In Space No-One Can Hear You Scream

by 5t0rmtr00p3r

Summary

After her crew has been killed by the alien on board her ship, Ellen Ripley sets out to kill it before it can kill her. When it finds her, however, it has no intention of killing her. It has something else in mind for the last survivor of the Nostromo. Ellen Ripley will learn the hard way that, in space, no-one can hear her scream...

Ellen Ripley gripped her makeshift flamethrower tighter, so focused on watching the empty passageway on front of her that at first she didn't register the quiet sound, like something being dragged, coming from behind her.

Raspy breathing was followed by a warm puff of air on the back of her neck, and the short hairs there rose as fear momentarily paralysed her. As she fought with her body to move, to run, to turn and fight, something brushed against the inside of her leg. Slowly, afraid of what she'd see, she looked down.

The tip of the xenomorph's tail was rubbing against her jumpsuit.

The breathing behind her seemed to get louder as she closed her eyes, and waited for death to claim her. But there was no death - no searing pain, no sudden loss of consciousness - just the gentle but intentional rubbing of the tail against her.

Ripley swallowed thickly, more afraid now than at any other point in the last few hours.
She gasped as the tail inched higher, her eyes flying open as the monster's true intent became clear to her. Ellen Ripley, the last survivor of the *Nostromo*, would suffer a fate worse than the death granted her fellow crewmen.

The creature's tail rose up, up, up, until it was pressing insistently between her legs, the grey fabric of her jumpsuit the only thing preventing it from breaching her.

The alien continued to probe, seeking access, and when its searching movements caused it to rub across her clit she found her feet and ran.

The xenomorph let out an angry shriek that followed her down the long corridors of the ship as she tried desperately to think of somewhere that she could hide. The door in front of her wouldn't open and she turned and unleashed a stream of fire, belatedly realising that the alien hadn't followed her.

At least, not directly.

Her fearful gaze rose to the ducts overhead, and she traced her steps back to another door, this one leading through a storage area. Licking her lips she briefly considered hiding in one of the lockers that lined the walls, but if the creature found her there she'd be trapped. She kept going, carefully creeping through the darkness, watching for any sign of movement.

But there was no movement. Not a sound, except for the steady and familiar clunk of the engines turning. She was closing in on the door, and a glance behind her told her that nothing was following her. As she reached the door, it opened.

On the other side, the alien was waiting.

Gritting her teeth in grim determination, she lifted the flamethrower and pulled the trigger.

Fire burst out, then diminished. She pulled the trigger again. Nothing. The fuel tank was empty.

"Oh, shit," she breathed. Throwing the now-useless flamethrower aside, she turned and ran.

Unfortunately, she couldn't run fast enough.

An alien hand reached out to her, and as she tried to squirm out of its grasp her jumpsuit tore revealing the white camisole she wore beneath it. Ripley lost her balance, her ass impacting painfully with the cold metal floor. She scurried backwards, desperate to put more distance between the alien and herself, but deep down she knew it was in vain.

So did the alien, it would seem, for it didn't lunge at her. It stood above her, towering tall, watching her as she scrambled backwards.

When her back hit the wall, she knew she was trapped.

"No. No, no, no," she whimpered.

One slender black hand gripped her ankle and pulled her down flat with such force that her head cracked painfully off the floor.

Long, strong black fingers curled around her shoulders, pinning her down. She squirmed, and more of her jumpsuit tore away, her thin camisole tearing with it. Her small, firm breasts that Lambert's warm mouth had once kissed and sucked were now exposed, but she couldn't afford to let it bother her. She kicked out and wriggled in the monster's grasps, but the more she fought back the tighter the monster's sharp claws gripped her, cutting into her skin and making her bleed until she had no choice
but to lie still beneath the creature.

Every muscle in her body tensed as the tail pressed insistently between her thighs, seeking the warmth that lay inside her. Perhaps the way to get through the monster's assault was to think of Lambert - to think of her gentle and hesitant touch, both craving intimacy and terrified of getting caught. Weyland-Yutani forbade relations between the crew on their ships, but they were human and had needs. As the only two women on board they had turned to each other, touching and stroking, kissing and pleasuring, with the knowledge that there would be no risk of an unwanted pregnancy revealing their illicit affair.

The alien's breathing was definitely coming faster now, and tears streamed down Ripley's face as she heard the sound of fabric tearing, knowing that the inevitable was coming. As the alien's cold tail entered her, uncomfortable but not yet painful in the tightness of her unwilling cunt, she told herself it was only Lambert; that it was Lambert's fingers pushing inside her.

The narrow tip of the alien's tail thrust into her, the ridges along its length stimulating her inner walls, and her cheeks coloured in shame as she grew wet at the monster's touch.

The alien took its time, thrusting in and out, then inching further in, stretching her to accommodate the increasing width of its tail as it pushed deeper. It forced its way deeper and deeper inside her, filling her up until she didn't think she could take any more, but still it kept forcing itself inside her. When she tried to look down to see how much of the creature's tail was inside her, she was horrified to realise that she could see it bulging inside her; could see it moving under her skin.

She screamed in horror, finally unable to deny that it was the xenomorph raping her, but there was no-one to hear her; no-one to come to her rescue. Kane, Lambert, Parker, Brett, Dallas... They were dead. They were all dead.

The alien's face lowered towards her's, its mouth opening to reveal two sets of teeth. The smaller, inner set pushed forward, dripping saliva on her face. As she sucked in a fearful breath, every instinct telling her to beg and plead to save herself despite knowing that it would be futile, the creature forced it's smaller mouth inside her own.

Saliva filled her mouth as the creature muffled her screams. Ash, who had so admired the alien that was now laying claim to her body, had assaulted her in a similar way with a rolled-up magazine. That time she had panicked. This time, she would stay calm. Ripley focused on keeping her breathing steady, in and out through her nose.

Her breathing fell into time with the alien's thrusts - in and out, in and out - until her treacherous body found pleasure in the alien's movements. She cried harder, not wanting to come at the touch of the monster that had murdered her crew, but felt the familiar feeling she usually craved building up inside her.

Her jaw ached, being stretched so wide, and she could feel the tail coil tighter inside of her as the alien thrust harder and faster, no longer caring to stretch her open. Her breasts swayed move vigorously in time with every thrust, and the alien's claws dragged down her skin to grip them in its painful grasp.

It removed its mouth from her own but her relief over the fact was short-lived when she came suddenly, her cunt clenching down around the monster's tail. She screamed, a mixture of intense pleasure and intense hatred for the creature violating her. When it pulled out in one rough, swift motion, the ridges on its tail only heightened her orgasm.

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The alien left her there, limp from pleasure as her orgasm coursed through her. The human was strong, and would make a good host for one of its kin. Until then, however, it had found a way of ensuring she posted no further threat.

For now it retreated into the depths of the *Nostromo*, but it would return later to take her again.

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