

Intimate Favor

By Victor Waite

21-04-28

A Patreon Request

Astir and Phoebe belong to the author

A routine space station repair goes wrong when an amorphous technician springs a leak in their suit. How will their companion go to help them?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Male, Nonbinary, Raccoon, Slime, Inflation, Soft Vore, Oral Vore, Teasing, Prostate Play, Anal Sex

The groans of metal and creaks of steel filled the still air, echoing down empty corridors and resonating in open atriums. Emergency lights bathed the station in an ominous red glow, highlighting pathways to ejected escape vessels. Still, the resort clung to elements of its regal atmosphere. Crystal chandeliers caught warning lights and scattered them across polished floors. Fully stocked luxury stores waited stocked and patient, waiting the return of wealthy passengers and their heavy wallets. Half-prepared meals filled kitchens and dinning rooms with delectable scents, and untouched courses sat longing in spacious banquet halls. The resort's evacuation seemed to have been swift and orderly, so much so that not a single valuable was left behind. A pair of technicians jokingly lamented that fact as they floated through the halls, hunting for the source of the station's woes.

Astir and Phoebe compared wall maps to their own information as they searched, struggling to place themselves in the vast metal craft. Eventually the pair found their way to the station's central axis, blocked by a "crew only" door. Astir reached out and tapped the metal gate, a gesture it answered with stoic silence. The raccoon got the same result when he tried again, then uttered a curse under his breath and reached into his bag.

"They never make this easy for us, do they," he sighed.

"Well the damage is bad enough to take out the gravity engine," Phoebe answered in a vaguely robotic voice. "Maybe the AIs are out too?"

"Maybe, but I'm pretty sure these are supposed to open and stay open in an evacuation." The raccoon continued his thread of curses and waved a tool around the door's edge until he let loose an irritated sigh. "It's not responding. Care to take a shot at it Phoebe?"

"Of course~"

A stark contrast to Astir's stout and bottom-heavy figure, Phoebe floated to the door with fluid grace. They opened a zipper on the palm of their hand and placed it on the seam of the door, where vibrant green slime surged into the paper-thin gap. Their full-face helmet remained expressionless as they grabbed and groped about the door's mechanisms, seeking out its hidden latch. A heavy thunk announced their success, and the plate slid open as the suited slime withdrew their tendril. Phoebe took great care to absorb every stray droplet, and once secure, sealed the slit of their glove.

"Have I ever told you how jealous I am of you sometimes," Astir laughed.

"Every time I use that trick on you," Phoebe teased.

The raccoon blushed and shrugged. "You got me there."

Their pathway cleared, the technicians advanced toward the core of the station. Where the residential sections were largely undamaged, the same could not be said of the station's inner workings. The smell of ozone stung the raccoon's nostrils as electronics sparked and

sputtered, and flashing emergency lights revealed scorched panels and components. Deeper areas of the axis were shrouded in darkness, deprived of even back up power. The techs simply lit up their suits and pressed deeper, striving and snaking toward the station's bridge. On their way there however, the pair stumbled upon the likely source of the problems. A suspiciously shiny glint caught Astir's eye when they crossed through the gravity engine's chamber, spurring him to investigate.

The raccoon's eyes widened with what he found. "Well Phoebe, I think I found the problem."

The slime drifted across the darkened room, then laughed at Astir's side. "I'm no expert, but I'm pretty sure that's not supposed to be there."

Their conversation drifted to silence while they marveled at the asteroid wedged deep in the machine's frame. The metallic rock apparently shorted out what it didn't destroy, setting off a chain reaction that played havoc with the rest of the station.

"We're gonna have to get that out of there before we can do anything else," Astir thought aloud. "From the looks of it, it might be a nice little bonus for us too."

"Is that silver?"

"Shiny as silver at least. We'll have to get it appraised, but I think it's worth going through the trouble. Help me get it out?"

"Is it all powered down? I'm not getting zapped for a rock."

"This ain't no ordinary rock Phoebe, this is a *shiny* rock." Astir waggled his eyebrows for emphasis, then waved his tool over the half-destroyed engine. "But yeah, there's no power going in or out of it. Should be safe to touch, but watch those broken edges on the casing."

Phoebe nodded, then reached into the crater with Astir. It took no small amount of fumbling to find purchase on the rock, but once they both set their grip, the raccoon counted down. On his mark, the pair pulled with their combined strength. Their first attempt did next to nothing, but their second opened just enough wiggle room to inspire hope. Phoebe took a moment to regroup before the third pull, and Astir reset his grip for the fourth. The asteroid taunted them a little more each time it pretended to lurch toward freedom, and the technicians reached the end of their patience after a few more failed attempts. Astir braced his foot against the engine and gave the valuable lump an ultimatum, spurring Phoebe to do the same. He called out one last countdown, and at its conclusion, the pair pulled with every thing they had left.

Chaos filled the following instant.

Neither were prepared for how easily the asteroid gave into their final demands. They

freed it from its crater before reaching the limits of their strength, and in doing so twisted it along the way. Astir's unspent momentum sent him spiraling toward the chamber's ceiling, while Phoebe took the brunt of the spin and flew to the side. The raccoon grunted with his impact against the unforgiving hull, though recovered quickly and launched toward the floor. Phoebe caught themselves on a terminal and stabilized, though the damage was already done. They clutched their thigh and gripped their suit tight, but no amount of patting or grabbing covered the long gash. Astir's stomach dropped as bubbles of green slime leeches into the air, struggling and failing to stay close to their host.

"You alright?"

"Yes and no," Phoebe answered. "I'm not hurt, but there's still a problem," they explained, gesturing toward free-floating bubbles of slime.

"You cant just slurp them back in?"

"I could if it was only a little, but I can't handle this much in zero gravity." Phoebe moved their hands and showed the rip in their suit, which could have been grave to anyone without their anatomy . "If we don't patch this I'm going to leak out entirely."

"Hang on, I think I have something for this." Astir reached for his tool belt and produced a bundle of electrical tape. He stuck one end to Phoebe's suit and coiled it around their leg, but the loss of pressure and copious slime eliminated any hope of it holding.

"That's not going to work," Phoebe sighed.

"I think there are some spare suits in the locker room?"

"It won't matter. I can't get in and seal it in low gravity," they admitted. "Unless there's a vacuum or something near by, this mission is going to get very messy."

An intrusive thought popped into Astir's head and played across his expression.

"Oh I know that look in your eye," Phoebe prodded. "Let's hear it."

"It's not exactly my best idea," the raccoon admitted with a blush.

"Can't be worse than no idea."

"I'll let you be the judge of that," he muttered. "What if I drank you? I doubt I can get all of you, but some might be better than none?"

Astir waited for Phoebe to shoot that notion down, but that moment never came. Instead, they used their dwindling strength to pounce and wrap their thighs around the raccoon's muzzle. A slight shuffle of the hips was all it took to align the tear with his muzzle,

and the slime wasted no time flowing into his mouth. Astir recoiled out of reflex when his cheeks filled with his friend's form, and fortunately that shock gave way to welcome surprise. Phoebe carried an unexpectedly pleasant flavor and a consistency near jello, tempting the raccoon to swallow on his own. While eating in low gravity was not a skill he practiced, Astir adjusted quickly and his belly gradually filled with his friend. His hands flew to his middle as it filled his suit, pressing against the advanced fabric with enough force to start a refitting cycle.

A soft whirl filled the chamber as his suit let out stored threads, stretching the material between and relieving pressure on his middle. He relished the sensations of his filling stomach as it spilled into his palms, falling into the moment until Phoebe's weight shift. He reached up and stabilized the deflating suit before it collapsed and scattered the rest of the slime's form, and the sight of it crumpling into its rigid helmet only slightly unnerved him. Astir drank and slurped as quickly as Phoebe flowed, until his stomach approached its capacity. His gulps weakened and thinned as fullness caught up with him, slowing his body and mind with lethargy. His stomach competed with his lungs for space in his chest, shortening his breath and quickening his pulse. In the back of his mind he wondered how much more of Phoebe he could take and pondered what would happen to the portion he couldn't contain.

Fortunately for both of them, Phoebe had an idea. "This might feel a little weird at first."

The instant they spoke those words, Astir nearly regretted attempting to drink Phoebe. The fluid in his stomach flowed and roiled, squishing against the folds of its stretched lining. Fortunately it didn't take Phoebe long to find the gate to his lower depths, but unfortunately, the strange sensations only intensified from there. The raccoon clutched his overfilled belly and curled over its rounded dome, unsure how to process the sensations of his wiggling meal. Phoebe pried the gate at the bottom of his stomach open as gently as they could, unleashing a storm of gurgles and grumbles. The globe of Astir's belly quivered with the outburst, then shuddered and shifted under his fingers. Its lower curve filled and dropped as Phoebe flooded his intestines, capitalizing on the extra space. The relief brought by their move proved to be short-lived however, as more and more of them flowed and refilled his middle.

Time lost its meaning for Astir while he stood at the center of such powerful sensations. Strange signals from previously unused nerves filled his brain with noisy static, though eventually a deep pleasure emerged from the all-consuming noise. Discomfort and confusion dissolved as a low moan resonated in his chest, unwittingly transmitting his enjoyment directly into Phoebe. Their flowing movements slowed for a brief instant, distracted by the change in Astir's attitude, but paid it little mind before continuing. The slime's damaged suit collapsed in on itself like a spent toothpaste tube as the last of them drained away, though a thin layer of them lingered on the raccoon's muzzle. Tiny tendrils branched from that film and captured stray bubbles, guiding and siphoning them into the safety of their friend's inner embrace. Astir simply basked in his fullness all the while, until Phoebe fully retreated into his stomach. A silent, empty moment hung in the air while the

slime adjusted, waiting for the raccoon to make a move or sound. They eventually spoke up when that didn't happen.

A fluttering vibration deep in the raccoon's depths tickled his walls, sending tremors through his body and up to his ears. "I might have suggested this sooner if I knew you'd enjoy it so much," Phoebe tittered.

Astir had not yet recovered his voice, but his body spoke for him. The blush in his stomach walls betrayed his lust, the throbbing of his length transmitted through his intimate muscles.

"Then again, I'm not sure this is something you'd ask for," they openly pondered. "But in any case, thank you for doing me this favor. Getting all this mass back would have been a gigantic pain, and there's no telling how much damage to the station you prevented."

The raccoon squeezed his eyes shut and swallowed, clearing a thin film of Phoebe from his throat. That minor addition to his stomach sent a tiny pulse of pressure through his inner workings, a spark that danced on his nerves and rekindled the heat in his muzzle. "Don't mention it," he blushed. He cautiously reached out and rubbed the pregnant swell of his stomach, as if the slightest touch could make him burst. "How did you know this would work?"

"I didn't, honestly," Phoebe admitted. "Not completely, at least. But I've seen how you can stuff yourself, and this isn't the first time I've been inside you~"

His arousal throbbed in the shadow of his belly and his tail curled around his expanded waist. "Oh come on, I'm not that bad."

"Maybe, but I've seen you go back for fourths and fifths when we don't have an afternoon job."

"Not my fault I have a fast metabolism."

"It isn't, but speaking of, that could potentially be an issue?"

"What do yo-" A long, bubbling gurgle shook Astir's core, followed by a slow, lazy ripple through his stomach. It was something he'd experienced a few times before, only after his most ambitious stuffings, and it was a clear sign of impending digestion. "Ahh, I see. Are you going to be alright?"

"I think we've got plenty of time before it becomes a *critical* problem, but I would like to make it out of this with most of my mass." Phoebe shuddered and shivered through his deepest passages, stealing his breath for a moment. "I can feel you trying to absorb me already, greedy boy."

"Alright, I'll hurry back then. Just try not to move around too much. Makes it hard to focus," Astir trailed.

The raccoon took in a deep breath, accidentally adding to the pressure in his middle. His body answered it with another warbling groan, spurring him to get moving. Fortunately, the source of the pair's problems was a boon in their escape. Astir pushed off the floor with minimal effort, then kicked off the gravity engine's case and drifted down the station's hall. Phoebe considerably shifted his center of mass however, throwing Astir's instincts off for several launches. His first jumps sent him tumbling and crashing into walls, but fortunately for both of their sakes, he swiftly adjusted to Phoebe's presence. The mechanical chambers of the station's axis gave way to narrow connecting tunnels, passages that greatly slowed their progress. Straight, progress-granting sections were few and far between, and the winding tunnels between presented a litany of unexpected problems.

Even when not obscured by terminals and handholds, navigating the passages messed with Astir's momentum. Every start and stop and turn and twist shifted the raccoon's momentum, sloshing his passenger against his stretched, sensitive walls. Soft gasps of surprise and arousal left his lips each time he pressed to a wall, sounds he could only hide from his passenger for so long. Phoebe ignored his aroused utterances for the first sections of their trek, but as the shock of their danger wore off, they decided to lean into them. The slime gradually loosened their control of their form each time Astir changed direction, freely flowing with the sloshes of navigation. They squished against his suit and pulsed his stomach with pleasure at every stop, and each start boosted the pressure in his lower reaches. The slime took joy in seeking out his most sensitive regions with each motion, and experience drew them to ends of his inner tract.

Phoebe's first deliberate brush against the walls of his stomach sent a pang of worry through Astir, though it smoldered into a strange arousal with the second. His expression twisted and he bit his lip while they explored the stretched wrinkles and folds of that contracting chamber, finding the strongest reaction at its lower gate. Astir lost his grip on the hallway's handhold when the slime traced a tendril around the fluttering ring, coaxing out a chorus of grumbles and gurgles as his body reacted. A concerted ripple ran from the top of Astir's stomach to the bottom, sending a pressurized wave of slime into his own winding passages. The raccoon stifled a moan as it slowly flowed through his sensitized system, until eventually mashing against his prostate. A deep groan escaped his chest and along with a shot of lust, and his suit darkened with arousal in the shadow of his belly. Regardless, the raccoon pressed on until they reached the open halls of the residential areas.

Astir slumped against the doorway that gave them so much trouble on the way in, struggling to recover his breath while Phoebe continued their relentless internal teasing. "Is this your way of thanking me," he huffed. "Because I thought you wanted to get back to the ship as soon as possible."

Phoebe chuckled and rubbed his belly from within. "It is, and like I said, we've got plenty of

time before your metabolism gets the better of me," they teased.

The raccoon let out a relieved sigh, interrupted by his breath catching in his throat. His muzzle flushed and his arousal throbbed when the slime firmed up against his prostate, an apparent offering their deepest thanks.

"And now that you probably don't need to focus as much, I can give you my *deepest* gratitude." Phoebe punctuated that sentiment with a subtle vibration, showing exactly what they meant.

It took Astir a moment to recover their breath. "Come on, you know we can't do this on the clock," he muttered. "You remember what happened last time."

"Yeah, but last time it wasn't just the two of us on an empty station. Besides, its not like I have anything else to do until we get back to the ship."

"You're not wrong," the raccoon admitted.

"Great! So just sit back and float while I reward you, my hero~"

What protests Astir may have harbored died in his throat as Phoebe acted on their affection. The raccoon's tail twitched and bristled as their slime-form friend adjusted their shape, gathering themselves into a long strand of textured beads. They started gently, a slow motion deeper into the raccoon's interior, spreading his already stretched walls wider. Each rounded curve pressed against his prostate as it passed, milking a shot of lust free every time. The darkened patch beneath his belly spread further across his thighs, and in the back of his mind, Astir thanked his lucky stars for their solitude. Phoebe had no such concerns however, and they relished the needy flutters of his inner workings as they pressed his button. They gleefully experimented with the size of their beads and the speed at which they moved, tuning in to the most effective ministrations for the increasingly frayed raccoon.

It wasn't long before Astir's split focus produced problems. It started with missed handholds and sloppy launches, both of which added up to time lost on their way back. Still, the raccoon didn't openly complain. He retained enough manners and shame to leave his length alone, though pressed against the quivering swell of his stomach, he hardly needed his hands to pleasure himself. Every roll of his hips drove his lust under his waist band and over his middle, and his copious pre both matted his pelt and ensured a smooth glide. Astir's coordination dwindled further with his diminishing stamina, until he missed one of the wall's hand holds entirely. His fingers slipped across its smooth surface and scrabbled for grip until he sailed passed, sending the pair of them into a slow, lazy spin. The tech would eventually get another chance to correct their course, but in the meantime, he surrendered himself to Phoebe's relentless ministrations.

The slime sensed the embrace of their reward, spurring them to pull out all the stops.

Phoebe drew on everything they learned in their time together, mashing Astir's pleasure button and massaging the inner walls of his stomach in tandem. The combination of sensations stole his breath and rolled his head back, striking him with supreme pleasure and sending him over the edge. Every muscle in his body clenched and thrummed with bliss as he spilled his lust, flooding a modest section of his suit with molten heat. Astir released a breath he didn't know he held as he peaked, then huffed and panted as he came down from his high. At the same time, Phoebe shivered in pleasure and reciprocated the ripples of his passages, prolonging their partner's release with their own. They both relaxed as afterglow claimed them, leaving them to serenely drift through one of the station's open chambers.

"Well, I'd say all this has been worth it," Phoebe eventually breathed. "I hope you feel the same way?"

Astir took a few more seconds to recover. "I could have done without the near-death scare, even if it wasn't *that* near death," he laughed. "But that aside, yes."

A quiet moment passed between them, where they simply basked in each other's presence.

"Out of curiosity," Phoebe eventually wondered, "How far are we from the ship?"

Astir opened his eyes and glanced around the plaza. "Not too far I think, but I'm free-floating right now," he admitted. "Missed a hand hold and bounced off the wall."

"So what I'm hearing is there's time for round two."

Astir thought for a moment. "I suppose it couldn't hurt~ I already need to change my suit anyway. I just need a few minutes to recover."

Phoebe hummed in acknowledgment, and silence returned for a short while. "Hey Astir," they eventually spoke up. "Thanks for helping."

"No problem my friend."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

<https://furrylife.online/profile/12672-victor-waite/>

If you would like to support my work, I have a Patreon page and I'm usually open for commissions

<https://www.patreon.com/WaiteInkworks>

<https://commiss.io/victorwaite>