

Star Arrival

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A Patreon Vignette for Rovest

Rovest belongs to Rovest

After years of idle flight, a space station receives orders that it will become the new base for a star pilot with a well rounded reputation

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Snow Leopard, Harehound, Hybrid, Fat, Skin-Tight Suits, Belly Squishing

The station's hangar buzzed with activity, thrumming with the motion of its multitude of mechanics and technicians. Workers of every size and shape flowed from work station to station with practiced ease, preparing the cavernous space for its impending visitor. They unwound fuel lines from wall mounts and laid across the floor, anticipating the location ports yet to arrive. Techs dusted off service mounts and inspected them for damage, then prepared for their first use in years. Diagnostic screens opened across terminals and unleashed scrolling walls of text, each line punctuated with a green check mark of approval. Despite a lengthy period of disuse, the mech bay and its caretakers spun into action with the grace and precision of a practiced orchestra, with but a single exception.

A lone snow leopard stood at the center of swirling chaos, woefully unprepared for the tasks at hand. He clutched a training manual to his chest and eventually gathered the sense to leaf through its pages, though he found nothing of use in his shaky fingers. In the back of his mind, he vaguely recalled the name of the terminal at his post, though not a single sign or floor mark hinted to its location. A senior mechanic guided him to his station when he forced out a call for help, though he merely exchanged one problem for another. Despite being in the right place, the screen layout and readouts looked nothing like his training. A new wave of panic washed over him when an alarm blared, followed by a computerized voice.

Estimated time of arrival: 5 minutes. Prepare final docking and lock down procedures

The rookie's screen cut to black for an instant, before a new and equally unfamiliar program loaded up. A brief bout of renewed confusion gave way to dread when he realized he was no longer in the correct place. Instead, he found himself standing before the primary docking terminal. Dread welled in his chest and fluttered through his heart, until a hand clapped down on his shoulder and ushered him back. A portly fox took the lead and mentioned getting him some proper training. In the meantime, his peers seemed content to simply have him out of the way, where he watched the mechanized dance of a

mech hangar in action. The fox-in-command hammered away at his keyboard and called out a mixture of data and orders, earning a chorus of callbacks in the process. Finally, lights dimmed and gave way to strobes that lined the landing path, and alarm bells rang as the hangar bay doors hissed open.

Clouds of vapor billowed from mechanical joints as metallic panels yawned apart, revealing the inky black of space and the stars beyond. A thin, electric membrane was all that separated the atmosphere within from the void without, a detail not lost on the rookie snow leopard. He subconsciously held his breath until his lungs began to smolder, then let it out with a gasp that earned chuckles from his peers. His cheeks warmed with embarrassment, but fortunately he was not the center of attention for long. The guest of honor soon drifted into view, a towering mech modeled in the image of a brown wolf. Its metal hull gleamed in the station's lights as it maneuvered into position, aligning itself with the docking bay. The hangar's gravity reduced to a fraction of its former strength as the machine's nose poked through the electric membrane, unleashing a shower of sparks. The snow leopard drew in and held another breath, while his more experienced peers worked their magic and brought the pilot home.

Every piece of machinery in the hangar whirred to life as more and more of the mechanical wolf slid home, dropping lines and connections to the titanic robot. An arm descended from the ceiling and collared its neck, acting as a guide for the rest of the craft. Clamps reached out and secured its forelegs next, followed by supports for the beast's belly. Cables connected to opening ports and data streamed between the mech and station, filling terminals with diagnostic information. System statuses littered the screens, and to the relief of all involved, each one came up green. Teams moved into place to attach the pre-placed fuel lines, and by the time they secured the nozzles, the wolf was locked in place. A collective sigh of relief left the crew with their success, which turned to looks of awe when the cockpit hatch opened.

Faint seams and gaps widened and opened into chasms as the wolf's outer plates

folded and separated, revealing the reinforced cockpit beneath. Servos revved and hissed and the pod pushed through the engineered opening, reaching out and meeting with a small walkway. The top of the pod lifted and swung open after docking, revealing the star pilot. Awe washed over the hangar, which turned to confusion when the pilot remained in his seat. It lingered until a set of hand holds dropped from the lifted canopy, granting Rovest the leverage he needed to stand. A pair of flabby arms reached up and latched on, clad in a form-fitting suit. The harehound's rolls wobbled with effort while he pulled himself up, rising from the pod like an iceberg. His belly and hips brushed the sides of the compartment as he rose to his full height, a feature of his frame undercut by his width. The apron of his middle sagged past his thighs and flowed over the cockpit's edge, forcing him to take a high, wide step onto the walkway.

Even in the lessened gravity, the catwalk bearing his weight creaked and groaned with his movements. Rovest's softened cheeks and doubled chins wobbled as he strode away from his mech, bouncing in time with the thick apron of his middle. Its lower roll hit his thighs and hindered his steps, though he made his way to the hangar floor with practiced ease. Every eye in the station fell on him as he passed through, and some lingered on him longer than others. Rovest leaned into the attention and periodically popped his hips, igniting blushes and arousals with the wobble of his ass. The resulting ripples sent waves through the rest of his frame as well, testing the limits of his form-fitting garment. Still, most who knew of him recovered from the shock of his size quickly.

The fresh feline's jaw dropped to the floor while he watched that harehound in motion, unable to take his eyes off his rippling form. A few of his peers nudged him and snickered as they passed and returned to their regular stations, but no amount of jeering brought him back to reality. The rookie's tail swayed with shameless interest while Rovest lumbered along catwalk after catwalk, drawing closer and closer with each heavy step. A grin spread across the harehound's chubby muzzle when he spotted his admirer, a gesture that only stoked the rookie's blush higher. Fantasies lewd and lurid flooded his thoughts, rooting him in place until a soft warmth pressed to his front and squished

around to his sides.

"Hey Rook," the harehound smoldered. "You're new here, aren't you?"

It took a moment for the snow leopard to find the composure to speak. "H-how did you know?"

"You got that rookie stare," Rovest laughed. "It's easy to pick out after you've seen it a few times."

Rook blushed deeply, and the heat in his muzzle burned even hotter when a hungry rumble resonated out from the pilot's soft belly.

"How about I show you where the cafeteria is," Rovest grinned. "I'll show you what it takes to become a pilot like me. Or at least my assistant."

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/>

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