

Captain Future: Jump-Start



Jump-Start

By Sabina

Ezella hung the towel over the back of the chair and sat next to Joan and the Future-Crew. Every nerve of him seemed to be tense.

Curt was nervously squirming in his chair. Joan, in contrast, sat absolutely motionless and didn't twitch one nerve.

The display told the young space-hero that the room temperature was set to be pleasant and yet – it was far too hot. He had tried to slow down his racing heart and control the abnormal flow of his blood, but so far he had failed. Curt renewed his efforts to find a more comfortable sitting position and to make sense of the contradicting signals his brain was sending.

"These criminals become bolder every day. To have their headquarters here in New York. Probably thought that they could hide among the masses." Otho's joy, that they had caught a dangerous trio of chemists didn't penetrate the silence of his comrades.

"For a moment I thought we were done for, when these barrels burst and we stood in this green cloud. What do you think it ..."

"I should go now," interrupted Ezella, jumped from his seat and fled – sweating profoundly - through the airlock. "I'll see you later."

"Yeesss!"

At this sound between a hiss and a purr Curt turned to Joan.

She was on all fours and slowly crawled across the table towards him. She looked like the cat about to eat the canary.

Suddenly Curt knew how all his opponents had felt when they found themselves caught.

Joan's small hand travelled along his face with a feather light touch.

The display showed no change in temperature, yet he felt definitely hotter.

Joan turned his face around.

Her lips brushed over his.

Slowly and soft.

It was by far too hot, the thermostat just had to be malfunctioning.

He felt one of Joan's hands in his hair, the other was slowly travelling down his neck.

Captain Future: Jump-Start

The pressure on his lips increased.

Something was very wrong here.

Curt desperately clung to the table. He no longer had any control over his body, this had never happened before. His thoughts seemed to dissolve into nothing. Only Joan's touch mattered.

Did she feel as hot as he?

The young man hesitantly raised his hand, not entirely knowing why, to stroke it through Joan's hair.

Joan's tongue flitted over his lips, his heart was speeding up further and his body reacted in a very interesting way.

Curt stood up and shoved Joan towards Grag.

"I'll take a shower."

~*~

"I'll take a shower."

Simon was sure that something weird was going on. His protégé was almost panicking and staring at Joan's fingers, which slowly caressed Grag's arms. The young agent was smiling at Curt dangerously and sensuously squirmed in her prison of steel. Centimetre by centimetre she gained her freedom, while Curt pressed himself to the door to the quarters like a hypnotised rabbit.

Otho failed in his attempt to repress his laughter. That sound broke the spell on Curtis. In an instant he had vanished through the door.

Joan went slack in Grag's arms.

Simon floated to her to take a closer look.

Her eyes were wide, breath and heart both accelerated.

"Come on, Joan. I want to take a closer look at you. The gas cloud this morning seems to have some side effects."

Joan's eyes flickered with understanding which was gone with the next blink of her unfocused eyes.

Grag led her to follow Simon.

An hour later Simon was sure that he knew what was going on.

Ezella's, Curt's and Joan's reactions, as well as the analysis of her blood and her answers in lucid moments, allowed only one conclusion.

Calling Ezella had only resulted in starting the automatic message system. Simon hoped that the message reached the police officer before he ran into serious difficulties.

Captain Future: Jump-Start

The living brain directed his lens-eyes to face Otho, who stood behind Joan. The eyes of the android asked what they now should do with the young agent and Curt. It was impossible to allow them to go outside.

Simon reached a decision.

"Joan?" Glassy eyes looked through him. "Would you kindly explain my findings to Captain Future? Grag and I will try to find out which chemicals you were exposed to."

Otho directed Joan in the general direction of Curt's quarters.

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For a moment Joan knew that she shouldn't set a foot inside the quarters of the Captain.

The door opened with a soft hiss.

Rational thought left her.

On the cot sat Captain Future.

Upright, cross-legged, eyes closed.

He was entirely clothed in black.

Shoulder paddings and reinforcements on elbows and other places made his body appear shapeless.

So this was what he wore under his uniform.

He hadn't noticed her yet, without a sound she stepped forward.

His red hair was wild and unkempt.

A single sweat drop ran down his forehead, while staying clear of closed eyelids, over reddened cheeks, along a tightly clamped jaw, to finally fall from a quivering chin.

His chest exploded with every hastily taken breath.

His hands lay clenched in his lap.

Joan stroked his upper arms.

Captain Future jerked back.

Grey eyes stared frightened at her.

"Professor Simon said that something in the green cloud of gas this morning is more potent than every other known aphrodisiac. The effect should expire soon. He has taken Grag to find out more about the substances from the cloud and possible side effects."

Captain Future swallowed a few times, but made no sound.

His arm muscles under her fingers were hard as steel.

Joan's eyes followed her fingers which travelled slowly up his arms.

Joan pushed against his shoulders. He ended up lying on the cot.

Captain Future: Jump-Start

Now that her body was no longer in contact with his, her mind cleared and sparks of reason returned into the Captain's eyes.

Joan's conscience was in turmoil. Should she leave his cabin and wait till they both had gained their minds again or should she continue to explore this obviously magnificent body.

Captain Future raised himself on his elbows: "Joan? I ... You ... We ... What ..."

Joan's reasoning left her. His lips were just too seductive!

Joan didn't allow his superfast reflexes to react. Her arms rested her weight on his shoulders and her lips pressed against his.

The Captain fell back onto the bed.

Joan's lips stayed on his and she stroked his upper lip with slight pressure. She would probably regret this night once her mind cleared, yet his lips were so warm and soft beneath hers ... it was worth every minute. She allowed her tongue to lick his lips.

One moment strong arms pushed Joan away, to drag her against the body under her in the next.

Her hands travelled lightly over the chest that had been covered by his more than bothersome breast armour far too long.

Joan carefully nibbled the upper lip of the young man beneath her.

The grip on her shoulders tightened oh so briefly.

Joan's hand wandered along his upper body to his neck and finally explored restlessly his damp hair. Her other hand massaged the tight muscles in his neck.

Slowly and hesitatingly the Captain's hands grew braver and drew slow, exploring circles on her shoulder blades. At the same time soft kisses marked his way to her ear.

Joan rubbed her leg against his, which made him stop.

Joan sighed and distracted him with a kiss from what else happened to his trembling body.

His hands slowly gained courage again and roamed in larger circles on her back, although their explorations never strayed farther down than her hips.

Joan parted his lips with her tongue and licked his perfect teeth. The Captain uttered a strangled gasp.

Meanwhile, Joan took the opportunity and slowly dragged his collar over his left shoulder. Eventually she had more of his wonderful warm skin to explore.

She decided that she needed more. Joan sat up, the Captain securely held by her thighs, and pulled the upper part of his protection dress down to his hips.

He stared at her with big eyes.

Joan was fascinated by the view his upper body offered.

Captain Future: Jump-Start

Oh, yes! A marvellous view. Entirely irresistible.

Joan greedily moved her hands over the untouched expanses. The Captain breathing came in quick pants, the muscles of his stomach worked restlessly under her fingers.

Slowly his breath calmed down and his hands caressed her knees.

Joan took the upper part of her uniform off.

Captain Future shivered.

Once again Joan rested fully on him and was electrified by her naked skin against his.

The Captain's arms came around her shoulders and curiously ran down her spine.

This time Joan shivered and gave a deep sigh.

Joan kept one hand on his chest and put the other on his shoulder.

He held her tighter against him and captured her lips in a passionate kiss. He grew more courageous, his hand brushed the outside of her breast.

Joan's hand stroked his stomach a second time and she was once again captivated by his wonderful stomach muscles.

As she circled his navel with her fingers, the red-headed man, in whose arms she lay, shivered and gasped.

It seemed as if somebody was ticklish here, she would have to keep that in mind for later explorations.

But now her fingers had another target.

The Captain tried to tear away from her kiss, but he wouldn't escape her that easily. While her tongue explore his mouth, one hand securely in his hair, her other hand travelled under the lower part of his suit.

It seemed that he wasn't wearing underwear.

His body was fantastic, Joan had never felt this pleasant and happy before.

Joan became aware of a whimper which came from the young man under her.

She drowned in darkness.

~*~

Simon took a look at the terminal clock.

It was late in the morning and he had worked for three hours on the make-up of the remains from the gas cloud. Grag and he had taken hours to find a few traces of the unstable compound.

In the back of his mind he was aware of an argument going on behind him. Otho and Grag fought about one thing or another. Something entirely different lasted on his mind.

He was worried about Joan and Curt, maybe he should have sent Otho to take Joan to her

Captain Future: Jump-Start

apartment. None of them dared more than risk a short glance at the door to the quarters.

Behind him the door in question opened abruptly and Joan, blushing to the root of her hair, stormed past them.

"What did you think you were doing? How shall I ever look him in the eyes again?" The young agent was without any doubt very flustered. They had no chance to answer before she vanished in the direction of the airlock.

"Joan!"

Their protégé stormed upset and half naked into the room. Blood was dripping down his cheek. He blinked and a blank mask drew across his face.

"This gas compound contains a rather interesting narcotic. Time delayed, very strong and sudden effect. It would be a great advantage to have this narcotic in our arsenal.

The Captain's findings agreed with Simon's analysis.

"What happened to your cheek?" asked Otho cautiously.

"One of Joan's uniform fastenings caught it, when she jumped from my cot. I'll take care of it myself." the emotionless answer came. Captain Future retrieved the medicine kit and vanished through the door he came from.

Something new, something wild was in his eyes this morning.

The End

Disclaimer: I do not own Captain Future and associated characters. I do not derive any material profit from this story.

Once again, I'd like to thank harraps, who pointed out grammar and spelling mistakes and inconsistencies in the story.