

Aftermath

An AU vignette by
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Pain.

It was the pain in his body as he stirred that jolted Gabriel to consciousness as he drifted in space alongside the debris and detritus of the battle. The Messenger groggily looked around to orient himself, pushing aside a house-sized piece of hull plating that bore the insignia of the Aurean Empire. Even this casual movement caused waves of pain to shoot through his body. Gabriel shoved the pain aside in his mind as he tried to focus on finding survivors. Of trying to find her....

A quick glance around the wreckage gave Gabriel the impression that the Velorians had managed to win against the small Aurean military convoy. It was supposed to be a simple enough matter: scout out the dead star system of Meros on rumors of an Aurean buildup. Dozens of Protectors and Messengers had been sent.

The presence of a small Aurean fleet was an annoyance.

The presence of the Tset'lar had complicated things.

Able to focus his vision, Gabriel saw the dead bodies floating through the debris field. Most wore Aurean uniforms. His heart sank each time he spied a glimpse of an unmoving woman in blue, red, and yellow. The only thing that kept his hope alive was that none of the bodies had been her.

After a few minutes, he started to fly out of the debris field, clenching his fists as the pain continued as he moved. A wisp of a memory came to him as he turned to at the nearby asteroid field. The last thing he could recall before slipping into unconsciousness was that the fight was moving towards the belt in the Meros system. She had been leading the Tset'lar away to give her fellow Velorians a chance to recover. He started looking at the barren rocks, searching for a sign of life in a system thousands of years dead.

His heart stopped when he finally spotted her on a large asteroid. She was lying in a crater, not moving.

Immediately, he flew towards the asteroid where her body lay, all sensations of pain and fatigue ignored. As accelerated as fast as he could, Gabriel focused on trying to see any movement. A twitch of her perfect body. A rise of those glorious breeats to indicate she was still breathing. But there was nothing. Her golden hair splayed out around her head in disarray. Patches of purple and black were formed where bruises had set in. A drying trickle of blood ran from her mouth to a small patch on the ground near her cheek. A faint glimmer of hope remained when he saw the Tset'lar lying a few yards away, head turned at an impossible angle.

The thin atmosphere of the huge asteroid parted as Gabriel reached his objective at dozens of times the speed of sound. Nearly exhausted himself, he misjudged his entry speed and crashed into the ground nearby, rolling to rest beside her. Gabriel slowly got up, reaching out to touch her cheek and finding it cold. He leaned over her body and embraced her, satisfied to spend his own last moments like this. He was almost spent, his orgone energy almost depleted between the fight and his flight to be by her side. Gabriel would quietly die with her in his arms; the Protector he had fought beside and serviced for over three decades now. His Goddess. His beloved Lysette.

As he held her and buried his head against her chest one final time, Gabriel's heightened hearing detected a faint sound. In a perfect vacuum, it would never have been noticed. Even in the thin atmosphere of the asteroid, it was almost too faint for ears that could hear a pin drop in a crowded room. He paused, concentrating, straining to hear it against the sound of his own beating heart. The seconds melted into an eternity, but he heard it again. A heartbeat from Lysette.

Trembling, he set her back down and considered his options. It would take a day to get to Meros where he could recharge both his and Lysette's stores of orgone. That was time that she didn't have. He couldn't raid the remaining stores of the Tset'lar's orgone, either. Release of the energy to recharge someone took a conscious effort. That left only one option remaining.

Gabriel tore off the remainder of his own clothing; not a difficult feat given their tattered status. He gently lifted Lysette's red skirt to expose her charms. Kneeling over her body, he began to stroke his cock, trying to bring it to hardness. His own condition and fatigue made it difficult, but he could slowly feel his dick getting hard.

As he masturbated, Gabriel's mind flashed back to when he first met Lysette. He had been a messenger for 15 years, then, and he was chosen to take part in Lysette's Rites. She was a giggling, bubbly 16 years old, then; full of a certain innocence and joy that Gabriel found attractive. He remembered her whispering in his ear that she enjoyed his contribution to her Rites the most.

Five years later, she was changed, lost. He was the first Messenger she had encountered at her posting. The loneliness and isolation had taken their toll as much as the periodic fighting against the occasional menace to her Protectorate. That first night, he just held her as she cried herself to sleep in his arms, grateful that she finally had someone to share the burden with, even for a little while. The rest of his visit was almost non-stop sex.

Back in the present, his cock stiffened fully as the memory of how tight she always felt drove him on alongside his concern for her. With a combination of pre-cum and his own saliva to act as lubricants, he placed his flared cock tip to her pussy and gently pushed in.

Memories of the times they shared in bed accompanied the tight sensation enveloping his dick as he continued to thrust into her. He had always looked forward to spending time serving Lysette. The look of bliss on her face as they embraced after fucking. Her excitement of discovering new techniques that had lost their novelty and appeal to older Protectors. The week of passion and fucking they had five years ago when he told her that he had managed to become her Messenger and servant exclusively. All these memories helped him focus on his task as he held back his orgasm while he summoned up the last of his stores of

orgone. In his mind, he heard her cries of passion from sessions long past. The sound of her screaming out 'Kai'l mierda!' in pleasure echoed in his mind as he felt her body reacting unconsciously to the fucking.

With a cry of his own and a surge of power, Gabriel came inside her. His back locked in an arch as he shot wave after wave of his fluid, genetically sterile but charged with all of his orgone. Her pussy squeezed his cock tightly, rippling and milking every drop of his energized cum. Time stretched out as Gabriel struggled to stay conscious. He was rewarded with a moan of pleasure mixed with pain escaping from Lysette's lips.

As his orgasm died out, shooting the last of his energy into his love, Gabriel slumped forward, his head lying directly on those perfect breasts that he had suckled so many times before. The last things he heard as he blacked out were the beating of her heart and the rush of thin air filling her lungs.

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There was a warm feeling surrounding him as Gabriel started to wake up. Warm and comforting, like some memory of being inside his mother's womb. His eyes fluttered open to see Lysette stroking his hair, his head resting on her breasts. A dim orange glow lit up her features. Not moving his head, he looked around with his eyes and saw that they were in a volcanic chamber, bathing in the lava. Feeling him stir, Lysette looked down and smiled. She quietly said, "Welcome back....."

Gabriel struggled to sit up, but Lysette kept him firmly in place. "I managed to get us to Meros II. Plenty of active volcanoes here. It's been three hours since I got us here." Her face looked like she wanted to cry but the heat evaporated the tears. "You almost didn't make it."

He smiled back at her weakly. "I would gladly die for you. But I think it will be more enjoyable to live for you...."

Lysette laughed in spite of herself. She lowered both of them into the lava until only their heads were above the molten rock. "Rest now. We both deserve it."

Gabriel simply nodded and closed his eyes. He fell asleep in the arms of his Goddess, listening to her hum an old Velorian song.