

## Chapter 3

### Good Doggy

Walking down a vibrant pastel green-carpeted corridor of the main university building, with Z in tow several yards behind, Jasmine was a little nervous about the pre-enrollment interview for the course she'd applied for. Z, on the other hand, seemed to be having the time of her life and away with the fairies. A few hours had passed since they'd left her house in Jasmine's personal shuttle, and in that time the mouse girl had given her a brief tour of the town and was now near the end of showing her the university itself. Her ditzy friend had actually managed to behave herself rather well up to now, and she was oohing and ahing while sporting an intrigued expression. Jasmine looked back over her shoulder, amused a little by Z, who clearly had become lost in the wonders of the different articles and pictures that littered the walls. Jasmine turned to face forward again as they passed the dining hall housed in this building.

"We have a few more minutes before my interview starts, so I was thinking..." As she looked over her shoulder, she eyed her troublesome friend with a marker in her hand about to doodle on a large portrait of one of the former headmasters. Jasmine's long tail nearly stood straight out, and she whirled around as fast as she could. "Where the hell did you get that!?"

Being nimble, and quite the twinkle toes, she rushed back with an outstretched arm to swat Z's hand away before the tip of the marker could make contact with the expensive painting. At the crucial moment which could have seen her expulsion before she'd even enrolled, Z withdrew her hand, whilst Jasmine lost her balance and landed on the floor, flat on her back.

"Hmmm, a curly mustache, or...hmmm electric shocked-like?" Z looked down just then noticing Jasmine laying flat on her back, right at her feet, looking somewhat discombobulated. "Oh, hmm what are you doing there? You know, I don't have any panties on. Well, if you wanted to look up my skirt, it's okay, so shy! It's nice to see you're accepting being a les...les...yeah, that kind of girl." The humanoid alien got an expression on her face like she was the proudest girl in the world. "Anyway, good on you! I love exhibitionism, I didn't know you're into that kinda thing! We have so much in common!"

"No, I wasn't...", Jasmine protested. Her eyes glanced up, and behold she had a perfectly clear line of sight up Z's holographic skirt. The bronze-skinned girl's pussy was as bare as it could be, and absolutely nothing was left to Jasmine's imagination. "Gah!" Flustered, her heart suddenly racing a mile a minute, Jasmine shot right back up to her feet. "Come on, and what did I tell you about your

dirty talk?" She grabbed Z by the hand and tugged her along to stop her from vandalizing anything.

"Oooo, you're super romantic, I like holding hands, it's sooooo cute!" she continued, as Jasmine's cheeks bloomed red. The mouse quickly relinquished her grasp of Z's hand with a sigh. "And anyway, I forgot what you said about me talking. What was it, again?"

"You're not supposed to."

"Oh, that...right," Z said, coyly scratching the back of her head.

"Well, here's a new one: don't touch anything here," Jasmine ordered as she watched Z make a zipping of lips hand gesture complete with sound effects. She then began to make "mmmm," sounds as if trying to speak as if her lips were actually glued. Finally, the two stepped into the refectory area, which was crowded with students either preparing for their enrollment interview or course induction. Jasmine pointed over to a seat secluded in the corner by a large window. "Go sit over there, I'll be back shortly." She put a serious expression on her face as Z gave a whining noise. "And one last thing: don't move from there. I shouldn't be more than an hour."

Jasmine turned to go do what she needed to as Z obediently moved towards the back, while trays floated about taking beverages and various delectable morsels to people. She pulled back a hovering seat and sat down, staring out of the window. She was a little bored already.

*Why does Jazzy wazzy keep telling me off?* she thought peering up at the clouds through the pale tinted glass window. Z frowned a little, huffing out a sigh. *Just trying to have a little fun...Soooooooooooo boring...*

"I think you'll look much better if you turn that frown upside down, as I know there's a beautiful smile hidden somewhere," came a soothing, familiar voice.

Z raised her head to see it was the husky she'd been acquainted to earlier, back at Jasmine's house. The attractive male canine was standing over her, a shoulder bag over one arm, looking down at her with a fetching smirk on his face. She remembered very well the way that he had been eyeing her back at her mouse friend's home, and she had noticed how hungry his steel blue eyes had appeared. A smile spread across her moist blue lips, causing them to shimmer in a way which had a dazzling effect.

"Isn't that better?" the husky asked, reflecting his own back down at her as he took the seat opposite.

"Mmmmm, mmmm," Z sounded off as she pointed at her lips.

"Hmm? Something wrong?" Z took his hand and brought it to her mouth as he looked at her confused. She positioned his digits and moved it across her lips.

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzip! Jazzy said I'm not allowed to talk, so I zipped my mouth, and howdy-hi-hi!" Z replied perkily. She then moved his hand across her lips once more, completing it with the zipping

sound effects. The girl tilted her head to the side and touched a finger to the corner of her mouth thoughtfully. “Mmmm, mmm,” she mumbled.

The Husky snickered as he reached up and did that gesture to unzip her mouth once more. *This girl's growing on me more and more. Great sense of humor, haha, and very upbeat.*

“Okay darling, try speak now, and we can leave it unzipped.”

“Hmm...What was your name again? I’m terrible with names. Garth? Hmm that’s not it...”

Martin raised a brow, before encouraging her once more whilst attempting to charm her. “Try again? I’m sure it’s in there somewhere, heh.”

“Fart?”

“Hahaha, okay, good one,” the husky male said, chuckling good-naturedly. “And no, it’s Martin. But you can call me Mart, if you want.”

“Mart and Fart seem similar though, yes?” Z pointed out.

The chuckle from Martin seemed a little more forced this time. “Heh, well I guess they do rhyme...So, Jas dragged you along while she goes to enroll, huh? Wasn’t she supposed to show you around?” He seemed a bit confused, in fact, to see that Z was here by herself, and he looked around the dining hall as though he was looking for where Jasmine might be.

“She showed me around a teensy bit...But then she left me here and told me not to budge.” The blue-haired, recently-feline-tailed girl pouted slightly. “She’s cute and all, but she’s no fun sometimes...And hey, wasn’t she having you fix my wet banana rack?”

“Yeah...Yeah, I guess she’s a little serious now and then,” Martin admitted. He didn’t seem to pay her strange phrasing any mind, but he scratched his chin. “If you’re talking about that backpack of yours, I’ve got it right here.” He lifted his shoulder bag up onto the table and opened it up, withdrawing a compact, metallic blue package that Z recognized instantly as her backpack. While previously it had been cracked and scored in numerous places, the device now looked as good as new.

Z was overjoyed. “Oh, yippee-yay!” she exclaimed, reaching her hands out and taking it from the husky. “You fixed it! Jazzy was right about you!”

Martin rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. “Well...ah...funny story about that. I mean, I *tried* to fix it, but I couldn’t figure it out, really.” He gave an awkward laugh. “I was planning on bringing it back here to show to my teaching assistant, to see if we could figure it out together, but the damndest thing happened. When I carried it outside, it just sort of started glowing when the sunlight hit it. After a few minutes, I couldn’t find a thing wrong with it!”

“Oh, yeah!” Z said, seeming perfectly unimpressed by this bit of news. “Yup yup, sunlight does the trick, a-huh! Makes everything better, especially bare skin. Warm sun on my boobies is the bestest,

works for this, too.” She waved her hand over the backpack, and all on its own it hovered around to her back, affixing itself securely over her shoulders, although whatever was holding it to her couldn’t be seen.

Martin stared in astonishment. “Wow...That’s really an interesting piece of tech...I’d really love a chance to get that into my analysis equipment sometime....So you’re telling me that sunlight helps to repair it somehow?”

“Of course, duh. Doesn’t everyone know that? Sunlight fixes everything!”

“Hahaha, it sure does, it’s great for skin and brings about a smile ,” the male canine said skeptically. *What an interesting girl. She’s definitely worth getting to know. I guess it must have something like solar powered nanobots. I should familiarize myself with her system’s culture and gadgets.* Martin tilted his head to the side curiously. “If you knew that, why didn’t you say anything to Jas or me?”

Z giggled as though the answer was obvious. “You didn’t ask!”

Martin couldn’t help laughing as well. “Fair enough, I guess,” he said. He was even more fascinated about the bronze-skinned neko girl, and he knew that he wanted to spend a little more time with her, so he thought of a quick excuse. “Look, who knows how much longer Jas is going to be? And you look like you’d much rather be doing something interesting. Cooped up inside is no place for a girl like you.” He started wagging his tail a bit. “There’s no reason for you to have to be bored while she’s having her interview. How about I show you around a little more, and then I can walk you back to her shuttle? We can all ride back to her place together.”

“Really, that’s great!” she said as she shot to her feet causing her golden sexy breasts to offer up an eye catching jiggle. With hurried feet, and tip-tapping sounds, she made her way around the table swiftly. The feline giggled with her tail wagging madly, and took him by the hand. With a deceptively sharp tug, she yanked him to his feet. “I’d much rather go with you than sit in this dumb place. Boooooooring.” She looped her arm through his, pulling him close to her, enough that her hip touched his.

“Oh, you really must be e-eager!” Martin said, his face warming even as he felt a little twinge of pain in his shoulder. *Wow, she’s a strong one for someone so petite...* Out loud, he said, “Come on. There’s a lot to see at this university. I have a hunch that you’d love the art department in particular.”

When Martin and Z arrived at the student parking lot, shortly after he finished with the private tour of the rest of the college, he accompanied her back to Jasmine's shuttle. The open space outside greeted them with a modest chill, and a little gust which caused Z's hair to blow aloft. *She even looks amazing when her hair flutters like that. I need to keep cool and not blow it with her... Oh damn, almost forgot... Jas?*

"Huh...", the husky said, looking around. "I don't see Jas anywhere. I guess she must still be in her interview. No matter. We can wait right here for her to get back." He leaned against the outside of the shuttle, crossing his legs and arms casually. "You know, this shuttle is pretty impressive. She built this thing practically by herself, starting when she was in middle school." He paused. "Well, I helped her a little, from time to time, before I shipped out. But hey, you've been staying with her. I'm sure you know how sweet it is."

"Huh?" Z asked. She had been a little distracted by watching a small bird flit about nearby, but she drew herself back to the conversation. "Oh, nuh-uh, no way. Jazzy only had me ride in that a few times, and she made me stay in the back the whole time. Booooooring. No idea how the rest of it is."

Martin looked at her, surprised. "You were in the back the whole time?" he asked. He scratched his chin thoughtfully, the same way he had before. "Well, how about I show you around the cockpit? I imagine I know it just as well as Jas does, kinda, unless she's made some crazy modifications to it since the last time I saw it."

"Ooooooh!" the bronze-skinned girl said, her blue lips forming a tight "O" as she did so. Her sapphire eyes widened in childish excitement. "Yeah, yeah, that sounds fun! Show me, show me!" She was bouncing up and down on the tips of her feet, which was making her sizable breasts jiggle tantalizingly again, forcing Martin to blush beneath his fur.

"S-Sure, follow me," the husky said, stammering somewhat as his eyes were drawn to her chest. *Man, she's pretty... I really love her cheery tone and personality, she's got a great body too. I really hope I've got a chance with her.* He walked towards the back of the shuttle, making for the side hatch near the rear.

Z trailed close behind him, skipping a little as she did. Any thoughts of Jasmine were far away right now; she barely even remembered that she had been instructed to wait at the university's dining hall. She was rather focused right now on the male husky walking in front of her. Z thought that he was quite attractive and she loved sharing intimacy with those she liked, it helped her bond with friends. His well-built stature, tall and muscular physique really did appeal to her, that and his really sexy butt. Although that wasn't the key to his physical attractiveness for her, but simply put, that big floofy tail was really pretty in her eye. Other features that revved her intimate engine was the way that his fur was

patterned in jagged swathes of black and white which gave him a dangerous look, even though he seemed as friendly as could be.

Martin got to where the hatch was as he turned to Z. “It was somewhere here, an emergency open button, that’s if she’s not uninstalled it,” he said. He started running his hand along the ship next to the hatch, smirking with triumph after a little feel around. “After you, m’lady.” He pressed the hidden button next to the entrance, and the door popped out and swung up with a buzzing sound, revealing a short set of steps leading inside. With a playful little curtsy, Z strolled in, looking upon the outside of the craft before she did. She was still privately impressed that Jasmine could have built something like it almost entirely by herself. Sleek and streamlined, the silver and pink shuttle was a sight to behold. She never did take the time to truly admire it before. “Mind your head, it’s a little cramped until you get to the cockpit.”

“Cockpit? Ooh, that’s a dirty word.” Z giggled, walking past Martin and stepping up into the shuttle. “I like coming inside, hehe.”

“You...Uh...” Martin felt flustered by the way she responded. He wasn’t sure if she was being deliberately provocative, or if she was just odd. Either way, the words coming out of her mouth were having an effect on him.

Not paying the husky’s awkwardness any real care, Z continued up the short set of steps into the small space ship. Once one got all the way in, it was a little more luxurious than what the husky’s words might have suggested. Although she needed to bend over slightly to fit, the back part of the shuttle was otherwise roomy. There was a compact sitting area in the rear, where Z had been on the flight to the university, along with a rudimentary sleeping nook built into the wall of the craft. “I remember this part! This is nice. Jazzy has such cool stuff!”

“Pretty neat, huh?” Martin said. He stepped inside the craft behind Z, and nearly bumped into her. Bent over as she was, he had a delightful view of her ass, which was covered by the tight skirt she was clad in. He had to resist the urge to reach out and cop a feel, though the temptation was great. “Head up to the front. I’ll give you the tour.” *I’d love to give you something else too, you little adorable tease! Probably won’t happen, but a guy’s gotta try.*

Z walked towards the front of the shuttle. When she got there, she was able to straighten up to her full height, although the tips of her feline ears brushed the cockpit glass. The control compartment of the shuttle was spacious, and had seats for two people in it, a pilot and a passenger seated side-by-side.

“Jinkies! This is totally neato!” Z said. She leaned over the controls, examining all the different colored buttons lined out in neat rows. There were all sorts of gauges and dials that she didn’t

recognize, and she had the impulse to try to push a few of them, if not everyone. But then the image of an angry Jasmine flashed into her head, so she drew her hand back for the time being. *Dummy party pooper...*

“Yeah, it’s pretty impressive,” Martin agreed. He slid past Z and into the pilot’s seat. As he did so, she shifted her position and her rump bumped up against his crotch. He swallowed hard as her firm, yet slightly cushy, cheeks pressed against him. “Ah...Ah, anyway, sit down.” He pointed at the passenger seat.

“Okey dokey,” Z said. She plopped herself down in the passenger seat, curling her feline tail over her lap as she crossed her legs. Martin glanced over at the movement of her tail, hoping against hope that he might get a glimpse underneath her skirt. But the alien girl kept her legs crossed tightly, and he wasn’t sure if it was unintended or if it was because she was trying to be modest. “So how do you make this thing go? You know, zoom zoom whoosh into the stars!”

“You got a way of putting things,” Martin observed. He cracked his knuckles and put his hands on the controls. “Doesn’t look like Jas has changed much in the way of the cockpit controls, so I’ll give you the run through. Now, the first thing whenever you take off is you gotta strap yourself in.”

“Strap on? I thought you were male? It’s okay to use one if you’re a girl, or have a penis dis...fun...err something, that thing you can’t get a hard on condition.” she said. His eyes grew wide.

“No, not a strap-on, I meant strap in.”

“Oooh, I know what that is. You’re gonna tie me up and then want to give me a strapping? Usually I’m not into pain. Hehehe, well I’ve never done that before. Hmmm, sounds kinky, I’ll try anything once, I’m game. Be gentle, it’s my first time. Or don’t, might be more fun!” Z winked at Martin, her eyes full of mirth as she saw the way he gulped at her frankly erotic manner of speaking. She truly seemed excited to believe that he was going to tie her up. Martin, for his part, felt his heart start to beat faster, and there was a definite swelling in his pants as his body reacted to Z’s words. He couldn’t help but picture it in his mind: the blue-haired, white-tailed girl tied down to the passenger seat of the shuttle, or to the sleeping cot in the back, as he had his way with her. She looked on very earnestly as she spoke to him.

“Er...No, no, heh, nothing like that...ah...” He cleared his throat, and then he tugged on the black restraining straps which were attached to the pilot’s seat. “No, I meant you need to buckle in, so in case something goes wrong on takeoff, you’ll be protected.” He demonstrated by pulling the straps over his shoulders and hips and connecting them securely in the middle. “See? But we’re not actually going anywhere, so we don’t need them right now.” And he unsnapped them and let them retract back to their resting position.

“Okay, next thing we do, is start up the engines,” Martin continued, and for a moment got caught up in her sweet candied expressions of curiosity. He watched the neko girl reach up and cutely curl a shimmering blue lock of hair around her little pinkie as she made those impossibly irresistible eyes that sparkled with the overhead lighting. *Damn, this girl's driving me crazy. Got to keep a grip.*

He reached for the controls and flipped several switches. They both heard a hum go through the shuttle, and felt the entire craft start to subtly vibrate. The control panels lit up as well, most of the lights staying steady while some were blinking. “See, powering up the engines powers everything except the doors, which have constant power. The blinking lights are the ship functions which are active: engines, navigation, maneuvering, and all the safety equipment. Steady lights show things which aren’t active but can be turned on.” He put his hands on the steering controls, which were styled like a car’s steering wheel. “Sit tight. This is the fun part.”

Taking him literally, Z froze in place, not moving a muscle, as Martin pulled back on the steering wheel. With almost no perceptible change in the hum of the engines, the shuttle lifted half a foot off of the surface of the parking lot and hovered in the air. The husky kept his large hands steady on the wheel, and the ship barely moved back and forth as it hovered in place.

“See? Cool, huh?” Martin pushed the wheel gently forward, and the shuttle settled back down on the ground. “Jas did great with this thing. It handles like a dream.”

Z’s eyes roamed over the control panel, and her gaze fell on a large, steady pink button. “Ooooh, pretty!” she said, mesmerized by the shiny object. She reached a hand out, leaning over the armrest of Martin’s chair as she tried to push it.

“Hey, hey, don’t touch that!” Martin said, sounding alarmed as the fur on his tail bristled out. He reached for Z’s hand, gripping it firmly and directing her arm away from the control panel.

“Phew...That was a close one. Don’t just reach for controls like that, okay?”

“Awww but it’s pretty and pink, just like my special button, I like pressing it too, oh okay sowwy...,” Z apologized, pouting again like a child denied candy. “Anyway, what does that button do?”

“Well, it...,” Martin began, looking over at her. He faltered as the image of her special button being flicked back and forth flashed into his mind. He felt his voice catch in his throat as he saw her leaned over. The way that she was sitting, he had a very clear look down the tight top she had on. Her breasts, full and pillowy, looked amazing. Unconsciously he licked his lips, salivating a little as he gulped once more, and ensnared, he couldn’t look away even though he knew he was being rude by staring. “Um...that’s the pilot’s ejector button. If you press it, the canopy will blow off of the cockpit on the pilot’s side, and the pilot’s chair will shoot out. It’s so the pilot can get out if something goes wrong.



If you're in space, it'll also generate a field around the chair to hold in atmosphere so you can survive for a while. There's one on the passenger side, too."

"Hmm okay so that's the ejaculation button, and it makes you shoot a load," she said looking at him with an adorably confused expression, still giving him that slight display of her lovely bosom. He was really struggling becoming too flustered. His eyes kept on looking down Z's top. His attention did not escape the girl's notice. "Hmm? Oh, what, you like my tits? You're staring at them pretty hard, hmm?" She looked at the crotch of his pants, and she saw a bulge there. "That's not the only thing that's hard, yep yep! Naughty puppy, you think my tits are nice? That's great, I like them too. You want to see more?"

Martin's eyes widened a bit. He wanted to get with Z but he didn't expect things to be moving this quickly along. The canine was simply unprepared for this, but nonetheless, he wasn't one to complain when in such luck. "Uh, well...Y-Yeah, I think you're really pretty," he admitted. "I don't mean to stare, but...Yeah, I guess I-I would like to-to see more," the husky stuttered. He couldn't quite place a finger on why he was being so honest, but Z didn't seem to be offended. If anything, she seemed flattered that he thought she was cute.

"Yay, all you had to do was ask, silly doggy!" Z said cheerfully. "But you have to tell me how nice they are, kay?"

She stood up from her chair, and she reached up to tap the goggles sitting on top of her head. Her upper half sparkled away as her clothes shimmered and wavered, before fragments started to drift aloft from her bosom like glittering essences of divinity until her breasts were rendered bare. In an instant, the bronze-skinned girl was half naked before the male husky. Her white and blue-striped tail serenely flowed, swirling behind her, and her ears were pricked up as she looked at him. Z wandered over with a sensual sway to her hips and eyed him with a devious look that cried for mischief. She didn't need words to say *I'm coming for you*.

"Whoa...", Martin croaked, his throat suddenly dry as he was faced with the irresistible sight. He was so instantly turned on that he didn't even think to wonder at how she had managed that trick with her clothing. His cock was as hard as a rock in his pants now, straining against the seams. She looked amazing, and he hadn't seen many women as sexy as her before, and he couldn't bring to mind any who were sexier at this very moment. Martin's eyes were roaming over her as his mind raced frantically.

*Oh crap, I wanted her, but I didn't figure I'd get this far with her. I didn't think this far ahead, damn it, act cool, don't say something stupid.*

Z's figure took him in a jaw-dropping effect as he admired her smooth skin, striped with blue

patterns, and her full, luscious-looking breasts capped with hard, erect hazel nipples.

“You know my boobies are amazing,” Z bragged, with a teasing smile as she reached for him and brushed her hand through his hair. He was thinking more or less the same. It was as though she was reading his mind. She turned to the side, placing her hands on her knees and pushing her rear out as she bent over, placing a warm kiss along his flushed cheek before sliding into his lap. His hard organ pressed into her hindquarters, and it made him feel far too restrained. She jiggled her breasts, making them sway before her as she wagged her tail wildly. “You wanna touch them? I like touching, I think it’s soooooo nice when people make each other feel happy, and you’re Jasmine’s friend and really nice, so you can if you like?”

She reached over and took his furred hands, using her thumbs to give a sensual rub along the back of his palms soothingly before bringing them up to her generously endowed tits. “Don’t be shy, they don’t explode, tehehe,” she said, as Martin panted with a nervous expression. She placed his hands on her sternum, and closely together before sliding them down, looking into his eyes deeply with a loving smile. He felt her silken skin texture as she guided his hands down slowly, taking them around her breasts before she exerted her grip to let him cup them. “Good boy...That’s it, wasn’t so hard huh?” she asked as his hands trembled a little, holding one in each hand.

“Go on, squeeze them and stuff, you’ll like it, promise!” she said with a wide smile, as she relinquished her guidance from his hands. Experimentally he squeezed the smooth orbs, and growled softly as he felt how firm and heavy they were. They were easily the nicest breasts he had ever felt in his life, and the smoothness of her skin made them feel so different from anything he’d ever experienced before, only ever having had furred females before. She gave an encouraging nod for him to continue, “You’re doing great, see not so hard to get it on with a hottie huh?” He nodded once more, blushing beneath the fur as he moved his palms around to the front and pressed his thumbs into her nipples, rubbing them in a tight circle as they hardened further under his pads beginning to prod out even more.

“Hmmmm, that feels so meowi-good,” Z giggled, and gave a soft, cute moan as he teased her nips. She leaned forward against him, her blue lips widening in an intense, playful grin. The way he was touching her made little tingles of pleasure shoot down her spine, and she could feel her pussy getting wetter. While his hands played with her breasts, she pressed her lips to his muzzle, giving him a playfully teasing little kiss. She watched him as he was about to fall deeply into it before she deviously pulled back. It was almost tormenting that it ended as soon as it started. Z playfully stuck her tongue out leaving him with his puckered expression, looking adorably inexperienced. It took him a split second for it to register that she pulled away.

“T...Tease,” he said, almost looking away out of shyness to be once more caught quickly by her lips. He could feel her moist warmth, sliding with a mind blowing effect along his. Short suckles along his lips were met by contrasts of longer, slowly sucking sensations, and everything clouded over in his mind. And for her part, she savored his canine lips, sensual, slippery, mixed with their joint saliva. Delighted by the enjoyable feel of his black lips, she relished the smooth slithering sensation, and warm feel as she took in the details noticing they were white and fuzzy around the edges. His unique handsomeness was quite appetizing to her. She giggled again at the tickly sensation she felt as she kissed him, and she liked it so much that she did it again, deeper this time, letting her oral serpent invade his trove of salivating desire.

Her tongue passed over his, as he felt all those tiny buds along the organ, intimately gliding along her own. Usually he would have been embarrassed to say he was drooling, but the moistness only made him that much harder as he squeezed her erect hazel nipples between his thumbs and fingers, tugging at them to make her gorgeous breasts dance along her chest, earning him those soft moans which he yearned to hear.

“Mmm,” Z murmured as she broke the kiss. “You taste so good Martilla, yep! Fuzzy and warm, I like you a lot.” She leaned against him, arching her back so that her breasts mooshed against his muscular chest. “Want to see my wet pussy, too, Marty-poo?” Her voice was soft and enticing as she cutely rubbed her nose side to side along his.

“Mart,” Martin corrected absently with a giggle, thinking that she was being charmingly cute. The taste of her was still fresh in his mouth, oddly a little hint of blueberry-esque flavors with possibly soft lavender, but it was so mild that it left him craving for more so that he could figure it out for sure. Still, from what he could tell, he could say her tongue seemed to have a flavor all to its own, indescribable and very different from that of others he’d experienced. “I-I like you a lot, too, Z. You’re so sexy and fun. Mnm, so n-naughty too. I... I would love to see your little kitten.”

“Oh thankies! Okay, I guess you’re really shy, your cheeks are all red, tehehe! Try touching other parts too, I’d like that a lot! I bet you will too, a-huh, and what kitten?” She scratched the back of her head. “I don’t have one, but you can touch my pussy instead though? It’s better, right?”

He gave a little chuckle at her absent mindedness, finding it adorable. Before he knew it her sacred treasure revealed itself in a similar way that her breasts had but his gaze never broke from her eyes seeing the adoration for him within them. His hands slid around from her breasts to her back, skimming down to her ass. He squeezed her rear, filling his palms with her cheeks realizing it was bare now too.

“Y-you’re incredible,” he said, feeling even more blood rushing to his face.

Her eyes lit up with his compliments. "Oh really? I mean of course I am, ahem, totally fuck-tastic!" She tilted her head to one side, her cat ears flicking as she frowned slightly at him, which didn't escape his notice.

"Awww, what's wrong?"

"You've not looksy down there yet, I made my panties go poof for you too, don't like?" she asked with a half smiled pout.

"N... no no no, it's not that, it's just, I'm okay with women but you're... you're something else, I was just... Truth is I've never been with anyone s... so, so stunning before," he stammered as he swallowed hard against the knot in his throat. His eyes slowly ventured down, until he caught sight of her most forbidden area. She had no hair between her legs, gifting him with a clear view of her delicate pussy slit. Even it was adorably striped around the outermost edges, and was swollen slightly with tender arousal. Slithers of her intimate nectar trailed to bring a shine around her vaginal lips, as his eyes charted every curve, groove, and moist sparkle of her pussy, as if it were a priceless artwork in the most exclusive museum, one just for him.

"Ehh, mmmm then touch me, it won't bite," she giggled, having built an insatiable appetite between her legs, with a hunger that wouldn't wane without his touch. Boldly, his hand trailed around from her hips to trace a finger along the inside of her thigh, slowly making his way there until he stroked along the striped area of her outer labia, making her crave more. A relieved sigh left the girl's lips as she tilted her head back with her mouth parting. "Hmmm."

"Z..." he softly moaned, as he found her slit, running his finger through the wetness. A second finger joined to spread her plush nether lips so he could take in a better view, and as he did, he paused, trembling a little.

"Hmm you're doing great, hmm it feels so good Marty, more, pretty purr-lease?" she pleaded, giving him another smile. His fingers once more become the animate love critters, wriggling around, which earned him a gasp from her. Taking a deep breath himself, he took in her flowered scent, unable to tell if it was coming from between her legs, or a perfume that he'd not noticed before. He loved the feel of the sensitive squishy pink flesh as his fingers explored. Knowing she'd been waiting for it, he finally treated her to the touch she wanted the most, her pretty little clitty. Z bucked her hips a little, giving an adorable, fairy-like moan before she settled them down again.

"It's sublime," he said, noticing first how engorged it was, slightly bigger than some species but not overly like others. It was just right to enjoy as he indulged himself, and her with it. His finger pressed down, feeling the squishy but slightly firm surface of it as his finger sunk into her flesh. Steadily he stroked it up and down, grinding his soaked finger along her sex, hearing her moaning

quietly. "Those sounds you make are s...so cute." His voice was shaky as his entire body shivered. He was about to rub some more, but then Z reached down and grabbed his wrist, stopping him as she pulled his hand away.

"Hey, no fair! I'm all naked and you're still wearing clothes. You should get to be naked, too." She moved out of his lap, standing over him as she reached down, tugging on the button at the closure of his pants and undoing it, then started to lower the zipper.

The husky couldn't hold back a grin. "You're right about that," he agreed with her, breathing heavily. "I-I guess you noticed that little disparity." He lifted up his hips as Z grabbed the waistband of his pants and pulled them down his legs, along with his underwear. She had difficulty pulling them over his boots, but she managed it. As she was taking care of the lower half of his body, he was unbuttoning his shirt and shrugging it off of his shoulders.

"Tea? No thanks, not thirsty right now! And despair-flavored tea doesn't sound very tasty, anyway, but a cup of Marty cum does. Let's see how much you have." Z made a cheeky oops expression and she tossed his pants towards the back of the shuttle, earning a gulp from him. Her eyes fell on his cock, which was as solid as steel by now and standing straight up from his lap. Her eyes widened in alarm. "Oh gosh! It's all red and swollen! Does it hurt lots?" She sank down to her knees, really concerned. She reached for him, extending one finger but stopped short of touching it, then continued to carefully touch his penis and stroking it lightly as if she meant to sooth it. "Poor thing, I'm so sorry, I squished it when I sat in your lap!" She was almost about to cry from what it looked like. Martin laughed, his cock jumping at Z's touch. Seeing it bob away like that only added to her worry. "Oh no, sorry sorry sorry, did that hurt?"

Martin couldn't help but laugh at her gullible cuteness, although he didn't quite know if she was serious, but he decided to go with it. "Oh very much so," he said teasingly. As a canine, the husky had a reddish cock, tapering from a point at the tip up to a thick, meaty shaft. At the base was a knot about the size of a tennis ball. "But you can make it better with some special love. Give it a lot and it will be better?"

Z nodded in agreement. His big swollen cum filled balls also didn't escape her notice either. If she was going to give him a good servicing, then she needed to do it in it's entirety. He moaned as Z carefully proceeded. "Good!" she said as her fingers reached between his legs once more, becoming the thrill seekers they were. Slowly she cupped them within her palm as her head lowered towards them. Little predatory growling sounds could be heard from her in a playful way. "I'm gonna get you tehehe, rawr."

The girl tilted her head back, keeping close, as she blew warm air along its sensitive skin. She

swayed them with her hand close to her mouth and without warning she lunged with a gaping mouth, and that's when he felt it, he felt her. She took one, like a cat taking a mouse. The canine felt his left pearl kissed sweetly, the gentle suckle of her lips, the sweet surrender of his testicle and the warmth from her cherishing oral splendor provided him with incredible pleasure. Martin growled as she had her way with him, flustered with shyness as he heard feline-like mumbling sounds escape from her pursed lips.

The fact she looked so damn cute was hard for any male to resist, and he had the sudden urge to pet her. Martin groaned and reached down, stroking her head. She continued by taking his other orb in her mouth, parting from its twin with another kiss, another soft suckling action, with her wet lips slithering across.

"They're like juicy bon-bons, I can't help it, I need to suck ," she cried as Martin felt the delicious rapture of them slide into the warmth of her mouth. Wetness surrounded them as they were swirled, he could feel the consistency of her tongue moving them in a pleasurable and unique motions. Her straying hand came up to move around his hips as he raised himself enough for her to work her way to his ass, allowing her to squeeze his buttocks with a firm clench, heavily massaging them as she suckled away, whilst her other hand busied itself with his shaft. She trailed a finger up the underside of it and along the opening of his urethra, sometimes pressing into it to add a unique feeling.

"Z... Mmm, no one has, mmmm sucked my... mmm like this before, ahhh," he mumbled, finding it hard to speak from being so stimulated. Within the moisture of her mouth, a lost paradise for his pearls was found and within it he could feel the various subtle movements. But then, abruptly it happened in the most pleasurable way. Her oral appendage licked back and forth swiftly with speed, pulling at his stretchy skin with each passing of her tongue. He felt those balls jiggle about in her mouth. Those quickly moving intimate orbs bounced about so quickly it was hard to describe how teasing it all felt. He didn't know how good this much variety would feel until now, and from such a skilled girl. Her tongue began to settle, and become more sensual with motions, intricate and pleasing as it traveled in sexy circles, exploring the shape of the ovals within her mouth. They pleasingly were swirled around like fine wine.

As she orally provided Marty her treat, her hands released his ass cheek, with a generous parting squeeze, making their way back to the front as her digits crawled along his inner thighs, moving upwards slowly in wriggly motions. The husky's thigh dipped a little with just the right amount of pressure applied, and those indents moved so erotically closer to where his aching hard rod needed more attention.

Z could see his cock bubbling a little pre-cum. He couldn't remember any other time with any

other female that was this incredible, and to him, right now, there was no one else he'd rather choose in the universe for intimacy. For his first time with her, this sexual encounter, it was the best he'd had. To feel such an experienced mouth by probably the prettiest girl, or even neko he'd ever been with was more of a dream, if only dreams ever felt anywhere this good. He looked down at her, blushing like a virgin teen would have been. She knew he was basking within her beauty as she screamed with a cat like sound "Meooooowwww." The purring cries from her vocal cords sent shivers of erotically insane vibrations and warmth through his balls and even managed to travel through to the tip of dribbling big hard cock.

Her straying fingers were the travelers that sought his pillar of pleasure as they wiggled his lower cock from the base of his shaft as he knocked his head back with a gasp. She worked her motion around the throbbing knot, working eagerly upwards, reaching that firm trunk of his sacred tree. With the explorers having found their prize, they slowly began to circle the girth of his cock. The motions picked up with her hands as she sucked on his balls so delicately, starting to move her hand up and down along his length.

Martin gasped. "Ooh...And it *definitely* doesn't hurt, now. Mmmm and it's getting better. Now it feels fantastic. Z, oh, Z ahhh."

Marty's balls were slowly getting suckled in her wet mouth a little firmer, and becoming more filled with so much cum. The way they felt was loved, warm, safe, and well wrapped up in her oral delight. She moaned with another purr which started to become more frequent, sending wave after wave of vibrations through it. The sucking made them swell a tiny bit with the increased circulation to them as they felt heavier with additional juices. *I'm going to make such a mess soon.* He hoped fervently that she wouldn't be offended if he came an awful lot.

He could feel her finger tips teasing with such smooth passes as they worked their way along until they got to the helmet where it was very sensitive. She stopped masturbating him a moment and let them follow the contour of the edges around, teasing with brutal pleasure before they moved towards the middle. He felt the skin push inwards with a generous rub which caused it to tingle fiercely. Her own neglected pussy had become so wet that long strands of juices dripped down to pool on Jasmine's floor. The best was yet to come as she hadn't even started the pleasure to work towards his orgasm yet, enjoying the sensual teasing.

"Z, I'm, I, I want to cum so badly n...now, p... please," he practically begged. The tanned beauty released the husky's balls. They slid free from her mouth, feeling heavier than he'd ever remembered them. *I'm going to make such a mess, Jasmine is going to kill me...*

His moans only encouraged her. She moved her hand faster, licking her blue lips as she saw a little drizzle of precum start to leak from the tip. "Mmm, looks tasty tasty. I hope it kisses as good as your lips, teehee!" she said, enthusiastically playing with his hard shaft.

The male husky tilted his head back, his eyelids slowly drooping as Z then eagerly slid her lips over the tip of his cock. The tanned neko girl didn't seem to have played with it long enough, and before he could register what was happening, she had his entire cock in her throat. He groaned deeply, his hands coming down onto his arm rests and digging his fingers into them. Then it began with the most subtle glances of her tongue to stroke along his needy length, then another stroke followed, more intense, as it tugged the central part of his shaft tugging and yanking the flesh there. He peered down, seeing that she'd kept her eyes locked to his from under the waves of pleasure as if to say *You're mine now*.

Her mouth felt like heaven, soft and warm, while the muscles in her throat expertly massaged his tip. At the same time, her tongue lapped along the underside of his shaft.

Z mumbled pleasantly around his thick manhood, her holographic tail waving high in the air behind her. She liked the way that he seemed to be enjoying what she was doing, and she in turn loved the feeling of his cock deep in her mouth. She liked trying new things, and she had never gotten to taste a male like this before. He was pulsing subtly, and each time his member throbbed it shot out a thin, watery stream of canine precum into the back of her throat. It tasted salty and musky, very unique and arousing. While she sucked on him, she reached down between her legs, pressing two fingers against her moist pussy and rubbing herself firmly. She teased her clit, spreading her knees to give herself better access.

"Geez, Z," Martin whispered, opening his eyes again and looking down at her. He growled as Z moved her head back and slid his cock out of her mouth, her tongue teasing along the length of it as she went. With his hands on the back of her head, he pressed down gently, and she went along with it, sliding her mouth back down until she was kissing his knot. In this way she kept up her oral work, moving her head back until his hands pushed her down, lashing him with her tongue all the while.

After a while, the alien lass lifted her head all the way off of Martin's cock as a trail of precum and saliva connected her bottom shimmering lips to his cock before she broke it, licking it away from her lips. "Mmm, hehe...You're tasty, Marty, so delicious!" she said with a laugh. "A lolli-cock, I like them best!" Giving her pussy a little break she reached up, stroking her hands along her sexy slender body, "I think you're ready to cum huh?" She winked at him cheekily, and he gasped and nodded. "Okay, here we go, tehehe!"

Scooping both her breasts into each hand she squeezed them playfully as she edged closer. No



invitation was needed as she stretched them to either side of his solid phallus, then let them quickly bounce free, trapping that iron rod between them. An immediate response could be seen as even more precum spurted from the husky's cock. They were warm, squishy, and firm around his intimate spear. Martin felt incredible as she sandwiched his cock between them.

"I want to play with it, it's mine!," she mischievously said in a sexy voice and giggle. Even her giggles caused her breasts to shake with his trapped cock, causing so much stimulation due to her skin type being so silky. She squeezed her breasts in erotic motions letting her finger indent into their cushion-like firmness as she worked his member. The female was not one to keep a good doggy waiting as she dragged her tits up his rod, tugging the flesh along his sensitive shaft with the pressure. It slid so smoothly between her breasts, sending tingles through the entire length of the husky's malehood.

She began to make quickened motions to hasten the pleasure, bringing them up to bounce them back down his length with a mighty jiggle. She gave a moan as she continued to pleasure him, seeming to be getting off on this herself. The way his penis felt was amazing as her breasts bounced away, working those sensitive areas with amazing perfection. Marty's moans grew louder as he began to feel that build up between his legs. She continued away at a playfully fast pace as her breasts wobbled away more furiously. Her hard erect nipples brushed along his thighs, and her tongue slid out while she smiled at him, licking her lips in a cute, hungry gesture. Z gave as good as she had, and the smooth motions of her large breasts caressed him so beautifully.

Her tongue lashed along the top of his trapped penis, even more pleasure being added to the assault it was already experiencing. Martin could feel the rushes that her tongue brought, igniting the opening and head area with a surge of tingles. As she joyfully bounced her breasts along his shaft, she helped herself to licking away the sexual juices that escaped him. Her tongue moved like an untamed beast, ravishing the end of his penis. Her oral strokes came in a medley of refined passes, each different from the last.

"I'm going to.... to.... cum, ahhhh," he cried, causing her to giggle as her lovely weighted breasts kept on bouncing along. He felt his penis pulsing heavily, and then a world of contractions rushed through his loins, as spurts erupted from him, splashing across Z's lips. His mind soared within the clouds as he burst, splashing cum in thick stringy blasts. The white essence splattered over her breasts, in thick copious amounts as he was rendered in euphoric pleasure. He howled like a hound in love. Z let his cock slip out from between her tits as she nursed those shots of lovely messy cum out with her hand, masturbating the remainder out over her horny body. She was almost there herself as she climbed to her feet, letting the remaining shots cover her pussy while her other hand masturbated her clitoris,

using his seed like lubricant. The orgasm was so intense that, unbeknownst to them, the whites he released splashed behind her and over the control panel.

Z hit that magical zone as her own climax hit, coming on like a tidal wave. “Ahhhh, Marty!” she screamed, falling forward into Marty’s arms as he held her before slowly passing out from the sheer exertion of such an orgasm.

-o-O-o-

Jasmine had come out of her induction interview feeling ecstatic. The interviewers had been very taken with her, and impressed with her academic record. As a result, she had gotten her first choice for all of her courses, and a recommendation for a special academic scholarship. Even though she’d turned it down, since her parents were giving her everything she needed to pay for school, it had been a big honor. But once she’d returned to the dining hall, she had found that Z was not where she had left her. For the past thirty minutes she had been searching the building for her with absolutely no luck. She would have asked campus security to help her, but she was pretty sure that she and Z would both be in trouble if they found out the mouse girl had brought her. Finally, Jasmine had decided that if she was lucky, Z might have gotten bored and wandered back to the ship on her own. Jasmine was deeply concerned for her. She felt responsible in some ways for her safety.

*I told that crazy lesbo ditz..., Jasmine fumed to herself, as she stormed out of the university building. I told her! I told her not to move from that spot! It was an hour, just an hour, and she couldn’t stay still for that long? Who knows what she’s up to, now... She doesn’t even know this area. She could get lost, hurt, or what if someone takes advantage of her, or worse, what if she gets raped... Oh wait...Knowing her, she’d enjoy that, but something else could happen...*

Walking out to the student parking lot, Jasmine made for her shuttle. When she got close, her jaw dropped and she froze in her tracks.

“What the heck!?” she gasped, seeing a trail of carnage, her escape pod destroyed, having been shot out into the ground which left a small furrowed path where it tore along the ground. Flames surrounded a blue haired girl that Jasmine now knew all too well, who was giving a sheepish look back. Martin sat, out cold, to the other side of her in a seat which had been ejected. Everything seemed like chaos. “Z!!!”

“Jazzy’s back!” Z moaned, soaked in wet male semen. In her fright from the accident, she had deployed her sun-repaired armor around her body. The blue metallic wings extended from her

shoulders, glistening with the sunlight and a few splotches of husky cum.

“Wh...What happened here?” she asked in disbelief.

“Oh nothing, errr hmmm, honest! Hey want to try some of this, you’ll totally love it, it’s yummy?” Z offered as she ran a finger along her voluptuous breasts, collecting a large helping of cum, flicking a little off the tip of her erect nipple and leaving her lovely breast to wobble. The girl casually extended her hand towards Jasmine. “It’s Marty’s cum!”

“Eeewwwwwww! What the hell, no!” Jasmine shook her head in disbelief. “That’s really gross...”

Z, shrugged licking it off from her finger as she shrugged. “It’s fresh, but okay, more for me, thanks Jazzy!”

“Damn it Z, my emergency escape pod, and Martin, what did you do? My... my pod, Mart? Ahhhhh!” She nearly burst into tears out of frustration. *Now I’ll have to pay for damages to college property and repair my pod...*

“Oopsy, it blew up, yup!” Z said scratching the back of her head, and nodding a couple of times. There was a couple of small explosions from inside the pod, causing Z to cringe. “Definitely blew up. You know... Well, it’s kinda a funny story, and Marty, you see...” Z gave a nervous cough. “Oh oh, oh, oh, just remembered some good stuff, wanna hear about his dick?”

“Whoa, no, too much information and how... did this... On second thoughts, I don’t think I want to know...” The mouse girl sighed as she covered her face with one hand.

“Oooo, sure you don’t want to hear about his dick? It’s red!”

-o-O-o-

Somewhere on the far side of the solar system, an armada was on stand-by, vigilant against the threat which was at hand. First contact had been made from an altogether different galaxy, and ultimately not on the best of circumstances. However, the opportunity to make a strong relationship, with proper negotiations, still seemed promising.

An automated voice sounded off. “Opening conference transmission, link established.”

“Status?”

“Reporting. We have several operatives now in position on the planet. Colonel Martin Gibson is stationed in the estimated danger zone. We have yet to make contact with the hostile. There are no signs of the bio-weapon as of yet. Further orders?”

“Maintain stand-by for now. Our outer galaxy neighbors are being patient. We have advised we will handle the situation to show good relations, and in return we have secured the promise that they won’t cross into our dead space. They have offered us tech we can’t refuse. But we have only been allocated a week, provided we can deliver this bio-weapon intact. Their concerns are mounting. They will engage Zexus if the time runs out, or if the bio-weapon becomes hostile. They’re far more advanced by a few decades, yet they’ve not yet developed a way to track this threat accurately. Which means we will have minimal help offered in that area. Are the contingencies in place?”

“Yes sir. All the troops from the Star Riders division are on stand-by to assist for an emergency evacuation, should it be required, and the operatives have been briefed via transmission. We have issued covers which will maintain operational secrecy while they work. People won’t know we have intergalactic forces on the ground.”

“They have provided us with specific containment methods. I need you to get your men to bring this thing in. Lure it, do whatever you need to, just get it away from civilians. The cell construction is almost complete. I’ve transmitted the location to you.”

“Off the record, why didn’t they just storm in to take it back?”

“This is what is concerning: the information shared is that the hostile will respond violently if they approach it, with enough firepower to level cities. My speculation is they’re hoping to use us as cannon fodder. The bio-weapon is more familiar with them, and likely will be able to detect them with very advanced warning. A mass evacuation may also trigger this bio-weapon due to what’s happening around it. We want to minimize widespread panic as word will spread to other solar systems quickly about our new friends. It took thirty years to establish a galactic peace. We have no idea how this may divide the systems again. So whatever their actual reasons, we must play our hand carefully and go along with it for now. Commander Hayder out.”