

Vesta sighed as she stared out the small window in her quarters. The stars slowly passed through the narrow slice of space she could see. If she waited a minute or so the same ones would pass by again as the station's rotation brought them around again. It was a great metaphor for life on the station, she thought.

The original plan was for Midpoint Station to be the central hub for a whole network of outposts as the Kayaani drive finally opened the stars to exploration. The facility had been built large, countless heavy transports carrying the needed material out beyond the orbit of Pluto, a safe distance for the new drive to launch from. There were a dozen decks of bunks, shopping centers, hydroponic gardens, and leisure facilities.

Almost all of them sat empty and unused. Significant parts of the station weren't even kept heated or pressurized anymore. Only two outposts, orbiting the stars Epsilon Eridani and GJ674 (often referred to as Ara, for the constellation it was part of), had been built before the taxpayers back home had realized how expensive exploring the galaxy was turning out to be and cut back the funding.

Vesta had a lot of respect for the people manning the outposts. They were mostly astronomers and astrophysicists, and it took dedication to spend months on end isolated with a few other people further away from home than anyone else had ever been, with only a pair of near-experimental FTL ships to get them back home at the end of a tour.

What that meant for Vesta and the other furs of Midpoint was boredom. There was plenty of interest for those at the outposts, and the lucky few who performed initial review of their observations on Midpoint before sending them on to Earth, but the rest of the station's effort was simply put toward maintaining the station itself. The Agency refused to admit the project was a complete failure, so they kept Midpoint staffed more highly than was really necessary. There had been a brief rush of activity earlier when the monthly transport had arrived from Luna, with almost everyone on the station either helping unload or watching the events, but things had quieted down now.

Everyone not on duty had retired to their quarters, opening packages from home containing gifts from loved ones or products not supplied for them by the Agency. The dress code may be relaxed out on the edge of nowhere, but if you wanted anything but the unflattering jumpsuits everyone was issued you had to have your clothes imported.

Vesta had done plenty of that, since very few of the planned shops on the station had actually opened, and there wasn't much to spend money on. Her large kangaroo tail emerged from the top of a short skirt, her torso mostly covered by a tank top that hugged her breasts well. It wasn't an outfit she could wear in one of the low gravity sections, but it was supremely comfortable for lounging around. As with most of the crew, she wore no shoes unless venturing into the engineering spaces.

There had been no packages for her on the recent shipment, so she was killing time until her next shift. If she had a less developed sense of irony, she'd wish for something interesting to happen.

The door to the room swished open, and the top half of a sleek brown mink curled around the frame. She caught sight of Vesta and brightened. "Oh good, you're here." She disappeared again, leaving just her voice to come in through the door. "Ok, bring it in."

Selene and Vesta tended to describe their relationship as 'roommates with benefits'. Originally thrown together by the vagaries of random room assignments, the

mink and roo had quickly developed a friendship despite their somewhat different personalities. Not long after, they'd figured out that their sexual preferences aligned, and added the occasional bit of stress relief to their activity list. Other than that, it stayed casual; neither had an interest in tying the other down, metaphorically at least.

The mink backed into the room, bouncing with excitement as a crate followed her in, along with the buff wolf pushing it along a moment later. "Just leave it there. We'll take it from here."

The wolf nodded and winked at both females as he departed. "Glad to help, ladies. See you around."

Vesta looked skeptically at the large crate, then at her manically grinning roommate. "So this is--"

"It's here!" Selene jumped in the air as she yelled.

"Ah, the secret you've been saving all your pay for over the last seven months." The roo padded over and inspected the crate. She didn't recognize the company on the shipping label. "What is it?"

By way of answer, Selene slapped the release button on the side of the crate, making the sides and top telescope back into storage in the base. Revealed in front of them was a chair. The primary materials of its construction seemed to be leather and titanium, but appearances didn't really mean anything these days. It had delightfully retro styling, like what people thought the future would look like back in the 2070s. In all, it strongly resembled a dentist's chair, though more richly padded, and with a panel with many more adjustments.

Actually seeing what her roommate had bought didn't change Vesta's skeptical look. "I wouldn't have pegged you as the type to get hot over home furnishings." It really didn't make much sense. Sure, the standard furniture in the cabins wasn't all that great, but nobody bothered to import replacements. The shipping must have cost half again the price of the chair itself. "Other than having more controls than a short range shuttle, I don't see what's so special about it."

Selene gave her a toothy grin. "It's the best chair ever made. I tried one in their showroom on L4 and I had to have it for myself."

Vesta wasn't convinced. "I refuse to believe that any chair could be so comfortable as to be worth what you paid to get it here." She ran a hand along the armrest, noting that the material was quite soft and supple, and heavily padded underneath.

The mink shrugged. "You can't know until you've tried it. Go on, hop in."

"Oh, I couldn't. You've been wanting it for so long, you should get first crack at it." She was still suspicious. Selene might occasionally give off an overly happy, even somewhat ditzzy vibe, but she was exceptionally sharp. The mink held one of the more coveted science positions on the station, and by all accounts did an excellent job. There had to be *something* special about the chair that wasn't immediately obvious.

Selene shook her head. "No, really. You were a big help while I was saving. Covering me when we went out for treats, letting me borrow some clothes when I got tired of the boring jumpsuits. You deserve it. Please."

The roo sighed. She could tell when Selene was serious about something, and arguing the point wouldn't do her any good. "All right, then." She hopped up onto the chair, immediately grateful that it had a cutout large enough for her tail. It was fairly

common for designers to ignore the small subset of furs with big tails, because it was easier and simpler to accommodate the smaller-tailed masses, and that contingent of lazy designers included whoever designed most of the public seating on Midpoint. A touch like that already marked the chair as a higher quality product.

She swung her legs up onto the footrest and laid her arms along the armrests. Leaning back, the chair moved with her, until she was almost fully reclined. As she sank a couple inches into the supportive padding, she noted how it still seemed to be supporting her perfectly. It must have been designed by an ergonomic genius, as the chair adjusted itself slightly, the padding making sure she was in a position that would keep her comfortable for as long as she chose to sit in it. By the time it was done, it was almost like she was sitting on nothing at all, just a step below actually being in zero g.

Vesta sighed happily and wiggled a little in her reclined position. "Ooh, this is pretty nice. I can see why you might really want one after the crap we have to work with here on the station. I could lay here all day."

Selene nodded. "Yep, that's one of the design features. It should stay comfortable as long as necessary. If you stayed there long enough, it would start to subtly shift to make sure you don't get tired of one position." The mink then smiled and disappeared from Vesta's view.

The roo stretched out and relaxed further. It really was nice, but she wasn't sure it was quite worth the cost. "So I'm liking this, but was it really worth seven months of scrimping? Hey, wha?" She jumped slightly as the chair whirred quietly, cuffs emerging from the previously-smooth padding to wrap gently around her wrists and ankles. They were padded like the chair, and overall quite comfortable, even as she started to struggle against their hold. However, they were relentless, holding her arms and legs in position with their soft, firm grasp. "What's going on?"

Her roommate popped into her vision again, giving her a very large grin. "Now, you didn't think this chair was just for *sitting*, did you? It's really good for that, but that wouldn't be enough to get my attention. It can do so much more." She walked down to the roo's feet and rubbed a finger along where the cuff gripped her leg, before speaking with more gentleness. "It's not too tight, right?"

Vesta grumbled, still twisting against her bonds. "No, it's fine, but I didn't sign up for this. Let me out."

"Hmm, not quite yet." Selene ran her hand lightly down Vesta's lower leg. "I said you deserve a reward for helping me get the chair, and I'm going to make sure you get it."

The roo glared slightly. "I'm not sure I'd call this a reward. Kidnapping or false imprisonment would be closer."

Selene hummed softly, then slowly, gently ran a claw along the entire length of Vesta's large footpaw, smiling as the restrained girl gasped scrunched up her paw. "Oh really? There's nothing you find enjoyable about this?" She flipped her hand over and very lightly brushed her soft fur across the roo's footpads.

Vesta blushed deeply and squirmed further, trying to get her foot away from the mink's teasing touch. If Selene had figured out what she feared she had, she was in real trouble. "H-how..."

“How did I know?” Selene giggled. “You know my job is to pay attention to small details, right? You think I didn’t notice how you’ll occasionally rub your feet in the carpet and sigh happily? I’m just taking a chance that there’s more to it even than that. Looking good so far.”

The bound roo fought back a whimper and tried to affect a defiant tone. “What? Everyone enjoys the feeling of fresh carpet. I don’t know what you’re thinking of me.” The claw was tracing up and down her foot now, not making any specific effort to tickle her, but sensitizing the nerves on her plush footpads. The cuff around her ankle only let her twist a couple inches to each side, nowhere near enough to escape Selene’s teasing even for a moment.

“Oh, I think there’s definitely a deeper motive there.” The mink abandoned her teasing, and Vesta laid back with a relieved sigh, only to meep a moment later as the taunting hand alighted on her breast, again lightly tracing across her until it encountered her nipple, taut and obvious through bra and shirt. “What’s this? Someone might think you were enjoying having me play with those big paws. Further investigation is clearly in order.”

Vesta whined as Selene returned to position down at her feet, still futilely twisting to try and escape. Reclined as she was, she couldn’t quite see what the mink was doing, and the anticipation of further tickling was almost as bad as the real thing. She wondered how long Selene planned to keep her restrained, because if things got too intense she might embarrass herself quite a bit.

Selene staged her claws at the tips of the roo’s toes, ready to tease, and spoke as if narrating to a lab assistant. “After the rewarding results of the first experiment, it has been decided to make another attempt at greater intensity. Experiment two begins.” Her hands sprung into action, dragging four claws each slowly down the length of Vesta’s feet, then began dancing across them, lightly poking, stroking, brushing with fur, moving in random jumps to better keep her guessing.

The sudden action brought a gasp from Vesta, then a moan, then peals of laughter as she lost control, her body starting to shake as she twisted in mixed pleasure and discomfort. The tickling was almost unbearable, but she hadn’t had someone do this to her in so long, and had almost forgotten how much she truly loved it.

The fierce tingling brought by Selene’s cruelly teasing claws seemed to jump instantly from her sensitive feet to more intimate areas, collecting as heat and intense pleasure in her nipples as well as her swiftly dampening slit. Vesta knew it wouldn’t be long until Selene would scent what effect she was having, and then she’d never hear the end of it.

Selene continued her assault, fur stroking between toes, claws scritchng the fur on Vesta’s lower legs, all the while giggling to herself as she saw the effect she was having on her panting, squirming roommate. She sniffed the air carefully, then let out a seductive purr before speaking again in her ‘scientist voice.’ “Further stimulation has induced a novel effect! The subject appears to be growing aroused. Examination to discover the full extent of the reaction begins now.”

Vesta moaned as Selene ceased her tickling, though she couldn’t tell whether it was with relief or disappointment. She thought she was free, that the mink would just tease her about her obvious arousal and let her out of the chair. No such luck. Selene giggled and disappeared from her sight again, to the side of the chair she had fiddled

with to trigger the cuffs. A moment later, she heard a disconcerting whirring sound, and the chair split down the middle under her legs, slowly spreading them apart and making her skirt ride up. "Hey, what's that?"

The mink popped back to Vesta's side. "How can I do a proper investigation if I can't examine all of my subject? The experiment must continue. But first..." She grinned wickedly, and pressed a single button on the console.

The chair whirled again, and the captive roo strained her neck to try and see what was happening, but couldn't see around the length of her body to where the next changes were happening. However, she could definitely feel the light, wispy touch of a set of soft brushes as they rested gently against her paws, positioned perfectly at the most sensitive spots at the centers of her soles and the indentations below her toes. "Oh no."

Selene stroked her arm and leaned over to whisper in her ear. "Oh yes. I'd ask if you're having fun yet, but I think I know the answer." She tweaked Vesta's stiff nipple, making the roo call out.

Vesta breathed heavily, not quite recovered from the tickling, and now faced with the prospect of much more. "How about we just stop now and I admit this was a good purchase?"

The mink ran her fingers through the roo's stomach fur, teasing the inside of her pouch, tickling her sides. "That's no fun. It just wouldn't be fair if you didn't get a full turn. Just lay back and enjoy."

Like she had any choice. With that, the brushes spun up, their function flawlessly engineered to bring maximum stimulation to a target area, delivering a level of intense tickling to the poor kangaroo in a way Selene had only managed on a couple of lucky passes with her claws. Instantly, Vesta was again reduced to peals of shaking laughter, trying and failing to evade the brushes by scrunching up her feet and wiggling her toes. She could do little but rest her head back, body shaking and eyes watering as she was unrelentingly assaulted by the chair. Her legs kicked fruitlessly, her belly muscles twitching in the same way they did when she was nearing climax.

With all her concentration on the torturous tickling, her arousal spiraled higher. Her loins ached with need, calling out for the same attention her feet were getting. She knew her panties had to be soaked, and with her skirt ridden up there was a good chance she was dripping onto the chair. Too bad. It was Selene's own fault if her new toy got dirty.

At that thought, she heard the sound of cloth ripping, almost inaudible under the whirring of the brushes and her own gasping laughter, and with it came a tugging on on her panties. Soon, she felt cool air flow over her exposed sex, and another gentle tug as her ripped underwear was pulled out from under her. Vesta gasped, and managed to force an indignant shout through her laughter. "H-hey, I liked those!"

"I'll buy you new ones." The mink knelt between the kangaroo's spread legs, her position known to Vesta only from the soft flow of her breath across her damp nethers. "Subject shows signs of dangerously high levels of arousal. For safety of the subject, we must provide some relief for this condition."

Even though Selene had just given her a warning, the flood of pleasure as the mink's tongue dove between the sensitive lips of her sex nearly overwhelmed her. Vesta's back arched up off the chair, her heart fluttering as the pleasure threatened to

overload her mind. No single partner could possibly match what was happening to her now, all her most sensitive spots, sexual and otherwise given the utmost attention until all the sensation blended together. Never before had she been treated to such exquisite tickle torture at the same time she was directly pleased. Everything mixed in her brain, until she could swear her feet were just as erotically capable as her pussy. She could no longer tell the difference between the feathery brushes spinning on her toes and Selene's tongue lapping at her clit.

Vesta's laughter ceased, replaced by a repeated chant of "Yes, yes, yes..." as her body tensed. Her skin tingled, erupting in pleasure all over as an orgasm struck, standing her fur on end and soaking Selene's face with her juices even as the mink continued to lick feverishly, driving her tongue deep into the roo's clutching slit, drinking the results of the combined effort of her and the wonderful chair.

Several minutes passed before Vesta felt anything close to normal. First, she noticed that the brushes had stopped, though her feet still tingled as if phantom brushes were still working on them. She became aware of Selene kneeling next to her, wearing a huge smile and stroking her arm, which was no longer restrained by the chair. "Damn."

Selene bounced and giggled. "I knew you'd like it! So what do you say, worth a few months of frugality?"

The roo stretched and turned on her side, not yet trusting herself to stand. "Oh yeah. Is that the same thing it did when you tested it?"

The mink got a far-off look in her eyes for several seconds, then shivered happily. "No...It did something else for me. Maybe I'll show you at some point." She licked her lips.

Vesta nodded, still breathing heavily. "Well, not any time soon. That probably took care of my orgasm quota for the month."

"We'll see about that." The mink winked at her. "But why didn't you ever ask me to play with your feet before if you like it so much?"

The roo blushed. "Well, it's kinda weird."

Selene laughed, short and sharp. "Ha! One sec." She reached under the chair and came back with a thick book, a picture of the chair on the cover. Quickly flipping through the pages, she found the one she was after and held it out to Vesta. "Check this."

Vesta looked at the displayed illustration of the chair performing a very improbable action on a female form, then read the description, her mouth dropping open in surprise. "But...that doesn't...how do you even *come up* with something like that?"

The mink laughed. "People have some crazy kinks. You're incredibly normal in comparison."

"Well, that does make me feel better." She shifted and sat up sideways on the chair, so that her feet could touch the ground, shivering when her still-sensitive feet touched the carpet. "You think I could use this again in the future?"

"Absolutely, especially if I get to play with you again"

Vesta thought a moment. Being restrained hadn't been so great, but it did make sure she got the full effect, and given what happened at the end it was worth it. "Definitely."