



Terms of Surrender

A Star Guardian Interlude

By Brad Guigar

Star Guardian Shaylana stood at the threshold of the pirate ship's command deck, her violet skin slick with the adrenaline of battle. The boarding mission had gone surprisingly smoothly. Too smooth. Her squad had cornered the elusive Captain Scarr and her infamous crew with barely a blaster fired.

After years of skirmishes and close calls, the buccaneer had surrendered with a sultry smile and a single raised brow.

“Take me,” she’d purred, voice laced with mock defeat, “to the privacy of my quarters. We can negotiate the terms of surrender in comfort.”

Protocol dictated a full restraint and immediate transfer to the brig. But Scarr’s crew had laid down arms, and Shaylana’s commanding officer was out of comms range. It was her call. Her victory.

And stars, this *had* to earn her a commendation.

As Captain Scarr turned and began striding down the corridor, Shaylana followed, boots echoing on the metal grating beneath her. The dim, red-alert lights hadn't yet been deactivated, casting the pirate’s silhouette in shifting shadows that clung to every sway of her hips. Shaylana’s sharp eyes scanned the passageway—exposed conduits overhead, flickering guidance panels on the walls, the occasional flicker of a surveillance drone tucking itself away. But her gaze kept drifting back to Scarr, to the sway of her coat brushing against her thighs, to the loose blouse sliding ever so slightly off one bare shoulder.

The captain’s backside was round and firm, the kind of ass that moved with a natural authority — confident,

deliberate, and undeniably distracting. This was enemy territory. Every instinct said *stay alert*. But the scent of vanilla that lingered in the pirate's wake was making it very, very hard to think clearly.

Inside the captain's quarters, dim lights glowed from plasma sconces embedded in the metal walls. Silk and furs — real ones, probably stolen from luxury freighters — draped the cabin like a decadent nest.

Captain Scarr lounged on a wide sofa upholstered in violet velvet; her legs crossed, her expression unreadable.

"Perhaps we'd be more comfortable here?" she offered, patting the cushion beside her.

Shaylana hesitated. "We can discuss the terms, but you are still under arrest."

"Of course," Scarr said smoothly, voice like honey. "But even prisoners are entitled to... civil discourse."

As the Star Guardian approached, she noticed Scarr's blouse hung a little looser than before — was that an accident? The top buttons had come undone, revealing the start of a sumptuous, tanned cleavage.

Shaylana's eyes, traitorous and curious, dipped.

She'd never quite understood human anatomy until her experience on Gamma-Four. The softness. The warmth.

The way breasts responded to attention — puffed nipples, heaving sighs. Fascination had become fixation.

“I don’t usually fraternize with pirates,” Shaylana said, sitting down stiffly beside the captain. The sofa sank under her, plush and perilously soft.

Scarr leaned closer. “I have no intention of *fraternizing*.”

The pirate reached for Shaylana’s hand — slowly, giving her time to withdraw. She didn’t. Their fingers touched, then twined. Scarr’s other hand casually lifted the edge of her blouse.

One generous breast slipped free—plump, golden-brown, the nipple already stiff with anticipation. And then, with a practiced shrug, the other joined it, both swaying gently as the captain shifted forward.

Shaylana drew in a breath, sharp and shaky. Her tongue darted out to wet suddenly dry lips.

Scarr watched her reaction with satisfaction. “You like them.”

The Star Guardian nodded, dazed. “They’re... unusually large.”

Scarr whispered, eyes glinting. “A pirate’s secret weapon.”

Shaylana leaned in — compelled more by instinct than duty — and took the first nipple into her mouth. Her soft tongue traced slow, reverent circles, eliciting a hushed gasp from the captain. She suckled greedily, enthralled by the warm fullness that pressed against her face.

Captain Scarr cradled her head. “That’s it,” she cooed. “Just a taste. No harm in a little... diplomacy.”

Scarr’s fingers slid down Shaylana’s side, tracing the subtle ridges of her uniform until she reached the seam at her hip. The pirate moved slowly — teasing, deliberate — giving Shaylana every chance to protest. But the Star Guardian made no move to stop her. Instead, she leaned in closer, her mouth still sealed around Scarr’s nipple, breath growing faster.

The first touch came like static: a single fingertip pressing between her thighs, through the skintight fabric of her bodysuit. Shaylana gasped, a jolt of heat flashing through her core. Scarr smiled and circled her finger, slow and firm, watching the normally unshakable alien’s composure start to crumble.

With a flick of her wrist, the pirate found the hidden seam in the bodysuit and slipped her hand beneath. Her fingers met slick, feverish skin. Shaylana moaned, soft and sharp, hips twitching into the touch. Scarr pressed in deeper,

curling one finger inside her, then another, feeling the Guardian tighten greedily around the intrusion.

Shaylana's breath came in ragged bursts now, her head tipping back as Scarr's thumb found the sensitive nub just above, rubbing it in slow, maddening circles.

Shaylana's eyes fluttered closed. The battle, the mission, the commendation — melted into soft heat.

Scarr bit her lip to stifle a victorious smile.

After all, this wasn't the first time she negotiated terms of surrender.

