

TALES OF THE PURRFECT EXPLORERS

ADVENTURES

EXTRA-SHORT STORIES FOR EXTRA-TIGHT READING SCHEDULES!

VOLUME I

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TALES OF THE PURRFEKT EXPLORERS **ADVENTURES**

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Themes and Situations**

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TAIL THE FIRST

ESCAPE

"I can't hear it," Shetira muttered softly as she knelt behind a large brown cargo container. "It must not be close."

She peered around the left end of the container and could not see the bot. Only four more pieces of cover stood between her and freedom. The next was a neat pile of small gray boxes.

"Fuck, I wish that thing was louder," she thought to herself as she readied herself to run the ten meters to the pile. "Well, it's now or never."

With a single leap, she was on her feet and on her way.

Shetira had figured on the path to the boxes to be just as anti-skid as the rest of the floor of the cargo holding area. Unfortunately it was not. She slipped, careening head first into the fortunately empty boxes, which flew every which way as she plowed through them. The corner of one of the boxes tore the straps off her skimpy top and it fell off exposing her warm, round breasts with their perky, pink nipples, leaving her wearing nothing more than her aqua colored bikini bottom.

"Fuck!" Shetira yelled as she struggled to her feet, flailing about among the pile of boxes. The next cover, another large cargo container, was another twenty meters away. No sooner had she finally gotten back onto her feet then she saw it.

The bot, weaving it's way among the cargo containers and piles of boxes had come out into the open. The machine was hovering six feet of the ground and the soft thrumming of it's engine could barely be heard over the sound of the brisk breeze which blew through the area.

Shetira was momentarily paralyzed with fear as the bot began to turn toward her, the menacing weapon on it's

front end glowing a sickly yellow-green. Shaking herself out of it, she first stumbled among the small boxes which lay around her and then, once clear, ran as fast as she could. She almost didn't make it.

No sooner than she had gotten to the container she heard a crackling, tearing sound and felt a strange tingling near the end of her tail. She spun about just in time to see the glowing spot on the ground just beyond the end of the container vanish. She had barely made it.

"Shit, that was close," Shetira thought out loud as she she sat huddled behind the cargo container, her tail between her legs. "Thank heaven that thing doesn't know enough to chase me."

There was only one more piece of cover before the long, thirty-five meter run to the exit. It was a large shipping box which Shetira could now see about fifteen meters beyond the far corner of the container. It was so close to the wall that she would be hard pressed to fit even her slim self behind it.

"Fuck," Shetira muttered as she thought about her predicament. She knew that her only other option would be to ignore the box altogether and make a run for the exit. She would have no difficulty making the fifty meter run itself but she knew the bot would have an awfully good chance of catching her out in the open with nowhere for her to hide.

As she sat pondering what to do, Shetira began to hear a faint hum from the direction from which she had so recently come. The bot was close... very close. Suddenly she was overcome by the realization that if the bot caught her where she was she would be a totally helpless target. The hum came closer and she was sure the bot was only inches from the corner of the container.

"What the hell!" she whined as she frantically looked from side to side. Instinct took over and she bolted straight

for the cargo holding area's exit, running as fast as her well built legs would take her.

Shetira huffed and panted as she sped toward the open gateway. Thirty meters to go. Then twenty meters. Then ten. Then, being so close to the exit, she slowed a bit and looked back to see where the bot had gone to. She had only time for a moment's look of horror.

The sickly yellow-green beam of energy hissed towards her with blinding speed. It struck her right in the middle of her back, spreading over her in a flash and puff of mist. Then it was gone and Shetira stood, frozen, a statue of solid sapphire.

The sensations of her body were dulled as she stood frozen in a dream-like state, unaware of what might be going on around her. Her consciousness was dimmed but, on it's very edge, she knew that she was now doomed to spend the next three months as part of a Zexta exhibition, the price for her blustering claim that any half-witted Ambwassi could avoid the Zexta's "poorly programmed" jeweler-bots.

TAIL THE SECOND

THE BATH

"In there?" Tawi asked, apprehension in her voice as she looked at the door before her. The Furry Explorer's cargomaster began to feel as if she had been fast-talked into being a guinea pig for some unpleasant experiment.

"Yeah, in there," the jag'wress replied as she stood beside her nude companion. "That's where the new bath system is."

"But... why the hell would you put a bath system in the least convenient place in the who ship?" Tawi responded stiffly as she crossed her arms and turned towards the smiling crew matron. "Come on, Jumashi, just spit it out and tell me what's in there!"

"Maybe because that was the only place available to put it in," Jumashi answered. She then gestured toward the door. "Now, are you going to go try it or am I going to have to find someone with a little bit more in the way of guts?"

"Yeah, fine," Tawi huffed as she turned toward the door, "but if this is something that you know I'm not going to like, I'll be throwing you in there the moment I get out."

"Fine by me," Jumashi responded with a laugh. "Now, get going so we can get this over with."

Tawi stepped through the door which she knew led into the tank-like room which sat on top of the Furry Explorer's superstructure. The entire room was dark, the only light provided by the light which came through the room's six small windows. She could hear a sloshing sound coming from in front of her and she assumed that before her there was some sort of pool.

"Dammit, I can't see anything," Tawi cursed as she slowly moved forward into the darkness. She soon found herself bumping into a railing which she followed to the

right. Soon she came to the top of a step and gingerly tested the height by lowering one foot down while holding onto the railing.

Tawi reeled back in surprise as her foot, instead of finding a step, pressed into what felt like a wet, thick goo. For a few moments Tawi hesitated. She hated, with a vengeance, the sort of stuff that the girls aboard ship liked to get themselves into. She had only joined the crew because the pay was three times what was to be expected for her position.

“Oh, dammit,” Tawi sighed as she came up with some concept of what her fellow crew members had done. They were just trying to play with her mind. What was there was nothing more than a big extra-thick Shi'sanri mud bath, something they probably all knew Tawi was quite a fan of. She laughed softly to herself as she sat on the edge of the platform and pressed her lower legs into the mass.

The cool, wet goo felt very good as she slowly slid down into the mass. She smiled as the thick substance flowed around the lips of her pussy, and over her clit. It was the sexual stimulation that Tawi enjoyed the most from Shi'sanri mud baths and this was one of the most stimulating she had ever felt.

Tawi slowly sank into the pool and soon found it to be about waist deep. Strangely, the goo around her seemed to now be sticking to her body and she now found it impossible to extract her arms from the stuff. She started to get nervous again.

“What the hell is this stuff?” Tawi muttered as she wriggled in an effort to free her arms, but the coating of goo held firm.

As Tawi stood in the pool thinking about what to do, the lights slowly came on, allowing her to see her surroundings for the first time. She immediately saw that she was standing not in a pool of artificial mud, but in a pool of bright green slime.

“Jumashi, dammit!” Tawi exclaimed as she struggled in the slime. She could do nothing now but watch in horror as the slime slowly began to become animate, apparently stimulated by the light which now flooded the room.

Tawi was near to total panic. She wanted nothing more than to be free of the goo which held her. She pulled and strained with all her strength but it was useless. The slime would not let go and now, it seemed, it was slowly spreading up over her upper body, flowing around and over her breasts, massaging her large nipples.

Tawi could feel her knees buckle as the slime began to pull her down into its mass. She wiggled and writhed but she was helpless to resist the powerful creature. She gasped for air as her head slid into the slime. Moments later, she had vanished from view.

Tawi floated helplessly within the mass of slime. She was now seized with terror, as she was sure that she was going to suffocate within the creature. She could even feel the goo forcing its way into her nose and mouth and down her throat.

The slime was entering other places as well and soon she was distracted from the sensations in her mouth by the feeling of slime oozing into both her ass and pussy. The slimy anal activity was a strange sensation for Tawi, who had never before had any sort of anal penetration before. It seemed to go on and on and on, up through her body until she was sure that the slime going down her throat had met the slime going up her ass somewhere in her digestive tract.

Tawi then realized that she was still breathing... and still alive. The slime was providing her with air. It was also beginning to provide her with pleasure, thrusting and oozing within her pussy and ass, stimulating her with such strength that the orgasms began in mere seconds.

“Oh, hell,” Tawi thought as she floated within the slime, helpless to resist the creature's attentions. “This feels so

weird... how long am I going to be like this? Fucking Jumashi... why the hell didn't she tell me about this?"

Tawi could not tell how long she lay within the creature. She fell asleep many times, exhausted by the constant orgasms. She never became hungry nor did she seem to need to expel bodily wastes. The slime seemed to be taking care of all of her physical needs.

All she could remember clearly was her crawling back up onto the platform and laying there, totally exhausted. It was several hours before she could muster the energy to stand and leave that room and get away from the pool of slime. She did not fear the creature itself now. No, she feared the pleasure, and the temptation which she was sure would overcome her. She knew she would return. Soon. Very soon.

TAIL THE THIRD

A TAIL OF TWO HOLES

“Hmph... this is some resort!” Emwi huffed as she marched around the suite which she and Tanni had been occupying for past two days. “Nothing to do but bathe in the hot tub and hang around. What the hell did those aliens mean when they called this place ‘highly entertaining?’”

It had been nearly an hour since Tanni had wandered off to find out if the two had been overlooking anything. Now, Emwi was getting impatient. They had three more days to stay at the resort and it looked like they would be returning to the Furry Explorer without anything to show for it.

“Hell, I guess I’ll just take a warm shower and then a nap,” Emwi muttered as she let her white silken robe slip off of her shoulders, “there’s no point in doing anything else it seems.”

The suite’s bathroom seemed over-large, with lots of unused space. As Emwi walked toward the bathtub she pondered whether or not the room seemed big because it hadn’t originally been intended for it’s current use.

Emwi began to hum to herself as she leaned over the side of the bathtub to free up the tangled shower curtain. Then, suddenly, she stopped, her ears turning back to take in what she had thought was an odd hissing noise. There was only silence.

“Bah!” Emwi quipped to herself as she went back to fixing the shower curtain. “All this blah is getting me paranoid. I definitely need a nap.”

As she leaned over to start the water running, Emwi suddenly felt a heavy sense of being watched, that she was not alone. She could feel the tingle on the back of her neck as the fur there began to stand on end. She raised her head slowly, reluctant to turn around.

“Tanni? Is that you?” She asked as she knelt by the tub, her hands now gripping the side as she prepared to turn to see if there was really anything behind her. There was no reply, only silence.

“Fuck!” Emwi hissed as she whipped about, claws extended and teeth bared. She whipped from side to side and yet there was nothing in the room save her, the sink, a few small cabinets and the bathtub.

Emwi was taken aback by her own nervousness. She knew she had nothing to fear as she was protected by the lifegate, but something had set her off and she couldn't make sense of it.

“Aw, dammit,” Emwi sighed after a few moments, “what the hell has gotten into me? I hope Tanni comes back soon. I don't think I'll be able to rest until she does.”

With that, Emwi turned back to the bathtub and knelt down again to turn the water on. It was only then that she suddenly realized what in the room had changed. As she faced into the bathtub, she looked upward and her whole body tensed. The ceiling had vanished.

“Oh fucking sh...” Emwi began to hiss, but her string of expletives was cut off by the thrust of a thick, long object into her tight tailhole. She screamed.

Padded clamps fastened around Emwi's ankles, wrists, neck and waist. In mere moments she was lifted off the floor, belly down with her legs held wide apart behind her. Her arms were fastened down below and in front of her. She was totally helpless.

After a few moments, Emwi's body was assailed by a second penetrator, larger than the first, which thrust quite aggressively into her vagina. Two cups fastened over her large, soft breasts and began to suck on her helpless nipples.

Emwi was silent. She could barely move her head due to the neck clamp and could not see what sort of machine was having it's way with her body. She tried to wiggle, but

she was held too firmly to be able to move.

As Emwi began to calm down and think about her situation, she could feel a part of the machine above her sliding over the back and top of her head. In moments all but her muzzle and cheeks were covered by the device. She could then feel herself being lifted up, up into the dark, cavernous space above.

Emwi could feel herself being carried someplace, from the motion and the passing air which ruffled her exposed fur. Where the machine was taking her she could not even guess but she began to wonder if the aliens insistence that their resort was entertaining meant entertaining for them and not the guests.

After a brief time Emwi felt as if the silent machine had stopped moving. At first she had the over-optimistic feeling that she would be released. It was then that the protrusions in her body began to pump in an alternating fashion, slowly at first but quickly speeding to the point where she wondered if her body could handle such a treatment.

It was not long before a strange feeling began to take hold of Emwi. Despite the terror of the bathroom, despite the unknowns of her situation, she was intensely enjoying the activities of the machine. She tried to force herself to think clearly but she could not. Something was stopping her.

Sex. Sex was all she could think about now, sex of all kinds. She wanted nothing more than sex, sex and more sex. She no longer cared what was filling her body, so long as it was filling it and pleasuring it. Orgasm after orgasm pulsed through her abdomen as the pleasure created by the machine seemed to be multiplied exponentially.

Hours passed before the machine finally released her, lowering her onto a leather mattress. She was now in a brothel, along with Tanni and dozens of other victims of

the alien's highly effective enslavement machines. They were all now nothing more than sex addicted prostitute slaves, their minds incapable of thinking of or desiring anything other than sex.

Fortunately for Emwi and Tanni their stay in the brothel was only to last three days, thanks to the lifegate. For the rest, there would be only a lifetime of slavery and sex... and being stripped of all concept that such a thing might possibly be wrong.

THE END