

Chapter 4

"The Better Mousetrap"

It had been quite a destructive day at Jasmine's expense, and nothing did her better than a good night's sleep while she hoped that the next would be better. Poor Martin had ended up in one of the other spare rooms, recovering in the Auto-Med. Apparently Z's antics with whatever erotic misdeeds she'd been up to, along with the unexpected launch of the ejection seat, had caused him minor injuries. Everything had been so stressful that the sweet slumber definitely was welcoming.

Early in the morning, Jasmine started having the nicest dream. She was experiencing very familiar sensations, cuddly and warm. Those silky soft textures, that soothing feeling, such a pleasant delight. Her hands felt rich cushiony velvets, squishy and amazing. Her mouth watered as it was filled with the most wonderful thing, and the way it felt over her tongue was incredible. She saw him, she saw Martin, his red, tender male asset in her mouth. She sucked on it more enthusiastically, as he peered down at her. But as she kept dreaming, something was wrong. He was transforming. The husky's manly, muscled figure became more feminine, his cut physique slimming down and softening into sensuous curves. Before she knew it, Z was standing before her. Jasmine was shocked, and her mouth fell open as she released the red succulent meat to watch it vanish. All of a sudden, her wonderful had turned into a nightmare.

"Want to suck more? Keep going, it feels great!

Jasmine's eyes shot wide open, and she found Z laying in her bed, her giant breasts right in her face. She jerked her head back in shock, and one of Z's mocha nipples popped out of her mouth, the orb jiggling as Z laughed. A strand of sleep-drool dripped away from Jasmine's lips.

"Ewww, what the...I told you before!" the mouse girl protested groggily. "Stay out of my bed!" She rolled onto her back, groaning as she laid an arm over her weary head.

Z resorted to her previous tactic for dealing with such a situation. "Rock-a-bye baby, on the treetop...When the wind blows, the cradle will rock..." Her voice was melodious, though slightly off-key, as she rubbed Jasmine's head to sooth her back to sleep.

"Ugh, not this time..." Stretching one leg back, Jasmine kicked Z out of the bed forcefully. The blue haired alien rolled out with a shout of surprise, and she landed on her ass with a light thud. Jasmine grabbed the sheets and pulled them back up over her head, trying to forget that she'd just been sucking on the bronze-skinned girl's tit. "Good riddance. Now let me get back to sleep."

"Ouchie! Hey, what's the big idea?" Z sat up on the floor. She puffed out her cheeks in irritation. "No fair! I was just laying there! You're the one doing all the les, les, les...Help me out here?"

What's that word again?"

"Lesbian."

"Yeah, you're the lesbian! You did all that lesbo stuff and I'm the one that gets kicked! Hmpf! How rude!" Z got up from the floor, folded her arms across her breasts, and walked off in a huff. It wasn't until she was on the way that Jasmine noticed she was, yet again, completely naked, and her white kitty tail vanished around the edge of her bedroom door.

Once she was gone, Jasmine smiled contently and closed her eyes once more. Before she fell back to sleep, she found herself wondering why Z kept sneaking into her bed. True, Z seemed rather fond of her, but Jasmine thought she might have gotten the message by now. Then again, she was an airheaded, big-titted, perfect-assed ditz...

Why did I just think that? she wondered to herself. She yawned and rolled onto her stomach. *Whatever...I'm just exhausted...* Before long she was back asleep.

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Finally, having rested well after Z had been kicked out, Jasmine had gotten dressed and had breakfast. Although she found it odd having not heard a peep out of her unwelcome guest, Jasmine felt some peace. Maybe Z had at long last left?

Just the evening before, right before bed, Jasmine had received a message that some parts for her ship had come in. They were upgrades for her engines and her hyperspace drive. She'd have to fly a few systems over to pick them up, as it would have been prohibitively expensive for her to have them shipped all the way. The mouse girl figured that while she was there, she could get a replacement for the escape pod that Z had wrecked. After she was done eating, she returned to her room and began to pack her stuff.

She still had not heard a peep out of Z, and of course Martin was still out cold in the Auto-Med. Jasmine was starting to get a little worried. She wondered if Z really had gone. As much as Z's antics had caused trouble and annoyed her, she had made it a bit more lively around here. She's almost forgotten how lonely it could be living by herself, and the house seemed way too quiet now.

Her worry growing, Jasmine picked up her small traveling bag and headed back downstairs. Still no signs of movement in the house, except that her little robo-dog was wandering about the living room. As she came in it looked at her, gauging whether she required it, and when the little machine canine determined she wasn't in need of its services it went back about its business.

“Z?” Jasmine called, her voice echoing a little around the quiet residence. “Are you hiding or something?” Nothing answered her. Jasmine began to wonder if she had been a little harsh on Z. “No...No, she deserved it. She’s the one that stuck her tits in my face and made me suck on her nipple...That’s nasty...Girl on...Just plain disgusting.” She pouted. “Maybe I can get back to my normal life now.”

The mouse continued on to the front door, and then paused. *I don’t think it could have hurt to have her around a little longer, she’s... She’s just strange, and maybe she’s not and was actually injured in that crash when she arrived? Goodness, if anything happens to her it would be then my fault...*

Jasmine made her way outside and to the garage hanger, which opened automatically when she approached. As she got to her ship, her eyes squinted a little. *Maybe I spoke too soon...* In front of her, that blue haired tyrant was busy spraying away, and on nothing other than Jasmine’s private spacecraft! Disbelief took hold of her as she watched Z spray painting graffiti on to her beloved vessel, crude stick figures in a blazing shade of red. Jasmine’s brow twitched in brewing anger, but she calmed herself quickly, taking a deep breath. If she was honest with herself right now, she was a little relieved to see that Z hadn’t run away. *Friends are hard to come by when you’re new around...Even friends who destroy your stuff...*

As Jasmine walked closer, Z turned around, a beaming smile on her face. “Hi, Jazzy!” she greeted her, sounding as cheerful as could be. “I felt bad for sneaking into your bed so I thought I’d paint your ship! Look, it’s so neat now! I mean seriously, so much nicer. I made Martin, see!” She pointed at the red outline of a badly drawn stick man, with pointed ears and a wobbly-lined tail. “And you!” She pointed at another figure, smaller, with oversized mouse ears. “And me!” The final figure she pointed at was a stick figure of a girl, sporting comically gigantic breasts, and one of her arms seemed to terminate near the waist area of stick-Jasmine. “Oh and I drew me fisting you, too, isn’t that nice of me? Don’t worry, I have teensy tiny hands so it wouldn’t hurt. Wait I should paint this.” She sprayed a small rectangle in stick-Z’s free hand. “It’s lube.”

Jasmine breathed in through her nose, and then out of her mouth to try calm down as a vein bulged on her forehead. *Take deep easy breaths and figure out something she doesn’t like...* “Z, what are you terrified of, have any phobias or anything?”

“Nope...Hmm maybe I should paint another of Martin sticking his cock in a big mouse ear!”

“You what?” *Keep calm, don’t kill her...* “Oh, okay then, what do you love the most, and enjoy?”

“Oooo good question, hmm...” Z touched a finger to her blue lips, looking up at the ceiling and losing herself in thought for a few moments. “The things I like the most are obvious, silly! Play time,

2D world broadcasts, and fun pussy time. Should I paint him with cum or without cum?"

"Oh, nevermind that for the moment. And what do you hate the most in the whole universe?"

"Easy, tickle tummy time, no one likes that, I hate it more than a million orgasm denials."

"Oh? And do you know what time it is?" Jasmine gave a little smirk of triumph, having bested her small brained friend for answers.

"Well it's not morning masturbation time," Z said slowly, as a puzzled look came over her face. "I already had that when I snuck into your bed, before you woke up. Ooooh, but it's mid morning masturbation time! I'll take a break in a moment, thanks for reminding me."

Jasmine shook her head. "No, not quite right, it's not masturbation time...Z's been a naughty girl, so it's tummy tickle time." There was a brief silence. No spraying could be heard, but there soon came a loud clanking sound as the spray can hit the ground. "And now I'm going to get you, you little humanoid misfit!" Jasmine began prowling forward, her long rodent tail twitching in a mixture of anger and perverse delight.

Z turned around and held up her hands, which were covered in red paint. "It was like that when I got here, I didn't do it!" The fur on her white, holographic tail was bushed out in alarm.

"Well, you're literally caught red handed," Jasmine said, not quite believing that even Z could come up with such an obvious lie. "I just saw you painting it!"

"Oh it's not my paint, and the red is...um...it's my time of the month, yup!"

"Eww, that's gross, you little liar," Jasmine said with a grimace. "It's paint...I'm going to get you for this!" She pounced at Z, who just barely dodged out of the way in time, out of the reach of Jasmine's grabbing hands.

"Eeeep, jinkies!" Z cried as she made a run for it, flapping her hands around like a headless chicken as Jasmine gave chase. She darted around the hangar, dodging and weaving around Jasmine's attempt to grab her. "No, seriously, please don't tickle me! I promise I won't do it again, pinky swear! I'll never sneak into your bed again, ever, except when I'm really, really, extra extra horny, honest!"

"It's too late for apologies!" the mouse girl shouted. She lunged as hard as she could, and finally she succeeded in wrapping her arms around the neko girl's waist. They both went crashing down to the floor of the garage, a tangle of arms and legs, and Jasmine immediately went to work tickling Z furiously on her sides and stomach. Since Z's clothes were, of course, just holograms, she had no limits as to what she could target.

"Ack, no don't, ahahaha!" Z cried out, devolving into fits of laughter as Jasmine's fingers worked their magic. "No, please, I'm super-duper ticklheeheehee!" There were tears forming in her eyes as Jasmine tickled her mercilessly, grabbing one of her legs and working on the bottom of one

foot.

Jasmine grinned evilly. "This is what you get for wrecking my escape pod and spray-painting my ship!" she said, jerking her head to the side to avoid a retaliation smack from Z. She tightened her grip to hold the wriggling alien girl still. "Take this!" She took both of her hands and grabbed Z around the waist, going to town on the sensitive areas.

"No, no, no!" Z protested, still in the throes of hysterical laughter. "I can't breathe and you're gonna make me sick! Stop, I surrender!" She started grabbing Jasmine as well, and they began rolling around on the floor. Z started returning the tickling, and Jasmine soon found herself laughing as well. They were both breathless before too long.

Finally, after a long ten minutes of back-and-forth tickling, both of the girls were exhausted. They ended up with Z laying on her back on the hangar floor, gasping for breath, while Jasmine was laying on top of her. The mouse girl was surprised to realize that she felt a whole lot better now. Her anger at Z was gone, and she felt more relaxed. Apparently she had needed a chance to let out some steam.

"Do you...," Jasmine gasped. "Do you...feel remorse for your actions?"

"I sure do, yup," Z said, getting some of her breath back. "I'll never spray paint your ship again...Unless I get super bored or something."

"Good," Jasmine said, smiling a little. She started to push herself up, so she could get off of the other girl, but as she did so she realized that Z had her arms around the small of her back. She felt her face warm up as Z clutched her tighter. "Um...Z? You can let go of me, now..."

"What?" Z asked, an innocent little grin on her face. "But it's still mid morning masturbation time, silly willy." She lifted up one of her hands, and she tapped the goggles resting on top of her head. In a shimmer of light, all of her holographic clothes vanished, leaving Jasmine resting on top of her completely nude bronze-skinned body. "You should join me, yep yep! Lots more fun with two people! You can suck on my nipples again, uh-huh!"

Jasmine swallowed, suddenly feeling very strange and awkward as Z lifted her head up, placing her face closer to her own. "No, I...I don't think so, I mean...I'm not really interested in that."

"But you're on top of me!" Z said, pouting a little. "That means it's naughty time. I promise I'll be gentle and nice and sweet and everything. Come on, Jazzy!" She closed the gap between their faces very quickly, and before Jasmine could react she had pecked her right on her lips. The contact made a little jolt pass through her body. She quickly sat up, and she looked away.

"I've told you before, Z...", Jasmine mumbled, not wanting to be as offensive as she had been before but feeling very uncomfortable with the situation. "I'm not a lesbian. I don't like girls that way."

Z's hands stubbornly clung to Jasmine, and they even shifted down to cup her bottom. "How do you know you don't like it if you never tried it, hm?" she persisted. Her fingers were squeezing the mouse girl's rump insistently. "Besides, friends are for having fun with!"

"Um...Do you girls need me to leave you alone for a bit?"

Jasmine's tail shot out straight behind her, and she looked over her shoulder to see Martin standing in the doorway of the garage hangar. The husky looked a little weak, but the Auto-Med seemed to have done its job and his injuries had recovered. He was looking at the scene before him with wide eyes, and he must not have been standing there very long, having walked in at exactly the wrong moment. For a moment Jasmine was frozen in place, and then she quickly pulled herself free of Z's grip and got to her feet.

"It's um, I mean, this is...", Jasmine stammered, looking from Martin back to Z and then back again. "It's not what it looks like!"

"Hi, Marty!" Z called, and she waved at him cheerfully from her prone position. "Jazzy and I were about to have sexy fun time! Wanna join?"

"We were not!" Jasmine hissed at her. She brushed herself off, thoroughly embarrassed at the situation she had gotten herself into. "I was just about to get ready to leave, and then Z distracted me. That's all." She took a few deep breaths, calming herself. "How are you feeling, Mart?"

Martin still seemed to be a bit distracted by Z, but he managed to drag his eyes away and look at Jasmine. "I feel better," he said. "Thank goodness for Auto-Meds. I wasn't expecting anything like what happened to me. Last thing I remember is the escape pod blowing off, and then things kind of go fuzzy. I guess something went wrong?"

"Z went wrong," Jasmine grumbled. "As usual."

"Awww...", Z said, sitting up with a glum expression on her face. "I said I was sorry..."

Martin grinned. "Don't worry about it, Z. I'm fine now. Everything turned out okay." He scratched his chin. "And...um...It was still a lot of fun. So don't be sad, okay? Turn that frown upside-down!" He wagged his fluffy tail as the alien girl's blue lips morphed into a smile. "Anyway, you said you were about to leave? Going on a trip somewhere?"

"Yeah," Jasmine said with a nod. "I know the first day of classes is coming up, but before that I need to head to Vezara, a few systems over. Some parts for my ship came in." The new tech that she was going to pick up revolved around her phase drive. They were state of the art upgrades that would make for smoother, quicker shifts in the distortion of space around her ship during hyperspace travel. The end result would be much higher speeds during voyages, and she would be able to see a twenty percent reduction in travel time over what she was capable of now.

“What!?” Z exclaimed, suddenly dismayed again. She got to her feet quickly, her breasts jiggling as she stood and clasped her hands in front of her in a pleading manner. “You’re going away, Jazzy? You’re gonna leave me all alonesy-wonesy?”

“Er...” Jasmine was taken aback. It was just going to be a short trip, after all, and there wasn’t any reason for her to be so upset about it. “I won’t be gone long. You’ll be perfectly fine here by yourself...” Then she had a thought. She thought about all of the destruction that Z had caused during her short time on Zexus, and of course that had been when she was under supervision. Just imagine what kinds of mayhem she would be capable of if she was left to her own devices. “On second thought, Z...maybe you’d like to come along? I mean...” She paused, thinking of how best to phrase this. It would be cruel to say she wanted Z to come so she could keep an eye on her. “Well, I bet you’d like being shown around a little. I’ll show you around a few new places, and I bet you’ll have a lot of fun.”

“Really? Wow!” In an instant, the bronzed neko girl was all smiles again, and she tapped her goggles to make her clothes reappear. “That sounds like the coolest! Oh, jinkies, an adventure! Let’s go right now, Jazzy!”

Martin smirked, watching how excited Z got. He was liking her more and more every time he saw her. Seeing her with Jasmine had been a treat as well. They were both really cute girls, after all, and the way that she had suggested he join them had gotten him going. Now that image was firmly set in his mind. Maybe there was a chance for something like that in the future? “Well, sounds like you two are going to have a good time, but I need to be getting back to campus to get ready for school to begin. I guess I’ll call a cab, and I’ll see you girls when you get back?”

“Okay, sounds good to me, Mart,” Jasmine said, forcing a smile. She still felt jealous when she saw the way that her friend looked at Z. “I’ll give you a call when we get back on planet.” She looked at Z, suppressing a sigh. “Go on. Get on the ship. I’m ready to leave. But don’t touch anything! You sit on your hands until I get in the cockpit, understand?”

“Cock? Oh, right...Okay!” Z bounded towards the ship, and she opened up the side hatch and climbed up the steps into the craft. Shaking her head, Jasmine followed her as Martin took his leave, heading back into the house so that he could call for a taxi.

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They were thirty minutes into their trip, and Jasmine was privately impressed to find that Z was still taking her instructions quite literally. The alien girl hadn’t moved from the copilot’s seat one time

the whole flight, and she had her hands planted firmly on the chair directly under her rear. She was performing admirably, for once, although Jasmine could see her holographic white feline ears and tail twitching periodically, as though she was brimming with barely-restrained energy. Jasmine just hoped that she could hold out for another hour or so.

The mouse girl was grateful for the quiet, though. She liked to concentrate on her flying when she was in the pilot's chair, and she also liked watching the swirls of white and flashes of other colors that were visible while the phase drive was active. All in all, flying was quite relaxing for her, and apart from the occasional curious question from Z the trip was taking place in total silence.

It's all going quite well, the mouse girl said to herself. Maybe bringing Z along wasn't such a bad idea, after all...It's nice not being alone in the cockpit, for once...

"Hey, Jazzy?"

"Hm?" Jasmine felt her concentration broken as Z breached the silence once more. Trying not to be annoyed, she turned her head to the side to look at her. "What?"

"What's that pretty red flashy thingy for?" Z took one of her hands out from under her butt and started to point, but a second later she gasped and immediately shot it back underneath. She looked mortified for having disobeyed Jasmine's orders, even if she had already been overdoing it quite a bit.

Confused, Jasmine looked down at the instrument panel. Since most of it was automated anyway, she hadn't been paying them much mind while they were in hyperspace. "What do you mean...?" Then she gasped. The "pretty red flashy" that Z had been about to point to was immediately obvious. "Oh, no...Oh no no no..." Jasmine frantically began to jab at buttons on the console as her short gray fur began to stand on end.

"Is that bad?" Z asked. She leaned forward in her seat, watching as Jasmine pressed all the buttons in a seemingly random fashion. "Marty said you're not supposed to just press all the buttons like that. Oh, but I like lots of button pressing! Especially my little pink-"

"Quiet, Z!" Jasmine said seriously, silencing her immediately. "I know what I'm doing. And yes, it is bad! When is a flashing red light ever good?"

Z pressed her lips together tightly, and a look of extreme concentration came over her face. "Ummmm...When we're in the red light district?"

"That wasn't a serious question," Jasmine groaned. "That light means that our energy reserves are running seriously low. But that shouldn't be possible! I *know* we were fully charged before we left home!" She pulled up the holographic interface with her ship's computer and fiddled around with the settings for a few seconds. In short order, she knew exactly what was wrong. "There's a faulty circuit relay somewhere in the ship! It's making power drain from the energy banks at a much higher rate than

it should. We don't have nearly enough power to make it to Vezara at this rate."

Even Z knew that this was a serious matter. "Eep, jinkies!" she cried. "So what do we do now, Jazzy?"

"There's only one thing we can do," Jasmine said regretfully. "I need to deactivate the phase drive and look for a place to set down. I hope we're close to an inhabited planet, but either way if we run out of power out here we'll just be drifting in space forever."

"That sounds bad," Z pronounced, ever the stater of the obvious. But she remembered very well how terrible it had felt when she'd been drifting on low power, prior to her crash on Zexus. "Oh, but if we're alone together that won't be so bad, Jazzy! Then we'd get to have all the masturbation times together, and-" She shut her mouth tight at a glare from the mouse. "Um, well, nevermind right now, teehee!"

"Can't you be serious for once?" Jasmine asked her, exasperated all over again with the bronze-skinned girl. "Just hang on. I'm gonna shut down the phase drive." She reached for the appropriate controls and typed in a few commands. The pitch of the ship's engines began to change, and then there was a flash in the forward window and the swirling rainbows and whites broke back into the star-speckled blackness of space.

As the engines dramatically decreased their thrust, the automatic brakes kicked in and the ship coasted slowly to a stop. Jasmine and Z both looked out in front of them. Though they seemed to be in the middle of nowhere, there certainly wasn't nothing to be seen. Directly ahead, though certainly millions of miles away, was a pair of stars orbiting around each other. One of them was a big, red giant star, and its companion was a tiny blue dwarf. Jasmine's sensors were telling her that, though she couldn't quite make them out, a series of two planets also lay ahead.

"Where are we?" Z asked. She didn't recognize the stars at all.

"That's easy," Jasmine said confidently. She, at least, took comfort in knowing her bearings. "Those are the stars of the Ventralis system. We're right next door to Zexus, so to speak. That's the good news." She shifted in her chair, starting to feel uncomfortable again. "The bad news is that this system hasn't been explored all that much. There aren't any colonized planets here...so no hope of finding a place to repair or recharge."

"Oopsy..."

Jasmine touched several of the controls on the ship, and they began to turn around. "But if we're right here..." As the ship rotated, a large, green orb began to come into view. "I thought so.

We're right next to Marisol. It's been explored a little bit by unmanned probes."

"Ooh, anal probes? Kinky."

"No, Z...", Jasmine said. "*Unmanned* probes. Robots. The planet hasn't been mapped, but there's breathable air and solid land, and fresh water, too." She pressed a few buttons on the console. "I just turned on our distress beacon. We should be in range of Zexus and Vezara. We can land on Marisol and hope that someone receives our signal and comes to rescue us. It's better than nothing. And I should have just enough power to get there and make a safe landing." She glanced over at Z. "You'd better hope so, anyway, since you kinda destroyed my only escape pod."

Z pouted and looked down at the floor. "I said I was sowwy...Meanie..."

The look on her face made Jasmine immediately feel guilty. "I know, I know...", she said, trying to sound comforting. "I didn't mean to scold. Anyway, no use crying about it now. What's done is done. Let's just get down on the ground and then we can worry about what to do next."

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Thankfully, the landing on Marisol was as uneventful as they both could have hoped. The passage through the atmosphere was a bit rough, but all of the landing systems functioned correctly and they set down on the ground without damaging the ship any further. Jasmine managed to find a clear patch of land to set down on. Marisol seemed to be a heavily forested planet, and the atmosphere was rich with oxygen. As Jasmine shut down all of the systems which were unnecessary for survival, Z tossed her previous instructions out and pressed herself up against the front window, smooshing her face and her tits on the glass.

"Wowy-wow, look at all the trees!" Z said, bouncing on the balls of her feet as her tail wagged enthusiastically.

"Watch where you're swinging that thing!" Jasmine said, as the holographic tail swished through her face. She swiveled her chair around and stood up. "They're just trees. We have them on Zexus, too, you know." Then she had a good look outside of the ship, and her jaw dropped. "Whoa..."

True, they had trees on Zexus, but they didn't have any trees like these. They were tall and thick, stretching up much higher into the sky than a lot of buildings that Jasmine had seen in her life, and the branches were festooned with broad, fern-like leaves. A lot of the trees seemed to be connected, too, with branches from one tree extending into the trunk of another. There seemed to be a strong breeze outside as well, because the trees were swaying from side to side, the leaves rustling and

shaking. Jasmine couldn't see any animals, but before the sensors had been shut down they had told her that the planet was teeming with life.

"Teehee, look!" Z snickered, tapping the glass in the direction of two of the trees. A low branch on one of the trees extended into the lower trunk of the other. "Those trees are fucking, yep yep! That one's cock is as thick as Marty's!"

Jasmine rolled her eyes with a smirk, despite the childishness of Z's antics. "They're just trees, Z," she said. "Also...wayyyy too much information. You don't have to keep reminding me you sucked Mart's cock..." She started walking towards the back of the ship. Z peeled herself away from the view outside and followed behind her.

The two of them went to the living area in the rear of the ship, and Z watched as Jasmine lifted up one of the cushions on the couch placed against the inner hull, revealing a hidden compartment inside. Curiously, the alien girl tilted her head to see what was within. To her, it looked like just a bunch of boring, plain old plastic boxes and some bottles. Jasmine began checking through the boxes, and she opened some of them up to check the contents. Z waited as patiently as she could, but eventually her curiosity got the better of her.

"Are there any toys in there?" she asked eagerly as she reached down into the compartment. "You know, buzz buzz? I missed my midday masturbation time, boo-hoo."

Jasmine smacked her hands away. "Of course not! Why would I bring anything like that?" She closed the compartment before Z could mess with anything. "These are our emergency supplies. Food and water that we can live on until we're rescued." Then she paused for a moment. "Oh...I forgot that you don't need to eat...I guess that'll help."

"Yep yep!" Z said proudly. "I just need a little sunlight and I'm good as new!"

"Plenty of that outside, it looked like," Jasmine said with a nod. "That takes care of food, but I still don't have very much water. It takes up a lot more space than food. It would be nice if there was a source of fresh water nearby. I *wish* Marisol had been mapped a bit better, then it would be easy..."

Z looked ecstatic when she heard Jasmine say that. "Oh! Oh! That means we'll have to do some exploring!" She immediately turned towards the exit hatch, eager to go outside onto the surface of the strange planet. "It'll be an adventure, teehee! Jazzy and the Invisi...Invicti...Unsmashable Z!"

"Not so fast," Jasmine warned her. She got up from where she was kneeling by the compartment and grabbed Z by the shoulder. "We can't go off and leave the ship unattended. Only one of us should go, understand? I want you to stay here while I go look for a water source."

The bronze-skinned girl's attitude suddenly deflated. "Aww...Leave me all by myself? What if something crazy happens and I'm all alone?"

Jasmine rolled her brown eyes, and she shook her head a little. “As long as you stay inside, I’m sure everything will be fine. I doubt a wild animal or anything could find their way in.” She went back to the compartment and retrieved a small backpack, a bottle of water, and a little package of preserved food. Placing the water and the food in the backpack, she lifted the straps over her shoulders. “I’m just gonna go walk around a bit. I won’t be longer than an hour or so. There’s supposed to be a lot of water on this planet, so it won’t be hard to find.”

Z pouted, but she reluctantly nodded her head. “Well...Well okay, Jazzy...If you say so...” She sat down on the sleeper cot sadly, and her expression was not unlike that of a sad little puppy. The look was enough to make the mouse girl feel very guilty, but after all what was the worst that could happen?

“Don’t worry. The emergency beacon is on, so I’m sure someone will come find us. We won’t be here long enough to get into any serious trouble.” Jasmine patted her on the head in what she hoped was a comforting manner. “I’ll be back. Be patient.” She turned to head out the hatch, and then she looked back. “Oh. And don’t touch anything. Understand?”

Z made a little meeping sound and quickly stuffed her hands underneath her rear again.

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When Jasmine stepped out of the ship, she closed the hatch securely behind her and turned her head this way and that, getting her first up-close look at her surroundings. They had landed in quite a large clearing, with trees all around them, and as she looked down at her feet she found a soft, mossy forest floor underneath her. Everything seemed slightly damp, like a rainforest, and it did seem as though rain might have fallen recently from the smell in the air. She inhaled a deep breath of the air, and found it very humid but pleasantly warm. The intense concentration of oxygen in the atmosphere made her feel lightheaded at first, but as she continued to breathe she felt more at ease with it and even felt more energetic.

“This would be a nice place to explore around for a while...,” she said to herself. “I wish I’d thought to bring my camera along.” The mouse set off in a random direction, taking note of where the ship was so that she’d be able to find her way back more easily. She walked into the trees, and soon her ears were perking up every few seconds as the sounds of the forest grew intense. Jasmine could hear little rustles of the leaves in the trees, way up high, and there were distant noises that sounded like bird calls and the rumblings of other animals. It occurred to her, perhaps too late, that she didn’t have any means of protecting herself, and she didn’t know if there were any large predators on this world. She’d

have to make this excursion quite quick.

Her ears were on the alert for any sounds that suggested flowing water, but the ambient noise of the forested planet made it hard to distinguish what was what. Nevertheless, after she had been walking for about fifteen minutes, Jasmine began to hear a faint trickling noise. She became hopeful that she was getting close to a stream or river of some sort. Following her ears, she increased her pace, taking care not to trip on any of the roots or low plants that covered the forest floor. She was noticing that the light was starting to grow dimmer, and it must have been later in the day cycle of Marisol than she had thought. She wanted to get back to the ship before dark, and she wished she had thought to bring along a light.

Finally, after a few more minutes of walking, Jasmine came through a clump of trees and into another clearing. She was delighted to find that her ears hadn't led her astray. Flowing through the middle of the clearing was a stream a few feet wide, filled with clear water running over a bed of grayish rocks. The stream was lined with viney, flowering plants. She went over to the stream and knelt down on the ground, shuffling her backpack off.

"It looks like I've found what I'm searching for," she said cheerfully. The mouse girl reached out with a hand and touched the surface of the water with a finger. The liquid felt cold to her senses.

Suddenly, she whipped her head around, her tail twitching in alarm. She'd thought she'd heard something behind her. It had sounded like leaves rustling, but it had been different from the sounds of the trees that she'd already grown somewhat accustomed to. Jasmine waited to hear if the sound would repeat itself, but after remaining still for a few minutes, she heard nothing. She turned back to the water, convincing herself that she'd been imagining things.

Jasmine reached down to the stream again, this time cupping her hand and dipping it into the water. She lifted some to her mouth and she took a small, experimental sip of the cool liquid. The water tasted just fine to her, and she found the temperature refreshing after her walk through the woods and the humid warmth in the air. "This will do nicely! At least I don't have to worry about water while we're here."

As Jasmine shifted positions, she felt a tug on her right ankle. Surprised, she looked down and found that her foot was tangled in a vine. She frowned. Must have been that, when she was kneeling down, she'd slipped her foot inside the vine tangle without realizing. She tugged her foot free, bracing her hand on the ground to give herself more leverage. Once her foot was free, she made to sit up straight again, but now her hand was tangled up as well! Making a noise of frustration, she pulled hard on her hand to free it.

All at once, she heard a loud rustling noise all around her, and in a flash both of her wrists were

wrapped in thick, green vines. With a loud squeak of alarm, she was hauled up to her feet and then her ankles were wrapped as well! Turning her head around in all directions, she realized that one of the plants by the side of the stream was alive. Made up of a mass of vines coming from a central, green flowery ball, it lifted her up in the air. As she struggled against it, the vines around her wrists and ankles tightened, and the plant creature set her down on top of the fleshy green flower.

“L-Let me go!” Jasmine screamed, as she started to panic. She now wished she’d let Z come along. The plant was putting out more vines, thinner than the ones that were binding her up, and they felt all along her body like feelers. A few of the feelers traced along her breasts over her shirt. “S-Stop that!”

A second later she gave a yelp and tried to look down as she felt a tickle along the crotch of her shorts. One of the plant’s feelers was poking at the hem of one of the legs, wriggling around as it seemed to be trying to slip underneath. Gritting her teeth, Jasmine tried to jerk her legs free. It was no use; they were absolutely immobilized. Then, in a flash of inspiration, the mouse girl remembered that her tail was still free. She whipped it around and smacked the feeler as hard as she could, and she had the satisfaction of seeing it jerk back in surprise. She also heard a shrill cry of what sounded like alarm, which seemed to be coming from the main body of the plant underneath her.

Her triumph was short-lived, however, because almost as soon as she’d accomplished that she felt her tail jerked back as several more vines wrapped around it. Now she was completely and totally unable to move. Groaning in dismay, she had no choice but to hang there and let the plant’s feelers move freely about her body. All kinds of thoughts were swirling through her head. Would the creature eat her right away, or would it toy with her first, biting little bits of her off one by one as it played with its meal? Whatever it planned, Jasmine just knew that this was going to be the end for her.

“Eep!” Jasmine squeaked in shock and blushed as she felt one of the feelers, successfully this time, slide up one of the legs of her shorts. She gasped as the tickly little vine pushed all the way up to her panties, and her face heated up as it traced along the thin material over her pussy. The vine seemed to linger there for quite a long time, poking and prodding as it made her feel more and more awkward. The most awkward part was that, despite the direness of her situation, it was actually feeling kind of good.

Abruptly, after several minutes of that, the vine slithered back out. The plant creature moved its vines in a way that put Jasmine in a more vertical position. For a second she thought it had decided to make a meal out of her, finally, but then the central mass opened up and a multitude of vines emerged. Before she could even wonder what was about to happen, they were grabbing at her clothes. Jasmine gave a choked shriek as the plant quickly and efficiently stripped her shirt and shorts off, and then it

disposed of her panties in a similar manner. Now she had the added embarrassment of being totally naked while she was captured by the plant.

Ugh...It's taking me out of my wrapper like a candy bar..., the mouse girl thought to herself. *This is it...This is how I die...Plant food for an oversized petunia...*

But then, to her surprise and confusion, the plant didn't lower her down into that gaping maw. Instead, all of the thin vines which had assisted in the removal of her clothes withdrew, to be replaced by three longer, much thicker ones. As they came up, she saw that these were different from the thinner vines. Where those had been solid green and ended in just a plain tip, these were translucent green and seemed to have some sort of opening at the end, not unlike a goldfish's mouth. Jasmine had no idea what was about to happen, but she had little option other than to wait and find out.

One of the thick vines came up to her chest level, and the end of it began pushing at her right breast. The prodding wasn't rough, but the mouth at the end of it was plucking at her short fur, almost nibbling. It moved all over her breast, as though feeling for the shape of it, and then the tip moved to her nipple. The mouth latched onto it instantly, sucking the pointed nub of flesh inside.

"Ah!" Jasmine gasped, her eyes widening. She gave a whimper as the mouth began to suckle at her breast, causing a little tremor of unexpected pleasure to pass through her body. "What...What are you doing?" She blinked as the vine held on firmly to her nipple, sucking harder. Something inside of the vine soon began tickling the tip of her nip, and she tilted her head to try to see what was going on. Through the translucent membrane of the vine, she could see that it was very like a mouth inside, with a small, thin tongue.

As the plant continued to suck on her breast, she realized that it was starting to feel very, very good indeed. Even though she was still somewhat terrified, soon the mouse girl was making soft moaning sounds, her straining arms relaxing somewhat as the vine mouth teased her nipple. Jasmine could hear the plant making noise as well, soft little chirps that she could have sworn sounded like laughter. Her heart was starting to beat slower, though still very hard, and she wondered why she wasn't feeling as scared as she had before. The only difference she could discern was a subtle, fragrant scent in the air, somewhat of a cross between lilac and lavender. Was the plant using some sort of pheromone to control her?

That thought lingered in her head for only a moment before she let out a groan even more intense than before. While she had been distracted by the vine at her breast, one of the other vines had moved down between her legs. The mouth on the end of this one opened up and the thin tongue inside slipped out, licking gently and slowly at her pussy lips. Jasmine tried to close her legs, fearful of the vine being near such a sensitive area even as it felt so nice, but the vines binding her ankles were too

secure.

“Oh, my god...,” Jasmine moaned deeply, her head falling back as she felt the thin tongue press against her sex and then slip inside of her. She couldn’t help it now, and she arched her back in enjoyment as the tongue began to probe around inside. She hadn’t realized how wet she had grown while the plant was playing with her breast, but from the slick sounds that were coming from between her thighs, she realized that her arousal was quite severe. The invading tongue slipped far inside of her, teasing around the entrance to her womb. “Nnngh...!” The tongue briefly flirted with pushing even further inside, but then it withdrew with an audible slurping sound.

For a second Jasmine thought it had finished down there, but then she cried out as something much thicker started to force its way into her pussy. She immediately knew that the plant creature was pushing the entire thickness of the end of its vine inside of her, writhing around as it burrowed into her sex. The mouse girl almost couldn’t comprehend how wonderful it felt. The best sex toy she’d ever had the pleasure of using hadn’t even come close to feeling like this. The vine pushed as far into her as it could go, and then it began pulling and pushing in and out of her in a steady rhythm. Quite simply, that vine was fucking her as hard and fast as she ever had been. Every muscle in her body was tensing up with the pleasure, and she could feel herself building up to what turned out to be one of the best orgasms she’d ever had.

When it hit, Jasmine actually screamed, her voice echoing around the trees as her pussy began spasming around the pistoning length of the vine. In the midst of her ecstasy, she felt the plant creature withdraw the vine from her, the mouth on the end clamping down around her little mousey hole as her feminine juices began to flow freely. The vine was suckling at her just as hard as it had on her breast, almost as though it was drinking her in. When the waves of pleasure began to die down, she didn’t even have time to catch her breath before the vine released her and then began to push back inside once more. Just as she was coming down from the high of her climax, the plant began bringing her back up once more, almost torturing her still-quite-sensitive pussy with its in-and-out motions.

“Oh, god, I can’t-,” Jasmine began to say, but her less than half-hearted protest was cut off as the third vine finally came into play. This one slipped itself inside of her mouth mid-sentence, stuffing her maw with its thickness. She was afraid that it would dislodge her glasses if it was anything as forceful as the one between her legs, but surprisingly this vine was far more gentle. The mouth inside only opened barely, and the tongue that came from within began rubbing around the inside of her own mouth almost tenderly. Jasmine was intrigued as she detected a sweet, flowery flavor on her taste buds, not unlike the scent that was coming from the plant.

She got the strangest idea that the plant was trying to...repay her? Whatever was happening, the

flavor wasn't disagreeable in the least, and it imparted an almost peaceful feeling upon her. Jasmine moaned in the back of her throat, her cheeks blushing deeply as the vine continued fucking her pussy. She was almost about to cum again, and she clenched her toes as her pleasure started to crest once more.

Then, almost as much of an annoyance as it was a relief, Jasmine heard a rustling in the nearby trees as a familiar voice came to her ears. "Hey! Put Jazzy down, right now!"

The plant creature's vines on her breasts and in her pussy froze, and the one in her mouth withdrew quickly. Gasping for breath, Jasmine looked in the direction the voice was coming from and saw Z standing in the clearing, her hands on her hips as she stared sternly at the two of them. The bronze-skinned girl advanced on the spectacle, one hand coming up and wagging a finger at the plant.

"You put my friend down right now!" Z ordered the plant. "You better do it right now, or I promise I'll blast you right to smithereens!"

What's she thinking? Jasmine thought. *This thing can't understand Zexusian...What good will threatening it do?*

A moment later, to her immense shock, she found herself being lowered to the ground. The vines slipped out of her pussy and released her breast, and she was placed gently on the moss as the plant unraveled the vines from her tail, wrists, and ankles. Jasmine was left panting and shivering, glad to be left in one piece but mortified at having been found in such a situation by Z.

"Z, how...how did you find me?" Jasmine asked quietly, hugging her arms around her breasts as she tried to cover herself up. She looked towards her clothes, which were nearby in a scattered pile, and she reached over to grab her shirt and pull it on hurriedly.

"Easy, silly silly," Z said proudly. "I just followed the screams! You thought you'd have fun time all without me, meanie. Having all this fun without your best friend? Oh well, I'll forgive you this time, yep yep. But next time you better invite me!"

"I wasn't...I didn't plan for this," Jasmine protested. She picked up her panties and pulled them back on, looking over her shoulder at the plant. "How did you do that?"

Z came closer, standing next to Jasmine as she looked at the plant. "What do you mean? I just talked to it, duh." She waved her finger at the plant again, scolding. "Now that's not nice at all! You don't do that without someone's permission, even if it's super awesome, understand?" The plant creature seemed to shy back, and it began making soft little flutelike sounds that seemed to be some sort of apology. Z was listening intently, nodding her head at points. "Oh...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...I see..." She looked down at Jasmine. "She says she's sorry. She says she didn't mean to make you scared, she was just thirsty!"

Jasmine blushed, remembering how the plant had been sucking at her pussy while she was cumming. “Thirsty?”

“Ayup, that’s right! She said she was going to have a drink from the water, but then you came along. She says your nectar smelled super-duper sweeter and nicer than the water, so she wanted a drink of that.” Z giggled, smiling widely as she looked at Jasmine.

“Oh...” Curious, Jasmine tilted her head to the side, looking at the plant before turning back to Z. “But how were you talking to it? I thought you were speaking Zexusian. Can this plant understand that?”

“Huh?” Z looked as confused as Jasmine had ever seen her. “Zexuwphasis? I have no idea what you’re talking about, Jazzy. I just talked, and it knew what I meant.”

Jasmine blinked. She was as bewildered as Z seemed to be. “So...So you haven’t been speaking my language this whole time? What the hell...” She thought hard, trying to figure out how that could be true. Then something in her head clicked. Ever since Z had arrived with Jasmine, way back when she’d crashed on Zexus, Jasmine had been perplexed by the way she constantly mispronounced words and phrases. What if the alien girl was using some unknown kind of universal translator? That would certainly explain how both the plant creature and Jasmine could understand the same thing. Instead of actual words, she was speaking in a way that any speaker of any language could comprehend.

Shaking off the confusion, Z waved at the plant. “Well, nice to meet you, but Jazzy and I need to go back to our ship! It’s getting dark out here.” And indeed it was. The sun had disappeared long ago, and stars were starting to become visible in the sky above. Jasmine quickly pulled her shorts on, and then she and Z left the plant creature behind as it tweeted a farewell to their retreating backs.

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Back on Zexus, Martin was still in his office at the university, getting a few bits of late-evening paperwork done before he left for the day. Though the first day of classes was still a week away, he had a lot to do before he had his first room full of students. He was nervous, but looking forward to teaching. When he was in the military, he’d been tops in his field, and he thought it would be nice to impart some of his knowledge to fresh scholars. Of course, he couldn’t teach them *everything* he knew; a lot of the knowledge he had of starship mechanics and hyperspace theory was still classified. But plenty of what he knew would be interesting to a lot of people, and he could help lay the foundation for a new generation of ship engineers and physicists.

As he was wrapping up one document, he heard a quiet trilling noise from his computer, letting him know that he had an incoming call. He placed his signature on the slip of paper, and then he set it aside and pressed a button to answer the call. "This is Professor Gibson." He grinned as he said that. The idea of being a college professor was still sinking in, but he liked the sound of it.

"Fleet Command with a special transmission for Colonel Gibson," came the answer, in a cold, electronic voice. "Please verify your identification."

The husky felt a chill as he heard that. He hadn't been expecting this. "Colonel Martin Gibson," he said. "Identification number D1353575. Verification code NC0920100."

"Voiceprint and identification confirmed," the voice acknowledged him. "Please stand by."

There was a series of electronic noises as the communications program went through a sequence of automatic clearance codes, and then a chime sounded confirming that the connection was secure. Next, Martin heard a gruff voice on the other end of the line. "This is Commander Hayder for Colonel Gibson."

Martin cleared his throat and leaned forward. "You have him, Commander. This is something of a surprise, I have to admit. What can I do for you, sir?" When he had still been in active service, he had heard the name Hayder several times. He had been in the intelligence division of the military, with responsibility for the outer reaches of their military jurisdiction. Basically, the border patrol. The name had been spoken of with respect, but also a certain amount of fear, and Martin had shared some of that. The intelligence division was frequently involved in projects which were much more highly classified than anything the rest of the military did, and as such they had gained a shadowy reputation.

"I have an assignment for you, Colonel," the commander said. "Something important. It might be something that could decide the fate of the planet Zexus, or even the entire region."

The husky felt a prickle as his fur stood on end. He immediately believed what the commander was telling him, especially considering what he knew about the intelligence division. "Not to make an argument of it, Commander, but I'm not in the service anymore. I still have my clearance and everything, but I'm retired."

"Well, consider yourself reinstated," Commander Hayder said. His tone of voice was one that forestalled any contradiction. "We've got an urgent matter and you're perfectly placed to assist us with it. You knew you could get recalled when we allowed you to retire early. Well, it's sooner than you would have liked, but we need you again."

Martin tried not to grumble too loudly. Here he was getting settled in a new job, and his old one came right back again. "Fine, fine...", he muttered. "So, what is it, Commander?"

"We've run into a bit of a...well...sticky situation. It concerns a highly classified project, a

collaboration between the intelligence and weapons development divisions, as well as collaboration with some of our galactic neighbors.” There was a pause on the other end of the line. “This is far above your clearance level, but we’ve had to make some exceptions considering the urgent circumstances.”

“What can I do?” Martin asked. He was curious now, despite his annoyance at being called up like this.

“Through collaboration with some newly-acquired allies, we’ve been developing a new bio-weapon for the last ten years,” Commander Hayder explained. “Quite simply, it’s a sort of living super-soldier. Heavily armed and armored, autonomous, and with advanced technical capabilities, and capable of self-repair as well. Two weeks ago we began our initial field trials of the prototype unit, and there was a malfunction of some kind. We’re still trying to figure the particulars out. Suffice it to say, the prototype escaped containment and disappeared. Over the last few days, we’ve been able to track the path it took, or at least partially. That’s where you come in.”

“Go on.”

“We’re confident that there’s a high probability that the weapon is on Zexus,” Commander Hayder said gravely. “That’s the good news. The bad news is that our...allies...are extremely displeased with us that we lost the prototype. Some of their most advanced technology was put into that project. Even we don’t fully understand a lot of it. And they’re willing to do whatever is necessary to get it back. That includes going to war and taking Zexus by force.”

Martin felt another chill go through him. He had gotten into the military long after the last intergalactic conflict, but he had learned about them in school the same as everyone else. The last thing anyone wanted to see was a repeat of that sort of war.

“Now, our allies...no, probably better to say ‘partners’...have given us some time to find and contain the prototype on our own, but it has to be done quick, and it has to be done carefully. This weapon is extremely dangerous. If the wrong sort of thing provokes it, it has the potential to cause catastrophic damage.”

“So what am I supposed to do?” Martin asked, feeling his heart thudding in his chest. This was a lot for him to handle.

“Obviously it would be too dangerous for you to face the weapon yourself, and that’s not what we’re asking you to do,” the commander assured him. “What we need from you is information. You know what sorts of things to look for, having been placed fairly highly in some classified research projects. All we’re asking of you is for you to keep your eyes and ears open. Anything unusual you see or hear of, we need to know about it. The smallest thing may be important. I don’t care if it’s a goofy tabloid article or what, just pass along anything you know directly to me. Sound simple enough?”

Martin nodded, even though the transmission was audio-only. “You can rely on me, Commander.”

“Excellent. I look forward to hearing from you soon.” There was a slight pause. “Oh, and congratulations on your posting at the university, Colonel. Very prestigious. I’m sure you’ll do us proud there every bit as much as you did in the service.” There was a staticky click as the connection terminated.

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Jasmine was relieved to be back inside of her ship. She thought that she’d had enough of Marisol to last her a lifetime, and she was wishing now that someone would come along and rescue them soon. As soon as she and Z had arrived back, they’d locked themselves securely inside and Jasmine had stripped down and climbed into the sleeping cot. After everything she’d been through that day, she was thoroughly exhausted. She didn’t even have the presence of mind to care that Z was standing right there watching her take her clothes off. The mouse girl just wanted to sleep and forget that the day had even happened.

It was only when she heard Z humming a little tune that she looked over to see what she was doing. What she saw was Z detaching her little metallic backpack, and then the blue-haired neko girl tapped those goggles of hers and her clothes instantly shimmered and vanished.

“What are you up to?” Jasmine asked her warily.

Z looked over, a perky smile stretching her blue lips. “Whaddaya think, duh, I’m coming to bed!” She walked over, putting her hands on Jasmine’s shoulder and pushing at her. “Move over, move over!”

“I hope you don’t think you’re getting in bed with me,” Jasmine growled at her. “There’s a couch right there, use that!”

“Aww, don’t be like that, Jazzy-wazzy,” Z said with a pout. “The couch is no good, a soft bed is much nicer, yep yep! Besides, it’s no fun being naked if you can’t be naked with someone.” She widened her eyes, getting a good pitiful expression going. “Pwease? I promise I’ll be good. And I did save your life, uh-huh. I’m so awesome, can’t I please share with you? It’ll be cold if I don’t... You don’t want me to freeze to death do you?”

Sighing, Jasmine shook her head, but Z’s pleading was doing the trick. And she had a point. She *had* helped Jasmine out earlier. “Fine...I know I’m going to regret this, but you can get in bed with me.”

She gave Z a stern look. "But we're sleeping back to back, and you keep your damn hands to yourself this time, understand?"

Z looked ecstatic, and she eagerly slid under the thermal blanket beside Jasmine. The mouse girl blushed as she felt the other girl's massive breasts pressing against her back, as Z completely ignored her instructions. "Yay! You're the best, Jazzy! This is gonna be so much fun, like a slumber party!" She wrapped her arms around Jasmine, hugging her tightly. "Oh! Uh...right." Remembering what she'd been told just a few seconds before, she rolled over, pressing her back against Jasmine's.

Rolling her eyes and sighing again, Jasmine put her head on the pillow and did her best to try to get to sleep. Just as she was about to drift off, something occurred to her. "Hey...Z. I just remembered. What you said earlier. You called that plant 'she'. What did you mean by that?"

"Stupid dummy, what else could it mean? She was a girl, duh."

Jasmine immediately sat up in bed, almost bumping her head on the low part of the hull around the cot. "What!?"

"Yep, a girl!" Z repeated. She giggled. "Teehee, maybe you really are a lesbesomethingorother, huh, Jazzy? You let a girl go down on you, yum yum, and it surrrrrre sounded like you loved it!"

Groaning, Jasmine sank back down on the bed again, mortified by the revelation. She clamped her eyes shut, now wishing that she could go to sleep and never wake up again. "Ugh, just...forget I asked, Z...Go to sleep..."

"What, there's nothing to be upset about." Z giggled again. "Hey, hey! If you let her lick your pussy, maybe I could, too? Come on, Jazzy!"

"Ugh...No."

"Then you could lick mine?"

"No!" Jasmine huffed an irritated sigh. "Leave it alone, Z...I'm tired."

"Okay, okay..." There was a long pause. "You know, Jazzy, your butt feels really nice on mi-"

"Go to sleep, Z!"