

Shooting Star
Chapter 5
“Into the Wild”

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On the central planet of the galaxy resided a focal point of the society that had been newly formed. A well-lit chamber housed numerous individuals from various species hailing from many different planetary government bodies, all gathered together for the purpose of this unprecedented meeting. The elected chairman stood at his throne-like chair around a rectangular metal table, designed to seat a dozen people other than himself. Many such tables were spread about the room, but all arranged so that this single table would be the focus of everyone present.

The chairman, an old canine with a long, flowing orange beard and moustache, pressed both his paws on the table with a dull thud that nevertheless echoed around the room. Up until that moment, chatter had been abundant around the room, mostly on the subject of why they had been summoned to this world. Everyone gradually went silent at the sudden noise. The chairman cleared his throat, and then in an aged, wise voice, strong and direct, he began to speak.

“As you all are aware from the coms you’ve all received, this conference has been assembled at short notice,” he said. “I do apologize that this meeting has been called so hastily, as I’m sure you have many pressing matters to attend to on your own worlds, but I think that once the purpose of this gathering becomes more clear you will agree that some protocols needed to be passed over.” He gestured towards the table he was standing at. “Before you are your individual briefing documents. If you’ll please take a moment to look through them and familiarize yourselves with the contents, then we may begin without unnecessary delay.” He then took his seat and waited as the room was filled with the rustle of opening folders and the shuffling of papers.

For a few minutes, there was little sound in the room other than the occasional cough and the subtle noise of a turning page. The orange-bearded canine, known to most around the room by his surname of Hamlet, waited patiently. He had read the briefing already, and as a matter of fact he had been one of the primary people involved with compiling it. He knew that many of his peers in the room would find the information contained within disturbing, to say the least.

Almost quicker than he’d anticipated, the words of dissent began to sound throughout the room. “Preposterous” was one of the words floating around along with the sigh of “This is ridiculous.” Then, after scarcely fifteen minutes, there came a loud smack of a hand on a table, which startled a few

members as heads turned towards a squirrel like creature.

“This is an outrage towards our universe!” the squirrel shouted, his face a mask of fury. “I have never read the like of this in all my years! And you expect us to do what? Sit here? Let these...these...whatever they are, invade?”

“Calm yourself, we are here so you may all understand the situation,” Hamlet said, making an effort to sound as soothing as he possibly could. He couldn’t blame the squirrel for his outburst. He had scarcely believed it himself when he had learned of the situation. “I understand that you find this information disturbing and, let’s all be honest, unbelievable. The details you see are need to know, classified to only the highest members of the military until recently, and with that being said no one but this union should know of this. It’s purely for information purposes before I move on. Please finish, and then we can continue.” Though he seemed unsatisfied by the old canine’s words, the disgruntled squirrel smoothed down the rumpled front of his white jacket and resumed his seat. Back in silence, they all continued reading until the last bit of information had been consumed.

Once he could see that everyone had finished and was waiting expectantly, Hamlet cleared his throat again to continue. “Now that you have read it all, I’ll go on. You all know, of course, that as a united power we joined together with the intent of forming a united galaxy, so that we may provide for and secure the best life for all of our combined peoples. In doing so, and as part of the effort to ensure that peaceful life, we all submitted our best soldiers to form an army that would surely be enough to protect our interests.” He watched as the assembled delegates all nodded along with him. “I, and I’m sure many of you, would not have believed that a threat would come from outside our own galaxy. You have all just read a briefing regarding the loss of a certain bio-weapon, and the subsequent...shall we call them ‘stern requests’ of a force from outside of our galaxy, one which we have just recently been made aware of. For the sake of our races and our soldiers, we have the military working under the impression that this bio-weapon was created of our own technology. I am here to tell you that it is not. In fact it comes from an entirely different corner of the universe.” Hamlet gave this last statement as if it was nothing that serious. Suddenly there was an uproar, as hands were thrown into the air.

“Lying to our own men? Deceiving the ones we lent this union in order to make a better galaxy? Why not the truth? They are our own!”

“Yes, but we should be able to deal with this without having any leaks to the populaces of our worlds to prevent galactic panic,” Hamlet insisted firmly. “If word of this becomes generally known, it may throw everything we have worked to achieve into turmoil. There could be uprisings, distrust, and even open rebellions. I trust that none of us wish to return to that state of affairs, having so recently overcome such things! Now, as you’ve read, we already have some troops working under aliases until

we know more and are able to act in a more targeted manner. I, not only as the chairman of this council but also as the acting head of Zexus, have taken precautions on my home planet, which is believed to be facing the greatest danger. But even then, I still feel it is my duty to make all of my fellow peers aware of the situation and of my actions, hence the memos you've all just read."

"And isn't lying to our people just as likely to create the same turmoil?" This, again, came from the squirrel who had spoken before. "We will become nothing more than the sullied deceivers, trapped behind the bars we create from our own lies."

"That may be," Hamlet allowed, "but only if people speak of this matter in an imprudent manner. If we all work together and maintain secrecy, there is little risk beyond the inherent danger in the situation." He held up a paw to forestall further objections from the troublesome delegate. "You have not been called to debate this, but rather to work together to find alternate means of acquiring this power's lost property and returning it. I believe the planet of Groganzia, which also has some prior knowledge of this matter, has a valuable proposition which they made me aware of just prior to this meeting."

A female delegate, with sleek white fur and very like in appearance to a meerkat, stood from her seat to speak. "We of Groganzia are in a position to make a suggestion. I as the appointee of my people offer military aid. What I propose is that we shift the schooling of the recruits to Zexus." She paused as she noticed she had caught some malicious glares from other council members, but at an encouraging nod from the chairman she lifted her head and continued. "The academy offers training in areas of development, and also for existing servicemen and women to broaden their education, enabling them to move into various other fields. However if we relocated and utilised the university which is situated in the hot zone, we'd have soldiers positioned. The residents wouldn't know the difference if we commercialized it, and promoted a change. We can say the change was to reflect a better utilisation of financial resources. "

The squirrel was once more the one to be outraged, as he shot to his feet as his coarse red fur bristled in anger. "This is completely ridiculous, no one would buy the fact that there are over expenditures to warrant a loss in galactic funds. Further more you will threaten the lives of others by having armed military personnel amidst civilians. I should climb over the table and smack sense into you. Occupation without cause is also a felony in that sector of the system."

The old canine, Hamlet, interjected with a bellow that drowned out the squirrel's words. "Silence! This is not the time to levy threats against one another. What we have is a possible fallback, which the kind ambassador is offering to us." He looked around the room, his stern expression making it clear that he would have no more threats. He especially lingered on the squirrel, who eventually

wilted under his gaze. “I have seen the experimental data. It will be sent to you within the hour, and all I ask is that you please view it for yourselves before making judgements. Councillor Devona has been very forthcoming and while the trust we all have had in the government of Groganzia has surely been questionable in the past, her honesty on this council and that of her planet over the past few months has aided the building blocks towards regaining that trust. Now there will be a recess, and once you have all had a chance to read the information, we will reconvene.”

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A few hours had passed whilst the leaders at the summit discussed various topics for the wellbeing of their galaxy. Not long after, a transmission was sent to Colonel Martin Gibson, the most decorated young soldier in a decade. Throughout his career, which hadn't entirely been spent in scientific endeavors, his escapades had garnered him some notoriety. During basic training, in fact, he'd been so adept at infantry maneuvers that new cadets were now taught a plan of attack which had been named after him: The Gibson Double Edge. So it went without saying that such a valuable asset couldn't have remained inactive when such a crisis was at hand.

When Martin heard his communicator chirp the tone of an incoming call, he groaned and rolled over in bed. When he looked at the ID on the communicator and saw it had a military prefix, he was annoyed. He had just gotten to sleep some hours ago after tossing and turning for a while, and having to drag himself awake again to answer the call was particularly upsetting. However, he couldn't just ignore it, and so he hit the switch that would answer the call.

“Colonel Gibson, reporting,” Martin grumbled, the husky rubbing sleep from his steely blue eyes as he half-sat up in bed.

“Gibson, you're being issued further orders,” an unfamiliar voice on the end of the connection stated. “As we speak, a package is en route to you by armoured courier and coming via planet Junai. You are to rendezvous with the courier whilst maintaining your alias. We suggest bringing a civilian with you in order to maintain cover. The exchange will be done discretely once the package is in place. Expect it to look no different than regular stationary supplies of low value to keep cover. Junai is the closest exchange point in order for the guise to then be in play. Stay vigilant, observe, and keep us informed. You will be issued with further instructions once you're in possession of the package. Over and out.” The transmission ended on that note, abruptly, and to Martin's further annoyance.

Great, so now they want me to be a glorified sheep herder, he thought to himself. He rolled back

over, tugging the sheets up over his head to try to get a little more sleep before he had to get up for the day. *I'm a damn colonel...I should be leading a team, not babying around civilians...* He sighed heavily. *If I'd stayed in the military, I wouldn't have to deal with this crap...*

-o-O-o-

When Jasmine woke up, the mouse girl was pleasantly surprised to find that she did not have a mouth or face full of Z's nipple and tit. The night had gone well, as it seemed that Z's ever wandering hands had remained in check. She yawned and then rolled over, finding that Z was no longer there. That girl really did wake up with the break of dawn. Finally Jasmine thought, she would get a little time to catch up on some light reading before she had to get up. Reaching down, she put her hand under the bunk, to a small nook below her. There she found her digital disc media interface, her fingers brushing over the rectangular instrument. It was a simple device, rectangular with a six-inch screen. To operate it, one inserted a little one-inch disc in the slot on the bottom, and it played back the literature that was contained on the media. The disc that was in right now contained several thousand books, enough that Jasmine should have plenty to keep herself occupied. However, something else caught her attention. As she was about to pull out the reader, her hand landed on an old book she'd picked up in a shop back home before she'd left for school, classically in paperback. This was something relatively unheard of in this day and age.

Jasmine sat up, bringing the book with her and pulling back the cover. The book was titled *A Class of Vintage*, which was ironic in itself, although this was complete with a rather intimate, never-before-released edit. She'd read it as a digital holo book previously, but never as a paperback completed with the intimate scene in itself. She'd been wanting to read this for quite awhile, and now was the perfect time to get a start.

Settling back on the bunk, the mouse opened up the delicate, old paper book carefully. Figuring that she knew the rest of the book well enough already, she flipped through the pages until she reached the point where the intimate scene began. Jasmine began reading with great interest.

The story, as she had read it before, was about a young maid in classical times who went to work in the mansion of a wealthy wine merchant, hence the title. During the course of the story, the maid and the merchant became friends, eventually growing close enough that they fell in love. After a torrid love affair, though only hinted at in the original version, the word of their relationship came out and brought shame on the merchant due to his lofty stature. However, in the end, he decided that his

reputation didn't mean as much as his love, and he married the maid. Jasmine had been enamored by the story when she'd originally read it, having somewhat of a romantic streak in her. But now she was eager to see how spicy the new addition would be.

She wasn't disappointed in the slightest. The scene began just after the merchant confessed his infatuation with the maid, as she was serving him his dinner in the mansion's expansive dining room. The maid was understandably taken aback, but then she fairly threw herself on him, kissing him passionately as the barrier between them was suddenly dropped.

Jasmine felt her heart start to pound harder as the writing got even hotter. The merchant got up from his chair, taking her in his arms and returning her passion. After that, he swept the dinner table clear, dishes and candlesticks clattering to the floor as he picked her up and laid her down on top of it.

She was starting to feel quite heated, and as she continued to read her hand found her breast. She stroked herself softly, her fingers circling around her nipple as she read how the merchant undid the fastenings of the maid's bodice. Jasmine gave a little sigh, the pleasant tingle in her breast intensifying as the merchant ripped open the maid's blouse, exposing her bountiful bosom. She lightly pinched her nipple between two fingers as the merchant in the story did the same, indulging in the fantasy.

I shouldn't feel so horny..., Jasmine admonished herself, though she continued playing with her breast. *Considering what happened yesterday...*

Nevertheless, as the scene in the novel continued, Jasmine got more and more antsy. The merchant was going further in his ravishing of the maid, as he pulled her blouse off and then slid his hand underneath her skirts. Jasmine's own hand traveled down her front, skimming over her trim belly until it rested between her legs. She traced a finger along the silky, subtle mound of her sex, pressing it gently between her lips to feel the slick flesh between them.

Jasmine whimpered quietly as she touched her clit, as the merchant lowered his face to the maid's pussy and began planting frenzied little kisses all over. What she wouldn't give for a guy to show that kind of passion to her. Her growing wetness was evidence enough of that, and made it all the easier for her to slip a finger inside of herself. She was still somewhat sore from the encounter with the plant creature the evening before, but that didn't keep her from probing around her inner walls, teasing herself to growing pleasure. She placed herself in the role of the maid, watching in her mind's eye as the merchant straightened up and undid the fastenings of his breeches to expose his throbbing, erect shaft.

"Ohhhh, Mr. Kingsley..." Jasmine whispered to herself, her eyes closed and her finger slowly sliding in and out of her delicate folds. "We mustn't...What will your colleagues say if they find out

you laid with the housekeeper?” She pressed her thumb against her pearl, letting out a moan as the pressure made a large jolt of pleasure shoot up her spine.

This caused her to raise up on the small ship’s bed, which she almost just as immediately regretted, since it made her smack her head on the metal ceiling of the sleeping nook with a dull clank. Jasmine uttered a curse as the fantasy of her morning reading vanished, and she dropped the book as her hands clapped to the top of her head, her ears laying flat as the pain radiated over her skull. Raising her head, she looked up at the treacherous ceiling with true malice in her eyes, but now that the spell had been broken, the mood was gone. A shame. She had really been enjoying that book...

With a regretful sigh, Jasmine reached for her glasses and put them on. Now that she was fully and truly awake, there seemed little point in remaining in bed. There remained the issue of where Z was, since she hadn’t shown her face since Jasmine had come back from dreamland. Much like a three-year-old, silence from the airhead usually meant that she was up to no good. Replacing the book where she’d retrieved it from, the mouse slid off the bunk and landed with a bouncing bosom as she scanned around for her deviant of a friend. Not a sight, sound, or whisper from Z, so what kind of other mischief could she be getting up to now?

Thoughts about Z’s linguistic skills from the night before still were lingering for the mouse as she slid into her clothes, but concerns about her well being were more at the forefront of the mind. Though sometimes she wondered why she worried so much about that airhead, the answer was after all pretty clear. It was true she could be a hinderance at the worst of times, but in the end, Z was still a friend.

“Where are you?” Jasmine called, thinking that she might be elsewhere inside the ship. “You better not be making graffiti again...” She called out multiple times, but received not a single answer.

Tugging on her shoes, Jasmine walked the short distance up to the cockpit. No sign of the blue-haired ditz there, either. Now she was getting a lot more worried. If Z wasn’t in the ship, where could she be? They’d found out the day before that this planet could be somewhat perilous, so she should have known better than to go off by herself. Maybe she hadn’t gone too far, though Jasmine had no way of knowing how long Z had been up before she got out of bed. Figuring that she should probably go ahead and look for her, Jasmine retrieved her survival pack from the day before and went to the exit hatch of the ship.

As soon as Jasmine walked cautiously out of the craft, she began hearing muffled cries that were still recognizable as her friend’s voice. “Z!” she called out, immediately worried as she dashed with flustered strides in the direction that the sounds were coming from. She didn’t have far to go, as she soon came around the ship to find the bronze-skinned girl with her head stuck inside the hollow of

a tree trunk. The sight almost made Jasmine burst out in laughter, as Z's arms flailed around while her butt was pushed out to the rear. "What the heck happened?"

"I wanted to see if my head could fit and it did!" Z said, her words almost unrecognizable due to her head being all the way inside the tree. "Amazing huh? But I'm stuck now, so not so amazing, help!" The tone of alarm in her voice was very amusing to Jasmine, and this time she really did laugh.

"And why on Zexus would you want to see if your head would fit inside a tree?"

"Because, because...", Z stammered, as she cast about for an explanation for her actions. "I dunno. I just did, now help me!"

As Z was bent over in her holographic attire, as usual being the tiniest of mini skirts, her ass cheeks were pretty much completely on display. For the briefest moment, Jasmine had the strange, sudden temptation to spank them. She immediately rationalized that it was as retaliation for the turmoil that Z had put her through recently, but she still resisted the temptation.

"Alright, alright, I'll help you...", she started to say, but then she paused a moment as a devious idea lit up in her mind. "On second thoughts, before I do..." Jasmine's own playful side took hold. "Maybe I should just leave you there forever?"

"What, why?" Z exclaimed, her butt giving a frantic wiggle. "Then who would look after you, and take care of you, and and and...oh! Make a good sex doll for you? I'm free as you're my friend you know, how rude! After everything I've done for you!"

"Huh? Like what?" Jasmine asked, paying no mind to the "sex doll" comment for the moment. She was pretty sure what Z meant by that bit of what she'd said, of course.

"I'll get back to you on that one, but it's so many things," she said.

"Like?" Jasmine prompted her, a smirk on her face. *This should be good.*

"Like...soooooooo many things I can't even count them."

"Give me a rough number then," the mouse challenged with a squinted eye.

"Infinity times two, with a cherry on top! It's that much, honest!" Z lifted a hand up as though to make the "cross my heart, hope to die" gesture, but she bumped it against the tree trunk and gave a little yelp of surprised pain.

"You're such a little liar, Z," Jasmine chuckled. "You're more trouble than you're worth sometimes, you know that?"

"Oh well, had to try, so that means you'll help me, yes?"

"Hmmm, I guess I...no!" Jasmine shouted suddenly, feigning shock and dismay. She made little scampering motions with her feet on the forest floor, pretending to be frightened. "Oh oh, Z, a predator's coming! I'm scared and I want to help but I can't, I'm so scared I don't know what to do

now!”

“What predator!? I’ll Pow it, and kaboom it! No one hurts my Jazzy!”

That wasn’t the reaction that Jasmine was expecting, and she was hoping for a frightened little girl when she remembered that Z had mentioned she has no fears. Still, she wanted to tease her stuck friend just a little more. Picking up a stick, she prodded it into the ground by Z’s feet to create a rustling sound.

“No, no, it’s not after me, but,” Jasmine paused to make an audible gulping sound to emphasis a dire situation for Z, “but, but but, it’s after you!”

“I’m not scared, if it does anything, I’ll splat it! Hmmm can you help me now so I can squishy it?” Jasmine raised an eyebrow, hoping she could still make this entertaining at Z’s misfortune. A sensation was felt by the blue haired girl around the heel of her foot, smooth and with little light pricks. “Oh, Jinkies what the fuddles is that?” She began struggling, wiggling her cute, tight ass to Jasmine’s amusement.

“Oh no, Z, I’m sorry! I’m going to run away so scared, I can’t bear to watch this, it’s...it’s a malicious pink berry eater! It’s looking up your skirt and I think it’s going for...for...oh no!” Jasmine began prodding and stroking the stick up the back of Z’s leg. “It found what it’s looking for and it’s going to bite it off, it’s climbing up your leg!”

Z struggled further, and rather than the fear which would take hold of another person in the same predicament, she began getting worked up. “You little fuckwit! When you bite it off, I hope you chokey croakee with it, then when you’re suffocating on it and turning blue I’ll pull off all your legs with my teeth, I will decimate you, obliterate you, slam your gooey legless body into the tree, and then...then! Then I’ll pluck your tiny heart out with the screws from Jasmine’s glasses!”

Jasmine continued, almost bursting into laughter. The sensations kept tracing half way up the girl’s inner thigh. “It’s almost there! Close your eyes it’s going to hurt!”

“Eeeep, I need that thing still, I’ve not had time to stick it in your mouth even! Smoosh my pussy and face sit, then ride your face, yee ha, like a cowgirl!” Z stuck both arms up triumphantly, and then hesitated. “Oh...uh...Why is my head stuck in here? I forgot...”

“Seriously?” Jasmine couldn’t believe it, but perhaps she should have. “Sheesh, Z, for the last time...well, it probably won’t be the last time...I’m straight! Anyway, something is about to bite your clit off, remember?”

“Oh yeah, that.” Then there was a pause. “Oh, Jinkies, that!”

“Yeah, that, and it’s...” Jasmine immediately stopped as she heard a series of faint bleeps coming from her craft. “Okay, playtime is over. There’s no berry muncher, I was just teasing.” The

mouse girl dropped the stick and reached forward to grab Z's shoulders. Tugging hard, she helped Z navigate her head out of the hole. She was stuck in there pretty good, but with both of them working in concert, eventually Z's head came free. Jasmine gave a yelp of alarm as the girl fell back, and Jasmine tripped over her heels and landed on her ass. With the stumbling momentum, Z came right down with her, and she landed on Jasmine's chest with her legs spread. Jasmine blushed, finding that Z's pussy was right in front of her nose. Z looked over shoulder with a cheeky grin, and she wiggled her rump playfully.

"Ooooo, can I ride your face now? I'd like to do that just once in case something really bites my clit off! I'd never have the chance again, pretty please? I taste great, I swear, ask Martin!"

"What? Get off me!" Jasmine said as she knocked Z off to the side, her cheeks blooming to a vibrant rouge. "I have things to do, so try to stay out of my way. This is important. She made her way to her feet, still quite flustered at having been so close to her friend in a way she'd rather avoid.

Pacing away, she quickly found her way back to the ship to find that the distress beacon had been intercepted, but it would be a few hours until whomever it was that had received the signal could possibly arrive. To her surprise, their would-be rescuer had sent a message in response to their distress beacon, which she opened up immediately. It turned out to be a video message, which came through in somewhat poor quality but was still recognizable.

"Hello, whoever this is," the sender of the message greeted her. The speaker was an unusual species, a slug with a slightly elongated face and two eyes on short stalks. He seemed rather cute to Jasmine, in an exotic sort of way. "I've received your distress call and I'm en route to the coordinates contained in it from Zexus. I'm Li, and my ship is the *Starhopper*. By the time you receive this, it should be about three or four hours until I arrive. We'll see what we can do to get you moving when I arrive!"

The message ended there, and Jasmine was delighted. She hadn't been expecting to receive a response to her distress beacon so soon. Now she could relax a little, and she still had a little time to kill. Thoughts of Z and what had happened with the plant creature the day before sparked her interest, so she walked over to a storage closet within the ship to dig out something she'd not used in a while. Reaching into the storage closet, she withdrew what she was looking for: a small, silvery orb with a single button. The orb was a compact version of the artificial intelligence from her home on Zexus, and it contained a montage of information and linguistic skills for when she needed to go on holiday anywhere. Pressing the button on the sphere illuminated a series of small, sigilistic designs on various parts of the device and it began floating. Little pockets of blue afterburn could be seen now and then when it floated about to navigate.

“AI can you isolate location, and state your mission parameters?” the mouse asked, just to make sure it was functioning correctly considering it hadn’t been activated in a year. Luckily the fuel cells seemed to have retained the majority of their charge.

“We’re at galactic coordinates 236985 by 1458244 on an uncharted planet, mission parameters are to assist you in translation, information, and logging details,” the AI said in its androgynous, electronic voice. “Would you like to change settings?”

“Yes, activate additions, climate sensors, elements including gasses and terrain too,” Jasmine ordered it. “Follow me.” Going back to the cockpit, the AI in tow, she looked out of one of the port windows. “Scan for sentient lifeforms, barring me and Z.”

“Small colonies detected, south west, west, bearing x 25084 by y 65824. Small mammal species in an arranged structured hierarchy of command with the capacity to create, primitive in nature. Area information, caution required before proceeding, air pocket has a one point five kilometer radius of refined smaller oxygen pockets, new gas identified, a kind of micro oxygen. Breathing apparatus required, equipment suggestion respiratory only. Danger level low, no body equipment needed.”

Jasmine opened a side panel to retrieve a couple of atmosphere breathers, and then she walked back out of the ship. If anything, now was as good a time as any to scout the area. She was, of course, making history as the first off-worlder on this planet. The mouse walked along the grass, seeing Z still sitting where she had been knocked off. The blue-haired girl’s expression suggested that she was feeling somewhat disappointed.

“Hey, get up and don’t look so down.” Jasmine paused, suddenly surprised at what she was seeing as she smiled a little. It seemed Z had changed her hair style whilst she had been away to pigtails, which gave the girl an overall cuter appearance. She had even added ribbons with hearts embroidered into them.

No doubt a holographic change, but still, it kinda adds a charm to her, Jasmine thought.

“Easy for you to say!” Z said, crossing her arms. “You didn’t share your cherry with me! You’re so frigid, but don’t worry, I’ll make you into a real woman someday!”

Then again, charm? Charm my mouse butt...She’s still...

“I’m not a virgin!” Jasmine said, as she shook her head with barely concealed exasperation. “Secondly, I’m not into that for the millionth time. Regardless of that, lets go explore a little. And I’ll need your help if we come across any intelligent life forms speaking other languages.” She looked over at the floating AI sphere beside her. She was curious what dialect Z was actually speaking. “Translate.”

Z huffed and stood up. “I don’t know languages dummy, I just speak, everyone speaks yes?”

The AI spoke out. “Unable to translate, running cross references...” It bleeped away for several

seconds before speaking again. “Unable to cross reference language or dialect, running alternate translations.” It paused again as it worked away. “Information packets confirmed. Unable to decode. Conclusion: unicode with vocalised data. Each second contains an estimated seven yottabytes of code, complexity of decoding high. Estimated time for decoding, six thousand eight hundred and five minutes, and twenty-seven seconds. Shall I proceed?”

“No, that can wait,” Jasmine said, though she was completely fascinated. *This is incredible, Z isn't even speaking a language of any form, but some kind of universal audio. Possibly multiple languages in one go, and more than likely my mind only takes in what it understands of it. What the heck is she? Clearly not just a machine or an android, that's for sure. But enough of that for right now. I better get to it and map the planet a little, this is still history in the making!*

The mouse turned and walked away from the ship, trudging through the leafy terrain riddled with bothersome roots. She had to watch her feet carefully to avoid tripping on them, which was made all the more difficult by the cover of tall grass all around her. Z followed in suit, touching all manner of things along the way, from flowers, to tree trunks, and everything inbetween. It seemed the girl couldn't leave anything alone.

“Oooh pretty,” Z said as she kneeled over and touched a blue flower. Jasmine sighed and shook her head, it wasn't anything that impressive. She thought she had a few blue flowers similar to that growing near her house on Zexus.

She's so easily distracted and entertained, like she hasn't got a care in the world.

The floating orb beeped after they had been walking for perhaps fifteen minutes. “Approaching danger area, please proceed with recommended precautions.” The breather masks began to beep in sync with what the orb was referring to. Jasmine stopped for a moment as she placed a breather over her mouth and nose, looking over her shoulder and tossing one to Z.

“Put that on, you're going to need it,” she told her.

Z looked it over at all angles, examining it, and then she dangled it in front of her between her thumb and forefinger. “Is it a condom?” Jasmine shook her head. “Is it a femidom?” Jasmine raised a brow.

“Just put it over your face!”

“I'm not sticking my head in a giant vagina, I could break my neck you know!” Z protested. “Why would you have facedoms with you, anyway?”

“Says the girl that stuck her head in a tree trunk,” Jasmine retorted, even though Z was clearly no longer paying attention.

The bronzed girl placed the mask between her cleavage, cupping both her breasts. “Look I can

make it balance, tada!”

“Stop goofing around and put it on your mouth! There’s a gas pocket not too far up ahead which can be harmful to us. The AI told me it’s some unknown form of oxygen which could be harmful to our lungs, so you’d better not breathe it or you could get hurt! Probably the weird plants here produce it somehow.”

“Nooooooo! Plantation, we must rescue the slaves! Then help their loneliness by giving them the freedom reward of sex, which they’ve never had due to their opresi...opress...opera...That word, something like that, bad masters!” Z beamed at Jasmine, proud of herself, as usual, for her superior logic.

“No dummy, not plantation, plants...,” Jasmine groaned, as she covered her eyes with one hand. “I’m talking about the flowers, and just put it on already...” Though she huffed crossly at her, Z followed her instructions and placed the mask over her mouth. “Thank you! Now just follow and don’t say a word, okay?” Z nodded in acknowledgement as they pressed on. Jasmine pushed various vines and bushes aside as she made her way through the thickening plant life.

A few minutes had passed before the orb poke again. “Nearing colony, a hundred and fifty meters and closing. Silent mode activating. Suggested actions: observational only.”

The advice made sense, as whatever this primitive race was there was no telling if they would be hostile or not. Even then it would be interfering with their way of life if they were to just barge in. Jasmine had visions of interrupting some sacred religious ceremony, possibly offending their belief structure and leading to some real trouble for the two of them. Intending to check on Z, Jasmine turned around and was horrified to see Z already fiddling with the atmosphere breather.

“Don’t do that, leave it on, it’s not a toy,” she said, a little worried in case the ditz deactivated it or something. The last thing she wanted was for Z to suffocate on her watch.

“I don’t like it, I’m taking it off,” Z complained, tugging on the mask. “It’s making my mouth, well, it feels too covered! It’s also really uncomfortable and icky!” As she continued to tug on it, she managed to deactivate it, pulling it right off her mouth. Jasmine felt like her heart jumped to lightspeed as she began to freak out.

“Get it back on!” she cried as she ran back towards Z, lunging towards the girl. It seemed almost too late as she watched Z collapsing to the ground, gasping and wheezing. Jasmine watched her friend writhing in pain, and then Z’s chest stopped rising and falling as if she’d stopped breathing. Jasmine got on her knees beside Z and tilted the girl’s head back to see if she was drawing any breath. Thankfully she was, but so weakly. The wheezing had stopped, but that was likely just because her breathing had become so shallow. Quickly, Jasmine began to run her hands through the tall grass to try

to find where Z's breather could have dropped.

Come on, where is it, damn she's dying, idiot, idiot, idiot, you better not die on me...

Z's eyes suddenly shot wide open as she sat up with a huge gasp. "Hey, you're meant to give me mouth to mouth if I'm dying you know!" she admonished Jasmine with a stern expression. "How bad are you? You're supposed to stick your mouth over mine, then push your tongue down my throat. You can still try it now if you like. It'll be very good practice in case I'm ever dying again." She puckered her lips and leaned closer to the other girl.

"Eeew, NO!" Jasmine blurted out as she pouted. The idea that Z had apparently been joking about something so serious, scaring her half to death, really made her feel awful. She thought that the girl thought more of their friendship than to pull a dumb stunt like that. "Now put on your..." It then occurred to her that Z wasn't struggling to breathe like she originally did when she removed her mask. That didn't seem to make sense, considering the gas that the AI had said they were surrounded by. "Are you okay? Not short of breath?"

"Nope, and, whoa this place is awesome, breathing this fresh air is amazing, I feel super charged weee weeeee!" Z cried as she got up and ran about, all the while speaking rather quickly.

"When you fell over, what happened?"

"Oh that!" Z said with a smile. "It was weird and hurt my lungs for a few seconds, but then it stopped and everything was okay, so no biggy. I'm soooooo super horny now too!"

"Computer, analyse Z's lungs for damage, or changes from the previous medical record. I want to make sure she's okay breathing this stuff." The AI sphere bleeped and hovered around Z, who was like a jack in the box, springing about and unable to remain still even for a moment.

"Alveoli count has significantly increased in quantity by an approximate 48.65% margin from previous biometric data last collected by the AutoMed. The mass and diameter of each sac has decreased so no additional space has been taken up. The new alveoli co-exists alongside standard. Increased blood flow in patient Z has been detected but not to any lethal limits."

Can Z adapt to environmental conditions? With this and the last development on the language side of things I'm not sure which is more fascinating, her or the new species I'm about to document. Either way I'll wait until we get back. I don't know too much about biology but I might have to get someone or other I can trust to look her over in a few days.

While Jasmine was deep in thought she realized things had become quiet again, and that she had lost track of Z. "Hey? Rascal? Where are you?" Jasmine felt like a babysitter as she began trudging carefully over the terrain towards faint sounds which resembled Z's voice. Coming out of some thickets and bushes, she walked out into a clearing in the grass, circular in shape but quite small. Z was

squatting in the center of the clearing, her back to Jasmine, not paying her any mind. The grass in the clearing was possibly only a centimeter high, much shorter than the grass which surrounded it. Perhaps the local species, whom ever it was, maintained it, or it could be a miniature variant of the grass indigenous to the planet. She wondered why it would be localized to just this area, if that was the case. Jasmine eyed Z's slender, curvy figure whilst the girl remained squatted, naked from the waist below and doing something to herself as her back was turned to the mouse. Jasmine sighed.

Why can't Z keep herself covered like a normal person would?

Little sounds escaped the blue haired girls mouth, but the the kind expected when undergoing a difficult task, with a lot of "um"ing and "er"ing.

Now what on Zexus could she be up to?

The mouse took small steps towards Z, wondering if the girl had hurt herself, but it certainly didn't sound like that. As she got closer she noticed Z was squatting before a tiny statue made of marble, some jewels, and golden inlays. On closer inspection, as Jasmine got nearer, she saw that the statue resembled a bow tied around a sphere with two wing-like things that curved downwards. Turning her head, she looked down at Z before shooting her gaze away in embarrassment, seeing that the girl was toying with her pussy.

"What the heck are you doing now!?"

"I'm making mine look like that, but my love button is too sunk in to look like a ball like that!" Z explained, as she slipped a finger inside of herself and prodded around. "So I'm trying to push it out a little, then I can tie it while it's trapped at the base, a-huh." With her free hand, she held up a small length of golden ribbon, retrieved from who the hell knew where. "It's tricky as it keeps slipping. I want it to look pretty!"

Jasmine frowned as her face blushed a brilliant crimson. "Why would you do that!? And wouldn't it hurt to have direct clit bondage with your...your...your thing held out like that?" She blinked, confused as to why she was even entertaining this line of thought. "You know, never mind. I give up on trying to make sense of the things you do." Jasmine decided to move on while Z continued her attempts at decorating her female bit. "I'm going on ahead. Just don't hurt yourself. And if you get bored, go back to the craft. I have some cataloging to do of the terrain."

I have to admit, there would be a lot of similarity with the statue and that given part of her body if she did manage it... Jasmine thought to herself. From the brief looks she'd previously had at Z's sex, it seemed as though the girl had very little in the way of a clitoral hood. That caused a lot more of her clit to be prominent when compared to her own. *It exposes a lot more of her pearl, but I see no purpose in it. I guess...okay, it may look pretty somewhat, but...still, damn, why am I even thinking about it!? I*

need to burn my mind to purge that image of Z's bit's out of my memory...

Jasmine began to make her advance towards the reported colony as the sphere followed closely behind, scanning the vegetation and plants as it passed. Everything was getting documented, from the atmospheric changes to gas compositions to soil and terrain. After a short while Jasmine had reached a safe area to observe and document from. Hiding, she could see from her vantage point what appeared to be very small creatures. These green creatures resembled grasshoppers, however they stood upright, had primitive clothing attire, and even primitive tools. Looking around them she scanned to see what else was there, spotting early stages of building development. Some huts with twigs, and others which seemed like almshouses. Jasmine wanted to avoid any first contact at all costs, as it possibly could trigger a bad response considering their culture seemed so undeveloped, with the possibility existing of cannibalism or even an odd belief structure that could have them turn hostile. She would be in no danger, being the size she is, however she wanted to avoid being disruptive to them anyway. And so, she settled in behind some trees and just observed from a distance.

-o-O-o-

Back where the discovered statue was, Z had finally managed to properly tie the ribbon around her clit, and was satisfied with the results. She gave a pleasant shiver as she felt the subtle pressure of the bow around her tender button. In the background, she could hear a slight rustling, but she attributed that to nothing more than a breeze through the trees. Z moved from her squat to a sitting position, turning away from the statue as she spread her smooth, toned legs so she could look down in admiration of her handiwork. Figuring that doing things in half measures was no fun at all, she reached up and touched her goggles, making her top shimmer and sparkle as it vanished from her body. She giggled as another breeze rolled by, brushing over her now fully-bare body. Then the sounds once more came again, with multiple voices as if there were a few of them. But of course, Z being Z, she remained in her provocative position without a care for decency, or if the approaching wanderers would see or not. However, she did turn her head curiously to see to whom the voices might belong. What she saw came as a mild surprise to her.

Grasshoppers of a small quantity, possibly five or six of them, surfaced from the deeps of the greens, eying the giantess before them. These were unlike any grasshoppers Z had ever seen or heard of, being the usual size but standing on their back two legs, with six more to use as arms. They were holding primitive weapons, spears and bows, apart from the one in the lead, who seemed to be dressed

somewhat more richly than the others, who were only wearing small loincloths made of some sort of leathery plant material. The group quickly rushed towards her, as the one in the lead began shouting away.

“It’s a defiler of the land, we will defend!” he shouted, his voice carrying surprisingly well for such a diminutive figure. “Leave this place, foul creature, or face our wrath! You are on sacred ground and only I, the head shaman, and my head priest, may step on this soil before the sacred statue!” They continued to advance in order to defend their territory.

Z was definitely in trouble now.