

*Author's Note: To LemonyEggnog, thanks for the review! I'm sorry you missed the bit where I established consent by having Nume and Ilraen pine for each other before the flowers were mentioned. They were just there to help them express their obvious love for each other! As for Ilraen being naive, I hope this chapter clears up the fact that he's not nearly so uneducated about sex as he seems ;) Enjoy!*

*Read and review! I love feedback and suggestions for pairings! I can't promise I'll fill every request, but I can certainly tryyyy :D*

Nume and Ilraen settled on the floor, kissing passionately among the flowers. It wasn't long before Ilraen became aware of a familiar, somewhat uncomfortable pressure as his erection came into existence, and the Andalite gathered his hooves under himself and stood, his proud cock announcing its two-foot-long presence to Nume.

Supernumerary took a moment to appreciate the specimen presented before him. It was similar in general size and shape to that of an Earth horse, which was to be expected; however, the flesh was somewhat iridescent despite lacking the fur that covered the rest of Ilraen's form. The cock was glistening in the generic lighting of the Response Center, and Nume could see that it was covered in intricate bumps and ridges, forming a complex landscape of hills and valleys, whorls and lines. Steadying himself with a quick drink of Bleepka, Supernumerary took Ilraen in his mouth.

The Andalite reacted almost immediately, his main eyes closing and his tail slowly flicking about. Through their mental connection, Supernumerary could sense what Ilraen wanted, no, what he *needed* from him, and Nume obliged. He pumped the massive shaft into his mouth repeatedly, making sure to get his tongue into every single depression of the textured phallus while working on the remainder of the considerable length with his hands. As he did so, he felt his mind fall away, drawn into a realm of bliss derived from giving pleasure to his friend and enriched by the scents of the flowers around him.

Ilraen luxuriated in the oral embrace for a moment before realizing that he should be helping Supernumerary as well. He reached out with a long, dextrous hand and gripped Nume's half-erect cock, caressing it experimentally, making the most use possible out of his many-fingered hand. The flesh responded to his careful ministrations, hardening to its full and sexily girthy size. In this way the two continued for some time, feeling the push and pull of each other, the rhythm of love and pleasure.

Suddenly, Ilraen's body convulsed, ripping his dick out from Supernumerary's surprised grasp, and the latter gave a slight moan of disappointment at the empty feeling that now pervaded his mouth. However, no sooner than the sound was out than Nume was struck by the full force of the Andalite's ejaculate. An endless stream of greenish cum was pumped out of Ilraen, and Supernumerary did his best to hold on to the spurting cock, drinking the wonderful

sweet milk and seed of his friend. Ilraen's hand clenched as his orgasm tore its way from his bladed tail all the way to his eyestalks, and the convulsion of ecstasy pushed Nume over the edge. The grass, particularly the flowers, rejoiced at being showered with the combined fertile seed of the Agent pair.

<Ohhhhhh,> Ilraen moaned. <I never thought that could feel so...> Another pleasurable shiver ripped its way through his body, cutting his sentence off. Nume practically beamed at the praise, but noticed that the Andalite's penis had hardly softened; in fact, it had grown harder. Ilraen caught the expression, and caught the sight of Nume's softening cock. <Wait, you are finished already?> the Andalite asked, unable to keep the disappointment from his voice.

"Human men can't just... do this... for long," Nume sighed, disappointed in his inadequate anatomy. "I'll have to wait a while for you to pleasure me again. You were wonderful, by the way," he added, indulging in a stretch that showed off his cum-covered chest.

Ilraen's tail twitched nervously. <With me... and the rest of my kind... it's different,> he spoke softly, hesitantly, appreciating the extreme awkwardness that came with discussing the mating habits and practices of other species. However, the burning lust in the Andalite's belly demanded that he explain the situation, what he still needed, what he positively *burned* for Supernumerary to do for him. <I must have release at least twice more to be fully satisfied.>

Supernumerary blanched. "Two... Two more times?" he asked with a laugh of disbelief. "You must be joking."

<Alas, I do not,> said the Andalite, trying to keep the impatience out of his voice. His biology was urging him to grab Nume, to take him and spill his seed in him again, to *rut*, and it was getting harder by the moment to ignore. <I *need* to. If I do not, there's no telling what it would mean for me...>

At that moment, Nume felt his passion ignite again, the alien juices he swallowed speeding his recovery and preparing him for what was to come. He was hot, too hot, he needed something to hold on to... the Agent took another swallow of Bleepka, but it did nothing to cool the fierce fires of his newfound passion, and he groaned slightly.

<Are you alright?> Ilraen asked, his needs subsiding slightly as his attention shifted to concern for his friend.

"Fine. I'm... I'm fine," Supernumerary growled, tossing aside the closed flask. "I think I'm ready for more..." With that, the Agent positioned himself on the floor, presenting his steaming boipussy to his alien savior. The Andalite's mind kicked into overdrive at the display, recognizing the universal gesture of submission in the face of the most basic urge, the need to breed. He could not resist such an obvious and appealing invitation.

In one motion, the Andalite *moved*, spearing Supernumerary again and again, relentlessly pounding his slick love tunnel, his mind unable to process anything beyond the raw pleasure radiating from his manhood throughout the rest of his body. Supernumerary's walls stretched to accompany the Andalite's full length, and Nume could feel every bump and ridge on that gorgeously textured cock, the cock that was in him, that had chosen him to sate itself with his mouth.

The onslaught became harsher and Ilraen's breathing became more ragged as he neared his second climax. Supernumerary braced himself, digging his fingers into the soft earth as Ilraen erupted within him, thrusting with wild abandon, his tail muscles flexed to their fullest extent as he broadcasted his mental screams of pleasure and conquest to all within range. This being Headquarters, though, the space was currently arranged such that no one was nearby. A small torrent of spooge made its way out of Nume's hole, pooling around the man's legs as the remainder filled his body with warmth and love, and the two stayed like that for some time until Ilraen's cock finally stopped leaking into his lover.

However, the Andalite was still far from done. Ilraen was aware, somewhere in his mind, that Supernumerary was far more vulnerable than an Andalite would be, and he was able to muster enough control of himself to keep his pace much more measured than it was before, when he was lost in the intense pleasure of rutting. He moved slowly into Supernumerary's needy hole, thrusting deeply until he hit a small, almost imperceptible nub.

Supernumerary gave an involuntary moan of pure pleasure as sparks made their way from the depths of his bowels to the tip of his cock, awakening it for the second time in as many hours. "Do that again," he grunted, balancing himself on one hand, the other gripping his hardening member. "That... that feels *sooo gooooooooood*."

Ilraen, pleased that he hadn't harmed his partner unduly, obliged. He thrust slow and deep, making sure to rub the button-like nub with each and every one, and was rewarded by Supernumerary's walls clamping deliciously on his penis, rapidly bringing him to the edge. Supernumerary grunted, his hand--still wet from the Andalite's spooge--working furiously on his own member. Even Nume's self-control broke and he cried out as he spilt his seed on the ground, his cock spurting with abandon, more than he had seen himself produce before. Simultaneously, Ilraen thrust one final time into Supernumerary's abdomen, his hands caressing his lover's back as they finished together before collapsing among the beautiful purple flowers one final time.