

*(Adult Material!
See Authors Note at the Bottom of the Page)*

Higher Love

"Thank you again for inviting us," Kyle told Amanda as he gave her a hug.

Amanda smiled wickedly as she told him *sotto voce*, "Next time, Kyle do convince Arcadia to wear the skirt, I would dearly like to see it."

If she expected to get another rise out of Kyle this evening, she was sadly mistaken as he'd already gotten as red as he'd ever been when Arcadia regaled Cordell and Amanda with her adventures on the *Stellar Wind's* flight deck one afternoon and Kyle's reaction to same. However, as was his custom in similar situations, he did raise an eyebrow a millimeter or two as he embraced Amanda one last time. They finally parted and Kyle looked for Arcadia who was busy talking to Cordell.

Kyle considered the fact that this was the first time he'd ever been invited to Cordell's place. He suspected it was Amanda's idea to return the invitation by asking them over to their penthouse in San Francisco as Amanda and Cordell were recently invited to the Argent home in Oregon for dinner. Kyle observed Arcadia's interest in their balcony having spent most of the evening enjoying the view of bay at night. He didn't consider that unusual, as Arcadia tended to spend as much time out doors as possible.

Arcadia and Kyle finally gave their final farewells as they made their way to the flight deck. Rather than taking one of his many shuttlecrafts, Kyle decided to try out the new engines on the ancient Nighthawk he had purchased many years ago. He was pleased to see that the *Iron Flash* had turned out as well as it did.

As was his custom, he slowly walked around the *Iron Flash*. When he was sure that everything was in order, he helped Arcadia into the plane and did the same himself. He paused to watch her as she strapped herself in and to admire her dress again. He admitted being taken aback by her choice -- mostly because she managed to keep it hidden from him until she took off her cloak. The dress was modeled on the Ancient Chinese garb Kyle knew to be called a *cheong-sam*. It was emerald green featuring a high collar and no sleeves with a *very* tightly fitting bodice. Unlike *the skirt*, the length was well below the knees to just above her ankles. This allowed her to show off the ankle bracelets he purchased for her on a solo-shopping trip a while back. The frock was seductively split up the left side to her mid-thigh. Kyle spent part of the evening gathering empirical evidence on the dress and the woman underneath.

When he was finished, he finally concluded that she was wearing not one iota of lingerie.

While he wanted to linger on how Arcadia filled out the dress and what she might not be wearing underneath, he forced his attention back to the matter at hand. He asked her if she was ready while he punched in the coordinates that would take them back to their home near Mt Hood, Oregon. Arcadia tiredly stretched and asked him if he wouldn't mind her taking a short nap. He told her that he didn't mind as he watched with awe as she tucked her legs underneath while she curled up against the seat. Kyle imaged that if he tried such a maneuver, they would have to pry him out the cockpit.

Since Arcadia was going to sleep on their way home, Kyle used the time to reflect upon his upcoming assignment as one of the test pilots of the new fighter Shadowhawk, destined to be the new-generation fighter plane as the old Nighthawk was showing its age. He'd already decided that he was as prepared as he'd ever be, short of putting his hands on the new 'hawk but he did admit that he could do more in the area of honing his reflexes. From his past experience, he knew it wasn't enough to understand all there is to know about a new craft, he also knew he had to be in top physical condition. Despite being on an extended honeymoon, he was confident that he could not only pass his physical but also once again establish himself as *the* test pilot of the Fighter Corps. Be that as it may, he still felt that his reflexes needed some practice and had an inkling of idea on how to do so and enjoy himself at the same time.

He scanned the cockpit controls and determined that all was in order. He then leaned over to watch Arcadia quietly sleeping in the other seat. He decided that he should take this golden opportunity to verify the evening's initial observation. Therefore, he carefully lifted her dress at the slit to reveal what was underneath. Or in this case, what *wasn't*.

He leaned back in his seat and grinned. Obviously, she had something interesting in mind when they got home. He didn't know how she did it, but having verified his impressions, he was sure that she had flashed him a few times during the evening. If either Amanda or Cordell had noticed, they would have been discreet, probably only suggesting that he and Arcadia retire to their bedroom if necessary.

A 'beep' from the controls drew Kyle's attention back to flying but after he made the necessary course corrections, he turned again to his preparation for the Shadowhawk project. He sat back, closed his eyes and allowed his mind to wander. His thoughts finally settled on an essay he once read on Vaegan Coition. As he recalled, the article was specifically tailored to those non-Vaegan men brave enough to accept the challenge that Vegan women can, on occasion become docile by a sudden but consensual session of very intense sex. In this instance, docile meant that their talons stayed in the retracted

position. Kyle struggled to remember the details but he finally remembered that it was the epinephrine surge that caused the talons to appear and do their damage. The basic idea was to cause an orgasmic cascade that would theoretically counteract the epinephrine surge. The article cautioned that attempting this method may cause serious physical harm to the initiator but it also implied, that it would be some of the best sex the couple would ever achieve.

After reading the article Kyle remembered giving careful consideration to this idea and had even programmed his datapadd to come up with several abstracts. Unfortunately for him, each one ended up with him being shredded even more than the previous scenario. Kyle suddenly opened his eyes, as the germ of a plan that he *thought* would work suddenly started to gel. He mulled it over while keeping an eye on the *Iron Flash's* instruments. He decided that he would approach the problem as any other tactical scenario. As he developed his strategy, he weighed the pluses and the minuses and by the time they arrived home, he felt confident enough to execute it.

"Milady," he began gently as he touched the plane on the runway. "We're home."

Arcadia slowly and deliberately stretched her limbs one by one as Kyle watched. She popped her eyes open and looked at her chronometer; "I must have been more tired than I imagined, Pilot." Despite appearing very rested to him, he told her nonetheless, "You still look a bit tired, why don't you let me help you down." She nodded her assent as she gathered up her belongings.

He unbuckled himself and then walked around the plane to unfasten her. "By the way," Kyle told her as he helped her down, "I have a surprise for you."

"You do?" she asked.

"Yes!" he told her with a broad smile on his face as he scooped her over his shoulder causing her to drop her bag, her shoes, and her cloak besides the *Iron Flash*.

Mac's sound sleep was broken by the sound of plane engines. He rolled over and stretched every muscle he could. He turned on his back and looked at the chronometer on the wall. He was a bit miffed at the both of them as he had expected them back earlier. His milk dish was empty and his food dish was in the same state. He planned to give them a piece of his cat mind as soon as they came in the house. However, before he could utter the first "meow," he heard the combination of A-dog telling Dekachin to put her down, her laughing and then what he presumed was her hitting Dekachin's back with her fists.

"Kyle! What are you doing?" she shrieked at him as he purposely strode through the house to their bedroom. He knew that his timing and actions had to be on the mark, otherwise rather than the best night of his life, he'd have long-lasting memories in the form of scars that he knew from experience would provide material for any magpies he might encounter.

Kyle ignored her howls of mock protest mostly because her squirming was causing him to lose his balance as he rushed to the bedroom while unhooking his pants. He finally reached the bedroom where he sat on the bed kicking his pants and shoes off while deftly balancing her on his knees and informing the computer to put the lights on at 50%.

Mac came running in after them, careful not to be seen. He saw Dekachin with A-Dog on his knee. He had lifted her skirt above her head and was spanking her.

Oh, boy! Mac told himself as he watched the proceedings unfold. He also knew that if he wanted to record this momentous event, he needed to do it soon.

"Bad girl!" Kyle told Arcadia between her wails and bouts of laughter while he spanked her with increasing intensity. The more she protested, the firmer he held on to her and the harder he slapped her bottom, watching it as it turned from a reddish-brown to a deep maroon. The more he paddled her with his hand, the more she writhed on his lap. Kyle felt his own breathing increasing and he found it difficult to keep everything in check. All he wanted to do was take her then and there but he also knew that he had to keep himself under control until it was time. Suddenly he felt her body become rigid and he knew he had to move quickly to phase two.

He was breathing so fast that he almost fainted as he rose to his feet all the while holding her tightly so he wouldn't drop her to the floor. He felt her breathing rapidly increase as her rigid body abruptly fell limp. Knowing that he only had seconds and with great effort between gasps for air, he flipped her on to her back, leaving her legs dangling over the bed. The intensity of his emotions took over and instead of just pushing her dress above her waist he ripped it and pulled it to one side. He saw her eyes become big as saucers as she gasped. While keeping his eyes locked with hers, he forcefully spread her legs apart while freeing his erect member and all in one stroke plunged downward drawing a sharp breath from her. Her back arched as her face registered extreme surprise. He felt her body contort and writhe as orgasm after orgasm flowed up and down as if lightning had hit her body. She was breathing so hard that he could hear her gasping for breath. Her chest rising and falling as her breaths became deeper and faster. He found himself in an unaccustomed position of being literally out of control thrusting and pumping, as he'd never done before.

Space Station Nexus: In Between Times

Between her waves of intense orgasmic spasms, Arcadia feebly managed to lift one hand and spread her hands in an effort to extricate one of her talons. After her failure, she yielded to him in obvious defeat as one immense orgasm swept over her that was so strong it almost knocked him off of his feet. He grabbed her head in an effort to balance himself as he drove deeper. He then heard her utter a low moan as the most intense orgasm of the evening forced her to a semi-sitting position. He pushed her back to the bed as she tossed off another orgasm that caused him to draw a sharp breath.

Suddenly, Arcadia's body fell limp as she blacked out.

Though Kyle wanted to stop thrusting, his body refused to respond; instead, it continued to thrust onward. He finally regained control and immediately withdrew. Despite his obvious concern, he needed to stop for a moment while he caught his breath. He remembered that the article did warn about the possibility of fainting, so he wasn't too surprised but was very concerned. He leaned over her and fell to the bed to rest on his left side, next to her limp form. Thought he was out of breath, he placed his hand over her chest and felt her heart pounding, threatening to break out of her chest. He wearily continued his cursory once over, finally giving up for a moment because breathing for him was too much of an effort. He forced himself to continue and finally determined that she was in no immediate danger though he decided to be on the safe side and seek out one of her medical scanners.

First, however, he needed to bring his body back down to its normal state. He carefully meditated, focusing on his body, and in no time, he felt all his body functions fall back to normal. He rose from the bed and while he thought he was fully recovered, he stumbled as he searched for a scanner amongst her school material. When he finally located one, he noticed that it was one of the newer models, about twice the size of a communicator and a self-contained unit. He'd seen some of the newer scanners but didn't realize that the medical scanners would use the same profile. He still felt a bit addled so it took him a few minutes to figure out how it worked. After several false starts, he finally was able to scan her and determined again that she was in no medical danger.

He placed the scanner to one side and then he carefully pulled off the remnants of her dress wondering all the while how she managed to wedge herself into it. He fluffed up her pillows and dragged her over to them. Still somewhat out of breath, Kyle decided that it might help him recover faster if he cleaned both himself and Arcadia up a bit. When he was finished with himself; he slowly walked back into the bedroom with a clean wash cloth. As he wrung the water out of the cloth, he considered what happened here tonight. He was certain judging from her reaction and what he was able to feel with her that she had definitely experienced the most intense set of orgasms she'd ever

had but that fact didn't make him feel any better because right now, she was unconscious.

Kyle sat down on the bed and became concerned that perhaps he had hurt her, so he decided to do look her over before wiping her down. He carefully spread her legs apart to look at her mound to see if there were any bruises. He was glad that she had no hair, because it was easy to determine that there was thankfully nothing he thought was out of the ordinary. He spread her lips to inspect the vaginal area for any discoloration. He took some time to inspect the surgery she had received before she could have sex with Desmond. She told him that the operation was necessary because Vaegan men have a pheromone that naturally dilates the vaginal opening. Arcadia told him that while science could replicate this chemical, it's not just the chemical that's necessary but the mood of the recipient. He remembered asking her if this left Vaegan woman prone to be raped. She pointed out that since the rapist couldn't penetrate a woman with her approval, she had plenty of time for the Vaegan woman to rip him to shreds. Arcadia had the option of using an artificial pheromone to use with her first husband but she thought it would be easier to simply have surgery to remodel the vagina. Kyle smiled, as he was glad she did have the surgery. He'd hate to have to wait while any chemical did its magic.

Continuing his inspection, he decided to take a good look at her clitoris. It appeared to him as a bright ball of crimson indicating that intense friction had been applied. He considered that an understatement as his back started to ache. While he did spot some bruises beginning to appear around the opening of her vagina rather than being the natural achromatic state he noted that the inner walls were bright scarlet and dripping with the semen he had deposited. He carefully and gently cleaned her up as he admired her beautiful body.

He recalled reading how Vaegan men would verify the duplicity of their women by checking their vaginal walls for signs of intercourse. If they found any trace of color, they immediately assumed infidelity. As the Terrans found out in checking for evidence of a hymen, this didn't necessarily always work. This frequently unscientific exploration caused all kinds of unnecessary strife within the clans.

Kyle paused to catch his breath again while he rinsed the towel. He picked up her hands to wipe them down. 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 color as the rest of her. He always thought that made her so much more exotic to him.

It suddenly occurred to him that he could return the favor and massage her down as he cleaned her up. As he felt her yielding flesh between his hands,

he thought about how zaftig Vegan women were in comparison to Terrans. Vegan 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 taunt and lean (*Different strokes for different folks*, mused a smiling Kyle). This isn't to say that Arcadia as well as other Vegan 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 moved his way towards her torso, he noticed how plush she is under his hands. For a woman of her frame, she has disproportionally large breasts that Kyle definitely appreciated. He rubbed circles around her breasts, feeling the firmness of them beneath his hands as he continued the massage. Because of this evening'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.

Kyle finally finished cleaning her body and decided that he would continue the massage with her favorite oil. He stood and was pleased to note that he didn't stumble as he walked over to her dresser. He rummaged around until he found her favorite balm. He picked up the vial and placed a glob in his hands. He warmed the oil between his hands as he walked back to the bed. 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. Kyle smiled as he thought of the countless hours that he spent sucking on them and how she never got tired of him doing so.

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

Kyle suddenly heard a change in her breathing. Rather than using the medical scanner, he put his head on her chest and he detected that her heart rate was almost normal. He slowly stroked the hair on her head and she started finally to stir. He lightly brushed her facial cheeks and her eyelids began to flutter. He just loved the way that her eyelashes and eyebrows were white matching her hair. Her dark skin with her white eyelashes and eyebrows set off her verdant green eyes nicely he thought as he continued to stroke her hair.

Space Station Nexus: In Between Times

She opened her eyes, trying to focus them on him. She finally smiled at him. "I see," she told him tiredly, "you've been doing some extracurricular reading."

Kyle felt himself draw a sharp breath, as he was obviously relieved that she would be fine. "I decided to read some of the books that Ayesha recommended. I might suggest to Roscoe that he do the same."

They both laughed knowing full well that the last thing Ayesha would do is to allow Roscoe to do much of anything except be with her. However, he would have some reading time coming up as she was going off to Advice Flight Training.

"However," Arcadia continued, "I suspect that Roscoe will be spending time recovering and preparing for the next round."

While Kyle laughed, he was still concerned about her. "How do you feel, Milady?"

She paused for a moment taking inventory of her person noting that her bottom was still quite tender. "I honestly feel as if I've been in a competition. I feel a bit bruised and sore but otherwise, I feel..." She looked at his expectant face with great passion, "Wonderful."

Author's Note:

This is one of the stories that will never be finished because it has some fundamental flaws. On the other hand, it did provide me with a very valuable lesson in writing collaborative fiction.

Firstly, Kurt didn't think that Kyle would be into spanking.

Secondly, Kurt brought up the major objection: Kyle would never cause Arcadia to faint or otherwise injure her after he witnessed the death of his first wife.

Opps...

While we could have worked around the first objection, the second one was a stopper.

*As for the lesson learned, never put in over 20 hours of work without checking with your collaborator every step of the way. I could have saved myself some grief had I done so. And last but not least, remember that the other author's character **is the other author's character** and while you may have permission to use the character in your work, always check with the author every step of the way.*

I had every intention of finishing Higher Love, however, I just couldn't get it to "click" having realized that there are fundamental problems with the story.

Space Station Nexus: In Between Times

*Consequently, I'm salvaging the best bits and recycling them into two sstories:
"Anatomy Lesson" and "If Looks Could Kill".*

And this goes to show that even a lemon can be turned into lemonade!

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