

The Guidebook

Vignettes from Azuaveria — Episode 14

@dressupgeekout

June 3, 2020

Ever since the fateful skirmish with The Shadow in the asteroid belt of the Argatellian System, Skipper Comet was impressed with Mercenary Coral's raw, brutish strength. He regretted ever not taking her seriously. Cervinian casualties were numerous in that battle, but Comet saw Coral's unyielding and ruthless fighting firsthoof. And he did not forget. She was beautiful, graceful, and lethal.

By the same token, it was the first time Coral saw Comet in such a situation, too. She regretted ever not taking him seriously. Turned out he could shine in the heat of battle, beyond merely showing off his impossibly perfect smile. He was the very definition of a dashing rogue: hoofsome, graceful, and lethal.

Thoroughly floored by each other's performance, romantic tensions had been rising in the days immediately after the Argatellian engagement. The feeling was mutual. Drinks in the mess hall led to chatting, which led to flirting, which led to Comet and Coral together on Coral's bed. She liked being close to him. The feeling of security was warm and fuzzy, like Sol 26-B shining on the late Sutton's antlers.

Coral felt all over Comet's torso. He closed his eyes and sighed deeply, to Coral's delight and amusement. His well-defined pectorals were equally a feast for the eyes and a pleasure to the touch. Clearly he had been working out. He flashed that gallant smile of his. It twinkled like a distant star. Coral could not help but giggle coquettishly.

Suddenly, the Cervinia III's siren rang! A surprise attack from The Shadow!

"Quick! Suck my dick before we go out and show that Shadow scum who's boss!" Comet said desperately.

"Okay, plasma cannon quick~" Coral obliged. He ripped his pants open, no time to zip down the fly like a gentlebeast. A button flew across the room. She drew back a lock of hair and went down

—*Are you KIDDING me?!* Bisky thought. She looked around the apartment to confirm her abnormally loud thought didn't wake any of the neighbors. She shook her head and hit the BACK button on the web browser, then clicked on another title. The glow from her laptop, the only light in Bisky's apartment, was beginning to burn her eyes, even without the additional sting of mediocre writing.

Cervinia III. The third of the four spaceships of the Last Deer Battalion (LDB). Having lost contact with the last of the LDB, it floated in the galaxy almost rather entirely alone. Captain Sutton was the captain of Cervinia III. He was tired in the sleeping quarters and did not wear his blue captain's uniform with that stripe down the middle. You know the one. Instead, he was wearing almost nothing. Because he was in the sleeping quarters. After waiting, Coral entered. "I am here, Captain," she told the Captain. "Yes", Captain Sutton told Coral. "Close the door." She complied wholeheartedly, like the subservient doe she was. Captain Sutton saw focused on her pretty eyes, those orbs of cerulean which he focused on nonstop.

Wow, okay, that's just bad, Bisky thought. *Why is there so much shitty fanfic?* There has to be a good one laying around somewhere...

That Coral doe, the mercenary Sutton brought on board despite not fully understanding her past, wants to talk to you, Skipper. She is alone with you in your quarters. You immediately notice her form-fitting suit. She claims she wants to get to know the enemy a little bit before she pulls any triggers or does anything "right stupid," as she

says. But you're not quite sure about *her* allegiances, either, so you present a counter-offer: you want to get to know your "friend" better, first, before sharing precious intel about The Shadow. You want to know her *very* well, to make absolute certain. Mercenaries are a mysterious bunch, after all.

She deliberately places a hoof on her hip, and raises an eyebrow and bites her lip. Her right ear twitches slightly. You loop the action in your head, over and over again, marvelling at how slow, thick and fluid her movement is. Your heart flutters at the distinct possibility she received your, *ahem*, communication loud and clear. You know not to misinterpret the message being relayed from her hips. You instinctively say "Roger" out loud in acknowledgement, which causes Coral to smirk seductively and tilt her head just a little. The two of you may as well be communicating telepathically. It stimulates a region of the brain which fries your neural implant -- a complete system failure, like when your spine melts as a doe bites you passionately on the neck. The thought enters your head: with her demonstrated cyber skills, she very well may be able to hack the implant and command you to do whatever she pleases. And you will oblige. She will share whatever she wants, and you'll share what you know, but she will always leave you wanting just a little bit more. This is how the two of you will build up trust. Looks like your counter-offer might actually work. Nice going, Skipper.

Your eyes are still interlocking with hers. The expression on her face suggests a complex, nuanced dynamic of domination... or maybe she's just fucking with you. You like that you can't tell the difference. After all, this is the only way you are going to get to *know* anything about her. You dare not look down for too long at the unzipped portion of her suit. You want to keep the borderline impropriety of the situation -- the constant, looming threat of doing something that could get you fired -- stoked and healthy for as long as you two can manage. Ratcheting up the tension, continually tightening the bonds between you two, until it snaps violently like a guitar string and you have no choice but to give in to your carnal, base and -- admit it, Skipper -- your *true* desires.

The question is: who will snap first?

This fuckin' *situation*, Skipper. You could get in serious trouble if you fuck this up. Trapped alone in space with your crew, and *this* piece of tail with

uncertain allegiances? You know what to do. It's a game of wits, but you're clever, Skipper. Your mission: make absolute certain she's on your side. We need to get her real story. We need that intelligence, and stat.

She's alone in your quarters right now. Make a move already, damnit.

Bisky trembled, eager to read on. It was like making the acquaintance of the devil on her own shoulder for the very first time. Immersed in the story, no, completely submerged in it, Bisky felt as though she was directly bestowed with the gift of seduction: the utterly devastating combination of charm and persuasion which, somehow, she knew she lacked in real life. But in this world, she was omnipotent. She was cunning, commanding, and unrelentingly sexy. The story wasn't merely smut. It transformed into a *guidebook*, an instruction manual for how to live in a world where one can obtain whatever they wished, even the doe of their dreams. A world devoid of fear of the consequences.

She didn't need the story anymore. That was someone else's imagination. Bisky had her own imagination. It was as good as any, surely. Except it was better, because it was *hers*.

She closed her eyes and lay on her back.

Make a move already, damnit.

Bisky swan-dived from her couch into an ocean of sweat, saliva, blood and lubricant. She did not have a boat, but that was of no matter. The mixture was thick and smelled of woman—a warm, familiar and soothing ooze, nearly embryonic. She broke the surface and gasped loudly for air, arching her head back dramatically, flinging infinitely many droplets of the liquid off her fur. The light of three full moons illuminated her backstripe and refracted off of the salivary mist in a dizzying array of impossible demirainbows, cyan, yellow, and magenta. After catching her breath, she plunged back into the elixir and observed with her eyes the feeling of ecstasy clinging to her naked body, like outstretched chewing gum which refuses to break. She performed a somersault in place, and the bubbles trailing underneath her crept up and tickled her nose and breasts, which made her laugh with the combined simplicity of young kithood and the sophistication of kink. When the effervescence finally stopped tickling, she opened her eyes and saw Coral, also naked, her face only inches away from Bisky's. Coral raised an

eyebrow. Bisky bit her lip. Coral suddenly took Bisky by the paw and swam hurriedly to the surface, where they embraced with an unfathomable ferocity. The doe kissed deep as their ocean, her tongue discovering unexplored regions in the skunk's throat and thickly painted over them with a coat of dioxylycin and cervical mucus. Bisky wriggled in the sensory stream, contorting her body and her mind to maximize contact with the doe's offerings. The wriggling dissolved into writhing, which transitioned into convulsing with a force so extreme that it depleted all of her.

Bisky was spent.

She sank.