

2210.220

Cyclor Wild Rover

Inbound towards Barsoom (Prev. Mars)

The sound of music blared through the speakers, the jaunty treble of the harmonica cupped in his paws. Maj. Mitchell Roberts (USAF) was belting out a tune, a foot-tapping bluesy tune. Something to while away the time, whilst the coyote rested here, in the flight deck of the Rover.

Well perhaps **rest** was the wrong choice of words, as he was monitoring the displays with an intensesness that his kin would approve of. Like staring down a buffalo, or any of the numerous tasks they would've done in the good old days.

The flight deck, was despite the lofty title, cramped but not uncomfortably so, lots of lights, all in subtle hues. A few flat-panel displays, but lots of switches and buttons all the better for the tactile sensation, leaving the computer screens for less vital systems.

But everything, was fine. There as, on the sensors, displaying a storm many kilometers to the port, and far down below. A little close for comfort but not so close as to cut into their Delta-v budget.

On the outside, the Mission Commander, Wg Cdr. Bruce Scott (RNZAF) was fixing one of the comms booms, one of the numerous repairs which, owing to the age of the Rover was becoming increasingly necessary. And only the stocky orange spacesuit between the huntaway and a rather unpleasant death.

"Do you really have to play that noise, Mitch?" laughed Bruce, "I mean filtering it through the suit comms is a little harsh on the ears y'know."

Back on the flight deck, Mitchell let loose a barking laugh, affecting a more Southern drawl; compared to his usual Californian accent, "Well shoot son, iff'n them boffins woulda let me, I fo'sure woulda brung my gee-tar."

Another voice, this one with a measured, if dry Slavic voice from the hatch behind him. "At least he's not singing to this song, Commander."

Mitchell's ears drooped and he stuck his lower lip out, in an exaggerated pout, returning to his normal Californian tone, "My singing ain't that bad. And it's not my fault, pussycat you don't have the lungs for a good swallowing of the moon."

The snow leopard gave the coyote a level gaze, keeping her features stern for a fraction of a second, before she broke into an amused little smirk and shook her head. "I'm a cat, we have more important things to do, like sleep," retorted *Stárshiy leytenánt* Natalia Cherenko (VSS).

From deep in the bowels of the ship, came a rage-infused cry at the unfairness of the galaxy. A voice that was very heavily Welsh, but the last portions of the cursing came out, in a thin-enough-to-be-understood sigh. "Fecking sensors. Branson Industries fobbing off th'cheap shite," came the angry remark from Midn. Violet (although owing to her termpermant the lilac border collie was called 'Violent' jestingly) Gruffid.

Perking his ears forward, eyes widen just so, Mitchell spoke out carefully, keeping the rising knot of fear that started to settle in his belly. "Did you just say the sensors weren't working?"

"Aye, th'sensors are putting false readin's out. Not tracking proper-like."

Keeping the fear tightly reigned in, as his years in the Airforce had taught him, Mitchell switched the channel over to Bruce, "Boss you might want to leave those repairs---"

He didn't have time to finish off as the warning sirens began, in a dry computerized feminine voice. "Storm Warning. Storm Warning. Storm Warning..."

Before the camera, micrometeorites, and an innumerable number of them enveloped the Rover like a sudden, old fashioned storm. There was a flash of orange amongst the meteorites, the EEG display flashed all manner of warnings. Respiration going off the charts, suit leaks, heart-beat racing...then the ominous tone of a flat-line.

Mitchel cried out, losing any decorum, any tightly-held back fear came forth in a torrent of shock, surprise, rage. "Bruce!"

But he was not allowed to sit there, in shock. Natalia would not let it be so. She grabbed the shocked coyote, hauling him towards the hatch, down the ladder, deep into the centre of the ship where the storm cellar resided.

Violet was already there, strapped in as the ship tumbled and turned, and shuddered. "Where's the Commander?" she yelped.

The look Natalia and Mitchell shared was one of loss, and Violet's ears flattened against her skull, her tail drooped. Nothing more needed to be said.

The storm passed, in a few hours. But it had left the ship in a rather poor condition, she would be a write-off. And it would do neither of the three crew members to go wandering around, save to make sure that the emergency beacon really was operational. Which, blessedly it was, and confirming that they hadn't been knocked off course too badly, but were more-or-less drifting towards Mars.

With luck, in a few days another ship would find them.

Mitchell rested in the sleeping bag, mounted to the wall, he tried to sleep, but there was a smell which was distracting the hell out of him. His nose itched, and it stirred a feeling in his loins. And it was such an aroma that he hadn't smelt in a while that he almost began to wonder if he really was dreaming.

His ears twitched, he slowly opened an eye, and in the dim red light he spied Violet, tucked in her sleeping bag, squirming and after studying her came to the conclusion from the subdued whimpers and the motions of her arm under the sleeping bag, she was masturbating.

"Violet..." he pricked his ears up, his voice tired with the last vestiges of sleep. "...are you alright?"

Violet, rather than stop coitus-interruptus instead continued going, furiously. Her Welsh accent had taken on a thicker quality, over the few days they'd been drifting. Stress had been getting to her, "O'course Oi'm nowt fuckin' aw'right. Th'ships buggered, the Commander's dead and my implant's rightly fucked so me oestrus is hittin' me like a truck."

Mitchell's nose, couldn't deny this fact, and...well he also couldn't deny that there was something

about the lilac collie. Her pale blue left eye, and dark brown right eye, those floppy-tipped ears would move. The lush fur of her body, compared to his own sleek and wiry-furred frame.

Unzipping himself from the sleeping bag, he drifted over to Violet, clad only in his shorts for sake of being less dressed for sleeping, he stopped by Violet's body, a lusty growl as he nuzzled against one of her ears. "Here, lemme help."

Violet widened her eyes, her ears pricking up to him, she opens her mouth to protest, "Oi--Mmph!" she is shocked into silence, as the coyote's maw locks over hers, his tongue winding it's way into her muzzle and rather than protest further, the heat cried out for satisfaction, like an 18th century duellist.

But smell, and attractive company or not, Mitchell would not hurry into things, as he slowly unzipped the border collie's sleeping bag, the fluffy lillac-and-white form was clad in shorts, and a singlet, and a moist patch betixt her legs from her previous ministrations. The smell, was spicy, enticing. Causing a stiffening in his shorts.

But the coyote ignored it, for the moment, taking to nipping along an ear, "Sexy bitch," he smirked into her ear to which the collie-lass retorted with a growl, "*Ffwcio chi!*"

Mitchell smirked wide, a wicked little grin spreading across his muzzle. He was, about now channeling Old Man Coyote, in all mischievousness. "All in good time, Violent."

Any further protests were cut off, as his paws drifted, downwards, one deft paw wriggling it's way to the small of her back, the other finding it's way to the moist mons and rubbing insistently, and his jaw gripping the loose skin of her throat, a lusty growl deep in his chest.

All Violet could do, was make an incoherent moaning whining yip at this point, bucking into his fingers.

This sent them tumbling, bumping back against the padded walls, and at first there was frustration, Violet had to laugh, Mitchell joining in. "Gonna have t'find leverage or something," Violet remarked "Don't want t'go undocking."

"Nyet, I suspect that would be unfortunate," came a voice from the hatch, Natalia undressed out of the HEV suit, wearing the cooling undergarment, and her lush fur poofing out of the ankles and wrist and neck, like 1800s frills.

The two turned to regard the snow leopard, who smirked some. She was not wafting the same odour as her female companion...well..not as distractingly strong, no estrus. But her primal golden eyes tracked the pair, her pupils were dialated at the view, whiskers curling forward and her broad nose inhaling the aromas of aroused canids.

And found the scent...pleasing.

Slowly stripping out of the cooling undersuit, wriggling off the sports bra, the panties, and let them drift, she pushed off the overhead, scooping up Violet, in one arm then Mitchell in the other and landing on the far bulkhead, and pressing against the two, making sure to hold them together.

The two canids undressed, pressed against the bulkhead on one side, and the floofy comfort of the snow leopard on the other. Mitchell turning upside down before Violet, his snout finding it's way

between her legs, nuzzling along the puffy mons, tongue diving deep, drawing out cries, loud and unrestrained from Violet, tongue lolling, saliva floating everywhere.

Natalia was not one to stay out of this of course, her muzzle opening wide, she drew Mitchell's red, erect canine shaft in close, and combing a rough-tongued suckle, and a french-kiss on Violet's maw, and both women combined this with tongues to tease along Mitchell's shaft.

For a moment, his lapping of Violet sputtered, his breath was heavy, he was admittedly overcome with a rush of pleasure. But he persevered, lapping, slurping in that loud and unconcerned manner of dogs, a paw drifting between Natalia, and stroking past the puffy, untrimmed bush to give as good as she was giving.

The trio, entwined most intimately, their motions causing them to drift like a sexy bubble about the storm cellar, tails twined or wagging as was the owners particular won't. Moans, pants, and writhing, and oh the wonderful aromas.

Natalia, might not have been in heat, when she arrived, but the devious coyote fingers were certainly stoking her fire. And his silver tongue? That was exciting moist droplets from Violet.

Natalia reached down, guiding Mitchell's head up, she drifted up so, her tail coaxing the coyote's face up, the caress of her fur against Violet's body, strong legs and tail draping around coyote and border collie both. Poised on Violet's shoulders, Mitchell took to lapping at the cat, whilst he did his canine duties for poor, suffering Violet.

Easing into her, slowly...until Violet wrapped her legs around his waist, and pulling him to the hilt, eliciting a sharp 'Yelp!' from them both, and the hot breath stirring between Natalia's thighs made her legs clench, her fluffy nethers smoosh against Mitchell's muzzle.

The canines, with some feline help to stay docked, thrust together, steady slappings together, panted gruntings..and lewd slurping betwixt feline legs.

The snow leopard, was rumbling, crying out in Russian; claws clutching the padding, her nethers gripping his tongue, a moist vice, whilst another moist vice clutched the 'yote's shaft. Coaxing him, squeezing him, gripping at the growing knot.

Mitchell, was in heaven. His face was sat upon, his shaft buried deep, his nose filled with a smell of pussy's pussy, and the whiff that worked it's way, of excited bitch. He couldn't help a wag of his tail, and..from the wagging of Violet's tail, and the yowling from Natalia, he was doing his job to their satisfaction too.

The knot expanded, popping into canine mons with a schlop-pop, the 'docking' completed, the seals were locked..and the thrusts picked up a furious pace, rapid and wanton. Broad canid tongue giving feline feminine folds a severe tongue-lashing, and the lushly furred ladies were worked up to a furious fever pitch.

Nobody cared who came first, or last. It really didn't seem to matter, as a rush of bodies overcome with pleasure. A clenching, tensing shudder, gripping shaft, the squeezing helped along the rush of seed, and churning cocktail of lust, and a wettened mons, moist and sticky muzzle, as strong slavic thighs all but threatening to crush the two canine heads.

All three cried out in primal noises, overcome with lust. Yowls, and snarls that would on any other

day, chill to the bone...but were a sign of cunning linguistics well done, and muffled howls, and not-so-muffled howls.

2210.309

Olympus Medical Center, Barsoom

The Doctor looked over over the reports. The three 'nauts were in good health considering the three months lost out there. Some minor dehydration but in good spirits. And he now had a report to make. Which, considering the trio were in the same room together, would be easier.

The Blue healer ambled into the room, where Mitchell, Violet and Natalia were eating lunch, wireless monitors set on their bodies, the unflattering hospital gowns worn and he brought the PAD to his muzzle, consulting the data from the machines.

"Well, you're all quite healthy. The storm cellar protected you against the radiation. You'll be getting compensation for the damage to your ship. I would like to give you my regrets for the loss of Wing Commander Scott. But I have some good news."

All eyes and ears were on him, intent. Focused. Ears perked.

The Doctor smiled a bit, he approached the trio, and handed them the PDA. Displaying, two pairs of internal bodily shots, and developing fetusus within each of the women.

"Congratulations, you're both pregnant."