

## The Star Fox Erotic Story Series by [Cyberwuffy Ala Wolfe](#)

### DISCLAIMER

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**October 20, 2370**

**“Morning”**

The once harmless experiments and inventions of Dr. Andross were slowly building towards dangerous levels. Andross was the head of the Cornerian Flight Academy, but tensions between him and the leaders of Corneria were beginning to escalate. Andross's position at the flight academy was merely a formality, only running bits and pieces of the school so he could devote most of his time in his lab. The rest of the school's functions were ran by Lieutenant Colonel Argon Gree. The cheetah shared no love for her superior and didn't waste time with an ego. She ran daily operations and was kinder to the cadets. Some thought that she let the seniors get away with one too many pranks, but Argon did well with keeping them in line. Rumors were flying about that Andross was soon to be exiled.

The Cornerian Military Flight Academy was three months into its fall semester. Life as a cadet was good with many opportunities to advance piloting skills. The campus was rather large with several hangars and an extensive array of training courses. The cadet class of five hundred resided in the campus's two dormitory buildings. They were over a century old, built before the time of automatic doors, mag-levs, and other modern features. There were two furs to a room and the school's policy was openly co-ed. The choices of on-base extracurricular activities ranged from simulated dogfights, to sports teams, to marksmanship contests.

Fox McCloud Junior was sixteen years old and a first year cadet. Like his father, he was an adept pilot, but grew up most of his life without his mother. Vixy McCloud died tragically in a horrid car bombing when he was little. Fox shared his third floor dorm room with Bill Grey. The two quickly became best friends after meeting on the first day.

A neon green lava lamp sat next to the room's desk-mounted holoivid projector. Various furry rock band posters and pictures of beautiful women were pinned to the metal walls. The lava

light's ambient green light was providing Grey with little relaxation. For the third night in a row, Bill couldn't seem to fall asleep.

Bill rolled hopped down from his top bunk and got under the covers of Fox's bunk.

"Fox..." Bill whispered.

"Yeah?" the vulpine groaned. Bill gently nosed into McCloud's muzzle and brought his paw across his best friend's thigh.

"I need some relief again," Grey said, licking Fox's muzzle fur.

"Ugh. Again?" Fox groaned. He inched over towards the wall to give Bill more bed space.

"Yeah... I'm going to the infirmary in the morning. I can't keep this up," Bill promised.

"All right. Take off your clothes and roll on your stomach. I'll try and get hard," Fox said. Grey squirmed out from his boxer shorts and did as requested. With several passes of his fingers over his sheath, Fox's cock was now erect.

"Thanks for helping," Grey whispered.

"If it's going to get me back to bed any faster, then don't worry about it Katinan," Fox sneered. "What am I going to do with you?"

Fox rolled on top of Bill and shoved his penis up the bulldog's ass. Bill yipped and clenched his ass around the many inches of fox prick. His own flesh came out into play and dug into the sheets. McCloud reached under his companion and grasped his erection. He squeezed the large flesh firmly and drew his hips back, slowly fucking his best friend.

Bill groaned and sprawled out his arms. "Mmmmm... you know I love this..." the bulldog panted, doing the best he could to wag his tail from underneath Fox. Unable to do much wagging, he arched into the steady pounding of McCloud's hips. Grey continued to clench and squeeze his ass around Fox's cock, letting out a long series of muffled groans into Fox's pillow. Fox continued pumping at the bulldog's erect flesh, but soon released it to concentrate on the midnight fucking of his roommate.

Fox growled and gently nipped at the back of Bill's neck fluff. His thrusts into Bill's ass gradually became easier. Fox growled again and continued giving the lubricated canid ass a nice thrashing. Sweat lined the Bill's body and he began to growl as well. Fox slowly drew back a final time and plunged his swelling knot up Grey's rear. Tied... Fox wasn't as gifted as Bill, but could rock the world of any other vixen. Bill barked and shivered with delight while the fox's seed filled him.

Both panted, now stuck to each other. Fox wrapped his arms around Grey and hugged him. Bill leaned his head back so it would brush against Fox's muzzle. "Thanks..." he whispered.

"No problem," Fox yawned. "Let's just lay here and try to sleep."

"Night," Bill whispered.

**November 6, 2370**

**“Academy”**

Bill Grey rested comfortably in his bunk. The canine was distant, thinking about how he was going to tackle his emergency procedures exam on Thursday. His runaway train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the door to their room opening. The foul smell of sweaty vulpine immediately hit Bill's nostrils.

“You stink! What the hell were you doing?” Bill coughed, covering his nose with a paw. Fox brought his tail into the room and closed the door.

“Just lifting weights. Why? Do I smell worse than usual?” Fox torted.

“Yes!” Bill mock gagged.

“I'll be sure to waft it in your direction. How's the studying going?” Fox quipped.

“Fine. Trying to do everything from memory. What's the last thing to do before manually ejecting?” asked a puzzled Grey.

“Wipe the memory core,” Fox answered, taking off his sweat soaked shirt.

“Ah, that's it. Thanks,” he said, turning his attention back to his mobile terminal. Fox kicked off his sneakers and continued disrobing. “I have a little nugget of good news for you. Remember that cute girl who was staring at you the other day in the volleyball court?”

“Yeah,” Bill said, shifting his ears in interest. “What about her?”

“She's interested in you,” Fox grinned.

“Interested? In me? Is this some kind of joke?” Bill scoffed.

“Would I do that to you?” Fox taunted. “No. It's not a joke.”

“She's been in my battle tactics class this whole time too,” McCloud said, grabbing a fresh towel from the dresser. “She's expressed a deep interest in wanting to get beneath you.”

Grey turned his head. Fox definitely had his attention now. “And just *what* did you say?” Bill questioned.

“That you and me are fuck buddies? Of course not! I said I'd run it by you,” Fox said, grabbing a clean pair of boxers from his dresser. He stepped into them and climbed into his bunk.

“Is she cute?” Bill yawned.

“She's beautiful,” Fox said, tapping the bottom of Bill's bunk with his foot. “She's an otter, though. A little shorter than us.”

“And she only wants me to fuck her? What did she ask you?” Grey asked.

“Not in so many words. I had to pry it out of her,” Fox confessed.

“Why didn't she just approach me?” Bill countered.

“She's shy. I guess she's comfortable around me since I'm in one of her classes,” Fox said.

“What's her name?” Bill asked, rubbing his face into the pillow.

“Katie... something... I forget her last name. She doesn't act slutty. More like shy and quiet,”

“Katie, eh? Nice. Shy, quiet, and interested in me...” Bill sighed. “You know I've never had a girlfriend before. You were my first.”

“Don't get mushy on me. Should I bring her by tomorrow? It's too late to look around for

her. Especially since I forgot her last name,”

“Yeah. Bring her on by. I've got the afternoon free,” Bill said. He turned off his computer pad and shoved the thin tablet under his mattress. A long pause of silence followed.

“You in the mood?” Fox asked nonchalantly. Bill opened his eyes and rolled onto his back.

“I guess. Come on up if you want,” Bill said.

Fox slid out of his boxers and hopped up onto Bill's bunk. “In the mood for anything special?” he asked.

“I don't care foxy. Up the ass. Just do what ya want to get off,” the canine barked. Fox swiveled his ears at the dog's request. Grey was usually the dominant one, but he was too stressed by his upcoming exam. Fox reached down to extricate Bill's boxers from his hips. He tossed the article of clothing to the ground and began rubbing his body against his best friend. He brought his muzzle to Bill's and kissed him deeply. Bill explored Fox's mouth with his tongue a bit.

Bill's paws began working their way down to squeeze at Fox's ass. Fox's tail kept wagging at the welcome advances of his lover and friend. Fox kept their kiss long and sensual. Both furs' pricks were already stiffened and the vulpine slowly thrust himself against Bill's cock. Both slimy members rubbed against one another and the dog's fingers began probing at his lover's tailhole.

Fox broke their kiss and rolled onto his stomach. “Shove it in me,” Fox urged. The bulldog worked carefully throughout the top bunk, not wanting a one-way trip to the floor. Fox lay obediently beneath the canine and was ready to be stuffed by his best friend. Bill shifted around until he was on top of McCloud and he leaned forward to kiss the back of Fox's neck.

“I love you,” Bill whispered. Fox swiveled his ears at the comment and released a deep murr. Without anymore delays, Bill shoved his hips forward and planted himself into Fox's ass.

“Good...” Fox groaned. He flexed his ass around the prick and shivered in pleasure. Fox's eyes remained shut and Bill was alert to keep the fox's tail out of the way. Bill slowly kept up his gently thrusting into Fox's ass. He didn't want to overload Fox with a faster pace. “Good...”

Fox continued flexing his bowels around the dog's prick. Both were sexually active since before their meeting. Neither ever envisioned a love forming for each other. Thin trails of the dog's pre began to leak down Fox's ass cheeks and onto the sheets. Fox let out a choked cry and whimpered while the canine began to fill his ass with hot cum. The dog's knot was already swollen and was rubbing against the vulpine's stretched ass. “Mmmm yeah,” McCloud moaned.

“You're welcome,” Bill panted. He was going to stay hard for awhile.

“You staying in?” Fox murred. He wiggled his ass a little. Bill was rested comfortably on top of Fox and his right paw was pumping the fox's cock. “Mmm, keep that up.”

“Yeah. Unless you've got somewhere else to go...” the bulldog huffed.

“No... The rest of my night is free, although that could change if you want to stay in. Mmmm. You feel nice and warm,” Fox murred.

“Good. Just stay beneath me,” the canine growled playfully.

“Like I have a choice,” Fox shot back. Bill gave Fox a few more shorter thrusts while continuing to pump the fox’s prick. Fox thought about the potential pairing of his friend and Katie. What a night that would be...

## **November 7, 2370**

## ***“First Impression”***

Fox recorded as many notes as he could to his computer terminal. McCloud was doing his best to multi-task. His gaze kept switching from his instructor, to his computer pad, and over to his otter friend. The dog-fighting session of his battle tactics class was suddenly interrupted by the school's dismissal tone. “All right cadets. Be ready to practice these maneuvers in the simulator chambers on Friday. That’s three whole days from now,” the instructor ordered. The cadets grabbed their belongings and orderly shuffled out of the small classroom. Fox managed to grab the attention of his new otter friend among the outflow of students. “Hey McCloud,” cadet Katie Deff churred.

“Hey Kates,” Fox replied.

“What's up?” Katie asked. Both furs walked out of the classroom and strolled down the hallway.

“You had to ask that? I have good news about your crush. He’s interested in meeting ya. I would’ve told you sooner, but I kinda forgot your last name,” Fox confessed. Katie cracked a smile at the embarrassed vulpine, whose ears were drooping.

“Well, just look at my chest anytime you need my last name. The nametape isn't about to fly off, silly,” she cackled. “Any idea on when you can introduce us?”

“Right now actually, if you're not up to anything,” he suggested. They continued walking down the long corridor of the main complex.

“Now?” she stuttered, fumbling with her mini computer terminal before shoving the device into one of her flight suit's zippered compartments.

“Why? Bad time?” Fox asked.

“No. I'm just scheduled for night maneuvers in four hours. That should be plenty of time,” Katie said. Fox opened one of the glass doors to the outside courtyard for Katie and continued to walk with her. The dorm buildings were a short walk from the main classroom building. Katie remained by Fox's side. “What else did he say?”

“That he was surprised someone was interested in sleeping with him. Nothing personal, but you don't seem like the slutty type,” McCloud explained.

“I'm not, though my roommate is a different story. He's just so damn cute and I can't pass up not meeting him,” she said.

“And possibly more?” Fox wisecracked.

“Yeah. It's complicated. I don't know how to explain it. Something keeps telling me he's the one,” she sighed.

“The one? You haven't even met him yet,” Fox cautioned. The pair finally made it towards Fox's dorm building.

“I really appreciate you helping me out,” she smiled. Fox opened the door for the otter and followed her in.

“It's no problem Kates. I can't resist a pretty lady like you. I'm hitting the simulators right after I drop you off. You'll both have some privacy,” Fox said. He took her by the paw and led them towards the stairs. “We're on the third floor. Hope you don't mind the climb.”

“Heh. Same floor as me,” Kate chuckled. Both conquered the climb and were soon outside their destination.

“You ready for this?” Fox asked. Deff took a deep breath.

“Yeah,” she nodded. McCloud grasped the handle with his paw and opened the door. The bulldog in question was laying comfortably on his bunk. Grey turned his head at their entry before rolling on his side. “Hey there...” Bill greeted.

“Hi...” the otter smiled shyly up at the canine. Fox tossed his computer pad onto his bed and grabbed his com-link.

“I'll let you two get more comfortable. I'm off to the simulators. Go easy on her Bill!” McCloud teased before zooming out of the room. Both furs were now alone. Grey hopped down off the top bunk. He was simply dressed in boxer shorts with no shirt.

“Hey,” Bill started.

“I'm Katie,” she said, looking around the room nervously.

“I know. I'm Bill,” he said. “It's good to finally meet you.”

“I couldn't stop thinking about you ever since I saw you on the volleyball courts. I saw McCloud talking with you and I guessed that you two were friends. He's in one of my classes. Lucky for me, you're both roommates,” Katie explained.

“That's all right. Yeah. Foxy clued me in,” Bill smirked. “I was a little surprised when he mentioned you were interested in me. Exactly how interested in me are you?”

“To, erm, sleep with you,” Katie blushed reluctantly. She couldn't believe that went out of her mouth. “I mean. I want you to be my boyfriend.”

Bill hugged the shorter woman and softly rubbed at her back. “I've never had a girlfriend before,” Grey said. He was only sixteen and could had no idea what a military career held in store for his future. Could a relationship be possible past flight school?

“You don't have to worry about me, hon. I'm very low maintenance,” she whispered, nosing into Grey's neck, confidence starting to build. She was a good four inches shorter than him. One of Bill's paws found its way down to pat her ass.

“Well this is one hell of a way to start a first date,” he quipped. Katie reached around his waist and lowered his boxers. Grey kicked them off with his feet, an erection already formed. Katie slowly worked down her flight suit's main zipper.

Bill's tail started to wag at the otter's teasingly slow disrobing. She wore only a bra and panties underneath her flight suit. Not exactly in uniform, but who was he to complain? Deff reached down to unfasten her boots. Grey boldly leaned forward towards the attractive girl and

assisted in taking her boots off. Wanting to set a tone of playfulness, she brushed her half-naked body against his gray fur. Bill reached down to softly kiss her. Katie undid the front clasp of her bra, working it off her shoulders and tossing it to the floor. She climbed up onto the top bunk and sprawled herself out attractively.

“I’m ready for you,” she giggled. Bill followed the otter up and lay right beside her. She took one of Grey’s paws and placed it over her right breast. Bill gently teased her swelling nipple and nosed his snout into her neck. “Mmmm... You certainly know what you’re doing.”

“Bare with me for a minute,” he said shyly. Katie grabbed his other paw into hers and guided it down into her panties. Bill’s fingers wasted no time in playing with her clitoris.

“Mmm. Take it off,” she moaned. Bill complied, drawing down the otter’s panties across her legs. She flutter kicked them to the floor while shivering at her companion’s foreplay. “Damn you’re wet,” he quipped. She was too wound up in his exploration to give an intelligent response. Slowly, he began to work her and slipped another finger inside. Bill leaned over to give the girl a wet kiss.

He still didn’t know her last name despite having the opportunity to look at her nametape. He also knew nothing else about her except that she shared a class with his best friend. Grey didn’t want to think about relationships right now, just give this girl a good time. She did seek him out.

“See how many fingers you can fit inside me,” she gasped. Bill continued their interrupted kiss and slid a third then forth finger inside her soaking depths. He fanned them out moved his paw around. Kate whimpered and contracted around the paw inside her. Grey broke their kiss for the final time, allowing her to moan and pant. Bill pulled his paw free and smeared it all over her stomach.

“How was that?” Bill whispered.

“Good,” she panted, winding down from her climax. She turned onto her side to rub against the canine, trying to aim the tip of his pulsing cock towards her labia. The canine was still surprised by the girl’s eagerness. Why did she pick him among the many other male cadets? None of his female squadron-mates even gave him romantic looks. Grey just shooed the thoughts away. “You ready Bill?”

“Ready...? Yeah. Let me get a condom out from my desk. I don’t want to knock you up,” he joked nervously. He tried to get up, but Katie stopped him.

“No need for that. I got the sterilization shot after high school. Nothing is getting in the way of my becoming a fighter pilot,” she explained. He nodded and laid back down beside her. Katie rubbed her smaller frame against him and kissed at his neck. “I don’t usually fuck at first sight like my slutty roommate, but you... Something deep inside tells me you’re the man of my dreams...”

“Lucky me then,” he chuckled. Bill reached between them to fondle her breasts, receiving a welcome churr from her lips.

“Just roll on top of me. I want you,” she moaned. Katie rolled onto her back and spread her legs. Grey gazed down into her eyes to see her smiling back up at him. Wordlessly, Grey



Illustration 1: © Cyberwuffy. Image by SnowRoseRivenstar.

climbed on top of her. Katie gasped at the length's messy probing between her legs. All she could see was Grey's neck. She closed her eyes while Bill felt around for her entrance. She reached between her legs and wrapped her webbed paw around his flesh, pointing it towards her vaginal lips. The next sound was a sharp moan when he slipped inside. "Unnngh!"

"Mmmm," he grunted. Katie turned her head to the side, tongue hanging out of her muzzle. She kept uttering heated moans and Bill couldn't help but shiver in pleasure at her

tightness. Her species wasn't built for him.

"Mmmnf! Keep going!" she moaned. Her pussy thrashed tightly around the length inside her. Bill slowly began rocking his hips into the otter's smaller frame. He didn't want to overload her, but that plan was whisked away by another climax from the woman. "So good..."

It would be impossible for him to tie with her, but the size difference more than made up it. The pre that was being heavily pumped into her tight snatch started seeping onto her thighs. Bill couldn't focus on anything else besides plowing into his new girlfriend. Whatever regrets he had were replaced by pure lust. Katie's legs were trembling and her moans were only white noise to Bill. She bared her fangs and started to growl, lost in her own little world. Her cunt kept spasming around his cock and that finally caused the canine's knot to swell.

Bill lurched forward and stuffed the rest of cock inside, blasting her with cum. Katie enjoyed the warmth squirting into her body and both furs eventually collapsed. "Keep it in," she whispered. Grey didn't say anything, but complied with her request. The huge bulge of his knot was firmly pressed against her abused pussy lips. Both furs just panted and remained still.

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Bill watched his new girlfriend get dressed from his top bunk, admiring her shiny pelt. Putting the last article of clothing on, Deff looked up to him. "I'll see you in the simulator tomorrow, okay hotshot?" she smiled.

"I'll see you there Kates," he barked.

"Thanks. Just... thanks. It's been awhile," she blushed.

"I look forward to that. Good luck with your nighttime maneuvers" he smiled.

"Thanks," she blushed. Grey continued to smile. The otter slipped out of his room and



went on her way. Grey rolled onto his side and pulled the covers over him.

“What a girl...” he said.

## November 8, 2370

## “Bandit”

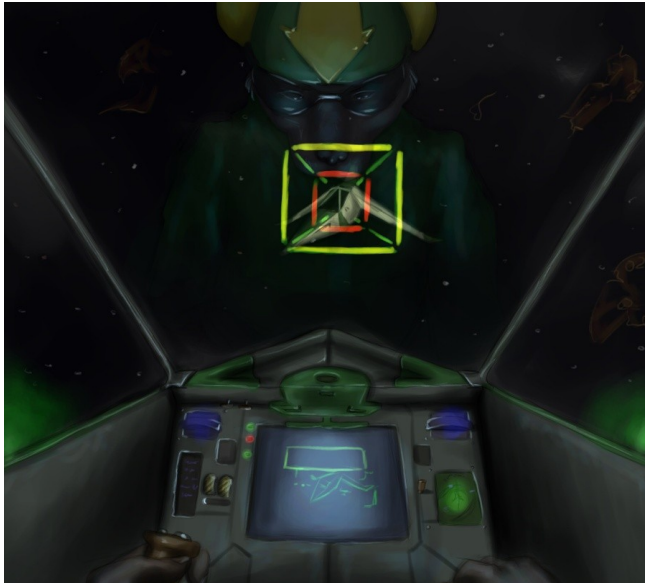


Illustration 2: © Cyberwuffy. Image by ScottyFox/Sigil.

Two Cornerian fighters flew through a simulated rendition of Sector X. “I’ve got you now,” Grey barked through his com-link. His girlfriend’s fighter was now locked onto. In a frenzy to remedy her HUD’s lock warning, she made a hard break to starboard. “Fuck!”

“Almost had me,” the otter taunted. Bill took several shots at her, but she managed to evade them all. The canine did the best he could to stay on her tail, but she was more experienced than him. He clumsily fumbled with his ship’s booster rockets in an effort to keep up, but was unaware of Katie coming out of hiding behind a massive piece of debris. His HUD warning lights lit up. She had acquired a lock on him from behind.

“FUCK!” Grey yelled again, unable to avoid the direct hit. His shield generator failed, taking the brunt of the otter’s laser blast. A low growl from the bulldog sounded through the com-link followed by a taunting giggle from his girlfriend. Girlfriend... He wasn’t about to start doing anyone favors in the simulators, including loved ones. Defenseless and exposed, Grey was only unable to evade Katie’s final shot. The laser bolt struck his unprotected engine and his simulation chamber shut down in defeat.

“Better luck next time bulldog,” she snickered through the com-link.

“Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up,” he quipped. Bill shook his head in frustration at his sixth loss in a row. He’d been close to shooting her down in half their dogfights, but she always found a way out. Bill flipped the switch for the simulation chamber to open its doors. Katie was already outside waiting for him.

“Don’t feel too badly ace. It’s not your fault I’m so good,” she chirped cockily. Grey climbed out of the cramped simulation chamber and brushed himself off. He removed his helmet and gave Katie a wry smirk.

“Just watch your six next time. I’ll have some new tricks by then,” he barked. Katie moved closer to Grey and wrapped her right arm around his waist.

“Can you really teach a dog new tricks?” Katie giggled.

“Very funny,” he barked.

“Come on. Let's get out of here. You've had enough punishment for one day,” Deff said. Grey nodded and both furs headed back towards the otter's dorm.

\* \* \* \*

“Nice place,” Grey wisecracked, sitting on Katie's lower bunk. His girlfriend's dorm room was identical to his own, but lacked the posers and lava lamp. The only notable difference between dorms was the choice of carpeting. Katie was in the middle of the room, fumbling with the zipper to her flight suit. She drew it down, revealing her out of uniform pink lace bra. The garment was deceiving, hiding the otter's generous double d chest. Bill was removing his boots in a hurried attempt to get naked.



Illustration 3: © Cyberwuffy. Image by SnowRoseRivenstar.

“Thanks. I try,” she grinned, kicking off her boots and finally managing to work the zipper down her body. The bare flight suit that the cadets wore was the military's easiest uniform to get on and off.

“What if your roommate comes back?” Bill asked, reaching up to pull down the zipper of his flight suit. Within seconds, he was able to slip free from the uniform. Katie was already naked. The canine drew down his boxer shorts, revealing his erection. Bill got up from the bunk and eagerly brushed against his girlfriend. The otter rubbed back against him.

“Mmm. Not to worry. That slut will be gone all day in the simulator. Poor cheetah has bad aim,” she murmured. Katie walked over to her bed climbed onto it. She looked up to Grey and gave him a soft smile. “Come here, you.”

Bill grinned wide at her eagerness. Wanting to make the most of the afternoon, he slid beside the otteress. “Hey lover,” he whispered. She gave a soft churr and ran a paw down the side of his body, scratching him in various places. Bill murred at the girl's touch and nosed his muzzle into her headfur. “Look where we've ended up after two days.”

“Don't get mushy on me, Grey. You're cute, sweet, and certainly a great fuck. It's just a shame you'll never be able to tie. Now kiss me!” she demanded, wrapping her arms around his larger body. Bill complied by locking lips, exploring her mouth with his tongue. She let out a soft gasp as one of his paws spread her pussy lips open. Two fingers forced their way inside, causing Deff to moan into the kiss. Katie squirmed beneath Grey and thrust her hips upward in approval. “Mmmm...”

Their kiss finally broke. The canine's erection was poking around her legs. He withdrew his fingers from her slit and moved further, bringing the tip of his prick along her vagina. Katie continued to squirm beneath him. “Be rough!” she urged. Grey slipped inside of her and began fucking. She wrapped her legs around his hips, squeezing tightly. Katie bared her teeth and growled. Her vaginal walls were stretched wide around the prominence her own species lacked.

“Cum damn you,” he growled. Pre kept spurting into her tight cunt and started to seep out onto her thighs. Katie's moans soon fell silent as the thrusts into her body stopped.

“Why...?” she panted. Grey pulled out from her pussy and shuffled around the bunk. Katie watched her lover haunch over her chest and place his slimy cock between her ample breasts. Her slit began seeping fluids, the excess dribbling down her ass. She had no choice in being tit-fucked. Trying to stay comfortable propped up on his knees, he slowly began to fuck her chest. The otter brushed her paws at his hips and watched the slimy cock stare her in the face. She kept her muzzle open, hoping to catch anything that made it to her lips. “So much for rough.”



Illustration 4: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Shawntae Howard.  
Color by SnowRoseRivenstar.

A good amount of the dog's clear fluid was dribbling all over her breasts and some of the spurts landed on Katie's lips. She brought one of her paws between her chest and fondled at the monstrosity. She ran her fingers over the pulsing erection, toying at it while he thrust between her globes. Without warning, Bill shifted forward and shoved his erection right down her throat. Katie took the phallus and eagerly sucked down all she could, placing her webbed paws on her breasts and squeezing them around the penis. She washed it thoroughly with her tongue and enjoyed its taste. The knot was bulging and cum began to pump into her mouth. The canine wasn't in the most

comfortable position, but the tongue-job of his girlfriend more than made up for it. Katie shrugged off the huge knot that was bumping at the edge of her muzzle. “Just feed,” he mock-demanded. She swallowed everything that she was given and kept giving him head. He looked down to her. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to be at peace with what they were doing. Whatever she couldn't swallow was dribbling down the sides of her muzzle and dripping across her shoulders. The dim light of the room aided to the content mood of both. Katie could only lie there and orally pleasure her boyfriend. She wouldn't settle for anything less.

## November 16, 2370

## “Demands”

“I need it,” Katie whined, stripping out of her flightsuit and pushing her boyfriend onto the lower bunk. Bill was already undressed thanks to the otter, his erection hanging freely from his sheath.

“You're in a mood,” Bill murred. Katie was visibly soaked between the legs.

“It's what happens when I don't get a lay in a week,” Katie hissed. She looked at her lover and around the room. “Fuck the bunk bed. On the floor. We're getting a motel room the next time we get leave.”

“Yes ma'am,” Bill saluted. He got onto the floor and laid on his back, spreading his legs. The otter got onto her knees and reached down to pump the canine's erection. “Mmmm. Yeah. Having fun?”

“I will be once we figure out how to stuff this knot in my cunt,” she grinned. “Though that'll probably tear something...”

She gently squeezed the rigid erection before pumping it a few more times. “Mmm. Let's try something different,” she churred. Katie rolled onto her paws and knees, wiggling them playfully in the air. “Get on your knees behind me. Pick up my thighs and drive me back onto you. Fuck me senseless.”

“You mean I have to hold your sack of fur and fuck you at the same time?” Bill snickered.

“Do me,” Katie demanded.

“Whatever you say lover,” Bill murred. He moved behind his mate, grabbed her by the thighs, and slipped his erection into the otter's depths.

“Stretch me,” Katie hissed, clawing into the floor. It only took Grey three strong fucks to make her climax, her vaginal walls clamping down on the thick erection within her. Katie was clawing and scratching at the floor with her webbed paws. Her hair was strewn. “Graaaaaaaaaaah!”

Bill dug his claws into the Katie's body, picking up his pace and forcing her hips to hilt his. Katie screamed at the unexpected hilt and clenched her teeth. Bill slowed down and kept fucking his lover. He was going to make this last.

## ***December 16, 2370***

## ***“Deployment”***

“Oh...Gods. Wait—no!” Katie gasped, shuddering at her boyfriend's sudden dismount. The knot was something she'd never get used to, but after weeks of trying she was loosened up enough so it didn't hurt as much. Katie rolled to her side, whimpering and panting heavily.

“Hope that doesn't hurt in the morning. The shuttle ride is going to suck if I left a mark,” Bill teased, licking his muzzle and lightly slapping Katie's ass. Grey took a seat in one of the chairs across the motel room and let his knotted flesh bob around. Fox couldn't help staring at the otter's breasts.

“Don't remind me about deployment tomorrow. Just sit there and watch like a good canine,” Katie teased. By now, she was recovered enough from the knot's removal to press her breasts together for Fox's viewing pleasure.

There was no way Fox could tell them he was turning down his commission to become a mercenary. Right now, he wanted his two friends to have a night to remember. “Hungry?” Fox teased, looking to her and then down at his throbbing flesh. She playfully showed off her tongue to Fox, getting onto all fours and wiggling her hips at Bill. She nudged into Fox's hips, sniffed at his sheath, and went down on him.

Grey needed no further invitations to join in. He got behind Katie, moved her tail out of the way, and began fucking her with his knotted member.

The fox was getting quite a show watching his best friend fuck the rather talented girl. “Come on Deffy. Suck,” McCloud groaned, rolling his hips into her muzzle.

Katie kept bobbing her head on the fox's prick, feeling his hip fur with her whiskers each time she reached his sheath. The vulpine was nowhere as hung her boyfriend, whose prick was causing her to almost bite down on the tender flesh in her muzzle. She clenched the bedsheets, wiggling her hips for Bill and squeezing hard to give him resistance.

“Katie. I—Yeah...” Fox growled. The vulpine's knot quickly swelled and the hungry otter swallowed down the load. Seed was soon dribbling over Fox's knot and smearing into Katie's lips. The otter finished up, pulling off the knotted cock with satisfied gulp. She dug her head into Fox's thigh, McCloud taking the opportunity to pet through her scattered hair. Bill brushed across the small of Katie's back, tending to a matte in her fur.

When the afterglow of their combined discharges wore off, the three finally put an end to the night's carnal relations. Katie was happily sandwiched between both males, fighting the urge to sleep. Tomorrow was unwelcome.

## ***February 3, 2371***

## ***“Topped”***

Rumors of war were spreading throughout the Lylat System. A strange increase in military activity was being detected around Venom and that forced General Pepper to rally the defenses around Corneria and as many of its colony planets as possible.

The Great Fox stood in dry-dock at Corneria City Space Port. The ship was being prepped for battle in the imminent war. Slippy and Peppy were busy making last minute adjustments to the ship's systems and Fox was anxious about the whole situation. He didn't like waiting... Especially when it concerned Andross. He wanted to get this over with and make sure he would pay. Falco, the team's loner, was pessimistic as usual about the upcoming conflict, but wanted to see Andross die just as much as Fox.

“I can't stand this damn waiting! Why can't we just launch now and give the lizards a run for it?!” Falco exclaimed. McCloud turned to his best friend from his command chair.

“I know. I don’t like it either, but it’s only going to be four more days,” the vulpine said. Four more days...

“Four days... damn it. What are we supposed to do until then? I don’t know how you of all people can stand waiting to take a shot at Andross...” Falco said.

“I don’t know...Just deal with it,” Fox replied. “Why don’t you go into the city and find a bar or something?”

Falco looked at the main viewer and pondered. War was about to break out. What did he have to lose by finding some tail? Not that it would be easy. The bird was a smooth talker in the cockpit, but usually struck out with women. “All right. You want to come?” he chirped.

“As much as I’d like to, I have plans tonight with that fennec girl, Fara Phoenix. She’s really hot,” Fox said. Falco just stuck his tongue out at his best friend and left the bridge.

“Yeah? Just don’t get your tail singed. She’s probably taken,” Falco said.

“Well, I’ll have to see. My tail will be getting some tail tonight, hopefully,” Fox snickered.

“Yeah, rub it in fuzz face. I’ll be downtown,” Falco sighed.

“If you bring someone back, make sure you introduce me. It’d be a historic occasion!” Fox playfully jabbed.

“Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up Fox!” Falco called back. The bird entered the mag-lev and headed towards the hangar bay. The Great Fox’s hangar was adjacent to one of the spaceport’s umbilical cords, so he would have no trouble getting in and out.

\* \* \* \*

Cheesy pornographic music set the atmosphere in Denim's. The establishment was one of several strip bars in downtown Corneria City. An attractive young woman was halfway through her routine. She wore black western style boots and a matching shade of leather panties. Her halter top was sprawled onto the floor below and several men below the stage were cheering her on. Katt Monroe eyed the men while swinging suggestively about the pole. They were all Cornerian soldiers from one of the local detachments. The men were doing their best to soak in as much fun as possible before war broke out. She knew all too well what war was capable of, her childhood being destroyed in the aftermath of Andross’s gravity bomb tragedy. It pained her to know some of the brave and noble men enjoying her body would not be coming back...


“Come on, hot stuff, shake it!” one of them yelled.

“Yeah! Bounce those tits!” Falco chimed in. Katt looked up to the witty bird from shoving her hips into the pole and acting as if she were riding it. The avian was behind the pack of enthused soldiers, obviously not in the military.


Katt returned to looking at the soldiers. One of them shoved a c note down her panties and made sure the bill was secure. Katt gasped and purred.

She knelt down and reached over to take the wolf’s face in her paws. She pulled his head right into her tits and brushed along the back of his head.

“That’s it wolfy, enjoy my breasts,” she purred. She made sure his mouth ran over her nipples and held him between her cleavage for a moment before letting go.

She mouthed out the words 'I love you'  the awestruck wolf, who was being cheered on by his comrades. Monroe always liked being a tease. Her vaginal folds were damp from arousal, and the sizable amount of credits shoved in her nether regions made it all worthwhile. She needed a new blaster pistol.

Falco remained beside the door, preferring to keep out of the soldiers' way. Katt saw him glancing at her and warmly returned the look. He doubted she would even entertain the thought of going somewhere with him, but Falco had nothing to lose by trying.

The music abruptly ended to the disappointment of the soldiers and Katt's routine was finished. She reached down to retrieve her halter top from the ground, giving the men a very good view of her generous chest in the process. Brushing her hair back, Katt menacingly blew a kiss to one of the them before retiring to the dressing room in back. A female squirrel by the name of Trixi passed Katt during her exit and whispered some words of encouragement in Monroe's ear. Trixi was only one of Denim's seven regular working girls. 

Katt slipped into the dressing room and walked over to her entrenchment in the row of mirrored desks. "Nice performance," a dalmatian praised. Katt's canine companion was dressed in fish net stockings and light bondage garb. Katt placed her top down on her table and stepped out of her leather panties. Several wads of bills fell from her depths and thong onto the floor and Monroe was left to carefully extract that wolf's c-note from herself.

"Thanks Corey," Katt purred. "Ugh... I never thought I'd have to do this to keep my living expenses going, but it keeps the soldiers happy."

"Is that the only reason you took this job?" she shot back, giving Katt a soft grin. Katt finished gathering up her earnings and arranged them neatly on the table. She kicked off her boots and reached in one of her drawers for an outfit to wear home.

A knock at the dressing room's door made both women's ears perk. Katt, remaining topless, went over towards the door and cracked it open. "Hi..." Falco stuttered, looking at the beautiful feline from behind the door.

"Hi..." she replied to Falco. "You shouldn't be back here."

"I figured as much," the avian chirped. "I'm sorry, but I didn't want to leave with at least knowing your name. There's something about you I just can't seem to shake."

Someone from Star Fox was actually interested in her. Falco looked a little flustered and Katt looked over her shoulder to Corey. The canine gave an approving nod and Katt stepped out from behind the door and into the hallway. Falco gave the woman a smile and couldn't help his eyes looking at her chest. "If it's what I'm thinking, I usually don't date customers," Katt said. "But you are kind of cute..."

"My name's Falco... Falco Lombardi," the bird said, extending a winged hand. Katt looked him over. He was just about her height and for some reason seemed familiar to her.

"I'm Monroe," Katt purred, taking the offered hand. "But please call me Katt..."

"All right Katt. That's a nice name," he smiled.

"...Thanks," Katt blushed. She was holding her top against her chest with her other paw and looking over the avian interestedly. "So... what is it about me you can't shake?"

Falco looked into Katt's eyes and withdrew his winged hand from hers. "Your eyes. Something in your eyes just draws me towards you. I don't know how to explain it..." he explained.

Katt purred and reached out to hug the bird, drawing him against her. "Well... Falco... You are kind of cute. Tell ya what... Let me finish getting dressed and we can go somewhere. There's something about you I can't place either and I don't want to ignore it. Besides, I can't turn away a member of Star Fox. Just wait here and I'll be right back... Falco Lombardi..." Monroe purred. She broke her embrace from the bird and slipped back into the dressing room, letting the door close shut.

A stunned avian was left waiting. She knew who he. Falco looked around the narrow hallway. He could still hear the music from the main room and smell the light twinge of cigar smoke from the front of the bar.

A giggling Katt emerged from the dressing room, wearing black leather pants and a snug yellow tank top. With her purse in paw, Katt moved alongside Falco and wrapped her free arm around his waist. "So, Falcy... can I call you that?" Katt purred.

"You... can call me anything you want, Katt," he replied. He enjoyed the snuggling of Katt against him. It was a long time since a girl came on to him.

"So...it's back to your place?" she smirked. "Do you live nearby? I have to walk to work. All my money goes towards my ship and living expenses."

"I have a car. It's not much, but it gets me around. I don't have an apartment... but I do have a place we can go..." Falco said.

Katt nosed her head against his shoulder. "The Great Fox?" she quipped. Falco stopped at Denim's back exit and turned to her.

"Yeah... Katt. The Great Fox... How do you know who I am?" he questioned.

"I keep tabs on fellow mercenaries, Falcy. I only strip on the side. You're so surprised. The entire system is aware of you. You're not exactly low profile..." she smirked. That explanation was good enough for him.

"Well, Katt... The Great Fox is in dry dock at Corneria City Space Port. I assume your ship is kept there as well?" he asked.

"Yeah... Even with war imminent, the place is secure as it's ever been. I only have an apartment a few minutes from here, but I'm always one who's on the move. Besides, I'm not scheduled again for two days," she smiled.

"Okay, Katt... Shall we be off?" he asked, looking deep into her eyes.

"Let's go," she said.

\* \* \* \*

Falco led Katt by the paw down the living quarters deck of the Great Fox. Fox was probably off nailing Fara, assuming his date went right. Hopefully whatever happened between them wouldn't echo throughout the ship's interior, but the falcon had no clue Katt was a vocal one. "So..." she began. "This is the Great Fox..."

"Yeah," Falco smiled. "It's one of the few things Fox has left of his father."



Falco stood outside the door to his quarters, facing Katt. “Thanks for doing this...” he said, a hint of nervousness returning in his voice. Thanks for doing this? Where the fuck did that come from? They weren’t even in his room yet... Katt took one of Falco’s winged hands and led him inside.

“You don’t need to thank me, Falcy. You’ve got a grudge with Andross. I do too. So do all of those soldiers that come to Denim’s looking for any kind of relief to wash away fears of this impending war. You all deserve something for putting your fur on the line and who am I to deny you all of it?” she purred. Comfortably inside Falco’s room, Katt placed her purse on the floor and began disrobing. Falco admired Katt’s words. A fellow mercenary using her body on the side to fight against Andross. Falco was doing the best to fling off his boots and the falcon was caught up in his own undressing.

Katt Monroe was once again as nude as in the Denim’s dressing room with Corey. She was no stranger to the art of sex. After all, she got the reversible sterilization injection from one of the city’s medical clinics before taking the Denim’s job. Katt wanted to have children someday, but wanted to have as much fun as possible before making that decision. A sexual revolution took place after any risk of disease was wiped out half a century ago. The act of lovemaking was finally worry-free.

Katt mischievously crawled onto Falco’s bed. She sprawled out on her side and faced the falcon, who was hurriedly shedding the last of his clothes off. About a foot of prime maleness was extended from his sheath and that alone made Katt lick her lips. “Mmmm...” she purred. Katt patted the spot beside her and eyed the erection. “Come over here and let me take care of that...”

Falco looked at Katt and smiled in return. He walked over to his bed and climbed atop of it, moving beside Monroe. Katt moved onto her paws and knees and crawled towards his crotch. She lowered her chest, making sure her breasts brushed against his thighs and inched her muzzle up to his cock. She slipped her tongue across the sheath’s opening and that caused a soft stir from him. Slowly, Katt worked her tongue up Falco’s pulsing foot of endowment and did the best she could to get a nice taste of him.

Monroe perched comfortably between Falco’s legs, propped up by her elbows. She gently worked the thick penis around with her paws while teasing its tip with her rough feline tongue. Falco was left to close his eyes and let the mercenary-turned-stripper work her skills on him. Katt continued to flick her tongue around the swollen head before lowering on him and taking it further into her mouth. “Oh.... God....” Falco groaned. The weeks of sexual drought were now all but an afterthought. He squirmed gently beneath Monroe and enjoyed the work of her tongue. Katt reached down to gently fondle Falco’s feathery sac and began bobbing her head up and down the thick prize. She bathed her tongue around the pink cock and made sure to circle it and probe the underside of the sensitive head.

Falco began to spurt some pre into Katt’s mouth and that was very welcome to her. The clear fluid danced across her tongue and slid down her throat, whatever excess dripping from her lips. Katt’s eyes remained closed and she was noisily slurping at the organ that would soon plant

itself within her. Her muzzle was firmly closed around the length. Katt was enjoying her meal, continuing to bob her head on the bird.



Illustration 5: © Cyberwuffy. Image by SnowRoseRivenstar

Until now, nobody had given him head like the mercenary over him. Five minutes passed. Falco was propped on his elbows, watching Monroe. She rolled his balls around in her paw. Katt moved her head off of the bird's cock and started to run her tongue from its base to the tip. That did it. Unable to take anymore, Falco groaned and blew his load. Cum splattered onto the sheets. Katt immediately aimed the erection to her muzzle and got the last stray blasts of seed. She scooted over the bird to lick the initial cum from the sheets.

Falco gave out a post-orgasmic shudder and opened his eyes to look at Monroe, who was now positioned on all fours over him. Katt settled lengthwise beside Falco and placed her paw on his crotch. It wasn't long before she had him erect once again. "That was tasty," she purred to him. The avian tilted his head to look towards Katt.

"Thanks for the service," he quipped.

Katt kept a firm pressure on his crotch, coaxing him to erect once again.

"You're welcome, sexy," Katt purred. She moved her fingers up to the length's broad tip and passed her fingers across it. "You think you could pay me back, Falcy?"

Falco looked into Katt's eyes. She was going to open her legs for him... Whether it was because he was on Star Fox or that he really did catch her eye in Denim's, he would probably never know. All Lombardi knew is that he was about to hit home. "Should I get a condom out?" he asked. A condom? At least the bird was keeping his head through this very delightful afternoon. Katt slowly pumped at his penis to keep him hard and nosed into the falcon's feathery neck.

"That's quite all right, hon. I'm on the injection... You can blow your load in me as many times as you want," she purred. Katt couldn't believe she was doing this with a client... If Falco could be considered one... He hadn't given her any cash back in the bar, merely watching Katt's performance. Katt released the bird's cock from her grasp and rolled onto her back. "Come on, hot shot. Ace me!"

Falco propped up on his elbow and gently rolled on top of the feline. Her legs were willingly spread for him and Falco shoved his cock deep inside of her. "Unnnnnnngh!" Katt

cried. The sudden invasion of flesh within her caused a pleasurable pain, but all that was in her mind was bliss. The mercenary gritted her teeth beneath Falco. “Don’t stop...”



Illustration 6: © Cyberwuffy. Image by SnowRoseRivenstar.

Lombardi remained firmly planted within her and slowly drew back before shoving forward again. “Damn you’re tight,” Falco grunted. He began a slow rhythm into her and that only made Katt’s moans louder. Between the cash and the avian’s prick, Katt was getting quite a workout... Her eyes remained shut and her paws clenching the sheets. Her legs wrapped around the bird’s hips. She was pulling him into her body, causing her breasts to bounce about her chest. Katt rotated her hips under him as best she could. Her already

tightened depths bared down on his cock and Katt was left to cry out in an orgasmic bliss. “Yesssssss!”

Her vaginal walls made a messy noise from the release of her juices and coaxed a groan of pleasure from the bird. Katt was already stretched wide and the resistance between her legs was making Falco work for his own release. “You’re still fucking tight,” Falco groaned. Katt was oblivious to his heated words, too caught up in her own wild moans. “Mnnnngh... Nnnnnnng, I,” she cried, well past her fourth climax. Katt was too out of it to keep count. Her cunt spasmed around the broad length again and this time Falco came, sending his seed deep inside of her. Katt shuddered at the warmth, her powerful orgasm drawing the cum deeper into her body. Falco collapsed on top of Katt, and shuddered on top of her. The purple feline was left to pant and try to catch her breath.

“Thanks for the good time, Monroe,” he grunted into her ear.

“You’re...welco...come...” Katt managed.

“Mmmnf. Stay... tonight?” he panted. Katt’s head remained lulled back and her eyes were still closed.

“Yea..aah...” she whimpered. Falco remained on top of the new woman in his life.

**March 1, 2371**

**“Loss”**

A Cornerian fighter flew through Sector Z. The pilot locked onto the Invader III fighter and blasted it to pieces, flying through its explosion. “Yee haw! That's the last of this freighter convoy,” Commander Bill Grey barked victoriously.

“Andross will be pissed when he finds out his weapons haven't arrived,” one pilot said.

“Yeah. Would love to see the look on his face,” another chimed in.

“Okay Husky Unit. Good work. Let's get the fuck out of here. Plenty of more targets on tomorrow's strike list,” Grey ordered.

“Got it boss. We're on your wing,” one of them said. The formation of five other fighters formed up on their leader, the group heading back for Katina Base. Bill checked his comm and opened a channel to base. The image of their commander appeared in Bill's helmet HUD.

“Husky Unit reporting, colonel. Scratch one Venomian freighter convoy,” Grey smiled.

“Good work Grey. Hate to cut your celebration short, but get back here ASAP. The 4<sup>th</sup> Fleet was ambushed in Meteo two hours ago. They took heavy losses. Survivors managed to fall back to the Cornerian defense perimeter. Before you ask, No... I don't know if she made it. This casualty list is a long one. Reports are still coming in. We lost a lot of good people. Just hurry back.”

“They're all good people, sir. Husky Unit heading home. Grey out,” Bill responded, finally able to get over the knot in his stomach.

“Everything okay, boss?” his jaguar ensign asked.

“No Janks. We got hit. 4<sup>th</sup> Fleet was ambushed while we were having our joyride. We've lost too many already,” Bill sighed. “Throttle on full boys and girls. Back to base we go.”

\* \* \* \*

Commander Grey scuffled through the other pilots to get to the latest casualty list on the hangar's large display. “Is there a list of survivors?” the bulldog asked frantically.

“Just the casualties, sir. The 4<sup>th</sup> Fleet was ambushed in Meteo this morning,” one of the pilots said.

“I know dammit,” he said, reading down the alphabetical listing. There it was... “She's dead...”

**Deff, Katie    Lieutenant Commander    M.I.A.**

Grey stood among his pilots. They were supposed to get married after the war. She wanted to do it after graduating flight school, but he insisted otherwise. He'd only seen her a month ago on a three day pass. Now she was gone. Another casualty of Andross's invasion.

**March 2, 2371**

**“Prisoner of War”**

“Get the fuck off me you Venomian scum,” a blindfolded Katie Deff struggled. She tried to break away from the guards that forcing her to walk to some unknown location.

“Shut up,” a guard ordered, striking her across the face.

“You'll never shut me up. I'll scream to my last breath,” the otter growled, trying to bite back at who just struck her. She was met with a swift kick to the stomach. With the wind knocked out of her, Katie was forced to think about her last statement. Further resistance, for now, was out of the question. She needed to calm down, play things smart, and hold out hope for a rescue.

After what seemed like miles of walking straight, they finally stopped. She yelped when the guards forced her on her knees. When the blindfold was finally removed, Katie was face to face with her captor. The wolf's cold blue eyes were staring into her soul and she looked right back at him. She couldn't tell anything else about him except a long scar across his muzzle. He brushed his paw across her face, causing Katie to twist her head away. The wolf laughed bemusedly, licking his muzzle in a fashion that made her cringe. “Strip her,” the wolf ordered.

Katie went wide-eyed. What kind of interrogation was this? She helplessly struggled with the two guards on either side, but several more quickly had her under control. “What the fuck do you want with me?” she spat, kicking and screaming as the guards tore off her uniform piece by piece. A heavy collar was fitted around her neck and she was forced onto her knees again in front of the wolf.

“We don't get many prisoners out this way. They say it's going to be a long war. I'll need a sex slave to p~~l~~he time with,” he said.

Katie had been trying not panic throughout this whole ordeal, but as soon as she heard the phrase 'sex slave', she lost it. “Fucking kill me now,” the otter screamed. She managed to kick one of the guards between the legs, but the others tackled her and brought her under control.

“Quite the project, this one. Such spirit will be a challenge to break. Take her to isolation,” the wolf ordered.

Naked, blinded, and frightened, Katie was forced to walk to an unknown location, a condemned fate. The guards were rough, squeezing her arms and dragging her at times.

\* \* \* \*

Katie's sense of time in isolation was long gone. The walls were built with prisoners in mind. There was no way for her to claw a calendar into them. Her only interaction was the same guard who regularly brought her food. He said nothing, and she'd given up trying to get a response. The room only had a toilet, forcing Katie to sleep on the cold floor. Despite the cumbersome collar, Katie was able to exercise. An opportunity to escape would eventually present itself, and she was going to be ready for it.

The monotonous routine was finally broken when six guards entered her cell. Their blaster rifles were primed and aimed right at her. “Go ahead. Do it. I'd rather be dead than be that wolf's fucktoy,” Katie spat, returning their cold stares. One of the guards took out his side arm and shot her. She trembled in anticipation, but instead started to feel woozy. Her vision began to blur and she could barely make out something sticking out of her chest. The tranquilized otter collapsed to the floor, free to be violated.

The guards made a hole for their superior to step through. “Much better. Tie her to one of

the machines and start it. I don't care which. I'll be in eventually," he ordered. The guards complied, dragging the kicking and screaming otter away.

\* \* \* \*

Katie awoke to a soft humming noise and a rising heat between her legs. She struggled to move, but the poor otter was snugly bound to what felt like wooden beams. She couldn't see anything except the ceiling and her neck was beginning to stiffen up. "Ah. Good. You're awake," the wolf commented in the background, holding a remote and licking his muzzle at the prisoner.

"W-what? No!" Katie gasped, whimpering as a motorized pillar pushed into her folds. Her mind despised what was happening, but her body was betraying her.

"What are the strengths of the Cornerian orbital defense perimeter," the wolf began, not expecting an answer.

"Fuck off!" Katie growled, but that made her captor increase the dildo's speed.

"What are the strengths of the Cornerian orbital defense perimeter," the wolf repeated, moving over towards the girl and taking a device off of his belt. He activated one of its buttons, and an electric blue whip of energy unfurled from the gray handle. "This is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you."

He flashed the whip across her stomach, the otter crying out in pain. The thick invader began to spin between her legs, causing Deff to squirt a powerful climax. "I... I," she screamed, squirming with contempt when the wolf's fingertips began to knead at her clit.

"I'm going to take good care of you. You just have to tell me what I want to know. This is going to be a long war," he cooed softly, suddenly clubbing her over the head with the whip's butt. The otter passed out, and the wolf helped himself to her body. Katie could only pray for a rescue raid.

## **May 4, 2371**

## ***"Celebration"***

Massive crowds flooded Papetoon and every other planet in the Lylat System. The war against Andross was finally over. The Star Fox team was back in its Papetoon hideout. Fox McCloud had Fara Phoenix in his arms and was carrying her across the threshold of his room. "Fox!" the fennec giggled. McCloud used a leg to slam the heavy metal door shut. She squirmed in her new lover's grasp. The vixen was promptly deposited on McCloud's bed and she hurriedly began to disrobe. She kept her com-link on and gently wormed her way out of Fox's mother's dress. Phoenix carefully put the garment somewhere safe and began removing her flight suit. Fox was already nude and his erection towards Fara was bouncing about. Finally bare, Fara sprawled on his reclining bed and opened her legs. "Fuck me!"

"Mmm. Eager, are we?" he grinned, not caring that his com-link was also still on. Fox only knew this beautiful woman and accomplished pilot less than a week. They grew inseparable, fighting side by side and Fox was about to lay the foundation of a promising future. Her breasts were supple and her dark brown pelt glistened in the room's light poor lighting. There she was,

offering herself to him. Her green eyes stared up at him and Fox returned the vixen's gaze. Not wanting to keep his new lover waiting, McCloud got on the bed and climbed on top of her. His pride fumbled about her hips, probing for an entrance. Fara murred and reached between their bodies. She took him in her paw and guided him within her virgin depths. Fox felt warmth surround him and pushed forward.

"Ungh!" the fennec cried. McCloud punctured her barrier and wasted no time in fucking her. A mix of blood and musk trailed down her thighs, but didn't hinder Fox's eager fucking.

"Damn you're tight!" Fox groaned. Fara wrapped her legs around his hips and squeezed.

"Don't stop!" Fara growled. Her inner walls milked at him and the massive resistance made Fox pound her harder.

\* \* \* \*

The Cornerian military was busy performing cleanup operations around Venom and the ruins of Area 6. General Pepper was in the main control center of the Cornerian Defense Force's base, overseeing operations.

"Where is that grunting noise coming from?" General Pepper asked.

"I don't know sir. It's an open channel on our frequency," said a leopard lieutenant.

"Oh Fox... fuck me..." wailed Fara Phoenix.

"Phoenix... That's one way to celebrate a victory. They don't know they're transmitting. Jam the signal..." Pepper ordered.

\* \* \* \*

Fox was oblivious to the vixen's loud wails, but anyone who managed receive get their jammed signal was in for a show. McCloud quivered in pleasure at sensations from between Fara's legs. Unable to last any longer, Fox pile drove his expanding knot into her tight sex and blew his load into Fara's womb. Fara screeched in a mix of pain and pleasure. Having her virginity taken was much easier than having her pussy lock around a bulge of flesh. As quickly as it started, it was over. Fara whimpered at the hot cum inside of her and McCloud collapsed on top of her. Both vulpines lay locked together. The chorus of grunts and screams fell silent, replaced by the heavy panting for both. "I love you," Fox whispered.

"I'll never leave you," the vixen gasped.

The war was over.

## **June 1, 2374**

## **"Needs"**

Fox McCloud was nineteen years old and was well rewarded for vanquishing Andross from the Lylat System. Peppy Hare was the same age as Fox's father would've been if he were alive. The rabbit, weary from years of strife, took his share of the Venom reward and began living an early retirement on one of Corneria's tropical continents.

Fara Phoenix, who fought by Fox's side during the war, fell in a deep love with him. She resigned from the military, joined the newly reformed Star Fox team, and offered her piloting

services. Fara kept dropping hints at Fox about getting married, but the life they lived as mercenaries always seemed to push back those plans. For now she was happy with her life. She had her own quarters, which were often strewn with freshly drawn blueprints from the fennec's brilliant mind. She'd share Fox's bedroom, but the fennec preferred to have her own room with workspace. She thought best when alone, though kept Fox busy in his quarters often enough.

Yearning for a better life where he could be his own boss, Falco called it quits. Lombardi wished Fox the best of luck and took off in his Arwing, taking his share of the war earnings with him. Falco had a wide array of choices to make for his life. Contact between the bird and his friends after that was sketchy at best. Military reports that Bill Grey ran across placed the falcon as a commercial freighter captain. Fox didn't believe that.

Slippy was killed during the war. The unfortunate loss paved the way for Katt Monroe to join the team. Fueled by the sudden departure of Falco, Katt gave up all hope of reeling Lombardi in. Instead, she became involved with Fox's best friend, Bill Grey. Katt contributed a good share to the mercenaries as an expert hacker and program decoder. Monroe didn't want Falco's old quarters and resided to living with Grey on board the Great Fox.

Bill Grey, war hero, was since promoted to the rank of Captain. He made special arrangements with General Pepper that allowed him to continue his military career while living on Great Fox. Bill wasn't an official team member, merely Star Fox's military liaison. Despite their different paths, Fox and Bill were still the best of friends. Life after the war began...

\* \* \* \*

Fara Phoenix tossed and turned in her bed. She was restless. The vixen spent all night trying to come up with a new ship prototype that Katina Base could upgrade to. Unfortunately, nothing was clicking in her head. Fara looked over towards her wristwatch that lay on the nightstand beside her bed. It was 0304, up late again. Phoenix knew of only one thing that would wear her out to the point of sleep. To put it simply, that thing was sex. Hard, passionate, sweaty sex. She was ashamed to admit it. Between that and spending her time designing the sleek Arwings, a nice climax was the only way she was able to stay sane.

Fara hissed and threw the covers off of her. The only way she was going to get some sleep was by waking up Fox. McCloud enjoyed sleeping in, but the vixen didn't think her boyfriend would mind a nice surprise. Especially in the middle of the night. Fara felt around for her robe and rustled around to get it on. The fennec swiveled out of her bed and quietly exited her room.

Furtively, Fara crept down the long hallway which connected everyone's quarters. In total, there were six rooms. Katt's room was right next to hers. Across the hall directly from her was Fox's room with Bill's next to his. The Great Fox now had two spare rooms and Fox had no idea what he was going to use them for. Phoenix made her way up to Fox's door and fumbled with its keypad. In a matter of seconds, the doors to Fox's quarters slid open with a soft hiss and Fara was ready to stalk her boyfriend.

McCloud was passed out on his bed, muzzle buried in his pillow and wearing only boxer shorts. Did she really want to wake him? Fara shooed the thoughts of guilt away and slowly



moved over to her boyfriend's bed. She stood at the bed's edge and undid the belt to her pink robe. Fara let the only thing she was wearing fall off to the floor. The fennec licked her lips and gently laid down on Fox's bed. "Ungh," Fox groaned. How was she going to do this? It had to be something effective, yet fun. Fara brushed her paw over Fox's back and thought about what to do. Her pussy was aching and she needed to get taken care of so she could get some rest. Not waiting any longer, Fara placed both her paws at Fox's sides and rolled the him over onto his back. "Mmmnf."

"Wake up lover," Fara whispered in a serene voice. She wasted no time reaching under his boxers and starting to pump at the vulpine's sheath.

"Wh...wha--?" Fox stuttered. The war hero opened his eyes only to see his girl above him with her paw down his pants. "F...Fara?"

"Hey Fox..." the fennec grinned. She worked her fingers around the base of Fox's sheath and began to massaging. Fara was rewarded with her boyfriend's emerging prick.

"Wh...why now?" he yawned, still moderately groggy.

"Because I need it, lover," Fara hissed. She continued to work at Fox's cock, making sure to get him fully hard. The vixen used her other paw remove Fox's shorts and got onto her knees for a more comfortable position.

"Ungh, but...mmmm," he moaned. Fox always knew Fara to be spontaneous but this was one for the books. McCloud swiveled his ears and arched his back to his lover's palm. That was it. His blossoming cock was ready, even if the man attached to it wasn't. Fara released Fox's penis and moved her slick paw up to her mouth so she could lick at the slippery juices. Carefully, Phoenix straddled her legs across Fox's hips and squatted down until her cunt was filled with what she needed so desperately. "Mmmngh," Fara moaned. She squeezed her vagina around the phallus and simply looked down at Fox.

Fox was still half asleep, but had no objection of the fennec doing all the work. Slowly she grinded her hips against his, rising and lowering on Fox's plump cock. Her breasts bounced about and it didn't take long for her rhythm to frantically increase. Fara reached forward and braced her paws on his shoulders to get more leverage in her thrusts. McCloud, using whatever brainpower he could at 3 AM, braced his paws on her bucking hips. Fara's cunt lips made a loud sloshing noise. She was beyond wet and out of control. The fennec worked on Fox's hips like a cheap pole-dancing whore.

Fara tensed up and cried out, trailing off into her first climax. She kept Fox tightly pinned and went down one final time, accepting the vulpine's knot into her vagina. McCloud was left to shudder and pump his load into the fennec above him. All Fox cared about right now was getting back to sleep. Fucking Fara was great, but being woken up to be pumped in the middle of the night wasn't his first choice for getting laid.

Phoenix panted softly atop her lover and settled down on him. Her fur was lined in sweat and her sex drive was now expended. Fara gently nosed into a speechless McCloud. "Thanks lover... Good night," she panted. Now that Fara had what she came for, maybe she could finally rest.

**June 8, 2374**

**“Arwing”**

It was well past 11 at night and most of the Star Fox team was asleep. Two souls, however, wouldn't be getting anytime in the immediate future. As of late, Fara Phoenix wasn't as focused on finishing her ship designs since insisting herself on Fox a week prior. Ever since then, all Fara could think about was getting fucked. She was turning into as bad a slut as Katt. She couldn't explain her constant cravings for sex to Fox, let alone herself. During the past five nights, Fara snuck into Fox's quarters and made her demands clear. That constantly left her very satisfied and able to sleep, with her boyfriend trying to figure out what got into her.

Fara nosed her rusty brown muzzle into Fox's neck. The vixen was intimately cuddled up by her lover's side. This was night six and Fox had a clear picture of what was about to come. “Remember that talk we had about the Arwing?” the vixen giggled. Fox closed his eyes for a moment.

“Yeah,” he answered. There it was... Fox turned his head towards Fara and looked into her emerald green eyes. “What about it? Don't tell me—”

“Mmmhmmm...” Fara interrupted. Great. Not only did she want to get dirty, but she wanted to make him work for it!

“All right... all right...” Fox hesitated. “Get your com-link and go to the hangar bay. Let me get dressed.”

“Good Foxy,” Fara praised. The excited vixen hugged into him and left to get her com-link. Little did Fox know that would be her only article of clothing. Usually he had no complaints about fucking the fennec of his dreams, but her sex drive was extremely spiked ever since she advanced on him a week ago. Pregnant... Hah! She couldn't be pregnant. He wasn't surprised at Fara's dirty mind, but this one topped all her other ideas. Fox dismissed the mere notion of her being knocked up and began getting dressed.

A nude Fara Phoenix was patiently waiting in Fox's Arwing. The ship was still powered down except for the cockpit instruments and things would soon be getting cramped. Arwings weren't meant for carrying two furs, but it was certainly doable. It reminded her of during the war where Falco and Peppy had to coexist together when Slippy's Arwing was stolen by an Imperial lizard. She already had the manual eject commands for the fighter overridden. If things got even friskier, all safety protocols needed to be followed. Protocols... Safety protocols for this? The fennec looked out the magnetic field of the Great Fox's hangar. The only thing in view was Solar off in the distance. “Beautiful, isn't it? Just as beautiful as you, Fara,” Fox smiled from the ship's side. He was dressed in his normal attire. Fara turned towards her lover, giving him a smile, and cleared his seat for him.

“You flatterer,” Fara grinned.

“I try... It is almost midnight,” Fox quipped. He climbed into the cockpit and settled himself in the comfortable bucket seat. The cabin of the Arwing was pretty decent, allowing for

both to move comfortably around during their upcoming activities. Fara settled herself in Fox's lap and he moved her tail to the side.

"I already made sure the manual ejection was disabled," Fara said.

"Good," Fox replied. He shuffled about and reached around Fara to grasp the flight stick and Fara moved her head out of the way for him to see. Fox hit the engine ignition button and both vulpines were soon space bound.

The Arwing began its flight path around the general area of the Great Fox. "You have no idea how difficult this is." Fox grunted. An erection was already formed in his pants with Fara's help, who kept squirming.

"This looks good enough. I'll put the autopilot on," Fara murred. Sex was replacing all rational thought. The vixen adjusted the autopilot so the craft would remain stationary. Fara set the computer so all of the controls were useless unless prompted by vocal command. Things were going to get heated soon.

"All right you horny thing. We're here. Now what?" Fox bellowed. Fara ignored Fox's question and rearranged herself about the ship's cockpit until she was on all fours facing Fox's crotch. "Never mind."

Fox reached down and unzipped his fly. Fara fumbled around with her fingers to extract his pink length. She braced herself with her right paw on Fox's thigh and held his cock steady with her left. "Mmmmf," Fox groaned. He looked down at his girlfriend and gave her a soft smile. She drove her tongue across the sensitive tip and slowly worked the cock. Fox shivered, doing the best he could to look at the sensors. Fara's wet cunt was comfortably split across the inactive control stick.

"Good girl... Mmmmf," he shivered. Fox, however, was unaware that the sneaky vixen set the internal flight recorder to record before he got to the Arwing. The ending result was being transmitted into the holovid unit in Fara's quarters and saved into the Great Fox's computer core. Fara closed her eyes and cautiously deep throat him. She felt the swollen tip bump against the roof of her mouth and softly sucked the offered pre down her throat. Fara kept giving her boyfriend head and did the best she could to keep him from cumming.

With her body demanding satisfaction, Fara gently pulled off of the organ. Fara shifted back and looked up to Fox. She reached behind her head and took off her com-link. "Undress," she ordered. Fox had enough room to comfortably comply and shoved his pants and boxers down to his ankles. Fara helped her lover by removing his com-link and placing it beside her own. After a little while of shuffling, Fox's upper body was bare. Fara took his shirt, jacket, and gloves and shoved them behind the seat.

"What are you planning--?" Fox gasped. He wasn't even allowed to finish his question before his girlfriend sat in his lap. She braced her paws against the top of the cockpit window and moaned in pleasure at the fullness within her. Fox's paws found their way on each side of her hips and Fara began to rotate her body against his lap. Fara cursed and grunted, lost a rhythmic bucking of her hips. Fox kept his grip on her waist and helped Fara pull down onto him.

"Yeah... You're good at this," Fox praised. The vixen was already finished with her first

climax, but unfortunately for Phoenix she would soon give into growing fatigue. She cried out in frustration and sank firmly into Fox's lap.

"I'm sorry," Fara cried, unable to finish. Her brilliant spike of energy suddenly gave out. Just one of many changes that were recently happening in her body. Fox just hugged his lover towards him and nosed into her neck.

"You okay hon?" he asked. It was unlike her to give out so suddenly in the middle of a fuck.

"I... I don't know...All I can think about is sex," she whimpered, squeezing her vaginal walls around Fox's cock.

"It's all right love. If you want to get checked out we can do that. Let's just sit here for now, okay?" he suggested.

"All right," the frustrated vixen panted. The cock inside of her was beginning to recede and Fara brushed her body against him. The vixen was left to only ponder the last possibility that could possibly explain this. Could she be pregnant...?

## **June 17, 2374**

## ***"Tricks of the Mind"***

An uneasy Katt Monroe woke up with a pounding headache. She wasn't on the Great Fox anymore. The room that the stunned feline was held in was dark. She was standing against something cold. Her paws were binded tightly above her head, binded to each other. Monroe tried to move her feet but they were also restrained. Katt couldn't remember anything.

As soon as Katt got her bearings straight, a door opened. An ambient white light shined into the room, hiding a mysterious figure at the arch of the doorway. Katt could see herself now. All of her clothing was gone. She looked up towards the darkened figure in the doorway. "Computer—lights," the familiar voice called. The computer made a chirping noise of acknowledgment and normal light levels showered the holding cell.

"You bastard! Why am I here?!" Katt hissed. Wolf O'Donnell just gave the feisty feline a wry smile. He was dressed in a blue robe with a gold trim. Monroe did her best to lunge at Wolf, but the attempt was futile. O'Donnell snickered at the naked woman.

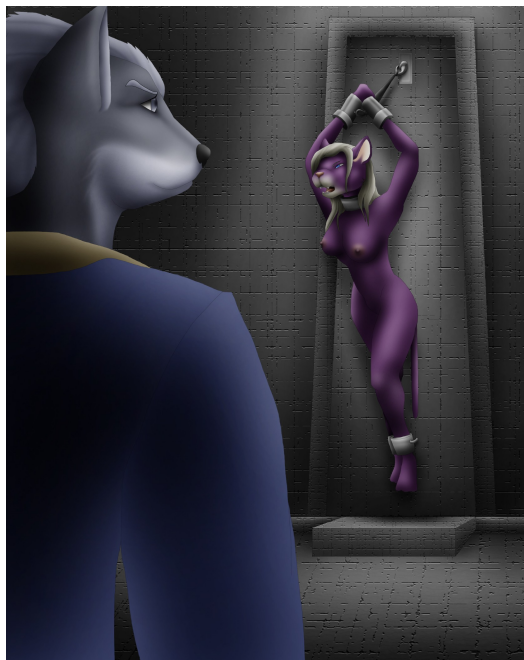


Illustration 7: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Tiel Stonecutter. Color by SnowRoseRivenstar.

“I don’t like my supply depot being raided,” Wolf sneered. He walked into the room and cautiously approached Katt. “Oh, come now. Is that any way to treat the father of our future child?”

Could this really be happening? Frantic, she tried to think. “What...what are you talking about?” Katt growled.

“You take something from me. I’m going to take something from you... You’ll just be occupied in giving it to me for nine months. And you’ll remain here until I get one,” Wolf laughed. O’Donnell moved closer to the restrained Katt. Wolf moved his paw towards her cunt. Monroe was helpless.

“Get *off* me. I won’t stop until I kill you,” she hissed. She struggled about in Wolf’s grasp, but there was nothing she could do to stop the lupine’s probing paw. “There’s nothing you can do about it. You can’t escape. If you try to remove that collar, it will detonate. If you step one millimeter outside of this compound, it will

detonate,” he laughed.

“Mark my words, I *will* kill you,” she snarled. He pushed his fingers inside Katt’s slit and explored her depths. Katt moaned under protest. Wolf stepped back and took a leash from one of the compartments near the cell door. He also took a blaster out from the compartment and aimed it at Katt. It was set to stun, but only he knew that. If she did manage to get his weapon, he wouldn’t be seriously injured and she wouldn’t make it fifty feet without being caught. The compound’s security guards would see to that. O’Donnell tossed the leash end to Katt and aimed the blaster at her.

“Attach that leash to your collar,” Wolf ordered. Not wanting to push the issue with the weapon, Monroe complied and attached the leash to her tracking collar. “Good girl. Now... we’re going to exit this room. You’re going to walk on all fours with that nice cunt making for a wonderful view. I don’t want to have to do this the hard way, but I will if necessary.”

Katt looked at Wolf. She didn’t want to argue with the blaster. Maybe it was in her best interest to go through with this... “A...all right,” she whispered, thinking of how to escape.

Monroe obediently got onto all fours. Wolf licked his lips at what Monroe’s compliance. She began to crawl over towards the door, briefly looking up at Wolf and then heading past the door. “Turn left,” Wolf ordered.

Katt said nothing and did as she was told. For the better part of ten minutes, the pair snaked through the corridors of Wolf’s hidden compound. Occasionally, O’Donnell would show off his new pet to various guards that they passed. Katt was humiliated. She wanted to run, but the collar made any escape futile.

Eventually, the pair came to Wolf's quarters. Wolf pushed his paw against the lock and the doors swished open. "In," he ordered. Katt stretched some and crawled into the room.

Wolf wasn't one for decorations. The only things in the room were a bed, a holoivid device, and a closet. Monroe moved towards the center of the room and rested on her knees. She looked up at her captor and shivered with discontent. This was completely degrading, but she was out of options. "Get on my bed, pet."

Katt nodded submissively and crawled up onto his soft bed. She turned her head back towards Wolf. O'Donnell made sure Katt was where he wanted him. The lupine moved towards the closet and took out four sets of paw cuffs. He took one of the pairs and tossed it at Katt. "Tie your paw to the bedpost."

"Please...why...?" she whimpered.

"Shut up and do it," Wolf growled. Not wanting to make things worse, she took the set of cuffs she was given and latched her right paw to one of the posts on the bed's headboard. Wolf

came up to the bed slipped out of his robe. He finished the job, latching her other paw and feet to each corner of the bed. The mercenary's thick cock was fully extended and pulsing with arousal. He climbed on top of the bed and cuffed the rest of Katt's body to each end of the bed. Not wanting to waste time in getting what he was after, Wolf settled on top of Katt and pushed his cock deep inside of her. Katt screamed. She was being raped.

Slowly, O'Donnell began to fuck into Katt's forced open legs. He moved his muzzle down against Katt's and continued to thrust. Monroe tightened around him well and all he could do was continue violating the feline.

"Can't you, mmmgh, find, \*whimper\* someone... ELSE?!" she cried. Wolf said nothing else. Wolf rotated his hips against her lower body. Katt struggled and tried to break out of the cuffs, but that made Wolf fuck her harder. Her vaginal walls were pulsing against his length, despite what Katt wanted. She was unwillingly giving him lots of lubrication to help his efforts. She didn't want it to happen, but Katt couldn't stop it. A mix of precum and musk began running down Katt's thighs and matting into her crotch fur.

"Mmmngh. Nghfffffffff. Ughh!" Katt screamed. She was over the edge and going into a powerful climax. Her pussy thrashed at Wolf's cock and she continued to resist. If he was going to take her, she didn't want it to be easy. Wolf panted on top of Katt, enjoying Katt's screams.



Illustration 8: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Tiel Stonecutter. Color by SnowRoseRivenstar.

He let out a low growl, hiltling inside of the feline. Katt wailed and yelled, whimpering at being filled with O'Donnell's cum. Katt and Wolf were tied with each other.

Katt hoped that it would pass by quickly. "Oh God..." she moaned. Her moan was a mix of pleasure and despair, but Wolf wasn't paying any attention to that. She had to be pregnant. She hoped she was pregnant. Katt didn't want to go through this nightmare again.

\* \* \* \*

Katt woke up in her quarters on the Great Fox... She fumbled around in her bed, panting frantically. Realizing what happened, the feline sighed and began to calm down. It was a dream... Just a dream.

## **June 18, 2374**

## **"Monroe"**

The Great Fox was in orbit above Katina. The Star Fox team just finished another job and was in the process of getting paid by General Pepper. Whatever that was left from the invasion job had to go into upgrading and repairing the Great Fox. There was at least one person on board the Great Fox who didn't need to worry about money. Fara Phoenix was still the heir of her father's rich freighter business, but since she joined Star Fox as a mercenary, the fennec's father limited her monthly allowance.

Star Fox's little task involved retrieving a stolen experimental shield generator from Star Wolf's paws. As much as General Pepper doubted having Captain Grey serve as a liaison on board the Great Fox, the bulldog did play an integral part in retrieving the stolen unit.

Captain Grey. He liked that title. He would be up for the promotion to Major in a year and the bulldog pondered where life serving the Cornerian military would take him from here. Not that he could complain. Grey was able to live with his best friend from the academy and still serve in the military! To top it off, his relationship with Katt Monroe as an added bonus of this special arrangement.

He only knew Katt since meeting during the war. Shortly after Andross fell, both of them met muzzle to muzzle on board the Great Fox. At first glance, Katt was not the kind of woman he'd envisioned himself with. She was rough, a mercenary, and a total slut, but beneath that rough and Grey seemed to find a sensitive and loving person under that shell. The pair slowly formed a friendship which lasted for six months until they became lovers.

\* \* \* \*

Katt playfully wrestled with an unclothed Bill Grey in his bed. She lightly jabbed the bulldog in the stomach and pinned him on his back. The feline straddled her man's hips and looked down at him. "You call me desperate?!" Monroe mock-growled.

"I didn't mean it like that," Bill laughed.

"What did ya mean, puppy dog? I only want to move in with you because I love you," Katt sneered.

"I just meant, uh, that you erm, oh fuck. I'm not gonna win even if I did come up with an

answer,” Grey stuttered. Katt snickered at the bulldog and brushed her paws along his chest. He did his best to maintain eye contact with his lover, but was overcome by the nice view of her breasts from under her tank top. Katt saw where we was looking and calmed down some.

“Enjoying the view?” she scowled with delight. Katt suddenly grabbed him by the neck lightly throttled him lightly. “I may like to get around when you’re unavailable, but I do have a more modest side.”

Bill looked up at her and licked his lips. He gave her his trademarked begging look. Katt brushed her white hair behind her. Katt caught the cheapskate giving it to her. He wanted her breasts without even apologizing! Grey kept up the look he mastered. With any luck, he was going to get another taste of Katt’s desperation. “Fine,” Katt whined. “You win.”

She purred on top of him. Monroe’s only other article of clothing besides her tank top were a set of silk panties. Her cut off jeans had somehow found their way off her hips before she had cornered her boyfriend to his bed. Katt looked down and studied Bill’s reaction. Monroe brushed her paws over the bottom edge of her tank top in a teasing manner. She moved her fingers over the fabric’s edge and slowly pulled it up over her head and flung it to the floor. “Mmmm... Just the way I left them,” a pleased bulldog barked.

“Don’t be a smart ass, bulldog,” she quipped. “You’re lucky I’m giving in.”

Katt prided herself over keeping her body in pristine physical condition. She ran laps every day in the Great Fox’s gym.

Bill reached his paws up to grasp at his girlfriend’s chest. He rolled her breasts around in his paws and began to tease at the feline’s hardening nipples. “Mmmnf,” Katt moaned. She slid her hips up along Bill’s stomach and leaned her chest further down towards his face. If she was going to give in, Katt might as well make things easy for him. The bulldog abandoned her tits and wrapped his paws around her back. Grey reached up to Katt’s outstretched chest with his muzzle and gently licked one of her fleshy pink nubs. “Mmmm.”

Bill gave the nipple another lick and then broke off of it to speak. “You like that, love?” he asked. Katt moved a paw over to brush at Bill’s headfur.

“You’re right... I am desperate,” Monroe moaned.

“See? Now that wasn’t so hard to admit, my precious slut,” he snickered.

“Shut up, you,” Katt laughed, giving him a playful swat across his muzzle. His precious slut... Katt mused at that and then rolled off of her lover. Bill propped up on his side to watch what she was doing. The feline began to remove her last article of clothing and Bill licked his lips again.

“What do you have in mind?” he asked. Monroe purred and reached over to take one of his paws in hers.

“Since Katt Monroe is your desperate slut, she would like your face between her legs,” the feline commanded. Katt moved closer to Bill and opened her legs for him. Katt was hard to stop once she got started.

“Well, I sure as hell can’t let you down now,” he said. Bill inspected his lover. Slowly he brought both of his paws across her thighs, moving both of his thumbs up to her labia. Katt



moaned and shivered beneath him.

“Is my puppy dog hungry?” Katt moaned. Grey shot Katt a questionable stare and buried his muzzle between her legs. “Umgggggggggh!”

Katt cringed at the feeling of her lover’s tongue scraping along the outside of her pussy. His fingers wasted no time finding their way to her clit and slowly the dog began to tease her there as well. Bill pushed his tongue past her entrance and began lapping at the mercenary’s charms.

Katt spread her paws about the bed, arching her back. Grey ran his tongue along her cunt, circling it within her and keeping up the teasing of her clit. Her inner walls were clamping and releasing on the invading tongue and her clit was throbbing with need. Bill plunged his tongue as deep as it would go.

Katt seized up and shoved her hips into Bill’s muzzle. “Pleeeeeeeeeeease,” she cried out. The mercenary was on fire and her vagina was under constant attack from the dog she had come to love. Monroe was very vocal, screaming and shouting obscenities and pleas, all in the throes of a nice series of orgasms. Her sweet nectar squirted across the bulldog’s tongue and he did his best to drink down what he could from her fountain. Bill did his best to keep up with Katt’s bucking motions, but he could only go along for the ride.

Katt’s heavy panting and groaning filled Bill’s quarters. Her boyfriend continued to lap up at the rest of her wetness but soon left her cunt be and sprawled beside Katt. She turned to look at her lover and gave him a soft smile. Katt was too weak to nose into him. “I’ll take that as a thank you,” Bill smirked. Content with spending the rest of the evening right where he was, the bulldog remained by Katt’s side.

Void between months 2 and 8 of their pregnancies.

## **January 29, 2375**

## **“Changes”**

The Star Fox team was now ancient history. The Great Fox was on its final voyage to Corneria where it was being turned into a museum. With Katt and Fara one month away from expecting children, lives as mercenaries could no longer go on. They were going to be parents soon.

With the money Fox and Fara earned during the war and subsequent jobs, McCloud purchased a house next to Bill Grey’s suburb home in Corneria City. After Fox married the fennec in her eighth month, Phoenix would then receive her inheritance per her family’s wishes. Bill and Katt had similar plans. Grey obtained a transfer to Lylat Central Command in Corneria City and bought the house beside Fox’s. Grey was free to pursue his military career and raise a family. Not to be outdone, an equally far along Katt Monroe got married to Bill Grey during those two weeks. Bill Grey achieved the rank of Major and used the money he saved up to buy the house right next to the McCloud’s.

\* \* \* \*

Katt and Fara were experiencing many changes in their bodies. Both grew considerably and their sex drives spiked exponentially during their final trimesters. It kept Bill and Fox very busy during the winding down of the Star Fox team. The women would often scheme on how to get their sexual fixes from their men. Scheming was exactly what Katt and Fara were up to. This time the pair decided to switch lovers, strip nude, and lie in wait on their beds. It was a step up from their last bright idea where Fara was tied up in bondage gear and gangbanged by Bill and Fox.

Fara murred in Bill's quarters. Grey wasn't one for decorating. The only things in his room were a bed in the far corner across from the door, a dresser, and a holovid projector mounted to the wall across from the bed. There was one Katina Base military posters on the walls. Not exactly recruiting material. It showed the mammoth base from the outside with the caption 'Be glad this panzer is on Katina'. She kept switching positions, trying to find a nice and enticing one. No sooner then she did, the bulldog entered his quarters. Bill turned towards his bed. "Oh... great..." Bill said, rolling his eyes.

Fara seductively brushed a paw across her body. "Is that all I get?" the vixen taunted. "After all, I've been expecting you."

The door to his quarters slid shut behind him and Bill began to change out of his clothes. He placed his shades on the dresser and began disrobing from his flight suit. The bulldog turned to Fara whose tail was wagging softly. "I guess I can't say no to your latest scheme..." he smirked. A broad smile wiped across her face.

"Nope. Don't get us wrong. It's not our fault we're so horny," Fara murred. Bill sat on his bed beside the vixen and brushed over her body with a paw. He petted her softly and began to disrobe.

"It's not our fault you're both pregnant. You're the ones who insisted," Bill shot back. Fara frowned mockingly and gently pushed at him. Grey kicked off his boots to the floor and undid his pants. Knowing that he was going to be in for a busy night, the bulldog removed his boxers too. Nude, the bulldog sprawled beside Fara and gently brushed over her sleek body with his paws. He nuzzled into the fennec's neck softly and kissed her there.

"Good boy," Fara praised. Warm air from the vent above the bed washed over them and Fara murred at both the warmth and her new bulldog. The vixen shifted forward and brushed her labia over the dog's sheath. Reluctant to indulge their hard thought plans, Bill's thickening cock was already exposed. The fennec looked down to see the prize that would soon enter her. "Very good boy..."

"What do you want from me, as if that weren't so obvious?" Bill mused. Fara rolled onto her back and looked over towards her friend.

"Tie with me... You're better equipped then the fox across the hall," she groaned. The vixen wrapped her arms around Bill's body and pulled the bulldog on top of her. Fara's cunt was pulsing and slick. A surprised bulldog yelped and could only go along for the ride. His swollen penis fumbled around at Fara's entrance, but she wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled the

canine deep inside of her.

Fara cried out at Bill's fucking. The bulldog above her who seemed reluctant at first was steadily plowing between her legs. Grey's tail was wagging in pleasure and all the fennec could do was try and return the canine's thrusts with her own. Bill shivered and growled. He tensed up and buried himself to the hilt inside of her. His thick knot spread her labia open causing the fennec to dig her claws into the bulldog's back. "Mmngggmmff... big...." Fara faltered. She whimpered in another climax and just took the seed that she was given.

\* \* \* \*

An equally busy Fox was in his quarters. The only difference between him and the bulldog next door being he was the one getting worked on. Fox was sitting up, resting his back against the headboard of the bed. Katt had his legs spread and was going down on him. McCloud brushed his paw over the demanding feline's white hair. She seemed unphased by his stroking and made sure her chest provocatively brushed against his thighs. "Mmmm... you two just don't quit..." Fox groaned heatedly. He was stiff as a board and Katt was pleased to say the least.

Monroe circled her tongue around the cock's length and scraped at its underside. She was rewarded with another jet of pre spurting right down her throat. Fox moved off from her hair and took to kneading her left ear between his fingers. That caused Katt to purr even louder and slightly disrupt the blowjob she was performing.



*Katt Monroe and Fox McCloud are copyright to their creators  
Illustration 9: © Cyberwuffy. Drawn by Curio Draco.*

Sensing that Fox was going to blow his load, she pulled up off of his vulpine length. She repositioned over the vulpine and plopped down in his lap. McCloud groaned as the pregnant feline from across the hall straddled his leg and used his knee for leverage. Fox whimpered, now tied to Monroe and pumped the feline with what she was after.

\* \* \* \*

Their little scheme lasted for roughly twenty minutes before it was over. Both couples remained locked with each other and all they could do was just pant and catch their breath. Fox and Bill hoped that the next scheme from their women would be more announced, but until the hyper horniness effect of pregnancy wore off, they were going to be in for an unpredictable ride.

## February 1, 2375

## “New Beginnings”

The Star Fox team was now ancient history. With both Katt and Fara expecting children, lives as mercenaries could no longer go on. The four friends had an awesome responsibility before them. Gone were their lifestyles of heavy sex and dangerous work occupations. They were parents now...

Fox McCloud still kept his ownership of the Great Fox, but had little use for it except for traveling through Lylat. Through the war earnings and major mercenary jobs directly after the war, McCloud used his share to buy a house in the suburbs of Corneria City. It was a modest two story house and was ideal for having a family in. Luckily for him, Fara’s inheritance granted them a life of early retirement. Fox and Fara were finally married. The wedding was a small ceremony so that McCloud’s eight month pregnant wife would be hitched before the delivery of their daughter.

\* \* \* \*

A nude Fara McCloud lay in the bed of her brand new home. The fennec was waiting for her husband to return from the storage closet on the first floor. Pregnancy had its side effects. She put on at least thirty pounds since she conceived. Her breasts swelled to a generous DD cup and her sex drive skyrocketed. She wanted to have at least one last sexual encounter before she would give birth in several weeks and she could think of no better way to do that than to be a little kinky.

Fox walked down the hallway towards the door of his bedroom. He was able to find some strong military grade paw cuffs and he hoped that it would do for Fara's little planned encounter. "Fox?" Fara called from lying on her back. She could sense that he was close by.

"Yeah?" the vulpine responded, slowly pushing open the door to his new bedroom and looking over at his pregnant wife. Fara tilted her head and smiled softly when she saw the paw cuffs.

"Good," Fara murred. "You found them."

Even for being eight months pregnant, Fara sure didn't lose her sex drive. He hoped that this wouldn't injure the kit, but Fara assured him that as long as they kept it light, things should be fine. Fox moved towards their bed and tossed the paw cuffs onto the bed. He casually disrobed from the boxers he was wearing and climbed onto the bed with his new wife. Fara got up and stood beside the bed. Fox wrapped an arm around to paw at her heavy breast while rubbing over her belly with the other.

"Yeah, I did..." he responded.

"What's gotten into you?" Fara smirked, breaking their embrace and getting back onto the bed. Fox just looked at Fara, wondering why she briefly got up to embrace.

"I could ask you the same thing, you know," he quipped. "Not many women insist on bondage at the eighth month of pregnancy."

Fara brushed at Fox's head with her paws and began to play around with his ears. "Oh, Fox, how many times must I tell you..."

"Yes, yes, I know. You're not like many women," he started.

"Now get up and cuff me," she commanded in a playful tone.

"Yes, ma'am," he complied. Fara smiled. She had him trained so well... Fox took one of the pairs of paw cuffs and attached it to Fara's left wrist. He moved her paw towards one of the bed's head posts and briefly groped at her breasts.

"Hey!" she giggled. Fox squeezed her swollen breast softly and gave her a mischievous look. Fara used her other arm to try and push him away but it was no use. Taking the hint, Fox reached over for the other set of cuffs and restrained Fara's other arm to the bed.

"Why does this get you off?" Fox asked, giving his wife's belly a gentle rub.

"You promise you won't laugh?" she said sternly.

"I promise..." he nodded. Fara tested out her new restraints.

"During the war I promised myself that if I get captured, I'd use any means necessary to stay alive," she began.

"There's nothing odd about that. You were with me the whole time though," he sneered.

“Yeah, I know. But that’s not the kinky part,” she said.

“What could be kinky about being a prisoner of war?” asked a puzzled Fox.

“I promised myself that I would rent myself out to my captors in exchange for my life. Ever since the war ended, the promise turned into a fantasy... and here we are...” she explained. Fox just shook his head and gave her a look...

“Vixen, you’re a piece of work. If it wasn’t with flirting with me, it was getting raped as a POW,” he snickered.

“Well, I married you,” Fara countered.

“All right. all right. I can’t argue with that. Now let me get this over with. I’ve got to meet Bill at the training grounds at 1500,” he said.

“Don’t let me keep you...” the fennec teased. He crawled over in front of Fara on his knees and looked at the spectacle of his wife. There she was... his fennec vixen. Eight months pregnant and bonded to her bed, all for the purpose of getting eaten out. Who was Fox to argue with giving his pregnant wife a quickie?

Fox licked his lips. He never had a sexual encounter with a an eight month pregnant woman before. At least this one was his wife... From the limited knowledge Fox did have, pregnant women were horny as fuck during their term and their orgasms became more powerful and happened quicker the further that they were along...

“That’s it, my love. Take your prisoner like the bitch she is...,” Fara cooed. The fennec spread her legs and the vixen’s pulsing cunt came into view. Fox slowly lowered his head down to Fara’s depths and ran his tongue over the fennec’s labia. Fara gently struggled at her bonds and tilted her ears back in pleasure. “Yessssss... give me a good one.”

Fox reached over and dragged his tongue across her aroused clit. His wife gasped and continued to struggle at her light restraints. Everything was going according to plan... For Fara, there was no place else that she’d rather be except prisoner to a hungry fox. He wrapped his arms around Fara’s widened hips and softly hugged them. Fara panted and whimpered. “Torture me you bastard! I’ll tell you anything you want to know!” the fennec cried. She huffed and panted softly. Fara would normally thrust her hips up at Fox’s face, but that was impossible with thirty pounds of extra baggage on her.

Fox explored Fara’s busy depths with his tongue, noisily slurping down all of the vixen’s musk that he could. Her clear juices soaked around the tip of Fox’s muzzle, which was buried inside Fara’s vagina. Whatever Fox couldn’t drink down from his wife’s sex simply leaked out onto the sheets below him.

One thing Fox noticed about Fara during her pregnancy was her tendency to be unpredictable. Unpredictable both emotionally and in bed. It was no surprise to Fox that he suddenly triggered his wife into a series of orgasms. This caused even louder cries and moans from her and his tongue was drawn even deeper inside the vixen’s nether regions. Fox growled lowly into his new situation and did all he could to lap at Fara’s cunt but the ferocity of her pussy walls made his tongue unable to do anything else.

The fennec collapsed. Her body was lined with sweat and she was coming off from a very nice gift. Fox withdrew from the vixen's depths and licked his lips. He looked over to his companion and laid beside her. Fara was too caught up in her own aftershocks of pleasure to say anything. Fox just kept his wife cuffed to the bed and wrapped an arm around her body. Slowly, he brought his dampened muzzle across Fara's jaw-line. "You're welcome," he smiled.

"Fuck me," she hissed. He slipped into her messy entrance and began to buck his hips into the bound fennec. "Oh god..."



Illustration 10: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Jennifer Doucet aka Fluffball.

Her inner walls squeezed and thrashed at the vulpine's prick. "Tight... still..." Fox gasped, shuddering and arched his back, plowing into his wife.

"Shut up and fuck me. Fuck your prisoner. Take me just like you took my virginity on that bed back in your castle on Papetoon. I'm your dungeon whore. I...", Fara ordered. She struggled at her paw cuffs, keeping up her role of trying to escape. Fox growled and Fara squeezed his hips with her legs, riding out a powerful climax. Her musk and fluids from her being eaten out were drenching her crotch fur. The fennec's screaming filled the empty house,

which would soon be replaced with the wails of their coming kit. Fox couldn't hold on any longer.

He thrust his growing knot into the petals of Fara's sex and tied to his bonded wife. "TIE ME!" she screamed while struggling at the secure cuffs. Her cunt walls stretched around the bulge of flesh until her cunt sealed around it. The warmth of Fox's seed were pumping her body. They were tied.

## April 1, 2393

## "Friendship"

The command facility that was responsible for overseeing the remote territory's planetary and orbital defenses was appropriately named Fortuna Base. The installation was a panzer class planetary command post, built after the invasion to replace the original Fortuna Base that was destroyed during Star Fox's untimely skirmish with Star Wolf. The expensive piece of military

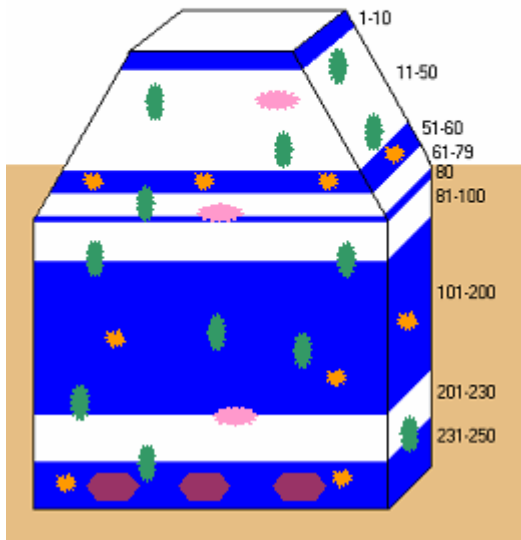
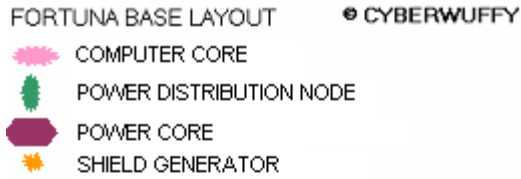


Illustration 11: © Cyberwuffy. Yeah. Paintbrush is about it for me. >>

real estate stood out like a sore thumb among the remote planet’s many snow dunes. The only other panzer class command post of note was Katina Base which was fought over during the Venom Invasion.

It was run by 50,000 personnel with four duty shifts and comprised of 250 decks. Deck 60 stopped at ground deck. The layout of the base was well designed. Decks 1-10 were for command, 11-50 for hangars and maintenance bays, 51-60 for perimeter defense, 61-79 for the primary computer core, defensive systems, and ground deck shield generators. Below ground level were decks 80-100 for officer quarters, 101-200 for enlisted quarters, 201-230 for cargo holds and storage, and finally 231-250 for engineering. Every deck that held living quarters, with the exception of Deck 80, had its own galley and troop support facilities.

The base didn't naturally support larger furs as species above seven feet were rare in the Lylat System. Elephants, giraffes, and larger dragons could still access every essential location and even move comfortably through the base's corridors, but were

unable to fit through the doors of normally designed living quarters. Regulations specified that they must have a comfortable personal dwelling, so a portion of the base's lower enlisted decks were retrofitted for furs up to fourteen feet tall, from the living quarters to galley.

Deck 80 didn't have the extensive support facilities and mess areas to tend to their portions of the 50,000 personnel. Aside from lodging the base’s senior officers and key personnel, most of the space was outfitted for housing the installation’s separate classified computer core and the tail end of one of the base’s power distribution nodes. Both components stretched above by four decks and was one of the critical locations protected by the base’s internal security grid and underground shield generators. Deck 80 was also commonly referred to as the ‘bitch deck’ because served as the border with above and below level operation areas. There were eleven other power distribution nodes. Four larger above ground deck and seven smaller ones below ground. Because the planet was so desolate and devoid of furry life, there were only eight smaller networked defense facilities throughout the frozen planet, with Fortuna Base as its nexus. A strategically minimal deployment. The only other people besides the military who would dare to live on Fortuna were either very rich or very crazy. It was an engineering marvel alone to build a compound worthy of withstanding Fortuna’s extremely harsh winters. Only insane civilians would choose to live there.

\* \* \* \*



“I know this is very new to you, but it’s new to me as well. I don’t know anyone here either except for the liaison who prepared me for what life was going to be like. My communications officer is a dynamo. Hard to imagine anyone that into their military career on this frozen rock,” Colonel Bill Grey said. Katt kept her right arm wrapped tightly around his waist and looked up to him.

“Yeah... You’re right. I can probably find something to do,” Monroe smiled, nosing into his snout.

“Or someone, you slut...” Bill snickered. Katt playfully smacked at him.

“I may be a slut, but even I don’t go spreading my legs on the first day!” Katt quipped. She kissed Grey softly and hugged him.

“You’ll probably fix that problem. I know you. I’ll be in our quarters, love,” Bill said. “I trust you remember where they are.”

“Yeah. I can find my way. This place is just so fucking huge... it’s going to take awhile to get used to,” she smiled. “I’m going to stay in here for awhile and watch the snow drift above ground.”

“All right. Try and have some fun,” he smirked. He kissed her again before leaving for his quarters. Tomorrow was going to be a long and grueling day for Grey, his first shake-down of real command. Katt sat in the reception area in one of the chairs, lowered her head onto the table and stared at the large wall mounted viewscreen. One thing she was never used to were the large sized static displays. The military still used holovid devices. Everybody in the system did, but filling an entire panzer base was just too expensive.

\* \* \* \*

Major Tera Bravehart walked past several crewmen on her way to the t-junction that led past the engineering staff’s section. She turned left and moved walked several meters towards the deck’s lounge. She pressed the door’s control panel. The doors swished open and the leopardess stepped inside.

A slightly startled Katt looked up at the leopardess. She wasn’t expecting anyone else. “Hello,” Monroe said somewhat shyly.

Tera saw the woman looking at the large display. It was the commander’s wife! She was one of the newer people that she didn’t get a chance to meet at the reception. Taking that step seemed intimidating to her. “Hello,” Tera said respectfully. “I’m sorry ma’am. I didn’t know anyone was in here. I’ll leave you be.”

“No! No... You don’t have to leave... I’d prefer it if you stayed actually,” Monroe said. Tera turned back to look at her.

“Yes ma’am. Thank you,” she said with a soft purr. Katt pushed out the seat beside her.

“Come sit down over here,” Katt offered. Bravehart nodded softly, still a little reluctant, and sat down across from the ex-mercenary. Katt looked the leopardess over and smiled at her. “What’s your name?”

“Major Tera Bravehart, chief communications officer, ma’am,” Tera responded. Katt wasn’t used to being called ma’am. The purple feline offered her paw.

“It’s nice to meet you Major. My name's Katt,” she said. Tera nodded and accepted the offered paw.

“All right...Katt,” Tera said, showing a slight smile.

“Is it okay if I call you Tera?” Monroe asked.

“Completely,” Tera responded, shifting in her seat a little.

“I saw you at the reception, but didn’t get a chance to meet you. I saw you during the reception. I would’ve said something but I’m still intimidated by the size of this place and living here now. It’s not like it was during the invasion,” Katt said.

“Yeah. It’s pretty big, but easy to get used to. I was kind of intimidated by you. I didn’t want to risk a bad career move if we didn’t get along. The military is my life. It has been since I was out of school,” Tera purred.

“I may be the commander’s wife, but I don’t bite. I just get laid,” Monroe smirked, trying to warm up to a new friend. Tera began to relax and smiled a little, tilting her head at Katt.

“Laid?” Tera chuckled.

“I’m a slut. I had to give up the mercenary thing after we had our first kid after the invasion. I’ve always enjoyed getting fucked, nothing to lose. Never knowing if you were going to wake up the next day. Having bounties on your head. Didn’t see any reason to hold back on getting a good time. I hope that doesn’t turn you off,” she explained.

“Colonel Grey doesn’t mind?” Tera asked, a little surprised.

“Bill? Nah. I’m on the injection. Can’t get pregnant again. He doesn’t care who I fuck. I love him and always will,” Katt purred.

“Ah. Well you being a slut doesn’t bother me. There are a lot of free men on this base... and women,” Tera purred.

“Is that an offer?” Katt chuckled.

“I’m sure we can arrange something,” Tera grinned.

“This base... Are there any elephants or larger cetacean types here? I can be a real size queen when the mood strikes,” Katt blushed. Tera perked her ears at the confession.

“I don’t know any personally. They’re not too common in the military anymore, the elephants at least. We have a good number of cetaceans. I can’t fraternize with those in my immediate chain of command. So you like em big? I’ll show you how to search the personnel database later. You can search by species, though I can’t imagine the programmers intending it for such a... perverse...use,” Tera purred.

“Smart ass spots. How long have you been stationed here anyway?” Katt asked.

“It was a year last Tuesday,” she said.

“Congratulations, but doesn’t life get dull after awhile?” Katt smirked.

Tera held Katt’s paws firmly in hers and licked her lips. “It’s not as bad as people seem to think. There’s an arboretum, firing range, full-fledged gym, clubs, and my personal favorite: the weight room. I pride myself in staying fit. I work hard to have this body. Nothing implanted or replaced,” Tera smiled.

“Are you seeing anyone, if I can ask?” Katt asked.

“No. Nobody close. I just do my job, do it well, and retire to my quarters,” she said.

“Not the social type?” Katt asked.

“I used to be, but that all changed last December. Back then I was just a captain. I was the one of the former chief communications officer’s assistants. His name was Lieutenant Colonel Krieger Vaughn. He was the first person I ever got close to on this base. Our relationship was strictly professional and he was my mentor for seven long months. He taught me how to get the most out of life on this base and the way operations usually went. I was given the honor of delivering the eulogy at his funeral. Three weeks later I was promoted to major and inherited his job. Even with fifty thousand furs on base, it’s hard to find a good friend...and fuck. Though I do like women too,” Tera explained.

“I’m sorry...” was all Katt could say.

“It’s all right. He was a part of my past and I was happy to know him,” Tera said. Tera rested her chin on Katt’s shoulder and whispered into her ear. “If it’s all right with you, Katt... I want to take you up on that offer,” she purred.

“So... I take it your quarters are on this level? I still don’t know my way around here,” Katt purred. Tera couldn’t help sneaking a look at Katt’s modest chest. Tera stood up and took Katt by the paw. “It’s all right. I’ll have plenty of time to show you around,” Bravehart smiled. Monroe eyed the clock above the lounge’s door, though it seemed rather irrelevant being underground.

“We’ve got practically the whole night ahead of us,” Katt purred, her voice taking on a more seductive tone. The senior officer exited the lounge with Monroe in tow and headed towards her quarters.

“Is it far?” Katt asked.

“A short walk on this level. All the senior officers are quartered on the bitch deck. It may be fucking huge, but nothing is far on this base. They took care of that with the nice elevator system,” Tera purred. They turned a corner and went about a hundred feet until they were at their destination. “Here we are.”

Tera placed her finger to the door’s control panel. The doors swished open, revealing stainless steel interior walls of her quarters. The leopardess wrapped her arm around Katt’s waist and pulled her in. Never one for interior design, she happened to like the dull shade of gray that made up every wall of the base. Her bed was in the middle of the room against the wall, her footlocker off to its right. Senior officer quarters even came with their own bathroom! A table sat beside the footlocker. Its only contents were a small picture of her from her high school graduation at sixteen. A mini case of her various service medals and past rank insignia lay beside it.

“Nice place. Don’t have to share?,” Katt purred.

“Nope. Senior officers have it a little nicer. Only bulkier species like your elephants get their own. Space limitations for them. They’re packed down below the enlisted quarters. The designers didn’t consider larger species too much,” Tera mewed.

“Size pays,” Katt grinned. She moved over to sit on Tera’s messy bed. Monroe kicked off

her shoes and began removing her dress.

“Shit girl. You sure don't waste time,” Tera laughed, watching Katt throw her dress to the floor and force off her panties in record time. Tera was startled by Katt moving to help her undress. “Hey... That paw feels nice there.”

“I like my women unwrapped,” Katt purred. She worked off Tera's lower half, the leopardess able to become topless on her own. “On the bed.”

“Yes ma'am,” Tera complied. She got onto her bed and rolled onto her back. Katt climbed up with her and began to fondle at Bravehart's chest. “Mmmm... I hope you like those.”

The young officer closed her eyes and let herself go. There was nothing the leopardess wouldn't let the new base commander's wife do to her. Katt smiled at hearing Tera's moans. It was music to her ears. She ran her paw over Tera's left breast and took the erect nipple between her fingers. Slowly, she began to twist at the flesh. “You like that?” Katt whispered.

“Y...yes...” Bravehart shivered. A refreshing wave of warm air washed over the women from the room's environmental system. Tera backed into Katt's body and shivered as she felt one of Katt's larger breasts rub into her back. Katt nosed her face into Tera's strewn white hair and continued to tease at her hardened nipple.

“Good,” Katt whispered into Tera's ear. Monroe abandoned Bravehart's chest and slowly moved her paw down Tera's trim figure. Tera purred even louder, continuing to lovingly back up into Katt. Katt's paw crossed Tera's stomach and Monroe carefully made her way towards the leopard's prize. Gently, Monroe brushed her fingers across Tera's swollen clit and only left her last words in the leopard's ear. “Let's see if I've still got it...”

The leopardess parted her legs for her, purring as loud as she could. Katt continued kneading the nub of flesh between her fingers. The several months of self induced chastity were now shattered. She didn't need to hang to him anymore. She was enjoying Katt's welcome touch, squirming as Monroe found one of her sensitive spots. “Mmmmmmmngh,” Tera whimpered.

Monroe could toy with this beautiful spotted feline all night, but wanted to speed things up. If she was going to snack between her legs, she would like things to be slick. Slowly Katt circled around Bravehart's labia and suddenly slipped two fingers into her folds.

“Ungggggh..ungh...” Tera squealed. “Please...”

Slowly Katt began to finger Tera. The leopard's slick walls squeezed firmly around her fingers and Monroe just continued to tear away between Tera's legs. Tera growled lowly and clenched her dripping cunt muscles. Tera began to slowly meet Katt's paw with her own thrusting. Katt purred happily. She had her soaking... Soaking and panting. Exactly the right time to get her first taste of Tera Bravehart. Katt quickly withdrew her paw from the leopardess, causing a shrewd whimper from the officer. She examined Tera's musk on her fingers. Monroe examined her drenched paw. Katt got up from beside Bravehart and crawled over towards Tera's hips on her knees. Gently, Katt rolled Tera onto her back. The leopard's head was lulled back and her face was contorted. She was panting softly and slowly coming down off of the several waves of pleasure Katt's paw had given her. Tera looked up to Katt and weakly formed a smile. The leopardess parted her legs for Katt. Monroe looked down at Tera and returned her smile,

licking her lips.

Katt reached down and slowly licked along Tera's labia. She could feel her partner tense up. "Give it to me!" Tera growled. She slowly spread Tera's cunt lips apart and began to slurp.

Monroe had Tera begging for it. She brushed her legs across Katt's upper back and squirmed beneath the purple feline. Katt wrapped her arms around Tera's hips and hugged them tightly.

A chorus of moans and roars from the ecstatic officer echoed throughout her quarters. She seized and whimpered in delight. The climactic end between both ladies would be sudden and the one enthralled in it would be oblivious to its arrival. Tera gave out a sharp cry and came into Katt's hungry mouth.

Katt slowly pulled up from between Tera's legs and licked the nectar from her lips. She rested on her knees and brushed her paws across Tera's sides. Tera was visibly worn out. Monroe sprawled herself beside Tera and wrapped an arm around her. "Friends?" Katt whispered.

"Friends..." Bravehart purred back.

**April 5, 2393**

***“Casual Encounter”***

“So Commander Hatch, like what you see?” a naked Katt Monroe grinned. She sat down on the bottom bunk and gave him a smile.

“Nice,” he grinned. “I hope you're as good as they say.”

The officer moved closer to the woman on his bed and placed his right paw on her left shoulder. Katt continued to purr and grasped his elbow. “Come closer and find out. That bulge in your pants needs to find its way between my legs,” she whispered in a seductive tone.

“I like the way you think,” he smiled, undoing his pants and drawing down his underwear with them. His erect pride bobbed eagerly between his legs. Katt lay back on his bed and spread her legs invitingly.

“Come on top and put that where it belongs,” she purred. Hatch kicked off his boots and crawled into bed with Monroe.

“Hey,” he whispered, settling comfortably atop her. Katt reached between their hips and touched his penis. The younger officer kissed at her neck. Katt directed the erection to her moist folds. He felt his tip press against her opening and pushed forward.

“Mmmm. Just work me like you're in a new fighter... Nice and slow,” she encouraged.

“You're a tight bitch, aint'cha?” the pilot groaned. He worked up a steady rhythm and began to work the base commander's slutty wife. Katt hugged his upper body into her, causing her breasts to splay against his chest.

“That's it... Work me,” Monroe moaned. The seal kept up his steady pace between her legs. Her vaginal walls flexed around the seal's endowment and a climax overtook her. “Wow, mmm... Got me off already.”

Katt squeezed her vaginal muscles around the invading flesh and stared at the bottom of the upper bunk. Her essence washed around his prick, dribbling down her thighs and ass. “God you're so fucking tight, ungh!” Tom groaned, arching his back and making his deposit deep into Katt's body. He collapsed on top of her and shivered. Monroe was once again filled with hot cum.

“Mmmmm,” Katt whimpered. “You're not so bad for a quick fling in the arboretum.”

Katt rolled him off of her and slipped away to the middle of the room. She grabbed her clothes and looked at the surprised man. All the officer could do was watch Katt dress herself. She worked her tank top over her shoulders and looked to the commander. “Thanks for the fuck, fly boy”

“Anytime,” he whispered to the attractive woman. The doors to his quarters swished close and Katt was gone. The seal remained in his bed, pondering the events of the past hour.

**April 14, 2393****“Spots”**

A nervous Denga Freeling shuffled about inside the cramped and noisy troop transport. Fresh from flight school, the rookie fighter pilot was headed to his first military posting at Fortuna Base. The great dane was only twenty years old and joined the military because he wanted to take a different path in life. Denga knew he wanted to fly and blow things up since birth. He was flying in simulators endlessly as a pup and had completely mastered the military's standard issue blaster rifle at sixteen. After graduating high school, he received an acceptance letter to the Cornerian Military Academy where he studied for two years before being sent to flight school. He graduated with the Class of 2392 and was promoted to lieutenant before receiving his transfer orders.

He was told that the transport ride was supposed to be ten minutes, but it was obviously an exaggeration. It felt like almost a half an hour passed. “We've passed the heavy turbulence. Landing in two minutes,” their chief warrant officer announced in front of the passenger compartment. “Congratulations newbies. You're the last batch. Enjoy your stays, however long they are and try not to get too depressed. You probably won't believe this, but there are worse postings. Don't fret. Your CO is a great man. Just watch out for his wife!”

The gear packed soldiers looked to one another and talked quietly. None of them knew what the cheetah meant by that. Everyone was dressed in utilities. The uniform was a requirement, although pilots and engineers were seen in them more frequently. “Hang on. It's going to get very bumpy before we enter the base's magnetic field,” the cheetah said. The ship continued to shake and the lights in the passenger bay flickered. The troop transport was from the Venomian Invasion era and only held fifty, gear included. It was part of three others ferrying personnel on and off base. The vessel slowed significantly and the shaking instantly stopped. The transport took a moment to align itself in an unoccupied portion of the massive hangar and with a soft bump, the ship touched down. “All right. Before you go off on your merry ways, here's how it works. Pilots, you'll be staying put in the hangar bay. Report to the western command station. It's going to be to your forward right as soon as you leave. Everyone else, you have your personnel chips. The hangar exit will be in thirty feet in front of you as soon as the back hatch opens. There will be people in the corridor to tell you where to go. Now grab your gear and thanks for riding my ship,” the cheetah continued. With that, she pressed the door's release button. A hydraulic hiss startled some of them as the ship's rear hatch opened.

The soldiers quietly disembarked from the stuffy transport with their belongings. The pilots separated from the group. There were only two other pilots besides Denga, a badger and walrus. All three of them looked at each other. They all had to carry two bags of gear. One for flight and the other for their personal belongings. “Hey... Freeling, is it? I'm Roe. Here. Here's my personnel chip. Uh, Geirl, is it? Give him yours too so we can all carry our stuff and have our chips ready,” the walrus said anxiously. The badger nodded and withdrew it from her pocket.

“All right,” he said. Denga put down his large bag of flight gear and held out his paw. Both fellow pilots deposited their personnel chips in his paw and Roe picked up Denga’s flight gear bag. With personnel chips in paw, the three new pilots walked over towards the control station as instructed. The doors to it opened and out stepped who they could only assume was their commanding officer.

“Greetings pilots. I’m Lieutenant Colonel Dyne, your new commanding officer. You three are the last new pilots assigned to our little corner of the ice rock. The installation is also home to the 23<sup>rd</sup> Panzer Bomber Wing, the 345<sup>th</sup> Foxfire Reconnaissance Squadron, and as you all know, the 43rd Interceptor Wing, which you three are now part of. Paw me your personnel chips and I’ll show you in to your new home,” the polar bear said. Denga gave him their chips and the three pilots followed their new commander through the command station.

They passed several flight controllers and slipped into a hallway leading to the massive locker room. A few other pilots were at their lockers looking over various things and each looked up to see the new arrivals. “All right you three. Your lockers are on the far end by the corner. Your flight assignments are inside along with your schedules for the next week. It shouldn’t take long for the routine to grow on you since we’re in peacetime. Just unpack your flight gear and then settle into your new quarters. Those are also on the pawpadds inside your lockers. You all get the rest of the day to settle in before the real work begins. Briefing is at 0600. If you get lost on the way to your quarters, just ask a crewman in the corridors and they’ll set you straight. I’m sorry for the short introduction, but I have a load of paperwork to catch up on. There’s plenty of time for us to get more acquainted.”

The three pilots snapped to attention as best they could and tried to salute, still loaded with their own luggage. The commander just waved off the salute as they were full of gear and smiled before walking back to his command station office. Denga retrieved his flight bag from Roe and the three went to their new lockers. The locker room was co-ed, as was everything else in the military. A female cheetah looked up from studying her flight patterns and turned towards the rookies. “Hey. So you’re the last of the new arrivals, eh? My name’s Arsh, but friends call me Jen,” she greeted. Both Roe and Griel waved to the cheetah and walked towards the end of the back locker row.

Denga turned to the fellow pilot. She looked a little older than him and was a commander. “Hey.. Arsh... err Jen... err whichever you want me to call you,” the dane stuttered.

“Rookies. Call me Jen,” she purred, extending her paw to him. Denga accepted the offered paw and shook it.

“I’m Denga,” he said.

“All right Denga. You better get unpacked and settled in. We’ll be seeing a lot more of each other later, so proper introductions can be done then,” she smiled.

“Okay... See you soon Jen,” he grinned. The dane bid farewell to the new friend and headed towards his locker. His name was brass plated near the handle and the lock mechanism opened to his paw imprint. He squirmed out of his personal backpack and began extracting his flight gear. He took the pawpadd from the top shelf and replaced it with his com-link and helmet.



He set it aside for a moment so he could hang his three sets of utilities on the provided hangers. Denga withdrew both sidearms and placed them in the built in holsters. Lastly, he took one of two framed pictures of him and his sister and placed the magnetic frame to the back of the locker. His older sister, also in the military, and were inseparable. At least until their posting orders came through. He would have to look her up when he got settled in. The dane folded up his flight gear bag and stuffed it inside the locker. Denga reached down to pick up his pawpadd and closed his locker. The welcome menu disappeared and a map to his new quarters showed up on the display. He picked up his backpack and strapped it around him. "Hey you two, I'll see you in the morning," Denga said.

"All right," Roe replied.

"See ya Freeling," Griel said. Both smiled at him and Freeling felt better about his new post. He looked down at the pawpadd and followed its interactive map towards his quarters.

The great dane walked down the last corridor of a seemingly insane trip. It only took him two minutes by mag-lev to get from the western hangar bay to level 98. Denga had no clue where the hell he was and was still taken aback by the sheer amount of personnel on base. 50,000 furs... He was going to need some friends...

Denga stopped outside his final destination. The location in front of him blinked red on the pawpadd and the canine looked up at the doorway. His name was labeled accordingly and the location code was the same as on the pawpadd. He pressed his paw to the door chime and waited. There was no answer. "Might as well let myself in. I live here now," the dane mused. He brought his paw towards the scanner and the doors swished open with a chirp. Denga stepped in from the corridor and the doors shut with a hiss. He was going to be sharing quarters with another fur again. Something was used to during flight school. More than twice the size of his old aging dorm room.

He squirmed out of his backpack and looked around for a moment. There was a bunk bed to his left and two dressers were right in front of him. A collapsible oak table was in the middle of the room and there was a note waiting for him. No bathroom or any display screens. Each level already had those facilities. Denga reached down to pick up the other pawpadd. It was a note.

*Dear Lt. Freeling,*

*Hey roomie! If you're reading this, then I'm on my shift in our level's galley. My name is Griff McDuff. I'm a cook and I've been here for almost two years. I hope we can get off on the right foot. Life is pretty boring around here with peace time, but the base is furnished with enough to keep a fur occupied. I'm working a double shift, so I'll be off at 1800. It's been a long time since I've had a roommate. Junior officers are supposed to have them, but my unusual amount of good luck couldn't last forever. Anyway, just make yourself at home. The bottom bunk is mine, for obvious reasons. These bunks are structurally sound, but I doubt you'd want to chance a rhino sandwiching you in the middle of the night.*

*Oh, I don't know if you're into sex or not, but I'm bi. Not that I'm making a move on you.*

*Far from it. Just watch for the base commander's wife, Katt Monroe. Yes, that Katt Monroe. She's set up shop as the base's Arwing ever since Colonel Grey's command started. Not like that's a bad thing unless you're the religious type. Being the commander's wife has its perks I guess. She's aged a little, but she sure as hell doesn't look it! You'd think in a base of 50,000 furs the odds of her cornering you are pretty slim, but she seems to have taken a liking to me and this leopardess who works in CIC. Just tell her if you're seeing someone. She may be a talented slut, but she no predator. Stop by the galley. You're probably hungry after all that processing. Steak is for dinner. See you soon!*

*Best Wishes,  
Lt. Griff McDuff  
FB-GL-98-426398*

“So, the base commander’s wife is a total slut, eh? Interesting. Colonel Grey must be proud,” he laughed. He downloaded the letter to his own pawpadd and moved his dresser. Denga undid the seal to his bag and unloaded everything. The utilities he was in were cumbersome to wear, but they served their purpose.

He set aside one of his bagged uniforms to change into and placed the other two inside the locker cabinet. The canine neatly arranged his civilian clothes and undergarments in the various drawers and turned towards his pack. He unzipped some of the side pockets until he found the second framed picture of him and his sister. He placed it inside one of the cabinets. Denga took the rest of his belongings and arranged them inside of extra drawers. He got on his knees and crawled to the bunk bed. He opened his compartment that was built into the bed’s base and stuffed his now empty pack inside.

Red digital clocks set to Lylat Universal Time were above every door on the interior. At least he would never have to ask for the time... Denga’s stomach was grumbling. “I might as well get some lunch. At least the galleys are always open. This place is fucking huge,” he chuckled.

Denga put on his hat and left his new quarters. He turned around to look at its door. His name, along with his roommate’s, were labeled accordingly along with the room’s location code. He chuckled at the swiftness of the maintenance crew and began exploring level 98. Several furs passed him by in the corridors, each giving cheerful hellos and going about their various duties. After ten minutes of getting oriented with just the layout of his own level, Freeling finally found the galley.

The galley’s layout was similar from flight school. He walked over to the serving line and grabbed a tray, also noticing a rhino in the cooking area, but kept moving down the line. Denga picked up a meatball sub, some tuna salad, and a cup of coffee.

“Get this back to me tomorrow,” a leopardess ordered. The crewman in the galley nodded and went back into the kitchen. Major Bravehart turned her head about and caught a glimpse of Freeling in line. Tera purred. He looked cute, and still stunned at his new environment. She hadn't seen him before. Something else about him caught her eye. Something she couldn't place, wondering what about him peaked her interest. Tera looked at her watch. It was 1139. She could do with some lunch and introduce herself to this newbie... She grabbed a tray and went through the line. She picked up one of the wrapped meatball subs and a cup of coffee. Tera exited the line and searched for the canine. Perfect. He was alone. Probably a shy one, this dane...

The dane began to unwrap his sub and could sense the presence of someone behind him. “Hello lieutenant. Do you mind if I join you?” Tera asked. Denga turned his head and looked up to a woman who really outranked him. She was beautiful. High up there and probably taken, but beautiful...

“No... No ma'am. Not at all,” the surprised Freeling responded. Tera smiled and moved to the end of the small, two-seat table. She placed her tray across from his and sat down.

“You're one of the new arrivals, aren't you? I could tell by the stunned reaction you were still in. There's no need to be shy... Freeling,” she purred, reading his nametape.

“Yes ma'am. I've been on base for almost three hours,” he responded. Denga unwrapped his sub and glanced across at Tera. The major was five ranks above him. He took a bite from his sandwich.

“Ah, I see. Well, I might as well introduce myself. My name is Major Bravehart. I'm the base's chief communications officer and I work mainly in ops, but I eat down here just like you junior officers,” she said cheerfully. She didn't want to scare him into a subordinate state of mind. Denga swallowed and took a moment before answering.

“Wow... I've been on base three hours and I've already met one of the base's senior officers,” he mused.

“There aren't that many of us. On a base of 50,000 furs, even then, there are many senior officers. It's being in the CIC that makes one stand out. What about you, Freeling? What's your specialty?” Tera asked, her sub already unwrapped and beginning to work at it.

“I'm a fighter pilot. Not much good in peace time I guess, but it beats war,” he replied.

“I could tell you were a pilot. Don't ask me how, but for some reason I can spot them a mile away. Maybe it's the boyish charm you're radiating,” Tera smirked.

“Boyish charm, ma'am?” he smiled politely, looking up to the senior officer.

“Oh come on lieutenant. Relax... We're not even in the same chain of command. I'm not about to have you sprinting around the level for exercise. Just call me Tera,” she smiled assuredly.

“All right...Tera,” the dane said, somewhat reluctantly. He was still surprised that a beautiful woman so above him in rank was taking such an interest in him. She had luscious white hair, soothing brown eyes, and many, many interesting spots. “I'm Denga.”

Both furs shook paws and went back to eating. Denga felt a little more relaxed with the leopardess across the table. Was this just a chance meeting or did she actually see something in

him? “I couldn't help but notice you when you came in. You looked a little tense and to be honest, I think you're cute,” Tera said. The dane looked up to her and gave the superior officer a wry grin.

“Do you greet all the newbies like this, Tera?” he smirked.

“No. I'm not that much of a slut. Not like a certain purple feline you may have heard of by now. Smart ass dane,” Tera chuckled. She took a sip of her coffee and continued checking Denga out. Tera usually wasn't active in finding men to sleep with like her best friend, Katt Monroe. This dane wouldn't be a casual fuck either considering if it led up to that. A funny feeling lodged itself in the pit of her stomach. Was she actually in love...? She didn't want to scare this newbie anymore with admitting something like that to him. They had only known each other for ten minutes. Time for her to do a little fishing... “Denga, what do you think of Fortuna Base so far?”

“It's fucking huge. My sister wasn't kidding about these panzer bases,” he said in awe.

“You have a sister in the military, eh?” she asked, tilting her head.

“Yeah. Her name's Bay. She was also an academy grad a few years back and I followed in her paw-prints. I haven't had a chance to talk to her for at least two weeks. I forget where she's posted and how to reach her. This new move has kinda taken most of my brain space,” he said. Tera smiled and purred softly.

“Well, don't you worry Denga. One thing about being the Chief Comm. Officer is that I can find anyone I want. We'll find your sister easily. I'm sure she'd be happy to hear about how you're adjusting,” she purred.

“You'd really go out of your way for me like that?” he asked, surprised.

“Of course Denga. It's my job. Well, not exactly. Very few get to climb that high in the communications echelon for my help. Besides, I don't mind helping a friend. If you should consider us friends,” she laughed.

“Us? Friends? How can I refuse such a beautiful woman? Err,” he blushed. Fuck... What if she wasn't receptive to that? So much for friends...

“Cat got your tongue?” Tera cackled, taking delight in watching Denga try and figure out an excuse.

“Y...Yeah. That and more,” he confessed. Denga finished off his portion of tuna salad and looked across to his new friend.

“I hope you don't mind me asking, but are you seeing anyone Denga?” Tera asked flatly. There was no turning back from this subject now.

“M...Me? No... Why? You're interested in a... smart ass fly boy?” Freeling replied, caught a little off-guard by the question. Tera smiled wryly. His fresh response was a good thing. At least he was becoming more relaxed for being new on base.

“You could say that, Dengy,” Tera purred. She leaned her head forward to whisper in his ear. Denga leaned forward to listen. “I think I'm in love.”

Denga smiled at her words. Could he be dreaming? On base for only three and a half hours and he had unknowingly taken the heart of the communications chief... This was gonna be

one hell of a four year posting. Tera drew back and tilted her head at him.

“I’ve got something to ask you,” he said.

“What’s up?” she grinned, continuing to purr.

“When I was settling into my quarters, I got a note from my roommate who’s currently on shift. He warned me about someone named Katt Monroe. Said she was the base’s...slut. During the transport ride down, the flight chief gave us all a warning to keep an eye out for her. I’ve heard of her from the Venomian Invasion, but I’m a little confused about it. Doesn’t Colonel Grey care that his wife is, well, roaming free?” he inquired.

“Haha,” Tera laughed. She wasn’t surprised by the question. “Katt. Katt, Katt, Katt. I actually met her in the lounge while looking for scraps after the change of command reception. We’ve become best friends since her fennec friend is back on Corneria. She’s actually very decent. She doesn’t sleep around with ‘spoken for’ furs and made sure that she can’t get knocked up. But yeah. She’s pretty much a slut. She sleeps around to keep herself occupied during the semiannual command cycles. It’s a pity I’ll be losing her on and off for six months, but there’s always leave. As for Colonel Grey, he grew up with the legendary Star Fox team. Back in their youths, they were all pretty horny and still are, so the atmosphere of free sex is no stranger to him. Just like most of this base. Me, for example. I’m bi and I don’t sleep with just anyone. I’m not involved with anyone right now, although that will hopefully change tonight. I can see it in your eyes, dane. You try to hide those wandering eyes, but I can see you’re as interested in me as I am about you. Even after fifteen minutes of talking...”

Denga sat silently for a moment, trying to absorb all of Tera’s words. “That pretty much summed it up,” he snickered.

“Wise ass dane. Not like that’s a bad thing with you fly boys I’ll tell you what. If things between us spark, I’ll introduce you to Katt. That reminds me. I’m twenty-seven. How about you Denny? Hope you don’t mind if I call ya that,” Tera purred.

“No Tera... Not at all. You’re such a beautiful woman. I’m still shocked that our paths have crossed. Me? I’m twenty. I went into the service right after high school,” Denga said.

“Nice. I’ve made a career out of the military. I went to the academy myself. I wanted to be in infantry, but the switchboard had a higher calling for me,” she said.

“It looks like you’ve done pretty well for yourself,” he quipped.

“I guess. My last post was Sector Y Defense Fleet’s flagship. The job was a little different from what I do now, but at least here there’s more to do,” she purred, twitching her nose. “What do you want out of the military?”

“To fly and shoot. I’ve known my way around guns since I was a pup. Well, the real ones at twelve. Everyone I knew back home had grand plans for their futures. Either getting married or having the perfect career. I’ve been a loner most of my life, except for hanging with my sister before she went into the academy. After that I rarely saw her except during a half year of leave she was granted before her major transfer to somewhere. I forget where she’s at,” he explained.

“It’s all right Denny. You’re not alone anymore,” Tera whispered. Denga leaned forward to whisper something back to her. Tera lowered her head and propped her left ear to his snout.

“Can we keep this relationship secret for now? I'm just too overwhelmed right now,” he whispered. He leaned back and Tera nodded softly.

“All right, lieutenant. I've got to continue my shift, so I'll be off at 1800. Us senior officers don't get to relax too much. Our chief engineer can attest to that. Anyway, will you stop by my quarters at 1830?” she asked.

Denga nodded silently, still shocked by this unexpected, yet appealing, turn of events. He was definitely attracted to Tera. Who wouldn't be? But they still knew little about each other. Freeling had no doubt that things would change tonight. He actually had a date... “What level are you on? My pawpadd only has my quarters stored into it,” he responded.

“Give it to me and I'll key it in. These things are fairly newer models than what the flight school uses. They take a little getting used to, but there's practically nothing you can't do with 'em,” she smiled. Denga reached into his left pocket and dug out the device. Tera took the terminal from him and accessed the location sub menu. It only took her a moment to program a map from his quarters to hers up on level 80.

“There ya go,” Tera said. She gave him back his terminal and got up from her seat. “See you tonight.”

The leopardess moved over to the disposal area and placed her tray on the conveyor belt. She turned her head to give Denga a smile before returning to duty. Finished with his lunch, the dane got up and deposited his tray on the conveyor as well. Pawpadd in paw, the great dane began his navigation back to his quarters.

\* \* \* \*

Denga laid back on his top bunk, where he spent the bulk of his afternoon. He was too lazy to change out of his uniform, especially for tonight's date. Date... He actually had a date. That fact alone still shocked him. He eyed the clock above the door. It read 1802. The doors to his quarters swished open. The dane looked down to see his new roommate enter. Griff caught the great dane on his bunk and looked up to him. “Hey...Freeling. Glad to see you've settled in,” the seven foot tall rhino greeted. Denga hopped down off the bunk and padded over to the rhino, who extended a hand to the canine.

“Call me Denga. I'm sorry to have to cut this meeting short but I kinda made a friend earlier,” he said sheepishly.

“Quite all right. It's not like we're goin' anywhere. Just call me Griff. What do ya think of the base so far?” the rhino asked.

“Fucking huge,” the dane smirked. Griff began to change out of his galley uniform. “Anyways Griff, I need to be off. I don't want to keep my new friend waiting. It's probably going to take me twenty minutes to get to her place.”

“All right. Catch ya later tonight then. Have fun,” Griff said in the middle of changing. Denga snatched his pawpadd with and his hat and disappeared into the corridors of the massive base.

\* \* \* \*

Tera dried off inside her bathroom. The mirror was still fogged with steam and the

dripping water was leaking into drainage holes throughout the plated floor. She dropped her towel to the ground and selected normal dry from the mirror's control panel. Twelve concealed surrounding blow dryers encompassed her lithe body in warmth. In a matter of seconds, she was completely dry. Wet fur wasn't an appealing smell, especially for the company she would soon be having. Tera knelt down and retrieved the towel, wrapping it around her body. Her ears perked at the door chime. "What perfect timing. He'll certainly be in for a surprise," she purred. "I'll be there in a minute!"

Denga waited nervously outside Tera's door. He was looking at his feet, but the doors to her quarters suddenly opened up. Denga looked up to see the new woman of his life draped in merely a towel. "Come on fly boy, let's go inside so you can count my spots," Tera purred, dropping her towel and flinging Denga's hat into her room. His pawpadd fell to the floor. Tera grabbed him by the paw and coaxed him into her quarters. Tera stretched out for Denga and grinned. "You like what you...see?" Tera purred.

Denga continued to stare at his new lover. Could she really be this easy? Tera perched onto her queen size bed and spread her legs for him invitingly. "Tera... What's gotten into you?" the dane asked.

"I meant it when I said I was interested in you back at lunch. Come on, get out that uniform," Tera hiccuped. Denga sat at the edge of the bed.

"You're drunk!" Denga exclaimed.

"Only a little. I've never been able to hold my...liq-err," she mewed, tilting her head to look at him.

"That's pretty obvious," Denga mocked. He pondered whether or not he should disrobe.

"You're such a wise ass," Tera scowled playfully. She patted the spot beside her. "Come over here and inspect my spots, Dengey."

Denga climbed onto Tera's bed and sprawled to her left. "That's it, dane," Tera purred. She squirmed about in the sheets before rolling on her side to face him. Tera nosed into his neck and brushed her breasts against his body. "Mmm... You're so warm. Don't be shy, lover. Touch your new girl."

Touch her? What did he have to lose by saying no? She wasn't that loaded... Hopefully she wouldn't wake up, remember something different, and press charges. Denga slowly brought one paw up and gently brushed across her sleek body. "Mmmm, good," Tera moaned. The nervousness and shock eventually dissipated and Denga was more comfortable with their situation. He lowered his snout to hers and kissed her softly. Both their eyes closed and she worked an arm around his back to embrace him. She shoved her tits against his clothed chest and explored his mouth with her tongue. Denga moved his paw up her back and brushed at her lustrous white hair. The dane rolled Tera onto her back and climbed on top of the feline, breaking their kiss.

"Hello Tery," he cracked. An enamored Tera reached up and grabbed his hat. She tossed it over the edge of the bed and firmly wrapped her arms around him.

"This... This is much better, great—my, great dane," she purred. The leopardess wrinkled

her nose and rubbed it against his muzzle. Tera rolled them around to put her on top. She drew back and straddled his hips. Letting lust overtake her, she brought her paws to his chest and began unbuttoning his uniform. Denga squirmed out of his top and she dismounted from him to work at his boots. She then got both off in no time and pulled off his socks. The woman unbuttoned his pants and drew his boxers down off him along with his pants. Denga's erection was rapidly swelling and the leopard stared at it for a moment. "I may... mmmf, be a little impaired, but a tie with you will be it worth... Later sore, but worth it."

Denga smiled, chuckling at her slurred speech. At least her motor skills were still intelligible. She brought a paw between Denga's legs. Tera gently rolled the canine's nuts around. Why did she have to fall for this man? He was a fresh recruit and a great dane of all species! Love was a funny thing. Here she was, loaded and horny and everything inside told her that this was right.

Denga laid back on Tera's bed. His undershirt was still on and his uniform top was beneath him. He studied Tera as best he could while groaning at her fondling. Tera abandoned his sac and propped up on her knees. She brought both paws to his thick cock and wrapped her fingers around it. A soft spurt of pre burst from the tip and ran down Tera's paws. "Mmmm. Why did I have to fall for you, Dengy? There be may 50,000 furs on base, but it can still get lone," Tera purred, her speech continuing to be impaired. Freeling looked around Tera's room. Senior officer quarters were the same size as his, but had their own bathroom. He caught a small opened bottle of Katinan whiskey. At least that's what he thought it was. Hard to tell from being pinned down ten feet away from the booze in question. He looked back at Tera who took to slowly pumping his rigid flesh.

"Oh yeah... mmmnf," the lieutenant groaned. He shifted about in the feline's grasp and continued his gaze upon Tera. Everything about her was perfect. Her sense of humor, experience, and warm brown eyes calmed him. Tera lowered her mouth and scraped her rough tongue over the bulging tip. He tasted much better than that dry Cornerian brandy she took before showering. Her impairments merely kicked in upon her new boyfriend's arrival. She closed her lips around the thick organ and slowly bobbed her head on it. She welcomed the pre that was offered down her throat. Tera reached up and splayed an arm over his stomach, taking to scratching his chest fur while full of cock. "I...mmm... love you Tera."



Illustration 12: © Cyberwuffy. Drawn by Curio Draco.



It was out. He loved her. Tera's ears flicked a little and she let out a purr at his words. She encircled his tip around Denga's cock again. Denga was having none of it. His knot started swelling and his frantic barks filled the room. Seed started to pump from his rigid erection, Tera smiling and rubbing her fingers across the broad organ while drinking from it. She stayed there pumping his flesh and drinking down from her great dane's climax.

He finally finished. It was a lot compared to the few canines she'd slept with in her life. She gave the immense pride a soft suckle before pulling off of it. The knot began to shrank after about five, the flaccid erection receding into his sheath. "Mmm. How was that love-lover?" Tera purred, still vaguely buzzed.

"Amazing," Denga groaned. Tera sprawled lengthwise beside Denga and rubbed his chest fur under his undershirt. Denga reached down to his sheath and began stroking it. Tera watched and smiled, reaching over to lick his muzzle.

"Ready for... me?" Tera stuttered. She smeared her pre stained lips into his neck.

"Yes," Denga panted, his erection now free once again. Denga turned to face her and kissed his woman. Without warning, the tipsy feline rolled onto her back and pulled him on top of her. The canine was a little startled, but he seemed to get her message. He probed around with his hips until hitting the right angle and was in.

"Fuck...!" Tera cried.

"Mmm, so warm," he barked. After a few seconds of slow penetration and Tera's flustered moaning, Denga was buried to the hilt within her. Tera's face was contorted in a trembling look of bliss. He slowly withdrew halfway from her and complied with her requests to thrust into her. Tera whimpered and cringed beneath him. As drunk as she was, Tera was right about being sore in the morning...

"Please... Don't stop," she moaned. Denga continued gently fucking into her, wanting to loosen her up for future encounters. Tera quivered and grasped her inner paw around the thick flesh. Denga bared his fangs and gradually hastened his pace into her. Tera cried out and her cunt squeezed tight around him, already worked up into a climax. The fur on Tera's tail stood on end. He could feel her purring beneath him and her drunken cries served as all the encouragement he needed. Her paws worked their way around his back and she pressed him into her breasts. His thick nuts kept slapping into her labia and soaking the pre that collected there. Tera's cunt squeezed around his flesh again and came for a second time. "Please... mmnf, ungh, ungh, ungh, ungh, nnnnnnnnngh!"



Illustration 13: © Cyberwuffy. Drawn by Curio Draco.

“Tight,” Denga groaned heatedly. She was going to have to get used to him... Tera raked her claws into his shoulders, releasing again. Denga couldn't hold it anymore. She was way too tight for their first encounter. The dane shoved his swelling knot inside of the feline's labia and began to fill her with cum.

“Unggggggggggggggggggggh!” she screeched. Tera had been tied before, but never to a great dane. Her inner walls reluctantly accepted the large bulge of flesh and closed around it. The torture was too much for her body, causing Tera to pass out. Denga stayed within his new lover, unable to move. Her body was limp below him. She was still breathing.

“Thank god,” he muttered, still shivering. Denga didn't have much mobility. All he could do was remain on Tera and look at her hushed face. At least try to look at it from two inches away. She looked so peaceful.

“Mmmnf,” she murmured. Her head was still spinning. The alcohol she had earlier was coming back to haunt her. Tera still felt the huge lodging within her. She didn't have to worry anymore about being loosened up.

“Welcome back,” Denga whispered. She managed to give him a weak smile.

“I love you fly boy,” she whispered back. “How long...?”

“Almost able to pull out,” the dane panted. Both were slick with sweat and enjoying each other's presence. Tera loved the way the hot mess felt stirring inside her body.

A few minutes went by and the canine's knot shrunk enough for him to slip free. Denga dismounted from the dazed feline and rubbed his slippery cock across her thighs while settling beside her. Tera gasped, still recovering from passing out. A thick mess of their newly kindled love soaked out of Tera's thighs and pooled onto the bed sheets. Denga wrapped an arm around Tera and cuddled with her lovingly. Tera coughed, but nosed into her dane. “Thanks,” she panted.

“No problem. I hate to fuck and run Tery, but I gotta be up early tomorrow. These six hour shifts are going to take some getting used to,” the dane smiled.

“Let me know when you're off duty tomorrow. I'd like to know more about the dane of my dreams,” Tera purred.

“Yeah, that'd really help this relationship,” Denga snickered. His penis already receded back into his sheath and the canine began getting back into uniform. Tera remained on her back and watched the young pilot. Denga blew her a kiss. “I love you.”

“Love you...” Tera panted. With that, the great dane left. Tera still quivered in the aftershock of their tie. She was really starting to hurt down there.

\* \* \* \*

Tera sat back in one of the private examination rooms in her level’s sickbay. It was the morning after her romp with Denga and she woke up with an excruciating pain between her legs. It was so bad that she had to be carried to sickbay by litter. Her legs were mechanically spread on the bed and her crotch ached. “How bad is it Olivia?” Tera groaned. The mare looked at her patient.

“Well, which do you want first? The good news or the bad news?” her doctor asked coyly. Olivia was the base’s Chief Medical Officer, so she oversaw the personal treatment of the senior staff and their families. Tera threw her head back into the bed’s headrest in frustration.

“Bad news...” she sighed.

“The bad news is you tore your vaginal muscles from that tie. Nothing that can't be fixed, but you'll be on bed rest for two weeks,” Olivia said.

“That’s bad news?” Tera laughed. The medical leave was well worth the pain from last night. “Hit me with the good news.”

“The good news is that the great dane you slept with loosened you up more than enough so your vagina will be able to fully handle that knot of his when its healed. That is if you’re still going to see him after all of this,” the doctor explained.

“Oh, I’ll definitely be seeing him again. Last night was wonderful. I finally met someone I love,” Tera whispered, trying not to purr.

“Well, whatever you do, take it slowly next time you fuck. He’ll tie with you without anymore of...this. You went too big too fast. You know how the bed rest works. I’ll be in to check on you once a day. I’m giving you a cortisone injection for the pain,” she said. Olivia gently touched the spot between Tera’s legs and used the injector to apply the medication.

“Mmmnf. That feels better,” Tera gasped. The leopardess closed her eyes and pondered. The expression on the medical staff’s face was priceless when she told them where her pain was. Both furs couldn't hold back their snickering as they called it in.

Colonel Grey wouldn't be a problem. She hoped this wasn't going to damage the poor recruit who had just arrived. She was also bound to be waist deep in pawpadds full of paperwork needing her attention. Though she would have plenty of time to get to know Denga more. Sex was out of the question. Tera looked around the examination room and up to her friend the doctor. The mare was watching Bravehart. “Cat got your tongue?” Olivia smirked.

“Something like that. Thinking of what to do for two weeks besides working from bed—”

“Staying in bed,” Olivia cut her off. She wiped a cool sponge over Tera’s forehead and brushed the leopard’s hair back. “We’re all finished up here. I’ll have you delivered back to your quarters. If you need anything, get in touch with me.”

Tera threw her head back against the headrest and sighed. Katt was going to get a bunch of laughs out of this, but the leopardess finally found someone.

**May 2, 2393****“Purrrfect”**

Tera lay sprawled on her bed, pondering what to do in the absence of her canine lover. Her injuries from their initial tie were finally healed. The great dane was gone for ten minutes now and Tera had the rest of the evening with nothing to do. For once in her life, she could proudly say that she was better off now than her posting at the Sector Y flagship. Sure, Fortuna Base was huge, but at least she had some friends. Katt, Colonel Grey, Ensign Rauv, and of course, Denga. That great dane walked into her life only a month prior, but she was happy to have him for a lover.

Tera kept her involvement with Denga a secret. Only her doctor knew and she was bound to silence by doctor-patient privilege. Katt didn't even know about them and she usually told Monroe everything! Denga wanted to keep things secret because he was so new on base, but didn't regret the relationship. Tera squirmed under the covers to her bed. She had tomorrow off and was planning on spending most of it in the gym. Tera prided herself in keeping her body lithe. It was one of the few things that she devoted her free time to.

Right now, Tera wanted to have the evening go by quickly so she could absorb the bulk of her day off. Denga had to leave so he could help Griff tidy up their quarters for the level's routine morning inspection.

Tera flung the covers off of her in frustration and dug into her footlocker. She picked out a tank-top and her faded pair of cut-off jeans. Katt had told her to stop by, saying something about Fara Phoenix visiting. Monroe never stopped talking about the fennec from the war days. The time was right for some introductions.

\* \* \* \*

Fara and Katt were wasting no time with each other during the vixen's short three day visit. Even though Phoenix was retired, she was still employed with the Cornerian government. The vixen was submitting new fighter and component designs similar to the Arwing. Spare time was a luxury, but the job paid the already rich fennec well.

The women were in Katt and Bill's quarters. Katt nosed her snout into Fara's neck. “Mmmm, I've really missed you Katt,” the fennec smiled. She fumbled around under the covers with Katt's body and rubbed her paws all over Monroe.

“I love you too Fara. I just wish that you could've brought foxyboy with you,” Katt giggled.

“So you could fuck him?” the fennec snickered.

“Something like that,” Katt purred.

“That's my girl. You—“ the fennec was cut off by the door chime.

“Yeah?” Monroe called.

“It's me,” Tera said. Both women looked to each other and grinned. Katt's other lover had yet to meet the fennec...

“Come on in, spots,” Katt purred. The doors swished open and in came the youthful leopardess. Tera turned to see both women in bed and began purring.

“So... This must be Fara Phoenix,” Tera smiled. She walked over towards the bed with both unclothed ladies and began to undress.

“Looks like you’ve trained her well,” Fara laughed.

“I try,” Katt snickered. Tera wordlessly climbed onto the bed and onto Katt’s other side. “Mmm... Sandwiched... Just the way I like my women.”

Fara reached across Katt’s body and gently grasped one of Tera’s breasts. Tera was a little stunned by the sudden affection, but arched her back and leaned into the vixen’s paw. Monroe watched her lovers get to know each other. “Proper introductions?” Katt smirked.

“However you want to do it, Katt,” Tera smiled. Fara was already busy toying with Tera’s stiffening nipples.

“I was thinking of you two in a sixty-nine. Give your mistress a show,” Katt purred.

“So much for talking,” Fara laughed.

“Katt? Talk? Hah! She’s usually too horny for talk. She can’t keep her paws off me,” Tera quipped. She got up from beside Katt and crawled over her to on top of the fennec.

“You don’t have to tell me about it. Our slut has been like this for years. I should know... mmm... Hello cutie,” she murred at the leopardess on top of her.

“Hey,” Tera replied. Katt shifted away from the pair and watched what was about to unfold. Fara wrapped her arms around the attractive officer and reached up to kiss her. Tera closed her eyes and explored the fennec’s mouth with her tongue. Tera grooved her body into the vixen and allowed Fara to explore her. Their breasts rubbed against each other’s and Fara gently broke their kiss.

“Nice tongue...Tera?” she guessed.

“At least she’s told you my name,” Tera cackled.

“That tongue will feel just right inside of me,” Fara murred. Tera wanted to ask her so many things about the war and Fox, but was too caught up with the prospect of eating Fara Phoenix out! One of Fara’s paws gently cupped one of Tera’s ass-cheeks and a throaty purr erupted. “All right... spots... sixty-nine me.”

Tera shuffled around on top of the fennec until their bodies were properly aligned. Fara closed her eyes and took a breath. This was her first female other than Katt. She spread her legs for Tera and began to lick at the leopard’s moistening folds. Tera gasped into Fara’s hips. The vixen’s tongue was deep inside of her and exploring her depths. Tera tried to concentrate in returning the affection. She, in turn, rasped her tongue across the fennec’s pussy and drank down her arousal. Katt purred with pride at the sight before her. Two of her closest lovers, besides her husband, were giving her a nice show...

“Such good girls,” Katt praised. Fara and Tera were oblivious to their mistress’s comment and kept on eating each other out. Fara swirled her tongue inside of Tera’s tightening folds. It didn’t take long for the vixen to get Tera off and was rewarded with rich essence sliding down her throat. Tera was too overcome by the insistent vixen to finish her end of it. Frustrated, Tera withdrew her tongue from Fara and licked her lips. Fara sensed Tera’s problem and promptly extracted her lower half. She placed herself lengthwise next to Tera and nosed her slick

muzzle into her new companion. “Excellent.”

Both women shrugged off Katt’s approval and took to cuddling with each other. Tera smiled softly. She went to see Katt on a whim and already got up close and personal with Fox McCloud’s wife! “Mmmm, what would Fox say about this?” Tera panted.

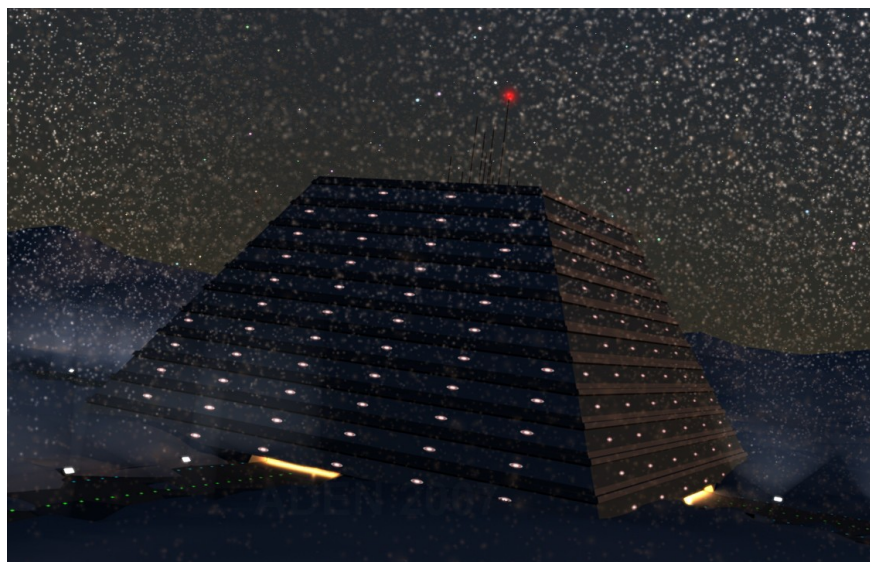
“He’d have all three of us to himself. The rumors about Star Fox being a bunch of sex crazed furs were mostly true. Sex wasn’t a big deal in the system back then. The old ways went out the window long before that. Even if the team doesn’t exist anymore, that vulpine was always horny,” Fara explained. Tera fumbled around in the fennec’s embrace and gave the vixen a soft purr in one of her large ears. Katt, doing her best to break the silence, toppled on both lovers.

“You doing anything tomorrow spots?” Katt asked. Tera thought about her plans at the gym. Fara was only going to be on-base for two more days. Tera should stay put. So many questions were still in her mind and she had every intention of getting answers.

“Not a thing,” she strongly purred. For a whim, tonight was a purrrfect evening.

**May 6, 2393**

**“Poker Night”**



It was a cold and crisp winter evening on Fortuna. The portion of Fortuna that Colonel Grey's base was on was in the full swing of winter.

Temperatures outside dipped well below -30 C. It was always winter on Fortuna. Nobody would dare go outside without a pressure suit on.

*Illustration 14: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Schecterfennec.*

Comfortable with her outfit the way it was, Katt picked up her purse and left her quarters, heading towards the lower decks. The halls of the base were well lit. The feature was one of the things she liked about the base besides the many talented personnel. She pressed her paw against the corridor control panel. With a chirpy ring, the mag-lev door opened, and the feline walked in. “Level 98,” Katt mewed. The duranium doors swished closed and she began her long descent deep into the base’s lower regions.

“I always enjoy these poker nights with you guys. It’s fun to see what I can salvage from two of my junior officers,” Tera Bravehart purred from atop Griff’s bunk.

“At least you leave the rank at the door,” Griff huffed. The dane looked up from securing the square shaped table.

“Yeah. You’ve been such a groove for the past three weeks. Hopefully that will all change tonight. Katt is sitting in on this one, ya know,” Denga barked. Tera eyed the coy dog.

“Mmm... good. Maybe I’ll make some money and score as well. Knowing Katt, she loves to raise the stakes, and I don’t mean money-wise,” Tera purred.

“As if she doesn’t have enough money. The woman is married to our current commander. And to top it off, she’d have a lot more if she whored around the base, but our feline companion likes to do the nasty for free,” Griff quipped. He secured the last leg of the table and went over to a drawer to pull out the poker chips.

“I wouldn’t mind banging her again. She’s good at what she does. You gotta give her credit for that,” Denga barked.

“She handles my size pretty well for a small pint,” Griff chuckled.

“There are only a handful of base females that can handle you. Besides, the only affairs

I'm interested in hearing about right now are the expansions that will soon be in my credit account," Tera grinned.

"You're four ranks above us. You already make more money, Major Moneybags," Denga smirked. Griff finished distributing the chips about on the table and sat on his upper bunk next to Tera. He slid an arm around her. Tera purred and cuddled into the larger rhino's embrace. Denga watched his leopardess get snuggly with his bunkmate. Katt, Griff, and some of his other new friends knew. Tera and the dane were now an item. Denga pulled up the chairs around the table and smirked at the couple behind him. "My prick isn't big enough for you?"

"That gun of yours put me on bed rest the first time you tied," Tera smirked.

"You going for a medical discharge now?" Denga quipped.

"You just loosened me up. Your roommate here doesn't have that... obstacle... of a knot," Tera purred. Griff remained quiet and let the couple continue needling each other. It was getting good.

"You should've seen how drunk you were that night," Freeling laughed.

"Drunk or not, that tie was SO worth the two weeks of paperwork," Tera smirked, nosing her head into Griff's side. He snuggled close to the senior ranking leopardess. A shrill beep of the door alarm resonated in the room. "Enter!"

The double doors opened up and a purring Katt stood outside. "Hello boys," she mewed, walking inside. She gave a slight nod to Tera, who was already pawing at Griff's chest.

"Hey there hon," Tera purred from the bed, brushing one of the rhino's broad thighs. "We were just talking about you."

"I'm sure you were," Katt snickered. She stepped in from the outside corridor. "The mag-lev is being exceptionally slow tonight. I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"No, not at all," Denga murred, his tail wagging about and finishing up with the poker table. "With those two over there, any longer and they'd probably be screwing right about now."

Tera brushed up against Griff's chest and smirked at the dane. "Well, I can't help it if I like free affection. And depending on how things go tonight, don't be surprised if I have to offer some to get what I want," the leopardess purred. Katt made her way over to the table and took a seat, placing her purse beside her. She glanced at the rhino and leopard from across the room and just smirked at them.

"No objections here," Katt smiled. "Although I intend to leave you all high and dry by night's end. What time is it? 1800? I've got the whole night to rape all of your credit accounts and possibly all of you. If the stakes get raised to sex acts, then so be it. Two of my favorite things to do are getting laid and making money."

"You're already well off... Monroe just wants some lovin'. Admit it," Tera said.

"Well, besides the possibility of getting laid tonight, it's these two brutes right here we women should be watching out for. They have smaller pocketbooks than we do, but I'm sure these boys know how to budget their money," Katt smiled, curling her tail around one of the chair's legs and looking to both junior officers.

"There's not much to buy around here. The military does a good job of keeping us happy."



Especially in this, this... lost outpost. You guys don't know how well you've got it. We were fighting for a three day pass in flight school," Denga chimed in.

"Three day passes are great, but not here. Takes like half a day to get off this rock," Tera purred.

"If there are two things I'm good at, they would be cooking for the military, managing money, and certainly fucking... Okay so that's three things," Griff rumbled from behind the squirmy leopardess. Tera's spotted tail brushed right into his face, making him flinch. Tera detached herself from large rhino stud and took a seat across from Katt at the poker table. She started purring to Monroe. Both men followed suit, each taking positions at the remaining seats.

"So... what's up for tonight? Just poker?" she asked. Katt was the first to break the awkward silence as the four stared at each other.

"Yeah. And if things go bad for any one of us, I could see a strip poker game coming into light," Griff snickered.

"Money. Sex. I'd take both at any time. How much loot you got to play with Katt?" Denga barked.

"You would dane, especially now that you can tie to spots over there without another bed rest episode. Two hundred. Bill told me to take no prisoners," Katt mewed.

"Is there anyone besides the 'coupled' personnel you haven't done on this base?" Denga smirked.

"Well," Katt paused.

"She has to think about it," Tera laughed.

"There is this cute new recruit that works in the maintenance hangar. He happens to be an elephant. Been keeping my eyes on him," Katt purred.

"Which part of him?" Griff snickered.

"The only part that matters. Being twelve feet tall and very wide in the muscle department has its rewards for certain species. Can't imagine many elephants in the service. These bases just weren't built for their size," Monroe purred.

"You certainly have a way with men. You have no idea what kind of reputation you have throughout the fleet," Tera smirked.

"Hopefully it'll be one that cute elephant will have heard of. He's no older than nineteen probably. And what great size for being so young..." Katt laughed. Tera snaked her tail under the table and around Katt's leg.

"You enjoy being a slut, don't you?" Tera snickered.

"Well, yeah. I'm just a military wife with nothing to do all day. What's not to love about being the base's Arwing?" Katt quipped.

"Nothing except the Arwings went out of service ten years ago," Denga barked, licking his lips.

"Come on. This needs a new wardrobe. Dropped another size. Our uniforms aren't exactly sexy," Tera purred.

"Fine, Major Moneybags," Denga grinned. He took the card deck and started to shuffle it.

He took the deck and reached it over to Katt. "Cut here."

"All right," she said, taking the deck and splitting it in half. Denga took the deck and started dealing his Cornerian military ship playing card set his sister bought for him when he was a pup.

"What's the entry fee?" Denga asked, looking at the leopardess.

"It's a wonder I don't start instituting an entry fee," Katt snickered.

"You'd have made a fortune if you did that when you got here," Griff laughed.

"Yes, but I like being a slut. Especially to gifted horny rhinos like you," Katt purred.

"Same as last time, two credits," Tera said, brushing her luscious white hair behind her.

"Any wild cards?" Katt purred. Denga and Griff looked to Tera.

"What? It's up to me? Yay. Well, erm, deuces and aces are always popular so we'll go with them," the leopardess mewed.

Everyone chipped in two green chips. Katt would be the first to pick up her cards. She had a ten, a jack, two threes and an ace. She snaked her eyes across the table, looking at the rhino. He gave a blank expression. It was one of the many things he was good at. Griff studied his hand. He had nothing. A three six, two sevens, and a queen. Unless he got some good new stuff, he could count himself out of this one. Tera purred to herself. She had herself a straight. Incredibly good beginners' luck for the senior officer on deck. The dane huffed to himself. He had a full house. He had two jacks, two eights, and a deuce. "Guests open first," Tera purred, looking at Katt.

"Five," Katt mewed, tossing a blue chip into the middle of the pile.

"I'm out," Griff groaned, tossing his hand face down onto the table.

"Big stud has nothing, eh?" Katt snickered.

"Not a damn thing," he replied. "Tell us this though... are you carrying McCloud's love-child?"

Katt just grinned. The rest of them looked eagerly at her for a response. "I don't know," she said coyly. "We'll just have to see what pops out."

"Dealer sees your five," Denga barked, tossing in five credits. Tera tossed in a blue chip.

"Fine. Five," Tera purred.

"Any new cards?" the dane asked.

"Two," Katt purred, turning in the ten and the jack. She already had a three of a kind, even if it was a series of threes. Denga passed Katt two more cards, taking her refuse. Katt picked them up. She received another ace and a king. Things were looking up for her. The former mercenary's hand improved from a puny three of a kind to a set of four threes, king high.

"The leopardess shall keep her cards," she purred.

"I don't like the sound of that," Katt quipped.

"Dealer takes none," Denga barked.

"I don't like the sound of that, either," she mewed.

"Don't let them play you. One of them's bluffing," Griff huffed. Katt eyed her hand.

"And you can be so sure of that?" Tera smirked.

“I’ve slept with both of you at least once since I got here. I think I can tell when you’re bluffing or not,” Griff smirked back.

“Ugh. Don’t even remind me of that, pussy stretcher. God only knows how Katt handles your size,” Tera cringed. “Owwie...”

“Your bet, sweet thing,” Denga barked to Katt. Denga eyed his full house. Tera purred at the straight she held in her paws. Katt eyed her hand. A four of a kind, king high.

“Raise twenty,” she purred.

“Twenty,” Tera smirked.

“Twenty,” Denga snickered.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you, Katt,” Griff laughed.

“We’ll see who’s bluffing. Call,” Katt commanded.

Tera snorted, setting down her mixed suit straight from seven to jack, “The woman in charge has a straight.”

“Fuck. That beats my full house,” Denga sighed. Tera just smirked at him.

“Well, I hate to break it to you, but...never mind. That beats my four of a kind,” Katt sighed.

“All that fucking must’ve clogged your money making skills,” Griff laughed.

“Especially when I get done by you, pussy stretcher,” Katt fired back. “Take it. Take it all.”

“Gladly,” Tera purred, raking in the credits.

The poker game between the personnel went on for several hours. Tera’s luck had completely run out. Denga and Griff had managed to make a fair amount of money off both felines. Katt only had fifty credits left. Tera was out of money. She knew that she would have to make things interesting to stay afloat.

“I’m kinda out of betting money, you guys take dirty bets?” she asked, eyeing her hand. The dane looked at Griff and smiled. The two men looked at Katt and she gave them a nod.

“I don’t think we will have any problems,” Denga murred.

“Speaking of getting dirty, I’ll give you ten credits if you strip down naked right now,” Griff offered to Katt.

“I can handle that. Nothing like making a quick ten creds,” Katt purred. She began to remove her tank top off over her head. She tossed it aside her seat and reached below the seam of her pants and underwear and drew them down from below the table.

“Nice,” Griff smiled, tossing a red chip into Katt’s pile. “Very nice.”

“I’m glad you approve, hot stuff,” Katt purred, glancing at Tera. “Now what do you have in mind for betting?”

“If I win, both men here have to do each other,” Tera snickered.

“And if you lose?” Denga smirked, rubbing his ass and cringing at the thought of a huge rhino drive shaft into his ass.

“Well I’m open to suggestions,” Tera mewed. Katt spoke up.

“If you lose... you’ll be getting eaten out. By me, while big boy over there screws me on

all fours. Is that acceptable?" Katt dictated. Denga and Griff nodded.

"All right then. Let's see what fate decides for us," Denga barked. Each member put in two credits to the pile, except for Tera. She took off her top instead, placing it in the chip pile as currency. Denga shuffled the cards a few times, cut the deck, and began to deal. Denga set the deck down beside him and picked up the cards. He had two fours, a six, jack, and a king. Tera purred and thought her good luck from the beginning of the night was coming back. She had a full house, thanks to the two wilds that happened to find their way into her hand. Katt also purred, trying to compete her volume with Tera. Katt had nothing. A two, a four, a seven, an eight, and a queen. Katt desperately wanted to eat out the leopardess. The ex-mercenary hadn't gone down on a female since the Valentine's Day love fest with Fara McCloud three months ago. She was hungry for some pussy. Griff eyed his hand. He had a six, a seven, an eight, a two, and a jack. He would have to get a wild card or a ten for a straight.

"Ten," Griff said, tossing a red chip into the pile.

"Looks like doggy has something nice," Tera purred.

"Ten it is," Katt mewed. She tossed a red chip into the pile also.

"Ten. Bah. Our rhino must be awfully confident," Denga barked. "Any new cards?"

"I'll be fine the way I am," Tera purred. "I hope to see some male on male action between you two soon."

"We'll see about that," replied the coy Monroe. She turned in the nine and the queen. "I'll take two cards."

Katt wasn't too happy with what she received. The king and jack didn't help her cause much.

"Give me one," huffed the rhino. Griff turned in his face card. Denga gave him a new one. He got himself another wild card.

"Dealer takes two," Denga said. He turned in his jack and king for an ace and a nine. "I bet twenty," Griff rumbled.

"I'm out," Katt said with a look of disgust on her face. "It's up to you two boys to find out what will be going on soon."

"Come on boys. Hit me with your best shot," Tera purred. Denga put in twenty.

"Call," Griff grinned. Denga put down his cards.

"Nothing," he said. Tera almost went wide eyed. She set down her hand.

"Full house. Hah!" she purred heavily. "On the floor."

"No, no, no..." Griff snickered. He set down his hand. "Straight. Now strip and get on the floor."

"UGH..... well... at least I'll be getting some service," she said. The leopardess got up from her seat and squirmed out of her cut offs and panties.

"Well, it looks like the fun is about to start. You three go ahead and do each other as you all planned. I'll be back soon. I'm gonna head to the supply master's office down the hall for some towels.

"Strip," Katt said.

“What?” Denga blinked.

“Strip. Because when you get back, you’re gonna be able to fit in somewhere. And hopefully that danish pleasure will be very eager for some action when you do,” Katt smirked. Tera brushed her tail across Katt’s ass.

“Yeah, strip. Go down the corridors bare ass. You’ll thank us later,” Tera commanded.

“Yes ma’am,” the dane obeyed, removing his shirt and squirming out of his boxers.

“Good boy,” Tera praised, “Now go off and get some towels. We’re going to be needing them.”

The dane, embarrassed...and naked, left in search of towels from the quartermaster a few corridors down. Tera sat on the cold deck plate of the floor and widely spread her legs. Griff would be the second to get up, promptly stripping out of his clothes. Griff’s streamlined hairless body was magnificent. His thick black fleshed pole wasting no time emerging from his heavy sheath. Katt fled from her seat and joined Tera on the floor on her paws and knees. Katt slapped her ass with a paw. “Come and get it, rhino,” Katt taunted. Griff knelt behind Katt, waiting to start his pillaging into her soon to be stretched depths.



Illustration 15: © Cyberwuffy. Line art by Mayra Boyle.  
Character coloring by Wai Seng Wong (Neon).  
Backgrounding by SnowRoseRivenstar.

Katt purred on all fours. The huge rhino brushed his large claws over her sleek ass. His enormous shaft bobbed eagerly between his legs, the huge tip piercing her labia. Katt groaned and moaned as she was teased by the rhino’s huge cock. Tera took up an awkward position in front of Katt, her legs spread while supporting herself from with her arms behind her like in a crab like position she learned in physical therapy. She still managed to drive her sex forcefully into Katt’s hungry face. That caused Katt’s body to push forward, her muzzle burying between Tera’s thighs. Tera moaned lustfully. Tera would be able to keep upright...for however long Denga wanted to watch her struggle. Katt quivered. The rhino’s heavy nuts slapped against Katt’s ass, while Griff

SLAMMED his giant pole deep into Katt’s tight cunt. The sudden lodging of a barely-big-enough-to-handle cock in Katt’s pussy caused her to yeowl and softly nip at Tera’s clit. The leopard groaned and shook the pain off, her juicy musk dripping down Katt’s muzzle. Katt often enjoyed big cocks, but nobody completely filled her before like Griff. At least four dry inches of the giant rhino cock protruded from her slit, unable to fit inside Monroe.

Her strong inner walls clamped down like a vice around the black fleshed cock and her clit mashed into the girth of the pole. Katt’s pussy was stretched to its limits. “Unnnngh,” Tera

grunted eying the dane who just came in with successfully retrieved linens. “Get over here dane and give me some support?”

Wasting no time watching the threesome take shape, Denga placed the towels neatly beside the chairs moved into a corner and obediently sat beneath Tera's ass. He pulled her tailhole down onto his erection. Tera was relieved to have the dane making her squatting position more comfortable, her ass resting impaled on him. She snaked her legs across the floor, keeping her crotch in Katt's face. Denga murred and started to move the leopard's hips up and down on his pride while able to keep Tera's folds level with Katt's mouth.

Katt brushed her rough tongue across the leopard's sensitive folds, propped on her elbows, muzzle slanted upwards to stay between Tera's legs. Katt moaned hard, eyes tearing up at the sensation of the rhino who was firmly planted inside the feline. Griff settled his paws on Katt's ass and slowly began fucking into her wet sex. He started off slowly and then started to take fuller, harder swings into the feline's well presented slit. Thick wads of his pre flooded Katt, thin tendrils of both their fluids barely escaping Katt's tightly stretched pussy. Denga reached around Tera's chest, grabbing one of her breasts from behind while he nailed her up the ass, her sensitive pucker wrapped tight around his species' endowment.

Katt screamed into Tera's sex, her first series of climaxes starting to take over her body. Her pleasure was well displayed as she howled long pleasurable note into the leopard's cunt. Tera moaned as her ample breast was seized from behind. She was already worked up enough with Katt eating her out and being ridden off of Denga's erection.

The leopard's moans became more and more passionate as the first signs of orgasm reached over her. Whether it was the feline muzzle buried deep in her wet folds or an exceptionally hard fuck from Denga beneath her, nobody in the room knew. Tera jerked and shuddered uncontrollably, giving Katt many good reasons to keep licking. “Oh....oh...ungh.....service me you fucking slut!” Tera orgasmed. Katt whimpered helplessly as Griff continued to steadily fuck her, all caught up in Tera's bliss.

The purple feline growled and yipped, slurping up all of the sweet female essence that she could. Katt gritted her teeth over Tera's sensitive clit, hoping to get her off at least once more. She would soon find out as Tera yeowled again, sweet leopardess essence coating Katt's muzzle and dripping down onto her thighs. Tera was the first one to fall, her orgasm concluded. Denga was still riding the leopardess in his lap, scooting away from Katt's muzzle.

The base's ventilated fresh winter air filled Katt's nostrils as her feline companion backed off and fell to the floor on her stomach. Denga came along for the ride, still on top of his partner. Thanks to the more convenient position, the thickness of his cock never relinquished, and it provided him a better way of working her tail hole. He barked loudly, slurping the back of his lover's neck and pounding his danish pride deep within the confines of her spotted ass. By now, the strong rhino had started a fierce pounding into her fiery depths. Katt panted and whimpered at the fierce onslaught between her legs. “Unnnnh. Fuck me you beautiful beast!” Katt cried

Katt dropped to her elbows, tired of propping up for so long. She hissed and growled, licking her seed covered lips and whimpering softly. Griff roared, his thick pole now had no

problem plundering Katt's well used charms. He pulled out of her fully to let their love juices pool onto the floor, only to jam his thick member back into her pussy lips. "Unggggggggh," Katt screamed. Her body tensed. She whimpered and squinted her eyes shut. Her second series of violent, pleasurable climaxes overtaking her. "Do meeeee!!!"

As Katt's spread legs were being pounded into, Denga was busy hammering away at the leopard's ass. Tera groaned loudly, clawing at the floor's deck plate. Thick blasts of warm seed covered her insides and dribbled out of her ass cheeks. The dane reached under his partner and grasped at one of her full breasts, the movement of his swollen shaft into her ass now over. His softball size knot was fully swollen and bridging the gap between Tera's ass and his hips.

Griff growled, the tight expanse of Katt's sex clamping firmly onto his massive pole. He grunted and snarled, ramming his thick rod into the feline's now limp body. He hissed and roared, the sensations all too much for him. His thick creamy load poured into Katt's tightening folds, a strong yeowl escaping from Katt's muzzle. "Give it to me you fuck machine!" Katt groaned between the rhino's heated cum bursting thrusts into her body.

Griff snarled and brushed Katt's ass hard. He dismounted from the slutty feline and knelt behind her. The rhino's thick cum covered cock plopped out from her extremely stretched slit and was followed by the rhino's large load leaking from Katt's wet folds.

Katt was panting, trying to catch her breath from the large ride Griff gave her. Gathering up some inner reserve of strength, she turned around to clean the black fleshed member. Her mouth could only fit over a slight portion of the good foot long sub. He was long... and wide... Her mouth closed tightly around the thick phallus. "Ungghhh..." Griff groaned, "You're awfully... mmmm... in the mooooooooooooood tonight!"

By this time, Denga had dismounted Tera and already rolled the big cat on her back where he was enthusiastically tit-fucking the leopard's ample cleavage. The large danish erection



Illustration 16: © Cyberwuffy. Done by Phoenix.

easily made its way up to his partner's hungry mouth. Tera took to fingering herself with a free paw while rasping her rough feline tongue along Denga's slick rod. Denga brushed a paw across the leopard's face, kneading at her right ear softly. His other paw gently teasing at one of her swollen nipples. Tera captured the dane's thick pole in her muzzle, circling her tongue around the dog's sensitive cock head.

The leopardess purred heavily, rasping her tongue along the dane's sensitive cock head. She wanted to milk this great dane for all he was worth. Unfortunately, she had him so worked up that Denga's knot hadn't receded. She was blasted in the face with another barrage of canine seed. Denga whimpered, his thick pole releasing its sticky seed into the senior officer's hungry mouth. That was all she was going to get out of the smart ass dane for tonight.

Katt wrapped her arms around the rhino's hips, doing her best to deep-throat his foot long

wonder. Sadly, she could only manage to get half of his thick pole in her mouth, the rest of it slick with pre and exposed for everyone to see. Katt fondled the rhino's large sac, giving it several firm squeezes.

"Well, it looks like we're all sufficiently sexed up for this evening. Any problems with just the two of us sleeping here?" Tera purred.

"No problems with me or Griff. There are some extra blankets and pillows in the cabinet under our bunks," Denga said. He reached over from his position beside Tera and opened the metal door, sliding out the extra linens.

"Well, I'd better get to bed now. I've got a day off tomorrow and I want to spend every second of it in the rec room before it gets renovated," Griff yawned, petting Katt's face with a claw.

"That goes double for me. I've got simulator practice tomorrow morning," Denga said. He crawled up onto the bottom bunk and got under his covers, still nude. Griff soon followed Denga on to the top bunk and did the same. That left Tera and Katt to cuddle and grope each other on the floor. Katt turned off the lights and settled down beside Tera, cuddling up to the spotted one.

"Goodnight everyone," Katt purred.

"Goodnight," each of them replied. It took several minutes, but all of the horny personnel soon drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Katt woke up with Tera's arm around her. She eyed the bright red digital clock above the door. It was 0230. If she was going to get away with slutting her body to that new elephant, she needed to sneak out now. The purple feline carefully extracted herself from Tera's embrace. She kissed Tera on the forehead and stealthily made her way towards the door. Katt made her way down the corridor, stopping at a junction to access one of the wall bound computer panels. The display lit up with the contact from her paw. She input her security code and did a personnel search by species and arrival date.

The computer panel chirped and the search was underway. A minute passed before the results were displayed. The new elephant's name was Stracker. Sgt. Hardi Stracker. Katt input the command for his location. The lucky man was currently in his quarters on deck 147. Confident that this enlisted fur wouldn't mind indulging her for a little midnight snack, Katt entered the mag-lev at the end of the corridor and descended to deeper decks.

The trip down sixty-six levels didn't take long and the doors swished open to an empty corridor. With the elephant's room number fresh in her mind, Katt stepped out and looked on the doors. "Three more down this way... There we are. Mmm. I hope he's in," Katt purred. Monroe pressed the door chime to the quarters and waited. She was rewarded with the nude elephant answering the door, not bothering to cover up. Company was probably the last thing he was expecting. "Hello handsome."

"Ummm... Hello. Can I...erm, help you?" Hardi rumbled shyly. Katt reached over to the elephant's thick limp cock and started to massage it. It immediately began to thicken at her touch



and the startled enlisted man wasn't pulling away.

“Yes. You can. I hope you don't have any objections, but I've been keeping my eye on you since you got here. I need to service you very badly,” Katt whimpered.

“You're that slut, aren't you?” Hardi smirked.

“The base's Arwing. Yeah. That's me,” Katt purred.

“Come on in,” he rumbled, stepping back to allow Katt's entry. Katt kept a hold of the elephant's thickening penis and the doors to his quarters swished closed behind them.

“I hope I didn't interrupt anything,” Katt smirked.

“I just got off my shift. This is... a welcome surprise,” Hardi rumbled. His erection was soon hard as steel. “Oh. Introductions. I'm —”

“Stracker. Sergeant Hardi Stracker. Yes, I know. I did a little research about you,” Katt bragged.

“Why me of all people? I've only been on base two weeks. I don't have any friends or know anyone from my species,” he asked. Hardi got onto his wide bed and rolled on his back. Katt climbed up between his legs and fondled the fat stick.

“I can be a real size queen Hardi,” Katt blushed.

“I don't get sex much. Not everyone is built for me,” the elephant sighed.

“Tell ya what. I'll make some arrangements and we can remedy that later. I've got the right connections to make it happen. But right now, I've got this to attend to,” Katt lusted, licking her lips.

“Thanks...” he replied in surprise. Three mighty feet of fresh elephant cock towered in the air. Katt snuggled up to the elephant and grasped the thick root with her paws. She snaked herself up into a comfortable position and began to lick the fat penis tip with her rough feline tongue.

“Yes. You grow quite a lot when horny,” Katt hissed, going back to washing the tip with her tongue.

“Unggh,” groaned Hardi. Katt kept a firm grip on his cock for support. She massaged it and ran her paws up and down its length, but she couldn't even fit both paws around the massive stick. Katt licked at the thick gray tip several times, before attempting to go down on the piston. Her muzzle could only fit over a small portion of the huge cock-head. She brushed her ample tits well into the thick meat, her nipples fully hardened. Katt circled the head of the elephant's rampant erection and kissed at it. She reached down the length of the shaft and fondled her new stud's huge sac. Squeezing lightly, she began to move her chest up and down whatever length of the cock she could, still keeping her mouth fused to the pleasurable rod. Heavy tendrils of pre streamed down the thick organ, pooling on his enormous sack and dampening the portions of Katt's generous cleavage, which did a good job of nestling firmly between his big gun. “C'mon. Get me off!”

Katt took her time, teasing the base of his cock with the tip of her tongue. She moved her paws around the thick organ, jacking it off and licking her way ever so slowly towards the fat tip. Katt made sure to kiss, lick, and suckle on the piece of meat every chance she could until she

reached the top floor. She moved her tongue around the huge fold from the cock shaft to bottom of the head, just until she could here him whimper again. It was just like scraping the underside of a cake mixer's beaters. Hardi shifted beneath his new playmate.

Katt drew back with her tongue, kissing up the underside of the swollen head before encircling the tip as far in her mouth as it could go. She was graciously rewarded with a huge blast of rich elephant seed. Katt coughed, pulling back off of his monster shaft only to be blasted right in the face with another wicked shot. She hugged her chest to the throbbing wonder and threw her head back. Getting her chest and chin soaked in load after load of Hardi's abundant cream. Stracker arched his back, his mighty pole releasing the last of its several shots into Katt's upper body.

Katt hugged to the elephant's shaft. She was loving every moment of their wonderful, yet brief, time together. The thick tool that Katt had her attentions on for so long started to go soft. She abandoned the cock and climbed up the elephant's chest only to kiss him on the cheek. "Thanks for the quickie. We'll keep in touch. I have to get back to where I need to be," Katt purred. The elephant could only give a soft nod, still taking in what was happening. Katt kissed him again, cleaned her fur as best she could against his thick hide, and slipped out of his quarters.

\* \* \* \*

Tera woke up to Monroe's unconscious embrace. She looked up at the bunk beds groggily. Both men were gone. She also noticed that they had cashed out. Tera eyed the digital clock above the door. It was 0927. Her command shift in the communications room on deck 5 didn't start for several more hours. To top it off, her ass was sore from the previous night. Denga did a number on her. Katt's arms were wrapped snugly around the spotted feline. Not wanting to interrupt that loving grasp, she nosed her partner. Tera licked at Katt's muzzle softly, which mysteriously had several large cum stains on it. What else could it be from the base's resident slut? She couldn't taste the species, but it was new to her. It wasn't Griff.

Tera slipped away from Katt's embrace and gathered her clothes from beneath the poker table. She shot a glance at Katt while getting dressed and smirked at her. "Same time next week?" Tera mused. Bravehart cashed herself out from the money remaining and left.

## **May 8, 2393**

## **"Cargo"**

Major Tera Bravehart stood in one of Fortuna Base's numerous cargo bays. The Chief Communications Officer was securing a fresh load of cargo from Lylat Central Command. The panzer defense station was receiving an upgraded communications array. Ever since the base's construction after the war, some of the critical components used were paw-me-downs from field use. The defensive systems, however, were top of the line and continuously upgraded. There was a large amount of secrecy involved. The shipments of parts were well escorted, but that wouldn't stop even the most determined mercenaries.

"Just leave it in the stasis field. There's no point to begin the upgrade until the last of the

isodonic chips arrive,” Tera said.

“Yes ma’am,” both enlisted technicians replied. The starboard cargo bay on Level 18 was almost full of the various cargo containers full of comm. array parts. The leopardess looked around. The absence of 25,000 isodonic chips only delayed the day that Bravehart dreaded. She was in charge of the entire upgrade and it would be her first real test at command. Colonel Grey was counting on her to make sure things went smoothly.

Tera looked at her pawpadd. The final shipment’s status was set as delayed until tomorrow afternoon. She brushed back her white hair and fiddled with her hat. The leopardess’s ears perked at the opening of doors behind her. Tera pushed the pawpadd’s display mode button and turned to face whoever entered.

“How’re things coming, Major?” asked Colonel Grey. Tera looked up to her commander.

“The inevitable is pushed back until morning, sir. The final shipment of isodonic chips is delayed at one of Katina’s supply yards,” she reported.

“Lucky break, eh?” the bulldog smirked. He caught Tera rolling her eyes. “Don’t worry Bravehart. You’ll do just fine. I’ve got faith in you.”

Tera drooped her ears. “Thanks. I hope this damn upgrade doesn’t make my spots fall off. I’m hoping for quick and painless,” she sighed.

“Well don’t worry. I’m sure the wife won’t mind putting them back on if they do,” Bill chuckled.

“That’s one way to look at it,” she mewed. “As for the rest of the parts, they’re all inventoried and accounted for.”

“I see, so there’s nothing else to be done tonight?” he asked.

“No sir,” she responded

“Good. Take the rest of the night off. You’re going to need it for tomorrow. I’ll have Commander Hansen keep an eye on the comm. for ya,” he said.

“Thank you, sir,” she smiled. A soft purr escaped her throat. Colonel Grey gave her a nod and exited the cargo bay. Tera closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. She turned back towards both technicians who were too busy securing the cargo to listen in on the officers’ conversation.

“All right guys. We’re about done here. Go report back to your CO and have a good night,” she ordered. Both the panther and seal snapped to attention, saluting. Tera returned it and left the cargo bay.

Bravehart walked through the well lit corridors of Level 18 and glanced at various personnel along the way. They all had looks of enthusiasm and hope on their faces. Most of the soldiers were children of the Venomian invasion back in `74. Tera thought about the joys of peacetime and how long it was bound to last. When the time came, they would all be ready. She pressed her paw against the mag-lev’s call button and waited for a car to arrive. It was only a moment and the doors swooshed open to an empty mag-lev. The leopardess stepped inside and keyed in the level for her quarters. Denga’s shift was already over. With a long day tomorrow, it was the perfect time for a little invitation. The mag-lev began its descent to its destination and

Tera accessed the comm. system in the Mag-lev. She keyed in Denga's quarters and hit the green activation switch. "Bravehart to Freeling," she mewed. Tera took a moment for a response.

"Freeling," the great dane responded.

"Lieutenant, are you free?" she asked. Usually they were informal, but the military did have protocols to follow.

"Yes Major. What can I help you with?" he asked. Tera engineered this ploy in case Griff was in the room with him.

"I've been let off my shift early. Can you meet me at my quarters? I want to go over the comm. system upgrade. You fly boys get new radios too," she said.

"On my way. Freeling out," the dane answered. The comm. channel closed and Bravehart was left to enjoy the rest of the mag-lev's trip. The mag-lev came to a sudden halt and its doors opened. Tera stepped out to see her dane by the door to her quarters. He was in full uniform instead of his flight suit. The leopardess smiled softly and soon caught Denga's attention. "Hello Lieutenant," she purred. Tera placed her paw on the control panel to her quarters. The doors swished open and Tera looked around. Making sure the coast was clear, she shoved Freeling into her quarters before entering.

Unphased by his lover's roughness, Denga got up off the floor and climbed onto Tera's bed. Bravehart tossed her hat at Denga and began started stripping. Denga already had his hoots and pants off and was working on his upper half. "Happy to see me, eh Major Spots?" the smart ass canine quipped. Tera's response was to throw her bra at him. Completely nude, Tera purred to herself and joined her younger lover on the bed. She sprawled out beside the great dane, who finally finished shedding his uniform.

"Why do I put up with such a pain in the ass like you?" she murmured. Denga rolled on his side to face Tera and licked at her snout.

"It's probably because you can't resist us fly boys," he sneered.

"Oh, I'm sure that's it," she mewed sarcastically. Tera rolled her eyes and softly kissed Denga. Freeling wrapped his arms around Tera and reached down to gently squeeze at her ass. "Mmmm."

Tera broke their kiss and brushed her muzzle into his. "What did you want to discuss about the new radios?" he asked. He already knew the answer. It was just Tera's little way of keeping their love a secret, not that there were many secrets in an installation of roughly 50,000 furs.

"Oh, there's nothing to it... They're just like the old ones, but better..." she purred. "Mmm, Denga... I love you so much..."

Tera rubbed all over Denga's back and ass. "You don't show it during poker nights," he snickered. Tera purred and continued brushing her muzzle into him.

"Mmmm, a girl needs her money... Besides, you got me up the ass last Friday," she grinned. Denga reached between them and took one of her breasts in paw. He fondled at the heavy orb and began to toy around with the nipple. "Mmmnf."

Tera continued to purr and arched her back into the dog's grasp. "Mmm, what do you

want out of life?” she moaned.

Denga nosed into her chin. “I want to spend the rest of it with you,” he murred. Denga slowly twisted the pink nub of flesh.

“Ungh,” she whimpered. Nipple torture was the quickest way he had to get her off. A hot discharge took place between her legs and the smell of her hastened climax filled the dane’s nostrils.

“Enjoy that?” he quipped. Tera’s face was flushed and all she could do was nod frantically. Denga released Tera’s breast from his paw and hugged the feline lovingly. “How come you got off your shift early?”

The last part of the comm. upgrade won’t be here until tomorrow. Colonel Grey gave me the night off and the installation nightmare will begin then,” she explained. Denga nosed into her again.

“You’ll do fine, Terry,” he assured.

“Yeah...I know,” she sighed. The hot film between her legs was beginning to leak onto the sheets.

“It’s only around 1830, lover. We have all night to be together,” he murred. Tera kissed him again.

“How do you want me, my love?” she purred. Denga smiled at his leopardess.

“You’re really in the mood...” Denga chuckled. “Not in the mood for foreplay?”

“If you insist,” Tera groaned. She reached down to gently grasp the dane’s cock. She wrapped her paw around it and rolled the dog onto his back. Tera got up and placed herself between his legs. “Such a big bone.”

Denga just closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Tera was slowly pumping at his member, causing him to groan. Tera brought her mouth to the thick organ and went down on her dane. He squirmed beneath his spotted lover and whimpered in pleasure.

“You were always the best at, mmnf, this...Oh...” Denga quivered. Tera’s eyes remained closed and the leopard was busy at work between her boyfriend’s legs. Tera’s mouth was sealed around the danish treasure and her tongue was exploring what she knew so well. A bit of pre slid across her tongue and down her throat. Denga let out a series of pleasurable barks and quivered at Tera’s mercy.

One of Tera’s paws was rolling his sac around and she was rewarded with the dog’s salty load. Tera abandoned his balls and began fondling his knot. Tera drank down whatever she could and let the rest dribble out of her mouth. Ever so slowly, she pulled off of his length and pressured his knot. Her doggie would be ready for another round shortly. Tera got a stray blast of seed right in the face, but she didn’t seem to mind that at all.

Denga looked up to Tera. He remained on his back, giving Tera any additional access she wanted. “It must get awfully boring up in ops...” Denga panted. Tera looked down at her dane.

“No. We have massive orgies every time the duty officer is gone,” she said sarcastically. Tera let the dog’s cock recede back into his sheath and laid herself on top of him.

“Mmm. I can get used to this,” he murred. Denga wrapped her arms around Tera and

rubbed her back. She was really purring up a storm.

“I’m sure you could,” she sneered.

“Too bad you outrank me,” Denga said. Tera kissed him and purred into it.

“Mmmnf,” he groaned. Denga’s prick was erect once again and Tera was already aware of what was probing between her legs. Tera shifted her hips, doing her best to align with her lover.

The engorged tip slid between her thighs. Denga slowly bucked his hips upward. Tera reached between both of their bodies and guided her partner into her wet folds. She got up and sat in his lap. Tera’s inner walls squeezed on the length inside of her. All Denga could do was watch the beautiful woman on top of him. “Yeah...”

Tera quickened her pace against him. Her cunny walls continued to squeeze around him and her frenzied bucking brought her into another orgasm. “Yes,” she hissed. Denga was close to release. With canines, climax was never far behind. Tera had no complaints about that fact whatsoever. Her breasts bounced about and provided a nice show for him. Denga reached between his legs and felt at her hips. He barked softly and forced Tera down on him. His knot began expanding within her and caused her to scream at its lodging. Her labia stretched around the bulk of flesh and tightly sealed in the cum that was drawn into her womb. She was unnervingly silent through the massive orgasm that followed their tie. Tera remained still atop of him.

“Mmm... your vagina feels nice,” he murred. Tera whimpered a little at the dane’s fullness. She would never be able to figure out how Katt could handle her boyfriend’s roommate. Having a great dane for a lover was quite an experience. There was a dragon she grew up with, but intimacy never sparked between them.

“I’m glad you approve. It’s going to be a long day tomorrow,” she smiled. Denga brushed across their juncture with his fingers.

“You’ll manage. You always do,” he encouraged. Cargo... One little delay of cargo and an evening of intimacy unfolded. Tera settled down on Denga as comfortably as she could and purred to him. Both lovers stayed with each other throughout the night.

## **May 21, 2393**

### **“Initiation”**

Hardi Stracker was sitting on his bed at Tera Bravehart's request. “So, tell me Hardi. How did you and Mrs. Monroe meet?” she purred.

“She showed up at my quarters one night and insisted that she give me a good time. Since then, we’ve been seeing lots of each other,” Hardi rumbled.

“Sounds just like her,” Tera snickered. The spotted feline eyed the elephant’s large hips and purred.

“She’s been practicing her servicing techniques on me for almost every night now. It’s such a shame that she can’t take all of this,” Hardi sighed. Tera walked over and sat beside Hardi,

brushing up against him.

“Yeah. Three feet of fat elephant penis doesn't really connect with many species. Believe it or not, there are some women around here that can take your size. Katt's arrangements are all set up. We're just waiting for her before we're off,” Tera purred reassuringly.

“I really appreciate this,” he smiled.

“What are friends for?” Tera smirked, “Besides, you deserve to sink into a nice woman your size after enduring Katt's insatiable mouth for two months.”

“Well, erm, thanks,” Hardi rumbled. He wrapped a hand around the affectionate officer and grasped one of her smaller breasts. He probed at Tera's sensitive nipple through her blouse and earned a nice soft moan from her. Griff watched the pair from across the room and smirked. Bravehart caught the rhino's expression.

“What's so funny?” Tera quipped.

“Oh, nothing. I was just expecting this to turn into a porno any minute now,” Griff snickered.

“Get your mind out of the gutter and save it for later. Besides, I don't know how long I can go with two things being filled,” Tera smirked.

“And those would be?” Griff cackled.

“The two most important things. My slit and my credit account,” she purred. “I have my priorities.”

“Yes. Yes you do,” Griff grinned from his seat. Tera was restless. Bravehart was feisty when she needed it. Tera unzipped Hardi's jumpsuit and reached down to grasp his growing prick.

“Take it off. I need it,” Tera hissed, hastily shoving down her panties with her jeans and undoing her blouse. “I don't want to see that behemoth of a cock break a hole in your uniform.”

“All right,” Hardi complied, wasting no time removing his uniform and flinging it on the floor.

“Good boy,” she growled. Tera guided Hardi on his back, the sturdy bed having no trouble holding the heavy elephant. Tera straddled Hardi's stomach, facing the hardening piece of flesh rubbing her paws over it. Hardi reached up and unhooked Tera's bra, throwing it on the floor. Griff liked what was about to happen. He was in for a good show. Tera massaged Hardi's fully erect cock. Tera shook her head to sweep back her luscious white hair and went down on as much of the elephant's swollen pole as she could. She closed her lips around the fat cock head, brushing her tongue around the opening. Hardi just placed his arms behind his head, relaxing and letting the talented officer do her work. Tera moved her arms and legs around the thick pole, massaging it as best she could while keeping her lips fused to the excessively large cock tip. Tera brushed her tongue around from the tip to the underside of the gray flesh. She idly reached down to grasp one of his huge nuts with a paw, barely fitting one in her palm.

The leopardess brushed her tongue around the entire underside of Hardi's steel. By now, an eruption of pre started to coat and trail down the long organ, getting into Tera's muzzle fur. Bravehart was sure to get as much pre as she could before the big eruption. She intended to coat her entire upper body in rich elephant seed. Griff watched with mild excitement. He wasn't much for being paws on right about now. Merely enjoying his friend's slutty behavior was entertaining enough. Tera snaked her sandpapery tongue across the head several more times before brushing it down the length of Hardi's three foot g-diffuser. The elephant whimpered, all caught up in the attentions of the frisky feline, and promptly blew his load.

Katt slipped in unnoticed and quietly moved over towards Griff. "Looks like they started without me," she whispered. Griff placed Monroe in his lap and wrapped his arms around her. Katt purred and snuggled up to the rhino, both watching the leopardess's performance.

Tera moved her face against the elephant's cock tip to receive another large blast. The senior officer purred, soaking her body in as much seed as she could. Tera caught Katt out of the corner of her eye. She took the thick meat and pointed it towards Griff and Katt, two more strong streams having direct hits on the pair.

"Hey!" they both shrieked. Katt took more of a hit than Griff did. Her clothes were now marked. Tera purred and growled. Hardi had at least one more spurt in him. She positioned the large flesh upward and did her best to straddle the fat cock. Tera reached down with her knees to squeeze on the meat as hard as she could. That caused the last of her subordinate's cum to spray into her already wet vaginal slit. The remnants of the seed dribbled down her thighs and ran legs. Hardi groaned, his powerful orgasm spent. Tera moved away from the large phallus and laid beside Hardi.

"That was purrrrrrrrrfect," Tera purred. Katt and Griff watched the pair. Griff already removed Katt's only article of clothing, a loose gown. Katt purred, clapping softly.

"Congratulations. You've managed to completely wear yourselves out without me and I haven't made any money yet," Katt lied, trying to keep up the ruse of a poker game for why the three of them were paying the elephant so much attention. She stood up from Griff's lap and joined the pair on the bed, nestling her body against Hardi's other side. Griff kept still in his seat, continuing to watch.

"But what about the poker game?" Hardi questioned. Griff got up from his seat and stripped out of his flight suit. The foot long of black fleshed rhino pole bobbed up and down as he approached the bed. Griff climbed on top of Hardi and straddled his chest. The rhino moved Stracker's trunk out of the way with his paw and presented his erection to the elephant's mouth.

"Obey your officers and service," Griff ordered.

"Y-yes sir," voiced a muffled reply. Hardi snaked his large tongue around Griff's thick



Illustration 17: © Cyberwuffy.  
Drawn by Curio Draco.



sub. The rhino's sac bounced heartily against the sergeant's chin. Tera purred beside Hardi and reached up to brush at Griff's hips.

Thanks to Monroe's welcome prompting, Hardi was hard again. Katt purred, lugging her body between her new friend's thighs and scooted up to kiss the bulging cock tip. She draped her tongue around its large head. The flesh was still slick from its previous encounter with Tera. Katt slowly and carefully dragged her tongue down Hardi's pole, before nosing at its thick base and. Her tits easily nestled between the cock and Katt began her tongue's ascent back up towards the bottom of Hardi's fat mushroom stalk. She was rewarded with a heavy stream of pre tendriling down the colossal organ.

Hardi licked his chops at the rhino's wide phallus. The cook was nowhere close to his own size, but he was used to being with hung men.

All Tera could do was watch, purring and rubbing some of the earlier elephant spunk into her fur. Katt had the behemoth of a cock pulsing hard. She ran her tongue across the head and kissed the wonderful length at various places. The elephant enjoyed the taste of another male's pre in his mouth. Hardi wrapped his massive arms around the rhino's hips, bringing his cock as deep into his mouth as it would go. Griff shuddered and groaned, the feeling of such a large tongue wrapping around his length was driving him out of his mind. The mighty rhino brushed a claw along Hardi's face and smiled.

"Good boy. Such a very good boy," he groaned.

After moments of Katt's busy tongue dancing across his swollen cockhead, Katt was finally rewarded with the elephant's second climax. A rich blast of seed soaked her entire face. She gagged in surprise before reestablishing her position on his lap. The experienced slut wrapped her legs around his length and SQUEEZED it as hard as she could, moving her upper body into aim to get her ample chest showered in cum.

Hardi was all caught up in his orgasm. Griff already blew his load and already pulled free. The rhino was at the far left side of the bed recuperating. Katt rubbed her face into the softening cockhead several more times and started to clean off the excess seed. What remained from the elephant explosion sent a residual shiver through Hardi's body.

There would be nothing but silence for at least ten minutes. Monroe was sprawled out on top of Hardi. She looked down at Tera who was rubbing excess elephant seed into her fur. The



Illustration 18: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Stephen Doerr. Color by SnowRoseRivenstar.

leopardess looked up at Katt and shot a smirk her in her direction. "What?" Katt peered back.

"Oh, nothing. Just admiring your work," she purred.

"What's to admire?" Katt glanced back.

"You stealing my technique," Bravehart mock-pouted.

"Yeah? Well, great minds think alike," Katt grinned.

"I don't even want to begin to wonder how your mind works. It probably thinks about one thing all the time," Griff laughed.

"I like how her mind thinks," Hardi said.

"Hush young one. It's because you're always on the receiving end. You've certainly got a nice stick to give," Tera snickered.

"I think it's time to move things along," Katt purred.

\* \* \* \*

The recreation room on Hardi's deck would be the scene of the night's activities. The room was large with several wall portraits, one of the war hero Fox McCloud. Another of Bill Grey from his old Husky Squadron days. The last picture was a portrait of the famous Thunder Squad. Tera knew that this would be a perfect spot. As per her instructions, the cleaning crew moved most of the tables and chairs to one side. There was about a good twenty-five square feet of usable room length left.

Two restraining devices were set up in the room. A large adjustable rack stood near a corner. Large enough to accommodate the heaviest set of furs. The other device was a bulky modified pillory that looked like something out of a bad porno. There was a deep bin under where the female's pussy would be. Obviously to collect the excess fluid. Such things were abandoned long ago, but the restraints were still produced and popular with certain crowds. Especially in the bondage clique of the sex industry. The last thing that was notable about the room were the three floating holorecorder drones hovering in various positions throughout the room. Whatever was going to happen, it was getting taped in high quality.

Mari Telhoumme sat nude in one of the chairs. The female elephant was in one of the base's security squads. She held the rank of specialist and had been assigned to Fortuna Base fresh out of basic training. Mari was single and was told by Tera that there would be something in it for her to rent her body out for the evening. Tera was not her direct superior, so the offer wasn't improper. Too much. Mari had the choice to decline, but had nothing to do anyway.

\* \* \* \*

Katt and Tera led Hardi down the corridor. Griff was following up slowly from behind with a stopwatch from the pocket of his uniform. Tera and Katt were leading Hardi by the paws. Turning right at the last t-junction, the furs had reached their destination. Tera pressed the keypad beside the wide doors. There was a loud metallic sound as the heavy doors opened up. Katt and Tera shoved Hardi in as best they could, "Hello Major Bravehart," Mari greeted.

"Hello Mari," Tera purred, leaning beside Hardi. "I have someone I want you to meet. Hardi, this is that special surprise I was telling you about earlier. Mari, this is Sgt. Hardi Stracker."

The young female looked at Hardi with interest. "Well, err...h-hello there," she said shyly, looking over the pleasing male. Hardi looked over the younger elephant. She was just about his height and was very well built.

"Well, hello there, Mari," Griff greeted. Mari turned to Tera.

"He's cute. I read your memo, but I don't understand why you need me for him to fuck," she said, puzzled.

"You're the only female elephant I know personally above deck 135, and I have quite a reputation for sticking to something once I set my eyes on it. I'm surprised you haven't heard of that by now. It's a big base, but word gets around very fast," Tera purred.

"Well, I've got nothing to do tonight. And his features do look verrrrrrrry nice, but how are you planning on testing him? Why are you taping this?" Mari questioned.

"Hehe. We're going to test him in two areas: endurance and speed. As for the taping, we like to keep our records," Tera purred. Mari tried to break the ice. Being shy wasn't going to do her any good, particularly when she was about to get laid by this magnificent specimen of a male. She boldly walked towards Hardi and brushed her heavy chest against his hide, wrapping her arms around the larger male in an embrace.

"Somehow I have a feeling that I'm going to enjoy getting laid by a stud like you. It has been such a long time since I had anyone of my own species," Mari grunted. Her paws moved down to rub at the elephant's hardening erection. She turned her head to Tera, giving off a pleased look, "What are we going to do with him first?"

"The first test is speed. We're going to have to put you in that and see how fast it takes for him to blow his load in you," Tera grinned, stretching. Katt brushed up to Tera and nosed her softly. Hardi was still taken in by all of this. A beautiful woman was renting her body out to him and she took quite a liking to his three feet of now fully swollen shaft.

Mari slowly teased the big cock with her hands and then let it go, not wanting him to go off prematurely. She walked over towards the pillory and looked at it for a moment. There were ankle restraints to keep her legs spread and a resting place for her knees. Mari looked at the alligator clamp of steel which was supposed to come down over her neck and hands. She glanced back at the yard of flesh which was going to fit snugly between her legs and just smiled.

Wasting no time, she got on her knees, situating into the archaic device. Mari was never one for bondage. She didn't get laid much either so finding a phallus that could properly fuck her was a chore. Katt purred and walked over to secure the upper restraints. Tera made sure the ankle holds were tight. The entire contraption was securely bolted to the floor by the maintenance crew.

Mari groaned on her knees, her moist slit pulsing with arousal. Tera brushed Mari's firm ass and looked at the bobbing elephant yardstick. "She's all yours hon, but here's how the test works... You're going to be timed on how fast you get both you and your partner off," Tera said, giving Hardi an evil grin. Griff stood across the room, watching silently. "Get going. Your time starts now."

Hardi wasted no time getting on his knees behind the restrained female. He groaned and

drug his hands across her sleek hips, pushing her thin tail aside. Not wanting to waste any time he powered himself forward, shoving the behemoth of his pride DEEP into Mari's sizzling depths. "Unggggggggggggh! No! Stop... too big," Mari cried. Hardi was beyond caring about the status of his partner. He just kept pillaging the petals of her sex with powerful thrusts. Mari was struggling at the restraints, trying to close her legs but it was no use. She would remain spread as the larger than life organ slammed into her tight cunt.

Mari's inner walls clamped firmly on Hardi's length as much as possible for the short time it remained buried in her. Hardi was grunting loudly, doing nothing but slamming his pole home. Two minutes went by and a river of pre was already flooding in Mari's tight snatch. She was such a tight fit that nothing would be able to leak from her pussy lips before she was dismounted. Another minute and a half ticked by. Hardi gripped her hips tight and continued his assault. Adrenaline was surging through him and sweet release was not far away. Mari was having quite a change of tune from him being too big to handle. "Unggh! Mmmm! DOMINATE ME!"

Mari's cunt was throbbing through the onslaught. She was out of her mind and was already secreting from several hard climaxes. Mari continued to struggle at her restraints, which were holding up very well for being untested. Hardi huffed and plunged as deep as he could go. His jumbo-sized peanuts slammed against her spread legs as a result of his fierce rhythm.

The eight minute mark passed and still no sign of Hardi tiring. Katt and Tera watched with great interest, caught up in how two of the largest furs on the base could fuck. Katt, the size-queen, was purring with arousal. "Way to go stud! Fuck her good!" Katt cheered.

Tera watched the three camera drones hover through out the room, capturing various angles and close-ups. Grunts and groans from both elephants filled the room. All Hardi had to do was blow his load and pull out. Katt was hoping to see a nice pool of seed hit the floor. "C'mon stud! Fill your bitch!" the leopardess hissed.

Mari's slit was flooded with pre. The animal on top of her never relented. Long gone were any thoughts of reason from Hardi's mind. The twenty-two year old had only one goal. Hardi threw his head back and roared. The eruption of thick cream blasted into Mari's wet hole. Mari gave a surprised expression as she was injected with her reward. Hardi growled, starting to settle down. Mari rode out her partner's orgasm, squeezing the pulsing pole with her inner hand, getting all of his several rich blasts of seed. Hardi was breathing hard, catching his breath.

He slowly pulled out of Mari's tight cunt and sat against the wall. A pool of seed flushed into the bin from between her legs. Griff stopped the timer and Katt made her way over to Hardi. She brushed up against him and tended to his limp flesh, rubbing her face into it.

"Good boy," she praised. Katt went down on Hardi's cock head, cleaning it as best she could. Katt kissed the cock's tip and broke off of it, looking over at the half full bin of extra seed. "Very well done, stud."

Tera walked up to Mari, who was still restrained and fondled her large breasts. The leopard squeezed and twisted one of the hardened gray nipples. "How was that my dear?" she purred.

"A....ungh... mazing..." Mari panted..

"Yes, it certainly was. Only took him fifteen fifty-four to do it too," Griff snickered in the background. Tera undid the hydraulic latch and the upper half of the sandwiched restraint fluttered open. She moved towards the back of the unlocked the each of the ankle restraints and gave Mari's ass a smack. Mari wearily got up and brushed herself off, still in a daze from being invaded. She sat down against the wall beside Hardi and brushed into him. Katt abandoned her post between the elephant's legs and eyed the rack at the other side of the room.

Twenty minutes passed before both elephants sufficiently recuperated. Katt was rubbing the bin's *excess* it into her fur. Tera took to relaxing in one of the moved easy chairs, watching the rest of her friends. She thought about how another black bar would look on her collar. She thought about how far she could get in the shortest amount of time if promotions were based on sexual performance, but she just filed that thought under fantasy. She wasn't up for promotion for another month. "You know, if we play our cards right, we could sell this vid to one of the porn dealers on MacBeth. But somehow I doubt they would be interested. Besides, I make enough money as it is."

Griff turned to Tera and playfully threw a seat pillow at her, "Keep it to yourself Ms. Moneybags," he snickered.

"IF we could continue," Katt interrupted, standing up with drying elephant spunk in her fur. "It's time for our sergeant here to get in the rack. Time for us to see how long he can take torture without blowing his load."

Hardi stretched and got up, "Anything for the lovely lady," he said, brushing a paw into Mari's chest, grabbing whatever of her generous cleavage that he could.

"What am I supposed to do?" Mari questioned, thinking of having this newly found friend restrained to her leisure. Tera sat back from her post on the chair, brushing back her lustrous white hair.

"What are you supposed to do, indeed," Tera nodded sagely, trying to be a smart ass. It got a few chuckles from Katt and Griff, but just left Hardi and Mari with puzzled looks. "all right, all right. Our slave here is going to be held in that rack. Once properly restrained, you're to and hold him off from orgasm as long as possible. The choice of methods is entirely up to you, but I wouldn't want to see that nice piece of meat go to waste so quickly. Judging by what he did to you, I bet he's a good fuck. Too bad I'm not three feet deep, but that leaves more for you."

Katt gingerly led Hardi over towards the floor secured rack. The three camera drones followed the action and set up shop around the rack. "Come on hon. Up ya go," she purred. Stracker complied, backing up into the large frame and spreading his arms and legs in the restraints. Katt pushed a few of the buttons on the rack's control pad. The hydraulic restraint clamps clicked into place. Hardi was now helpless and at the mercy of the three women in the room. Griff just continued to watch and monitor the video drones. Katt pushed another button. The rack began a backward tilt until Hardi was five feet off the ground, parallel with the deck plate. Katt gave a smirk towards Mari and looked at her cum dried slit. "He's all yours. But it may seem you may already be his. Pregnant or not, have fun."

Mari shrugged off the pregnancy comment. That was the farthest thing from her mind

right now. All she wanted to do right now was get some playful revenge. Even if time was a factor. Mari climbed up onto the rack and straddled her thighs on his chest. Juices of her arousal pooled on his hide and ran down onto the floor. She faced the limp organ, which was about two feet in its present state. She drug her hands over the cock and started to rub its length. Mari traced her fingers around the girth of the fat head. Telhoumme could feel the male's length pulse in her grasp. She leaned down and nosed the part of the phallus her hands weren't around with her trunk, snaking it around the cock and giving it a firm squeeze. A pearl of pre emerged from the hardening organ. Hardi let out a shuffled groan, enjoying the attentions of his partner. Mari moved her trunk out of the way and went down on the now-stiff member. She brushed her lips over the thick head and teased at it with her tongue a few times. Mari pulled up off of his length for a moment. "Mmmm. This is going to be very... fun," she rumbled, going back down on Hardi's length. This time she went down as far as she could go, taking in over two thirds of it.

Katt stood beside Griff, watching in amazement. She noticed the stopwatch he was carrying. The rhino had forgotten to restart it. "Griff, you ox, you forgot to start the timer!" Katt whisper-scowled.

"Well, there goes the time limit," Griff joked. Katt snuggled up beside the rhino and continued to watch the pair of elephants in a now meaningless game of 'How long till he blows?'. Katt pulled up the love seat from the wall in front of the rack, and pushed Griff down in it. She plopped down beside the rhino, wrapping an arm around him lovingly, and sat back for the show.

Mari washed her tongue around the enormous prick. She did her best not to gag on her new lover. Her lips were sealed tightly around his girth. The lady elephant's slit was right in Hardi's face and she was propped up on her elbows, face deep in hose. Hardi was not as interested in returning the favor. He just struggled at the restraints as best he could, but the effort was futile. All he had to do was lay back and enjoy the ride.

Mari pulled up on Hardi's cock and enveloped just the swollen head in her mouth. Pre-seed was already streaming down like an erupting volcano. Mari's last sexual encounter with one of her own kind was two years back when she was a junior in high school. Her partner from then enjoyed good service, so she had picked up some tricks of the trade. Even if it had been two years since she'd had a chance to use them again. "Unnnngh, mmmm," Hardi groaned, the sound muffled with Mari's hips in his face.

"Good girl," Katt praised. Griff already had an erection from just watching. He unzipped his flightsuit and looked at Monroe. Katt caught this out of the corner of her eye. One of the three camera drones hovered over towards them. Katt looked at the drone with a puzzled look on her face. The drone's programming wasn't half bad for predicting what would happen next.

"Just sit back, keep your eyes on the show in front of you, and enjoy my work," Katt purred. Griff nodded obediently. The hungry purple feline got on her knees in front of the love-seat. A bobbing rhino cock greeted her at eye level. She licked her lips at what so fully filled her. What she hadn't been getting on a regular basis. This would make for good alternate footage when all of it was compiled later. Griff took to watching Mari do her best to get Hardi off. The rhino shivered, closing his eyes and letting out a groan as Katt went down on him.

Mari did her best to tease Hardi's thick pole as much as possible, savoring the taste of a male in her mouth. Hardi was beside himself; helplessly struggling at the paw restraints, being enthusiastically teased and serviced by one of his own species, and trying to blow his load into the awaiting mouth. Since Hardi first set his eyes on Mari, something clicked. He wanted her. He wanted her bad. Even if tonight she was just a pawn in an initiation to an exclusive officer filled sex club. "Get me off..." he rumbled low. Mari's tail inadvertently smacked in Hardi's face. She gritted her teeth gently across the swollen tip, rasping her tongue in a circle around the head. She pulled up off of the male elephant's lower trunk and looked at it. Pre was washed around the entire length. It could be seen visibly pulsing. Mari licked her lips and brushed at it with her hands, giving it squeezes in several parts. Hardi whimpered, unable to take much more. Mari got up onto her knees, pressing into Stracker's chest. She did her best to maintain her balance and turned around, facing Hardi's mouth. She squatted above his hips and sat down on them. Doing so to allow her slit to curve around the base of his cock and the rest of his staff fit snugly between her tits and gracefully up to her mouth.



Illustration 19: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Stephen Doerr. Color by SnowRoseRivenstar.

Katt was face first into Griff's hips. She did the best she could, rasping her tongue around the mouthful. Denga would be jealous for not getting this much attention from her in a single sitting. Griff brushed Monroe's white hair back behind her head and brushed her face softly. "You... mmm... always knew how to pleeeeeease me..." Griff groaned, shuddering at the sensations of the talented feline's tongue circling around his swollen cock head.

"Mmmm. I like this position much better," Mari rumbled.

She bent down and nosed the steel organ with her mouth. She kissed along the pulsing head and used her upper arms to trap the penis fully in her cleavage. Hardi exploded, sending his spunk right into the awaiting mouth. Mari sank deeper onto the cock, hungrily accepting all of the seed that her prisoner was going to give her. Whatever she didn't swallow streamed down Hardi's cock and pooled on his hips.

"That's it! Give her your seed," Tera purred, sinking back in the easy chair and watching things unfold. Neither party knew who Tera was referring to. They weren't listening either, each caught up in the orgy of senseless sex.

"Mmmmmmmmmmf. Ungh... Go...good girl..." was all Hardi could get out. Hardi just watched the woman on top of him work her skills. The hungry female pulled up off of the mammoth cock and threw her head back, getting the last of the abundant cum on her neck and chest. She remained perched on Hardi's hips, rubbing her hands over the thick organ and making sure to get as much fun out of the pleasure stick before it fully softened.

Katt was too involved with blowing Griff's cock to notice that the pair of elephants already finished their tasks. Her eyes were closed and her mind was clear, tuning out everything to concentrate on getting her rhino off. She teased at the rhino's thick sac and fondled it with her paw.

Tera got up from her seat and released Hardi from the rack. The other two camera drones hovered over to fully capture Katt's skillful performance. Hardi stretched and looked at the door clock. It read 20:28. Still plenty of time left in the evening. There was only one test left. What was going to happen after that was anyone's guess. It didn't take Katt much longer to get Griff to blow his load.



"Mmmm. I'm glad I agreed to come tonight. It's been a long two years," Mari whispered.

"Well, I'm happy I could help. I couldn't pass up another of my own kind," Hardi whispered back, trying to keep a low profile from Katt and Tera. He wanted to at least get in a conversation with who he was fucking before the next round began.

"Hopefully this will be the start of something then," Mari replied, giving him a smirk.

\* \* \* \*

Silence filled the room for a short time. Katt had finished up her cleaning of Griff's cock and had resorted to cuddling with him. Both of the pachyderms were into each other in the far corner of the room. Tera just watched the goings on of the room. Nobody had bothered to tell Hardi and Mari that their last efforts were in vain since the timer was never started. The leopardess moved towards the environmental control pad by the door and turned up the heat. "Mmmm, much better. It was getting kind of cold in here. Better tell maintenance about that later," she purred. One of the camera drones hovered over to Tera and observed her. If she didn't know better, she'd swear that the bot was checking her out, but it only had a simple programming matrix. She stuck her tongue out at the drone and it hovered away to regroup with the other two, the trio waiting for something else spicy to capture into their high-grade databanks.

"Congratulations," Katt purred. "You've completed all both tests. Whether you pass or not is up to us for decide later."

Katt smirked, using that as an excuse to get all of the tape compiled for her own viewing pleasure. They were going to pass him regardless. Griff stretched and looked at Mari. "She looks cute. If I were your size and species I'd certainly be fucking her a lot," he huffed.

"Well, ungh, I hope to be doing her more often," Hardi panted. Katt eyed the clock. It was almost half past nine. Tera stretched as well and got up from her easy chair.

"I don't know about the rest of you, but I think we should call it a night. We've certainly had enough excitement. As for Mari there, I leave her in your capable hands, Hardi. We'll learn whether she's knocked up or soon enough," Tera smirked. Griff began getting dressed.

"I'm going to take off. Denga should be back from whatever he's doing by now. I'll tell him you love him for you, Major," the rhino huffed. With that he shuffled out the sliding doors and disappeared into the maze of corridors.

"I need to get going as well. My bulldog will be back soon. As for you, hot stuff, Tera and I will be calling on you every other night to blow your load in our mouths... and our cunts. If you have no objections," she purred.

"We will?" Tera ear perked.

"Of course. We've got to keep him occupied until he learns whether he's a father or not," Katt grinned. Tera nodded and brushed along beside Katt. The leopardess took the elephant's two foot dangler and did the same thing Katt had done, sure to get whatever was left into her yellow fur.

"Um, well, I don't think there will be any problems with that," Hardi huffed.

"Good," Tera purred. The spotted feline looked at Hardi and backed away towards the doors. "I've got to get going too. So long stud."

With that, Tera shuffled out the door. Katt just snugged Hardi and looked up at him. "Take care hot stuff. Keep our new friend here some company until she wakes up," she purred. Hardi nodded and Katt left the rec room in pursuit of some bulldog time.

Hardi just stood there, not knowing what to make of this evening. By some odd twist of fate, he landed on Fortuna having no friends, only to be pleased by a horny slut in the middle of the night and then subsequently initiated into her sex group. He figured someone upstairs must be looking after him. The elephant laid beside Mari and wrapped an arm around her. Maybe this would be the first of many nights they would spend together.

### **August 28, 2393**

### **"Slut"**

Katt Monroe squirmed beneath her third catch of the day. The catch in question was a technician to one of the base's three power cores. "Yes... That's it. Fuck the base's slut," Katt purred. The impala grunted something unintelligible and kept plowing between the woman's legs.

Katt arched her back and whimpered in climax. Her arms were wrapped around his upper body and both were soaked in sweat. "You're a feisty little thing, aint'cha?" he groaned excitedly.

"Shut up and cum... You're my first impala. Fucking hung!" Katt moaned. The impala did his best to comply, quickening his pace into her. Katt soon recovered from her release in time to feel a hot blast of semen squirt into her vagina. The spent officer collapsed onto Katt. His black prick was already receding back into his sheath.

Katt rolled them on their side so she could slip back into her yellow robe and slippers. She brushed back her white hair and turned to the bunk bed. "Thanks for the good time ensign. I'd love to stay, but there's a leopardess whose spots need counting," she purred. Katt tied the belt to her robe and bid the young officer adieu.

"The roomy won't believe this," the impala mused.

### **September 5, 2393**

### **"Leave"**

A refreshed Tera Bravehart woke up in her old bedroom. She was on well earned leave. It was no surprise to anyone that the room was virtually untouched except for the removal of key possessions. A combination holophone/recorder sat on the chest at the foot of her bed. The walls of her room were pink and left barren. All her posters were neatly rolled up and placed in the closet in the corner adjacent to where her bed was. Her bed... The same piece of furniture that she grew up with. Even after eleven years of absence, it was maintained in perfect condition. Her whole room was that way. Tera's parents thought too much of her to allow dust to build up or to turn the space into a guest room. A small scrubber mounted on the wall by the ceiling made sure dust could not build up. Tera's choice of sheets was, to say the least, unique. Her sheets and

pillow were decorated in a leopard fashion, but with a slightly darker tone than her yellow fur.

Bravehart rolled over onto her back and brushed across her bare stomach. The leopardess had two whole weeks to meet back up with Sandy and Kelvin. Both were living on other continents of the planet and visiting them would be easy. She wanted to start things off with a bang and that bang was something Tera wanted Alkalide to provide. She looked over towards her old wall clock, which surprisingly still kept time. It was around 10. Both of her parents, as well as her other siblings, who were conveniently at school and work. That left her six hours to find her dragon and give him a nice welcoming surprise.

Tera moved over towards the end of her bed and started up the holophone. Leaning on her side, the leopardess's bare upper body would be in full view of the receiving end. Tera teasingly selected 'audio only' from the connection menu and selected Alkalide's that got from his parents. The small holographic display showed its dialing protocol and the device began to ring. Two rings went by before a deep male voice picked up.

"Hello?" the dragon asked. It was him.

"Hey, Alky. Guess who," Bravehart taunted. A short amount of silence went by.

"T...Tera?" he stuttered.

"That's right hon. I'm back. Back at home for a little bit. And no, I haven't forgotten," she said.

"I... I can say that I'm happy to hear from you, but I'm surprised you called after all this time," he said.

"I know. Being in the military doesn't offer me much of an external personal life, but I can't apologize for that. I'm calling to see if we can make things right," she said.

"...I would like that, Ter. Eleven years is a long time. Do you have anything in mind?" he hissed softly.

"I was hoping that you could come over and we could have an intimate encounter. Like old times. Unless, of course, you're involved with someone else..." she purred. The dragon couldn't believe it. Right out of the blue, someone so close to him was back in his life. Even if for a little while.

"I'm committed to nobody except you, Ter. Even after eleven long years," the dragon huffed. Tera moved her fingers over towards the display mode settings and turned on the visual. She was now visible to him and Tera could only look towards the silver dragon that she left behind. She gave him a warm smile and hoped the dragon liked the signal. Alkalide was in shock, but his gaze through the holovid never wavered.

"Good. Then how soon can you be here?" the leopard smirked. "I'm all alone, I've got the house to myself, and I'm certainly ready for you."

The silver dragon just shook his head in disbelief. "I... I... I'm only across town..." he stuttered.

"I know hon. I was going to come over, but I didn't want to waste a trip for nothing," Tera purred.

"I...I'll be right over," Alkalide hissed.

“I’ll be waiting. Just let yourself in. I do hope you remember where my room is,” Tera smiled. She stuck her tongue out at the dragon in the screen and hung up on him. Bravehart placed the phone back beneath her bed and just sprawled out on her back. He was coming.

\* \* \* \*

Tera rolled over. She propped up on her side and faced the entrance to her room. There he was. All seven feet of him. “Hey...” she said.

The dragon tilted his head and looked back at his childhood crush. “Hey...” he hissed.

“Do come in... and slip out of those clothes,” Tera purred. She graced one of her paws across her sleek body. The winged draconian nodded and walked over next to Tera’s bed, standing in front of her upper body. The silver dragon’s wingspan was small. Four feet at full extension. He slowly examined what he lusted after for so long. Alkalide could hear her purring with delight. With lust. With love. He already had kicked off his shoes and squirmed out from his pants. Tera just licked her lips at the massive flesh that was protruding through the dragon’s boxers. Male dragons didn’t wear shirts. Females, at the least, could use tube tops. Tera reached



Illustration 20: © Cyberwuffy. Drawn by Curio Draco.

over towards the rim of Alkalide’s boxers. She hissed at him and forced down his last article of clothing. Tera rolled towards the wall’s side of the bed and patted the spot beside her. Alkalide kept his wings retracted and laid beside Tera.

“Hey...” Alkalide said. That’s all he could say. Tera looked right into his serpentine eyes and immediately rose to her knees.

“Don’t talk... Just... don’t talk and let me take things from here,” she whispered. Alkalide nodded softly and allowed Tera to pin him onto his back. She looked out of the corner of her eyes and stared at the foot of pulsing black flesh. Tera moved down towards the dragon’s legs and sprawled her body out over them. Bravehart had a nice vantage point to go down from. She slowly inched up until she could scrape the base of the dragon’s large cock with her tongue. The leopard placed her paws on each side of Alkalide’s hips and rose her face up only to envelop her muzzle on as much draconian endowment as she could. The dragon could only

groan beneath her and Tera’s muzzle was stretched to its limits around the pitch black organ. She rolled her tongue across the wide tip and slowly began to bob her head off of Alkalide’s cock. Alkalide arched his back and writhed under the feline. He was beyond hard. He needed release. Sweet, pleasurable release.

Five minutes passed since Tera began her blowjob, he was out of control with desire and

lust. Tera had wrapped her paws around the base of flesh and slowly pulled off of the draconian tool. She gently squeezed the base of the dragon's cock and lowered her mouth down to give the cocktip a long, sensual lick. The leopardess stopped. She gave a soft smile down towards the dragon and licked her lips at him. She placed two fingers across Alkalide's snout to keep him quiet. Silently, Tera moved beside him and rolled onto her back.



Illustration 21: © Cyberwuffy. Drawn by Curio Draco.

body finally gave in.

“Fuck me,” she hissed, playfully rolling her hips up at him. The dragon looked down to his friend, returning her devious grin. She looked down at his stiff member, tensing up as he parted her legs and slipped inside. “Mmmnf.”

He was wider than Griff, and she certainly felt the strain. Alkalide kept his strokes slow and sensual, but Tera was having none of it. Struggling just to purr, her claws dug into the sheets and her insides clenched around the thick girth. Tera couldn't handle him, but she didn't care. The room was beginning to spin, and she passed out. The leopardess's

\* \* \* \*

Tera soon came to. The leopardess's thighs were soaked with her longtime crush's load. She was certainly filled with him as well. She tried to focus on the ceiling, but gently tilted her head towards her side. “Good morning,” Alkalide whispered. Bravehart just gave the silver dragon a weak smile. All the leopardess could do was recuperate from the romp. Even if she wasn't conscious through the bulk of it.

“This is going to be a nice...leave...” Tera whispered back. Alkalide brushed over Tera's sleek body with one of his claws.

“Shhh... Just don't talk... Just... cuddle with me,” the dragon churred. Tera did her best to roll on her side and embrace her friend in warm contact. What a way to start off leave.

**April 3, 2394**

**“Quarantine”**

Day 1: 1712 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Sector

Katt Monroe shivered in her cockpit. Ever since leaving Corneria City's spaceport, she had been getting chills. She had just spent the week with Fara McCloud and felt fine when she

left. The invader class vessel began its approach toward Fortuna. “Hello?” Katt whimpered through the comm.

“Catspaw, this is Fortuna Base,” Major Bravehart called. Katt's fur was standing on edge. She looked about the cockpit's HUD. “You have clearance to land in bay four, Katt. Just bring her down slowly.”

“Tera...? I'm... not feeling... good,” Katt whimpered. Her head began to cloud and she couldn't remember how to fly. The ship's navigation was set to manual and the fighter began an unaided trajectory towards the planet's icy surface. “Help...”

“Katt? Katt?! Just hang on... We'll reel you in,” Bravehart assured, before getting cut off by interference. The leopardess sounded the base's general alarm. “Attention all personnel: Ship on approach. Pilot incapacitated. Medical emergency. All hangars prepare for remote landing. Code blue.”

Katt watched the turbulent atmosphere unfold through the cockpit. She let out a whimper before everything went black.

#### Day 2: 0630 Cornerian Military Time

#### Fortuna Base: Level 81: Sickbay Quarantine Chamber 81-A21

Katt Monroe looked around the quarantine chamber she was in. The room was half the size of typical enlisted quarters, separated by a one-way mirror which hid a control room filled with medical observation staff. A compartmentalized bathroom was in the rear corner, outfitted with a privacy curtain. There was a sink, but nothing else. The closest thing to a bed was a pile of linens and a pillow. All of her clothes had been removed for analysis and she was perfectly visible to the peering eyes from behind the one way window. Her fur was starting to shed its winter coat and her legs ached. “Hello...?” she uttered.

“Good morning Ms. Monroe,” Dr. Renad said through the speaker. The mare was the base's chief medical officer and oversaw the health of senior staff and their families.

“What...happened...?” Katt whimpered, still feeling weak.

“You're in quarantine. We had to remove your clothes for analysis. You gave us quite a scare yesterday,” the doctor said.

“Yesterday...?” she winced.

“Yes. You've been asleep for about fourteen hours now,”

“Olivia? Is that you? Am I going to die?” Katt asked, still in a daze.

“Yeah, Katt. It's me. Die? You would have if we hadn't towed your ship into the hangar. Relax. You've picked a nasty strain of the Cornerian Flu, but we were able to stabilize you. That's why you passed out in the cockpit during your approach. Before you ask, your ship is fine. Not one scratch... We did have to extricate you from your cockpit and drag you to sickbay.”

“Am I going to die?” Katt asked again.

“No, but I'm afraid that you'll have to remain in quarantine for awhile. I'm sorry Katt,” she said.

“Great... Just fucking great...” Katt growled.

Day 2: 1549 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 1: Commander's Ready Room

Colonel Grey put down the pawpadd he was holding on his bulky desktop. He rested his elbows on the table and buried his muzzle in his paws. “All this goddamn work,” he sighed. The hundred or so transfer requests were already taken care of and finalizing the base's requisition orders was the last thing he had to do.

The bulldog was lost in thought, pondering what to do with Fox the next time he had shore leave. War. He was a war hero. An ace fighter pilot lost in the murky sea of peacetime and paperwork. He should have been focused on his wife down in sickbay, but worrying too much would drive him into the ground. Bill rubbed his eyes, looking down at the desk. The door chime to his office sounded, jolting Bill from his lost train of thought. “Come,” he barked. The doors swished open, revealing a friendly spotted officer.

“How's it coming, sir?” Major Bravehart asked, stepping in from the command center.

“Ugh. Slow Bravehart. Very slow, but I'm almost done. What do you need?” he asked, looking up from between his paws.

“I only have one more thing to add to your pile,” she said. Tera placed the pawpadd she was holding on his desk. Bill stared at it and then looked up at her.

“Great,” he sighed. Tera watched her commanding officer and looked at him.

“You look like you could use a break. Ops can run itself just fine without you for a few days, you know,” she said.

“Yeah, Bravehart... The paperwork just gets to me after awhile. What do you have, anyway?” Bill groaned, rubbing his eyes.

“Just one more requisition order from engineering. Charlie shift is almost up,” she said. She looked down to Olivia wasn't kidding... It's taking a toll on you,” she said, taking a seat across from the table. “Is Katt's situation getting to you?”

“Yeah... I don't want to lose her. I already lost a daughter. Goddammit...,” he sighed.

“Don't worry. Katt will be up and underneath us in no time...” she interrupted. “I'll leave ya be, sir. Just keep your muzzle up.”

Bill nodded and turned back to the small stack of pawpadds that were left to go through. Tera got up from her seat, gave her commander a soft smile and went back to her station. “Paperwork... Katt...” he sighed to himself before resuming his work.

Day 2: 1630 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Major Bravehart's Quarters



Illustration 22: © Cyberwuffy. Image by LazyDragon.

Major Bravehart was fresh off her shift and already managed to give into her libido. After leaving the command level, she grabbed her boyfriend from his quarters and made her intentions clear. With his combat drills, they hadn't been able to spend much time together as of late. The spotted one was in no mood to waste time. She needed a good fuck to keep her mind off of Katt.

“Work me!” Tera growled from beneath the younger fighter pilot. She gave her great dane a playful swipe and arched her back into his heated thrusting. Lieutenant Denga Freeling looked down

to the feline and bared his fangs at her. His knot began to rapidly swell, causing him to bury Tera to the hilt and fill her with cum.

Day 2: 2035 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Commander's Quarters

A weary Colonel Grey got into bed and closed his eyes. The spot beside him was empty. No matter what Dr. Renad said about Katt improving, he still worried. He pulled the covers over him and sighed. “Computer, turn off the lights,” he said. The base's artificial intelligence complied and the room darkened. His awareness towards his surroundings slowly began to slip away and soon Grey was off in his own little world.

“Husky Unit, we've done all we can here. Fall back and protect the escape pods. The Sector Y defense Fleet is pushing forward to our position. Bulldog Unit, set up a perimeter around the area. Take any remaining hostiles—Shit! I've got a squad on me,” the commander cursed through his com-link. He broke to starboard, trying to shake the squadron of Invader II fighters.

“Hang on boss,” a bear urged. The squad unleashed a volley of shots to the Cornerian fighter. The wing-mate yawed over and hit the boosters to catch up to Grey's position.

“Starboard engine is hit! Damage minor. Beginning evasive maneuver patter Bravo,” Grey shouted. The bulldog was unaware of the contact heading towards him on his sensor display. He looked broke away and looked forward to see another Invader heading towards him. It was painted pink!



“Hey there fly boy, mind if I help you out?” a woman's voice purred. The new contact shot laser bolts right at the pursuing enemy squadron. Two of the ships were destroyed and the third broke off its pursuit.

“What the--? Thanks, whoever you are...” Grey said, slightly calmer now that nobody was on his tail.

“I was just passing by and thought I could lend you boys a paw. Andross has you pilots stretched pretty thin. By the way, the name's Monroe... Katt Monroe...” the strange woman purred through her comm.

“Shit... Hansen. I'm having trouble keeping stable. What's the ETA of the defense fleet?”

“Five minutes,” Hansen replied.

“Good. I'll be getting some repairs when they get here. Ms. Monroe, you're welcome to stay with us and dock when the fleet arrives. I owe you my life,” Grey said, fighting with the stick to keep his orientation favorable.

“I'll take you up on that. I can't count the last time I had a hot meal... It's been far too long... Hey. You sound kind of cute.

“Thanks... I guess... By the way, interesting paint job...” Grey smirked.

### Day 3: 1130 Cornerian Military Time

#### Fortuna Base: Level 81: Sickbay Quarantine Chamber 81-A21

“Ugh, is anybody there?” Katt sighed, turning her head to look at the one way. There was a tray of food and a supply of water in the drop box. Her head wasn't spinning like it was before she passed out.

“Yeah Katt. This is Ensign Typhon. Good morning,” the male voice said through the speaker. “How're you feeling?”

“Better than yesterday. My head still hurts a little. When the fuck am I getting out of here?” she whimpered in frustration.

“That's good. Your vitals are looking significantly better,” he said.

“How much longer?” Katt sighed.

“Just a few more days,” a female voice answered. It was the base's chief medical officer. “You're still not out of the woods yet. I know this is frustrating for you Katt. Just bare with us. You'll be out of here and underneath the nearest male in no time.”

“Great... I'm not that much of a slut, you know,” she shot back.

“Yeah, keep thinking like that,” Dr. Renad snickered, trying to cheer the base's Arwing up.

“Where's my husband?” Katt groaned. She took the egg sandwich from the tray and started to nibble on it.

“He's probably in his office. Do you want me to get him?”

“No. Just tell him that I'm feeling better. He's busy enough as it is,” she sighed.

“All right. Hang in there Katt,” the doctor reassured.

Day 3: 1314 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Major Bravehart's Quarters

Major Tera Bravehart cuddled up against her lover. "I love you Denga," she purred. She shifted her bare body against his shiny black fur and nuzzled into him. Freeling continued fondling Tera's breasts and rubbed himself against her in return. Seed was oozing from between Tera's legs, but she didn't care about the mess it would make out of her fur.

"I know," he whispered. Tera arched her back and pressed her breasts further into his grasping paws. She straddled his hips and lowered her mouth to kiss him deeply. Denga wrapped his arms around Tera and hugged her lovingly. Both officers remained entwined in each other's embrace.

Day 3: 1932 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Sickbay Quarantine Chamber Control Room 81-A21

"How're you feeling love?" Grey asked. "Don't worry, it's just us. I cleared the control room."

"I'm feeling a little better. Olivia says it's going to be a few more days before I can get out of here. I miss you," Katt whimpered. She pressed her body against the one-way mirrored window, her heavy chest pressing against the glass. Katt was anxious to get out of confinement. Her face was filled with sadness.

"I know Katt. I miss you too. You just have to hang in there, okay? I talked to Fara earlier. She sends her sympathy," Bill said. He sat in one of the technician chairs and propped his elbows against the control panel's edge.

"I'm sorry to put you through all of this," Katt sighed.

"Put me through what? I'm your husband. I love you," he responded.

"Even though I'm the base's slut? Sex just doesn't seem fun anymore when you almost died," Katt cursed.

"You're a free spirit. You always have been. Who am I to stop you from enjoying the use of your body?" he asked.

"I feel like I'm neglecting you," she sighed.

"Bullshit. I love you Katt. I always have and I always will. No matter how much you want to sleep around base. It's not like there's anything else to do here for a civilian," he said.

Katt slowly formed a soft smile on her muzzle. "This is just frustrating..." she sighed.

"Don't worry Katt. Just three more days. Maybe two. You'll be out of here soon," he assured.

"And under you. You're going to work me hard when I get out of here," she said, beginning to purr.

Day 4: 0732 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Sickbay Quarantine Chamber 81-A21

Katt looked at her bare body in the chamber's one-way mirrored window. Her fur was continuing to shed, but was told not to worry about it.

Day 5: 1310 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 64: Storage Closet

“That's it elephant, give it up,” a wry female voice hissed. She was rewarded with a large blast of seed in the face, the next covering her chest and dribbling down her fur. She reached to her side and began putting on the rest of her uniform. “Tasty... Same time tomorrow and make sure you're not followed,” the raccoon officer smeared the large offering into her fur, hoping it would dry quickly.

Day 6: 2002 Cornerian Military Time  
Fortuna Base: Level 81: Commander's Quarters



Illustration 23: © Cyberwuffy. Image by Ignatius Husky.

Katt fumbled around under the covers with her husband. Her legs had been spread for most of the night, getting tied to on several occasions. Katt was hungry for sex again. “Hey, just let me take care of things,” she giggled. Monroe pinned him to the bed, tossed the covers aside, and got into a sixty-nine position. She licked her lips at the canine's rigid erection before lowering her mouth onto it.

“Mmm, mmnf,” he groaned, her pussy was now shoved in his face. Bill wrapped his arms around her hips and began licking at the petals to her sex. Katt whimpered in pleasure and ground her hips against his invading tongue. She pulled off of his cock to give the swollen tip several licks, rewarded by being blasted in the face with a climax from the knotted erection. Katt ran her paws over the length, dragging her fingertips all over the flesh and letting it blast her in the face with seed.

“I love you,” Bill grunted, rubbing over her hips. So much for being worked hard. Katt just gazed down into her husband's eyes. He was

looking back into hers. She smiled at him.

“I know. Just keep still. I'm not going anywhere,” Katt purred.