

## Anatomy Lesson

**Warning, contains some adult material!**

Captain Kyle Descoyne Argent and Doctor Arcadia Miskinn-Warda Argent both came to independent conclusions that any further discussion of Kyle's past as revealed during the dinner party with Cordell and Amanda was unwarranted. They independently concluded that nothing would be gained from rehashing the past. Yes, they silently concluded, it was better, as the Terrans say, "to let sleeping dogs lie."

*Bullshit*, thought Arcadia as she walked in the garden with Mac trailing far behind her. Her emotional outburst was so intense that Mac picked up on it and bellowed a loud meow at her.

"Not your fault, love," she told him as she walked over and picked him up. *But I'll accept some of the blame*, she further considered.

Of course, there were gaps in his official records that arrived with him on the *Stellar Wind*. She assumed it was the usual discontinuity that normally accompanied a Starfleet officer if he or she was of a sufficient rank, position or job category. She gave the gaps of information all the due attention she normally paid such deficiencies -- she did nothing and thought nothing further of it.

Until now.

If only she had looked at his records not as his commanding officer but as his... *Not as if we were lovers when he came on board the Stellar Wind. That took a bit of doing and some external intervention by our 'guardian angels'*, she smiled to herself.

But still, Arcadia could have looked at his records not as his commanding officer but as a Healer. Certainly, she could have detected the discontinuity in his records and more importantly, what *wasn't* said could have indicated there was more to those "gaps" than just Starfleet's paranoia over possible intelligence information. And what Starfleet frequently judged to be critical data was sometimes laughable.

Arcadia decided that she knew Kyle well enough that he was probably going over the same territory, so it was up to her, as both the female partner and a Healer to come up with a suitable diversion for both of them.

*After all, she mused; there will be times when we'll be apart and I must make the most of our time together.*

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Arcadia suddenly shuddered as her thoughts drifted over the times she wasted when she could have been with Desmond. She was determined not to allow this to happen -- ever again.

"Come Mac, perhaps I shall provide you with some entertainment later this afternoon."

Mac's ears pricked up at that idea and he hurried after to her to walk into the house.

\* \* \*

Arcadia knew that Kyle wouldn't be around for a while as he was tinkering with his planes. That's how she knew he was disturbed. He only toiled on his planes with such single-mindedness when there was something on his mind. In fact, she recalled when she was told that when he thought he thought he'd lost her that first time, he worked on his *Iron Gauntlet* with such intensity that he could have built himself a complete squadron.

She walked over to her side of the bed and picked up the ancient leather box that sat on the floor next to it. Mac had come into the room and was watching her intently. Arcadia smiled at him as she carefully rifled through the contents. She finally uncovered the emerald green long gloves that her mother wore when she was married. Arcadia tried them on and noticed how well they fit her.

"They are nice, aren't they?" she told Mac as he carefully sniffed their entire length.

<What are they?> Mac asked telepathically.

"Oh, they're a fancy prophylactic," she replied to him absent-mindedly as she rubbed her hands together and stroked the gloves.

<Huh?>

"Sorry, love. They are a fancy form of protection from Vaegan talons."

She looked back at the gloves and then to Mac. "These gloves will do just nicely. Now, the trick is to get him up here and take a shower -- without him suspecting what I have in mind for him. I think you can be of assistance, Mac. You'll know when I need your help."

"Meow!" he replied aloud with some enthusiasm as he considered the fact that he was about to be provided with additional material for his collection.

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Arcadia put the gloves back in the box, put on a robe, and left the bedroom in search of Kyle.

\* \* \*

Arcadia and Mac took the stairs down to Kyle's underground lair where he kept his personal collection of fighter craft. Arcadia had to laugh out loud when Kyle had the nerve to admonish Cordell Naismith over his affection for his old Avenger Fighter -- as if Kyle has anything to talk about with his own collection of Nighthawks. She heard him furiously banging away and then finally spotted him in the corner, hunched over his workbench. No matter what men may think to the contrary, women *adore* a man who's sweaty. However, for her purposes, she needed him freshly bathed. She looked around for Mac and spotted him sniffing around a fighter. Now that she'd located Mac, she proceeded with her plan.

"Kyle?"

Kyle wasn't quite expecting anyone to invade his lair, so rather than his simply straightening up and turning around, he literally jumped and rotated towards her in one smooth motion. Arcadia thought he'd jumped at least thirty feet.

"And just who or what were you expecting, Pilot?"

"Sorry, Milady. You just startled me. I wasn't expecting you down here."

"Any reason why I shouldn't come down and join you?"

Kyle hesitated for a split second before he replied. "None that I can think of, Arcadia."

Arcadia raised an eyebrow in mock annoyance. "I see. I decided to come down here and ask you if you'd care to take a shower with me." She pointedly sniffed at the air and Mac joined her.

Kyle scowled. "Very funny you two."

In order to further her cause, Arcadia undid the robe she was wearing to display the body underneath. Kyle looked at the engine on the bench and then back to Arcadia without the robe. He then decided that the engine could wait and followed her with Mac trailing happily behind.

No sooner than they reached the living room when the comlink beeped. Kyle went over to the 'link and turned on the audio portion as he sat down.

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"Captain Argent?"

Kyle buried his head in his hands and sighed. *Here we go again.*

"This is Captain *Kyle* Argent," he tersely responded.

"Captain, Commodore Naismith wishes to speak to you."

*Damn!* While Kyle was always happy to talk to the Chief of Staff of the Starfleet Fighter Corps and his erstwhile Best Man, he did have other things on his mind. Kyle waited patiently until Cordell's face appeared on his link.

"Good to see you, m'boy," Cordell began.

"Usually I'm glad to see you too, Cordell, but I'm.... err.... busy."

Cordell cocked an eyebrow and smirked. "I see. Well, I'm afraid that this can't wait but I'll try to keep it short," Cordell added with a smile.

"Thank you, Cordell. Just let me tell Arcadia that I'll be delayed."

"No problem, Kyle. And please give Arcadia our regards."

Just as Kyle rose from the chair to find her, she walked into the living room. "Sorry Milady, but duty calls."

"I understand, Pilot," she sighed. "I can shower... alone," she informed him seductively as she allowed her robe to fall to her feet and kicked it towards him.

Kyle drew a sharp breath as he carefully took in her unclothed body as it moved away from him. "I'll make this call even shorter," he muttered under his breath.

\* \* \*

The freshly bathed Arcadia had just flicked Mac out of her way with a wet towel when Kyle finally walked in ready to take his own shower.

She gave him a mock scowl. "Since you missed taking a shower with me, I will assist you in toweling off when you are done."

He stopped to admire her dark glistening skin as she began to rub rose-scented oil all over her body. And he promised himself he wouldn't take long in the shower.

\* \* \*

Arcadia decided that this would not only be a special treat for Kyle but she should practice what she'd learned in Terran anatomy class. She went over to her dresser and pulled out a glass decanter. She opened the jar and the fragrance of sandalwood drifted through the room and smelled most inviting. She placed the vial near the plush but fake tiger skin rug before the fireplace in their bedroom. She went over to her side of their bed and opened her private box to extract the pair of long, green silk gloves that were on top. She placed them near the vial and laid extra pillows about the rug.

She heard the water stop signaling to her that he was about to exit the shower. She rushed over with a luxurious towel to wipe him down. As she rubbed the excess water off his skin, she noted how bronze his skin had become from all the time they'd spent in the sun. Arcadia began to feel a certain amount of jealousy, as her skin is so dark that she does not take on such a radiant glow when exposed to the solar rays.

"There, you're now all dry, Pilot," she told him as she hung up the towel.

"Thank you, Milady," he replied as he walked into their bedroom.

"How would you like a rub down?" she told him as she pointed to the rug. "I have your favourite sandalwood oil and I'm sure I can relax you completely as I've just finished that chapter on massage in my studies."

"You have? Then I'll be in good hands," he told her as he lay on the rug face down with his head on the pillows she had provided for him.

She began by rubbing oil on her hands to warm it up as well as release its bouquet. The scent was captivating and she found herself slowly and deeply breathing in its fragrance. She straddled his back and began kneading his shoulders, noticing the burn scars that diagonally spanned his back. Her hands slid around his trapezius muscles wherein she noticed again just how muscular Terran men were. She could feel the firmness of his latissimis dorsi as she slid her hands down the small of his back. She moved off to the side and began to massage his feet, caressing each of his metatarsals with care. She worked her way back up his leg, stroking his firm gastrocnemius. She slowly moved further up his thighs, feeling each of his quadriceps and fingering the scars on his right leg. As she gained more confidence in her abilities, she started to massage him more vigorously.

After she rubbed both sides bilaterally, she stopped to pour more oil on her hands in preparation to massage the largest muscle in the Terran body. She kneaded his gluteus maximus and admired how tight and firm those on Terran men can be -- in certain men, of course. In her not so humble opinion, his were

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most exceptional and she found the concavity *most* enticing. She continued to admire his dimples until he emitted a deep sigh and stretched.

She interrupted his reverie by suggesting that he turn over so she could continue. He took a deep breath as he complied with her request. She observed his open eyes and determined that this wouldn't do, so she drew her hand over his face and gently closed them. She continued the massage by rubbing each of his metacarpals in turn wherein she noticed once again how extraordinarily lovely his hands are. She continued to stroke up his forearms to his biceps until she reached his pectorals. She noted once again that Terran men have very well developed torsos and Kyle was no exception. She thoughtfully took stock of the scars on his torso as she continued to massage the star-shaped wounds that she recognized as coming from shrapnel damage. While she was extremely concerned about all the mutilation his body displayed, she tried to put it out of her mind as she continued to vigorously rub his chest. However, before left for points down south, she paused to enjoy running her hands through the hairs on his upper torso.

She continued massaging to finally reach his extraordinarily firm rectus abdominis muscles. She started to rub the outside of his thighs down his vastus lateralis again towards his metatarsals, rubbing each one anew from the smallest to the largest and then continued stroking up his rectus femoris. By this time, Kyle was totally relaxed and his face showed that of total contentment.

Arcadia, on the other hand, decided to take this opportunity to tease him a bit. She suddenly stopped her massage. After a few moments of stillness, his eyes sprang open and his face registered concern.

"What's wrong, Milady?"

She looked down and then back to him. "I was under the distinct impression that Terran men are always ready."

"What are you talking about?"

She sighed loudly. "It is my understanding that Terran men are *always* ready."

He remained puzzled and then he finally looked to where her eyes were staring. His face and chest immediately took on a rosier glow as he looked back to her.

"Well... err..."

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When she felt she'd teased him long enough, she poured more oil on her hands and rubbed them until the oil was sufficiently warmed. She then carefully started fondling his left scrotum, cautious not to squeeze the testicle, as Terran men are quite sensitive in this area. She moved over to the right testicle. She slowly fingered his epididymis as she carefully rubbed in the oil until both testicles glistened.

Arcadia lightly touched his public hair as she noted his breathing becoming shallower. Her left hand followed the ridges of the corpus spongiosum distally to the tip of the cone-shaped glans where she began to slowly massage the tip. She heard Kyle exhale in pleasure as her left hand began to slowly finger beneath the corona glandis. As she continued, her right hand felt both the corpora cavernosa and the corpus spongiosum becoming turgid with blood and quite warm to the touch. At that point, she allowed it to suspend in the air as she turned to don her gloves. His eyes quickly opened and caught sight of the gloves. At that point, his breathing became laborious as his erectile tissue became more and more rigid.

Ensuring that her gloves would not slip off, Arcadia enveloped him with ease wherein they began a series of rhythmic motions. Shortly thereafter as breathing became laborious, she felt her talons unsheathe. She moved slightly forward to passionately kiss the man she loved so much *and* to close his now opened eyes. She righted herself and began to re-establish the rhythms. She fingered his chest hairs and noted that at her touch, he arched his back in an orgasmic wave. She removed her left glove and began to run her sharp talons up and down his exposed chest. His eyes suddenly sprang open at the sensation of her unsheathed talon running along his chest as it broke the relatively thin epidermis of his chest ever so slightly. She thought that she'd never quite seen his pupils so dilated. Arcadia was careful not to break the skin too deeply, but she still managed to leave slight welts on his pectorals.

She felt his whole body spasm and at that point, she selected one talon to dig deeper in to his skin as she ran it down the midline of his chest. He winced slightly as she drew blood. She continued her rhythmic contractions as she leaned over to lick up the blood off his lower torso. This sensation induced him to breath and thrust deeper until he brought her to the throws of her own personal ecstasy.

\* \* \*

His rhythmic contractions eventually culminated as the smooth muscles within the walls of his erectile tissues partially contracted again to allow the veins to carry the excess blood out of the corpora cavernosa and the corpus spongiosum returning it, once again, to its flaccid condition. His breathing began to return to normal.

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She disengaged so she could sit next to his now sweat-soaked body. She cradled his head in her lap noting that his breathing was still laboured. She took a deep breath herself to take in the exotic mixture of sweat and oil that had combined into one unique bouquet.

"It seems I have caused you to perspire in great amounts and after you had so carefully cleaned your body," she whispered as they both were coming down off their mutual pleasure.

He smiled at her and tried to speak. However, as her talons had fully retracted, she removed her other glove and placed her hand over his mouth as she spoke to him softly. "It appears we require yet another shower."

"Not yet," he rasped quietly to her. "I want to savor this moment for a while."

"So do I, my love," she replied as she snuggled up to him as they both fell into a relaxed slumber.

\* \* \*

Arcadia was the first one to wake. She stretched then repositioned herself so she could rest her head upon Kyle's still sweaty chest. She idly fingered the shrapnel wounds that formed a distinct pattern upon his torso as she felt his chest slowly rise and fall as he peacefully slept.

She noticed Mac walk into the bedroom no doubt having enjoyed the action she and Kyle provided during this afternoon's "workout." While she didn't know how he did it or what methods he used, but she was certain that he'd archived portions of it for his collection.

Mac walked up beside her and sniffed both of them.

"He's still asleep and I suspect he'll be that way for a while," she whispered to Mac as she lifted up her head off of Kyle's chest.

<Why?> Mac responded telepathically.

"He's been under a bit of pressure lately getting ready for his new assignment on *Nexus* and I thought he could use a break and a bit of enjoyment."

<Oh...>

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Mac chewed on his back paw, took one last sniff around and then left the bedroom. Arcadia put her head back on Kyle's chest to once again listen to his heart beating.

She continued to trace the injuries on his chest as she once again contemplated the scars and the pattern they formed. Once again, she started to worry about Kyle as a pilot. She knew he was a bloody good pilot because she'd seen him in action -- several times, in fact. Even though he'd won the Rigel Cup, she still worried. Things were different now as they are now married and now she worries as a mate would, not as his commanding officer, albeit a former one. But in her heart, she knew that he'd make every effort to come back to her. She has no doubt of that.

She paused to listen to his heart beating in anatomical concert with his steady breathing. Suddenly, the Healer in her detected a very slight difference in his vital signs and that indicated to her that he was beginning to rouse. She shifted her position so that she could clearly see his face. While waiting for him to emerge, she ran her hand over the scar over his right eyebrow. The last time she'd seen a man so covered with scars was as a Healer during the One-Year War. She quietly reminded herself that she needed to get used to it.

"Milady?" he whispered quietly interrupted her musings.

"Yes, Pilot," she replied equally quietly.

"I'm glad I didn't stay on the 'link with Cordell any longer than necessary."

"So do I," she smiled to him as she slowly drifted back to sleep.

\* \* \*

Kyle shifted slightly and repositioned the pillow under his head, still drowsy from the massage and the afternoon session. He carefully stroked Arcadia's head while she slept as he continued to relax and think. What Cordell suggested was quite interesting and if all parties agree, that's one less problem on his *Nexus* Agenda to be dealt with.

As his thoughts drifted toward *Space Station Nexus* and his new assignment, he looked down at Arcadia and noticed how very contented she looked. He sought out her hands. He'd always been fascinated by the fact that as opposed to Terrans, the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet were the same dark brown color as the rest of her. He always thought that made her so much more exotic to him. He once again turned his attention to her left hand and gently began to caress it causing one of her more sensitive talons to peek out of its hiding place. He continued to rub her hand, which resulted in more talons emerging.

He shifted his position slightly again. He carefully laid her on her side so he could gently massage her. As he felt her yielding flesh between his hands, he thought about how zaftig Vaegan women were in comparison to Terrans. Vaegan women don't tend to run towards the very muscular but towards the voluptuous making them highly desirable for those men who wish to lose themselves in a woman as opposed to grabbing someone who is taut and lean. *Different strokes for different folks*, mused a smiling Kyle. This isn't to say that Arcadia as well as other Vaegan women aren't fit, they just feel softer and rounder as opposed to svelte and hard.

Kyle paused to take in all of Arcadia's 5'8" height and her medium frame. As he massaged his way towards her torso, he noticed how plush she was under his hands. For a woman of her frame, she has disproportionately large breasts that Kyle *definitely* appreciated. He rubbed circles around her breasts, feeling the firmness of them beneath his hands as he continued to massage her. Because of this afternoon's activities, he noticed that it now took both of his hands to hold one of her breast. Usually, it only took one and one half of his hands to cup one. He also enjoyed the fact that they didn't sag when she stood up. She once told him that she probably wouldn't bother wearing any breast support except that uniforms weren't made for comfort and having a bra on is much more comfortable than without.

He looked down on her breasts to admire them again. He began to slowly rub her areolas. He always found it fascinating that Arcadia's were on the small side but that by no means bothered Kyle at all as she had nipples that were twice as large and much harder than on a typical Terran woman.

Arcadia told him that they could garner uncalled-for attention from men whose only experience with sex was the holographic kind. Therefore, while Arcadia didn't need to wear any support, she wears one just so that her overly abundant nipples can be hidden from unwarranted attention. Kyle, on the other hand, was extremely grateful that she didn't mind *his* unwarranted attention.

He slowly stroked the hair on her head as she started finally to stir. He lightly brushed her face and her eyelids began to flutter. He just loved the way that her eyelashes and eyebrows were dark opposite of those of her hair that was white. And that, he considered with some amusement was the some total of all her body hair. He looked back at her face as he continued to stroke her hair.

"Returning the favour?" she told him drowsily.

"Of course, Milady," he replied as he looked over at the chronometer on the wall. "It's getting late...."

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"I know," she responded quietly, "but I don't know about you, but I'd rather lay here for a while longer."

"I don't mind," he told her as he drew her closer to him and wrapped himself around her.

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