

A tall, muscular wolf clad in the station's standard uniform padded carefully into the resort's central room. Occupying the upper half of an entire orbital defence platform, the resort had stripped out all military hardware and outfitted the cylindrical station with 'rest and relaxation' equipment – as well as redecorating the exterior with the pale-blue and white national colours and patterns of New Attica, and turning the dull metal hallways within into crisp white wallpaper and soft carpeting. The main feature of the resort – on the cover of their brochure and the room the wolf had just entered – was the glass-domed apex of the station, a colossal room big enough to play several football matches at once, that had at one time housed the computers and main control hardware for the defence platform. Now however, it was dominated by a huge swimming pool, more of a lake than a pool, with a gentle, if enormous, water-feature in the very centre. After stripping out the warfare material and transferring the station's controls down to the engineering section, the owners of the resort had installed vast metal sheets over the glass that could be retracted during the day cycle, allowing the sunlight to stream through the protective glaze and glass and warm the room, and closed up after a dozen hours to simulate night-time. It was mid-day, or what passed for it, on the station as the wolf entered and moved towards one of the numerous empty sunbeds. The expensive resort was rarely 'packed', often too expensive for more than half its carrying capacity to afford, but at this time of year it was particularly sparse, with only a few hundred people milling around the beds and pool, many of the richer clientele having flown to other parts of the system to enjoy the hot summer from a cooler climate, the ski-habitat on Pluto, and Station in orbit around Titan were particularly favourite choices at the time of year. Picking a particularly quiet part of the room, a five minute walk from the entrance, as per her request the wolf pushed a sunbed closer to the water's edge with his foot, and carefully lowered the woman in his arms onto the sun-warmed seat. She sighed involuntarily at the heat and turned her head to look up at him, squinting at the same time from the glare of the sun

"Ah, of course ma'am, my apologies" he hastily pulled out the sunglasses from his breast pocket and bent down again to slip them onto her face, the bridge custom widened to rest easily over the wide base of her snout. "Will that be all ma'am?"

"Yes, thank you Captain". White whiskers twitched happily and pale white fur rippled and parted to reveal more of the two, oddly cute, buckteeth as she smiled gratefully. The rat shuffled into a more comfortable position and let the hot sun warm her fur as the wolf turned to leave. "Actually, captain" he stopped and turned sharply, but without annoyance, just simple curiosity. "I'd quite like to go for a swim..."

"Of course ma'am, I'll fetch your...legs; I'll be back in a few minutes". He half-bowed and turned, walking briskly across the room, stepping from tiles and onto the burgundy carpet before vanishing into one of the hallways. On her seat the rat wriggled her hips, shuffling a little higher up the chair and reached for her glass of orange juice; after a second she rolled her eyes and lashed her tail out sharply, wrapping the pink appendage around the cool glass and bringing the straw to her grateful lips. Phantom Limb hadn't been a 'problem' for years, but she still slipped occasionally when her

prosthetics were being cleaned. As the juice flowed into her belly the rat shivered as chill flowed through her body, and the liquid settled in a definite spot in her stomach; an ability many took for granted, but one that was exceedingly rare for the astro-rat, used to having to clench to keep liquids from floating back up her oesophagus. In fact that was the reason she was on the station as all; at her annual check-up the doctor had prescribed – then *ordered* when she had explained she had more important duties – a few months of R&R in Earth Gravity. Instead of taking an arduous and exhausting shuttle back down to Earth she had checked into ‘Rotational Resort’ for her vacation. The orbital platform was initially built by warring factions on the Earth; it spun very fast in order to lob nuclear warheads down at the planet below, and as a side effect created enough centrifugal force to simulate gravity slightly stronger than on Earth. When an intelligent person had pointed out to the government that actually a fair sized rock could do just as much damage as a nuke when tossed in from orbit the station had been abandoned – and the person shot for pointing out the colossal waste of money *after* it had been used. Several decades later when the station was turned into a resort it became a hub for extra-terrestrial ‘gee-time’ to repair the effects space had on the body that ‘Gee-pills’ couldn’t contain over extended periods of time. Without any true method of creating the gravitons required for true artificial gravity, and in an effort to stave off the rule set other stations required prohibiting any metal objects – similar to the rules around MRI scanners – in centralized areas like the pool, a heady combination of scientific ‘optical illusions’, and chemical and technological know-how including specific air-content creating impressive – if entirely unnoticeable from a client’s viewpoint – pressure differences and ‘smart’ dust made of conductive silver and magnetic ferrous metals among other things, kept the illusion of gravity in technically weightless areas, specifically the apex room, the pool, that allowed people to relax and look up at the greeny-brown landscape of Earth, and occasionally the other planets in the distance. The result of both methods of ‘gravity’ was some very interesting corridors, most of the public hallways slowly curved into a loose right angle a few feet outside the centre of the station to shift from one ‘floor’ to another, but several places, particularly in maintenance, had walkways that literally turned vertical at right angles.

From her seat she could just about see the clear glass circle in the centre of the pool. Beneath that four foot thick layer of diamond engrained toughened glass was the very core of the station, free from any gravity within the spinning axis and below the rotating superconductors the area had initially been used to store bombs and act as a coolant for the entire station. Now the room, almost a kilometre high, was surrounded by heaters and filled with numerous fans, blowing the heated air around to create eddies and plumes of air in the ‘free-fall room’. The white rodent had been there earlier in the day, and the thought brought a pleased smile to her lips as she remembered one of the few perks to being a quadruple amputee; while every other non-avian being had to strap on a body-chute to float awkwardly around the room, she had simply had her wing prosthetics – a mass of luxurious long white feathers, designed to match her fur with custom blue highlights on the outer feathers, each one attached to an ‘arm’ housing a supercomputer that translated her nerve impulses into avian actions and co-ordinated each feather to move just as a real wing would – strapped on and flown up and down the currents to her heart’s desire. Initially people had been a little disturbed at the sight of a legless rat with seemingly real wings flapping and flying around the room, but the station’s captain had taken it upon himself to be her personal escort and before long people had grown accustomed to the amputee...even with the unusual prosthetics she occasionally donned. With the amount paid for a stay at the resort everyone received a very attentive crew, but by and

large the captain remained at the station's controls, not interacting with guests very much; however he had made an exception for the rat, forsaking his duties for the most part to tend to her. Initially she had assumed it was because she was immobile without her prosthetics, but the level of attention he paid her had begun to hint at a little more than pity.

As if on cue he returned, walking across the room with a large fish tail, long enough to add an extra foot at *least* to her height, compared to her prosthetic legs. Most of the streamlined scales were dark greens and blues but they faded, growing duller and smaller towards the hips where they became almost white, to blend seamlessly into the rat's own flesh and blood waist.

"Here we are, would you like some help putting it on?" He asked every single time, there was never a need because both *knew* she needed his help, but the wolf seemed unable to break the courtesy.

"Please", she wriggled around, undulating her stomach and flexing shoulders and hips with a skill borne of years of practice, and a fluidity that drew more than a glance from the wolf, albeit one he quickly stopped as soon as he realised he was looking. Gripping her waist gently he swung her around until her hips hung out over the edge of the sunbed; her ears jangled brightly as she lifted her head to look down at him, the seven iridium rings in her large ears – five on the right and two on the left – clinking together as she shook her head and flicked the bright blue Mohawk of hair out of her eyes, revealing another two metallic studs protruding from her eyebrow. The wolf blushed slightly as he reached up, as much as he wanted to look away he couldn't without risking *prodding* her in the crotch, so instead he blushed uncomfortably and tried to behave professionally as he slipped two fingers around the crotch of her one-piece swimsuit and gently pulled. Unable to wear a bikini without her arms and legs on the rat was wearing a tight purple one-piece swimsuit; the suit was deliberately a little too small to use the tension between groin and shoulder to keep the clothing firmly in place, however it had the side-effect of clinging to her body very alluringly, as well as working its way up her crotch quite well. To this end the wolf pulled the material a few centimetres away from her nethers and ran his fingers down, moving carefully to avoid discomfort as he pulled the damp fabric out from between her labia and trying desperately to ignore the heat on his fingers. A glance up at her impassive, unabashed face reassured him somewhat, and he slid his fingers down further, to the drier section of fabric between her crotch and bum, where a small, carefully padded plastic latch nestled. After fiddling for a few seconds he managed to undo the catch and immediately diverted his gaze back up to her face as the taut fabric snapped limp, revealing the rat's sex in its entirety as well as the dark crevice a little lower down where her buttocks pressed together. Even looking up at her face he couldn't avoid the blush as her ample breasts – obscuring her chin from his point of view – heaved upwards, dragged by the clingy fabric as it shifted, before slipping free and bobbing back down to rest, quivering faintly, on her chest.

He grabbed her real tail first, slipping it into the hole at the back of the mermaid tail and moving the joining section closer while feeding her flesh and bone tail steadily down the smooth tube. The tip almost brushed the far end as he eased her bum and hips into the semi-flexible 'seat' of the prosthetic, the rim skin-tight around her waist. A slight click echoed from somewhere just beneath the rodent's body as sockets clicked together, wiring the nerves in her hips straight into the mermaid tail and she experimentally kicked, sending the tail-fin flicking up sharply. The wolf took the two freely hanging halves of the latch on her suit and pulled them down, once more pulling the swimsuit taut across her breasts but also pulling the sides down over the prosthetic's join and pulling the

crotch of the swimsuit down over where a mermaid's slit might have been, and attached the front and back to the two opposing latches, effectively tying her clothes back on. With that he stood and slipped an arm under her back and under the tail, scooping her back up into the air, he stepped smartly around the vacant sunbed and gently lowered her into the sun-warmed water.

"I'll come back and check on you in an hour ok?" The captain asked as he released her and stood back as she splashed around to orient herself and lay on her back, hair already soaked and hanging over one eye

"Sure, that should be enough to get some exercise...and a drink" she spat a stream of water up playfully, watching it fall short and rain back down onto her belly before kicking her tail and diving straight under the water and away from the captain in lazy, powerful kicks. The wolf watched her ass as she swam, realised he was watching her bum, and quickly left, checking his watch as he walked; he would spend the hour tending to his professional duties...namely making sure no one was trying to throw rocks, pens or crowbars out of the airlocks and ensuring the station didn't fly too far or too close to the planet. Subconsciously he would spend the time thinking about his rodent charge and working extremely hard in order to have more time to look after her.

"Is that?"

"Yes!"

"Are you sure? I've never seen her with a *fish* ta-"

"Foo! How many quadruple amputee, blue haired mice do you know? For that matter, how many can there *BE* in space?" The rat had been swimming around for about half an hour when the pair began to talk. Most would have needed arms to stay afloat but she had spent years in space, long enough to learn to control her breathing and practice, enabling her to exist contentedly without air for just over five minutes; as a result, while others splashed and soaked at the surface, she swam around underwater with only her large tail as propulsion and steering and leapt almost entirely out of the water each time she needed to breathe, occasionally startling other swimmers by accident...and more often on purpose. The voices sounded familiar, even distorted as they were on the journey from air to water; she flipped over in the water and stared intently up through the rippling surface, almost certain she knew the pair.

"*DEE!*" the female voice called out and the figure on the left waved heartily at the rodent, prompting her to swim to the surface and grin with pleased surprise at her two friends.

"Foo, Zot, hi there! Mind giving me a hand?" The pair nodded and crouched down, gripping Dee's wet body with practiced ease and hauling her out of the water and into a sitting position on the edge, neither showing any embarrassment as their fingers dug into the supple, firm flesh of her breasts and hips. They then sat down either side of Dee and each slipped an arm behind her back, supporting her weight so the rat could lean back slightly

"I'm surprised to see you here Dee". Foo looked over the rat-mermaid with a slightly amused grin, his amber eyes glimmering slightly in reflected light from the pool. The chocolate brown horse had grown a similar styled, un-gelled Mohawk as Dee but left it a natural, pale brown colour

“Doctor’s orders I’m afraid, apparently the Gee-pills just don’t quite cut it.” Dee turned her head and regarded Zot coolly, “I saw on the news, congratulations.”

“It was pure chance, you know that.” The ant-eater’s emerald eyes flicked forwards as a slight blush tinged her orange-furred cheeks. A golden coloured tongue flicked out and licked her purple lips nervously – several oval shaped patches of purple fur broke up the normal orange, particularly on her face, feet, thighs and crotch, as well as two large rings around her upper chest, like a necklace, and a good half of her tail. “But thanks anyway, maybe I’ll be better at it than the last guy.” The ant-eater had recently been chosen out of a lottery of every citizen in New Attica to become one of the new crop of Councillors by Lot, part of the main governing body.

“So you two are here to celebrate? As good a reason as any.” Dee caught the subtle glance her two friends shared at the mention of ‘celebration’ and smirked, recognising the look. “Ooh, so you’re here for some *personal* R and R?”

“Ugh, Foo you have a *terrible* poker face!” Zot teased, kicking one of her clawed feet and splashing the slender horse with water. Grinning, he kicked a hoof, splashing her back and soaking Dee in the process.

“She was watching *you*,” he laughed and apologised to the rat, although both he and Zot let their gazes linger on Dee’s chest, watching her breasts heave faintly beneath the wet fabric as she breathed. Sex between the trio was nothing secret or discreet, in fact the only reason Zot and Foo were in the highly paid jobs with the qualifications they had was because as teens the ever practical and pro-active rodent had deterred them from getting nothing done and watching the opposite sex by bribing her group of friends with sex each time they completed a project. The teens grew up and moved further from each other, each pursuing their own careers, which meant the ‘rewards’ were harder to give; although the habit had never technically died...something Zot was undoubtedly thinking of and wondering if her friend would deem being randomly selected as councillor a worthwhile achievement.

“So...did you have anything in mind when you picked here?” Dee interrupted the increasingly naughty thoughts of her friends. “Have you tried the free-fall? It’s *very* fun,” She nodded over to the glass circle beneath the pool.

“Actually, we’ve been piloting some of the, umm, sex-bots.” Foo gave a light cough and checked no one was nearby, chatting sex with Zot and Dee he didn’t mind, but it was still slightly embarrassing to be caught on the topic in public.

“Yeah, I broke the snake one the first day we were here...tried to make it walk,” Zot giggled. The android at reception in the station was a basic humanoid robot covered in synthetically grown flesh, it sounded, acted and felt like a real vixen, and if you cut it she would bleed, but cutting deep enough revealed the inner machinery and programs that ran her speech and movement functions. The ‘sex-bots’ Foo and Zot had been playing with were designed to fulfil certain fetishes, technically just incredibly complex sex-toys the robots could be anything from simple android, allowing the client to fuck whatever species he or she desired, up to the more obscure and even downright strange fetishes. Dee had built her own sex-bot back home, a tiny robotic anthropic mouse to fulfil her sexual – and sometimes macrophillic – desires; in fact the first time she used him Dee had

discovered just how flexible she was – undoubtedly a by-product of enormous amounts of sex with her friends – when a minor malfunction sent her little friend wriggling all the way up, through her cervix and into her womb. The ‘bots the station used came with an additional feature, allowing a person to ‘take control’ and experience the same sensations they would have if they *were* the robot, allowing clients to experience life as an alternative species, gender or with normally impossibly qualities.

“So...any in particular or are you just working your way through the station’s entire inventory?” The rat flicked her head between the two friends.

“Well...we’ve spent most of the past two weeks inside or controlling this snake-bot...”

“Inside? Like...”

“Yep! Actually *inside*, oh it feels fantastic Dee, you can ‘eat’ people with it and feel them inside you!”

“And feel what it’s like to be inside a stomach,” Zot added. “Although it’s not quite what you’d expect, because you *are* a six metre python it’s more like a very large, squirming meal.” Dee’s mind flitted back to her own micro sex-bot and she understood what Foo meant by feeling them inside.

“Anyway, we’re about to head back, would you like us to change you?” Foo cast about for Dee’s usual prosthetic limbs.

“My limbs are getting a tweak and polish...have been for weeks actually.” Dee paused, letting a scowl flash across her features “Ugh, I bet they’ll have fiddled with all the little things.”

“Oh...what about your back-up?”

“They’re back in my room,” she replied with a particularly sour tone. Her usual prosthetics were custom-built robotic marvels of engineering, matched almost perfectly to her original limbs and tailored to move seamlessly with her body, as well as blend perfectly into the fur on her shoulders and hips; her back-up limbs however, were a junk-heap run of the mill set of standard robotic arms and legs, thick clumsy and clunky without any protective padding or aesthetic flesh. Dee would happily use them if she needed to, and at home did so every night in order to keep the prosthetics clean, but if she didn’t *have* to, she tried to avoid using them; although they worked perfectly fine they *felt* cloddy to her. “It’s alright, the captain will be coming by in about fifteen minutes to check on me...he’s been *very* helpful almost since I arrived.” Shrugging in resignation Zot and Foo both kissed Dee on the lips before playfully pushing her back into the water; just like the wolf earlier they watched her ass as she swam away, but neither looked away in embarrassment. After a minute they shared a look and turned to leave.

“Dammit, again?” Foo glowered at the coin in Zot’s hand “How can I be *this* unlucky? I’ve lost two weeks in a row!”

“Maybe you’ll win next time, but you lost honey, so get in.” Zot’s tongue flicked out and licked the equine’s nose. “mmm, I can’t wait to taste feel you sliding through my jaws....over my tongue and down my throat, ooh.” The ant-eater traced the path from lips to belly as she spoke, her grin

growing even wider as Foo blushed deeply at the thought, hung his head in resignation and clopped across the room and out of a side-door. Smiling wickedly, Zot slipped the two headed coin back into her pocket, she'd let the equine win again...eventually. Walking across the clinically clean and bare metal cell she checked the door was locked, the key hanging from a chain and tucked out of sight between her breasts, before heading across the cold metal floor and clambering up into a large gyroscopical device, shuffling snugly into the seat at the centre she fastened the numerous belts, slipped on the headgear and flicked the machine on, shivering with tingles of anticipation as electricity hummed through the metal hoops around her, pouring tele-kinaesthetic information about her chosen robot straight into her brain, flooding her senses and overpowering her feeling of self until she was no longer an ant-eater, but a huge, six-metre long python coiled up in the dark, hissing softly as the familiar taste of Foo flickered onto her twitching forked tongue.

Foo looked through the glass window and saw Zot's eyes roll back and close. The room he was in was much more what you'd expect from an expensive resort, cushions, a huge bed, carpets and obscure paintings on the walls; the only oddity was a large mechanical door, which slid open as his gaze hovered on it and the massive snake slithered through. As aroused and eager as he was, the sight of such a realistic predator slithering towards him sent shivers of fear up his spine, and he instinctively pulled his knees up onto the bed.

"Sso," The snake spoke, a gravelly, rasping female voice but somehow unmistakably Zot "Already unwrapped for me." despite lacking the lips or muscles to do so, Foo was sure the snake smiled at him, her piercing eyes roaming unabashed over his naked body – the horse had begun to strip almost as soon as he entered the room, it had taken less than a single session for the pair to decide they tasted better without 'wrapping'.

"Just for you Zot," He forced the impulse away and relaxed as she slithered up towards him, sliding onto the bed and wrapping him up in her coils, before even half of her body had left the floor Foo was almost entirely hidden beneath the thick flesh, the mechanical parts completely un-detectable. Overpowered by the weight he collapsed backwards with a half chuckled gasp that was choked off as the wide jaws pressed against his in a semblance of a kiss. Foo expected the jaws to widen over his face, to smother him in saliva and push him deeper into the squishy tunnel of her throat, for the jaws to stretch impossibly wide over his shoulders and swallow him whole deep into the dark, wet pit of her stomach. Instead her long tongue flicked out and pushed almost to his gagging point before flicking back out as her head moved back again.

"Bumping into Dee gave me sssome ideasss," She hissed lustily. "You remember that ssstory ssshe told usss about her ssssex-bot?" she had slithered up entirely onto the bed, smothering him and much of the bed beneath her huge body.

"Uh...the one where she wrapped him up and treated him very gently?" Foo lied, knowing exactly where the snake was going, anticipating and fearing it at the same time.

"No sssilly, the one where it goesss up inssside her...and getsss ssstuck." A wicked glint entered her eye and Foo suddenly became very conscious of a conspicuous heat on his shin. Summoning hidden reserves of strength he managed to sit up under her coils for just a second and confirm that she had pushed the last few feet of her tail between her thicker coils and the snake's slit was resting, practically *drooling* on his shins.

“Uhh Zot...I’m not sure the snake is built fo-“

“It iss, I checked,” She said in a satisfied tone, she leaned in for another kiss, and at the same time Foo felt the sticky warmth on his shins shift, moving lower and growing wider, creeping over the tips of his toes. Zot’s snake body began to slither and writhe atop him, the cool scales ticking his hot skin pleasingly as her head swayed just above his, humanesque predatory eyes gazing down at him with a very different kind of hunger to the one he usually saw. Her writhing atop him wasn’t purely for the pleasure of rubbing her long body over his and smothering him into the bed, the lower part of her tail was shifting, coiling away from the pair and lining up with Foo’s trapped legs. With a very audible, very lewd squish, the heat encompassed his hooves entirely; the, cold by comparison to her inner flesh, semi-muscular, thick flesh around her slit, the snake’s version of labia, pressed firmly around him, the simple weight would have pinned his feet together even without the muscular twitches clenching and flexing, encouraging him deeper.

“Godsss yesss!” She shoved her face for another kiss, licking over his entire face with her slender tongue – Zot had commented on their very first experience how utterly gorgeous he tasted, and he often caught her barely avoiding licking him right there in public, and she’d developed a habit of sucking on his ears and fingers while they slept; nothing like piloting the snake, she said, but nevertheless it wasn’t rare anymore to wake up in the morning and find Zot’s lips wrapped around his wrist, sucking his entire hand like a sweet. “Oh thisss isss sso much better! Godsss I’ve been dreaming of thisss.” her entire body rippled with pleasure as she pushed herself down over Foo’s calves and shins, stuffing him knee-deep into her slit.

“Y-you have?” The horse was more than willing and Zot knew it, so she wasn’t deterred by the slight quaver in his voice as the combination of her lustful stare and overtly predatory body triggered a subliminal prey instinct in his mind, his ancient deer-like ancestors screaming at him to run. Even if he had tried to escape with any real effort he wouldn’t have been able to shift the eight hundred pounds of snake, even just the two hundred settled on his body, and after all he was already thigh deep in her snatch, and he doubted it would be as simple as pulling his legs out of the sticky, vice-like grip of her depths. Nevertheless he struggled and squirmed lightly beneath her, giggling as her long tongue flicked playfully across his face again, distracting him while she swallowed his legs entirely, feeling an extremely pleasurable thudding sensation as his hooves nudged her cervix. Normal cervical stretching was extremely painful, and technically not even stretching, a combination of relaxants and pain-killer hormones dulled the sensations of the woman, allowing her body to distort and tear without *too* much complaint. However clients didn’t want pain, and didn’t want to dull any sensations; and to this end the snake and other robots capable of unbirthing fully grown people had a partially automated cervix, it was designed to clench tightly shut, but stimulation from the outside prompted the tight ring to relax just enough to allow the object through, ‘locking’ again afterwards and sealing them away into the robot’s womb. The concept was specifically designed to give the victim no control whatsoever, part of the fetish was a total submission to the predator, and that couldn’t be achieved if the victim knew exactly how to escape, instead being utterly trapped and at their partner’s mercy created the desired feelings of worry, that tiny twinge of fear their partners might *not* let them go; the private rooms like the pair Zot and Foo were in had no time limit, no one would come and check on the occupants or expect them to leave after a certain period, as a result it was more than possible for a ‘victim’ to spend the entire holiday trapped deep within

their lover's body, particularly if they had a dominating, predatory personality – something Zot seemed to be developing.

With a lewd squelch Zot shuffled again and clenched around the horse's legs, the thick, rippled flesh of her snatch flexed and sucked; an action Zot had been practicing with her dildo for almost a week just to do it to Foo, clenching her pubic muscles and flexing her abdomen in a rippling motion that sucked the dildo in up to its hilt, where the nose bopped her cervix. But Foo wasn't her dildo – he was *much* better, she thought to herself – and she wasn't herself, instead of pulling him a few millimetres deeper and pressing his hooves firmly against her cervix the rippling contraction slurped him *through* her cervix, the ring of muscle clenching tightly around his ankles as he squished half a foot deeper, the hot, heavy muscle and flesh sliding up his cock and pinning the raging erection flat against his belly. Foo gasped in shock, it was so *hot*! He'd been inside her stomach repeatedly, and her vagina was very warm as well, the hot, slick flesh massaging and kneading around his legs and hips, coaxing him deeper one delicious millimetre at a time; but her womb was like a sauna, far from the slippery folds of her birth canal the walls of her womb were much stickier, the chamber almost completely filled with a gloopy, gluey fluid, almost like cum but much thicker. The equine squirmed around eliciting pleased hisses from Zot in an attempt to get quickly acclimatised to the incredible heat so deep within her loins, he knew she wouldn't stop for something like a little sweating on his part, and wanted to enjoy himself without passing out from overheating. The squirms had the added effect of rubbing his pinned cock roughly between his now slightly sweaty body and the slick, quivering flesh of Zot's snatch; and he soon stopped thinking about anything except the pleasure from his erection as the rippling, sucking tunnel of tight flesh sucked him deeper. Zot pulled herself up onto the bed again, pushing Foo further up to get herself comfy and slithering mostly off him, at about the same time – probably aided by her movement – the combination of sensation and imagination got to Foo and his whole body shuddered, his upper body flexing and arching while from the waist down *tried* to move, but got nowhere in pushing against Zot's powerful, heavy muscles. Her vagina was a similar temperature to the equine's core body temperature, and so only the movement of his cum let the pair know he'd actually orgasmed, the thick, sticky fluids mingling with Zot's juices and oozing around Foo's hips as she continued to unbirth him, taking advantage of his moment of exhaustion to swallow up his navel.

“W-whoa...” Blinking through the haze of watery-eyes – an annoying side-effect to cumming quite *that* potently – he looked down and saw the green scaled lips wrapped tightly around his stomach, translucent juices oozing out over his skin and sluicing off onto her groin as he slid inside. Zot had coiled up on the pillows and was moaning almost constantly, watching the spectacle through scrunched up eyes as her tongue flicked in and out, tasting the smells on the air. Just beyond her nether-lips the horse made a very distinct bulge in her tail, but as she grew thicker the bulge grew less pronounced, he couldn't see anything by the time the first coil crossed over herself, around his thighs; and it suddenly dawned on the equine that he would be completely concealed from the outside world once all the way inside her “Uhh...Zot, it's...very tight in there...could you maybe relax a bit?” He gave a playful kick and watched her eyes snap open in surprise, before a slow smile spread onto her face accompanied by a soft moan.

“No. Mmm keep up the squirming, you feel so good!” Before he could respond she climaxed again. When he had only been ankle or thigh deep it hadn't been too bad, quite pleasant actually; but as her greedy sex squished up his chest her repeated orgasms became quite uncomfortable for the

horse, the already tight tunnel crushing down around him with incredible force, holding him tight before a firm contraction sucked him a little deeper, only to repeat the motions. As his chest crept through her vulva, bringing the scent of sex more strongly to his nostrils his hooves nudged the bottom of her womb, having slid down the surprisingly ovular sack for several minutes; at almost three feet long and barely half as wide her womb snugly housed almost all of his legs, and as her cervix slid over his hips like a skin-tight bracelet it grew steadily more cramped, stretching slightly deeper beneath his hooves but by far the easier route was for his legs to fold up; unwilling to give her a victory so easily he kept his legs locked out, fighting the quivering muscles and simple weight of her body as they tried to force him into a small package. Eventually it was the heat that got to him, like a solid wall of humidity as he passed from the warmth of her nethers to the sweltering depths of her loins; sweating profusely, both from the heat and the exertion of fighting her he reached up as her labia inched higher, pushing under his arms and forcing them upwards and gasped with defeat as his legs buckled and folded up, the womb instantly contracting around him, still pulled taut as his hips and throbbing erection entered the gloopy chamber. Even through her coils Zot could hear the lewd squelching as her bodily fluids squished or slopped around Foo's lower body; eager to stuff herself with more of the wriggling horse she flexed and curled the lower tail-tip, the part behind Foo's head, up and pushed the firm tip against the base of his head.

"Zot!" He gasped, panting and groaning in pleasure and pain as another orgasm rolled through her body "Zot wait!" He couldn't actually halt himself anymore, his legs folded and pinned too much to brace against her walls and his arms up too high to grab the bed or her labia, by then he was forced to look up, feeling the warm wetness creep up under his chin and behind his head. Futilely he grabbed her tail in both hands, although it did nothing to slow his decent, didn't even stop her shoving him in with the grabbed tail. "Just, just-oh god it's so hot in here! Just don't clench *too* hard? It's very tight in your wo-ooo-omb," she did just that as he spoke, giggling playfully as the powerful muscles forced his body to drag out the last word.

"Or what? You'll ssssquirm at me?" She snickered, holding him within her body to speak, any deeper and his ears would be hers. "You ssshould be grateful! I wasss tempted to jussst pilot a vore-enabled anteater for thisss...can you imagine how tight that would be? Now ssshut up, and sssquirm! Or I'll leave you in there until morning!" Before Foo could respond in any way she clenched and pushed with her tail at the same time, stuffing his head, and a few inches of her tail-tip, into her sex, stifling any complaints he had and turning his voice into muffled, pleasurable vibrations. With a sticky splort her tail came free and effortlessly shook off Foo's hands. He flailed around a little bit before her stretched vagina eased slowly shut, pushing his forearms together and cutting off any view of the outside world he might have still had. Watching through a haze of orgasmic euphoria Zot let her body's rippling contractions suck him deeper and deeper, watched his fingers cling desperately to her outer lips before vanishing with a gooey squelch; the bulges slid steadily downwards, into the thicker part of her body, vanishing into the wider body and disappearing beneath her mass of coils. As a final contraction forced Foo entirely into the snake's womb the few seconds with no air he'd experienced in her vagina ended, in her stomach a small tube provided a steady, if weak and extremely stale, supply of air but in her womb, there wasn't any space for air; instead the 'cum' contained a high level of perfluorocarbons, and after a moment of frenzied struggling as he 'drowned' he relaxed, the last of the air in his lungs bubbled out into the gloop filling the womb and more of the cum filled the space. The pfc's in the cum transferred a steady flow of oxygen to his bloodstream while absorbing the carbon dioxide, literally pulling it right out of his lungs; Foo gulped down the

excess gloop filling his mouth, shivering slightly as the intense heat burned his stomach like a hot drink for a few minutes; the heat wasn't unbearable, just uncomfortable for the first few minutes until he adjusted enough to enjoy it. Blinking at the darkness he explored his new home, everywhere around him the thick muscular walls of Zot's womb pushed inwards, trying to compact him even more in his cramped prison while a huge quantity of fluids filled every available nook and cranny, including his stomach as a steady rate, even though his lungs and trachea were filled to the brim they hadn't stopped his gag reflex and every minute or two he gulped down more of the sweet, honey-like fluids. The walls kept a firm hold on him and every slight movement triggered waves of contractions and muffled hisses of pleasure from the snake, but at the same time the entire womb moved slightly within Zot's body, giving Foo the strangest sensation of weightlessness while being almost immobilised. Outside, Zot chuckled softly as a thick blorp of escaping air pushed its way out of her clenched, quivering vulva, sounding amusingly similar to a belch.

"Heheh, my pussysss sayss you tassed great Foo...And I happen to agr-ARGHH!" Zot screamed in pain and clapped her hands to her head. Wait...her hands? Her *hands*! Zot's eyes flew open and saw the familiar purple haze around the edge of her vision, in front of her the large glass window and several feet beyond a six metre long python was moving its head around and blinking, tasting the air.

"Oh crap...no don't do this!" Zot pulled off the helmet and jammed it back on, pushing the go button again; but nothing happened, for some reason the machine had died, severing her connection with the snake. In horror the ant-eater jumped down from the gyroscope and ran to the door and yanked it open. The snake looked over and opened its mouth, revealing the glistening pink insides, faintly Zot could hear Foo calling out, when she had screamed he had realised something had gone wrong, but couldn't tell he was now trapped inside the womb of, for all intents a purposes, a feral snake.

"Foo!" The voice from somewhere beneath and within the snake froze, realisation slowly dawning on the equine as he heard a muffled ant-eater voice; with scary speed the snake lunged off the bed towards Zot, the ant-eater only barely managing to slam the door shut in time. Moving over to the window she watched the snake open its mouth invitingly at her, before turning around and raising its tail, revealing the half-foot long slit and just behind it a tiny, but equally stretchy, dark fleshy ring. When Zot made no move to enter the room the snake seemed to shrug and began to slither across the room, leaving her to watch in abject horror as the snake – complete with faint ripples in its tail as Foo struggled frantically in an attempt to make the snake release him – slithered from the room. Zot continued to watch the empty room in shock for several minutes, before turning and fleeing.

Dee was getting a massage by the time Zot managed to find her; after the captain had returned and pulled her out of the water – and removed her tail and re-tied the crotch-latch with very red cheeks – after checking she was ok he carried her to the massage lounge. While a four armed beetle went to work on the amputee's back after removing her swimsuit he padded over to the opposite side of the room, a conveniently located bar, and ordered a drink; Zot ran in while the beetle was working on Dee's belly, rubbing oils into the white fur and sliding her hands right up into the fold beneath the rodent's breasts before sliding them down to just barely miss her labia. The wolf noticed Zot's panicked face first as she hurried across the room and, assuming some kind of problem with his ship, stood up to speak to her, following the ant-eater and appearing beside Dee only moments later. The masseuse had stopped and stepped back, allowing the pair a little privacy as Zot explained briefly what had happened, focusing on the disconnection and, in particular, Foo's current predicament.

"Oh dear, this is quite serious on a number of levels!" The wolf glanced between the two women with a worried expression, "Don't worry ma'am, I'll get a team hunting for the snake and I shall take a look at the controls personally, we'll get your boyfriend out safe and sound."

"He's not my boyfriend, just a friend, and I'm more concerned about the machine malfunctioning...."

"Captain."

"Ohh" Zot's glaze flickered over to Dee with a hint of amusement before she continued, "Captain, Foo's in her womb, trapped and probably not seeing the funny side right now, but safe, there's oxygen for him to breathe and nearly two feet of flesh and metal protecting him from the outside world."

"Actually, he's in a great deal of danger, the perfluorocarbon system is linked to the lungs, all the air inhaled by the robot is refined and transfused into the fluids used to keep the occupant alive." Zot still didn't see the problem, but Dee did.

"Without your consciousness forcing the breathing, the snake isn't doing it any more, robots don't need to breathe, so Foo has a limited supply of air...Captain, I assume there's a cleaning process?" The wolf nodded sadly.

"So not only do we only have the few hours before Foo drowns, if he dies we won't even get the body back, cleaning enzymes will break him down into more of the fluids ready for the next occupant, it's a way to keep the robots clean of disease, bacteria and fluids." Dee tilted her head and almost without thinking Zot helped her sit up and opened her mouth to speak, but Dee cut her off, "No we can't just use one of the other controllers," She glanced to the captain for confirmation, he glanced up from his communicator and gave her a nod, so she continued. "To prevent exactly what you're thinking of being done in a malicious way, the robots receive a form of temporary encryption key from the console, it'll last as long as you planned to reserve the room before being deleted. We 'could' try to replace it with the key from a different console, but that would take hours Foo doesn't have...and I suppose the key could be cracked, but it's designed to prevent exactly that" She sighed at Zot's expression "If it wasn't such a problem now, you'd be grateful for it, without it anyone could assume control from you and put Foo at some anonymous pilot's mercy" The captain shut off his communicator and sighed, confirming Dee's suspicion that the station's engineer hadn't been able to simply over-ride the encryption.

"Captain, you and your men scour the station for the snake, and keep other people away from it, from what Zot said the snake appears to be advertising itself," she was referring to the way the robot had put its various orifices on display to Zot, almost as if inviting her in, in truth that's exactly what it was doing. "So start by looking around the more crowded areas. I'll go have a look at the machine and see if I can get Zot to assume control again, that'll put all the safeties back in place," she ignored Zot's curious look, the captain had neglected to mention the various other ways Foo could end up expiring and there was no reason to worry her friend any more than she already was, "and we can bring the snake back from wherever; at the very least I ought to be able to re-enable its breathing manually, our first priority is keeping Foo alive. Now then Zot, if you would be kind enough to take me to deck 16, we can pick up my limbs."

“Dee” The captain blushed and covered his mouth with a hand. “Uh, Ma’am, your prosthetics are still being cleaned...”

“This is an emergency captain! They’ll have to do, I can’t very well go poking around in machinery with those clunky back-ups!” Zot rolled her eyes at the wolf and mouthed ‘they work fine’ before picking up the rodent in an awkward, but surprisingly comfortable looking, bear hug and running from the room; before her long purple and orange tail had even left the room, the Captain was on his intercom ordering people around.

“Here!” Zot called as the metal door to her and Foo’s little love-hole slid open, Dee ran in ahead on long, lithe legs. The prosthetics really were works of art, spectacularly detailed even down to the last hair to match her body perfectly, they even added two inches to her original height – an accidental over-measurement on the designer’s part, but one that looked simply stunned where it *could* have looked grotesquely deformed. Amusingly the perfectly sculpted calves and thighs were just another reason for Dee to keep her real body in prime fitness, an athlete’s legs coupled with a body-builder’s torso or six inches of fat would have given away her prosthetics in a second, and although Dee felt no shame for her disability she preferred to look like she still had arms when she wore them. Blue-green slime dripped steadily down her prosthetics, a strange sight since not a single drop left her fingers or toes. As the amniotic fluid oozed down over her fur convection currents caused by the steadily warming flesh – they had been ice cold when the rat strapped them on – pulled the slime back up her limbs, and combined with the steady absorption her skin would be dry and sleek-furred like normal in under an hour, without leaving puddles wherever she went. Because Zot had carried her from the room in such a rush as to have forgotten the rat’s clothes, Dee was wearing a far too tight black bra and no underwear; Foo’s life was far more important than a little modesty, and hunting for spare clothes would have taken up precious time. Followed by Zot she headed across the room and crouched down by the slightly smoking control panel; unfortunately Dee didn’t have the tool necessary to open the sides and look inside, but it seemed that someone else had been fiddling around with that particular machine, Dee could see a rather large gap where one corner had been bent by a screwdriver or something and badly replaced. Pinching the nerve cluster in her elbow – a cleverly disguised button – she de-activated the feeling in her arm for a few minutes, long enough to drive her fist as hard as possible into the metal just above the bent panel; a benefit of having a tungsten structure in her prosthetics meant her hand was undamaged, she let go of the nerve cluster and ignored the jarring sensation in her shoulder as she picked at the widened gap, working her slender fingers into the space and jimmying the panel off. Immediately she saw the mechanics had been tampered with, although she wasn’t an ‘expert’ Dee had more than her fair share of experience with malfunctioning robots, and knew the general area to look for water-damage or broken wires; in fact just about anyone could have seen the problem, although not tell the exact consequence. A handful of wires in the connectivity section, the area handling Zot’s mental control over the robot, had been smoothly severed with some sort of instrument; obviously sabotage, and remarkably simple to do. Dee revised her ‘simplicity’ opinion when she ferreted around a bit more and traced some more of the cut wires to their source. While just about all the wires linking the robot’s sensations and controls over to Zot had been cut to the point the flow of electricity had melted the last micro-metre of connection, the feedback wires had also been fully severed. Momentary disconnections weren’t uncommon, solar flares could cause interruptions in the flow, and a particularly strong wave of gamma radiation could pass through one of the wires, halting electrical supply for a minute or two, at any time; because of this the helmet Zot wore contained a

circuit breaker with a microscopic energy charge, in the chance that the electrical flow was interrupted by anything other than the stop button –which had *thousands* of safeties attached to prevent people getting stuck, or malicious ex's dumping a partner in particularly vicious ways – the helmet delivered its charge in one sudden burst, this gave the pilot the signature shock Zot had felt, and carried on through multiple feedback paths straight into the robot. The feedback wires sent the robot's AI information about the pilot's brainwaves. The technology had been developed by 'loonies' Lunar colonists who'd originated much like old Australia, the scum of Earth re-located for societies benefit, initially the colony had been a prison-cum-research faculty looking into affecting brain-waves and modifying them; over time when the colony became an established 'state' and just a research colony they turned their attentions to the more undesirable impulses, one of the neural technologies born of such research was the console's two-stage safety feature, it registered malevolent intent, the deep evil kind that went beyond simply sadistic pleasures, to keep the occupant safe if the pilot had lethal intentions, and it registered the very specific pattern caused by a sharp shock to the temples, which let the robot know a small glitch had occurred and to keep all the safeties in place until the pilot regained control. In Zot and Foo's machine, all the feed-back wires had been neatly severed, meaning the disconnection shock had never passed into the robot, it had assumed the off button had been pressed and gone into storage.

Or at least, it should have, four of the five transistors on the underside of the control panel had been smashed with brute force; Dee's technical expertise didn't stretch that far, but from Zot's description of the snake's offline behaviour and the simple fact it *wasn't* sleeping in storage with all the other 'bots, meant Dee came to the logical assumption the transistors destruction had somehow ordered the snake to go out and advertise itself to potential customers...and Dee had no idea who those might be.

"It looks like someone played a mean practical joke." Dee scowled and wriggled further into the console, leaving just her naked bum wiggling in Zot's face, tail cocked in concentration. "I'm guessing they wanted to lock pilots out for a little while, give the other person a bit of a scare and they weren't sure what they were doing, and made a more serious problem. Ow!" She jerked and smacked her head on the inside of the compartment, now sticking one leg out and lifting it up to maintain her balance.

"Dee! You ok?"

"Unh, ow," she rubbed her head, grateful to have a hand to do so. "Yeah, the wires are still live...which is a good thing, now if I can just..." Satisfied with Dee's safety Zot sat back on her haunches and tried to focus on the situation rather than navel gazing...well, gazing at Dee's crotch really. The rat's foot wobbled frantically for a moment, and Zot's hand snapped out around her ankle to help Dee keep her balance as she gave a few more squeaks of discomfort before wriggling backwards out of the compartment.

"Ok, that should have done it" she picked a few long strands of coloured tubing from between her teeth and pulled a face "I hotwired the feedback loop back into play," She nodded to a small antennae on top of the console, used to transmit wirelessly, "that'll get the shock signal to the snake and should get it to restart the safeties, so Foo won't be digested. I don't think it'll have restarted breathing though; most disconnections are brief so it wouldn't need to."

“well, re-wire the controls and I’ll hop into the chair!” With a happy grin Zot climbed to her feet, the smile fading as Dee followed suit.

“Can’t, the wires are fried, we’ll just have to find them the old fashioned way.” Almost as if it were waiting, Zot’s radio crackled and the captain’s voice echoed through the room.

“D- Ma’ams, we’ve found the snake, in the pool area.” Dee snatched up the radio and gave a curt response before dashing from the room.

“Dee!” Zot called after her, “The pool’s this way!”

“I know, you go on ahead, I’ve got an idea!” she yelled back as her pink tail slid out of sight behind around the corner. Frowning at the empty hallway the ant-eater paused only for a moment before breaking into a run towards the central peak of the station; entering night-phase, most of the metal shielding was in place and low lights bathed the room in a moon-like glow. Zot paused at the threshold, letting her eyes adjust to the darkness, before hurrying over to the crowd of security, the wolf at their head. Fortunately the pool was invariably quite empty at night, and the staff only had to herd a few dozen lazy back-strokers and midnight swimmers from the room and away from the snake they had all been curiously approaching; unfortunately one person, a small female bunny, had gotten too close and triggered the snake’s purchase mode. As Zot moved closer to the group of staff she saw the rabbit was ankle deep in the snake’s ass, and a large rhino had his hands wrapped around her ankles, heaving frantically in an attempt to rescue her; with a sickening splorch he slipped backwards, finally overcoming the powerful rectal muscles and dragging the bunny free. The snake hissed, intending to mimic a sound of pleasure as her ‘victim’ was lost, and the rhino quickly ran from the room, carrying his slimy, gasping girlfriend in his arms; as they hurried past Zot caught sight of the blush on the rabbit’s cheeks, and heard her softly mumble about trying that out again later.

“Captain!” The sound of Dee’s voice made Zot jump, turning she saw the rat running back into the room, two odd looking contraptions in her hands. “I’ve reset the safety protocols from the console, but I don’t think it’s fixed the snake’s breathing.” all three looked over towards the snake, unable to determine if it was actually breathing or not.

“So what’s gone wrong?”

“I think you need to have a word with your engineers, a bunch of wires have been cut.” the wolf looked horrified and Dee held up a hand, “I’m sure it was just meant to be a practical joke and the guy knew less than he thought, accidentally cut some of the wrong wires unintentionally, he probably just meant to give whoever was in the room next a bit of a scare.” she slipped past the ring of officers to face the captain with her back to the snake. “Anyway, except for air Foo is safe now. If this doesn’t work I’ll need you to get that console fixed properly and manually eject us alright? We’ll only have twenty five hours of air, tops. Whatever happens, I want you to contact Quux, at the Alpha Kata station in the 53rd around Venus, explain what’s happened and show her to the console, she shouldn’t take more than fifteen hours to arrive” The wolf’s eyes flicked from a small handle protruding from Dee’s thigh to the objects in her hands, realisation dawning. As he watched the rat turned and walked boldly up to the snake, hovering near its crotch; the flesh analogue robot looked at her and stretched its mouth open impossibly wide, once again revealing the drooling pink interior,

when Dee didn't step closer an almost real glint of desire flickered in the huge creature's eyes and she lifted her thick, heavy tail up into the air. Dee looked up at the underbelly of the snake and the dark, moist slit nestled between glistening scales inches above her head, and gulped audibly, clearly a little nervous. Before she had a chance to back out the snake gave a soft hiss of pleasure and pushed down, the specially designed sex stretching effortlessly over the rodent's head and shoulders, forcing her to bend into the tubular tunnel as the snake stuffed her deeper. Without a true consciousness to slow the process and subconsciously add tightness Dee found herself consumed surprisingly rapidly, her head forced through the tight cervix only moments before the last trace of cold air left her toes, covering her entirely in sticky, slippery juices to aid her passage deep into the snake's loins. Almost as soon as her shoulders entered the womb she head-butted Foo in the stomach, relieved when he jerked about and gave a gargled version of an 'oof' – without air there was no way to make voice in the gooey sack; however a little thing like lack of space wasn't going to stop the snake, and she quickly found herself pushing Foo around despite his protests as her chest and hips entered the cramped chamber, the pliant, muscular walls stretching only just enough to allow her entry. Even in the darkness Foo could tell it was Dee just by touch – she'd spent *that* much time in bed with her gang of friends – and panicked slightly, thinking some kind of plan had gone wrong. As soon as her toes slipped into the gooey, full sack and the excess air forced back out, filling her lungs with the same perfluorocarbon gloop that was steadily becoming inert, he scrabbled at the cervix for a few minutes, before giving up when it became obvious the ring was just as tightly clenched as ever. She felt his body go limp against hers, and she squirmed around frantically until the pair were awkwardly pressed face to face, allowing her to slip the re-breather onto the equine's head, having put her own on as soon as there was enough space. The re-breathers held a small canister of super-dense oxygen at the back of the head, with two tubes coming around the head and face like a band, holding the canister in place; the tubes then went up the nostrils and down the throat, into the trachea. A small motor in the canister simulated slow, steady breathing and pumped a 'breath' of air into the lungs, the other tube had a small filter on the end and a lining of highly specialized perfluorocarbon inside, the filter only allowed gasses through, and the perfluorocarbon lining acted like a capillary, drawing the gas up and into the canister where catalyst split carbon away from the oxygen. As oxygen left the canister it was replaced with solid carbon, increasing the re-breather's duration – and weight, by the time it had been used up the re-breather would gain four pounds.

Once she had forced Foo to be still while she pushed the tubes up his nose she pulled the handle of the sharp knife from her thigh – in space it paid to make sure everything was secured, particularly things that could do damage, and Dee's prosthetics came in handy as storage for certain things; her personal knife for example, lived in a perfect fitting 'sheath' fitted into the flesh of her thigh, a tiny, barely noticeable hardness to the artificial flesh gave away the sheath if one looked really hard, but for the most part the knife could sit discreetly and comfortably out of the way, and more importantly be safely fastened to her body with no chance of floating free. She cupped her arm around Foo's head, pulling him firmly face-first into her breasts, ensuring she knew exactly where he was in the darkness – and conveniently stifling his complaining struggles for the moment – and lunged out with the knife-wielding hand, plunging it into the snake's womb walls. The first lunge was met with a solid clunk after about a foot of strenuous pushing, and Dee realised she's hit the spine; aiming to the side she stabbed again, pushing a little beyond the foot-mark until the tension made her pull back.

"Damn," the captain watched the prominent bulge slowly recede into the snake's belly and knew Dee had failed. "alright men, try to herd her back towards storage, or at least someplace quiet and out of the way." he turned towards Zot, before spinning back at a sharp yell, "Oh for god sake Robert, keep *away* from its mouth! It'll think you're a customer!" He snapped at a wolverine as the man leapt back, just barely avoiding the snake's snapping jaw as she lunged for him. Turning away he beckoned the confused ant-eater to follow "Come on, I know the number of a good engineer," He began, starting to explain Dee's plan as they left the staff to handle the giant serpent.

Inside her womb, Dee mentally sighed and stashed the knife away safely and relaxed her grip on the blushing Foo. She hadn't expected it to work; the womb would have been built to handle all sorts of species with claws, horns and spines, and her knife was duller than many species' natural weapons, but she was still glad she tried. Unable to physically speak to the equine she tapped Morse code onto his shoulder, a useful language she'd taught all of her friends years ago.

"Are you alright?" it took Foo a minute to understand, and she had to repeat the signal for him to actually listen – well, feel.

"Yes, panicked a bit when you arrived though, you have a plan?" Rodent and horse were shuffling constantly, fighting the womb's natural shape and the snake's undulating, rippling muscles in an effort to stay face to face.

"The knife", she assumed he'd felt her stabbing just behind him "Walls are too tough, but captain is calling an engineer".

"How long will th-" Foo lost his sentence as a particularly powerful flex squished him around, spinning him and Dee slightly, after a moments struggling he was about to restart when she interrupted.

"Don't know, maximum of 25 hours...it's nice in here, I hope he takes a while"

"What?!"

"Well I've got nowhere to be, might as well enjoy myself in here, and *you* must have liked it to get in to begin with". Foo had no response, partly because Dee had given up fighting the clenching womb and decided to help it, crossing her hands over she pressed one into the side of his chest and grabbed his opposite hip with the other, before sharply twisting him amidst several lewd squelches, giving in to the womb's natural inclination and pushing him into a foetal, sixty-nine position. In truth she'd been expecting the movement, which is why she took the nasal re-breathers rather than the oral fixture; she didn't want their mouths obscured. Her fluid-soaked thighs squeezed firmly around Foo's head, pressing his snout up against her sex, while her own face was in a similar position, the womb refusing to let them move apart now it had settled into a fairly neutral shape. "Speaking of enjoyment...while you're down there", she tapped the sentence onto him buttocks, and emphasised the point by giving his shaft a playful lick.

It was twelve hours before the engineer arrived, and another ten before he got the snake back under control. Zot gasped with total shock as waves of pleasure rolled through her, her entire body

shivering with delight at the wonderful fullness from two whole people trapped within her, in her most intimate parts no less. But Foo had been trapped for over a day, and Dee almost as long; with a few hisses of unhappy longing she bit back the pleasure and started the arduous re-birth, flexing and clenching the muscles outlined in the snake's manual until Dee squelched out amidst of torrent of gloopy, whitish fluids moments before Foo followed suit, 'pouring' out onto Dee, their bodies splatting against one another. Instinctively their bodies recognised the air on their tongues and began to retch, and much like new-borns Dee and Foo 'exhaled' – vomited for want of a better word – the fluids in their lungs, an impressive flood of gloop gushing from their lips with sticky burbles as air was dragged in through the perfluorocarbons to equalise the pressure. Giggling happily, the pair sat up a few seconds after their body had finished rejecting the liquid and took deep breaths of cool air while Snake-Zot looked on in the afterglow of orgasm, vaguely wondering if they'd mind if she jumped them again without asking; neither of the trio shared odd glances, or felt at all embarrassed that the captain and various other staff members knew what had happened, they weren't 'Friends with Benefits' because the 'benefits' weren't tagged on, they were an inherent part of being friends with Dee. Half an hour after being 'rescued' the pair had cleaned up and joined Zot and the captain in the food-court, stuffing their empty bellies with food to make up for almost a whole day of nothing but snake-cum.

"So, did you find the engineer responsible?" Dee asked between mouthfuls of food

"It wasn't one of the staff, none of them entered Foo and Zot's room while they had it booked, and the weekly maintenance beforehand showed everything was normal." this was true, engineers were required to record their maintenance for just such an occurrence, while the wolf had been talking Dee's hand had slowed to a stop.

"Booked...so Foo and Zot were the only ones in that room?"

"Yes, its protocol, only one group get a room at a time, to prevent uh... unmentionables, being left behind. What?" Dee's eyes had widened and she's sat up straighter, eyes flicking about, not looking at *anyone* as she joined dots in her mind.

"Assassination...someone was trying to kill Zot!"

"That's a little melodramatic don't you think Dee? Someone's trying to kill me?"

"It's not melodramatic at all, it's Lex Parsimoniae." Foo leaned over and muttered 'Occam's Razor' in the captain's ear "Either, a non-existent employee made a nearly fatal error in his practical joke, there's a homicidal person with detailed electronics skills aboard the station killing at random by re-wiring machinery or," she lifted a finger, "Someone knew the room Zot and Foo were in and attempted to assassinate the new Councillor by Lot in such a way it'd look like a prank gone wrong, which is the simpler answer? Requiring fewer assumptions? Besides, Quux thought as much" the captain lifted his eyebrow at the mention of the useless goat, she'd turned up unexpectedly quickly after he contacted her station – a facility attempting to terraform the broiled planet of Venus into something habitable, and making remarkable progress, in only eight years the temperatures had dropped one hundred degrees on average, and non-acidic steam had been detected – but she'd then taken eight hours to fix the console, and insisted on another two to poke at it before finally letting Zot back on "She's very good, told me the wires had been cut with a knife, something small

enough to conceal in a pocket, also dusted for fingerprints and confirmed the only un-damaged transistor was enough to allow a brief connection to the robot, long enough for Zot to get inside the snake. She's an extremely good engineer captain, graduated at eighteen" she neglected to mention the reason, as with all her friends sterling qualifications, was thanks to the rat and her sexual appetite and willing. "She's autistic and quite introverted, which is why she came across a little rude and weird" She smiled softly at the memory, the goat had spoken to Dee only a few minutes before, rattled off a list of details and given her prognosis before quietly asking if she'd done well; which Dee knew meant well enough for a reward. After a kiss and a confirmation Quux had left almost without a word, Dee had needed to physically grab her and ask the transgender if she was happy now. Originally a man, Quux had often felt at odds with himself and after a bit of encouragement from Dee, finally had the sex-change operation he desired; still unable to have children biologically, the techniques used were much better than they once were, and with the exception of fertility, Quux was everything a female goat should be, and the rat knew she'd return to the station and add another 'reward' to her growing list, never asking Dee to show up, but always keeping the offer open. The thought brought a slight blush to the rodent's cheeks as she realised when she did end up in Venus' neighbourhood, she'd likely spend a solid month as Quux's sex slave to repay all the debts. Before anyone could comment on her blush or sudden silence she continued, "Tell me captain, has anyone left the station abruptly the past few days?"

"No, well, no one on board I mean, we had one of the limpets detach yesterday." He was referring to the numerous vessels and habs – sort of little houses – that often attached themselves to large constructs like the station, occasionally to hide from a fight or seek sanctuary, but more often to give pilots a chance to rest, pick up supplies and recharge any solar batteries; most, RR station included, accepted them without complaint as long as they didn't park over windows or escape hatches or something. "Actually that one *was* a little odd..." He hesitated, still slightly unwilling to share the station's personal information, even among what he would hope might call him a friend. "It...never communicated with us, it's not *that* rare but, it raises a flag, and when they left well....we found a large rupture in the hull at the limpet's loca....oh, oh no." He realised what Dee meant as he spoke, the limpet had used a drill to bore through into the station. "And that explains why none of my engineers could over-ride the safety encryptions, if it was anything but intentionally lethal they should have been able to, oh why didn't I see that!"

"Do you know where it's headed?" Dee asked, taking another large mouthful of food and standing, cheeks bulging as she chewed quickly.

"Terra Firma, don't worry Dee I'll contact the authorities." He blinked, "Uh, Ma'am, sorry Dee. I mean ma'am!" the wolf blushed slightly and closed his eyes at having screwed up so stupidly. Dee simply smiled and swallowed the mouthful.

"Captain, the *authorities* are who hired that assassin, the only ones who'd have a grudge against someone essentially winning the lottery are the Earth governments." She turned to walk away.

"Wait, where are you going?" Zot asked.

"To Earth, I'll find out what's going on and put a stop to it. It's been nice catching up guys, but I'll see you later."

"Stop, don't go!" The wolf was on his feet, holding out a hand, when Dee turned he realised he didn't actually know what he was going to say, and finished quite lamely, "You've still got three weeks in your payment contract." Dee grinned impishly, the poorly hidden meaning in his words not lost on her.

"I had a wonderful time captain, thank you." She stepped smartly around the table and cupped a hand to his chin, pressing her lips to his in a kiss. "And I'll *definitely* be coming back...particularly if I get to try out some of those robots," she winked, waved at Foo and Zot and walked briskly across the room, pausing long enough to shoot the wolf a suggestive look and add, "Although...I'll need a partner." And with that she was gone, breaking into a jog as she headed to the hangar, already on the phone and getting the automated services to deliver her clothes, and backup limbs and other things she'd brought with her to her ship.

The wolf slumped down into his chair and stared dejectedly down at his plate. "Damn."

"Ohh, she made a promise!" Foo widened his eyes playfully while Zot nudged the captain and added,

"She *likes* you. A *lot*."

"Really?" the captain brightened considerably, having initially thought she was just blowing him off, not as accustomed to her practical nature as Zot and Foo were. The pair shared a coy glance and stood, both looking down at the wolf.

"Of course, we'd be happy to put in a good word for you with her."

"If we got to know you a little...better." Foo lifted an eyebrow suggestively and licked his lips while Zot took the wolf's hand and tugged him out of his seat, leading him out of the room and down the hallways. The pair pulled him along firmly, but gently, so that he was more than capable of stopping if he wanted; as they left the food court it became obvious he wasn't about to stop, although he was still looking between the two in slight confusion.

"I...really ought to go and umm...fly the station?" His excuse was even more pathetic than the one he'd tried on Dee, Zot and Foo weren't even pulling him anymore, he was walking freely between them.

"No you don't, a deputy or someone can handle it...say, have you ever tried out some of the robots?" Zot chuckled as she heard the wolf gulp audibly beside her, and as they walked around a corner added, "Say...what *is* your name?"