

NO REGRETS

by
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As I passed through the doors to the station's arcade, my ears were met with loud cheers and whoops. Now, that sort of thing is to be expected at resupply stations, but this was loud, even for here.

A quick glance around found most of the stand-up game machines empty... in fact it looked like everyone was crowded around one of the "Dance Jump Rock" machines, if I remembered what was over there. I usually kept myself to the fighting and sim games on the other side of the room, but with how many were over there, I wasn't going to find anyone to challenge me right now.

Curious, I padded over towards the crowd, gently pushing my way through it until I had a good view. I am a taur-type, after all, and while it meant I couldn't just stand on tiptoes like the bipeds to see over them, it gave me added bulk that was good for times like this. As the object of their encouragement came into view, I paused in surprise, one forepaw half-lifted. There, somehow keeping up with both dancepads simultaneously, was the prettiest vixtaur I'd ever seen.

Long silver hair cascaded off the top of her head, contrasting just enough against her soft, white fur. She was slowly nodding her head in time with the beats as she raptly watched the game's status monitors, the angle keeping me from getting a good look at her face. Still, her black furred ears swiveled to catch the crowd's yells, about the only sign she was paying attention to the group surrounding her.

Where some players would only use their legs to play DJR, just moving their body to keep their balance, she was having none of that. Her upper torso was constantly moving as she shifted her weight from paw to paw, the purple halter she was wearing barely keeping her chest in check while slender arms waved to and fro. Now by slender I don't mean half-staved like the fashion models that were starting to come back into vogue; she actually had a bit of meat on her bones, both above and below, but she lacked any sense of bulkiness.

Her lower body was completely unclothed in our usual taur fashion, her fluffy white fur keeping her modest. Her long, bushy white tail was swaying in counterpoint to her upper torso's movements, the black tip almost like a conductor's baton as forepaw and rearpaw jumped from button to button, her canine legs moving so expertly I could swear that she never had more than three paws down at any given moment... yet she kept her balance with a grace I could only envy.

As I watched her "dance," trying not to drool, I found myself feeling more and more self-conscious. Where she was obviously descended from Old Earth fox stock, I had inherited more from the genes of the Terran wolf. In contrast to the pure white of her fur, mine was a dark grey, almost black color, which I was ordinarily glad of because of how it hid the oil stains from my job here at the station. The sonic showers usually get most of it, but never all of it, and ten years of working on and around starship engines means I've dealt with a LOT of oil.

The scruffiness of the brown hair surrounding my pointed ears though couldn't be attributed to that, but to the fact I'd only come off duty about ten minutes ago and I hadn't stopped to do anything about it on my way here. In fact, my upper body was still sporting the blood-red jacket of the Engineer Corps, though I'd opened it up to cool off, letting it show my light-grey chestfur. I was fit enough, due to

having to deal with heavy machinery, but antigrav tech also meant I didn't have to put on the muscles that some still consider attractive. At least, not on my upper body.

One of the reasons taurs like me often end up working in space is because of the advantage in leverage that six limbs and so much lower-body mass gives us. I can't even begin to count the number of times I've been keeping myself clamped to some piece of metal with my fore- and rear-legs while I performed some delicate feat of panel wiring, and I've got the leg muscles to show for it. Despite that however, I still mostly kept to the "lean hunter" look of my (very!) distant ancestors. That's genetic history for you, I suppose, though I wish there was one for keeping fur neat after leaving a spacesuit you've spent the last ten hours in.

I sighed as I realized how raggedy I had to look. With bipeds only rarely being interested in taurs, and the taur phenotype being somewhat uncommon in this part of space, I hadn't thought I'd be wanting to impress anyone, let alone the vision of loveliness who was- holy heck, she was somehow keeping a Perfect score on both pads at once! No WONDER she had such a crowd.

Finally, her display came to an end as the game binged twice with the sound of new high scores. As thunderous applause rose from the crowd of spacers around her, I joined in, my significantly-less-fluffy tail wagging a little as she turned her upper body to give a half-bow to her audience.

Naturally, being male, I couldn't help but let my eyes linger over the display of furred cleavage she gave, but as I forced my attention to her face, I found it was as lovely as the rest of her. Soft, green eyes gazed out over a slender vulpine muzzle, capped with a soft black nose pad. The rest of her face was covered in that same soft white fur as the rest of her, almost giving her the appearance of an angel to my eyes.

At the same time, there was something... just the tiniest bit off. It wasn't anything I could directly pick out, but I had the feeling this beautiful vixtaur was looking through the crowd for something or someone, and I resisted the urge to step back and vanish before she could see my scruffy wolftaur butt. In fact, for a moment I could swear she was looking directly at me... but then she turned and left the platform with soft, delicate steps, leaving it to a pig and mink who quickly stepped up, eager to challenge the new records she had set.

Gathering up every bit of courage I had, I started to take a step towards her, then stopped, setting my forepaw back down as another soft sigh escaped my lips. If I did talk to her, what would I say? What could I talk about that would interest someone like that? What good would it do to approach her if I was stumbling over every word like some lovesick cub? I felt my shoulders droop a little as I just watched her sashay over towards the bar in the far corner, her bushy tail trailing her movements like exhaust contrails from an old-fashioned air-breathing jet.

"Close your mouth, you're letting in flies," came a familiar voice next to me as a friendly hand clapped against my upper back. "Seems our wanna-be pilot is smitten by a pretty face, eh?"

Rolling my eyes, I turned my head and snapped at the air over my old friend's head in a playful rebuke. Even though I'd never bite anyone, it always amused me how it made him jump whenever I did that. "Shush, Cornelius, you're just sore because I beat you in the sims every time."

"And I still say you found a way to cheat!" he countered after jerking away momentarily, a grin on his muzzle. Cornelius, who actually went by Jake outside our little circle of mech-sim-pilots, was a badger

who'd been a part of the security team on this station for longer than I cared to remember. We'd first met after I'd kicked his butt in a drunken bout of planetary assault sims, and he'd come crawling out of the sim pod, threatening me with the brig for beating him, before puking all over the floor and passing out. I'd helped him to the medbay, and we'd been friends ever since.

He also never failed to enjoy teasing me about my lack of companionship. Of course, this coming from the badger who had a new boytoy every week, meant I'd learned to long ago take it in stride. I think that was one of the reasons we got along so well too. Since I had no interest in males, it meant I wasn't competition for whomever his latest object of affection was, and with the lack of femtaurs around here, I didn't have to worry about him trying to hook me up with anyone. At least, before now.

"If you're wondering, she came in off the Titanus Arbitus, and they're going to be in drydock for at least a week. Had a nasty encounter with some Klinth on a survey mission and barely got out intact." He didn't seem to notice the mock glare I gave him as he continued. "Her name's Pearl Longstalker, and she's one of the CIC operators on the ship. Grew up on Parada with one brother and two sisters. Failed her exam to get into SPACY, but managed to fast-track into the civilian fleet. She's currently single, and if you want I could tell you her bust size." My glare became real as he finished his recitation and grinned up at me, clasping his hands behind his head. "Hey, knowing these things is part of my job."

"Pfff, you just found it out because you knew I'd eventually run into her," I snorted, looking back over in her direction as she lowered her hindquarters, sitting down in front of the bar in a motion that for anyone else I would call plopping.

"That too," he admitted, "but I was the one who ran her through customs this morning. Well, c'mon." Grabbing my hand, he started to drag me towards the bar. Well, dragging might be a bit of an exaggeration, since no one but another taur can move a taur if he doesn't want to move, but I wasn't exactly rocketing that direction either.

Almost too soon, he'd wound our way right up next to that graceful snow-furred vixentaur. "Hey there," Cornelius said while I found the urge to run away and hide, "This is that friend of mine I mentioned earlier. Pearl, Shinn. Shinn, Pearl."

I nodded nervously as she turned to gaze at me with those soft green eyes, my tailtip twitching a bit. "Well met," I managed to get out as I realized what Cornelius had just said. That sneaky sonuva- he'd apparently already talked to her about me. Which means that it might NOT have been my imagination after all that she'd been looking for someone specific earlier. But what had he said that would make her look for someone like me in the first place? "That was quite the fancy paw-work earlier."

"Thank you," she said, in a soft voice that fit her better than any I could have imagined. "I don't get to play it as much as I used to, since the one in the ship's lounge broke down."

"That's a shame. I don't think I've ever seen anyone dance that well on one pad, let alone two at once." I could feel myself starting to relax just a little as she didn't bite my head off. As the station's bartender, a snow leopard nicknamed "Lime" for reasons unrelated to his green-dyed fur, came over. "I'll have one of my usual."

"I'll have what he's having," she added when the bartender turned to her. As he turned away to mix the drinks, I realized Cornelius had up and vanished, leaving just me and this pretty vixtaur at this part of the corner bar.

Making a mental note to wring his neck later, I gave Pearl a smile, hoping the sudden surge of nervousness I felt wasn't showing. "So a little badger told me your ship got in a bit of a scuffle?"

The sigh she let out seemed all too familiar, and the words that followed, even moreso. "That Jake... I swear, one of these times he's going to get strung up for sharing the wrong information with the wrong people."

I blinked a moment before answering, ears perking forward in surprise. "So, I take it you've known each other a while?" I said carefully, barely noticing Lime setting our drinks at our elbows.

She nodded, before picking up her glass and taking a swig that was not ladylike in the least. "I've known him since I was a little kit. He served alongside my dad during the Farstar Incursion. I hadn't seen him in years, but to run into him, here, of all places..." She let the words trail off as she took a more measured sip. "Mmmm! What is this, anyways?"

"It's called a Zagnelian Sunburst," I said, taking a sip of mine and adding to the mental list of tortures I was going to put Cornelius through when I caught him. I found my nervousness being replaced with indignation that he'd never bothered to introduce us sooner. "I'm not sure what's in it, and honestly, I'm not sure that I want to know."

A musical giggle escaped her slender muzzle at that, black-furred ears perking in amusement. "I can understand that. Our ship's bartender has come up with some real interesting mixes, and knowing him, I REALLY don't want to know about those."

"I think it's that way for every bar," I said with a chuckle, taking another sip of the Sunburst and letting it wash over my tongue. "So what has he told you about me, anyways? I swear I had nothing to do with the station commander finding his bathtub full of green gelatin, no matter what Cor- er, Jake says."

That got another grin from her as she raised her glass to her lips, draining it in another long pull. "He said nothing about any gelatin, but he did mention something about the station's computer AI talking like an Old Earth.. what was- ah, I remember now! The AI thinking it was something called a "cowboy," whatever that is."

I couldn't help but snicker as I recalled the gunny's face when he ever-so-politely requested I disconnect the memory module that had caused the problem. "Well, that started with a mislabeled shipment of ancient tri-vids..."

While it takes a hell of a lot more alcohol to get a taur drunk, it can happen to us just as easily and without warning as any biped. Especially when you've got pleasant company, funny stories, and a plentiful supply of drinks.

Which was what led to me and Pearl staggering down the corridor, our flanks pressed against each other to keep us from tipping over if we started to lose balance. I was thinking just clearly enough to have the station's computer activate a waystrip to lead us to her temporary quarters onboard the station.

At the moment, it was taking most of our concentration to keep putting one forepaw in front of the other, and the flashing trail of lights from those strips along the wall have kept me from getting lost more times than I could count in a station that rivals the size of some small asteroids.

"Well, thish ish it," I said, words slurring a little in the gentle warmth filling my body from the alcohol as the lights came to an end next to a closed doorway. "These should be your quarters."

A little unsteadily, she tapped in the unlock code, glancing over at me. "You're so nice," she murred, her furred cheeks a bit pink from the drink. "I couldn't make you walk all the way back to your place. Why don't you shtay here for the night?"

"I couldn't impose-" I started to say, but found my words cut off as she leaned over and firmly planted her muzzle against mine in a heated kiss.

The sudden press of her lips against mine brought me out of my drunken semi-stupor. I couldn't help murring into the kiss as her tongue slipped into my muzzle, seeking out my own tongue and teasing along it gently, while my arms slipped around her upper body without conscious thought.

After a moment she reluctantly pulled away, leaving both of us panting a little as she looked at me with those warm green eyes. "Please," was all she said, and though my mind tried to form a protest, my body followed hers into the dimly-lit quarters, the doors closing behind us with a quiet shump.

No sooner had the doors closed than her hands went to the fastenings on her halter, the purple cloth fluttering to the floor as she bared those beautiful breasts to me, half-turning around as I tried not to stumble in the dim light, spreading my four legs a bit for balance. The way the light shone around the room she was silhouetted perfectly against the doorway to the bedroom portion of the suite; muscular lower body leading to her feminine upper half; full breasts perked, waiting for a male's touch, pink nipples already stiff and poking through her fur; pointed ears perked toward me through her long silver hair as she looked towards me, muzzle half-open. Presented with this wonderful image of feminine tauric beauty, I could only say one thing.

"You're drunk."

Giggling, she padded carefully back over to me, though I noted with surprise that she was moving a lot more gracefully than she had since leaving the arcade bar. "Sho're you," she said as she leaned her upper torso in, her breath gently blowing across my nose as her muzzle rested mere inches from mine, those large fluffy breasts swaying softly just within reach. "And I'm not ash drunk as you think I am."

"You'd have to be, to be intereshted in a scruffy yard dog like me," I managed to get out. The alcohol was loosening my tongue, though some part of the back of my mind was kicking me for screwing up this chance with such a lovely vixtaur.

"Not really," she murred as she took another half-step forward to plant another warm kiss on my lips, those firm globes brushing against my dark-furred chest teasingly as her hands sought to divest me of my jacket. "If you weren't the kind to protesht, I wouldn't be interested, but I have been too long without a male'sh touch..."

"Are you sure?" I asked, even as I felt my body reacting to her tender attentions. "With your beauty you could have any male you wante-"

She pressed her fingers against my muzzle, silencing me gently as she gazed into my brown eyes, her sincerity in hers beyond the veneer of drunkenness. "Jake told me many thingsh, but I had to shee for myself. Now I know, and it'sh you I want."

Faintly, I began to notice a cinnamon-y scent in the air, and I could feel myself responding to it as she gave me that tender, wanting look, my lupine shaft sliding out of my sheath as it began to grow, hanging below my tauric lower body. "No regretsh?" I thought I knew what the answer would be at this point, but I had to ask.

"No regretsh," she murred softly as she took that remaining half-step forward, letting her soft breasts squish against me as she hugged my upper body. It was clear she'd also noticed my growing "interest" as she carefully raised a forepaw, reaching under me to stroke along the lengthening wolfcock with her pawpad while she embraced my top half.

I let out a soft murr as I felt her gentle touch along that thickening shaft, her forepaw teasing along the underside ever so gently. She tilted her head to cover the full length of my muzzle with hers in a heated kiss as her arms rested around me. As we kissed, my hands slid around her back to stroke down and rub where her torsos met at her forward hips, pulling soft murr from her as well as the petting there.

As the kiss ended, leaving us both panting softly, I lowered my muzzle to those large, full breasts and gave one of those pink nipples of hers a firm lick and kiss, tonguing the stiff nub just a little, while my hands continued to stroke and rub at her conjoinment. I could tell it was having an effect on her from the soft "ooohs" and "mmms" escaping her muzzle, as well as the firmer pressing of her soft pawpad against my hardening wolfcock, making me vibrate her soft titflesh with my murr at the wonderful touch bringing me to full extension.

As I gave the jutting nipple a few gentle teasing suckles, her paw left my fully-grown shaft, letting the firm length dangle under my underbelly as she reluctantly pulled away from my teasing mouth and hands. Taking one of my hands in hers, she leaned up to kiss one of my pointed ears, whispering into it, "I want to shee all of you."

Smiling, I turned my muzzle to give her cheek a lick, then stepped back a moment and lifted one of my rear legs, letting her get a good look at the throbbing pink shaft hanging from my underbelly. Her gaze seemed to be glued to it as she ran her tongue over her lips, eyeing that thick length of wolfmeat from slightly thicker base up to the tapered tip, larger than any biped's thanks to my tauric build. Giving her a wink, I murred, "Enjoying the view?"

A giggle slipped out at that as she gave my shoulder a playful swat, but the murr that followed showed how she really felt about it. Giving my dark-furred cheek another kiss, she turned and led me towards the bedroom portion of the suite, where a simple mat made up all the bed most taurs use. That cinnamon scent was growing even stronger as she rubbed flanks with me, lapping at my cheek gently before releasing my hand and padding onto the mat.

Once there, she half-turned her upper body, hiking her bushy tail and giving me a good look at her femsex. The source of the scent I'd noticed hit me like a brick between the eyes as I saw how matted the fur around her netherlips was, those pink folds already pouting in anticipation of being filled, what little light there was reflecting off the slick juices already coating them. If I hadn't already been so turned on beforehand, then the sight of her presenting herself to me like this would have enough by

itself to make me want to mount her. Her upper body was angled just enough to let me see her full, ripe tits as she bared that slick cunny, eager for my tauric cock, her muzzle parted softly as she panted in need, her soft, green eyes gazing at me in want.

Slowly, I padded forward, my thick pink lupine cock bobbing under me with each movement as I pushed up and placed my forepaws on her rump, starting to climb over her. Showing me that warm smile of hers, she lowered her forelegs, hiking her rear and making it easier for me to reach the position we both craved. Within moments, I felt the tapered tip of my heated wolfcock nudging her slickened vixencunny as I stood over her, my forepaws on her lower back and my hands resting on her shoulders.

"Don't... make me wait..." she panted out as I pushed my rear hips forward just enough to slip that tapered tip between her pouting cuntlips, ensuring I was lined up properly with that needy passage of hers. "Please... fill me..."

I slid my hands around to her front to cup those full, ripe breasts of hers as I granted her her wish and slid that heated tauric shaft between her slickened netherlips, spreading them wide around its girth as I pushed into that wonderfully tight heatness and wetness. A soft moan escaped her muzzle as she felt my length filling that hungry cunny, the sensations surrounding me making me murr warmly as I gave her every inch of my lupine shaft.

As I felt our rear hips meet I paused, panting and murring warmly as her inner walls rippled a little around my buried length, letting her adjust to my size as I gently massaged her full, ripe tits. I couldn't help but grin as she panted and ground back a little with her softly-furred rump against my rear hips, her bushy tail trapped between our lower bodies as I began to slowly draw back and thrust into the heated, horny vixentaur under me.

Warm murroans slipped between her lips as I gave her slow, firm strokes of that massive tauric wolfcock, letting her feel that thick cockmeat spreading her so wide as I plowed her tight, wet cunny. My hands softly gripped and squeezed her white-furred breasts as she tried to rock back against my thrusts, taking me deep into her heated body and making me murr at the tender grip of her heated passage.

As my pleasure grew, so did the tempo of my thrusts into this beautiful, needy vixtaur I was mounting, precum beginning to drool from the tapered tip as my knot started to grow. Every deep thrust into that grasping, needy vixencunt drew a heated moan from my white-furred lover, mixing with my pleased murr and the wet sounds of her slickened passage grasping at that thrusting tauric shaft. Leaning her upper body back against me, and covering my teasing hands with hers, she braced herself with her forepaws and started to push back firmly against each deep thrust of my massive wolfcock, gasping as she felt my growing knot spreading her even wider as it squeezed in and out of her widespread cuntlips.

"S-so big..." she panted as we drew closer and closer to our peaks, "give me.. haaa.. that knot... make me cum..." she moaned out as more of her slick honey dribbled out around my pumping cock, matting even more of the fur around our crotches as I slammed her full of so much thick wolfmeat. It wasn't going to take much more, I knew with instinctual certainty as I felt how much my knot was stretching her just at this size, and the quivering of her slickened passage each time it barely passed her netherlips. Closing my eyes and gripping those soft orbs on her chest firmly, barely noticing the claws on her hands pricking into mine as she held my hands against those large tits, I gave one strong thrust drawing a loud murroan from us both as my knot squeezed in one last time and trapped that thick lupine

taurcock inside her needy body.

We were both panting heavily from the sensations as I began a series of quick, short thrusts, my knot swelling up just a tiny bit more as her slickened cuntlips gaped around the thick knob of flesh stretching her so much. I could feel my heated cream pooling within me as I rocked my rear hips against her that small amount, and I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. "Nnggg... I think.. I'm gonna..."

"Do it..." she moaned, giving my throbbing knot and heated shaft a firm squeeze with her inner walls, and that was all it took. Leaning my head back to let out a loud howl of rapture, I erupted within my needy vixtaur, thick streamers of hot wolfcream spraying from my pulsing lupine cock and shooting deep into her hungry cunny. My hand squeezed down tight on her pillowy titflesh as I shot burst after burst of rich lupine cum into that needy passage, all my senses concentrating on that buried taurcock.

Loud foxy barks of pleasure filled the air as the feel of my thick cum splashing so warmly inside her set her off, her tight snatch squeezing and milking at that pulsing shaft and throbbing knot, working my spraying length for every drop of my rich seed as I filled her with my heated essence, my knot trapping every bit within her clenching vixencunt.

All too soon, our climaxes came to an end, my grip on her chest easing as she panted and murred in contentment under me at being filled with so much heated wolfcum. Gently, I released those softly-furred titmounds to slide my arms fully around her upper torso, hugging her gently as I slowly came back down to reality, shivering with each quiver of her well-pleasured femsex around my embedded wolfhood.

Twisting at her forward hips just a bit, she reached back to tenderly stroke my dark-furred cheek, her entire body rumbling with her satisfied murr. "That was even better than I'd thought it'd be," she murmured to me, no sign of her former drunkenness in her words. "Such a wonderful wolftaur, with such a wonderful cock..."

I managed a tired chuckle as I gave her furred ear a kiss, the haze of alcohol completely gone from my mind as well. "You're pretty wonderful yourself, Pearl."

A warm smile graced her muzzle as she flicked her ear at the kiss, turning back around and resting her upper body against mine, eyes closing as she relaxed under me, embraced by both my arms and forelegs. I could feel that same relaxed contentment that she was feeling wash over me as I nuzzled into her silvery hair.

"Mmmm.. maybe we should get a bit more comfortable," I whispered. Opening her eyes again, she tilted her head back enough to gaze up at me, giving the underside of my muzzle a gentle lick, then nodded. Careful not to disturb where my wolfhood was still buried so firmly into her, we shifted our weight to the left, and with a little bracing of arm and foreleg, laid ourselves on our sides on the soft mat below us.

With a gentle murr, she snuggled up against the entire length of my body, closing her eyes as I tenderly stroked along her softly-furred cheek and hugged her with my four forward limbs, my rear legs stretching out behind us to lay against her own slender, but muscular, ones. As she drifted off in my embrace, I felt that same contented tiredness reach up and pull me under as well, to join the loveliest vixtaur I had ever known in her slumber.

That night was the start of one of the best times of my life thus far. We made love many more times over the following weeks before her ship was repaired, and each was as good as the first. We also found ourselves spending more and more time in each others company as time went on, and it wasn't just because of the great sex. All good things come to an end however, and almost too soon, it was time for her to ship out.

As we said our goodbyes, I recalled how I'd used to scoff at how the flatlanders cried over each other when they left, despite knowing they'd see each other again. Any spacer knows that tomorrow could be their last, whether it be to an alien attack or a simple decompression accident. Yet there I was, feeling like I was being torn in two as Pearl prepared to leave for parts unknown for who knows how long. Though she hid it well, the lack of her usual grace in her movements had shown that she was feeling the same.

She promised to keep in touch, but out on the frontier, messengers are slow and infrequent. A couple letters have reached me since then, and I've sent responses, but I still don't know if I'll ever see her again. The last package included a holo-locket, displaying a simple image of her in that purple halter she'd been wearing when we first met. Yet even now, as I hold it against my upper heart, gazing out of a nearby port into the vast void of stars separating us, I know I wouldn't have changed a thing.

No regrets.