

Jacob and Sonji

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Jacob and Sonji 1: Rescue Capsule

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Jacob sent a curl of thought rippling through his mind after the stray emotion that burned brightly. He could feel the energy of the emotion as the thought bound it into a tight flare of power, of control. The vast darkness of his mind laid out before him, empty and pure except for the single flare of energy in the middle, his soul. Pride burst along the edge, pride and joy of the darkness, and he found himself binding those emotions into thoughts, pulling them into the brilliant core of his self and sealing it.

He started to relax, finally reaching the point where every thought was bound into one point when a shrill noise cut through his physical senses and attack the core of his being. To his surprise, it survived and he slowly pulled his attention away from his mind and back into the physical world.

The shrill noise continued to throb in his ears as he remembered how to open one eye, then the other. His eyes slowly came into focus, as if they haven't been used in years.

The small area he was resting was slightly larger than a coffin, a sleeping cube. Above him, his eyes slowly focused on the soft foam padding, covering in a thin sheet of age. His breath, stronger now that he was conscious, stirred tiny rivers in the dust and he found himself blinding to avoid the streamers that cascaded on him.

Groaning, he shifted his body up, his hand weakly brushing along the release button. With an antiquated hiss, the door slid open and he poured himself out of his cube. With shaking muscles, he managed to pull himself into a standing position. His eyes opened again and the harsh glare of mechanical lights blinded him. Feeling tears streaming down his face, he tightened them close once again.

“Drop the lights, please?”

His voice sounded strange to him, a noise he hadn't heard in a long time. Harsh and grating, he almost forgot how to speak but it came back to him in a rush.

The computer, the most powerful in the Imperium, strained for a second before dimming. Gratefully, he opened his eyes and peered out in the murky darkness of the central area of his ship. A table, barely large enough for four dominated the center of the room. Behind him, four tiny solid doors indicated the presence of the sleeping cubes; his own was already closing slowly and he stepped out of the way. To his right, he could see the entrance to the shower and bathroom. Next to it, the entrance to the storage area which led back into the engine. His eyes scanned along the walls to the other side, where the door leading into the captain's area called him with a constant shrill beeping.

He pulled his hand up to focus on it. It was a young hand, one still filled with strength and youth. He could see muscles flexing in it, thanks to the constant stimulation the computer gave him while he was meditating. Without it, his body would have failed from the neglect. His eyes trailed down, to the almost hairless chest to his manhood. It was soft, a promise of something he could barely remember. When he first started, it dominated his thoughts but now he found it to be a stranger, something he almost didn't recognize.

A whining noise dragged his attention away from his body as a mechanical hand, sluggishly moving along a track in the ceiling, slid into the room from the storage area. In its grip, it was holding the simple robe Jacob always favored. Smiling, he reached out and tugged it loose. Wrapping it around his naked body, he padded toward the cockpit of his scout ship.

Inside the cockpit, he smiled at the brutal efficiency of the room. Four padded chairs, three still in half-rotted plastic, stood in mute testimony of his ship. When he bought it, it was new, but there was a sense of age, of history, that thrummed next to the ionic drive behind him. The shrilling beeping caught his attention again, a demand he couldn't ignore.

Slipping into the padded chair, his fingers ran lightly along the buttons. They felt strange, different. He paused for a second, but the shrill noise pushed him into action again.

“Okay, I’m awake. What is it?”

Relays clicked and a dull, emotionless voice called out from everywhere, “Authorization?”

Jacob frowned for a second, then rattled off a complicated mathematical formula. The computer hummed for a second, then lights brightened as the control panels lit up.

The mechanical voice spoke up after a moment, still flat and emotionless, “Authorized, Jacob Erinsith,” a pause, “Did you sleep well?”

“Not sure. How long was I meditating?”

“2.654 years.”

Jacob, his fingers about to stroke along some relays, looked up at the ceiling.

“Two and a half years? How much in relativistic time?”

A brief pause, “Result in relativistic time. System lost protocol with the galactic communications net 1.934 years ago.”

Jacob was staring in shock. His body felt like it was shaking as he stared around the cockpit.

“Two years. I was meditating for two years?”

“Yes, Jacob.”

“How long would I have gone, if it wasn’t for the...”

Remembering the interrupt, he looked down at the console, “What is the interruption?”

“Signal at the upper edges of my frequencies, repeating every 15 seconds. Distance to transmitter is 5 megameters. Estimated time to visual, 2.43 minutes. Estimated time before naturally coming out of meditation... unknown. Insufficient data suggests you would have never woken.”

Memories drifted back to his thoughts, of almost absolute control over his mind. With a sigh, he focused on the construct of his being. To his surprise, it still burned in his mind, bright as ever.

His voice was a whisper, filled with frustration and sadness, “So why don’t I feel enlightened?”

There was no response except for the now-muted beeping. Glancing at the clock flashing on the console, he silently stood up and headed to the bathroom.

A few hours later found him looking at a large capsule. From his guess, the signs on the side indicated a lifeboat of sorts, enough for

one person. The computer was still trying to identify the signal, but computer protocols changed greatly since he was last near anything living.

The capsule was four meters by two, with a rather complicated drive he didn't recognize. Along one side, a thick shield covered over obvious controls. He could see where various laser and burns scarred the entire surface of the pod, but the computer's estimate of the damage was superficial, probably from being near an explosion.

"So, is it safe?"

The computer clicked for a moment, "Sensors indicate no bacteria or virii. However, due to technology changes, I cannot give 100% probability of-"

Jacob shook his head and knelt down by the control panel. His fingers trailed along the shield until it popped open. A tiny speaker began to speak out, presumably giving directions but he couldn't understand the language drift after so many years.

His fingers continued to probe along the buttons, pushing lightly on each one until he got a response. As his fingers activated a large red button, he felt a hum begin to vibrate through the capsule.

Stepping back lightly, he gathered his robes in his left hand as the vibrations grew stronger, more insistent. A hissing filled the storage room and Jacob looked a little worried until a crack formed along the smooth surface. The crack stretched out into a thin line, then expanded even further as the entire top half of the capsule slid open, revealing a single occupant.

She was hard, filled with muscles on a dense frame. Her face, even in sleep, was filled with bitter anger and pain. He could feel the emotions radiating off her, hard and red in the back of his mind. Jacob felt sweat pouring down his back as he hesitantly shifted forward, peering deeper into the capsule.

Her outfit caught his attention quickly. It did little to hide the curves of her body, even the ones muted underneath layers of muscles. The material was slate gray, except for a strip of dark blue spiraling up her left leg. Over her right breast, balanced on the curve, was some form of badge or symbol. His eyes locked on the shadows of her body that accented her curves and he found himself thinking about sex and desire. He tried to push back the feelings, but they continued to curl around in his mind.

Looking closer, Jacob realized the uniform was not fabric, but some sort of painted or spray-on armor. His hands hesitantly reached forward, brushing his fingers against the surprisingly hard surface. He rapped on it, half afraid to wake her, but the solid noise didn't even cause a stir. Frowning, he brushed it again, concentrating on strange sensations that rippled through his mind.

He could feel some sort of pain, a source of the anger. His hands trailed down her unmoving body, brushing lightly against her hips as he tried to identify the source of her suffering. His mind, after years of meditation, was bare to him as it guided him to her side, underneath the arm held tightly against the body.

Wrapping his fingers around her wrist, he tried to pull up the arm, to get at the wound that was now gnawing at his gut.

It resisted.

Grunting, he lifted harder, straining his muscles to their limit.

It refused to move.

Sighing unhappily, Jacob looked over the woman again, then froze as dark eyes glittered as they glared at him. They were dark depths, at the limits of mortality but still held a promise of death for Jacob if he moved a centimeter.

In response, Jacob felt a power in his mind flare up and energy course through him. With a slight smile, he calmly wrapped his fingers around her wrist and lifted it. He could see her shoulder bunching, trying to pull the wrist away, but the energy flowing through him gave him the strength to easily prevent her. Still smiling, he set her wrist on the edge of the capsule. To his surprise, she left it there as her dark eyes watched his movement.

A burst of fear and anger burst out of her as he rested his palm against her chest, right below the rib cage. His mind reacted before his body did, wrapping around her emotions and pulling them into tight bundles of thought. Shock radiated from both of them as they felt her emotion fade away, dissolving into strange tendrils of thought constructs he remembered so well from his meditations. Foreign thinking cut through his own, a strange mixture of language and emotions. With a start, he realized it was the woman's, but it drew back before he could find anything to hold.

Fear began to burn inside her, hot underneath his hands. With a deliberate effort, he pushed the need to help her, to heal her,

through his hands. He felt his need burning down his hands as it pushed into her. Her body shivered briefly then relaxed as he felt the emotions pushing into her own. The fear in her dark eyes faded into a guarded calm, waiting for his next action.

Surprised at the ease he controlled his emotions, Jacob trailed his fingers along her side, trying to identify the source of her pain. His fingers quickly found the smooth curve of her armor, hinting at the body underneath. His thoughts turned to curiosity, of what she looked liked underneath the armor. The ache of loneliness thrummed in his mind until he wrapped a thought around it, pulling it down so he could concentrate on his exploration.

His fingers, trailing carefully, quickly found the source of her pain, a ragged opening in her smooth armor. His eyes flashed up to hers, half-expecting the wary gaze she returned to him. There was no emotions on her face, but he could feel her fear gathering inside her. His fingers brushed against some sort of foam that dissolved underneath his touch. The thick scent of blood filled the air as pain slashed through her system. With a careful push of thought, he sent a tiny curl of power against her wound.

To his surprise, the energy pushed into her wound, sending a cool ripple through her body. The pain faded immediately from her system, leaving only a stunned shock vibrating through the woman. As he started to lean back, he felt the pain begin to build up inside her again. His fingers curled back along her wound and he pushed out his thoughts to heal it.

It was a slash of some sort, something strong enough to cut through the armor and leave her side a jagged opening. Flashes of bone were streaked with blood as he frowned. A web of metal wrapped around each rib bone, creating a mesh underneath the skin-internal armor.

His energy curled further along her, following the thick mesh of metal as it stretched from rib to rib. Her entire body had more of the mesh filling her, protecting her internal organs from external injuries. He could feel where she had augmentations to her skeletal structure and even more chemical modifications to increase her muscle mass, to make her stronger. Amazed at the advances in technology, Jacob pulled his other hand against the jagged opening and pushed out harder with his energies.

He started to say something, but he already knew words were useless. Sending a brief wave of comfort through her, he let the healing energies curl into her wound. It burst out from his mind, pure green in color, and down his arm. When the first powerful caress brushed against her, she whimpered for a second. Jacob felt the energy pulling away from his control, moving ahead with some unconscious intelligence.

It came strongly, more than he ever thought possible and he could feel her body beginning to quickly heal underneath his hands. Heat poured out from the wound and his hands, as he felt his entire body vibrating with the need to help.

As the wound began to seal over, he shifted his hands up the ragged opening, slowly closing it. At the same time, he could feel the energies curling through the rest of her body, exploring it with a sense of intelligence almost of his own. He flushed as he felt it rolling over her breasts, exploring the soft mounds before sparkling down her spine. His body began to stir slightly from the sensations as he tried to focus on the healing.

The green energy was working automatically and Jacob realized he couldn't stop it, nor could he focus away from it. Something happened with his meditations and he didn't lose himself in healing anymore. Instead, he found himself following the energies as they curled around her hips, exploring the tight muscles of her buttocks before sliding down her inner thighs.

Jacob heard her gasp slightly as the energy found a few scratches along her feet. He focused a few waves of warmth along the bottom of her soles before the energy drew him back up.

To his relief, the focus of his energy slid up her outer thigh, healing tiny, surgical cuts up her sides and shoulders before trailing up her neck. He could almost feel her lips as the wave washed over them and he tightly closed his eyes, unwilling to look at her.

The wound underneath his hand was healing quickly as he managed to find how the body survived the metal mesh wrapped around her ribs. To his surprise, he found more electronics buried in her body, controlling hormones and muscles. Strips of metal coated her bones, strengthening them while a dense block connected her brain to her eyes.

Sweeping down her neck, Jacob found himself being pulled by the healing energy as it poured down her body. To his growing fear, he realized it was sinking toward the juncture between her legs. A soft gasp filled his hearing, but he was lost in the energy as it boiled over her hips and dipped between her legs.

His sensations were swamped as he felt the energy slip between the short hairs, stroking along the soft mounds of her sex. A dampness flooded against him as the energy teased her briefly, then circled around the tightly pressed lips. He could feel her legs parting slightly as the energy dribbled into the folds, curling around a hardening clitoris before swirling against the opening. He could feel a dampness growing around his senses as it eased its way deeper into her, curling against the inner walls of her vagina before pushing up deeper.

Jacob could feel his hardness growing underneath his robe, and the soft gasps from the woman beneath him, but he was overwhelmed as the energy pushed deeper, filling her for a second before filling her with heat and energy. In his mind, as he started to bring the energy under control, he saw a brief flash of cells about to turn into cancer. Realizing the healing had its purpose, Jacob released it into her. It almost glowed inside her, sending out intense waves of heat and power as her entire body quivered from the intense sensations.

The woman's gasped turned into small whimpers as the energy continued to glow inside her, soaked in her tightness as Jacob felt more and more healing energy pour into her.

Moving half under his own control, Jacob moved his hands from her wound and up to her stomach. Underneath his hand, a sharp power curled into the armor and cracked it, breaking apart the molecular bounds that held it together. A few seconds later, the liquid-based armor evaporated into a greenish mist, leaving behind naked flesh. His eyes slipped up to hers and saw the anger dissipated. In the dark eyes, he saw another emotion burning, one he felt himself as the energy continued to pour into her vagina, filling her with waves of heat. His hand stroked up to her breasts, dissolving the armor as his fingers stroked along the small mounds tipped with hard nipples.

They felt hot underneath his fingers and he felt himself lost in them for a moment before pushing up along her shoulders to dissolve the armor. Her eyes brightened as her lips parted slightly. He glanced down to see her legs pressed against each edge of the capsule, as far as they would go without lifting them.

When he looked up, there was a need in her eyes and felt reflected in his own. One hand stroked along her cheek as he pushed the other down to her hips, dissolving the armor. His fingers trailed over his hips to nestled between her legs, stroking lightly at the hardness until the armor dissolved.

His finger dipped against her slit and she closed her eyes to moan. Her body tensed briefly as he stroked for a moment before her wetness allowed his finger to slip against the bump of her clitoris. Inside her, he could still feel the heat building inside her, healing her insides as his fingers filled her need.

She gasped as his finger pushed deeper, easily slipping into the heated opening that clenched on his finger. As he stroked it slightly, his other hand continued to dissolve the armor along her other side and down her leg.

In a detached part of his mind, he could feel how the energy was healing her body's rejection of the implants, causing it to become one with the foreign metal. Nerves and bone merged into the metal, becoming a mixture of the two underneath the intense power of the transformation and healing, but he understood why it was happening. Without him, she would have never survived.

But, his needs were pushed to the front of his thoughts and he looked up into her eyes. Her dark gaze washed over him as her hands reached up to stroke along his robe, parting the cloth easily to slip against the bare skin underneath. The hard hand, now more eager, pushed inside and trailed down to wrap around his cock. It filled her hand even though it felt fragile in her powerful grip. He knew what mechanical enhancements were in that hand, but it still felt warm as it slid up and down slightly.

Focusing on his hand, he pushed a second finger into the slick tightness of her sex. He was rewarded with a gentle squeeze before he started to slide both fingers in and out, in wet slow movements. His other hand, almost forgotten, stroked along her breasts, teasing the hard nipple between his fingers.

A slight smile crossed her face as she lifted one leg and hooked it on the edge of the capsule. No words were needed and Jacob slipped another third finger into the wet opening. Each tiny stroke of his fingers sent a shiver of pleasure through her as he continued to pay attention to her body. His fingers, pushing in deep, brushed against the heated ball of energy inside her and he felt the need to stroke harder; his thumb brushed against her clitoris with each stroke. Her moans, soft noises in the storage room, filled his senses as he fingered her.

He continued to finger her, enjoying the feel of heated lips wrapped around his fingers, until she began to tug harder on his cock. Her look was unmistakable as she tugged him toward her.

Moving forward, Jacob crawled into the capsule, his knees settling down between her legs as she smiled at him. She made no attempt to speak as she pulled his hardness between her knees. Her legs wrapped around him as she pulled him into her.

His cock, after many years of never feeling anything, almost exploded as it slipped deeply into the wet opening. His cockhead, always sensitive, plunged deep into the tightness and buried itself into the pulsating heat of the healing energies. His gasp, loud in his own ears, echoed against the walls as he felt himself settle inside her, his balls pressing tightly against firm skin.

Burning with an intense pleasure, Jacob braced himself on the capsule and pushed in slightly, pressing his base against her sex before giving her a smile. Her emotions grew out from her, curling against his. Her desire merged with his growing need, fusing into one wave of need that vibrated through their minds. The look in her eyes stopped his throat as he tried to say something, to make a noise in the silence. No words were needed as their emotions continued to curl around each other, pushing and pulling, multiplying the desire.

Her hips pushed up and he pulled back, feeling the cool air of the ship against his cock. He resisted the urge to glance down before pushing it back into the heated depths. Her moan of pleasure sent another shiver down his spine as he drew back to thrust again.

Jacob started slowly, pulling out and pushing in, but her body began to quickly buck underneath the thrusts as she pulled him tighter into her with her legs. As he thrust, he slipped his hands down to hold onto her arm. One muscled hand reached up to

intertwine his fingers as the other drew his other hand to her breast, holding it tightly against the soft mound as he rammed his cock into her wetness.

His entire body felt like it was on fire as he thrust, pounding harder and faster. Years of abstinence were gone in a flash as he strained to bring her pleasure before his quickly rising crest. The intense heat buried inside her, enveloping his cock with each thrust, washed over him, slamming him over his crest.

The mixture of their emotions tightened around each other until he felt the curls of thoughts, now vibrating with emotions, pushed against hers. A delicate framework of power grew between them, weaving into a mental construct more intense than he ever felt in his own meditations. It grew larger, more powerful, more elegant, as their pleasure continued to grow in their physical bodies.

His body continued to strain against her, plunging into her wet depths with rapid strokes. His hands stroked against her body, but his mind was focused inward, toward the incredible construct building in their minds. It was larger than he thought possible, full of potential and power. He could feel it pushing against the limits of his mind, straining at the hard shadows of thought he could never break. His heart was pounding painfully as he slammed into her with his hips, driving his cock deeper even as he felt the shared construct pressing tighter against his mental limits.

Then it exploded.

The limit of his mind cracked and shattered, leaving an empty void in his heart. Powerful energies flooded through him, bursting like a nova inside his mind. He could feel her body spasming underneath him, caught between a crest of her own orgasm and the energies that rolled through them.

In part of his mind, he felt the energies from their pleasure weaving into complicated patterns that he now understood. Only years of discipline enabled him to memorize the patterns, pull them into his own core and building it up. Sharing in his mind, he could feel her lost in the pleasure, unable to focus on the construct as much as experience it. Her emotions burned brightly in his mind and he felt a minor slip of ego as he briefly experienced himself inside her, as physical sensations. The incredible sensations of a body not his own slammed into him. He could feel his own hardness

inside her sex, from her point of view. The emotions, the pleasures, every point of her body merged with his own mind for a brief moment and he felt overwhelmed with the intensity.

The single point of sharing broke like a soap bubble and he felt the energy suddenly pour out of him. His body, tense from his own orgasm, slumped against her hard skin. His breath, rapid and shallow, wracked his body as he struggled with both his mind and his body. The shared construct was shattered, but his own core was still there, glowing with potential. He could feel how he could heal, give strength, and even protect with a thought. And it all made sense.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed himself slightly off the hot body underneath him. The dark eyes looked at him with amusement and Jacob smiled with the shared emotion. He realized her emotions still pushed into his own, a warm feeling that filled something he never knew was missing, another life next to him. After years of searching, Jacob finally found his enlightenment. With a smile, he kissed her gently.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.