

Shooting Star
Chapter 7
Negotiating Under the Table

-o-O-o-

Things were hitting critical levels as the ship's ascent began to slow considerably. The dash consoles in front of Li were flashing with all kinds of warning lights, the display looked like a disco.

"Ahhh, the engine is overheating, I...I...Crap all my stuff and my scientific equipment, my study materials, my biological samples...It's taken forever to get this stuff! So many night shifts while trying to study..." Li was frantic as he grabbed his head with both hands, staring at all of the alerts flashing.

"Li," Jasmine snapped. "Quit wallowing, and do something. This ancient piece of junk isn't going to keep us in the sky any longer!"

"Okay, okay, but your ship, I'll have to..."

"It's fine, but we still won't have enough momentum to take us."

"I got it, but but but...I'll have to ditch all my stuff first," the banana slug said with a little sadness, having taken a few years to accumulate what he had.

"Which is the cargo button?" Jasmine prompted him, her eyes scanning over the unfamiliar controls. If Li wouldn't make the tough call, she would. Even though it wasn't her ship, she knew that Li understood what had to be done. He just didn't want to make the final decision.

"My poor stuff," he said as he looked at the button, hesitant to say which, but a few seconds later he reached over to press a green button. A loud creaking sound came through as the cargo doors on his ship opened up, while the ship was still making distressing noises and shaking heavily with hard vibrations coming through the hull. "Okay I need to play this just right, I need to give the remaining engine a little more power. Then when we disengage your ship from the tow, we should have a little burst of speed to possibly take us out. That's if the engine doesn't blow. If we just let your ship go now we may not be able to break out the atmosphere, it will be like rubber banding ourselves."

Z was moving back and forth along the port windows looking out at Li's tumbling belongings. "Isn't this exciting? We're on the edge of life and death, whoa this is so intense! Wooo hooo, this is like the most fun ever!" she cried while bobbing up and down and plastering her face to the port window. "If any of you guys want to have sex, we can all die with smiles on our faces! I vote sex, we're all doomed anyway! You'll have to do me fast and time it right! I really want to cum at the moment of

impact and we all go splat, okay?” She looked at them with a big wide smile on her face, making adorable sparkly eyes at them, quite imploringly.

Jasmine shook her head in a little disbelief at Z before she turned back to Li. “Concentrate, Li, and ignore that death-happy ditz. I’ll take the other control to help hold us steady.” She moved into the co-pilot’s seat and had to squat in order to manage the smaller panel. It really was something for Li’s species, and cramped was an understatement.

Part of the wing panel suddenly broke off as the ship’s weight shifted, a huge shudder vibrating through the hull with a squealing sound of ripping metal from the wing. Li nervously gulped as the mouse helped bring the ship back into level flight. Li gasped as yellow beads of sweat dripped down his brow while looking over to his side at Jasmine. “There’s a lever marked ‘Jaw-Jaw’ in my home language. It’s a momentum stabilizer. I want you to deactivate it on my mark. It gives us much less control when we deactivate it, but we will get a small boost. We will time it as I release your ship. You need to kill the stabilizer at the same time.” Jasmine nodded along with his instructions.

The ship was blinking critical failure lights all over like a disco. A surge abruptly blasted through the controls, short circuiting the ship’s sensors as a shocking bolt of electricity went off near Z, throwing her back forcefully as she hit the deck.

“Z!” Jasmine cried out as the girl sat up, a little dazed.

“Oh themed electro BDSM? Ouch ouch ouch that hurt, seriously I’m not into your abusive weird fet-fishes! Actually nevermind, I’ll try anything once! I’m game as we’re going to die anyway!”

Jasmine’s eye twitched, although she was relieved the alien girl was okay. “That’s fetishes, and nevermind. Buckle up Z, that was a power surge. Stay away from those control panels.”

“Jasmine!” Li cried, “Ready up, we’ll blow up if we do this too late! I’m powering the engine a little more. Three, two, one, mark!” Both the mouse and slug pulled back their levers. A forceful jerk was felt with a little burst of speed as noise rattled through the ship to become almost deafening. Both Li and Jasmine gripped their seats as they felt the kick in the acceleration which threw them back a little. Another loud warning sound beeped through at high volumes.

“Almost there... Almost there...,” Li mumbled. The ship felt like it was going to break apart any second, but then the silence came, and everything stopped. A calm. Nothing but blackness and stars could be seen out of the window.

“We did it!” they cried at the same time, completely overjoyed as Li leapt from his seat, slithering around hyperactively while jumping up and down, finally landing in Z’s lap and giving her an enormous kiss across the lips, before his senses caught up. “Oops, I’m sorry I didn’t mean to, please don’t hit me!” Z looked at him, a little surprised.

“Oooh can I have more?” she asked very happily, before Jasmine pulled Li out of Z’s lap and placed him off to the side. Although she didn’t realize it herself, there might have been a hint of jealousy within her actions.

“Z, Li, cut it out, we will have time to chat later. I just want to get home right about now. With the way we slingshotted, the single engine will make sure we’re back in the early hours of the morning which will at least give us some nap time before we need to get on with things.”

Why does she get all the guys, even if he is a slug, she takes every single one of them... Regardless if she meant it or not. They just fall over into her lap, and my prime example slug over there is flushing red still...

“I’ll let you off this once, besides, even I was caught in the moment a little.” And she would have kissed Li herself if Z hadn’t beaten her to it.

-o-O-o-

Having had made it back and getting a little shut eye, Jasmine lay bare on her back in her familiar bedroom, staring up at the ceiling while lost in thought. She knew she used to be quite the shy girl. Jasmine in the previous years of early education had formed a little group of study-buddies. In their small group, she’d definitely been the eye candy, regardless of her geeky attire. Of course, few of ‘the cool kids’ ever made friends with them. Such was the cruelty of high school life. She’d become close to all in her study group over the years, over time very fond of them, and they’d like-wise grown fond of her. It didn’t matter that they were all studying different areas; each was a genius in their own right. All these kids had one thing in common: they were not part of the mainstream circles of friends, so they were all alike in their un-clique-ability. It didn’t matter so much that the popular kids didn’t invite them to parties and such. What they did care about was that they were happy with themselves.

Jasmine grew far more prettier over time, and only then, she invited into a world of social popularity at the later chapters of her high school years. Still, not blinded by what compelled them to invite her to the party, she held fast to those who had been there with her through all her studying, laughter, and companionship. Time progressed, and the eventuality came where they did have part ways in order to pursue their own paths, further higher education in order to make their own careers for themselves. She felt saddened now at the way they’d all parted as she looked back.

Jasmine remembered those days, and then it happened: an idea shone through. This could be the answer to some of her problems. She knew she could count on her old friends, and one in particular

could be of help if he agreed. Besides that, she longed to see that duckling again. She was going to make that long distance call that she badly needed to for Z. If anyone could help, then it would be him. Her blue haired friend could have an origin, an identity. All of it would be fabricated, of course, but it would still grant her a life. And so, it was her intent to forge the girl's birth place and date, along with other factors, in order to not only protect her but give her much more. It was time to make that call.

I hardly know her and yet I am willing to go this far for someone who's still partly a stranger to me. I have so much to learn of her, yet I feel so compelled to bend over backwards for her. I guess she leaves a lasting impression, even if she is annoying half the time.

The mouse reached off to the side and took a little flat disk of the bedside cabinet, speaking as she drew it near her face. "Call Ali O'Meada, audio only," she requested, due to not being dressed to a reasonable standard. An automated voice of her centralized computer responded in the affirmative, but something caught her attention. Based on the destination coordinates of the call, he was somewhere in this solar system!

A few seconds after she requested the call be placed, a familiar, yet slightly different, voice responded. "Well, stars above!" a male voice, deeper than what she was used to, said over the clear connection. "I haven't heard from you in ages! How are you, Jasmine?"

"I'm fine, Ali!" Jasmine said, keeping the surprise out of her voice. "I thought you were studying back home. You're only a parsec from Zexus, what gives?"

"Busted... I was going to surprise you." She heard her old friend laugh. "I always forget about these advanced call locators...I heard Martin was at the university, working there as a lecturer, and so I took the liberty of checking out the courses of study available and hey, presto, I found one which was perfect for me. It's not the university I wanted to go to initially, but it'll be worth it to see you guys again and beats being a loner. I've had that enough through high school."

"Oh that's excellent! I can't wait to see you again!" Jasmine was genuinely excited about this happy coincidence, especially since it made what she was about to ask all the more easy. "But, listen, I called for a specific reason. I need a huge favor, hacker boy."

"Hacker boy? This sounds like trouble to me. You don't usually call me about things like this unless it's important. And judging by the hacker part, I'm assuming you need my special skills..."

"Yeahhhhhh...", Jasmine said, drawing the word out as she thought quickly of the best way to say this. "So here's the deal. I...made a new friend. She's...kind of unique, and she's not from around here. I know it sounds weird, but I need you to trust me. Just for a little while so I can figure something out. I need you to fabricate an identity for her, can you do that?"

"For you, anything," Ali said at once. "I have the needs at my disposal, and this is a pretty

simple thing to get worked out, so I'll get started while I'm traveling. But who is it for and why? Need to get into a club and she's underage or something?"

"No she's not...at least I don't think so," she said. Then she thought about it. Z certainly acted like she was a middle schooler sometimes, but then she pictured Z's huge tits and fully shaped, sexy figure. The mouse shook the image out of her head. *Needless to say, she's no kid...Damn, quit thinking about her like that...* "No, she's 18 but she has no way of proving her identity in terms of origin, date and and place of birth...Basically she has no records. I need a full bio fabricated."

"What? I thought you just meant making her an ID or something. That's no small task you're asking, it's Delta-level encryption to feed it into the alliance database, and then covering up entries and making false timestamps. That's next-level stuff!"

"Can you or can't you? And here I was thinking you were the brainchild encryption programmer."

"I might hack computers for companies who pay me as a part time job so I can advise them of security issues they should fix but..." There was a long pause as Ali was presumably thinking out the logistics. "Yeah I should be able to do it, but you'll owe me big time."

"Really? Haha! Awesome! I knew I could count on you, Ali! You can call in the favor when you need. Thanks a bunch!"

"I'll see you when I land. I'm stopping an hour at a way station to get this started for you. I'll call in the favor in a few days." With that, Ali disconnected, and Jasmine put the disk back on her bedside table.

A few days? So, he also needs something, I guess. Probably a shuttle upgrade. I wonder where Z has got to? I better go check before she breaks something. She's always up so early.

-o-O-o-

Li bustled away in the kitchen with a traffic of pots and pans as he drifted onboard his little hoverboard, which allowed him to reach the places his size would prohibit. The burdens of being a species of smaller size gave way to nature's humor, as he was challenged by obstacles such as the larger sized kitchens and other regular utilities designed for bigger species. Still, he could put up with it now, having become accustomed to it as he'd mingled with other species and slowly adapted.

He was busy making breakfast, but there seemed to be only two plates there as Jasmine walked in. The instant scents of sweetened desires wafted up to spark a grumble within the mouse's little

stomach.

“Good morning, Li,” Jasmine said as she took a seat at the kitchen table. “That really does smell good. By the way, where’s Z?”

“Morning,” Li said cheerfully. “Oh, Z? She went out already. Some guy named Martin came by and said he’d show Z about the local area as she’s from way out of town. He said he was taking her to Junai over in the other system, and they’ll be back in a few hours. I think he may be trying to muscle in on your girlfriend”

“Oh great, hope she’s not going to be too much trouble for him this time. And she’s not my girlfriend for the record, yuch... I did plant a micro spycam on her goggles so I can keep an eye of her.” Jasmine felt that familiar sensation, a hint of jealousy. Why did Z get to have Martin now? And what on Zexus does he see in her? She’s utterly a dimwit that can’t hold a conversation without screaming pussy.” She then lightened up. “Anyway, guess who’s coming by shortly!” Her upbeat tone piqued Li’s curiosity.

“No idea, but judging by your excitement, I’m assuming someone famous I ought to know?”

“No, not exactly, but you’ll know him soon. A long time friend of mine, his name’s Ali O’Meada!”

Li failed to be excited as he didn’t know this person, but he felt happy seeing the expression on Jasmine’s face, and it was clear he was important to her in some way. “Well, any friend of yours is a friend of mine too, then. At least I hope so, haha. I don’t know anyone in this system so it’d be nice making some new friends.” He looked around. “I should make an extra plate, then we can possibly have a small breakfast before he arrives. It’d be great to have lunch together.”

“Yeah, great idea.” The mouse tapped her fingers on the tabletop. “So...Li. There’s, well, something I need to tell you about Z...I know you’ve already gathered she’s not from around here, but what I’m trying to say is, well, she’s *really* not from around here.” That earned a “hmm” sound from Li. Did she just repeat herself or did she want him to read between the lines, in either case whatever she was hinting was rather obscure to him. “I guess what I’m getting at is...uh...Z’s from...somewhere else. And I don’t really know where that somewhere else is.”

Li chuckled. “Say no more. I get it.” He darted his hoverboard up to a high cupboard, retrieving some extra place settings. “I know she’s pretty unusual. I mean, the way she seems to like getting naked at the drop of a hat...” His cheeks darkened a bit as he blushed. “Yeah, she’s definitely from some weird culture. But yeah, I figured she wasn’t from around here. Eh, not important, really. She’s friendly, and that’s all that matters, right?”

Jasmine blinked. *Phew...dodged a bullet on that one. I figured he’d be more inquisitive...Guess I*

lucked out... “Anyway, Li, I’d like to get to know more about you!” she said, leaning forward in her seat. “So you’re a biological engineer, or studying in that direction.” Li had mentioned it before bedtime the previous night. “It sounds really fascinating.” She was shrewdly leading into another part of the conversation. “I’ve been curious about Z, and I want you to possibly collect data on her biology, just in case something happens. The Auto-Med seemed to have worked when she was hurt before, but just in case there’s issues we’ll know better how to help her. I don’t want you to use her as a guinea pig, just collect a few samples, maybe. Hair and so on, then see what you can figure out about her. The Auto-Med should have a lot of information about her, but because it’s not designed to map newer species, all it really does is adjust to chemistry composition to...” She stopped, realizing she was getting unnecessarily technical. “Sorry, I know you know how it works.”

“Hang on now,” Li said, turning around to face her. “‘New species’? How do you mean? You’re making it out as if she’s some other species that’s alien to this galaxy.”

“I’ll explain later. It’s a little long winded, and I’ll wait until Ali arrives. I guess I have plenty of spare rooms, so it can’t hurt for him to crash over for the night if he hasn’t found anywhere to stay yet. The hostels here aren’t the nicest places to stay, after all.”

“Well he could stay and live here. I mean you’re pretty loaded as it is, but you could just take rent or something? You have enough rooms to have your own bed and breakfast business.”

“Stay? I mean it’s not a...” Jasmine thought about it for a second. Really, would it be so bad to have a few friends staying at her place? “Okay, yeah. I guess it couldn’t hurt, but only for a few days.”

Sheesh, first I take in that stray horny ditz Z, then Li, now Ali too? She sighed, feeling her home was starting to become a hotel, or worse, a semi brothel with guys, all of whom probably harbored fantasies of boning Z. *Ugh...*

-o-O-o-

Z had arrived on Junai, in the capital city Argo, known for it’s aromatic beverages and assortment of romantic cafes. The skies overhead were a pinkish color, and the cobbled streets made for a difference over the modern cities housed on Zexus. Although on Zexus it may have been day time, Junai’s massive moon kept it forever in the shade of the sun, and it was always fairly dark. It held a warm summer night’s weather all year round. Today, Z opted for a sweet number with a blue summer dress, short enough that it went to just past her panties, and split down her front to express her generously endowed cleavage.

“A primicave world?” she asked. “Has this got bad grasshoppers?” She gazed at Martin, and then looked around skeptically, balling her fist. She wasn’t keen on orgasm denial again, not after the last incident. She still liked it a little, maybe, but not to the level she’d been subjected to, even if it did end in the most intense orgasm she’d ever had.

Martin grinned awkwardly back at her. He was casually dressed in black denim jeans and matching jacket. He didn’t want to overdo it while he was with Z, however seeing her in that outfit she was wearing got his blood racing.

“Hmm, you say the strangest things sometimes,” the husky replied, laughing a little. “Well, if you mean pickpockets, then no.” He saw her fist balled up, not realizing she meant something else. The girl’s apprehensive demeanor soon melted away when she spotted an unusual machine in the corner, as she skipped towards it, easily distracted from her train of thought. Her hips swayed like a pendulum of refined sensual movements, her white, blue-striped tail swirling around behind her so joyfully. Seeing someone so upbeat and full of life made him feel strangely peaceful. Martin smiled, watching her ass from behind.

I really got to get with this girl, she’s not only so sexy, but so... different. She’s just got this thing about her, so free, just so... bubbly. I’m losing myself again, just keep focus, the package first, the romance can come in later. Well, maybe a little romance now...she’s so damn adorably cute.

The husky looked over to the side, realizing they were almost at the place he wanted to take her. “Hey Z, it’s this way!” he called out, as she delightfully turned with her hair caught to the wind, sailing aloft as the light shone down on her. The moment relinquished the most wondrous moment for him as she looked back over her shoulder with a smile that carried the sweetest shimmer across her lips. Her motion carried that perfect movie moment in his eyes when she turned making his heart thud harder and even gave him a knot in his throat. He had to admit it was a cheesy B-movie moment kind of romantic thing happening but also as dorky and lost as he felt he also thought it. *She’s the one* he thought in that second as she sent a warm fuzzy tingle through his body.

“Oh, I’m sorry I must have gotten lost in the excitement, this place is really nice!”

“Well it’s not the nicest thing here,” Martin said. *You are.* “Come on,” he said as he bravely extended his hand towards her, hoping it wasn’t going to be a gesture to be rejected. The girl rushed over in leaps and bounds, very excited and overzealous with her whole body language as she jumped, taking it and clinging tightly as he felt the plunge of his arm nested between her bosom. He had to hand it to her, she wasn’t a girl that hesitated in much, and yet he could see how happy she always looked as if every action she made was with sincerity.

“Okay now take me!” she said, then thought of something more of her promiscuous nature to

follow it up. But something inside her held it back: the thought of Jasmine always getting angry when she was naughty.

“Very well,” Martin replied, wanting to try put on some chivalrous charm. “Anything for such a beauty from the furthest cosmos.” He smiling and then wondered if that was too much, or even corny, although he was quite close to the truth there too. *Oh god that was terrible, be more suave, damn it.* Looking at her, he just got a peculiar look, he couldn’t tell if it was good or bad and he was getting far more nervous. He couldn’t tell why he was like this but it didn’t help she was drop-dead-gorgeous.

I better stick to being myself or I’m really going to blow this. Damn, this isn’t a date...I’m here on business, I... Well, I guess I could loosen up a little, as why can’t it be both? Breathe, don’t pass out or something that bad. I’ve seen war, I’ve taken out several snipers solo and not been this nervous, so why with her? It’s not love, but I’m definitely starting to fall head over heels.

Z didn’t reply simply because “cosmos” was one of those big words she’d never heard before, and therefore didn’t want to seem stupid. Having heard Jasmine correct her very often when she said new words she’d pick up wrongly, she didn’t want to make him think any less of her. This was soon an afterthought for the girl as she eyed a little cafe with floating pine chairs and tables on a cobbled street corner, with lush lavender colored umbrella-like canopies floating over each table. Some even had little stars sparkling over them. To Z this was quite awe inspiring, but to Martin, it was quite romantic, nothing too fancy, but something about this place always gripped him as a lovers’ retreat. Consequently, he’d never brought any girl here before Z, regardless of what values it may have held to him. Maybe he thought it was just that no one had been impressionable enough for him to do so, or maybe he felt they weren’t the right ones, it wasn’t a question he could answer.

“That’s where we’re going, tada! What do you think?” he asked as they approached an empty table. A well dressed doberman with a striped scarf around his neck and a soft, round, flat-crowned hat sat nearby. The gentry in his later years, possibly mid forties, sat on a small wooden stool, levitating off the ground, played a long stringed instrument. The apparatus was a hollow wooden tube that ran through an oval mid section, and finished with two, twin smaller ovals at bottom section, standing just over four feet. The sounds it gave were pleasant, carrying a light pinging to them which was acoustic, and carried in high octaves. If Martin recalled correctly the harps-cello player was able to play a few romantic numbers which he was sorely tempted to request, but would that be going too far to impress her, or was he not doing enough?

“Whoa, that sounds to pretty and amaaaaazing, super pretty twing-twang-pink-pong music, do you always come here?” she asked whilst batting her lashes and looking up at him. Oddly he’d not really took much notice of her height but realized she was shorter than he thought and came up to his

chest. Something which he had to say made her cuter now that he'd noticed. He liked the way her head was pressed to the side of his chest while they walked, and the way she had both arms wrapped around his.

Approaching the table, and with a smile worn proudly to have such a foreign beauty draped from him, he had to think that this was like a dream come true. He had to find the perfect moment now to secure a relationship with her, but with his heart beating so fast, he felt like a school boy on his first date. Martin took hold of a seat that levitated and pulled it back offering it to Z, who seemed rather confused. She wondered, *Do I eat this floating disk, or throw this? Well I don't eat so I think throw?*

-o-O-o-

A couple of hours had passed as lunch time was nearing back on Zexus, and Li had almost proven himself as quite the adept cook. Sitting opposite him, Jasmine sipped on a cup of Li's tea, brought in from his home planet. A few minutes after they'd both sat, the door siren echoed through the house as Jasmine's excitement grew. Hopping off the bar stool she was sitting on, the mouse straightened up her attire and walked over to the door with her tail held high and swaying with excitement. Pressing the button the door opened as she looked out and settled down, before beginning to feel a little warmth rising. It wasn't her duck friend but still, this guy was kind of cute, rather well presented, beautiful even.

He's really cute, but not as cute as Z, what...Z is not cute, why did she pop into my head...

"Hey there Jas, don't recognize me?" The swan standing in the doorway smiled at her, and Jasmine felt a shock as she heard the familiar voice. Her eyes must have gone wide as well, because he began to laugh.

"Wait, is it really...It really is you, Ali!" Jasmine's voice was full of wonder as she looked him over. When she'd seen him last he'd been covered in downy grey feathers, but now her friend was taller and covered in brilliantly white feathers. She couldn't believe the way that he looked now. "Whoa, you look so...so different and quite..." *Handsome.*

"Was 'handsome' the word you were looking for?" Ali asked her, giving her a knowing wink.

"No," she quickly lied, trying and failing to cover up the blush in her cheeks. "Hehe, but it'll do. Come on inside. How do you look like this? Had surgery or something?"

"You're kidding me. You mean you really didn't know?" Ali gave her a quizzical expression as he stepped inside her house. "My species transforms eventually into what you see when we reach full

adulthood. I thought you'd know that?"

"I...I...", she stammered. *I'm having a Z moment, I think I've been hanging around her too long.* "I didn't," she admitted, embarrassed as the redness in her cheeks deepened.

"Oh? I guess it's quite the surprise then. I hope in a good way? Still, to get all this done for her, you must really like this Z girl? New girlfriend huh?" He offered the word play in a teasing jest, however Jasmine read into it more on the intimate side and also as less of a joke, having a flashback of the planet incident.

Quick on the draw, she replied defensively. "No I'm not, I... Okay she's annoying, irritating and makes my blood boil at times, but she's also sweet, caring and loving to others without a bad intention within her. It's just that she does some crazy things at times, well, a lot of crazy things which just spell trouble. However, I'd confess they make me laugh inside now and then, so yes, she places a secret smile I mask so it doesn't encourage her antics. I'm definitely, a hundred percent not into her like that!" She was thinking about some of the silly things her neko pain in the butt had done, but her quick words of protest surprisingly caused a little emotional conflict inside of her.

"Alright, I'm only teasing, I know you like her a lot judging by how far you got me to go with her identity. Hmmm..." The corners of his lips curled up in a cheeky smile. "But a guy's got to think, judging by your reaction. Maybe there's more? I won't tease, and I'm not one to say but you're reacting that way...Or maybe like you think of her as a sister? I'll pick the latter to avoid being beaten to a pulp, haha. Besides, I know your family and of your upbringing, but I'm glad you're a little more accepting of others. Is she in trouble of some kind?"

"Wise choice, my fists swing pretty hard," she said as a visible knot formed in his neck as he swallowed. "And yeah I think she is in trouble, but also more to the point she has no check in, border, or even passport cards now, if she ever did. Now that you've agreed to help out on that front, she will have them soon. Thanks."

She felt a little awkward, whilst Li inside overheard her and raised one of his probe-like eyes in curiosity hearing her background mentioned, as she and Ali walked into the kitchen area. She wanted to hide the fact she was raised to despise inter-species relations, or homosexuality. Her parents were of the Ocurati political party which stood against such romantic engagements, condemning them. Jasmine didn't hate them, but it had made her quite uneasy when seeing acts displayed in that way. She was brave enough to denounce the way they thought interspecies relations were wrong as she did have a crush on Martin, and now, she felt she was beginning to find Ali attractive too. However, on the lesbian thing, it made her rather uneasy. As long as they did their business away from her she didn't mind them, she just didn't want to see it happening in front of her. Never mind the fact that she had engaged

in that sort of thing just a little while ago. To her that was a totally different thing. She'd been helping a friend, nothing more.

"I see...an illegal immigrant of the savage planets?" Ali asked curiously.

"No, she's too advanced, her technology is like nothing I've seen, but I'll explain shortly. I'd like you to meet another friend of mine: Li," she said as she made her way into the kitchen, gesturing him to come inside with a waft of her tail and curling it to beckon him. He came inside as her eyes slowly took in more details, his toned abs, and chest muscles. His physique to her was stunning.

He's so gorgeous now.

Ali looked at her with equal attention as he looked over her curvaceous figure as they both sat down. He looked over her with keen interest making the mouse's heart even flutter a little. Poor Li, on the other hand, felt a little left out, picking up on the whole bit with them eyeing one another.

"Ah-hem," he said, clearing his throat to break an awkward silence that had settled in. "You were going to tell us about needing our help for something?" Li's words brought the conversation back on track.

"Okay I'll start from the beginning, and then need both your help. Considering Li is a 4th level adept biology engineer, and you're a whiz with programming, Ali." She managed to keep her smile, but she also kept looking deep into the swan's eyes. Li almost sighed but she continued on to his relief.

-o-O-o-

Peering at her and examining her salacious figure before him to a rapture, Martin decided to be bold seeing the seat was a little higher, reaching for her. Z felt the embrace of his arms around her petite waist as he hoisted her up onto the seat, earning a delightful giggle from his lovely date. As he set her down, the chair adjusted to bring her to the right height to meet his own. He had to say he was rather surprised she weighed so little. It also made him skeptical as it gave him an impression she was a little more fragile than other species, of course this was further than the truth than he could have imagined. Pushing the seat, he tucked her legs under the red, long flowing table sheet.

Having helped her up he moved around to take the seat opposite, before he spoke. "You know, you're quite a girl, cheery and so lively, I really do like you," he said as he leaned forward a little.

"Thankies, I think you're uber adowable too," she said, her eyes sparkling as she gave him an impossible to resist look.

"I'd like to get to know you a little better, you can ask me anything you like, and I'll do the

same. How about we start with what your favorite color is?”

Z reached up, scratching the back of her head. “Hmmm, not sure,” she said even though she had an affinity for blue. The girl was learning all the time and still everything was new to her, fresh through the eyes. It made sense to her in that moment and the answer came, and of course it was quite the obvious question. Martin felt his nervousness kick in and wondered why he’d asked that when it was clear. “Oh it’s blue, it’s amazing, but the light kind, not dark, like sky kind of thing, a-huh, what’s yours. Oh wait, hmmm, too boring...What kinds of girls do you like?”

Looking up around this quiet city she found something or other to distract her, for wonders she’d never thought would exist. From the simple things everyone took for granted she took joy in, and the more time Martin was in her company the more he realized this too. The moment ushered emotions to be felt a kind that he could only say felt wonderful. He finally began relaxing and started with a real conversation.

“You really want to know?” he asked, earning an energetic nod from the tanned girl before moving onto addressing her question. “Girls like you.”

“Oh tell me more, I like hearing things about me, I’m amazing huh?” she said, as it made him laugh.

“I love your personality, it’s just so humorous and makes me happy, also your confidence.” Martin watched her eyes continuously track the floating lights, which were there to add atmosphere, orbs of white carrying a slight blue tint to them. “You really do like this place don’t you? I see it in your expressions, in your eyes, and in that smile. I can take you out and show you the rest of this city, if you like. After all, you’re cute, and sexy, and I adore your company.”

As he spoke, trying to lead in to asking her if she would like to go steady with him, it was then that he felt her foot brushing against his ankle. From her expression he saw nothing amiss, so he assumed it was just an innocent motion. Maybe just an idle nervous habit. But as he felt more of her foot moving up along his shin, he gulped. As innocent as it might have been, the brush of her toes against his leg was quite titillating. He should have known better, considering what had happened the first day they’d met, but he was currently captivated by her, not thinking as clearly as he could have been.

“I...I also love the way you make me feel, in more ways than one,” he said as he felt the motions of her hidden pleasure to be, moving up along his inner thigh. He was starting to realize what Z’s game was. Martin already began to endure the wait for that welcoming foot to arrive where he’d love to feel it most. The anticipation from the traveling touch along his inner thighs sent goosebumps along his arms and legs, and made his cheeks fluff up somewhat. He was almost at the point of begging to feel

her where he wanted her touch the most.

She explored his face for any changes in his expression. "I'm sure you have no objections huh?" she asked as her movements progressed to his inner thigh. Only receiving a nervous smile in return, she got her answer. "I guess not tehehe, thanks so much, I knew you'd understand."

With those words, her foot moved to his crotch and pressed into the bulge that had subsequently developed from her secretively erotic act. The flat sole of her foot spanned the length of bound manhood as she curled her toes at the end to grip the bulging head through the fabric.

"Hmmm, I can't believe you're...mmm," he said as his words became a struggle. He had to admit, even within her deviousness, she was being remarkably discreet. With everything taking place underneath the tablecloth, as long as he managed to keep his face suitably impassive, nobody walking by would be any the wiser. The problem was, it felt so good that he wasn't sure he trusted his face not to spill the beans!

"I bet it wants out, doesn't it?" she asked as her toes worked rhythmically, working in the pleasurable motions as she pressed into him. The ball of her heel turned from side to side as it was propped against the base of his shaft. She gave a very naughty smile, winking playfully at him. "I love the shy ones, they're the best to tease, you really are making a mess in your pants though." She could feel a little of his moistness, as his cock tip began leaking precum into his clothes.

Progressively and with purpose she made stroking motions to tease before she found what she was hunting for, as the zipper flitted between her toes. Claspings it tightly within them, she began to slowly pull it downwards, whilst her other skilled foot came up to make a flicking motion to undo the button at the top. Her skill doing this suggested she had done this before, causing his heart rate to accelerate faster than a solar flare. A zipping sound gave way as it came fully undone. "Let's feel what you've got under that bonnet, you horny dog."

Martin gave a little moan as he felt her dainty toes slip inside of the fly of his pants, and grasp the shaft of his cock, very dexterously. Her toes worked over him, teasing his sensitive length as she seemed to be exploring him with her lower digits. A little spurt of precum shot out, and he prayed it was staining the tablecloth instead of his shirt.

"Oh, no boxers huh?" Z asked, her eyes lighting up for a moment. "Where's the challenge? Teheh..." She gave him an adorable, incredibly feminine pout. It was very cute. Pulling her arm onto the table, she placed both her elbows onto the surface as she cupped her chin, making sparkling eyes, whilst batting her eyelids at him, playing quite the deviant. Z moved her foot, pressing her toes imploringly along his balls as her foot thumbs took one of those sexy large balls each, and rolled them around in opposite circles. "Whoa, it's pretty big for a skinny guy, I kinda forgot they're pretty nice and

big. By the way, I love your eyes, teheh, So pretty!" She looked deep within them, letting another charming giggle escape. She continued to tease him, playing with his balls. Sometimes she would push them up and down, and then she would surprised him with altering directions before she paused.

Progressively her toes wriggled him fully free of his pants, and started to scale up the totem of pleasure, as she felt the wetness of his precum around her digits. He helplessly, but not objectionably felt her foot passing over his fully throbbing knot. The sensations of the squirming digits were very exotic and pleasing as the gentle pressure gave way to a world of vibrant bliss, amplified by the smile and look she gave him.

"Krrr meowi-rawr," she purred in her adorable higher pitched girly meows, very feline.

The blue haired girl's feet worked their magic with the skill she possessed, "It's such a big knot that's developing isn't it and yes it's deliciously big. My pussy is so tight it will struggle to fit, although you still owe me an orgasm from last time," she teasingly said to remind him. "It's a monster between your legs, it'll destroy my little well of love, and I'd so let it."

Her toes squirmed along past the point of his knot in sensual movements that were exotic, and held motions that were intricately woven around the base of the shaft. Those delightful digits began moving the skin that was flexible in areas to provide a greater amplitude of bliss in his bulging pussy violator, pressing into the throbbing veiny areas as random movements blessed it with her graceful toe patterns.

"I'm good, wouldn't you agree? A skilled woman that knows how to play with your brutal pussy abuser, and knows her way around it?" Z winked cheekily and sexily. The speechless husky could only nod.

A well-dressed waiter moved towards them to take their orders. He paused as he stood beside the table. The waiter, a greyhound in a smart tuxedo, saw the nervousness on Martin's face, and misinterpreted what it meant. "Sir, she truly is a stunning date," he whispered, leaning down near Martin's ear. "May I offer a suggestion? The makinai soother will help you relax. First dates can be nerve wracking, and leaving a good impression is important." He nodded with his recommendation.

Martin gulped and nodded. "Yes, th-that, please. And...eh, hmm, for the lady she will have..." He made a hand gesture towards Z, who was quite busy with her feet.

"Water, please," she said politely, acting quite innocently relaxed and normal as if she was not even doing anything out of the ordinary. The waiter smiled at Z, and he almost tripped over his own feet, getting a generous view down her top, seeing those sweet, hard nipples.

"A pleasure, madam," he said as he walked off indoors while his short tail wagged behind him.

Martin turned his attention back across the table to the blue-haired beauty. He adored her petite,

dainty little form, and could hardly believe how naughty she was. The little cutie provided an immense pleasure. Her skill was extraordinary with the way she worked that sensitive organ. Those flourishing pleasures from those wonderful foot digits along his throbbing beast traversed higher as she used his precum as delicious natural lubrication to inflict greater pleasure upon her helpless prey. She moved along the rock solid totem as her left foot broke away, then was suddenly felt as it looped behind his hard penis, using her foot almost like a hook to pull his drooling member forward as if embracing it for more.

Z smirked, as she parted those beautiful silken lips to speak. "A girl needs more leeway for pleasure, like this," she said as she used her other foot to press along his length, her heel pressed to the base of his knot as the rest of her sole flattened along the length. "It can't move away now." As she demonstrated, moving his entire cock side to side. "Like this, krrrr." She finished with a purr.

The neko girl rolled her head back, embracing the breeze as it caused her hair to flutter. Martin couldn't help gasping away as the pleasure continued between his legs, leaving his maw to be hung open. He couldn't believe how relaxed and casual she was.

"Ahh, you're so, so..."

"So?" she teased back. Each breath was deep, giving rise to her broad chest. He was a sucker for her now, and falling for her devious personality and adventurous naughty side. She drew a large breath herself to playfully mimic and emphasize those golden breasts as they were bound by that blue braless dress, with her sexy cleavage on show.

"I bet it's so intense and so super-sensitive, feels deliciously yummy too huh? Eeep meowi-yes! This must be so exciting for you..." She squealed adorably, loving what she was doing to him.

His body helplessly shivered under the expressing pleasures found. "I can't believe we're...ahh...s-surrounded by people and you're d-doing this?" he asked nervously.

"Shhhhh, Marty, you know you likesy tehehe, want more?" she prompted as she continued. He didn't know how to reply, but went with instinct as he sheepishly nodded, looking around. His pre-orgasmic juices were flowing heavier from his cock, making things messier. "The most delicious treats are dishes served with legs wide spread, yeah?"

He giggled despite himself. She was quite on point with that remark, he thought, although she actually got mixed up with her phrases, being an airhead. Her words were delicious to his ears, like a succulent fruit of passion.

Z moved her toes, curling them over the helmet of his brutish pussy impaler, letting her toe press into the tip of the opening. The pleasing pressure caused it to spread a tiny bit as she rubbed it back and forth very slowly. His precum made a mess along the bulging tip of his throbbing cock.

"How's that feel for your pussy slayer? Meowi-good huh?" she asked with a cheeky smile. He was too speechless, unable to reply as the sexy soft textures of her feet streamed their pleasure along with wonderful sensations. Not getting a reply she made an adorable pout, then gave him an evil seductive look. "Oh no answer huh? Well then, I was going to allow you to cum, seeing how desperate you look, but now, oh well, I'll make you beg before you do. I bet you sound adorable doing it, yush tehehe." She laughed wickedly as his eyes widened like a cute puppy. "Only kidding, tehehe." Relieved, he loosened up and spread his legs a little wider under the table while he gave a little gulp.

Her toe worked the tip of his opening back and forth, but then stopped. Waiting for another bubble of precum to rise, it then gave it up as she pushed that drop slowly along the sensitive flesh, off a little to the side of his intimate sex helmet. The teasing sensations began to slowly move in a circular motion, smearing his sexual fluid around, pleasuring him as the shaft also moved around with her blissfully applied pressure.

With a flowing momentum her foot moved up the length, lubricated well enough by all the teasing she'd done, to explore with finer detail. The girl reveled in the slippery textures, whilst the foot behind holding it in place became animate too. The husky could feel it moving up and down as both her feet encased the girth of that pulsing, drooling, organ in a lovingly rapturous embrace. Her smile grew wider, so pretty, so sweet, and so sneaky.

As her feet moved up the length, slower movements gave way to slightly faster ones, as she let her eyes probe his cute expressions. She worked it so well, and he didn't have words for her daring outdoor bravery as her foot each time slid over the sensitive parts with enough intensity to cause explosive bliss to flow through his body. And yet she was still casting the illusion of innocence with her body language. But her real intent? That was what he fully felt.

Those edges around the helmet area fully were explored as she massaged it thoroughly. Over the sensitive area just below the head, the stimulation was felt at it's heaviest, enough to make any guy quiver and loose themselves to her. Her movements were more meticulously woven, every aspect of his cock had been pleasured, and now that her masturbating motions were increasing he could feel the tingles washing over his skin, and his cheeks bloom under the short strands of fur over his cheeks.

Her feet adjusted and cupped his shaft at the center where he felt his sensitive skin yanked along his hard stiffness, as she took advantage of where that skin stretched to maximize the pleasure. Her gorgeously smooth feet slid with his seeping sexual fluids. He began gasping, almost melting in pleasure as he arched back on his stool, restraining himself from howling as she gave him a cute lopsided smile, knowing she was close to victory. Martin felt the rising pleasure as his penis pulsed and throbbed with her magnificent cock handling skills. She was pushing him to the point of no return. The

pleasures roared within his legs as he growled a little, feeling a pressure building within his groin and cataclysmically rising.

Her feet moved more frantically as little slapping sounds were audible where her feet made contact with his thighs each time she pulled down on his hardened instrument of pleasure. He wasn't going to last, as his body tensed and he trembled a little.

"Oh Z, I'm...I'm...ahhh, faster," he cried softly, and was obliged as she gave all she had as he felt the sudden increases of her footwork. Every stroke sublime, and with such perfection it blew his mind, but that's not all he was about to blow. And then, it happened, the ultimate bliss, he felt the heavy contractions roar through his organ, tingles flushing through his cheeks and goosebumps raising on his skin as his seed spurted in heavy, copious amounts, decorating her feet with his icing. He'd been so worked up, he kept shooting, some hitting the underside of the table with such velocity. "Ahh, ahhh, Z...ahh oh, Z." He groaned in bliss. She grinned, seeing his orgasmic expression and hearing the little splashes as the spurts hit the ground. He kept on cumming as his head tilted back.

"Jinkies, you're so messy Martin, I so love it tehehe," she giggled as her feet nursed the remaining sexual fluid from him. Her motions slowed as his messy cum petered out. "Now, my turn for footsy! I like this game!"

He was blushing hard, although his saving graces was the fur that hid it. "Whoa, that felt like nothing I've had before. No girl's made me..." He gasped, trying to catch his breath. "Feel like that."

The waiter returned with the drinks as he placed Martin's down. He looked at him and leaned down whispering once more to him. "Sir, she's smiling and even really into you, try not worry. Dates can be a little unnerving, but breaking out into that sweat isn't going to win her over, this drink will help you relax. She's into you, I would say, with the way she's looking at you." He turned to Z and placed down the glass of water, and his own advice didn't hold sway as he gulped, getting another view down her top. He turned away, embarrassed, then walked back into the complex.

Z's feet slowly withdrew as she took the water she ordered and pulled it under the table. Martin heard the water splashing as she cleaned his mess off her feet, before pulling them back out.

"That was well planned with the water, you knew what you were going to do to me. So naughty, I really love the way you're so fun." He was now completely head over heels as he just stared at her. "You're an amazing girl." He chuckled. "Now I guess I owe you one, and I've never really done anything like this before, but I'm sure I can give it a shot."

Martin nervously reached down to undo his shoe strap, but just as he reached it, a rush of activity broke out as people began running past, with a commotion and racket. Something was happening and it wasn't looking like it was good from the panic of the screams and cries of the fleeing

people. Gun shots were heard coming from around the corner as the people at the cafe took to their feet making a dash for it while they could. The husky looked around, scouting what he could. As he looked, a group of people who didn't look like frightened civilians came around the corner. There seemed to be four of them, standing eight feet tall, metal clad bio-mechanical suits shining from the street lighting. The group was walking towards an armored vehicle which was parked on the street. Martin cursed at himself, as he should have noticed that earlier.

Shit, that transport contains the shipment I'm supposed to be picking up shortly. If it doesn't make the depot, heads are going to roll, and preferably not mine...

Their target was clear as they opened fire with a horrible repeated racket of clanking energy bolts. The armed guards stood no chance, though they tried to return fire as the ground around them, walls, and even the transport had debris blasting off it from the force of the artillery. It was going to be disastrous if they got their hands on the shipment. The armored vehicle continued to come under heavy fire as energy bolts were crashed across the side of its hull, round after round. The noise was horrendous, as the building behind was filled with holes, bricks and mortar blowing off it in chunks.

Damn it should I, or should I not...Z is here, I need to get her out of the way first. "Come on, we're going to get out of here, hurry," he yelled as he got up and grasped Z by the hand, yanking her off the floating seat. He rushed inside as he lifted the girl over the counter, where the barman and a few customers were cowering. He climbed over and helped her down as they both ducked. "Listen I know this must be terrifying for you," he said to Z. She was a sweet girl, and he knew she was so gentle. Having brought her now, he felt responsible. "I'm sorry I brought you here." He placed his hands into hers giving those delicate hands a reassuring squeeze.

"Oh, I'm not scared, silly," Z said, smiling at him wider than ever. "Besides, you're here!"

"You surprise me more every moment ha! Just promise me one thing, Z: stay here. Don't worry, everything will be okay, I'll come back for you. If you stay here, you'll be safe." He stood up, diving over the counter. He wasn't sure how true his own statement was, but it was better off that she was less in the way of a stray power bolt.

"Oh okay, but don't get hurt okay?" Z called. "It looks dangerous out there, maybe I should come along?"

"I won't get hurt. Just stay, no matter what, and don't come out."

"But...But..."

"No buts, I don't want you getting hurt!" he yelled back. He ran off, as he needed to make some distance to allow for him to keep his cover and lend a hand. Darting out of the shop, he rushed frantically for the closest shuttle on the ground for cover. Martin was severely outnumbered, but

regardless of this, his duties that he proudly held with honor and by oath guided his actions. Heavily outgunned, and grossly lacking the firepower that the enemy possessed, he'd nonetheless been in such predicaments before, so he knew how to handle himself in the face of such things.

Peering from behind cover, his keen vision made a quick surveillance, before moving to the other side of the vehicle to peek his head out and make another. There seemed to be four of them, in combat armoring, body-fitted military grade suits. It was apparent these weren't military personnel judging by their tactical positioning, which was far from optimal, or even their co-ordination. Now that he had a better look, they struck him as mere criminals that had somehow got their hands on some serious tech. Armed with only his trusty side arm, he drew it from around his back and made another advance as he scooted low along the ground, with hasty, doubled-over bursts of speed to the next vehicle. He needed the element of surprise as he pressed the distress button on his personal comm, in his pocket.

The beacon would summon local law enforcement, the Junai Metropolitan Police. He knew even if they intervened they were going to find it hard to take these guys out. Hopefully, the priority of his personal distress beacon would let them know to summon nearby military help as well. For now, though, he was on his own.

Raising his gun he lined up the sights on one of the bio-mechanical suits and opened fire around the knee point, knowing that joint was lesser-fortified, before ducking behind a spacecraft for a quick reload as he slammed the next magazine in, locked and loaded for another bout. At that moment, sirens came wailing through the streets as back up arrived, shouts were being heard making him look over to his side. Two large police vehicles screeched to a halt, and black-clad special response officers poured out. Martin waved a hand to get their attention, and pointed in front of him to show where the hostile forces were.

The commanding officer could see one of the hostiles limping, and he waved back at Martin before getting on his radio. "Unit one, that's our boy. Give him some cover fire. Unit two, hammer those armored hostiles. Units three and four, shoot and scoot around to get behind them." He matched his actions to his words, raising his weapon and opening fire as the other officers followed suit.

Meanwhile Z huffed, as she peered out at the action. "I want to go play too..." She stood up as if to climb over the counter. She knew she was told to stay, but she was too excited and it seemed like too much fun. The bartender made a ghastly expression, hearing her and seeing her giddy smile.

"You serious?" he cried, freaking out. "They'll kill us, they'll kill us all, it's the end, we're all going to die!"

"Oh hush," she said, stopping and getting back down to the bartender, as she grabbed his hands

and and pulled them down her top. She planted them firmly on her breasts. “Breathe in, and squeeze when you breathe out, work with me, tehehe.” His eyes bulged wide.

“Wh...Wh...I think I’m going to,” he said, his voice trailing off. Then he passed out on the floor.

“Damn it, Marty owes me two orgasms, and I’m soooooooo horny,” she sighed, her fun ruined. “And then this stupid barman has the luckiest break of his life and he faints...Such a wuss. Now what shall I do?”

Back outside, Martin abruptly came under heavy fire as the attention of the damaged hostile turned on him, and then the other two launched rockets suddenly towards the police. Martin’s eyes widened. “Holy shit, nuro rockets...” He watched as they crashed down on the police vehicles with an enormous explosion. The ground was splintered, and his ears rang heavily as the gust of the shockwave rushed past him. Several police officers were face down, possibly critically injured. There was no way he could dodge something like that, and cover would prove useless. He wished he had more gear, but he was out of luck and if the military was sending anyone, they weren’t getting here fast enough.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that there might be something he could do. If he could manage to get behind one of the hostiles with the powered suits, a well-placed shot could take out the control module of their rocket launchers, and trigger an explosion that would take the whole group out at once.

Now or never..., Martin thought to himself. Taking a deep breath, he broke cover and started running.

He made a rush for it, keeping low as he moved towards the closest armored suit. He was getting closer to it when he realized it was behind the two others that were firing at the police, and then it happened again. They launched more rockets. This was ridiculous! Had they no regard for anything living? Civilians? But there it was, his chance to run closer as their backs were turned. He was close, almost ready to take the shot, when abruptly an explosion occurred to his right. A little ways off, but it was enough to send him sideways to the ground. His head was jarred as he came thudding to the ground. His vision blurred as he pointed his gun at one of the suits, firing for the knees again. He wasn’t going to be able to go with his original plan, it seemed. Being close enough, he managed to damage this one, too, as it dropped to one knee.

Martin knew he had to get up but he couldn’t. The battle suit maneuvered and launched a rocket towards him. This was it. He was done for.