

Shooting Star
Chapter 8
A Rousing Good Fight

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As he closed his eyes, the fire and the burn didn't come, but he heard the explosions that shuddered through his body, almost deafening with their intensity. And yet he didn't feel the impacts. Was he already dead? But that couldn't be; he could still feel the pain in his head. Opening his eyes, his vision blurry, he tried to focus to make out anything. It was then that he could see two rather slender legs from behind, standing before him. His eyes traced them upwards, and he then saw the most amazingly shaped ass and curvy hips, leading up to a smooth, sexy back framed by metallic wings. The thought struck him for a crazy, mind-hazed moment that it was Z, with that sexy mocha skin, but her tail and stripes were nowhere to be seen. Despite her smooth golden skin similar to Z's, he could tell that this girl was still very different at the same time. Was she an angel come to claim him, or an erotic last vision of his reaper?

A beauty with a great ass, come to take me to the next life, Martin thought to himself. Still, I wish I could have gotten even further with Z...

"Don't worry! Pow, I gotcha covered!" came an excitable, high pitched cry from the mystery girl. As Martin started to fade away, he took one last look around and could see they were engulfed in a rather large transparent bubble. He could see missiles striking it as it rippled like water, along with the rounds of energy bolts cleanly being deflected away. The sounds of the weapon fire as the world faded around him while he fell unconscious.

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With that small, compact backpack that had been all but forgotten by Martin deployed, Z was ready for action. She hadn't employed any of the abilities afforded her by her armor in quite a while, and the long days with those powers lying dormant had left her with an abundance of energy. She poured tons of it into her shielding now, engulfing her and Martin in the protective cover that the shimmering barrier afforded. In all truth, she was a little power-happy right now, it having slipped her mind just how wonderful it felt to cut loose.

“Hey wolfie!” Z shouted. “You owe me two orgasms and a bonus one for saving your hide!” She looked over her shoulder, only to see Martin passed out with blood streaming from a cut on his forehead. “M...Martin? Hold on, I’ll protect you! I...” She turned to face the menace as her eyes narrowed.

“You poop faced, good for nothing, daddy’s cock-sucking metal bimbos!” she screeched angrily, cursing at them as she raised her wrist. “Okay, must save Martin. Focus, Mecha...I know! Tiny weenie cannon!” She touched her thighs and slid her hands down to her metallic boots as an energy beam shot out from them and connected with her palms, forming into a ray gun. “Awww, this isn’t teenie weenie cannon!” She was a little distraught, as in true airhead form she had summoned the wrong weapon. An automated voice spoke to her.

“Incorrect, the side arm is a fusion-based, transdimensional, hyper-charged warp pistol,” her onboard artificial intelligence corrected her. “Charging power. Charging complete. Ready to fire.”

“Oh the love gun, yay!” Z said, suddenly pleased as pie again. “I want to shoot hearts! And this is a love gun from now on! Sounds nicer.” She giggled, completely ignoring the danger as missiles from the armored enemies continued to strike her shield.

“Calibrating ammunition appearance to user custom preference,” the AI confirmed. And though anyone who knew computers would know it was an emotionless, unthinking program, one might almost have heard a sigh of resignation in its electronic voice. “Renaming weapon to ‘Love Gun.’”

Z thought for another second, and then the best idea in the history of ideas came to her. “I also want it to make them cum when I shoot them!”

“Adjusting rounds, altering electronic frequencies to match neural pathways to send false erotic signals to the brain to simulate orgasm,” the AI announced. “Calculating...adjusting...adjusting... completed. Heart-shaped rounds now carry electrical signals to duplicate sensations and induce sexual response with high intensity.”

“Whoa! You’re the best Aye-aye! Make the rounds pink too!” Z started getting carried away, even while her friend was in danger and badly injured.

“Altering visual. Completed.”

“Right, now you’re getting it!” she yelled out as the high-tech battle suits kept on launching their assaults at her. She aimed her gun at the first of the suits and pulled back the trigger, and a thunderous amount of pink hearts fired out of her hand sized pistol without showing any signs of stopping. “Bwahahhaa, wahahhaa, take that, and that and that too!” She cackled and huffed with delight.

Finally a voice bellowed out towards her from the suit that she’d opened fire on. “Surrender

now, you stupid bimbo.” The voice sounded exasperated. It appeared that Z had somehow, in over a thousand shots, not hit with a single one.

“Bimbo? How rude!” Z cried in a huff. “Ahhh, now I’m really pissed off! You ruin my date, and you ruined my chances of cumming! You are gonna get it now!” She aimed at the armored thug again, and was about to pull back the trigger when it happened. Where she’d failed to hit the target she’d intended, another was struck. The wall of the building behind the armored enemies suddenly gave way as it came crashing down on the battle suit. Z stared for a few moments, but then she laughed and waved her arms in triumph. “That was so totally my strategy from the start. I meant to do that, you jackass!”

The suit was strong enough to not collapse in on its bearer under the weight of the bricks and mortar, but it was damaged and under too much weight to be of any use. He was immobilized, leaving only two others to contend with. “Gah!” the occupant grunted, struggling futilely. “G-Get that bitch, you idiots! She’s screwing everything up!”

Taking a look around, Z pulled her goggles down over her eyes. The signatures of the two remaining enemies were flagged up. Schematics, diagrams and various points on their bodies showed up, although she didn’t understand the measurements, or even what they meant. Clearly she had no idea how to use her own technology. She turned to look down at Martin, worrying for his safety. “I’ll so totally smash them up, and kick them in the tiny balls! Yush, awesome idea, femdom yay! And repeatedly! That would totally be hot, always wanted to try that once.” With a power-trippy laugh of glee, Z raised her forearm to look down at it. Her limb illuminated with circuitry-like designs and little glowing blue circles.

“Maybe if I press one of these I will get, like, a new totally wicked weapon, something so I can kick them in the balls,” Z mused to herself, tilting her head to one side. She had no idea what each control did, but her brain was alive with imagination. “They might have installed bondage ropes. Hmm...at least, I would have if I built this thing. It would so be stupid not to! as they’re amazing!” She used the tip of her pistol to press one of the holographic buttons. She felt a violent jerk as her wings hummed and propelled her backwards at such high velocity that she went supersonic, causing an enormous banging sound that had enough force to shatter the glass of all the windows around her. Her body flew out of the protective bubble she’d erected around Martin and smacked very harshly into one of the battle suited armored culprits, who had been sneaking around to get at her from the rear while she was fiddling with her controls. A metallic sound resonated as the impact came, and shards of metal flew off his body as he yelled in agony. Z, at that moment, was forced to relinquish the grasp she had on her pistol as it flew skyward. “Whoopsy! I guess that was wrong...hehe...Sorry, mister! I don’t have

insurance...”

Caught completely by surprise, the enemy that Z had crashed into pulled back the trigger of his own hand weapon out of reflex, firing this way and that as he was driven backwards. Several of his energy bolts shot out in front of him, suddenly blasting big chunks of his remaining comrade’s armor right off his thighs and chest plating, accidentally. The other guy was shot right off his feet as before he crashed down, but he was relatively unhurt and he began to slowly climb back to his feet and give chase. Z continued to fly backwards, trying to press all kinds of pressure pad buttons which she struggled to actually tap, not managing to get even one as she bulldozed the guy pressed to her back through a shop window. Shattering glass flew away noisily while she cleanly drove him through the walls, crash after crash before she jettisoned herself and him out the other side, into an alleyway. Gasping, she rolled out onto the cobbled street, bouncing off the hard ground a couple of times and ending up a few meters away from the dispatched enemy. He would have been dead if his suit hadn’t absorbed a lot of the impact, but the way he was just treated, it was rough enough to render him unconscious.

“Whoa, world go spinny cum spinny cum spinny, oooh birdies!” Z murmured, spotting holographic birds that flew around her head. She certainly felt quite dizzy.

Z could hear loud thuds, heavy footsteps, and then a shadow loomed over her. She could hear electric buzzing sounds and as she looked up, she saw towering over her the damaged last criminal, who intimidatingly looked down at the girl as she sat with her legs splayed. She could see sparks coming off its body where the damage had been incurred from the friendly fire earlier.

“Oh, oh, wait I’m not done yet,” Z said loopily. “Scrappy dappy doo, and I’m going to doo you! Mecha Power, dum-dum-dum, flee little man flee?” She tried giving him her best scary look but it came off as extremely goofy. She then returned to pressing buttons on the illuminated circles on her forearm. “My awesome weapon will destwooy you, puny metal man! I watched that green man say it once, really cool huh, bet you wet your pants now, yes?” The thin metallic strip protecting her delicate area let off some steam before retracting and displaying her womanly southern beauty to the enemy. “Ooopsy wrong button, I wasn’t meant to do that, but you have to admit I have a great pussy? Anyway wait a sec, I mean sec, let me press another button.”

The man in the suit, now up close, lowered his rifle and pointed it right at her. He spoke out from what seemed to be small speakers on the side of his helmet. “Stop screwing around. I don’t know who you are, or who you’re working for, but it’s a shame to waste such a cute babe.” He paused, tilting his head down to get a good look between her legs while she tapped away at her forearm, not knowing what she was pressing. “Damn... You do have one really cute pussy, probably the cutest I’ve seen.” He

became momentarily distracted.

“Yup, I get told that a lot, and on one of the planets I visited I totally entered it in a contest, and it won Miss Hottest Pussy of the Year! How amazing is that?” she asked. Forgetting for a moment that she was supposed to be in a fight, she tensed her vagina to make her slender vaginal lips cutely move about. With the added allure of the overhead lighting of the street lamps, it glistened beautifully to captivate him with a visage of pure eye-candied eroticism. He examined it, sketching the sublime details of it within his mind, ingraining the image therein. His heart was racing as his eyes traced those lines to her clitoris, still ribbon-bound by the golden bow. She’d taken a liking to decorating it that way after the grasshopper planet incident. Her nether beauty held such a unique quality which he couldn’t deny.

The male under the armor felt the strain of the enclosure around his crotch, then shook his head to compose himself realizing he was falling away from his objectives. “No offense to you, as I’d love to get out of this armor and pound you, but I can’t have you try and stop me either,” he said. He prepared to blow a hole in her chest.

“Hmm...If only I still had that pistol I would soooo shoot you!” she said, giving him the mean eye. Again, she failed at looking intimidating, only managing to give herself the appearance of a cutely seductive brat.

At that moment, whether by accident or by some summoning mechanism of her techno armor, her pistol fell out from the sky. It landed between her legs on the ground by her crotch. The shock from the fall triggered it off, causing her to be shot point blank right in the pinks of her sensitive flesh, and her clitoris in particular. Z let out a scream as she squirmed on the ground. The armored male gasped, taken aback by the ferocity of her cries as he watched her writhing about. Even for a jaded thug like him, the sight seemed a pretty pitiful one.

“Damn that must be really painful,” he said, ready to pull the trigger. “I’ll put you out of your misery.” But unknown to him, Z’s cries weren’t of pain in the slightest. Owing to the customizing of her ammunition, they were cries of pleasure. The tanned beauty bucked her hips, and raised them off the ground while her back arched. She helplessly erupted with bliss as she unleashed her squirting orgasm. The huge amounts of female cum erupted all over him with quite some pressure as her vaginal walls contracted violently. Splashes after splashes caused her sweet, slickly sexual juices to spurt over his damaged exposed wiring, and his battle suit began to short circuit. A couple of small explosions fired up over his body as smoke gave way. The guy fell backward with an enormous thud as he hit the ground, unable to get out of it, or do anything.

Z reached down stroking her pussy gently as she reached for her pistol. “Whoa, tehehe, maybe I

should shoot myself again!” she excitedly exclaimed, but then she heard a deafening voice coming through her goggles.

“What the *hell* do you think you’re doing!?”

Z huffed as she heard that. “Party pooper...,” she retorted, recognizing it as Jasmine’s voice.

“You know, you could have been killed, and they’re saying you attacked the armored shipment on this live broadcast!”

“I didn’t do it! Stupid people were getting hurt, and your red cock boy too! Oh, I once sucked his cock, did I ever tell you about how amazing it was?”

“I wish you’d stop reminding me of that!” Jasmine’s voice groaned. “Yes...but focus...I know you didn’t attack it, but where exactly are you now? I lost the camera feed.”

“You do? I knew you knew I was innocent!” Z was overjoyed at the support she was receiving from her friend. “I can’t see you! Where are you? You have magic powers, whoa! You’re like a magician that sees everything! Ooo oooo oooo, can you do a spell, like one to make me orgasm too, to save me having to use my hands or pull a trigger?”

“What, err huh? Z...Focus. It’s not magic, it’s a micro spycam with a speaker I placed on your goggles, and I saw what happened. You’re being blamed for it.” On the other end of the line, Jasmine was smacking herself in the face repeatedly out of frustration, gritting her teeth. “I know you placed a shield around Martin, and the deflected weapon fire did all that damage, and you didn’t intend any of that. That’s the important part, okay? In fact, I bet you saved many lives by taking those goons out, but you also managed to total some buildings. Luckily there were no casualties or anything apart from the police those guys attacked. Seriously you have some down-trodden luck. You save the day, and get blamed for attacking the city.” Her voice crackled a little through the tiny speaker. Jasmine sighed. “I don’t know what Martin was thinking when he went out there. What if something happened to him? Luckily the TV broadcast showed that he’d been picked up by the medics that have arrived on the scene. Don’t worry about your...boyfriend...He’s okay.” Jasmine did what she could to try to comfort Z.

“He’s a friend, I don’t have boyfriends,” Z said with a pout. “Everyone needs love and it’s nice to share.”

“Errr...nevermind, get your tight caramel ass back here. I’ll contact Martin later to see how he’s doing, idiot is retired so he shouldn’t have played hero.”

“But but but, I wanted round two with Martin? And you can grope my tight ass later! Oooh wait a sec...How do you know my caramel ass is tight? Did you finger me while I slept in your bed? Ooooh I love it when friends help themselves to my body, telly tell tell! I want to know all the details!”

“I’ll round two you in a minute,” Jasmine groaned, wishing she hadn’t let her words slip. “Get

your fake tail back here before they find you.”

“Oh, fine then, I’ll fly back,” Z said, disappointed that details would not be forthcoming.

“No flying, I’ll send you digital creds to get a shuttle back to Zexus. Collect them at the post office two blocks away. They will give you a chip with the funds on them.”

Z sulked a little, slowly climbing to her feet shakily as she placed her pistol to her lower thigh, letting it vanish away into her dimensional storage. “Can I feed the chip to an animal, the ones with a do not feed the animals sticker? It’s mean they can’t have any, everyone deserves chips.”

“Huh?” Jasmine said, confused. “Wh-...It’s not that kind of chip, you dummy! Just go to the post office, and use it, and change back into your regular clothes and get out of that skimpy armor. The cops will be at your location in a few seconds.” The mouse tried to inject some urgency into her voice, to make Z understand that this was serious business.

“Nope, I’m sooooo gonna spend it on a dildo because you won’t let me have my round two and I’m still going to fly back for free!” Z cheerily exclaimed while she reached up and tapped one of the spikes on her goggles to deactivate her armor. The dress and tail once more appeared, her goggles assuming the appearance of a blue wild orchid in her hair, stripes once more adorning her form. “Okay, and I’ve changed now, too, gonna fly like a birdie all the way!”

“How?” Jasmine asked.

“I have wings so zooooom.”

Jasmine sighed. She had speculated Z could do this when she first arrived, but still didn’t quite believe it. Stellar travel without the need of a ship was unheard of, and even the smallest phase drives operated with a three-ton or more weight ratio. But with everything else that Z could do, she had to allow that it could be true. “Fine, just get back here, and no dildo. You may be in danger if the police get hold of you.” Jasmine was still unaware of the bigger crises and Z was not all she appeared to be. To her she was still her ditzy friend.

A minute or so later, military personnel suddenly ran through the crashed area. Seeing Z there, a couple rushed towards her, seeing the two battle suits trashed and flat out near her. Since she had changed back to her usual appearance, Z bore only a passing resemblance to the person who was the presumed culprit for all of the damage. Soldiers with rifles surrounded the fallen thugs, while the two coming towards Z stopped in front of her.

“Miss, this area is still dangerous,” one of the men said. “We’re evacuating the city, so please come with us.” The other soldier grabbed her arm and began dragging her along.

“Oh, but Jazzy said I should...,” Z started to say, before the soldiers began to usher her away from the pile of rubble. With little else in the way of options, she decided that the best thing to do in

this case might be to just go along with it. She managed a little giggle. “Oh...uh, tehe...Okay, Mr. Soldier Man. Take me! Tie me up and torture me or whatever it is you’re gonna do! I can take it!”

The soldier holding her arm turned his head and looked at her in disbelief. “What? The heck are you on about?” He glanced at his comrade, who gave him a shrug and a look that suggested he was just as bewildered by Z’s outburst. “Miss, you’re not under arrest or anything. We’re getting you some place safe. You’re being rescued.”

Z, who had been just about to flash her “captors” a shot of her boobs, stopped just in the nick of time. “Rescued? Oh...Oh! Oh, I gotcha...” She seemed to be a little disappointed. She had rather been looking forward to a little submission play. And she kind of resented the implication that she needed rescuing. The girl would have said something, but then she remembered that Jasmine wanted her to keep a low profile. So, instead, she clamped her mouth shut and let the soldiers lead her out of the area.

It wasn’t long before she was onboard a shuttle, which was waiting on a landing pad at the edge of the city. “Okay, miss,” one soldier said to her. He was holding a small digital pad. “Where are you from? It’s obvious you’re not from around here, so let me start with you name, age, and where you live.”

“I’m from Zexus,” Z said. “I’m...uh...” She struggled to remember how old Jasmine was. “I’m...eighteen? Er...I just moved there, so I don’t know the city.”

“It’s okay, miss,” the soldier said patiently. “Things were pretty crazy down there. You’re probably just in shock.” He helped her settle down into her seat, buckling her up. Another group of shaken civilians arrived before there was a quick departure, and she felt the ship rising up into the sky. “These people are from Zexus, too, so we’re headed there. While we’re on the way, contact anyone you know there and have them meet us at the main spaceport. You don’t seem to look injured, just shaken, so you’ll be fine.” He patted her shoulder. “It’s okay. I know it was a horrible ordeal out there for you.” He moved off to check on the rest of the passengers in the shuttle. Z shrugged and simply decided to get some sleep on her journey back.

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Meanwhile, Martin woke up in an Auto-Med on board a medic ship, a few hours later after the incident. When he tried to move his arms, he realized he was strapped down, probably to keep him from moving while he was unconscious. Floating golf ball-sized pods within the bed-like structure worked away on his injuries, shooting out repairing beams. He felt quite groggy and he knew he must

be sedated, though he still felt a slight throb of pain in his head. The metallic binds around his arms, sensing that he had regained consciousness, beeped as they unlocked, granting him room to move a little. Martin shook his head a little as he sat up. The accounts of the events were rather vague from the incident, apart from that he remembered he had thought he was a goner. Bright lights blinked around him as a holographic screen presented his vitals, indicating blunt force trauma to the skull. Although now healed, it had statistics and details of each phase of his recovery. Only his skin was still being repaired, and there was still a little minor muscular damage. One of the floating machines in his Auto-Med seemed to be working on his head. Only superficial work needed to be done to him for the final part.

Wandering eyes was what he had, partially on the amazement of his survival but also in curiosity where he was. Through the glass, the husky's scanning eyes brought his attention to a girl there holding his hand through a side port of the auto-med while he rested there. "What happened? I swear I was a goner..."

"You tried to play the hero," the girl said. "And, as often happens, you came out a little worse for the wear."

"Huh?" Martin recognized the voice, though it was from several years in his past. He shook his head again and blinked his eyes, clearing away the last bit of fuzz from his vision. He took a closer look at the girl who was holding his hand, and his ears pricked forward.

Through the glass, Martin could see several fellow military officers, all of whom were watching him carefully. But he hardly paid them any attention. Instead, he was focused on the girl, also dressed in military uniform. Though it had been at least two years since he'd seen her last, she looked like she hadn't changed one bit. Her name was Shea, a labrador from a system called Henashi, and she looked as lovely as ever. They'd studied together at the military academy, been assigned on a few mission together on graduation, and had even dated for a while. He was surprised to see her again, like this. She pulled her hand slowly away as he also released her. They'd broken up because their assignments had made them spend an increasing amount of time apart, but they'd each carried a soft spot for each other ever since. Shea was also an internal messenger of sorts that was charged with summoning delegates and important military personnel on important matters concerning the alliance, and it usually fell upon her to be the bearer of bad news, definitely not an enviable job by any stretch of the imagination. She liaised between the higher ranking officers and people of the cabinet but why was she here? Whatever the reason, he got the feeling that it wasn't going to be good.

"You're being transported to Zexan Base Three," she said without prompting from Martin. His ears fell. If he was headed there, that meant that something was definitely not good. His initial instinct

had been correct.

“Wh...What happened out there?” he asked her, as the Auto-Med chirped a progress update. The little golf-ball device that was working on him shifted to the back of his head, letting him sit up more so that he was perched on the edge of the bed.

“The police gave us an account of the incident,” Shea explained. “You were engaging four armored hostiles which had been on the wanted list for awhile. They’re a gang of dangerous pirates. This would have been their third military transport they would have hit. We think that they were after more weapons. However, they would have been disappointed.” She smirked tightly. “It wasn’t weapons on board that transport, but vital components of a tagging system. Of course, I guess you knew that already. They didn’t get to them as they were also caught in a crossfire. You were all attacked by the bio-weapon we’ve been hunting. From what we understand, the battle itself must have attracted it, or her, I should say. We believe the noise and explosions must have triggered a battle response.” She looked over a digital clipboard, which was suspended midair while she sat with her legs crossed. She raised her hand to sweep her short hair from her line of sight.

“Attacked?” Martin asked, confused. His mind was still blurry of the incident, but as far as he was aware, he was saved, wasn’t he? “You’re sure I was attacked?”

“Yes, haven’t you been listening to me?” the labrador said, a little testily. “Four hostiles were attacking the tag supplies which were being transported to be sent to Zexus, but the captured pirates have admitted to trying to acquire weapons, as that’s what they thought was on that transport. Criminals wanting more tech in order to hit bigger heists. However they had a complication when the bio weapon surfaced. She took them out and almost the police, and even you. She was erratic, chaotic, and packing some serious offensive equipment that took out the hostiles as if they weren’t even in grade one war armor.”

Martin was confused, he didn’t understand. He recalled the voice of his savior, pure of heart and playful almost in nature, not an ounce of maliciousness, and the way Shea described it didn’t make sense to him. If anything he remembered the words clearly if not the other things: “*Don’t worry! Pow, I gotcha covered.*” Why would she say that and deflect the weapon fire away from him if she was attacking him? She would have let the rockets hit him. Or was she just in a position that she needed to defend herself? No, it couldn’t be. Everything was so distorted with his head at the time that he didn’t know what to believe at this point. He lay back and sighed.

“You will be fully healed in twenty minutes, and before we reach the base where you will be debriefed,” she said, “and also you’ll get a new briefing, a proper one this time, instead of throwing you into the fray like you were. It was erratic, and not well thought out, but I think the big shots are being

driven by impulse these days, under pressure.” She looked away from him.

“Can you give me a clue as I know you have more inside information than anyone else about what they’re going to ask. It’s a little extreme, going to Base Three, you know?” Martin’s muzzle spread into a smile, as big a one as he could manage. “Come on, we go way back, and check this out, my lover boy smile.” His lip curled up on one side, and a strange squint came into his eyes. He finally seemed to crack Shea’s shell, and she burst into a little fit of laughter.

“Okay, and for the record that smile always makes you look whacky,” Shea relented. “Only because you’re as cute as ever, but you didn’t hear this from me. Just pretend that you’re hearing it for the first time when they go over it. This is all I know. You were short listed to tag civilians for easier evac should we need to. This is phase one of the planetary threat protocol, and you are deemed in a high risk sector as of now, or at least you will be once we arrive back on Zexus. We’re on Stealth Defcon Three.”

That, at least, cleared things up a little for Martin. “So the populace don’t know...great, and...Did I hear you right? Defcon Three?” Martin couldn’t believe that. Stealth Defcon Three meant that the situation was a lot more precarious than he had been led to think at first. It meant that, under no uncertain terms, anybody who leaked info would be subject to the most grievous of punishments. Then, a moment later, he suddenly felt something hit him like a ton of bricks: Z! He tried to immediately get up from the bed as he pushed against the glass. “No stop, wait a minute...Z! Where is Z?” His sudden change in reaction startled Shea.

“Whoa! Calm down, you’re not fully healed!” Shea waved him to sit back down, her eyes going wide. “And who is Z?”

“The girl I was with before the whole attack!” Martin explained hurriedly. “My...She’s my... She’s the girl I took on a date.”

“Stop squirming,” Shea said insistently. “Whoever this ‘Z’ is, I’m sure she’s fine. There weren’t any civilian casualties, luckily. I can’t say the same about the police, but a large sweep was done, and every inch of the afflicted area probed. We didn’t find any injured civilians, and everyone who was in the area has been evacuated to safety.”

“But where is she? You have to find her!”

“Don’t worry, Martin!” the female labrador reiterated. “She’ll be fine, no civilians were hurt, like I said. But you suffered a serious head injury. You need to rest fully to help the recovery phase. If she’s from Zexus, she’ll be taken to the civilian spaceport there. You can get up with her after your debriefing.” She managed to calm Martin down enough that he settled back in to the Auto-Med, and a silence fell between them as they looked away from each other. The air suddenly seemed a lot more

awkward. After a few minutes, Shea spoke up again. “So, what’s she like? Is she pretty?”

Martin rotated his head back towards her, a little surprised she would ask something like this from out of the blue. But he couldn’t see a hint of jealousy, so Shea was probably just curious. “She’s different. Petite, small, and she has a wicked sense of humor She’s bold, brave, and very kind hearted. She makes me laugh, and even surprises me a lot of the time.” He smiled. “And pretty, you ask? That’s an understatement. She’s the kind of girl I could dream about. I just hope she’s okay.” He sighed.

“She certainly seems to have waved a magic wand over you,” Shea said with a grin. “So, what do you enjoy about her the most?”

“That’s easy, it’s her love for life. I’ve never met someone so lively and full of smiles. She’s really playful.” A goofy grin came over Martin’s face. “Yeah, playful. That’s the word for it. I really like her.”

“Hang on a sec, you mean she’s not your girlfriend?” The labrador girl grinned wider. “From the way you were worried about her, I’d have thought she was your wife, or something.”

“No it’s not that, it’s just a casual thing. We’ve been spending time together.” Martin looked up at the glass ceiling over the Auto-Med. “I think it might be more for me, but I don’t know what she wants. We’ve been together a few times, and she’s been loving the company as much as I have. I guess I’m mixed up a little at the moment. She has an effect on me no one else has ever had, and makes me quiver like a school boy with a crush on his teacher.” He was suddenly feeling awkward as he was talking to his ex-girlfriend. What he didn’t want to do was make her feel unappreciated for what they had. Only after he said that he realized that comment would have made her uncomfortable. “Wait I didn’t mean our relationship wasn’t special. It was...”

“It’s okay, I cherished what we had but we’re different people,” Shea assured him, though he wasn’t entirely convinced that she believed what she was saying. “I had to focus on my career. We both did. Sometimes I wish we could have gone on. You’re quite the catch, but I’m with someone else now, too. Don’t let her slip away if she means this much to you.”

“Thanks, I’ll try.” Martin was quiet for another few moments. “Hey, can you do me a favor?”

“Oh?”

“I need to make a detour. Yeah, I know we’re not meant to, but do this as a favor for me.”

“For her, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, locate where the evacuees have been taken and lets go there first. I want to see her with my own eyes and know for certain she’s fine.”

“Guess I could say I had an engine problem and make a small diversion,” Shea allowed, touching her chin with one hand. “She really must mean a lot to you. I’m curious to see her for myself

now. If I was single I'd say I could be jealous. I'm really happy for you, and that's being honest, so lets get you to your princess, hey?" She smirked, and it inspired Martin to gleam with a smile of his own. Knowing Martin had found someone put Shea's guilt at ease for when she walked out on him, leaving the poor guy an emotional wreck.

-o-O-o-

As Martin continued to talk to Shea, each catching up with the other, far off another meeting convened at a summit to discuss the current state of affairs. New issues were arising with the outer galaxy 'friends' being more forward, and demanding what was being done to retrieve their property. Pressure was mounting and time becoming an asset they didn't possess.

"It seems the reality of our situation is already beginning to amass some casualties," Hamlet said, looking sternly among the members of his cabinet. "Unavoidable at times, but lest we slip into chaos, we must do what we must to uphold the peace. We have an obligation to minimize harm to innocents, so we must do what we can by policing our galaxy to the best of our abilities."

"So against this super power, we give our men the illusion of hope?" the squirrel representative argued. "What makes you think that these outer galaxy aliens really want to assist us? Do we know what this alien tech will do to our civilians when getting tagged? They're not animals, and they have rights under the law."

Hamlet took a deep breath before he replied. "Our first duty is to the people, and those we protect, and sometimes things are done in their best interest even if they seem a little unorthodox or extreme. As a child, before hyper vaccines, I hated having shots, but they were a must in order to protect me from harmful diseases. My parents saw it fit to make that choice on my behalf. Now such diseases are almost unheard of. Now, we are doing the same thing, making important choices in order to protect our people as they are also our children and future. Now, that does make sense, does it not?" He eyed the squirrel until he sat down again, not fully agreeing but accepting enough of that answer.

"Very well, continue. I can't say I agree, but I understand the needs," he said, defensively crossing his arms across his chest.

"Gibson shall be here shortly. We are to assign additional objectives to him, and one we believe he is more than able to lead while maintaining his cover at the college. We have isolated a signal of the bioweapon which we cross referenced, and it was located close to the college on a few occasions. He will vet students using the tags, and use them to shut down the bio-weapon."

As talks continued far off, Z had arrived at the port and people had begun getting processed. The area was filled multiple floors and seemed, to her, quite an architectural feat, though such spaceports were quite a common sight in most of space. She huffed, folding her arms, naturally not one for patience. The minutes dwindled down and all those that had been evacuated were having their kin, loved ones and relatives, notified to come collect them. Those who didn't have any were being escorted to their residence by social workers after they had been cleared. White walls surrounded her with chrome trimmings, and the shiny nature kept her interest for a moment but soon wore off. Busily, a military officer of one of the local regiments looked down as he was clearing and passing people through. The queue she was in waddled down eventually until it was only her waiting to be taken through to the waiting area.

When it came to her turn, Z stood and stepped forward in front of a smartly dressed canid creature, who kept his sight locked to the data pad in his hands. "Please state your name, followed by a contact of someone that can come pick you up."

"It's Jazzy!" Z said, nodding. Finally, some progress.

"Your name is Jazzy, okay, and the rest, Miss?" he said, still keeping his head down, looking at the pad and entering in the name.

"No I'm not Jazzy, she's my contact thingy to come get me," Z said, rolling her eyes in exasperation at the stupid man.

"Okay, then...fine..." The officer sighed and backed out of the screen on his pad, starting a different data field. "We'll start with your contact instead. So who is Jazzy? Address and contact details please."

"The person I live with silly. Everyone knows Jazzy!"

"Apparently I don't. Please stop fooling around, I'm a busy man." The officer sighed heavily. It had been a long day, and he was losing his patience. "Elaborate those details, and also state your name."

"Jazzy should eat cheese, so she can be like a real mouse," Z insisted. "She's a mouse person though. A mousern."

"Miss, please don't play games. We're trying to help you the best we can."

"I don't need help, so I'm okay, can I go?" Z started tapping her foot anxiously, starting to feel

uncomfortable. This wasn't going how she had hoped at all. Why couldn't this guy just call Jasmine and have her come pick her up.

"Sorry Miss, it's protocol not to let anyone leave alone, especially after such a traumatic ordeal." Finally, the officer looked up at Z, and then he paged through a few screens of data on his pad. "Oh, goodness, Miss, it says here you were there at the front line, and a first hand witness when the bio-weapon took out those guys. Ahhh, that must have been pretty distressing for you. Sorry for being so short with you. For those in your situation we allow leeway grace before taking statements, though we will of course be wanting to talk to you later. Let me try to explain again. We have to contact your family, or friends, so we know we're not just letting someone who's been through something like this leave without being in good hands, you poor dear. It's in order to ensure you have the right support."

"Hmmm, I don't need support, my tits are super firm enough, so no bra needed," she said. "Oh, and Jazzy is my friend but she needs a support bra, though. I once heard her moan about her tits hurting if she doesn't wear one, I think they must be heavy! She should just go on a titty diet, she has massive knockers for a geek!"

"Wh-...What? We're side tracking here. We've been through this a million times. Now, Miss, who is Jazzy?"

"A mouse that's frigid!"

The officer had his data pad in his arms and looked up with a raised brow. "That's nice Miss, but..." Then he had a better look at who he was talking to. Gulping, he couldn't help but take in her curves and sensual figure. "Whoa, err, ahem, sorry." His eyes roamed her body, taking in the way her dress hugged her figure. He felt as if his eyes would shoot out of his sockets when he took more of her stunning beauty in, paying particular attention to her well-endowed cleavage, with so much flesh on show. "Has anyone told you, you're quite cute m'am, I mean really really cute, and very sexy." He really wasn't acting the way that an official should, but he couldn't help himself in the face of such a beauty.

"All the time!" Z said proudly. "Anyhow, I better get going." She looked around some more. "Which way is out?"

"Sorry, Miss, but we've been over this and I can't just let you go," he said with a quivering lip as she smiled at him with such a radiant, sweet look. "Once you go home, tomorrow if you're up to it, you may make a statement over the transmission net or just come by here to make one in person. I mean I wouldn't mind getting to know you a little better." He seemed to stammer a little bit, overpowered by her beauty. Although statements would usually be taken immediately, the law did allow some leeway to give victims space to recollect their thoughts and calm down from traumatic

events.

“Awww, pretty purr-lease? Jazzy will be worried!” Z said, making quite irresistible-to-ignore eyes at him innocently.

The fox had to shake his head to compose himself as she sent goosebumps over his skin. “Eh, no, sorry. Let’s try this again. I’m Officer Jayden Wallace. What’s your full name, honey, can you remember that?”

“It’s Z!”

“And your surname or family name?”

“Z!” she cried again.

“That’s cute, but I think I’ve tried what I can. I believe you may be suffering from your ordeal. You poor thing. I’ll do what I can to see to it you’re in good hands.” Officer Wallace put his pad away. “Don’t worry too much about this, but I feel that you may be in trauma and what’s happened just hasn’t sunk in yet. Your head is disorganized I’m going to have to ask you to follow me and we’ll get a blood sample for identification and get you checked over again.” This would spell disaster if her blood was sampled, but at that point she heard a familiar voice crying out.

From a distance she heard her name. “Z!” came a loud male voice. “There you are! Thank goodness, you’re okay.” A strong male husky rushed her, taking her by her petite waist and hoisting her high into the air.

“Eep, tehehe Marty, yay!” Z exclaimed as she reached out to touch his head, stroking his face. Despite her antics and cheery demeanor, she in fact been worried about him. Her hand filtered through his hair as she searched his head over for the injuries she’d witness. “Yay you’re all better!”

“Yeah the auto-med works miracles, but are you okay? I came as soon as I could! I was so scared something may have happened to you. I just needed to know you’d be okay.”

“I’m totally fine! But...you know...That’s twice I’ve made you-” Martin pressed his finger to her lip before she could continue, a little embarrassed that what was to follow would fall on prying ears, and the officer was still standing right next to him.

“Shhh, it’s okay, don’t worry, it’ll be okay,” he leaned forward to whisper into her ear. “I’ll make it up to you however you like I promise.” *She even smells incredible, I got to keep my cool and not let my legs turn into jelly.* “Listen, sweetheart, I gotta be somewhere soon. Don’t worry, I contacted Jasmine and let her know what had happened. She’ll be here any moment to pick you up. I arranged for her to meet us outside.” He turned to the officer and pulled out a small card. “It’s okay, she’s with me.” He took Z’s hand, still unable to get over how smooth her flesh felt as it sent tingles up his spine. The canine officer suddenly straightened his posture and saluted.

“Yes, sir, but we can’t let her go just like that unless we contact loved ones,” he said worriedly.

Martin leaned over to Z and whispered, “Just play along and if I say something agree with it or they will never let you leave.”

Z gulped and whispered back, “Never?”

“Nope, never and ever,” he said with a little laugh, as the officer wondered what they were whispering about.

“She’s my girlfriend.”

“Yush, what he said, his girlfriend!” Z said, repeating his words. “And he was whispering how he’ll skull fuck me when we get outside if you were wondering, yup, totally girlfriend.” She smiled sweetly, not noticing how Martin broke into a sweat when she said that.

Martin nervously smiled and continued. “And we’ve been going out on dates for a long while, so I think I classify enough as a loved one,” he said then pressed a button on his card. “This also gives me authority to act with overruling capacity over the regulations when making exceptions. Doesn’t it?”

Z threw another comment in. “Yes, on many dates with lots of impregnation attempts! We’re making kittens!” She nodded excitedly with another big smile, which did make Martin quite hot under the collar. Forced images invaded his mind of filling his seed deep into the neko’s womanly chasm.

The officer’s eyes bugged out as he looked at Z and Martin. “Pardon my rudeness, you’re free to go,” he said, as he stepped aside. He glanced at Z, feeling a flash of jealousy that she seemed to already be spoken for.

“As I thought,” Martin said, as he tugged Z along, who merrily skipped with those wonderful jiggling breasts beside him. He looked over at Z as they went through the corridor that bustled with uniformed soldiers going to and fro, on about their own business. “Damn it, girl, you’re about to give me a heart attack looking at you right now.” He did his best to keep his eyes forward on the path they were traveling, though she was providing an interesting distraction.

“Don’t worry I know how to givesy that thing with life giving something, that kissing thing?” she said, looking at him.

“Oh...CPR?”

“Yeah, I’ll stick my tongue down your throat and play tonsil hockey, then like magic you should come back to life, I’ve seen it in the movies!” she said as he chuckled.

“I just love your humor,” he said as they came to the end of the corridor and the double doors automatically opened. The fresh air hit them, and it felt good as it swept through Z’s dress. He looked out, seeing his ride not so far away with his ex-girlfriend looking on curiously from the cockpit window. She had a little bit of a surprised expression on her face although it mellowed to a smile before

she sat back away from the window. “Z?” he asked nervously.

“Yes?” she replied tilting her head adorably to one side.

“You know, back there, when we pretended to be boyfriend and girlfriend, well... I was wondering if you...” Abruptly a loud humming sound and a gust of air washed down on them. They looked up to see a small rental shuttle descending towards them. He remembered that Jasmine had lost hers, and that her new acquaintance Li’s was in the process of being repaired. He was happy to see she was here, but he couldn’t help but be irritated at her sense of timing.

Great, just my luck...

Z looked back at him. “Back there? Back there what? Oh, I’m an amazing actress? Yeah I’ll win an academy awardy-thingy one day for porn tehehe, oscars too!” she cheered.

“What’s an oscar or academy?” he asked, a little confused.

“Oh...um...you know...stuff...,” Z said. The terms made sense to Z, as she was from another galaxy. She had spent a couple of weeks on a planet called Earth during her travels and time on the run. The blue blooded alien girl was well-traveled now. The hanger door opened up as stairs descended down the ramp.

“Well, that’s gonna be Jazzy, so I guess I gotta go, but let’s hook up again!” she said with a smile as she leaned forward to place a soft kiss along his lips. “I really had fun! Remember you need to make me cum twice now! You’re so mean, I charge interest orgasms now, a-huh, yup, tehehe.” She giggled as Martin flushed.

She moved away, turning as she walked up, and away from him, but briefly turned to look back wafting a hand to the air to bid him a final farewell. Looking on, she noticed Jasmine waiting on the ramp as she huffed shooting him a glare before she looked back at Z. “I was worried you know, and and and, who told you to...” She paused and shut up as Z ambled her way with a sensual walk up the ramp as it began to take them both in, and closed up behind them, leaving Martin with an eyebrow raised.

What’s got into Jas? No hello or anything? Nevermind, I’ll ask later. I got more pressing issues to deal with.

It wasn’t long before Martin was back onboard the military transport, still a little confused about Jasmine not even greeting him, and then remembering that icy glare of hers. He strapped himself in. “Shea?” he asked as she turned to him. “I’ve done something to piss off a good friend, and not sure what. I assume she’s mad because I put her best friend in danger?”

“No, that was jealousy,” Shea judged, after a few moments of contemplation. The labrador gave Martin a weak smile. “I saw the look on that mouse’s face. Call it a woman’s intuition, but I know how

to read faces. I think you might have more than one admirer.” She laughed and settled back in her seat. “But that Z girl...For the record, she’s a complete stunner. Very high quality, probably enough to be a model easily, so I’d speculate some of the envy can stem from there.”

“Model quality, you think so?”

“Don’t be daft, you already know that. I have to say I’m a little surprised with how pretty she is, and it does look like she’s into you too.” Shea stroked her chin thoughtfully. “Still, I’m not sure about her species. Cross species, maybe? If so, be careful.”

“Why? Is she some kind of dangerous predator?” Martin laughed lightly.

“No, it’s more her species appearance,” the canine woman explained, very matter-of-factly. “If I’ve guessed correctly, then she can’t handle sizes over the four inch mark, and even that is considered very big for a feline of the Ianawi system, but I can’t put my finger on what her other genetic traits could be matched with. Being something else also may allow her for a larger leeway.” She smirked. “Just FYI.”

“I can’t believe we’re discussing this,” Martin said, after staring slack-jawed at her for a second. “Not that I mind, but I didn’t expect talking to you about having sex with another person...ever.”

“I’m just giving you my thoughts,” she said, and it was just like Shea to speak her mind. “Don’t end up in an embarrassing situation by placing her in the Auto-Med. That probably won’t go down well.”

Martin felt uncomfortable. “Let’s..err...change the topic a little, here. About her species, she’s reptilian and feline I’d guess, hence her unique looks. It seems she’s just taken the finest qualities of both her parents.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you. And...hmmm, reptilian...That makes a little more sense with the smooth furless skin.” Shea blinked. “I didn’t know those DNA types would have even been compatible. It’s rare, but has been known to happen now and then. But when you get another couple from such vastly different species, it just shouldn’t be possible. There was a study not so long ago into that, but I’d have to look it up to tell you more. Anyway, you have one exotic breed of girl. You asking her to be your girlfriend seems to have gone well.” She saw Martin shake his head. “You didn’t ask her? I thought you planned to. Nevermind. I don’t think you have anything to worry about with the way that good-bye kiss went. Small, short, and the kind you give to a lover when parting. I’m pretty sure she’s waiting for you to ask, as she’s really into you from what it looks like.”

The husky felt a little more comfortable after Shea’s words. “I hope so,” he said as the engines hummed, and they were finally back on their way to the base.

The day had turned a new leaf as the morning came afresh. Little Li was bustling away in the kitchen, having an affinity towards deeds of the cooking nature. Sizzling sounds came away while he hovered on his seat that brought him up to the correct height of the kitchen worktops. The alluring smell of fresh pancakes filled the room. While the banana slug slaved away, Z sat there at the breakfast table in her blue pajamas and a low cut vest of the same colour, complemented with the slogan “Milk Jugs!” right across it. While Li cooked, Ali came into the kitchen and sat down across from Z, eyeing her curiously. Z looked back at him, just as curious, since the two of them hadn’t met in person the previous evening.

“Hello there, you must be Z,” Ali said, in a friendly sort of tone. “I kinda fell asleep last night, so I didn’t get to meet you due to my exhaustion of a long haul trip. Jasmine has told me a little about you. Anyway, I’ve completed all the inputs to the necessary databases so you’re now an official person, and I’ve managed to have the ID grafted and uploaded to some cards.” He waited for a response from Z, but none was forthcoming. Instead, she continued to look him up and down, which started to weird him out after a bit.

“Erm, is there something wrong?” he asked, as her eyes scanned him. “You’re making me a little uncomfortable right here. Did I say something wrong? Maybe you don’t like me? What is it? I can take it, just stop doing that please.” Again, there was no answer, as the girl brought her hand up tapping her chin. Then she planted both hands flat against the table and brought her head closer, glaring even more.

“You,” she said, as he continued feeling nervous.

“M-...Me?” Ali asked, feeling a little worried. “What have I done?”

“You.”

“Err...yes...Me?”

“Me...,” she repeated, beginning to squint a little as she looked at him.

Z suddenly felt a little slap at the back of her head. “Cut that out Z,” Jasmine said, having walked up behind her. “I told you not to do that daring thing you got from some stupid online game show. You never win anything...”

“But I have to intimidate someone,” Z protested, the magic of her intimidating expression lost as she took on the voice of a petulant child. “The best spooky look will get put on TV! I was pretending to be possessed, you know!”

“No really, you looked more deranged, but I’m not sure if you actually are,” Jasmine said.

“I’m not de-orangutan...de-whatsy...how did you say it? And and and what does that mean?”

“Deranged, it means sexy,” Jasmine replied, lying flawlessly. Z took it hook, line, and sinker.

“Wahoo, then I definitely am deranged!” Z exclaimed with glee. “I’m the most deranged person in the whole room!”

Jasmine patted her on the head. “Yes, you are, just keep telling yourself that, sweetie.” The mouse girl took a seat at the table, brushing a lock of her brown hair out of her eyes. “Anyway, Li, while you guys were sleeping we had a few deliveries. I managed to install the new Sansqui manifold that arrived on the left engine, and remounted the thermo coil distributor along with various tune ups and a new panel which should boost your phase shielding. I stripped the entire outer hull down and decided to completely redo it using some service droids I rented.” She picked up a napkin and wiped a few streaks of grease off her fingers.

Li paused as he looked at her in disbelief. “That fast and you what? I mean you upgraded my ship? Where did you get the money?” he asked, a little shocked.

“Well have a look around the house when you have a chance,” Jasmine said with a smile.

“Think I’m short of funds at all? Either way, your phase engine has a new third-stage ignition, and new valves on both engines to allow for better fuel transfer, along with the heads being reconditioned, and fresh induction plates. Should give better light years per fill now, better economy. If you think it needs anything else, let me know. Also, for all the trouble me and Z put you through a couple of days ago, I also have replaced your equipment. It’s in a room labelled ‘Li’s Lab.’”

Li looked touched by her thoughtfulness and generosity. “Thanks, I mean it...really...whoa...” The little creature hurried back, bringing plates over for everyone. “But what about your ship? You don’t have one now. Shouldn’t you have spent the money on buying a new one? I was planning on staying here on Zexus a while anyway, so I could have waited.”

“Li, Li, Li, you’ll soon know me well enough haha, don’t worry about that, I’d rather custom build it. I’m a bit of a grease monkey, apart from that I’m a mouse of course, but you know what I mean. I’ve got a list of all the parts I want on order,” she said then turned her head to the swan, “Oh and Ali, I almost forgot, I’ve got your payment right here.” She looked over at him while Z excitedly looked around for something to entertain herself with. Jasmine shifted a blank piece of paper to the blue haired girl, along with a crayon to keep her occupied while she talked. Ali, of course, shook his head in response for the payment card that Jasmine was offering him.

“No, I can’t, Z’s ID stuff was on the house. Naturally I said I needed a favor and it wasn’t so much as a favor as it was a request. I don’t want your money, I want something else, and as I recalled

you'd said you'll make it happen, and I'll hold you to it." He gave Jasmine a smile which made the mouse girl quiver.

"Well, what is it?"

"I bet you're dying to know," he said. "I'll bring it up later, now is not the right time." he said as he noticed Z scribbling and drawing something.

"Okay, but for your troubles, if you don't want the payment, then at least accept this as a small token of my gratitude?" she proposed, sliding across a small piece of paper to him. He took it, turning it over and smiling.

"I wouldn't mind accepting this of course," he said winking back at her. He wasn't one to shy away from a private dinner with a pretty lady at a quiet and romantic location after all.

Z interjected at that moment. "Nope, he wouldn't," she declared. "And I finished, a total masterpiece and the most amazing thing ever created on Zexus, I shall sell it for a trillion!" She pushed the crayoned piece of paper into the center of the table. Ali looked at it, and from what he could tell, they were poorly drawn caricatures of Jasmine and himself. "I had inspiration you see. That bird guy is looking at you, Jazzy, and his eyes say 'I want to fuck you in your ear.'"

"Sheesh, Z!" Jasmine cried with shock. "What's with dicks in my ears all the time?"

"They look fuckable is all," she said, and nodded before pointing at the picture again. "This is Ali, and this is you, and this is your ear, and this is his super long ducky thing. Oh Ali...err...Alwe? Anyway, you is your new name as I can always remember that. You! Is it true that ducks have super long cocks, I mean ones that stretch longer than their bodies?"

Ali laughed, not embarrassed at all like Jasmine had become, finding her quite humorous. "I only wish haha," he said. "I dunno about all that, but....eh...I guess I get by pretty good on that score."

"But would it fit in a mouse ear?"

"Z," Jasmine interrupted. "I don't think Ali wants to talk about that." Of course, seeing Jasmine's reactions, the swan didn't mind whatsoever.

"On the contrary, I'm actually really enjoying this conversation," he assured them both. "I'm beginning to really like your friend."

Li finished up placing the pancakes down on the plates, apart from Z's, where he placed a glass of water, rose scented just to make it smell nice for her. Z had already explained to him before that she didn't need much in the way of food. She began drinking it down.

Jasmine sighed, "Okay, okay...On to important things. Z, seeing as you love drawing so much, I used your new ID to enroll you into an art class at college which is generalized to cater for all skill levels. It will keep you entertained, I hope, as you can scribble whatever you like."

“Wait, no, I don’t want to, college isn’t for me, I’ll do anything but that, please?” Z said, her eyes widening as she began to beg. “It sounds so borrrrrrrrring!”

“Do you know what college is?”

“No, yes, maybe, it’s where you are going to be shoved in a room for a whole day, locked away, and the key thrown away!” Z said, shaking her head and sending her blue hair waving this way and that. “It’s a place of torture where I’ll lose my soul, and the devil will take me. I will be destroyed and made into mushy peas and then served in their feeding place in hell!”

“No it isn’t, and where did you get that silly idea?” Jasmine said, with a look that suggested she was seriously worried about her friend’s sanity. “You have to fix your words, it’s lose, not loose.”

“Eeew I’m not loose, I’m really tight, how rude!” Z snapped back with a little offended huff. “Anyway, I watched this broadcast where this scary teacher did that!” Her voice was lacking fear, but she still sounded completely turned off by the idea of going to class.

“You watched a horror movie again, didn’t you?”

“Of course, because they tell you the truth! The secret truths no one ever wants to tell you. That’s why you never see that stuff on the news.”

“Nevermind. You’re coming with me, and I have an early class, so you will be there an hour before yours. Just use that holographic tech you have to put on something nice and pretty but not too skimpy, okay? And Li, I need that favor I asked of you, after both you and Z finish class I need you to run those tests for me please, if you have the time?”

Li nodded. “Well, now you’ve got me the equipment, I’ll go familiarize myself with it before I leave tomorrow. No doubt with what you did with my ship it’s better than what I could afford myself.” He then looked over at Z, and shivered as he thought about how much of a handful she would be.

“Sorry...I also need to ask another favor As both your classes finish at the same time, can you take her home? I don’t want her lounging around college. She likes to...uh...make artwork in inappropriate places.”

As Jasmine was speaking, Z was reaching up to her goggles. Upon pressing them her attire changed into a cute blue summer dress that showed off her toned thighs and mouthwatering figure. The goggles she had seemed to have vanished, leaving in their place a blue orchid as a pretty decor for her hair. Ali found his eyes locked on her realizing she had pretty interesting technology. He felt Jasmine’s elbow knocking him in the side of his arm, not too hard, but enough to let him know she thought he was ogling at Z. The mouse felt an envy starting to burn inside.

“Ahem, excuse us,” she said, and she took Z by the wrist, dragging her out. She picked up the paper she had pushed to Ali and screwed it up as she threw it in the bin on the way out.

“No Jasmine, I wasn’t...” Ali replied, then sighed hearing the door close and a hover taxi pulling up that had been preordered. “Sheesh, I wasn’t checking Z out, nevermind... Maybe I blew it, although Z’s goggles seem very interesting,” he said, wondering about the coding used within them as that was his thing after all.

-o-O-o-

Z had been escorted to the class by a rather reluctant mouse girl, who had spent twenty minutes of making Z repeat “I will not mention talk, or perform anything sexual in front of students, or talk about anything which is bodily related”. The repetition had been ingrained into the poor girl’s head and it was hard for her to usually remember things, but this stuck. She didn’t want to upset Jasmine as she knew it meant a lot to her that she did well. Z, regardless of being trouble for the mouse, did care very deeply about her. She had been made to promise that she will do her best at what the teacher asks, and nothing else other than what the teacher asks.

I’ll so make Jazzy proud, and get this right, and paint masterpieces of ear fucking.

Z knocked on the door, before pushing the door slightly open as she poked her head in and peered inside. Waiting a moment, she wondered if anyone was there at all, she wandered into the classroom. The girl’s mouth then turned into a big “O” shape in awe. Her attention was immediately grabbed by what filled the room. Framed paintings covered the walls, and there were several long tables in the center of the room, near a podium where the professor would have stood. All around the walls were shelves stocked with art supplies: paints, clay, chalk, sculpting tools, wax crayons, charcoal...There was absolutely everything that any artist could have wanted, more than one person could have used in a lifetime.

Wowwwwww..., Z thought to herself. *With this much stuff, I could paint every surface in Jazzy’s house! Her living room needs...like...boobies on the floor...and the walls and the ceiling and the windows! Jinkies, I could paint boobies everywhere! She clapped her hands together sharply, excitement flowing through her. Boobies for everyone... Boobies for free! Truly, it seemed to her a worthy cause for all of mankind.*

As marvelous as the prospect of endless vandalism was to Z, she did find herself slightly confused by the sight of the empty classroom. Where could the teacher be? To her limited understanding, a classroom was supposed to be full of students, although she’d forgotten how early she was. And she was certain she had found the correct one; Jasmine herself had brought her to it before

leaving her there. So if she was at the correct place, then where was the rest of the class?

Her question was answered when a door at the back of the room opened up and a head peeked in. “Did I hear someone come in?” The speaker had a quiet, high-pitched voice, and was a woman who looked like a fox. Her fur was shockingly white apart from some intricate red patterns around her eyes, which were vividly yellow. When those eyes fell on Z, a smile spread across her canine face. “Oh, you’re here!” she cried, seeming panicked, then paused. “I didn’t realize I’d get someone so pretty, it may be distracting to the students.” The vixen took a moment to look at Z, then snapped her attention away.

“I’m sorry for being pretty,” Z said with a frown, thinking she did something bad.

“No no no, it’s okay sweetheart, you’ll do just fine. I’m Minnie by the way.” The vixen offered her a reassuring smile. “Well...don’t just stand there. You should have been here half an hour ago, no time to waste. I’m sorry if I seem rushed, it’s the first class of the year and I want it to run smoothly. I’m so nervous.” She looked a little worried as she pointed to a side room. “Go in, and take your clothes off. There’s a robe to put on until class starts. Keep it on until I ask you to take it off.” She didn’t even ask for Z’s name.

Z remembered Jasmine’s words which haunted her. Do what the teacher tells you. That was certainly what she had intended to do, but Jasmine had also told her not to do anything sexual. And how much more sexual could you get than stripping nude in the middle of the classroom. Unsure of herself, but not wanting to disobey her professor, Z walked further into the room, going to the side room she had been directed to in order to dutifully follow her instructions.

What trouble was she getting herself into this time?