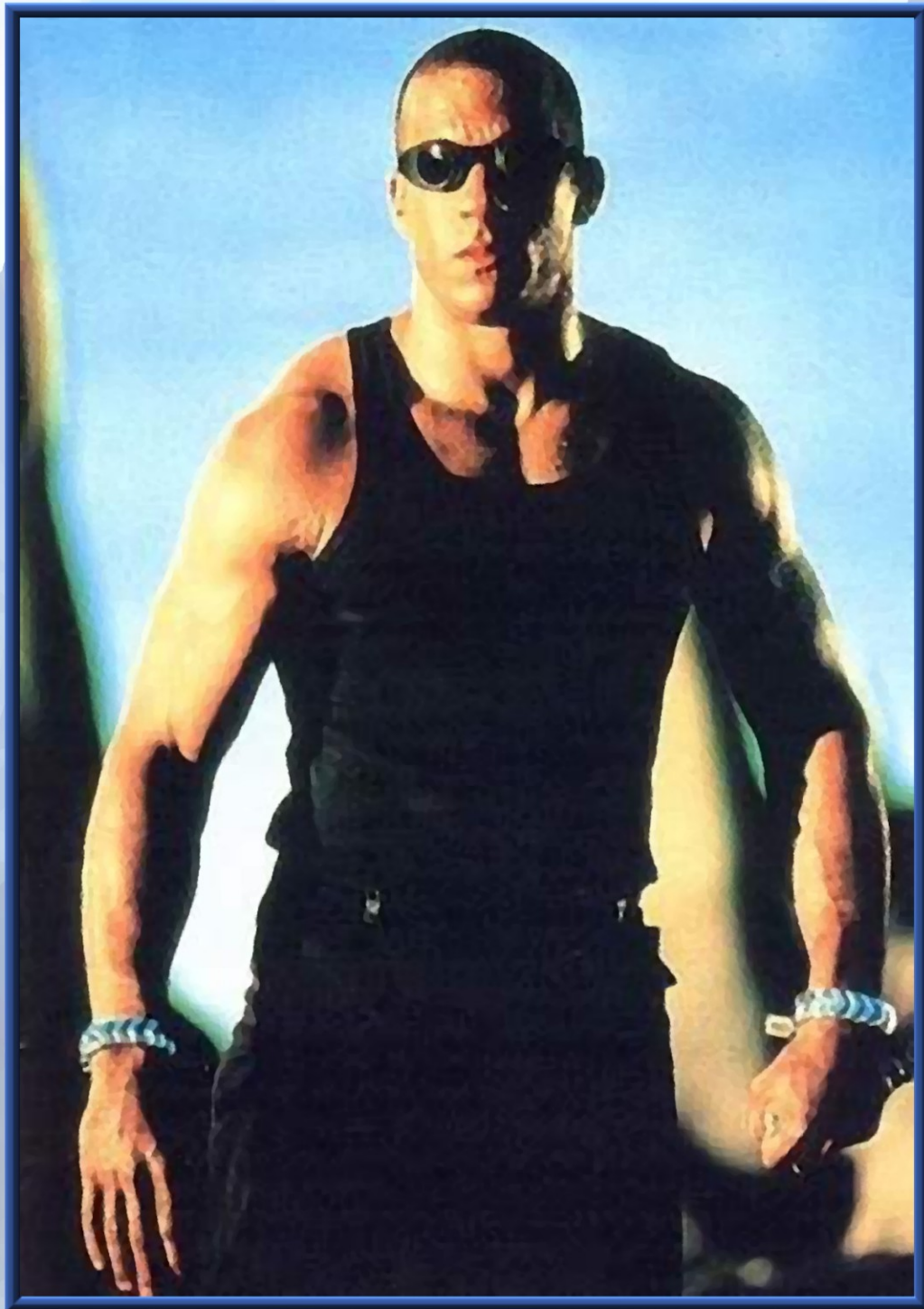




First Contact



By Ardath Rekha

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Synopsis: Summary: You went out with the search party, looking for water. You didn't find any, but when you twisted your ankle and had to return to the ship, Riddick found you...

Notes: There are two very very special people to whom I dedicate this story... Superchick and Dallas. **Chicky**, you showed me the image that got this ball rolling, and were my happy captive audience as I wrote this. **Dallas**... HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Imagine this as your present...

One More Special Note: This was done as a Live Storytelling. Chicky presented me with the image on the ebook cover, and I began to tell her an imaginary set of circumstances in which she would be confronted with Riddick, looking just like this...

Category: Fan Fiction

Fandom: *Pitch Black*

Series: None

Challenges: Live Storytelling Challenge

Rating: X

Orientation: Het (PWP)

Pairing: Riddick/You

Warnings: Harsh Language, Explicit Sexual Content

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Story Length: Short Story

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First Contact

You're all alone in the desert.

You were walking with the others to find water, but you twisted your ankle and you weren't going to be able to keep up. So you had to turn around and limp your way back to the ship, and now... now here you are, alone in the desert, middle of nowhere, following your tracks back to the ship, and he appears...

For a moment, the two of you just stare at each other, and you think about just how large a man he is... you know you can't fight him. And you know you can't run. You're trapped. And a little smirk appears on his lips...

He walks forward, until he's almost touching you. "You get lost, miss?" he rumbles.

You don't have the faintest idea what to say. You try to shrink back from him, and pain stabs through your ankle. You wince. He glances down and then the smirk becomes full blown. "You don't belong out in the desert, you know," he whispers, as his hands grasp your arms and steady you.

He lifts you up and starts to carry you across the sand. You realize he's leaving the tracks behind and suddenly you're afraid again... is he taking you away so he can kill you where you'll never be found? But soon you realize that he's circled the *Hunter-Gratzner* wreckage... and he's aiming for a quiet, dark cargo container... one that nobody knows about except him... and now you. He carries you inside, into the darkness.

It's cool inside the container. You can't see a thing, but your entire body is suddenly thanking you — *him* — for the end of the heat. He lowers you down onto something soft, and you realize it's a big pile of clothes. "Hold still," he tells you, and his hands move down you, stroking over your leg until they reach your tender ankle. You expect it to hurt like hell when he probes, but he's startlingly gentle... sexy?

"I think you're gonna be okay," he rumbles, and you feel the clothes under you shift as he sits down beside you. "But maybe I'd better make sure you're okay everywhere else."

You take a breath to ask what he means — surely he doesn't mean what you *think* he means! — and that's when his hand starts moving over you, caressing your throat and shoulders, and then sliding down over your breasts. He *does* mean what you thought!

You hold still and he begins to peel away your sweaty clothes. Tentatively you reach up and touch him, your hand finding his shoulder. Solid, granite-hard muscle covered in warm, smooth skin meets your touch, slick with perspiration. He growls softly again, still pulling off your clothes, but lets you keep touching him.

He gets impatient with your garments, suddenly, and you hear the sound of fabric ripping. *Who cares?* you think. *I'm lying on a whole PILE of clothes, something else will do...* Your hands slide down to his pants and you feel — *ohmigod*.

He chuckles. "I love a woman who's ready to play," he drawls, and his hand covers yours, pressing your palm against the straining erection you feel beneath his trousers.

You sit up, no longer afraid, and begin blindly working the fastenings of his pants. He chuckles and you feel his hand on your chest, between your breasts, gently pushing you back against the clothes. You lie down again and hear a rustling sound as he strips off his shirt and pants. "Much better," he murmurs.

His hands begin to move over your skin again. You reach up for him and this time, no fabric meets your touch. Just satin-smooth, flawless skin covering one of the hardest bodies you've ever felt... solid muscle and bone. Your hand moves lower and discovers something that is, impossibly, both harder and silkier than any part of him you've touched so far.

"Oh yeah," he rumbles. "I *really* like a woman who knows what she wants." His voice seems to be coming from an odd place, no longer above you... and then a moment later you feel his warm, wet mouth capture your nipple. A new stab of feeling goes through your body, this one a spear of pure pleasure that seems to travel from your captured breast to your very center.

His hands move over you, stroking your skin, awakening nerves and pleasure centers you never knew existed. Slowly, he spreads your legs. You're still touching him yourself, your hands trying to memorize every line, every muscle. He releases your breast and shifts his position, again. Suddenly, you can feel the head of his cock nudging against your most delicate, sensitive flesh.

“Hold still,” he whispers, and begins to push inside you. You gasp, feeling his surprising girth stretch you in a way you’ve never experienced before, and his mouth covers yours, capturing your gasp.

You shift your position as well, wrapping your legs around his waist and your arms around his shoulders. There’s a little twinge of complaint from your ankle, but it only seems to sweeten the feelings he stirs. He’s still pushing inside you, the journey made harder by how large he is, but eased by how receptive *you* are. Soon he’s filled you, more than any man ever has before, and he releases a long, low, shuddering groan of pleasure.

Releasing your mouth, he puts his lips to your ear. “Been a long time,” he whispers. Genuine emotion fills the soft words. He begins to rock into you and out, slowly, as if he’s savoring every taste. His impatience is gone now. Now he seems to want it to last as long as it can.

You realize you haven’t said a word to him, haven’t made a sound since he first walked up to you. Now you finally speak, a whisper against *his* ear. “Riddick...” You feel his muscles tense for a second, and then relax, as he realizes you spoke his name the way a lover would. His pace picks up a little...

“Tell me your name,” he whispers after a moment. You do, managing it between the soft moans he’s stirring from you.

He covers your mouth with his again, exploring with his tongue, capturing your moans. His pace begins to pick up some more. After a long, delirious moment, he breaks free, gasping. Gasping your name.

Two words, now, are going back and forth, in a strange rhythm with your coupling. His name, from your lips, and your name from his. Whispers exchanged to anchor you in something that otherwise seems outside of time and place. You wish you could see him, but all you catch are glimpses of his shined eyes, like flashing silver coins above you in the blackness.

His body begins to shiver and tighten, even as the most exquisite waves of pleasure start to crash over you. He whispers your name again, his voice desperate now. “I wanna feel you come...”

And that’s the last thing you hear for a long moment as a roar fills your ears and pure, overwhelming pleasure courses through you. You think you hear another sound, for a moment, your own voice raised. “Ri—” His lips cover yours and cut off the rest before anyone can hear you.

Slowly, slowly, the sensations abate. You regain your sense of time and place. Above you, you feel him shudder as his own release sweeps over you. A sound, half groan and half whimper, escapes him. Your name again. Then he collapses against you, pressing your body into the heap of clothing.

Silence fills the cargo container. In the distance, you can hear voices. People talking. Calling out to each other. Has the search party returned to find that you never made it back? But you don’t want to move. You don’t think you can walk...

“Been a long time,” he whispers, and rolls over onto his back, drawing you with him. Now your head rests on his shoulder.

“Should we...” you ask, wondering if it’s time to reunite with the others, before they decide Riddick must have killed you.

“Nah, not yet,” he rumbles. “Some things are worth waiting for... let them wait too...”

He wraps his arms around you and holds you close. You close your eyes, listening to his heartbeat in the pitch black.