

Panocide: The Past – Section Two

Fii and Erik

<Date: 5/14/29,420 Standard. Location: A solemn and quite ornate room in the west wing of the Lantänger imperial palace.>

Nervous, Erik sat alone in a silky red robe on a very wide bed covered with a lust satiny red colored spread trimmed with gold. Between the fingers of his right hand he rolled the button Fii had given to him on his first night on the Lantänger's home world.

He thought back to earlier in the evening after his and Fii's wedding and reception when Fii was lead away by several Chantong priestesses. Fii told him not to worry. As her father's daughter she was still technically a potential heir to the Lantänger throne and as such certain rituals had to be followed.

Much to his chagrin, Erik knew he would be included in many of the rituals. He gnashed his teeth at the thought, yet for his beloved Fii he would tolerate any ritual or other duties placed before him.

However, he was also genuinely surprised when her father made him a lord of the realm.

Saul said during his and Fii's wedding ceremony that his work was not only earning the Lantänger people greater wealth and respect, but had also made their entrance into the Alliance all the more welcomed. And should the time of Terra's own admission to the Alliance come to be then his deeds would serve them as well.

For the first time in his life since he was a youth, he felt loved and needed. And, after much time spent with Lantänger and Alliance doctors as well as with Fii, he felt forty years younger and now looked well ahead to many decades of productive life with Fii by his side.

Keeping with his status as a Lantänger lord, Saul had offered Erik the chance to take on more wives well beyond the legal limit for those of a common man. He was granted an additional sixty Lantänger women to act as consorts or secondary wives, and more should he wish for them. There were also several Larien, Ajosian, Voeshalter, Lakiekan, Maukator, and Dycinian women who were interested in him as well.

Erik politely thanked Saul for the kind offer but said he wouldn't consider it until after he was settled in with Fii and when she agreed to his having more wives.

This earned him a long kiss and a hug from Fii. Then, in a calming, cooing voice, she whispered in his ear, *"My dearest, you're the only Terran in the Alliance and there was no telling when more Terrans might venture out to join you. Besides, until you try, there's no absolute assurance through which people of the Alliance with whom Terrans are genetically compatible to have little ones with. Geneticists can only say so much. Moreover, you're having children could do you and your heart a world of good."*

Erik smiled as he warmly caressed Fii's button in his palm. When he left his Mother Earth he had no dreams remaining in his head about one day marrying, let alone having children. In his mind, he could only picture him self in Fii's loving arms. *Maybe with time, my dear Fii*, he thought with a sigh. *But for now, dear Fii, there's only you.*

Erik heard someone knocked at the room's door. Startled, he took a deep breath and said, "Come in... Please."

A middle-aged, diminutive, bare-breasted Lantänger woman silently entered the bedroom chambers. About her waist she wore something resembling a Hawaiian grass hula skirt with a large bronze medallion positioned before her groin. As Erik rose, she said to him in a commanding voice,

“Stand, but remain silent and where you stand.”

He didn't argue as he followed her orders.

Six younger, bare-breasted Lantänger women entered the chambers. Three stepped to the first woman's right and the remaining three stepped off to her left.

The first woman bowed in concert with the other six women. Rising, she said, “Lord Warren, I am Tau Priestess Jedii O'Besser. I and my fellow Chantong sisters are here to bless the union between you and Princess Fii. Did Princess Fii explain to you that our holy language is forbidden to be entered into translation modules, and as such you will not be able to understand what we say during the ceremony?”

“As with our wedding.” He nodded. “Yes, she did.”

“Very good, sire.” Jedii bowed slightly. “Then we shall continue with the ceremony and blessings.” She raised her arms and she and the six women started a chant.

As the priestesses continued with their blessings, Erik had to force his eyes away from their naked breasts. He found solace thinking back to the night before when he rested his cheek on Fii's naked furry breasts as they cuddled together.

Seven additional priestesses entered the room, each carrying various ancient religious relics and devices containing smoking incense.

Erik again blankly listened and waited patiently as the blessing continued.

Jedii raised her voice and announced, “Her highness, Princess Fii.” She and the other priestesses dropped down onto their right knees and bowed.

Erik started to lower himself when Jedii raised her right hand and gestured for him not to.

Seven more priestesses entered the room along with Fii. The priestesses were dressed as the others were while Fii wore a wreath of fragrant flowers about her head and a sheer, purple colored robe draped over her shoulders and trailing well behind her. Her breasts and the area of her womanhood were hidden by dazzling, multicolored bouquets of flowers.

Erik prayed that his excitement at seeing Fii didn't show and cause an embarrassing situation for either of them. Then he thought *that's why they were all here*.

Fii stopped three meters before Erik and the seven priestesses with her promptly lowered themselves onto their knees.

Jedii stood up and commenced to solo chant as she walked very slowly over to Fii. As she reached Fii, the remaining priestesses stood and joined in the chant.

Unannounced, a heavily pregnant Lantänger woman entered the bedroom chambers, escorted by two priestesses. All three wore long, non-revealing robes: the priestesses in pale pink and the mother-to-be in brilliant white.

Jedii brought Fii and the mother-to-be together, gently placing her hands on both of their bellies as all the priestesses lifted their voices in song.

Fii and the mother-to-be kissed each other's cheeks and exchanged congratulations and salutations. Listening to the words between them, Erik discovered the mother-to-be was one of Fii's older sisters.

Fii's sister turned and said an ancient blessing to Erik. She then gestured towards herself with her right hand. “Please. Come here, Erik.” As he obeyed and stepped closer, she took his hand in hers. “As my older sister Triga blessed my marriage, I now bestow my blessings on my sister Fii and you.” She placed Fii's hand in Erik's. “Let the joining of your lives be fruitful and joyous.” She squeezed Erik and Fii's hands together in hers and pressed them against her swollen belly. “May your children be healthy, happy, and have many children of their own.” While holding Erik and Fii's hands against her belly with one hand, she reached with her free hand and carefully released a tiny hair clasp in Fii's breast fur and

removed the flowers covering Fii's left nipple. She placed the flowers in her own hair by her left ear. Then she plucked the flowers from Fii's right breast and handed them to Jedii. "My many thanks to you and all of the sisterhood.

"You're most welcome, Princess Rya." Jedii placed the flowers in her hair by her right ear. She then blessed Rya and her developing child using words Erik didn't understand.

Rya glanced at Erik and smile. "I'll take my leave of you and Fii now." She hugged Fii and then hugged Erik, whispering in his ear, "Shortly, it will be up to you to remove the flower bouquet from before your wife's thighs." She kissed him on his cheek. "May the two of you enjoy the night together and may the remaining days of your lives be even more glorious." She turned and gave Fii a peck on her cheek. "I'll see you later, sis."

All the priestesses bowed and chanted a blessing as Rya and her two escorts left the chambers.

Jedii stood, bowed to Fii and Erik in turn, and gestured towards the bed. "Princess Fii and Lord Erik, if the two of you will please take your places by sitting on the edge of your bed."

Fii lead Erik over to the bed, allowing him to sit to her right.

Jedii and the priestesses began more ritual chants and blessings.

Fii whispered in Erik's ear, "Dear, just a few more minutes."

"Thanks." He gave her a nervous glance. "Do they have to stay and watch us?"

Fii squeezed his hand. "Sorry, dear. But our laws require that the consummation of our marriage contract be confirmed and then reported back to my father and mother."

He objected, "But we've been having sex since our first night planet side and unprotected sex for the past week."

"Sh..." She patted his left thigh with her left hand. "Hush, dear."

Jedii stood and the priestesses fell silent. Next, one by one they passed before Fii and Erik, bowed, said a blessing, and exited the chambers. Jedii then slowly approached Fii and Erik and motioned for them to stand.

"It is nearly time for me to take my leave." She gestured towards the bed. "And time for the two of you to begin your life together."

Jedii briefly thought of her own situation in life, for within a few months time she will have finished her ninety-second year as a Chantong priestess and retire. Retire to a life where if she was to follow her mother's wishes and have several children after her time as a priestess, she would have to find a man fairly quick—and she didn't particularly care for hiring a stud service.

Being watched by Jedii, Erik felt nervous as he lead Fii around to the side of the bed. He spied the areas where the flower clasps had crimped the fine silky fur covering Fii's breasts above her nipples. He knew well she had no pubic hair to which a clasp could attach to. There with his fingers he discovered a very fine thread holding her remaining flowers in place over her womanhood.

Fii whispered softly, "Take the flowers and hand them to Jedii to give to my parents as a sign to them that we have joined together and fulfilled our nuptial obligations." She kissed him. "Then take me and keep me."

Jedii's Retirement

<Date: 9/29/29,420 Standard. Location: Lantänger Grand Mall.>

Jedii sat at a small table outside of a small café, slowly paging through an electronic newspaper as she looked for employment opportunities. As a retired priestess, there were limited jobs in the market she could easily slip into. Fortunately, she had a

large retirement fund of ninety-two years to fall back on. She couldn't live high on the proverbial hog, but she wouldn't starve either.

She closed the jobs section of the e-paper and opened its looking-for-love section.

"Okay, girl," she mumbled to herself. "Let's see if there are any loving, family-oriented men out there willing to take on an older—ex-priestess—as an additional wife." She sighed as she read through the first of the ads. Once again it was filled with ads of young men offering their stud services to young or older women alike. "Oh...! These dating e-ads are getting worse with each passing day, and I've only been looking for a few days." She killed the e-paper's browser and switched the display over to the news. "Boring and depressing but it does pay to remain up-to-date with the most pertinent news."

A woman's voice asked, "More tea, ma'am?"

Jedii glanced up to see her waitress holding a pot of tea up and ready to pour. She had yet to grow use to being call anything but priestess or sister.

"Yes, please."

"Here you go, ma'am." Her waitress refilled her glass. "Feel free to call on me whenever you need refill."

"Thank you. I will."

"You're very welcome." Her waitress curtsied and promptly stepped over to the next table.

Jedii read where one of her old school friends was promoted to a directorship. *He finally got that director's slot, she thought. It took him nearly sixty years of nasty infighting, though.*

A familiar voice said from behind her, "Sister O'Besser."

Jedii turned about and faced Fii. "Princess!" She stood and bowed.

"No, no, no... Please, sit." Fii gestured to Jedii's seat. "How have you been?"

"Oh, I'm retired from the sisterhood now." Jedii shrugged her shoulders. "Three whole days now. I've gone by the temple twice to help my fellow sisters with some of their work, but it's still not quite the same." She almost let out a whimper. "I'm a hundred-years-old now—I think I sometimes feel quite a bit little older than that at times."

"Happy belated birthday."

"Thank you." She smiled. "So, how have you been?"

Fii patted her slightly swollen belly. "We're doing just fine."

Jedii leaned closer. "That's good to hear... Boy?"

"She's a beautiful little girl. However, we had about an even chance for either a boy or a girl." Fii pulled a chair away from a neighboring table and seated herself. "In a couple of years we'll make another try for a son, although as far as either Erik or myself are concerned, another little girl—or even if all of our children were girls—would be perfectly fine with the two of us."

"Ah, that's so nice." Jedii smiled and sighed. "I hope to one day find a man like that."

"Well, you can always do what I did and fall in love with a man from another world."

Jedii closed her eyes. "Maybe..." She opened them. "I dislike these stud services that have become the big fad lately. I just need to fine a good man. Someone like your

Erik.” She sighed. “I’ve served as a priestess since I was a girl of eight. I simply feel lost in what all I should do next.” She slowly shook her head from side to side. “The sisterhood is all I know.”

“Couldn’t you sign back on again?”

“I could... But my mother wishes for me to get out there and start a family. She herself only had two children, and my older sister passed away shortly after I joined the sisterhood.”

Fii lowered her head. “I’m so sorry to hear about that.”

“Thanks, but that was a very long time ago.” Jedii rubbed her temples. “After my sister’s death, my mom tried to get me released from my vows, but since she had numerous sisters who had birthed many children between them, the church leaders elected to have me retain my vows. As they said, once I’m freed from my vows at a hundred years of age, then I can get married and have all the children I want.” She glanced at Fii with large eyes. “That now scares me to no end.”

“Having children...? Or, do you mean finding a man—or going to *bed* with a man?”

Jedii looked more than a little embarrassed. “Maybe more of the latter two.” She raised her left hand to hush Fii. “I know. I know. I’ve watched the consummation of countless marriages over the course of my service to the sisterhood. But, I’m talking about it happening to me.” She shuttered. “I’ve heard many a young woman scream out in pain as their marriage was consummated.”

“Maybe, Jedii.” Fii stifled a laugh. “Most of those young ladies were probably trying to convince their new husbands that they were still virgins. Sometimes having their virginity intact was in their marriage contracts.” Fii briefly wondered why this little nuptial clause wasn’t applied to men.

“I realize that, but it’s just a little apprehension lurking in the back of my mind. It could very well happen...” Jedii stiffened as she fell silent.

“It’s no big deal...” Fii realized what the state of Jedii’s personal sexual experience was. “If you’re really that concerned then check with a medical doctor and have her *alter* your situation before you do marry.”

Jedii looked surprised. “They can do that?”

“Sure.” Fii leaned closer and whispered, “But it’s more fun to do it naturally. I was a junior in college when I made out and went all the way with a Vishahntien man. As you know, they can only get Vishahntien women pregnant. That made these two guys on campus quite in demand. Anyhow, I was having so much fun I didn’t even pay any attention to what, if any, pain I felt. Now mind you, I had earlier had a gynecological checkup to ensure there would be no problems or any great pain when I did so.”

“Mm...” Jedii looked discouraged as she glanced down at her diminutive chest. Most Lantänger were at least as well endowed as Fii. “That still leaves finding a man willing to marry an older woman.”

Fii faintly grinned. “My Erik.”

Kabis and Kay

<Date: 2/28/29,421 Standard. Tyrundula, Dycinian colony world.>

Geta, an elderly Dycinian-Larien farmer who also showed a touch of Lakiekan in his heritage, eased his aged truck down on a slippery mud road as a steady rain suddenly picked up its pace. His passenger was a young looking Dycinian man named Kabis. Off in the west, the last vestiges of the evening's light illuminated the underside of the cloud cover in formless hues of reds and oranges.

Being a Dycinian, Kabis looked like an oriental Terran from the front. Although quite human looking, Dycinians were descended from tree dwelling canines. Dycinians were a short people with thin tails measuring on average around two thirds of a meter in length. Dycinian men's tails were usually slightly plusher than Dycinian women's tails.

"So tell me, has old Berkis always been such a pain in the butt?"

Kabis slapped his right hand over his mouth to stifle a laugh. "You wouldn't..." He erupted in uncontrollable laughter. "Sorry, you brought back some old memories to me."

"They must some darn good ones." Geta smiled, joining Kabis in his infectious laughter.

Kabis gather his self-control as he wrapped his arms about his laughter-sore ribs. "I take it you're referring to when he was a lowly seaman and he got his ass blown off for the first time!"

"You mean his got shot in the ass...? Oh, that's good."

"No, I mean he had his entire right buttock blown away!"

"Damn!" Geta started coughing from where he was laughing so hard.

"Seriously!" Kabis tightened his grip on his ribs. "You could see a part of his pelvis bone sticking out of the bloody mess. One thing's for sure, from that point in time and onwards, Berkis followed the Dycinian Book of Arms to the letter." He tilted his head back and took in a deep breath as tears ran down his cheek. He added in a broken, solemn voice, "Damn if a lot of good men and women didn't die that day." He was visually shaken as nightmarish memories coursed through his mind. "That was the Krylian Invasion of '271."

"Oh, Dear Lord." Geta slowed the truck to a near stopped and stared at Kabis. "The two of you survived that bloodbath?"

"Through some miracle, yes." Kabis slowly sat up and opened his eyes. "This year is the 150th anniversary of the battle and I promised Berkis I would take him to the reunion or at least pay him a last visit before he pasted on."

"I don't believe you'll have to worry about Berkis dying anytime soon." Geta pointed ahead to an adobe building off to the right side of the road... "He runs that bar and bed. He calls it the Goat Catcher, but don't ask me why."

"That's a rather long story."

"Tell it to me another day." Geta halted his truck before the Goat Catcher Inn. "I don't want to know everything about Berkis all at once. I always like to leave a little mystery for another day."

Kabis stepped out of the truck. "Here." He pulled his wallet out and held it open inside the truck's cab. He extracted a business card. "I have several forms of mail listings you can reach me at. I'll tell you more then." He then pulled two twenty Dycinian credit notes from his wallet. "Take you wife out and have a good time."

"Ah, I couldn't take your money." Geta waved Kabis off.

"Nah." Kabis shook his head as the rain soaked him... "If I had of hopped on one

of those bot taxis from the star port, I would have paid far more and I wouldn't have had nearly as much fun."

"Well, if you insist." Geta accepted the gift and then shook his finger at Kabis. "You had better get out of the rain, and when you see Berkis, say hello to him for me."

"Will do." Kabis grabbed his backpack from the bed of the truck and slung it over his left shoulder. "Take care." He shut the truck's door and waved as Geta drove off into the misty evening. Lowering his hand, he removed his sun glasses and tucked them in a dry pocket.

He then turned his attention towards the Goat Catcher's Inn. There were more than two dozen old rugged and ragged trucks parked all about the establishment. Although outside the bar, he could make out a song about how a lonely woman whose heart had been shattered one too many times by two-timing men. "Only Berkis," he whispered as he started walking through the mud towards what he took as the inn's front entrance.

As he entered the inn, all eyes peered over their drinks to study him. The eyes belonged to a wide mixture of men. Most of the men were young while a few were quite old. Several appeared to be quite intelligent and well educated while a good number looked dumber than the floor they walked upon. He kept his best poker face on as he silently walked up to the bar. All of the patrons averted their eyes as they quickly realized he was a syntient.

"Hello." He sensed his old friend's presence in a small room behind the bar. "I'm Kabis Ko'Rii. I'm here to see Berkis Vi'Kar."

"I'm sorry," the much taller, middle-aged, Larien bartender said as he avoided Kabis' syntient gaze. "He's busy in the back at present. You may have a seat and I'll announce you."

It donned on Kabis his glasses were in his dry pocket and he quietly put them on.

"Kabis! You old dog!" Berkis shouted over an intercom. "For God's sake, Petré. Send him back! Send him back!"

Smiling, Petré held his right hand out and gestured around to the side of the bar.

"Thanks." Kabis headed towards the back. Curious, several patrons watched him as he cut around the corner of the bar and headed towards the rear.

"Kabis." Berkis slowly stepped out of the rear room, supported by a hand-carved cane in his right hand. "My, aren't you looking good."

Kabis carefully placed his arms about Berkis and embraced him. "I hope you have done well." He sensed his old friend's bones were in bad shape, even after the repeated rejuvenation treatments he had been informed about. Berkis suffered from a rare genetic disease which, though easily kept in check in the young, was devastating to the middle-aged and elderly.

Berkis pointed to an unoccupied table in the darkened backside of the inn. "It's a good thing I have my service pension to live on." He glanced upwards. "It does keep a roof over my head." He laughed as he slapped Kabis' shoulder. "But damn, it's good to see you again!"

"You, too." Kabis provided Berkis a helping hand as he sat in an old, well padded chair. "Berris gave me a lift here. He said hello."

"Ah, he's a good man, but I can't believe you risked your life in that old jalopy of his."

“Aye, but we had a few good laughs traveling here.” Kabis nodded. “Are you sure you won’t try to make the reunion?” He pulled a chair up next to Berkis and leaned closer towards him.

“I really wish I could, but the years have taken their toll.” He gestured to Petré with two fingers.

Petré quietly filled two beers from a side spigot.

“It may taste a little strong, but it doesn’t have the potent kick like what we enjoyed on Targis Four.”

Petré brought the two beers over.

“I nearly choked to death on that stuff.” Kabis grabbed a beer, took a full gulp, and then swallowed hard. “Oh, yeah,” he said in a hoarse voice. “That’s good.”

Berkis winked. “It’s my own private stock.” His hand motioned to his patrons. “This brew’s too good for them. They’re only here to get drunk and fight. More than likely fight towards the end of the evening.”

“Keptus.”

“Ah!” Berkis held his right index finger up. “Crazy gelf! How he loved to fight. As I recall, it took him only a couple a years or so to get all of his teeth knocked out of his skull. Even when he was sober he didn’t have much up top. Do you remember Keeshish? She had that thing for knives.” He shook his head. “At least until she ran across that combot back on Quandus Minor.”

Kabis’ face soured. “We never did find all of her. That bot used 20mm explosive dumdums as I recall.” He allowed his head to roll back onto the back of the chair.

“Damn!”

“Are you okay?” Concerned, Berkis sat his beer down.

Kabis raised his head and opened his watery eyes. “Sure. —It’s just that from time to time all the stinking death I’ve seen comes back to haunt me.” He wiped his eyes clear of tears.

“I know what you mean... At least to a smaller degree.” Berkis downed the remainder of his beer. “Although I haven’t seen nearly as much death as you have old friend, I am fortunate it will soon overtake my failing body. In a way I see death as a blessing of relief.” He raised his hand. “Two more, Petré.”

“Listen carefully.” Kabis placed his hands beneath his chin. “Gayle has obtained a position at a military school for you, the Meiyzadal. This would allow for you to be treated at the neighboring Larien National School of Medicine.”

“It won’t do any good.” Berkis sternly shook his head no.

“Correction,” Kabis sighed. “It won’t do you any good if you don’t try.” He held his right fist out before him and tightened it. “Damn it! Fight this like you fought the Krylians. I don’t want to see you bedridden or worst—dead—before your two hundredth birthday, I want to see you up and dancing about on your three hundredth.”

Berkis stared back at Kabis for a very long moment. “All right.” He frowned and tapped his knuckles on the table top. “If it will stop you from pestering me.”

“Good.” Kabis grinned. “I’ll buy the next round.”

“I own the stash.” Berkis gestured to a monitor hanging over the bar as Petré brought two more beers. “A hover taxis just pulled up outside.” He glanced at Petré and signaled with his hands, “*This place may soon be under new management. We’ll talk it over in the morning.*”

Petré's eyes brightened. "Yes, sir." A wide smile grew on his face as he walked back to the bar.

"I've been meaning to sell this place to him." He tapped the side of his beer. "Cheap, too!"

"Trouble." Kabis gestured to the image of a Vishahntien woman stepping out of the taxis on a display behind the bar. "She's a syntient."

Berkis stroked the short beard on his chin. "Damn! She's quite a looker. Good and stout build, too." His eyes darted about the patrons of his inn. "These guys will be getting rowdy soon and having a nice, pretty face in here is not going help matters whatsoever."

The front door opened and a tall woman stepped inside. She had a pleasant look about her rather plain Vishahntien face, and she was somewhat plumper than most of her fellow Vishahntiens. She had black on yellow-orange tiger-striped skin with blonde hair atop her head.

The eyes of the patrons, however, were on her well developed chest.

"Not good," Kabis said aloud, thinking about what thoughts would undoubtedly rush through the inebriated patrons' minds.

The woman cautiously stepped over to the bar and spoke to Petré.

Berkis leaned towards Kabis. "Now, why would she come here?"

Kabis thought for a second. "...The reunion."

Berkis' eyes narrowed. "I think I would have remembered her if she had been at the battle."

That's for damn sure, Kabis thought. "She hasn't noticed there's one more person in here than she can sense."

"She must be a young synt."

"I'll keep an eye on her while we talk."

"I'm sure you will." Berkis drank some of his beer.

The woman sat at one of the stools and placed her hands in her lap. "Look. I really need to speak with Berkis Vi'Kar."

"Yes, ma'am. As I said, he's busy at the moment. You will have to wait." Petré wiped the bar before the woman clean with a damp cloth. "In the meantime, may I get something for you?"

She looked along the back wall and all the bottles neatly placed on shelves. "Is asking for milk asking too much?"

"Believe it or not, no." He stepped to the side a couple of meters, knelt down, and opened a small refrigerator. "Whole? Skim?"

"Two percent, please... If you have it." She sensed three men walking up behind her.

Petré glared at the men and shook his head as he handed the woman her milk. "It's on the house."

"So..." One of the men, bolstered by alcohol, asked, "Why would someone as pretty as you come out to a place like this?" He smiled, which quickly showed her that half of his teeth were missing. "...Not that we're complaining, mind you."

She turned about on her stool and raising her glasses made eye contact with the man.

"Damn!" He nearly tripped over his own two feet as he stepped back. "You're a freaking synt!"

“Aye.” She nodded and turned back around only to feel a pair of hands on her waist. Spinning about, she sensed one of the men make a grab for her left breast. “Stop it!”

“Feisty.” The man then made a grab for her other breast. “I like that in a woman.”

The woman raised her leg and shoved the man back with it, sending him crashing to the floor. “I’ll have none of that!”

Kabis slipped off his chair and started a low, stooping walk out of sight of the patrons and towards the quarrel.

Petré started to reach beneath the bar when he heard a pistol’s hammer cock beside his head. The man holding the pistol boldly said, “Leave that shotgun alone or leave here with it and dead!”

As the man with the roaming hands picked himself off the floor, the third man stealthily shoved the business end of a pistol deep in the woman’s cleavage as she protected herself against another man with roaming hands. “Easy, missy. You don’t want this to go off now, do you?”

Where the weapon rested along with its cold barrel pressing against her flesh sent a chilly wave of goose bumps dashing up her spine. She knew she was in deep trouble, and she was going to have to remain alert for any possible means of escape.

The man moved the pistol rapidly from side to side between her breasts and watched with delight as their jiggling. “Now this is a sight we’re sorely missing around here.” He made her breasts shake once again. “I could watch this all night.”

The woman glared harshly through her glasses at the man and he reacted by raising his pistol and aiming it between her eyes. “Damn that’s unnerving. Close your eyes, bitch!”

She closed her eyes and then felt the muzzle press firmly against the skin between her eyes. *Now what is he going to do?* She wondered as she fought to keep her wits about her. Horrified, she felt the man’s left hand slip beneath her top and bra and squeezed her left breast a couple of times. Then his thumb and index finger clamped down hard about her large nipple and gave it a nasty twist... As she winched from the pressure of his grip a loud pistol shot stung her ears.

The man holding a pistol on Petré screamed in pain from having his elbow bent ninety degrees on the wrong direction by Kabis. Behind the bar, several bottles laid shattered from the bullet passing through them, their contents splashing and dripping onto the floor.

As Petré drew his shotgun, the woman shoved the pistol pointed between her eyes above her head where it discharged, shattering an ornate beer stein above and behind the bar. Releasing the woman’s nipple as he panicked, the man found his hand stuck between her breast and bra as her knee slammed with tremendous force between his legs, crushing one of his testicles out right and not doing the other one much good, either. As he recoiled in agonizing pain, she twisted his free hand to the side and recovered his pistol. She then turned the weapon towards the first man.

He raised his arms. “Easy, bitch. I’m unarmed.” He slowly backed up as other patrons peer from beneath their tables. “Hey, we were just having a little harmless fun with you.”

“Harmless?” Her arm tensed and her finger pressed harder against the weapon’s trigger. “Let me placed this pistol in the crease of your buttocks and then shove it where

the light doesn't shine for extra good measure and let's see if you think it's harmless!" She saw Kabis pick up the second man's pistol. "Don't think about it." As she made eye contact with him, she realized he was one of the most powerful syntients she had ever met. "Who are you?"

"I'm Kabis Ko'Rii." He noticed her ruined pants but chose not to say anything. "Who are you?"

"I'm Kaylieda Botay'jy. Ensign."

Kabis nodded. "Commodore."

Kay nearly jumped to attention, but kept the pistol she had aimed at the back peddling man. "Sir."

"Fresh out of the academy?" Kabis glanced at Petré and said, "Get some medical help for these fools."

Petré nodded as he kept one hand on his shotgun while he dialed the local emergency number.

Kay waited for Kabis to return his attention back to her. "Yes, sir. While I await my first duty assignment my family asked that I check on Commander Vi'Kar."

Kabis smiled as he studied the markings of her face. "I take it you're a descendant of Marshal Botay'jy?"

"Yes, sir. She was my great-great-grandmother, sir."

"Relax. And cut the sir crap out."

"Yes..."

"Call me Kabis, Kaylieda." He turned and gestured for the patrons to leave. Most of them were quite eager to leave, although a few uttered a choice words or gestures from their darker thoughts with their hands as they exited the inn.

Kay motioned with the business end of the pistol for the first man to remain where he stood. "Everyone calls me Kay." She looked down and noticed the floor was wet between her feet and the inside of her pants' legs, though rather warm, was now beginning to chill. Other than sighing with faint moan, she maintained her composure.

"Here, Kay." Berkis stepped forwards and handed her a large towel. "I'm Commander Vi'Kar."

Kabis held his pistol on the man while Kay tied the towel about her waist. She took the time to reposition her bra so it fitted somewhat comfortably again and straighten her top. She then turned and smartly saluted Berkis who didn't look particularly pleased with the gesture. "Commander, my family sends their greetings and they sincerely hope you will accept an invitation to the reunion of soldiers who turned back the Krylian Invasion of '271."

"Sorry..." Berkis shook his head and pointed to Kabis. "He asked first."

Looking at the expression on Kay's face, Kabis nearly broke down laughing.

Breakfast

<Date: 3/5/29,421 Standard. Dycinian.>

Berkis winched as he slowly propelled his wheelchair along the long, well lit hallways of the convention center hosting the reunion of Krylian Invasion of '271. He didn't mind being around people—he just preferred meeting them a few at a time. He

watched as a waiter bot skimmed through the corridor with a load of dirty dishes, veering from its course to easily miss him.

There must at least be some food in that direction, he thought. All this scrambling about has given me an appetite.

A second waiter bot with an empty load approached him and he waved his hand as it passed him, shouting, "Bot... Stop!"

The bot slowed, then turned about and faced him as it drew closer to him.

"Can you take me, or at least tell me, where I can get something to eat?"

From beneath a black sensor eye on the lower portion of the bot, a small arm slipped out of its hidden storage compartment. The arm reached down and touched one of two small blue-colored buttons on the inside of the wheelchair's armrests.

"This is personal transportation chair, identification number 53M209GES9PIMA. You may call me Pima. May I help you?"

The waiter bot retracted its arm and silently continued on its way.

"Well I'll be a son-of-a-gun." Berkis stared at the button.

"Sir?"

He shook his head to clear away the cobwebs. "Have you been here all along?"

"I am your personal transport service chair, sir. I announced myself when you sat in me yesterday morning at 0703 hours local."

Berkis thought back to the previous morning. "All I heard at that time was some young man dancing by with his music blaring."

"Sorry, sir. I did not realize our lapse in communication."

"No problem. Can you direct me to where I can eat breakfast?"

"Yes, sir." The chair proceeded to move forwards on its own. *"You are currently off the main passageways of the hotel in a service corridor."*

"That explains the lack of people."

"If you will please note there are black and yellow warning stripes along the bottom of the walls and baseboards. There are also brightly numbered service corridor signs placed one and a half meters up from the floors at all intersections."

Berkis glanced at the warning stripes on the surrounding baseboards. "I'm old," he growled more at himself than to the chair. He knew all the clues were all about him, but he had been oblivious to them. "Could you possibly tell me the location of Commodore Ko'Rii?"

"He is currently occupying the breakfast hall we are now heading towards, sir. Shall I announce your pending arrival?"

"No. I want to surprise him."

"Very well, sir." The chair turned a corner and merged into a main hallway linking the hotel to the convention center. *"Breakfast is served on a buffet bar; however I can have a waiter robot bring yours to you."*

"That sounds good to me."

A small display slipped away from the back of the chair and swung about to the left and stopped before Berkis. *"Here is a viewing of items served this morning, sir. Feel free to select whatever you like."*

"Thanks." He scrolled through the different selections and checked off a few selections he recognized. "I'll start with this."

"Very good, sir."

After a short drive, the chair rolled Berkis into a large dining hall. In the distance Kabis sensed him and turned about and waved for him to join him. Kay was sitting beside Kabis and was in a very cheerful, playful mood.

"A waiter is gathering your selection now, sir."

"Thanks, Pima."

Kabis got up from the table and removed the normal chair sitting opposite of him.

Berkis looked over Kabis and Kay as the chair pulled into the freed spot. "You two must have had a good time last night."

"I haven't felt this good in many a year," Kabis answered with a rather devilish smile as he placed his arm about Kay's waist. "Kay here has agreed to remain with me as my wife."

Berkis glanced sheepishly at Kay. "He didn't slip you something last night, did he?"

She waved him off. "On the contrary. He was the perfect gentleman."

Berkis glared at Kabis. "You *did* slip her something!"

"Berkis!" Kabis pulled Kay closer. "You know me better than that."

"I know you." He stole a slice of bread from Kabis' plate. "And I'm very happy for you. But..." He took a bite from the bread. "You two have only known each other for a week."

"And a great week it has been." Kabis leaned his head against Kay's left shoulder and smiled.

"You two didn't waste any time."

Kabis laughed so hard he had to grab a hold of Kay to keep himself from falling under the table and onto the floor. "Old friend, you still have a dirty mind. Kay and I decided to wait until after the ceremony before we get to part you're thinking about."

"Sure...!" Berkis smiled knowingly as a bot delivered his breakfast. "Thanks," he said automatically, acknowledging the bot's service without thought.

"No, truly," Kay said as she slowly but steadily pulled Kabis across her lap and pinned his head beneath her large chest. "I deeply wanted to smother him with love last night, but I made a promise to my mother and I will keep it."

Kabis whispered, "Comfy." Smiling, he then continued in a normal though somewhat muffled voice. "I'm having an old friend of ours fly later this morning to perform the ceremony during a break between reunion festivities."

"Who? Gayle?"

Kabis raised his left hand to stop Berkis from saying anymore. "Yes." He lowered his hand and swiped a small piece of cheese from Kay's plate. "I'm also having a good number of Kay's family flown in, too."

Berkis signed in an old combat hand language, asking Kabis if Kay suspected how old he really was.

Kay surprised him and answered back, saying, "I suspect Kabis is well over five hundred years old."

Somewhat surprised at Kay knowing their old hand language, Berkis said, "You know the bride shouldn't see the groom on the morning of their wedding."

"We never went to sleep last night." Kay wrapped her arms under Kabis, fully cradling his head with her bust. "We found a quiet spot under the stars in a local park."

"It was a gorgeous night," Kabis added.

“He’s... very good with his hands and...”

Berkis didn’t dwell on the thought, but he could have seen Kabis he would have likely sworn he would have blushed. “When are your guests arriving?”

“We have to pick them up in about a half hour. Oh, yeah.” Kabis snapped his fingers then tapped the underside of the table with his knuckles. “One more request—I need you to be my best man, old friend.”

Wedding

Kay looked herself over in the mirror. Her navy blue uniform was bare aside from her ensign rank on her left epaulette, her two syntient blue and gold colored, ten-year stripes on her right epaulette, and a good conduct medal on her chest from her time at the academy. “Mama, I should have waited until I earned some more rank and medals.”

Her mother, Lieutenant Commander Jun Botay’jy pinched her cheek. “No one’s going to be interested in looking at your uniform. Besides, if you feel the time is right, then the time is right. Besides, you know very well your first choice is nearly always correct.”

Kay grimaced. “I know, mama. This is just one of those special days in a woman’s life and I don’t want anything to go wrong.”

Jun grinned. “I bet your stomach is doing flips.”

“And how...” Kay frowned as she pressed her right palm against her stomach. She looked at herself in the mirror again and wrinkled her nose.

“Don’t worry. What you’re feeling is perfectly normal.” Jun looked over her shoulder. “Dala, where are your sister’s boots?”

“I have them right here, mama.” Dala, a young Vishahntien second female, stepped into the room wearing a long pink dress with her tail done up with a large pink bow at it’s base and a smaller, translucent pink one with sparkles near her tail’s tip. Second Vishahntien females, like their male counterparts bore tails, although they were somewhat physically taller and were not nearly as rare as their male counterparts. However, unlike males, they did not have digitigrade feet. “Look. We have them looking like mirrors.”

“Whoa... That’s a better job than you did for my graduation. Thanks, sis.”

“Well.” Dala laughed as she held the boots above her head and spun about so her dress flared out. “You were only graduating then. This time you’re getting married.”

“Dala!” Jun warned in sharp voice. “Let’s not have any accidents today.”

Feeling scolded, Dala stopped her twirling and set the boots on a table beside Kay and quickly backed away from them.

Kay whispered, “Thank you.”

Dala smiled and pranced out of the room.

“Remember when you were that young?”

“Right now?” Kay nervously shook her head from side to side. “No.” She tensed and drew her legs together as she overlapped her arms across her chest. “I’m too nervous. I have a thousand worries, a thousand questions, and a thousand misgivings.”

“Easy, Kay dear.” Jun hugged her daughter. “As long as the two of you are willing to work things out, life’s problems will pass. Besides, it’s always more interesting if there are a few minor bumps and swerves along the way.”

Kay whispered as Jun released her hug, “Berkis has me a little worried.”

“Berkis is just messing with your mind, girl.”

“And... who is this surprise guest Kabis has coming in to wed us?”

“He did say this would be one wedding people would have a hard time forgetting.

Many of the

war veterans may not be around for the 175th or the 200th reunions. A big wedding would help to achieve an unforgettable reunion.” Jun shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe Marshal Y’Farii, Dycinia’s ranking chaplain will oversee your wedding vows. I believe he was at the battle.”

“Berkis also mentioned Kabis was married earlier in his life.” Kay watched without emotion as her youngest sister, Jhee, chased after Dala.

“Now stop that, you two,” Jun warned her two youngest. She then firmly grabbed Kay by the shoulders. “Your great-great-grandmother told me a long time ago about the one time Kabis was married.”

Kay said nothing, but her eyes pleaded to know about the first woman Kabis had married. She was about to walk where another woman had walked and she didn’t want to tread into any sensitive areas in Kabis’ past.

“The story she told goes that back when Kabis was a young man of forty years he married a young Dycinian woman of nineteen named Eba. As a syntient, you know Kabis could father no children, yet they were more than willing to use a donor for their child’s father. Alas, though they tried for decades, Eba was never able to conceive. As time passed, Kabis remained young, but Eba aged quicker than most Dycinians and she passed away at the early age of one hundred six years. The blow to Kabis from her death shattered him.” She gingerly raised Kay’s chin with her hand. “I would say in the past few days you have done some rather amazing healing of a good man’s old heart.”

“Mama...” Kay nearly lost her composure. “You’re going to make me cry.”

“Sh...” Jun hugged Kay again. “If you feel the need to cry, then bawl your eyes out—no one will fault you.”

“No, mama.” She patted her mother on the back. “It’s the first day of my new life and I need to get on with it.” She smartly placed her military cap on her head. “Besides, I don’t want mess my face up any more than I already have.” She chuckled softly as she wiped the excess moisture away from her eyes. “I wonder what kind of assignment I’ll be assigned to.”

“Whatever assignment he pulls. He’s a commodore, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it’ll be a cushy assignment.” Jun held her hand out and gestured towards the room’s entrance. “There’s only one way to find out.”

“I’ll have to ask him... Tomorrow, or at some point, or other...” Kay held her hands slightly up and out from her sides. “How do I look?”

“Beautiful. You’re just simply lovely, my dear.” Jun vainly fought back her tears. “Sorry.” She wiped her own cheek. “I have to finish putting on my own uniform and then call around to see who else from your entourage is here.” She shook her finger as she left the room. “Keep your sisters out of trouble.”

“That’s a lost cause...! And thanks, mama.”

“Try!” Jun shouted from around the corner.

Kay held her hand out like a traffic officer as Dala and Jhee ran back into the room. “Halt! Mama’s getting dressed and then gathering everyone together who was able

to make it here, so you two find a seat on that couch over there.” She gestured to her right.

There was a knock at the door and Kay could not sense anyone beyond it. She thought, *Syntient!* She stood to attention in case there was a higher ranking synt on the other side of the door. “Come in, please.”

Kay watched as the door slowly opened and an epaulette displaying an ensign’s rank appeared. Next, the smiling face of a young Vishahntien second female came into view.”

Kay shouted, “Renee! It’s you! You made it!” She burst out in joyful laughter and jumped towards Renee.

Dala and Jhee covered their ears to protect them from Kay and Renee’s audible onslaught.

Renee darted through the door, leaped through the air, and wrapped her arms and tail about Kay. “Damn, girl. It’s good to see you. I didn’t think I was going to make it until I was able to hitch a ride on a Larien heavy cruiser.” She stepped back an arm’s length from Kay. “Is it true you caught a commodore?”

Kay smiled meekly. “Yeah. A few weeks ago I wouldn’t have even dreamed of this. I was dreaming of catching one of our own men like every other Vishahntien girl does.” She took Renee’s hands in hers. “I still have that opening for my number one.”

“Always a bride’s maid, but I’ll take it.” Renee glanced at the bored-looking faces on Dala and Jhee. “Your sisters?”

“Dala and Jhee. They’re my two youngest sisters. Merci, Gertha, and Marla said they would all try to break free from their duties but they’re spread out across the quadrant and probably won’t make it. This is all on a rather short notice.”

“Well, someone had some pull. I was supposed to be the officer of the day when my commander pulled me. He ordered me to get to the port and catch the fastest ship headed this way.”

“Is that Renee?” asked Jun from several rooms away.

“Yes, mama! She made it here in the nick of time.”

“Good! Kabis has already moved down to the auditorium floor. Is your bridesmaid in uniform?”

“Yes, mama.” Kay rolled her eyes.

Renee stuck her tongue out at Dala and Jhee and got the two of them to start giggling.

Kay whispered, “That’s not a good idea, you two.”

Jun stepped into the room wearing her full dress uniform.

Renee snapped to attention and saluted.

“At ease.” Jun returned the salute as Dala and Jhee started laughing. She quieted them with a glance. She smiled. “I’m Jun, Kay’s mother.”

“I’m Renee Dartani. I was a classmate of Kay’s at the academy.”

“Pleased to meet you, Renee.” Jun gave her a quick hug. “It’s time to get a move on it.” She motioned for her two youngest to follow her. “The proceedings are tight for time.”

“I thought we were supposed to be fashionably late,” joked Kay.

Jun laughed. “Not when you’re keeping a bunch of old military retirees waiting.” She opened the door and found an open-top, hotel minibus waiting in the hallway for

them.

The Ajosian driver tipped his cap and asked, “The Botay’jy-Ko’Rii party?”

“Yes.”

“Please, hop aboard.” He tipped his cap once more.

“Sure.” Jun allowed Kay to ride shotgun in the front passenger seat while she took the seat behind the driver. “Thanks.”

“My pleasure, ma’am.” The driver waited for Renee and Jun’s daughters to climb in then started driving along through the corridor.

As they traveled the two girls made faces at the people they passed. Then, much to their chagrin, the minibus pulled inside a windowless elevator.

As the elevator doors opened fully, the driver proceeded out and down a long hallway, stopping the bus outside a side entrance of the main auditorium. The driver turned towards Kay and said, “Best wishes from the Lux Hotel to you and your husband-to-be.”

“Thanks.” Kay stepped out of the minibus, followed by her family and Renee.

“Your welcome, ma’am.” He tipped his cap. “Good luck and best wishes from all of us.” He waved farewell as he drove off.

Renee sneaked inside the auditorium. Below the stage a band was playing a score of lively martial music. “They ever so packed in there. I hope they left seats for us.”

Kay rested her chin on her interlaced fingers. “There he is. Kabis is on the left side of the stage standing beside Berkis.”

Renee asked, “The guy in the wheelchair?”

“Yes,” said Jun as she whipped out a small pair of binoculars and focused in on Kabis and Berkis with them. “I don’t see a syntient aide... Whoa!”

“What?”

“I can see Kabis is wearing something one doesn’t normally see.”

“What, mama?” Kay had her eyes closed.

Jun zoomed in the binoculars on Kabis. “Around his neck he’s wearing the Hero of the Alliance Medal of Valor medal with three clusters and a golden sword.”

“Three...?” Renee stepped up on her toes to get a better look. “I can’t make out his syntient epaulette.”

“Three bars,” Jun said in a hushed voice.

“Which kind of bars?”

Jun looked around, studying all the high ranking brass. As she brought the binoculars back into focus on Kabis she remembered some of the memories of him as well as his age and deeds as handed down by her great-grandmother. “They’re the three big, thick bars. Your dear Kabis is a commodore thirty—he must be over thirty thousand years old.” She slowly let her breath out as she took in the reality of the moment. She then lowered the binoculars in time to see the hotel’s owner and her aides rushing over to her. “Hi, Mrs. Greather.”

Shocked and too excited to do anything, Kay silently stood there. Her thoughts were dashing from one extreme to another as her knees grew weaker by the moment.

Somewhat envious, Renee smiled, happy with her friend’s good fortune.

“You made it. Who’s...” Greather glanced back and forth between Kay and Renee. “The lucky gal?”

Kay opened her eyes. “I am.”

“Are you all right?” Greather stepped closer to Kay as her assistants began to tidy up the wedding party’s uniforms, dresses, hair, makeup, etc.

Kay nodded. “I’m just a little bewildered.” A wide grin grew on her face. “Kabis asked me the other day if I would mind a large wedding.” A cheerful laugh parted her lips. “I made the mistake of saying that I wouldn’t mind...”

“Don’t fret it.” Greather gestured towards the auditorium. “There are only about twenty thousand plus people in there. By our standards yours is not considered a really grand and large wedding.” She glanced at Jun. “Will you be giving her away?”

Jun nodded affirmative.

“Good. Since we didn’t have time to practice the wedding ceremony, we’re just going to keep it plain and simple. The military has numerous other ceremonies they need to have today, as well as a few other weddings later on, so time is a little tight.” Greather motioned for Jun to take Kay’s right arm with her left. “When I give the word I want the two of you to march straight to the wedding alter. Not too slow and not too fast. Got it?”

Jun said, “Simple enough.”

Kay merely nodded.

Greather pointed to Renee. “You’re the bridesmaid. Right?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. Please stand behind the bride. Once you’re to the alter stand behind her on the opposite side of the groom.” Greather looked at Dala and Jhee. “Flower girls. Great!” She motioned for the two sisters to stand in front of Kay. “There’s nothing like flower girls to cut back on the heavy overtones of a military-style wedding.” She waved for another aide to bring floral bouquets for Kay and Renee and pink flower pedals baskets for the little sisters. She then explained to the girls the very important job they had the honor of doing.

Renee whispered, “Whatever you do, do not throw that bouquet at me.”

“You got it! I mean, you won’t get it.” Kay slowly raised the bouquet to her nose and took in its heavenly aroma. “This is so nice... Blissful.”

Jun shook Kay’s arm. “Ready?”

Kay smiled. “Yes, mama.”

“You’re my first daughter to marry. You’ve made me so proud.”

“Yes, mama.”

Greather dropped her hand. “Go!”

The voice of a hidden announcer blared out, “*Ladies and gentlemen, Syntient Commodore Ko’Rii’s bride, Syntient Ensign Kaylieda Botay’jy.*”

All eyes turned as Dala and Jhee stepped out onto the auditorium floor to the beat of some lively music, and they delighted Greather by keeping up a good steady pace while laying down an even path of pedals for Kay to walk on.

After a long minute Jun and Kay reached the platform. There, Jun turned and faced Kabis. She smiled then softly said, “Blessings on both of you.” She nodded her head ever so slightly. “Be good to my little girl.”

“I will.” Kabis embraced her.

Kay sensed the large number of non-syntys in the audience. She kept her back towards them helped her to deal with their vast numbers.

Jun gathered Dala and Jhee by their hands and lead them off to the right. Her youngest broke free of her hand when they all spotted Merci, Gertha, and Marla standing

in front of the right exit. She turned about and gestured for Renee to nudge Kay.

Kay turned and nearly broke into tears as she saw all of her sisters standing together waving to her. She had been trying to ignore the audience to such a degree she had completely missed their entrance.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the announcer said in a stern tone. *“All rise.”*

Kabis glanced up at Kay. “Here’s the real surprise for you, dear.” He sheepishly smiled at her. “And, I do apologize ahead of time for this event getting a little out of hand, dear.”

A loud drum roll filled the auditorium as Larien imperial guards intermixed with ranks of Vishahntien and Sha’kal shock troops entered the festivity.

Kabis shouted over the drums. “She’s a personal friend of mine so I asked her to accept the honor wedding us.”

The announcer continued, *“All welcome the Grand Imperial Empress of Laria!”*

Stunned. Kay felt the weakness in her knees grow nearer to the point of collapse. “This is too much...”

“Bear with me...” Kabis tightened his grip on her arm. “Where we go tonight is all up to you, dear.”

Alone

With her eyes closed, Kay rested on a large beach towel spread across a boat dock. Her feet dangled in the cool waters of a pond and she slowly moved her feet back and forth, sending small ripples out across the pond’s surface.

Kabis rested his head on her bare stomach as he stretched out along the dock perpendicular to Kay’s right side. He looked up at a starry night sky under perfect seeing conditions.

“Do you have any more surprises for me, honey?” she asked.

“Other than you nothing comes to mind.” He reached with his right hand and found her right breast. He barely touched her nipple as his hand slowly moved across it. He smiled as he felt her nipple rise in response to his touch. “But, I’m sure something will.”

“Mm.” She started running her fingers through his hair. She then giggled as a few tiny fish nibbled at her toes. “It’s so nice here. The fish are playing with my toes.”

“I’ll show you some nibbling.” he rolled his head and body to his left, aiming for a soft, warm region below her waist.

Kay let out a squeal as he touched her in a quite sensual way. She took in all the pleasure he dealt out, forgetting the frantic events of their wedding earlier that day. Moments later, her fists clinched tightly in his hair and she cried out as a tremendous wave of pure joy washed over her body.

After several more floods of pleasure, Kabis turned over and rested his chin between her breasts. “You’re not saying much.”

“I can’t,” was all she managed to say. Her body was still trembling with excitement. She pulled her cold feet out of the water and swung them up onto the dock, sending a spray of water across his legs and causing a wave of goose bumps to climb his spine. She pulled him up across her breasts and kissed him, arousing him further as she shifted herself beneath him.

She moaned softly, nearly purring as he penetrated the deepest recesses of her womanhood. And in her joyful response, she nearly suffocated him between her large breasts.

“Fii and Erik,” “Jedii’s Retirement,” “Kabis and Kay,” “Breakfast,” “Wedding,” and “Alone” are sections of text from the story *Panocide*.
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