

Foundry Stardate: 71712.38

You “fuck up” one “mission”, and suddenly your “boss” won’t leave you alone...

*I don’t know how much louder I can scream at them that I don’t feel any of those withdrawal symptoms anymore. It’s probably not helping my case that my throat gets so parched doing it, though... But they’re so insistent I stay on this tiny fucking ship until THEY say I’m clear to perform my mission! It wouldn’t be half as bad if they just stopped checking in every--*

[INCOMING TRANSMISSION! MAIN SCREEN TURNED ON!]

You gotta be fucking...!

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“Tyrres, I want a status report.” The recording stops a moment before Admiral Donvarrus’ visage covers the ship’s UI.

“On *what!*?” Davis’s voice cracks. His face burns red as his hair. “As you can see, the comms system is still fully operational, so at the very least, you can quit checking *that* every half-hour! Ship’s engines? Hard to say! They haven’t had a reason to start up since I got in orbit of this planet half a week ago!” The horizon of the blue sphere swallowed the pitch black sea of stars along the bottom of the skiff’s view port. “And the planet? Well, believe it or not, in the time it took for you to force open my comms *again*, not only did intelligent life sprout from the seas, it figured out interstellar travel and is sending out its first FTL spacecraft as we speak!”

Donvarrus shut their eyes, brow furrowed, jaw clenching. A deep breath, as their face strains to soften. A sharp exhale. Their eyes point dutifully to the screen, but the half-closed eyelids betray a resignation as they force the question: “Is that true?”

“Of fucking course not!” In the corner of his mind, he could see the formality behind the admiral’s query, but as if he gave a shit if these constant status reports were testing both their patience.

A pair of fingers massaged their forehead. “i want a status report on *you*, Tyrres.”

“Dead.” A word spoken so dryly, Davis had to reach for the canteen at his feet. “Gotta be, right? Because being stuck in this ship 24/7 with you cutting in as often as possible just to get another status report –” Davis raised his voice, “– for a *literal fugitive you’re tasking with illegal interstellar work* – well, I can’t think of a more vivid image of hell at this point.”

The rest of the admiral’s hand crests over their brow. “If only I could just record you as dead, and call it a day...” They grumbled, as a screen pops open on their right, scrolling over it. They only stay silent a moment before they look over their shoulder. “I’d like a confirmation: is it medically plausible to say the symptoms of Canician Fever would pass safely in under 20 stardates?”

Davis focused more on the illness mentioned, his thoughts and growing fury drowning out the medical officer’s affirmation on the other side. “Canician Fever!? Mammalian life can’t develop that

shit; what the fuck is on that form!? Are you trying to cover me up as a completely different species or some shit!?”

Donvarrus side-eyes the screen. “What I happen to be doing presently is updating the status of a recent addition to my crew, who happened to perform a mission quite recently that left them with a frustratingly contagious illness – one that fortunately affects their race significantly less, but would compromise the remaining crew or any planets they may visit, necessitating they self-medicate isolated on a skiff out of range of their peers, and offer appropriate reports as time goes on.” They scroll through the report further. “I’ve halfway considered having my chief medical officer cover the reports – as I fear I’m beginning to observe a decline in cognitive reasoning in the crew member...”

“Oh, good,” Davis jeered, sinking into his captain’s chair, “A thinly veiled insult to my intelligence. We really don’t get enough of those in our little chats~!”

“Regardless,” they said, brushing aside the sarcastic jab, “the virus appears to have run its course through their system, and I can safely clear a new mission for them.”

Davis sighed in relief – though, loud and exasperated as it was, it was nearly an orgasmic moaning. “I never thought I’d be so glad to do unpaid labour!”

Donvarrus scoffed. “Don’t think of it as being unpaid; I believe loans are a common concept between our cultures? You’re paying off your debt to the Foundry.”

Davis’s mood soured instantly. He slouches deeper in his chair. “Can’t you just have *no* sense of humour? Your jokes feel like being stabbed with a rusty knife...”

They roll their eyes. “While I briefed you on the mission earlier, perhaps you’d benefit from a refresher...”

Davis was quick to interrupt, his voice a monotone as he recites the briefing from memory: “Check the planet for intelligent life. Because the planet’s surface is over 90% water, the priority landing point has been selected as a coastal area, and due to shitty underwater gear, the maximum depth to travel on this initial visit is approximately 20 meters below sea level.”

The admiral rose their brow. Just for a moment, it seemed as if Davis impressed them – though, for basic memory to impress them means their expectations for him have just fallen so low. “As you were, then... Given you were recently ‘quarantined’, you are allowed a grace period of three stardates before commencing the mission--”

“Hell no,” he cut them off. “I spend enough time cramped up in here *without* you shutting off my transporter; I need to stretch my legs *now*.” His patience tested to its limits, he strides to the skiff’s closet, no interest in letting the admiral close the channel first.

They made their distaste for his hastiness clear. “Will you at least wait until you’re dismissed before ripping your pants off, Tyrres!?”

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The salt permeated the warm air, waves of turquoise ocean breaking along the sandy beaches. A gust twisted around Davis's body, not strong enough to push him over, but still more forceful than what he could call a gentle breeze. Plant life on the surface was scarce, but it found its way to survive, feasting on the star's unabated rays. The spacefarer sighs. He truly couldn't spend a single extra moment on that stuffy skiff, with this gorgeous planet waiting so patiently for him.

Davis flops into the sand back-first, arms stretched out. The sand cushioned the blow, soft as silk. He could feel the grains shift underneath him, as if nothing stood between the beach and his skin. Even the lowest quality underwater gear in the Foundry lined and caressed his every curve so cleanly – a fact he had to admire for just a moment before transporting down, when his toned back side snuck into the mirror's view. He might as well not have been wearing anything at all! To be so paradoxically exposed to the planet around him, rays of starlight coating him in warmth... There was something so euphoric, so healing about this moment; thoughts of his mission were leagues beneath the waves.

He beamed, returning a smile to the sun above. "They have got to give me more missions on beach planets like this."

But his mind couldn't help but wander. He thought of the suit he wore: he had wanted to experiment with wearing suits like this once or twice. This was a decent consolation, at least. He thought of windy days; his favourite ones were in the fall, though. Watching the leaves dance around a cool breeze, hands warmed with a fresh coffee. He thought of beach trips back on Earth: there was the odd vacation he spent with friends or family, taking time off from college to soak up some rays, to eye up a few cute dudes with Jonesy. That asshole was enough of a flirt to actually ask out some of them, despite Davis's protests... But now...?

Davis's scowl stretched at his cheeks. How was he meant to enjoy this beautiful planet if his own brain was getting in the way? He stood himself back up, scanning along the horizon. The wind was all that moved along the short succulents and grasses on the surface. The surface of the water showed little life of its own, too; if there was animate life on this planet, none of it found purchase on the land or in the air yet. His bias showed in his judgement: how could there be sentient life on this planet if none of it has even left the sea yet? What point would there be in scouring the shallows of these seas, if he'd only be meeting this planet's intellectual equivalent of a goldfish?

He recalled his last mission. On one hand, his fervor to create a satisfying report put him in the shitty position he was in for nearly a week – and he was still debating what was the worst part of that whole farce. The physical ailment was bad enough, being confined to his ship for so long was worse – if only because he was afforded no real privacy – but even now, the humiliation of Donvarrus attending to him in person left Davis cringing. Isn't that amphibious bastard an admiral? Why are they so obsessed with him, when they should have so much more on their plate to handle than a half-dead twunk from a freshly killed planet!?

That very thought brought back the reasoning he used to justify chasing down that creature: one less conversation with that asshole... It took a lot of work to get Donvarrus off his ass before, after all. He stands up, and brings his goggles down over his eyes, and steps to the ocean.

Wading through the low tide, green waves breaking against his toned shins, Davis pulls his breathing apparatus over his mouth. It sat uncomfortably against his face, likely sized for someone a touch smaller than him – something he'd find more unusual if it was Earth-made. There weren't that

many adult men – not too many women either – that were shorter than him. Hell, Jonesy was more than a head taller than him, which paradoxically frustrated and delighted both men. But the Foundry was made up of plenty of people from plenty of planets, and so many of them dwarfed standing next to even Davis's modest height. It didn't ease any insecurities then, though, and it didn't make the mask fit any better on his face now.

The water creeps up his thighs, tickling up to his package, pouched neatly in the wetsuit. This would be deep enough, he wagered, and bent his knees. One deep breath – perhaps out of habit, or perhaps out of distrust for his mask – and he springs out to the horizon. His outstretched hands carve a path through the surface of the water as his body rockets forward. The world around him is greens and blues painted so much darker than the beach above, the breeze whistling in his ears moments ago unable to follow him even into the shallow waters that sang a single, muted, bassy note. He breathes out, and the mask filter gurgles and bubbles. A test breath in, and his lungs find oxygen, cleanly filtered from the water around him. All that's left is to continue forward.

Davis had made a point to swim regularly back on Earth. He owed quite a bit of his muscle tone to the time he spent at the rec centre's pool; he chose a good swim on days when he didn't feel like jogging on the treadmill for cardio, or lifting weights for strength – and those days were many. Two months away from the water simply wasn't enough to corrode those skills. His arms are still the same oars that could row him back and forth along an Olympic-sized pool, his legs the motor that give him speed and purpose. In this moment, he was focused. He was occupied, physically and mentally, swimming faster than his memories could keep up. He was home.

Two months away from the water may not have stolen away his strength, but his stamina was another story. How many laps could he do on Earth? And how long would that be all stretched out? Whatever the measure, he wagered he could swim maybe two or three kilometers at his current pace before his muscles screamed at him to stop, but he could feel the tension grow in his arms before he reached a full kilometer. For all his other missions, Davis trod through plains and forests, even hiking through rocky hills and crags, and through all of them, he managed to maintain his energies for nearly a full day. But of course – terrain aside – such ventures only asked him to fight against the air, not against water. Today, he wouldn't travel quite as far.

Just as he angled his body to break back above the surface, something catches his eye below. Davis flinches, turning his head back down to the waters below. Something dark swam beneath him. Something red... Something quick; faster than he was, certainly.

Something *big*.

The front of it turned to him. From afar, it was hard to make out, but its fins were sharp, as was its snout. Peculiarly, it had two sets of limbs, similar to a humanoid shape, but they didn't seem to end the same way – at least, its legs didn't. Even from afar, the spacefarer could see they were more akin to a tail fin split in two. In spite of that oddity, the creature's shape was evocative of a dangerous apex predator of Earth's oceans: a shark.

What little Davis knew of sea creature biology, he did know this much: there's not a lot of fish so big that just sit and stare at unfamiliar creatures in their territory. The behaviour was abnormal for aquatic life, no doubt, but more importantly, it betrayed a curiosity. To his surprise, he had run across intelligent life under the sea after all.

But the open waters left no room for old strategies. Davis couldn't hope to hide from this alien, should it still choose violence. It saw him, and it's likely more suited to cutting swiftly through the waters, so there would hardly be anywhere to run. Emergency transport was his only escape from the situation, but it was too soon to say the being before him was truly intelligent – and if it was, it would keep Donvarrus out of his hair sooner if he made sure to see *exactly* how intelligent it was. He couldn't communicate with sound well underwater, not to mention the inevitable language barrier...

Body language it is, Davis reasons.

His moves were sluggish, naturally, having to push against the salty seas surrounding him, but his hand raised, and he waved it best as he could. The creature beneath him perks up, clearly intrigued. Shockingly, it mimicks his gesture. Odd enough to see one of its fins fold upward, a clawed arm extending from its side, but to see it wave in the water just as he did... Could it be capable of further communication?

Davis chose to investigate further, but to do so means closing the gap between both parties. He angles himself back down, arms pulling his body deeper into the water. The shark-like being stayed put, just for a moment longer. Perhaps impatience or curiosity beckoned it up, but when it did, it shot through the water like a bullet. The spacefarer did all he could to stop his approach, as his conversation partner bolts to him.

Paused in front of one another, it was much easier to examine the finned alien. Its skin was scaled as Davis expected, but those scales were bright red closer to the surface. Its eyes had the same angling Earth sharks might have had, and it seemed to share so much more in common with each new observation made. Not just with sharks, but with a bizarrely human physique; the arms folded out and its two tail fins kicking as it did, its shape seemed reminiscent of an adult man with a mascot shark head at a sporting event. Even as he scanned over the creature, it looked over him. Wonder-filled eyes peering over his suited physique, swimming and darting around him to catch every angle.

Whatever it saw of Davis, it clearly enjoyed. His own gaze scans low, and he finds another commonality with sharks. He vaguely recalled male sharks on Earth had reproductive organs called claspers – plural being the note he hung onto. The shape of the two extremities this alien possessed were just a touch more like a human phallus. He looks back up, meeting its eyes.

Nearly a week of being pent up, to be released into this gorgeous planet, having a shark man hard at the sight of him in a wetsuit... It was easy for Davis to excuse his own boner, especially given he had far more absurd choices in partners on other planets before this.

Much as he enjoyed how his suit gripped his body, and even how it hugged his growing cock, he had to acknowledge its one flaw: it's a one-piece, cover-all suit, meaning it stood starkly in the way of him getting fucked. He pulled at the zipper, tugging it down his chest each inch, as his mate watched. Emotions were hard to read on the fishy face, but its awe was apparent in its stance. Given its environment, the concept of clothes is likely foreign to it, so its first assumption might be that he's removing a layer of his skin. It was certainly a morbid thought to consider – and one that killed the mood, more importantly... But his shark partner seemed less concerned, once the wet suit slipped past his waist, letting his hard dick slice through the water on its way out of its confines.

He didn't pull his suit all the way off, though. He was hungry. He turns himself around, bringing his behind to the twin pillars. One way or another, he would sate himself on this alien, and it seemed happy to sate its own urges on him. Its dicks run along his crack, parting his cheeks as the two worked their bodies against one another. There was a subtle grip that made Davis's movements a bit harder than he expected; he vaguely recalled sharkskin being rough, capable of tearing into the flesh of anything that rubbed on it too close. Hopefully, his partner's chitinous exterior won't be so violent as its Earthen counterpart, because he had no interest in stopping now, though he was mindful of how close he rubbed against it.

The pressure built against his hole as one of its cocks pressed harder. Saltwater might not be a particularly great lubricant, but it served well enough to open Davis's hole. Inch after inch intruding into him, as its twin dug against his asscheek. He wasn't sure if he could take both, but damned if he wasn't going to try. He retreats, just enough that his hole is almost completely vacated. He reaches his hand to hold the exposed cock, doing all he can to loosen his anus and accept it inside him. Pushing back, as much as he could, but damn, did it *hurt* trying to fit both inside! It was clear he hadn't stretched himself out nearly enough for this. He wasn't sure his breathing mask could keep up with his laboured breathing as he coped.

The pain in his ass only escalated, as his fishy mate lost patience and pushed its way deeper. He felt as if he would tear in two. It hurt, did it ever fucking hurt! But just knowing he was taking both of those fishsticks made his own stick harder. No longer needing to shepherd his partner inside, Davis brings his hand back around to his own cock, doing his best to stroke it. Its own claws gently held his sides, keeping him steady as it rut within him. It seemed to struggle less with humping underwater. Perhaps if its hands were more like his own, it could jerk itself off better than he was doing right now, too. The most water resistance he ever had to deal with while masturbating was from a shower head... He felt like he was moving in slow motion underwater.

Through the pain and pleasure, a wave built within him. He couldn't hope to delay his orgasm, and pushed his muscles hard as they could to reach that climax. But tightening on those two cocks inside him brought more pain to the mix. He did his best to keep himself together, but his breathing was becoming difficult as his ecstasy peaked. White ribbons collect in the aqua in front of him. His partner seemed to respond to the tightness, and pushed harder into him, and harder, and harder. His consciousness slips, little by little, but one hump stops deep in him. He couldn't feel the surge of fluid pumping into him, but he had no doubt he was being filled.

He could barely keep his eyes open. This was bad... He needed his transporter, and fast. It had to be around his thighs, with most of the rest of his suit... But something shifts in the alien's demeanour suddenly, and its twin poles slip out of him quickly. It shoves him outward, even as its cum trailed out of his reddened ass. The starfarer found his chance, and bringing all the strength he could to his arms, he swims to the surface. As he climbs higher, he spins around to see his mate scrambling back into the depths. Whatever its reason for leaving in such a hurry, it may have just saved Davis.

Orange hairs collapse over his goggles as his head breaches. He pulls down the tiny mask covering his face, and gasps for air. It may not bring all his energy back right away, but it keeps him awake. The front of his bare body starts to find the surface, as he idly floats, finding some kind of rest.

"This better be good enough to get that asshole off my case for a bit," Davis groaned to himself.

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*“Jonathan Freeman?”*

*“Shit-- Sorry, you scared me there...! Ah--!”*

*“An understandable reaction, all things considered, given the origin of this ship... I take it you’re aware--”*

*“Yeah-- Yes, I’m aware this is Foundry tech. If you are looking to collect the ship, I am willing to co-operate with any efforts in its safe return...”*

*“That won’t be necessary. On the contrary, in fact: I understand you’ve looked into modifying the technology on this ship to your own needs, and I wanted to make an offer of co-operation of my own.”*

*“... And what do you want out of this?”*

*“For starters, this is not to be kept on official files; neither the Foundry nor Earth’s authorities should have any knowledge of this ship being any more than a wreckage.”*

*“That’ll be kind of hard, given... Sorry, continue.”*

*“As well, my other condition is that you keep full logs on your progress... Localized solely on this ship’s hard drive. I imagine you’ve already inserted a more substantial hard drive by now: at least a couple extra terabytes or so?”*

*“You want them there so you can access them yourself, when need be, I take it?”*

*“When the time is right. Communications on skiffs like this are... troubled, as I’m sure you’ve discovered, so the only people who could access this ship’s files had to be physically on the ship. There is tracking systems for Foundry ships to keep an eye on it from a certain range, but aside from its comms link, that’s all it has to offer. I’d actually prefer you kept it that way.”*

*“... Can I assume what I’m getting in return is... Not being arrested or abducted by the Foundry?”*

*“What you receive in return is these schematics. It’s your choice if you choose to apply them to this skiff.”*

*“... What are you planning with this... Admiral...?”*

*“Donvarrus. And, please, let’s not discuss the long-term on this just yet. With any luck, you and I shall have a fruitful partnership on this project.”*