

Pira

Military Complex - Septima's Compartment

Day 5 - Early Morning

Bee-dee-dee-deep. Bee-dee-dee-deep. Bee-dee-dee-deep.

Troy tapped the off button on his comm-device's display.

"Sorry. I need to get going."

Septima rolled over, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"Troy, can we talk?" She glanced at his comm-device, lifting her eyebrows.

Troy put the sled over it. "What about?"

"Yesterday," she continued, "you said you had the situation covered. I guess I need to know, did everything work out?"

Septima wanted to know if Skyler was alive. She couldn't contact him remotely for fear of someone intercepting communication through their comm-devices and they were both busy doing their jobs. Septima's heart couldn't bear that Skyler had died horribly and that Alta had gotten away with it. Troy planned to tell her last night, but he arrived home after Septima had fallen asleep.

Septima was tired more often. She warned him earlier that it was normal for Rohku women to sleep more during pregnancy, and to expect her libido to kick into high gear for the first half of her pregnancy. The news had taken Troy back a bit, but after he thought about it, he couldn't stop laughing. Septima

summarily punched him in the chest and started laughing, too.

"Troy?" Septima prompted, returning him to the present.

"Sorry. Yes. All is well. I, uh, don't want to say anymore. Okay?"

Septima nodded. They both understood. Troy wanted to keep Septima out of it. The less she knew, the better.

"Gotta go."

Septima rolled off the bed, jumped up, and wrapped her arms around his neck. She kissed him. "You are absolutely the most amazing man I've ever met. I love you." She kissed him again. "I love you." She kissed him twice more. "I love you."

Troy started to reciprocate.

"Go. We can finish later."

"What about that libido thingy of yours?" Troy hoped she would change her mind.

"Overwhelming, but I can wait." Septima breathed rapidly. "But just a little longer. Perhaps at lunch if you live through this?"

Troy laughed. "I plan to persuade the evil queen. She'll be okay with it." He paused. "I hope." Troy swatted her on the behind as he headed to their bathroom to shower.

"Evil is an understatement." Septima headed to the kitchen.

Troy showered and left their compartment. His destination? Gen-Pop. He would visit Alta later tonight. A change of plans was needed. The people of Pira enjoyed speaking with Tohmas and

perhaps he could help. The military base's bulkhead door slid aside, and Troy stepped out. He trudged through the new snow and knocked on a wooden pole that supported one side of Petresi's tent. The man pulled the tent flap open.

"Come in, Tohmas. Please, come in."

"I can't stay long. I really wanted to stop and tell you what a great addition Hayden has been for me at the base. She is extraordinarily gifted."

"That is good to hear. My daughter works long hours, but she doesn't mind and hasn't complained."

"I noticed." Troy slipped his hands into his pockets.

"Petresi, I have a delicate question to ask and I would ask that you hear me out before drawing conclusions."

"Sit, please. Ask away."

"Does Hayden speak about me to you?" Troy pointed to himself.

Petresi glanced down, smiling. "I will honor your request, but I believe I know where you are going." He nodded. "She speaks of you a great deal but does her best to put on a show of making it sound like mild interest." Petresi offered Troy a plate filled with several kinds of cheese and fruits.

Troy held up his hand. "No thanks. She appears to be extremely naive, but she says the most peculiar things. I don't know what to make of it."

"My daughter is versed in the way of computers, but she

knows nothing of relationships," Petresi said. "If you are concerned about things she says, it's probably quite innocent."

"I'm sorry for putting you on the spot."

Petresi touched his chest. "I am her father and I want what's best for her. Having said that, I will share with you that she may have feelings for you more than she will admit to me. You are a good man. I know you will do the right thing."

"I am in a relationship. Hayden knows that. I need some help, hopefully from you, to ensure she doesn't get hurt. It may be too late."

Petresi nodded. "With the joys of youth come the pains of becoming an adult."

"Wise words, Petresi. Thank you."

"Thank you for giving her a chance at a better life. When this war is over, she deserves much happiness."

Troy said farewell and left. He spent the next few hours speaking with Agaria, catching up on her life, and checking on her child, Toma. They were doing fine, so he decided to meet Septima for lunch. Septima made sandwiches and a glass of water for each. They relaxed on the same couch Troy had woken on after arriving on Pira.

"I was thinking about making small talk and then making love," Troy said.

"I was thinking about making love and then making love," Septima quipped back.

"Do I get to choose one of those two you were thinking of?" Troy asked.

"I'm feeling generous today." Septima slid closer to him. "So yes. Which one do you choose?"

Troy rubbed his chin, pondering his two choices. "Hmmm. They are both great choices. It's hard to pick just one. Is the option on the table of choosing both?"

She kissed him. "Absolutely." Septima knelt next to him and turned his head to put his ear on her chest. "Can you hear my heart racing, Troy?"

He nodded, pulling her on to him and letting her straddle his legs.

She took his shirt off, then hers, and placed her breasts against his chest. "Can you feel how hot I'm getting?"

He nodded, lifting her up enough to kiss each one. She moaned.

She put his hand between her legs. "Can you feel how wet I'm getting?"

He blinked several times. Troy really loved this side of her. She was always creative when it came to lovemaking. He nodded.

"Can you see how much I want you right now?" She gazed into his eyes as she pressed her mound against his erection. Troy gasped and coughed a few times. He had inhaled too quickly. He nodded, locking eyes with her as she gyrated on him, keeping

pressure on his erection.

"You should take the first option now and the second option in a few hours." Septima's breaths were short and quick. "Sound fair?"

"Oh, hell yeah." They both stripped in earnest. They needed to burn the sexual energy they had generated. Troy lifted her up and laid her on the couch. "Do I have your permission to join with you, my love?"

Septima giggled. "Silly, but I like it." She cleared her throat. "Of course, let our bodies become one and never be separated again."

"Impractical, but I'm willing to try it."

They both laughed. Troy pushed her knees apart and entered her. Septima's eyes closed as her mouth opened. She took in a rush of air, tilting her head back. Troy continued in slow, rhythmic movements synced with hers. She thrust her hips up as he thrust them down. They continued their slow, agonizingly blissful motion, letting their bodies build a dam that held their sexual energy back. The dam began to fill as it inched closer to overflowing.

"God, Troy."

Her voice, speaking his name with such intensity, caused his sexual desire to overflow and his dam to break. "Now!" She said.

Troy thrust into her, switching their slow pace to a

faster, more intense one.

Septima screamed, clutching Troy by his shoulders as she held on to him tightly. His thrusts reached deep into undiscovered places of pleasure. Troy watched her reactions, looking for the spot or the thrust that pleased her most. One thrust made her breath catch and he focused on that. Septima's eyes widened as she stared at him in surprise. She couldn't speak as her orgasm increased in strength. She shook her head at him, squeezing his arms tighter. Troy considered stopping, but she wasn't in any danger. She feared the intensity of what he had brought out in her body. Her mind registered that fear, but it was pushed aside by her orgasm.

"Troy! I—"

Troy thrust again.

"Can't—"

And again.

"Take—"

And again.

"It." Septima's eyes rolled back into her head. She trembled several seconds and collapsed into unconsciousness as Troy finished inside her. He flopped on top of her, his strength ebbing away as his orgasm washed over his body in waves and ripples from head to toe. Then they slept.

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