flaccid dick, doing its best to swallow the source of his energy into itself.

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Davis awoke a shivering mess, head swimming. The ache in his ass was louder than his own thoughts, and his groin felt almost numb. His heart pounded, as he did all he could to sit himself up. His arms barely obeyed him. His jeans and jockstrap still sat around his ankles, and his cock still sat in his lap, but his bare thighs were paler than the drops of semen dotting his lap. Standing felt like a herculean task; his muscles had turned to jelly. What even happened to him...?

"Finally awake, are we, Tyrres...?"

Fuck... Even in this groggy, disheveled state, Davis knew that voice well.

"Wh—" he stuttered, as even his jaw seemed to disobey him, "Why th-the fuck are y-you here, Donvarres...!?" Where was *here*, anyway...? The memories were fuzzy, but he began to recall his daring journey into the cave, and his... glorious release...

"Your report was late," they explained, "and now that I'm here, I can see the reason is, frankly, unsurprising." The admiral could only scowl at him. "'*Keep your pants on...*' Is it truly so hard to follow my orders? Or is disobeying them just part of the thrill?"

He didn't have the wherewithal to counter the statement. Not with his usual wit, at least. "I-It pulled my p-pants down i-itself..."

"Somehow, I doubt that..." Donvarres stood over Davis, glancing over him. "The resident you found – first of all, it was intelligent *enough*, so thank you for at least keeping on task – but it emits a distinctly visible oil along all of its appendages, leaving a paper trail along your entire lower half – with the distinct exception of your bottomwear." They glanced over a tablet, the light of the screen faintly reflecting off their eyes. "That oil also holds a neurotoxin, which – in large enough doses – can mimic the effects of drug addiction on a species. It takes quite a bit to absorb it through the skin, but ingested from other locations..." They looked between his legs.

He scowled, teeth still chattering. "A-are you done!? I-I'd like to get b-back to my ship and f-fucking fix this!"

Hearing that, Donvarres couldn't help but scoff. "So eager to shake off the consequences of your own actions, are you?" They tap against their tablet. "Then good news: the effects will probably wear off pretty quickly, as long as you hydrate appropriately – something I'm sure you'll need to do soon, either way." The words felt like a kick to Davis's nuts, or perhaps they only brought awareness to their aching. He couldn't help but cup his groin in pain, rocking against the floor.

"F-fuck off..."

They sighed. Davis met their eyes, seeing little more than pity behind them. “Can I trust you’ll at least be more cautious on your next venture? Or do I have to supervise you on your next planet as well...?”

He refused to reply. He looked away, hoping the admiral would eventually get tired of his pathetic stature and leave him to his own devices again.

Sooner or later, they would leave him. Alone.

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*“Still working on that pet project?”*

*“Of course; not every day you get a hold of a mostly-functional Foundry ship just lying around!”*

*“You’re not worried they’ll track it down?”*

*“What, with Foundry tech? Their comms and computer tech is shit! It’s a miracle these assholes even got to beyond-light-speed travel! We’ll be fine!”*

*“Heh, seriously? You’re a one-of-a-kind rogue, Jonesy~ Never heard someone act so carefree around Foundry tech~!”*

*“How about I show you the interior, then~? No one’s getting close to this ship but us, Davie~”*

*“Haha, you fuckin’ jackass! C’mere~!”*