

The Lady and the Rabbit in the Gardens of Altair IV

A young woman was alone in a garden. Or so she believed. She hadn't seen anybody anywhere in her part of the garden for almost thirty minutes now. It was a fancy garden in a public park on Altair IV, with beautiful trees and elegantly groomed bushes, and thousands of different types of flowers, though admittedly mostly red roses with thorns. She was sitting on a bench alone. Wearing a summer dress. It had been a summer day but now the sky was darkening as evening came on. Clouds rolled in. She hoped she could get done what she needed to get done, before it started raining. Better to get right to it then, she decided.

She looked around, one last time. Nobody. Then she slipped a hand down the front of her dress. Cupped a tit with her hand. Wasn't wearing a bra, of course. Then she took the nipple between her fingertips. Squeezed. Pinched hard. Rolled around. Twisted a little. Made herself grunt softly a little. She switched to her other breast and repeated the process with that nipple too. Then back again. Quickly both her nipples were hard and erect, standing out like little soldiers. Little feminine soldiers.

She moaned. Louder than she wanted to. But at least she was alone.

At that moment a man appeared. She spotted him coming through the bushes nearby. Dammit. She pulled her hands out quickly. (What started as just one hand had eventually become two, of course. The kind of girl she was.)

"I know what you were doing. Relax," said the man.

He was tall and wearing an all-silver uniform of some sort. Like a space captain's flight suit. Except without the insignia of the Galactic Empire. Private merchant marine? Couldn't be a pirate. They were not allowed on Altair, one of the few Imperial edicts they did actually enforce.

"Name's Richard. I'm a pirate. How are you? What do you do for a living?"

"Er, uh, hi there. I'm... my name's Betty. My family--"

"--is in the space transport business. I know. I've heard of them. I know who you are. Recognized you from news media photos. Figured your parents were rich so was just curious what you did for a living. Since you probably didn't really have to make one, technically. If you didn't want to."

"Well... I do lots of things. If you only knew. Haha."

"I can probably imagine."

She smirked. "I bet you do. So... how did you get past security? You know there's a ban in place, surprised you got past the port gateway."

"I have connections. Friends in various places. We do favors for each other from time to time."

"I see."

"You know what I'm seeing? Right now? I'm seeing a beautiful young woman, sitting all alone in a garden. And normally I'd be wondering why but I don't have to wonder anymore. That image will be burned into my brain for a while."

"I... Er... Look it's not what you were thinking."

"I'm pretty sure it was. But that's fine. Your secret's safe with me."

"I should probably be going now."

The man approached the bench. He leaned over towards her, putting one large hand on the back of it. She noticed his fingers were long. The longest she had ever seen. He smiled at her.

"Uh," she said.

With his other hand he reached out to touch her leg. Her bare leg. He placed it on her knee. Gently at first. Then gripped her knee, firmly.

"Er," she said.

He pulled her knee out to the side, toward him. As if he were doing something no less out of the ordinary than opening a drawer, to get at some tool, or fetch a utensil he needed to eat with. This forced her to spread her legs open much, much wider. It offered all the garden inhabitants a good view up her dress. Though the only inhabitant within range at the moment, she thought, or rather feared, and possibly hoped, was this man. This pirate named Richard. She wasn't wearing panties. Of course. He couldn't quite see this fact yet, because the bottom skirt portion of her summer dress was down halfway to her knees and because of the position he was standing in.

He let go of her knee, now that her legs were open the way he liked, presumably. With the same hand he grabbed the bottom hem of her dress, and slowly lifted it, folding it back, up over her lap. She had no secrets now. He turned his head to the side, then bent down closer to look.

"You're wet," he said. "I approve."

"Um," she said.

He put his hand between her legs and brought it slowly up toward her pussy. She never flinched. Then... yes! First contact. The feeling of his hand, his big strong masculine

hand touching her wet pussy, her filthy wet cunt, almost brought her over the edge to orgasm alone. She imagined what those long fingers might get up to. She didn't have to imagine very long. One finger pressed itself into and deep up inside her vagina. He curled it up, trying to reach that secret, forbidden and rarely properly-serviced region known as her G-spot.

"Oh..." she explained to him. She liked to give detailed scientific feedback like that, to all her men. Some of her women too.

"Indeed," he replied confidently in a DEEP manly voice. A voice not unlike Barry White of the mythical planet called Earth by its pathetic fringe believers and/or professional galactic cartographers.

The cheshire cat smiled a big smile. Or perhaps he was a white rabbit. She wasn't quite sure anymore and was finding it increasingly impossible to think straight. Was she hallucinating?

The pirate added a second finger to her needy and now increasingly sloppy vag. Then he placed the thumb of that same hand down firmly across her clitoris. Pressed gently then rubbed slightly back and forth across it.

"Nnnnnngggggg...." she tried to explain again. Though by now she couldn't quite use the same big words as before. She was a highly educated and literate lady, normally. Promise. But not when her p-p-p-p-pussy was getting atttt-t-t-t-tention like this mysterious pirate was giving it then. In the public gardens of Altair IV. A place she came for vacation. For the very first time. Frankly, a place she came to cum. Because of all the stories she heard about it. A story she began to suspect she was now living out herself. Just maybe. If she were very lucky or unlucky. A mix of both?

The pirate took back his other hand, the one that he had been gripping the bench seat's back with -- to brace against while he leaned across her -- and stood up more straight. Though he kept his right hand firmly on top against and inside her pussy the entire time, never missing a beat, never breaking the connection. The possibly growing bond between the part that Betty did about HALF of her own thinking with, and the part of HIM that he did MOST of his own plundering or breaking or repairing or re-arranging things with. The best parts of a princess and a pirate, arguably, and now re-united perhaps or ostensibly only just now for the very first time. It's not always completely clear, or whether a mixture of both. It was CERTAINLY the very first time they both fucked ON FILM but nobody knew for sure whether it was the first time in real life, in the world outside erotic holoivid film. Secretly though, to be honest, everybody could kind of just tell there was something going on between them, off-camera, off the stage, behind closed doors, and in private bedrooms late at night. (The public at large, of course, did not KNOW about the luxury passenger ship incident, with her panties moved aside by unseen forces.) And they would have been right. There WAS something Going On between them then in real life. In fact just the night before -- the filming of this scene she had bent over and--Er, wait, sorry, back to the film, I'm sure you want to continue watching it, right?

So back to the garden and the pirate and the incredibly detailed mono-syllabic scientific feedback she was giving him in exchange for him giving her incredibly bold multi-modal explosive sensation experiences all across the spectrum erotic. In a public garden, which of course was the best place for such kinds of things. At least on Altair IV: the most sexually notorious planet in a galaxy of super-freaks.

Betty and Richard had progressed to a point where they were now quite filthily... Well, you can probably imagine. And they were doing *whatever* it was that they were doing with *utter* abandon. As if they were both falling into a common black hole and therefore had nothing left to lose, so what the hell, right?

Anyway, it continued like this for another 2 hours 42 minutes 13 seconds until, finally, Richard also reached orgasm as well. Either he had incredible control over himself or she was incredibly selfish and cruel that particular day in the garden. Perhaps a little bit of both. But regardless, I'm sure you'd find the lurid details boring or pedestrian so we'll just skip over it for now and jump ahead to the point where they left the garden. Let's see what happens next, shall we?

Fade out. Fade back in.

The pirate and the princess were still in the garden, near the bench. Betty was on the grass, had been laying on her back but was re-arranging her dress, then getting back up again. Richard was standing beside her, and buttoning up his space pirate pants. Betty's hair was a mess. Richard's face was flushed, which was unusual for a man of his experience and age. He had held out a hand to her and helped her to her feet. They continued to hold those hands together for perhaps a second too longer afterward than was strictly needed, before letting go. Then she sat down on the bench again and motioned for him to sit beside her, in a friendly-but-as-platonic-of-a-way as she could manage. He just stood there.

Silence. Neither of them did anything or said anything. Just looked at each other. Finally one broke the moment.

R: Would you like to see where this leads?

B: It can't go anywhere. Daddy wouldn't approve. You're a pirate. He runs the galaxy's biggest space transport business.

He shrugged. She noticed how broad and muscular his shoulders were.

R: I understand. No worries. Well, it was nice meeting you, Betty. Take care!

He turned and wandered off through the bushes, disappearing from view.

About five seconds later she got up from the bench and tried to gracefully chase after him.

NOTE: This is an erotic story featuring characters from "The Dread Space Pirate Richard" and their various sometimes unseemly and plausibly deniable adventures. For more look on Amazon, Google and Reddit.