

Cliff sat on a steep, grassy incline bathed in the warm late afternoon sunshine as he punched pertinent data into his PDA device. If his little brother back home could witness monotonous times like these, he'd likely romanticize being on the Voltron Force a hell of a lot less. Exploring a new world like this one was an adventure, but Cliff had to admit the tedious task of logging and organizing data was not his favorite part.

Suddenly, he heard a distant splash coming from just over the rise of the hill he was seated on. He twisted his body in the direction of the sound and shouted, "Cinda are you all right?"

Cinda had been his Land Team partner on this leg of the expedition, and as usual, she went off to enjoy and explore the beauty of the planet while Cliff took care of data entry. When no answer was forthcoming, Cliff grew concerned. He stood, pocketing the PDA in favor of drawing the laser pistol holstered at his side. Hunched slightly, he cautiously crested the hill. At the bottom sat a pristine and sparkling lake and Cliff could make out Cinda's form gracefully backstroking across it.

Cliff relaxed and returned his pistol to its holster. "I have to be captain and they get to have all the fun," he muttered while making his way across the field and down to the lake. As he stood at the bank, he noticed what appeared to be Cinda's maroon and white Alliance issue uniform crumpled in a heap on the ground. His eyes went wide and he peered out at the lake where Cinda was bobbing in the water with a grin on her face and waving in his direction. Sure enough, her pale blue shoulders were visible above the water. Cliff's jaw fell slack. Cinda was prone to care free flights of fancy, but skinny-dipping? That was a new one.

"Come on in, the water is great!" came Cinda's joyous shout.

"Er, I'll leave the water exploration to the Sea Team," Cliff declined lamely. The pure man in Cliff wouldn't have minded diving in with one of the ladies on the Force. Cinda, though an alien, wasn't bad on the eyes at all. But if he were caught frolicking nude with a subordinate, he could be in big trouble. Once again his position as captain of one of the Voltron Force units kept him from having the slightest bit of fun.

He tried to avert his eyes and at least put on the façade of a gentleman, but that became harder and harder to do as Cinda's form moved closer to him in the water. She hailed from a water world and she cut through the water with such graceful ease that no mere human could match.

When she got to the shallow part near the shore and stood to walk the rest of the way in, Cliff cleared his throat nervously, his eyes darting to the side. This was going to be awkward. He turned his back to her as Cinda placed a bare foot on the cool grassy bank near him.

"It would do you a world of good to cut loose and relax a bit, Cliff," she remarked casually. It would seem by the tone of her voice she wasn't at all bothered to be standing there dripping wet and naked in his presence.

Cliff swallowed hard. "I uh, well...we have to be getting back to the Explorer anyway. The others probably wonder what's happened to us."

To his shock, Cinda stepped around so that she was standing directly in front of him. He couldn't help but let his eyes drop to take in her ample breasts. "I have to dry off here in the breeze before I can put my uniform back on. You might as well relax."

“Can’t you at least cover yourself up?” he blurted out. Even as he made such honorable speech, he looked at her naked form from head to foot and back again. By the cosmos, she had to know what she was doing to him.

Cinda smiled sweetly. “Cliff, you act like you’ve never seen a naked woman before.”

“Of course I have! But we’re not all free spirits like you, you know. And besides...”

“Besides?” she prompted, closing the distance between them by stepping forward and placing her hand on his forearm. When he simply stared at her blankly, Cinda continued. “What are you afraid of, Cliff? We’re on a deserted world, alone. Aren’t you the least bit curious? I am.”

“Curious?” he echoed, his brow wrinkling slightly.

Cinda lowered her voice to a husky whisper, her body so close to his they were practically touching. “I’ve never taken a human lover.”

His mind exploded in a whirl of thought. She was seducing him!

“Cinda, I – I can’t,” he croaked while trying to back away. Not that he didn’t *want* to, that was for sure. He hadn’t had a woman since his last leave and that was too long ago as far as he was concerned. Like any man with his youth that was in top physical shape, he had a healthy libido.

“Can’t...or won’t?”

“Can’t,” he confirmed. “You know, I outrank you. If anyone finds out I can be in big trouble with the Commander, with the Alliance...”

Cinda smiled gently. “They won’t find out. We’re alone. I promise you won’t regret it.” She boldly moved in close and wrapped her arms around him, her bosom pressed firmly against his own broad chest.

He awkwardly returned the embrace. This was really too much and he hoped she couldn’t detect his growing arousal. Cinda was a mystery in many ways, and Cliff had to admit to himself he was more than curious what making love with her would be like. She would probably do things to him no Earth girl would dream of, and the idea was tempting. But was it worth risking his military career?

He gazed into her strange eyes that looked up at him expectantly. Cliff nearly lost his will to resist when she reached up and ran her hand through his carefully combed blonde locks and purred, “Mmmmm, so soft.”

With every ounce of strength he had left, he pushed away from her. “Cinda, please...” he gasped, turning away.

Cinda sighed. “I wonder what Modoch is doing. He doesn’t outrank me...”

“Huh? Modoch?” She’d struck the right chord with his ego.

“Well...I’d had my eye on him before. We were alone together on that planet with the old ruins...it might have happened if he hadn’t gone in that cave first and gotten bitten by those bats.”

“Oh really? So what am I, sloppy seconds?” Cliff demanded.

Cinda shook her head. “No, it’s not like that necessarily. I have a curiosity I want sated and let’s face it, you and Modoch are the most dashing men on the Land Team and I just happened to be alone with Modoch first. At least I put you in the same league as Modoch...I do have standards.” She eyed him knowingly. “You should be relieved I didn’t place you behind Marvin or Hutch.”

Cliff cringed. “Well, when you put it that way...”

Cinda smiled as she turned to walk away. “Maybe I’ll be lucky and run into him before he

goes back to the Explorer.”

Cliff spun around and grabbed her arm. “Wait. I – uh –” His male pride wasn’t about to let MODOCH experience what he himself was so intrigued with. His eyes scanned their surroundings quickly. “I’ll do it, but we need to move over there in that thick stand of trees,” he said, pointing just beyond the lake. Under such cover, they were less likely to be discovered.

Cinda knelt down to gather her clothes before taking Cliff’s hand to lead him to the area he specified.

Cliff felt a rush as they stood safely shrouded in the stand of trees, his blood pounding furiously in his ears. He looked her over eagerly.

“This works better if you take your clothes off,” Cinda gently reminded him.

Cliff could feel his cheeks flush. “Oh, right!” He quickly shucked his uniform and left it in a pile beside Cinda’s own.

He was pleased that Cinda looked as if she liked what she saw and when she moved in to embrace him, this time he returned the embrace willingly.

Her skin was smooth and soft, and the feel of it against him was enough to bring him to a fully aroused state. His hands traced along her womanly curves while she nibbled and kissed him along his neck and ear. They then shared a deep kiss, after which Cliff was more than ready to go.

To his surprise, she backed out of the embrace. “Sit down and cross your legs,” she instructed.

“I hope we’re not going sit and have afternoon tea first,” he remarked with his usual dose of sarcasm.

Cinda chuckled. “Just do it. We’re going to share an experience that I can all but guarantee you’ve never had before – but, you have to listen to me and trust me.”

“Ok,” Cliff relented as he complied with her request.

No sooner had he settled his bottom on a soft, grassy spot than Cinda lowered herself onto his lap, her slender legs wrapping around him.

Cliff gripped her by the waist and offered a crooked smile. “So far, no complaints.”

This position put her at a higher vantage point, and she looked down at him with a slight smile. “Now, clear your mind. Meditate.”

Cliff blinked. “It’s hard to do anything with these in my face,” he replied, referring to her breasts that rose and fell just inches from his chin.

“Shhhh,” she urged him while placing a finger over his lips to silence him. “Trust me.”

Cliff closed his eyes and tried to get centered. He’d done some rudimentary meditation in the past, but never with the tantalizing distraction of a naked woman on his lap.

He didn’t think it possible, but eventually Cliff found his center. It was then Cinda gave further instruction, speaking in a near trance-like whisper. “As we make love, concentrate on the energy between us and resist climax as long as possible.”

Cliff was in too altered a mental state to offer a trademark smart aleck remark. He easily complied as she coaxed him into lying on his back by straightening his legs and falling back gently. His eyes still closed, he could feel that she still straddled him. Cliff emitted a small gasp when she took his rigid member and slowly eased herself onto him. She remained still for a moment, perhaps giving them both a chance to re-center.

Cliff would never have guessed it possible, but he managed to stay in a dream-like mental state even as Cinda began a rocking motion that started a slow build to the height of sexual pleasure. His eyes slowly opened and he stared up at the gently swaying boughs of the trees,

which seemed distant and dreamy. Energy, concentrate on the energy. And what energy there was between them. Something strange was happening beyond the realm of normal lovemaking but Cliff was only vaguely aware of it. But as they continued, it was almost as if they were levitating while they connected on a level that transcended the mere physical – it was an intense mental and soulful bond with the pleasant side effect of causing the most intense sexual pleasure Cliff had ever known.

He almost lost control when Cinda reached her first climax, but she stopped him before he could release. She leaned in close and said between ragged breaths, “Not yet.”

They cycled through this routine countless times before she finally allowed Cliff to experience his own orgasm. The intensity of it was mind-bending and incredible, and all the while it seemed to Cliff that they hovered near the top boughs of the trees.

The intensity subsiding, Cliff closed his eyes. Slowly, he became aware of the cool grass on his back, the sound of the wind through the tress and the chirping of birds. To add to the unusual experience, instead of feeling spent Cliff somehow felt even more energized than he had been before they started.

When he opened his eyes, he was shocked to see the beautiful rose tones of sunset streaking the sky. They must have been there for hours!

He looked over at Cinda, who was already getting dressed. She must have thought the same thing he did – they had to get back to their vehicles before they roused any more suspicion than they already had. Cliff sprang up and donned his uniform before wordlessly following Cinda back up the hill by the lake and out toward where they’d parked their ships. To their dismay, Marvin and Hutch’s vehicles were parked nearby.

“Where were you guys?” Marvin demanded as he rushed out to greet the pair. “We just sent MODOCH back to report you missing.”

“Well as you can see, we’re not,” Cliff replied curtly.

Hutch remained by his vehicle, leaning against it with his arms crossed. The way he eyed himself and Cinda made Cliff more than uneasy. “How peculiar that you wouldn’t check in.”

“Let’s just get back to the Explorer. It’s been a long day,” Cliff replied in an effort to avoid the subject.

Cinda simply stood and busied herself with re-applying her green lipstick. Hutch’s eyes darted from her to Cliff and back again. That’s when he noticed Cliff’s usually immaculately combed coif was a bit mussed and seemed to have leaves or something stuck in it.

Marvin apparently noticed this as well. “What the heck happened to you? Look at your hair!”

Cliff became flustered and hastily retrieved the comb he kept in his pants pocket. “Nothing. Must have gotten into an area of heavy brush or something.”

Hutch snorted. “Yeah, right!”

Marvin eyed Cliff closely and gasped when he detected what looked like green-tinted smudges on his neck and around his ear – the same shade of green as Cinda’s lipstick. “Whoa, you were into something heavy but I don’t think it was brush! Lookit this, Hutch!”

Cliff glared at Marvin. “Didn’t I tell you to go back to the Explorer?”

Hutch stood up straight and flashed a knowing grin. “Yeah, let’s head back, Marvin. I’m sure the others will just love to find out just what Cliff and Cinda have been up to.”

As they boarded their ships and left, Cliff could only stand there and fume. After they were gone, Cinda placed a hand gently on his shoulder.

“I’m sorry,” she offered softly.

Cliff bowed his head and sighed. “No need to apologize. I didn’t have to do it.” He turned

and looked at her, cupping her face in his hand. "That was amazing. Thank you."

Cinda smiled before breaking away to board her vehicle. She paused to add, "You did well for an Earth man."

Cliff chuckled. "I'll take that as a compliment."

Flying back to the Explorer, Cliff pondered ways to control the damage the spreading of rumors was going to incur but he had no regrets. Being with someone like Cinda was well worth the gamble and something he would always remember.

*Step into a heaven
Where I keep it on the soul side
Girl please me
Be my soul bride
Every women
Has a piece of Aphrodite
Copulate to create
A state of sexual light
I mingle with the gods
I mingle with divinity*

*Blood sugar baby
She's magic
Sex magic sex magic*

*Glorious euphoria
Is my must
Erotic shock
Is a function of lust
Temporarily blind
Dimensions to discover
In time
Each into the other
Uncontrollable notes
From her snow white throat
Fill a space
In which two bodies float
Operatic by voice
A fanatic by choice
Aromatic is the flower
She must be moist*

Blood sugar baby
She's magic
Sex magic sex magic

--Blood Sugar Sex Magic, Red Hot Chili Peppers