

# Happy New Year Selena Illyria

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## Happy New Year

“So, what New Year’s resolutions have you made?” Alicia asked Rhys.

“None. I don’t follow that bullshit. All you’re doing is making promises to yourself that you’re not going to keep. Why bother?” His eyes were glued to the monitor in front of him.

“Because it’s fun and an old Earth tradition. Come on, don’t you want to honor old Earth?” She floated around him, watching as his fingers moved quickly over the keyboard.

“That hunk of rock never did me any favors. Why the fuck should I honor any of their so called traditions?”

“I’m from that hunk of rock, in case you’ve forgotten, and so are you. You know what, forget it. Spend New Years with your stupid computer.” She floated to a nearby wall and pushed off toward the door. He was just in time to see her bare legs and ass turn the corner and disappear. Swearing, Rhys saved the file he was working on and hit the button on his harness. The straps floated free and he drifted up from the chair. He pushed off of a nearby wall and hovered out the door and into the hallway. “I’m such a stupid son-of-a-bitch.”

He searched the tiny ship for her until he found her in their bedroom. Falling to the ground with a hard thud, he swore. “You could have warned me the anti-grav was

on in this section." Standing, up he walked over the threshold to find her sitting in the window seat staring out into the inky blackness of space. Rhys took in her ink black hair and mocha skin bathed in the dim light of the room. "Computer, lights. Brighter."

He stopped next to her and gazed out of the large window. Rhys didn't see anything except the large gray planet they were currently orbiting. Letting out a sigh, he apologized. "Look, baby I'm sorry."

"You hate Earth and I understand that, but I was born there."

"Yeah, you were born there and I was made there."

She looked up at him, sadness in her eyes. "I know they treated you horribly, you being the first cyborg and all, but still, there had to be some good times." Her gaze pleaded with him to remember something good and untainted by hate.

She moved her legs and he sat down, bowing his head. Alicia got up on her knees and crawled to him. She ran her hands through his hair and he let out a soft sigh. "All my good memories of Earth are tied up with you."

"Is that such a bad thing?"

Reaching up he brushed his fingertips over her cheek and shook his head. "No baby. Not a bad thing at all. You gotta admit though, it was rough."

She nodded. "Rough, but there were good times."

A devilish thought crossed his mind and he grinned. "Some really good times. Want to help me ring in the New Year?"

"You want to celebrate?"

"Oh yeah. Come on baby, let's go to bed." He stood up and held out his hand to her. Giggling she slid her palm over his and rose to her feet. They fell on the mattress. Rhys ran his fingertips over his chest, down his abdomen, to take hold of his erection. He stroked himself as he watched her. Letting go of his cock he sat up and grabbed her hand, pulling her down to him. She laughed and fell on top of him.

Reaching up, he caressed the side of her face. "I love you, sweetheart. Thank you for loving me even if I act stupidly at times."

“You’ll say anything to get fucked.” She laughed and threw her leg over his waist.

With one hand he reached behind her and slapped her ass. “I was trying to be serious and expressive and all that shit. You know, civil.” He reached between them to position his cock at her entrance and thrust upward. She swore and leaned forward, placing a hand on his chest as she lowered herself down on his shaft.

“You’ve never been civil, and I love you for that.” She rose up on her knees and sank down, clenching her vaginal muscles around his cock. He groaned. His grip on her hips increased as he withdrew and slammed upward again.

With one hand on his chest helping her balance she slipped her other between her legs. Her orgasm curled tighter and tighter within her. Delving between her pussy lips she found her clit. One light stroke of the bud caused sparks of electricity to go off. She cried out and rode him harder. “So close,” she moaned.

He slammed into her, his cock hitting her cervix sending embers of pain mingling with pleasure. Rhys let go of her hip. Taking her breast in his hand he ran the roughened pad of his thumb over the tightened peak before letting go. He took her nipple ring between his fingers and tugged gently. She cried out as splinters of heat spread through her body. He fucked her harder. His hips moved faster as he tugged on the small silver ring. Her fingers moved faster between her legs, driving her closer.

Her pussy quivered around his cock before clenching. Her legs shook as heat washed over her. Head thrown back, she screamed as she came. He fucked her through her orgasm, thrusting, once, twice, a third time before his cock twitched. He came on a cry, spurting his seed deep inside of her.

Panting she slipped her hand from between her legs and laid down on his chest. Her muscles jumped and her body twitched as small aftershocks ran through her. Rhys let go of her hips and wrapped his arms around her waist, placing a soft kiss on the top of her head. “That’s one way to celebrate the New Year,” he chuckled.

Raising her head she placed a soft kiss in the center of his chest and looked up at him. “So how long do you think it will take someone to come help us?”

“Who knows. The distress signal is fucking up. It keeps playing Christmas music.” He began to laugh and she slapped him on the chest.

“Not funny. They could think we’re suffering from space dementia and that we think its Christmas. They’ll just pass us by.”

“Well, I could think of something to help us pass the time, if that’s the case.” He rolled his hips, sliding his hardening cock deeper inside her slick channel.

She moaned and clenched her inner muscles. Alicia sat up, ready to ride him again when a bright light flooded the window. The overhead speaker came on in a cacophony of static before a voice could be heard.

“Changeling One do you read? We’ve received your distress signal and have come to help you, over.”

Groaning, Alicia lay back down and Rhys began to laugh again. “Happy New Year baby.”

“Yeah, yeah, go answer them and then get back here and fuck me.”

Rhys let go and she rolled off him. He stood up and looked over his shoulder at her. “Uh, how are we supposed to explain our current naked state?”

“You want to tell them about how a Martian Skunk got loose, managed to screw up our controls, piss on our nav board, spray us and is now napping in the corner like nothing happened, be my guest. Just remember you’ll also have to try and explain how that very skunk is now a man.”

She folded her arms and looked at him. He glanced over at the corner she was talking about and shrugged. “I’ll just tell em that there was a malfunction with the ship that caused the cleaner to jettison our clothes.”

Alicia smiled. “Nice. Now hurry up, talk to the nice people so we can continue to celebrate the New Year.”

“What about him?” Rhys asked.

Alicia shrugged. “Let him watch, I don’t care.”

He shook his head and walked off. She looked over at the Martian Skunk Man and smiled. Slipping off the bed, she walked toward him and dropped down to a knee. Shaking him gently, she watched him wake up, bright green eyes looking up at her.

“I owe you one. Thanks for helping me get him to celebrate the New Year with me. I promise, once we make landfall I’ll set you up in a nice home.”

He grinned. “Nice doing business with you.”

He fell back asleep and Alicia went back to the bed to wait for Rhys’ return.

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