

Just the Two of Us

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Static crackled.

"Pepper to Fox. Come in."

Fox and Krystal looked up and moved quickly over to the communication screen.

"Here, General. Go ahead," Krystal said.

"I realize your crew is light right now, Fox, but we've received intel that Oikonny is working on a new mega weapon on VS-6, the likes of which we've never seen before. We need you to do some reconnaissance, infiltrate the base, and destroy whatever it is he's working on."

Fox and Krystal exchanged glances. With everybody else on vacation after their latest fight only a few days before, they were all that was left to perform maintenance on the Great Fox.

"ROB, what's the status of the repairs?" Fox asked.

"All essential repairs have been completed. Only cosmetic repairs remain."

Krystal grinned. "Whaddya say, boss? Up for a little adventure with just the two of us?"

Any time spent with Fox was an adventure, but for it to be just the two of them... She licked her lips subconsciously. She was coming into heat, and though she was taking libido suppressants to try to dull the urges she felt and reduce the pheromones she put off to tolerable levels, the transition was always hard. She sighed and teasingly told herself to stop that.

"We're in, General," Fox said, turning back to the screen.

"Excellent. Take care, you two, and best of luck!"

"Well," Fox sighed, looking at Krystal, "Better get ready to go."

"What do you mean, *get* ready?" Krystal teased, holding up her go bag.

Fox bit his lip. "Um..." he said, rolling his eyes.

"What?" Krystal asked, cocking her head. She looked down and blushed. "Oops, heh, heh," she said. "Back in a flash."

She disappeared and reappeared wearing the standard-issue Star Fox uniform, leaving her loincloth behind.

"Better," Fox said, winking.

He turned and headed to the Arwing hangar, his buttocks filling his pants out nicely and his tail giving just a hint of a seductive lilt despite his best efforts to look professional.

It's all in your mind, and he's a coworker, a teammate, she chastised herself, shaking her head and following Fox. Still, she couldn't help but wonder if Fox's increasing bashfulness around her of late meant the feeling was mutual. *Why not?* she allowed herself. *If we both like each other, then why shouldn't we—no! Keep your head on straight; with there only being two of us, Fox is counting on you to keep your head in the game.*

Thus resolved, she strode after him in earnest, reaching her Arwing just as he reached his.

"VS-6", the radio crackled. Fox was talking to himself again. "I didn't know there even was a VS-6."

Krystal pulled up the coordinates on her screen and did a double-take.

"That orbit," she said. "Is it orbiting *both* Venom and Macbeth?"

"I've never seen anything like it," Fox admitted. "With Macbeth crawling with miners and engineers, it's shocking to me that this hasn't come up before."

"Did you really expect anything different from Andross's descendants?" Krystal asked.

Fox snorted over the radio. "Either way," he said, "We've got a job to do. ROB, take us to Macbeth."

"Right away, sir. Warping in 3, 2, 1..."

The second they arrived, they both fired up their Arwings and shot out of the Great Fox. Making graceful curves around their home-away-from-home, they got into formation and made a beeline for the unusual satellite.

Sure enough, plain as day, there it is, Krystal thought as she followed Fox's Arwing towards their target, whose surface appeared on her screen. Pockmarked by craters and crawling with ships, transporters, and personnel, the moon shared by two planets looked far too developed to have gone unnoticed for so long.

"Think it's small enough to hide under a cloaking device?" Fox's voice asked.

Krystal cocked her head. "You know, maybe," she said. "It would be a challenge, but I wouldn't put it past Oikonny to find someone to make it work."

"That's got to be the only way a moon *this* busy has slipped under everyone's radar for so long," Fox said. "Let's do a flyby and find a place to land."

"Roger."

They made an orbit of the moon, and then they steered towards the surface, dropping altitude as fast as possible to hide behind a low range of mountains. Just on the other side of the mountains was the base.

"Air's safe to breathe," Krystal said, "And I'm picking up dozens—no, hundreds—of minds around us."

They killed power to their ships, got out, and strewed some branches, snow, and dirt on their ships to camouflage them a bit, and then the two of them set out on foot, quickly clearing the few hundred yards to the summits of the mountains for a better vantage point.

"That door there looks less guarded than the rest," Fox said, pointing to a squat door jutting out of the side of a rock outcropping.

Krystal nodded. "Yeah, there are relatively few minds around us here. By that, I mean there are still a *lot* of minds, but just fewer here than there were when we landed."

Fox frowned. "Do you think the base is under this mountain, too?"

"I'd bet a week's pay on it," Krystal replied grimly.

Without a word, they both slid down the snow-covered incline, then sprinted for the door. Well-placed shots from each of them dispatched the guards, and within seconds, they had used one of the guard's badges to unlock the door and make it inside.

It was much more comfortable inside but eerily silent. Now the other minds seemed far away. It seemed odd to Krystal that there used to be so many minds, but only a few hundred yards later, there seemed to be none.

Relying on hand signs, Fox took point, and Krystal followed after him, both of them keeping a sharp lookout as they made their way down a hallway. The floor was strewn with technical equipment on both sides that made their progress very slow, forcing them to stop and check behind each server rack, stack of totes, or heap of unidentifiable electronics.

It was Fox's turn to check the next pile of totes. On the signal, he slid across the hallway, his body moving so fluidly to carry him across and point his gun on the other side of the tote. His tail curled up in anticipation and then relaxed.

I could give him that sense of anticipation, Krystal thought. *Wait, really?! Here? Now—in the middle of a mission?!* She shook her head as her eyes focused on Fox's face. He was looking at her expectantly. Did he know what she was thinking? Was the feeling mutual? Krystal's heart skipped a beat.

Fox made a couple of hand gestures, and Krystal deflated; he was just waiting on her to take her turn. Blushing under her fur, she nodded and hurriedly checked the jumble of electronics in front of them and gave the all clear.

Damn these hormones! When's that suppressant going to kick in? Stupid, stupid, stupid! she berated herself. She had to keep her head in the game. Never mind the fact that every time Fox passed her, she

could catch a hint of his scent, his masculinity through his uniform. Never mind the fact that she was painfully aware of how strong her own scent smelled to her. *Damn it, none of that matters right now!* she said, forcing herself to focus.

The hallway they had been following now dead-ended into a much larger corridor, and as her mind swept for nearby consciousness, she gasped. She frantically made a motion for Fox to duck behind a tech-pile, which he did just as two guards walked by on patrol. Krystal and Fox held their breath as the guards stopped, their eyes narrowed and their ears swiveling to listen. They turned to face the hallway.

Crouched down with his hand at about crotch level, Fox made a few motions. Krystal nodded almost imperceptibly, and then Fox counted on his fingers, 3, 2, 1.

They both leapt out of hiding, and with a single shot each, took out both of the guards. A shout echoed down the hallway. Fox and Krystal looked at each other and then took off sprinting down the wide passage. Ahead, at least a dozen guards leveled their weapons, and the two leapt for cover behind some stacks of equipment.

Good grief, did they leave this place a mess on purpose?

Nodding to Fox, Krystal emerged from hiding and fired on the guards. Fox did the same, and between the two of them, they took out half of the guards in front of them.

Something twinged in the back of Krystal's mind.

"Fox, behind us!" she yelled, whirling just as four more guards ran down the corridor. The foxes fired and took them out, then turned their attention forward again.

"Enough of this," Fox growled, throwing a hand grenade.

Three seconds later, they peeked from cover and then raced forward past the recently incapacitated guards.

"Which way?" Fox cried.

"Um..." Krystal replied, searching with her mind for something important. "This way!"

They made an abrupt left turn and charged down a narrow hallway, nearly running into the piles of scrap tech as they went.

"Don't ever call me a slob again," Fox joked.

"Just because they're *bigger* slob doesn't make you not a slob, Fox," Krystal retorted.

Up ahead, the corridor opened into a huge room filled with blue and purple light. A good hundred yards separated them from the source of the light, some kind of reactor.

"Oh, my gosh!" Krystal said. "This thing has enough power to destroy a whole planet!"

"Seems like Oikonny's work, all right," Fox muttered. "If he can't have it, nobody can. How do we stop this thing?"

"You're asking *me*?" Krystal asked incredulously. "That sounds like something Slippy would do."

"Yeah," Fox said, steadying his blaster, "But Slippy ain't here."

They both sprinted forward, shooting at the few guards there were this deep inside the base. Taking a running jump, they leapt over the railing that acted to divide the inner space close to the reactor from the space further out. Scientists and technicians dove over the railing to get out of the way as Fox and Krystal raced in opposite directions around the reactor, looking for some kind of control console.

Meeting up on the far side, Fox asked, "Did you find one?"

Krystal shook her head.

A booming laugh that came from everywhere and nowhere in particular made them both jump and look around.

"Well, well, look who's meddling *again*. I might have known it would be you, Fox," said Oikonny over the loudspeaker. "But, rest assured, I'm not going to be taken down by a couple of vermin this time!"

Red lights flashed everywhere, and an alarm began to buzz. Krystal and Fox gasped as guards began to flood into the room.

"This isn't good," Krystal muttered.

"Come on!" Fox yelled, grabbing her hand.

They both sprinted around the reactor again, heading back towards the corridor through which they'd entered.

"ROB, where's he located?" Fox demanded.

"Approximately ten meters behind you, sir."

Fox skidded to a stop, and Krystal ran into him as he whirled.

"Where?!" Fox cried.

"I believe he's inside the reactor, sir."

"That's not possible, ROB; he'd be a crispy critter unless there were a—" Fox trailed off and then began running his fingers along the wall. "Look for a doorway!" he yelled.

A black mark appeared right next to his hand. He yanked it back and scowled over his shoulder at the guard who had fired the blaster. Krystal quickly blasted the guard and then set to work, feeling along the smooth, round wall for any sign of an entrance. Another blaster bolt made her fire over her shoulder, taking out another guard.

"There's nothing here, Fox!" she yelled. "We're gonna get ourselves killed!"

"There's gotta be a way in!" Fox cried. "Wherever Oikonny is, that's where we've got to go!"

"Sir, there appears to be a shaft going through the middle of the reactor. It leads to an underground passage and comes up via a ladder to the corridor to your right."

"Damn it, ROB, why didn't you tell us before?!" Fox yelled.

They sprinted out of the reactor room and back towards the corridor where they'd entered, blasters firing. As soon as they got to cover, they both put their paws to the walls and began feeling for an opening.

"I've got it!" Krystal cried.

Moving a hatch lever, they swung a heavy door into the wall and looked down into the darkness. Shots zinged past them, and Krystal quickly leapt inside and began scurrying down a ladder. Fox returned fire and then followed, making it to the bottom of the ladder and sprinting to catch up to Krystal just as the guards appeared at the top. They raced down the narrow tunnel that for once wasn't full of random discarded tech towards what looked like an elevator shaft in the distance.

Shots whizzed past them.

"Keep going!" Fox yelled as he whirled and returned fire.

Krystal sprinted ahead, the distance between her and the elevator shaft quickly closing. The corridor opened up around her into a brightly lit, round room concentric with the shaft.

"And just where do you think you're going?" a voice asked. "Silly fox; you oughtta know you can't get in there without proper access."

Krystal turned on heel to face the speaker.

"Panther? I thought you and Oikonny didn't see eye-to-eye?" Krystal asked.

Panther shrugged. "Wolf doesn't see eye-to-eye with lots of people," he replied, "But Oikonny's money's good."

He took a breath and flashed a smile, and then a look of realization came over his face. "Why, Krystal, I didn't know you were *that* excited to see me," he added, grinning and inhaling deeply. "Smells like you're almost desperate!"

A series of conflicting thoughts flashed through Krystal's mind. Thinking quickly, she got them to coalesce.

You can use this to your advantage.

"Oh," she said, quickly making her tone sound sultry, "Wouldn't you like to go someplace a little more...private?" She inclined her head towards the elevator shaft.

Panther leaned forward and nearly tripped but caught himself just in time.

"That's clever," he said, "But do you really think I'm going to fall for that?"

"It'd sure be a shame to miss your chance," Krystal pouted, reaching behind herself to unzip her jumpsuit noisily enough that the sound reverberated in the donut-shaped room.

"What did you—uh, but, ah—" Panther stammered, fumbling for his badge as Krystal moved towards him.

"Thanks!" she said as soon as his badge was in his hand.

She kicked up over her head to hit him on the side of the face. He fell to the ground, out cold, and she snatched the badge from his hand, yanked it off its lanyard, and pressed it to the access pad. The door flew open just as Fox ran up to her.

"Great work!" he yelled as they leapt inside and pressed the button to close the door. "How'd you manage to get the badge so fast?"

"Oh, you know, feminine wiles," she said, giving an innocent-looking grin as the door closed.

The noise of blasters went silent, replaced by the mind-numbing rhythm of elevator music as they felt themselves rising.

In the small, confined space, the smell of sweat and masculinity coming off Fox was almost overpowering, and Krystal felt her knees getting wobbly.

She let out a sharp breath and steadied herself, glancing at Fox to see if he'd noticed. To her surprise, she saw his eyes dart away from her, looking guilty. Even accounting for having just escaped who knew how many guards, he seemed stiffer than usual, and the way his nostrils seemed to be fighting between flaring and pinching themselves closed was certainly out of the ordinary.

Krystal breathed a sigh of relief, but it was cut short as she picked up a whiff of her own scent. *Crap*, she thought, *Panther was right; I do smell desperate!* Her eyes darted back to Fox, wondering if that was what was causing him to look so tense. But as her eyes scanned over him, something else became very apparent: his back wasn't the only thing that was stiff. Krystal swallowed and closed her eyes. *We just have to make it to the control room*, she thought. *Whose brilliant idea was it to have such a tightly enclosed space out here anyway?*

They rode the rest of the way in awkward silence, and as soon as the door dinged, they both took a deep breath as they stepped into the control room, weapons drawn.

But Oikonny was nowhere to be found. Instead, they found a microphone sitting next to a communicator speaker.

"Tsk, ts, you'll have to try again, Fox," the speaker crackled.

"That explains why I couldn't sense him," Krystal sighed.

"We'll get you, Oikonny," Fox growled.

He and Krystal scanned the round room, the periphery of which was filled with console buttons and security monitors.

"Here!" Krystal said, pointing to a large, red button.

"What do you think?" Fox asked, twisting a dial. "Think five minutes is enough?"

Krystal pursed her lips and nodded, and Fox turned the knob until 5:00 appeared on the console. Krystal slammed her fist into the red self-destruct button, and the air reverberated with alarms interspersed with a woman's preternaturally calm voice advising everyone that "self-destruction is imminent" and to "please proceed in an orderly fashion to the escape transports."

Fox stopped abruptly, staring at one of the screens.

"We've got to *move*, Fox!" Krystal cried, but he remained unmoved.

"Don't those look like our ships?" he asked, cocking his head at one of the monitors.

Krystal peered at the monitor as two figures approached on-screen.

"Well, yeah, but—"

Her eyes widened as she realized what was happening. Seconds later, the figures dove out of the way, and the Arwings exploded into fireballs.

"Fuck," Fox said, shaking his head. "This just got a *lot* more complicated!"

"Where's the nearest escape transport?" Krystal asked. "ROB?"

"We can't take an escape transport," Fox interrupted, shaking his head. "Those things are usually have a preprogrammed destination, and wherever that is, is *not* where we want to be without a full team!"

Krystal nodded. "Then where's the nearest transport? ROB?"

There was no answer.

"Oh, yeah," Krystal muttered, "Our Arwings were our link to ROB. Looks like we're on our own, now, Fox."

Fox nodded grimly. They looked intently at the cameras, looking for the hangar.

"There!" Krystal said, pointing.

"Let's go," Fox replied.

They rushed to the elevator and crowded inside, exchanging embarrassed looks as their hormones continued to rage in spite of the situation.

When I get back to the Great Fox, I am taking a long, cold shower, Krystal thought to herself.

The elevator dinged, and they raced through the tunnel. Fortunately, the guards had all evacuated when the self-destruct alarm went off, leaving the tunnel clear save for the bodies Fox had downed on their way in. Sprinting through the narrow passageway, they made it to the ladder and raced up it, practically falling into the corridor on the ground floor. Looking both ways to get their bearings, they rushed away from the reactor room, towards the main thoroughfare.

They arrived to mass pandemonium as scientists, technicians, maintenance workers, and guards all ran past them, heading to the right. Fox and Krystal ducked down until the group passed and then took off, sprinting the other way.

"Two minutes remaining," the voice said calmly.

Narrow corridors flashed by on both sides as they sprinted down the hallway, leaping over fallen debris and downed bodies. A wide hallway flashed by, and then Fox and Krystal screeched to a halt and sprinted back towards it.

The hangar opened up all around them, but to their dismay, very few ships remained. The ones that did all had visible signs of damage to them: a broken wing, a burnt-up thruster, a giant crack across the windshield.

The two split up and began running around looking for a ship that would fly.

"Forty-five seconds remaining."

“Krystal! I found one; this should work!”

Krystal sprinted across the hangar to where Fox was. It was a junky-looking shuttle, to be sure, but it would carry them off the moon.

“All right, what are we waiting for?” Krystal cried, running up the loading ramp.

“Halt!” a voice yelled.

Blaster shots pealed through the hangar as Krystal turned to look.

“Shut the door!” Fox yelled as he sprinted up the ramp.

Krystal slammed the door button, and the ramp began to close. Fox leapt into the pilot’s seat, and Krystal quickly began doing checks as navigator.

“Engines good—shields up!” she yelled, pushing a button.

The plinks of blasters suddenly stopped as the shields began to absorb their energy. The whine of the engine became the dominant sound, and just as Krystal strapped herself in, Fox spun the transport around to face the exit of the hangar. With a groan and a shudder, the unwieldy vessel began to float forward, running over a few of the guards and incinerating them under its engines.

“Okay, get ready to punch it,” Fox said. “Ready? Hit it!”

Krystal punched the thruster, and the whole ship shuddered, coughed, and then jerked forward, leaving the ground behind and soaring into the air. For a tense moment, Fox and Krystal watched the windshield, waiting to escape the atmosphere as a ball of fire erupted behind them. After a few minutes, they both sagged in their chairs, elated.

Unstrapping themselves, they leapt at each other and embraced tightly. Their lips met, and for a moment, everything vanished in Krystal’s mind. The feel of Fox’s lips against hers, the warmth of his body making intimate contact with her own, the feel of his tongue...

Krystal felt her legs go out from under her. Fox caught her, but the moment was ruined.

“Uhm,” she said, and Fox let her go, both of them looking very embarrassed.

“I—I’m sorry,” Fox stammered.

“I was just glad—you know, that we...escaped,” Krystal added.

Their eyes met, and then they both looked away, both of their faces reddening visibly under their fur.

Fox cleared his throat. “Well, um, I should, uh, go check the comms.”

“And I’ll plot a course!” Krystal said.

With that, they both turned on heel and went back to their seats, the tension in the air palpable.

After some time, Fox ventured, “Well, uh, the comms appear to be in working order. Any idea how to get back to the Great Fox?”

“Um...” Krystal said, “That could be a problem.”

Fox started. “What do you mean?”

Krystal gestured for him to come over, and they both looked at the star charts.

“See, apparently VS-6 only orbits both planets for a very short time. We left the Great Fox orbiting Macbeth, but VS-6 is still in orbit around Venom,” she explained.

“And Venom has moved far enough away that the orbits aren’t shared anymore,” Fox said, nodding.

“Right. So, obviously, landing on Venom is out of the question. How long will it take us to get back to Macbeth?”

“If we leave right now, about a month, given our current trajectory.”

Krystal's heart fluttered. The idea of being "stuck" on a transport with Fox for a month made her lick her lips instinctively. The things they could get into, stuck together with nowhere else to go for a whole month...

"A month?! We've only been gone for a few hours!" Fox cried, interrupting Krystal's reverie.

And then something dawned on her that made her gasp: all of her extra suppressant pills were on her Arwing when it was destroyed. Without them, she could go a few hours—a day at most—before things started getting a lot more complicated—both for her and for Fox.

Oh, my gosh...poor Fox!

"That's true," she said, forcing down the growing sense of dread she felt. "But the planets are moving in opposite directions, and our propulsion system doesn't appear to be capable of going much faster than a casual saunter."

"Cripe, we don't have time for that! Let's just summon the Great Fox," Fox said, striding over towards the communication console.

The part of Krystal's heart that was suffering from the lack of suppressant sank: if they weren't trapped for a month, she wouldn't be able to get Fox to—*no, stop it!* Of course, they should do that. That would be the logical thing to do, and the responsible thing, given the circumstances.

Except...

"Aren't we risking giving away our position?" she asked abruptly. "Those escape pods were going somewhere—probably to a fairly large ship nearby. If that ship catches us before the Great Fox gets here, or worse, tries to take on the Great Fox without us there to help..."

Fox froze, pursed his lips, and at length, sighed.

"Yeah," he said, "You're right." He let out a defeated chuckle and shook his head. "You're absolutely right; we can't risk that. Let's get a course set then, right away, before it becomes *two months!*"

The two of them quickly got to work plotting the course and locking in the coordinates, and then they sat back, the magnitude of their situation hitting them both at once.

"Well..." Fox began but trailed off, unsure of what to say.

"I'm...gonna go explore and, you know, make sure we have the necessities for the trip," Krystal said, hurriedly disappearing.

"Yeah," said Fox to himself. "Good plan."

Krystal quickly retreated into the back of the transporter and went below decks to see what provisions there were. *Gosh, I hope we're not trapped on here without enough food*, she worried, putting out of her mind certain things that might prove even *more* distressing in the short term.

But, as she made it into the living quarters, she breathed a sigh of relief. A fully stocked and very healthy hydroponics section, a variety of mix-ins for beverages, and what looked like several thousands of gallons of fresh water put her mind at ease. There were even separate bunks so that she and Fox could have their own space.

The only thing that appeared to be missing, she realized, was a toilet. She put the thought out of her mind; of *course*, there was a toilet somewhere—a ship with living quarters couldn't just *not* have one—and she went on familiarizing herself with the amenities. She found the maintenance hatch and gave it a cursory look. Things seemed to be in order, but there were a few busted relays that looked like they could use replacing, she noted.

"So, uh, the ship looks like we'll be able to make the journey all right," Krystal said, sitting down in the navigator's chair and looking out at the seemingly endless darkness of space.

Fox looked up, his face flushed. "Hmm? Oh, um, great. Yes. Uh, well, that will be all, Krystal," he stammered.

Krystal frowned and leaned forward. “Fox, are you all—”

“Got to, um, go, uh, check on the ship. Yes!” Fox said, leaping up and making it a point to stand with his hips behind the backrest of his chair. “Yes, got to be in tip-top shape! Absolutely!”

“There are a couple of relays that could use replacing,” Krystal called after him as he disappeared below decks.

Weird, she thought. She huffed, wondering what had gotten into him. He was gone only a few minutes before he returned looking sweaty and smelling a *lot* like himself and far more *male* than usual.

Krystal flushed. *That* smell could only mean one thing.

No...Fox wouldn't do that; he's far too professional! Your heat is just getting the better of you. Sniff again: it's just sweat—just sweat. Maybe he went for a jog or something. A really fast jog.

Still, his reaction to her was flattering, and she couldn't deny that part of her—an increasingly demanding voice in the back of her mind—wanted him to do more than just run off his frustration.

She did her best to put it out of her mind and focused on the ship. Though there wasn't much space on board, she and Fox did a pretty good job of avoiding each other, though every time she did see him, he disappeared and came back smelling *that way* again. Krystal found herself increasingly frustrated. It seemed as though Fox had a way to vent his frustration, but without her suppressants, her heat was getting more and more unbearable, to the point she was ready to...take matters into her own hands. But she dared not try to take care of herself on board; she knew for a fact that Fox would smell it if she did, and as strangely as he was acting, she was almost certain that if she got herself off and let out an unchecked wave of pheromones, he might lose *all* control. The lack of privacy was a problem, too. Whatever Fox was doing, it only took him a few minutes. To do what she needed to do, it was going to take more time than she had to herself.

So, she busied herself with chores, doing maintenance, cleaning, tending the hydroponics—anything she could think of to keep herself distracted.

It was day 3 of the trip, and she was diligently trying to free a stuck fuse, but it was having none of it. She'd tried using her fingers, then she'd gotten pliers, then she'd gotten a wrench, and now she was straining with all her might and still could not get it to budge.

“Oh, come on!” she yelled as the wrench slipped off, narrowly missing smashing her finger.

Fox poked his head in. “Everything okay in here?” he asked.

“That *stupid* fuse!” Krystal fumed, her ire definitely fueled by more than just frustration at the situation. “It *refuses* to come out!”

Fox frowned and looked at it. “Huh,” he said, “It *should*...here, let me help you.”

The two of them maneuvered the wrench back onto the fuse, and then with Krystal holding it, Fox reached around her to grab the wrench as well. She began to pull, and he did, too. The wrench turned, and the fuse came loose.

The wrench fell to the floor, but neither Fox nor Krystal cared. Krystal let out a soft moan, her eyes closing as Fox's crotch pressed against her back and his hands moved to her breasts. Fox breathed in and gasped—he'd smelled Krystal before—on her sheets, in her clothes, and the like, but the waft of concentrated *her* he got—along with what seemed like some *really* pent-up sexual pheromones—made his mouth water. Completely forgetting himself, his hands instinctively reached lower, seeking the hot warmth of her groin and squeezing her inner thighs through her jumpsuit. They both began to breathe heavily, panting at their heavy petting, poster children for why the suppressant was touted so heavily on Corneria and legally required for females in the military or its contractors.

Fox's fingers moved up and slid into Krystal's waistband. She didn't object. They made their way into her panties. She bit her lip, rocked her hips forward, and spread her legs, desperate for him to touch her, to give her the much-needed relief she needed.

His fingers slid down and grazed over her clit. Krystal's mouth opened, and she sucked in a breath, letting it back out as a quiet moan. They stroked her sensitive spot again, and her breath caught. She felt herself flush, felt herself grow wet, and then she smelled a wave of her pheromones saturate the space around them. Blushing fiercely, she couldn't help but wonder whether Fox had noticed. As if in response, she felt him squeeze her a little tighter, felt a hard lump that tented his pants press against her, heard him take a deep breath. His fingers slid downward, dipping into her arousal fluids as they parted her lips. She gasped, her whole body tingling with anticipation and lust. *Yes, Fox. Yes, please, go deeper*, she urged him silently. The thought of him ripping her clothes off right then and there flashed through her mind, making her weak in the knees.

An alarm rang throughout the ship, jarring the foxes out of their lust-fueled groping. The moment ruined, they each let out a groan and rushed to the cockpit to see what was the matter. A light on the communication screen signaled an incoming transmission. The two foxes looked at each other. Picking up a transmission wouldn't give away their location, but responding certainly would. They both held their breath as Fox pressed the button to play the transmission.

"Ladies and gentlefurs, come on down to Mike's Macbeth Motor Mayhem! Feel the need for speed? (*SPEED!*) Feel the need for easy thrills? (*THRILLS!*) We've got all your hotrod spacecraft needs! Need a mechanic? (*YOU GOT IT!*) Need buying advice? (*WE'RE THE EXPERTS!*) Want to trade up your used ship for something better? (*WE BUY EVERYTHING!*) Drive, tow, or push your junker to Mike's Macbeth Motor Mayhem today, and let us make you a deal! (*AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE!*) That's Mike's Macbeth Motor Mayhem, located across from Macbeth Mega-Mart on Macbeth! (*Mike's Macbeth Motor Ma-ay-hem: we sell junk cars for pro-o-fit!*) (Not responsible for space-worthiness of vehicles sold; buy at your own risk, part of the *Caveat Emptor* family of spacecraft dealers.)"

Krystal and Fox stood, speechless, for several seconds after the advertisement was over. *That* was the important message that had interrupted their passionate groping? At last, Fox shook his head and let out a disgusted hiss.

Krystal sighed. *Well, it was probably better anyway*, she thought. *It was fun while it lasted, but it probably is better to keep things professional*. Still, the burning between her legs made her squeeze them together subconsciously.

They both muttered some excuse as to why they needed to go do a thing in a place that wasn't right there, and then Krystal went back to finish replacing the fuse. The space around the fuse panel still smelled heavily of both her and Fox's pheromones, and it took everything she had not to slip her paw down her pants and quench the burning right then and there.

Several more days passed, and while Krystal had mostly gotten the hang of suppressing and drowning out her sexual urges, a new urge was growing with every passing hour, and it was not one that she could keep ignoring for much longer. She had finally found the toilet—or, at least, she *thought* it was the toilet—but it was behind a locked door that neither she nor Fox could get to open. She had wondered how he wasn't in dire straits himself but didn't dare broach the rather awkward subject when they still had so much time left together stuck in close quarters—especially not after what had nearly happened at the fuse panel.

She had been making do by using the sink when she was certain Fox wasn't around, but as her hormones raged unchecked and her pheromones grew stronger, she had noticed him visibly tenting his pants every time he came near the galley. She'd tried flushing a lot of water down afterwards, but she was worried about either using up all the water or filling up the gray tank.

Now, almost a week into their trip and trapped between driving her teammate mad with lust and not being able to hold it forever, Krystal was beginning to get desperate. She could force down the burning of her pussy that started at the mere thought of a touch from Fox, but she couldn't ignore the increasing burning of her bladder. Yet the designers of the transport didn't seem to believe in keeping containers of any kind onboard. Anything would have worked, yet she couldn't even find a cover with any degree of volume that she could borrow to do her business.

It was fortuitous, then, when she happened across a few bags of dirt while searching a supply closet. Her first thought was, *What's this doing here?* It was followed very shortly thereafter by, *I can use this!*

Grunting and heaving one of the bags up over her shoulder, she looked around to make sure Fox was nowhere to be seen and then found a discreet corner. It wasn't ideal, but at least it would absorb the liquid, and then she could throw it out at the earliest opportunity—hopefully before Fox found it. But, there weren't very many bags, and she had to make it last. Hardly able to hold back, she tore the bag open and spread a generous amount of the soil on the floor—not too much, but enough that if she wore gloves, she could scoop it up and toss it out of the airlock later.

She gave another furtive glance over her shoulder to make doubly sure that Fox wasn't around and then quickly stripped off her pants. She couldn't help but wish she had her loincloth with her: then even if Fox *had* seen her squatting over a pile of dirt, she'd still have some form of plausible deniability. But, she didn't, and her bladder was screaming at her. She gave just one last glance, squatted over the dirt pile she'd made, and then relaxed her muscles.

At first nothing happened, and she winced as the back-pressure temporarily kept her pinched off and unable to relieve herself. But then, all at once, she felt herself give, and she heard the hiss as her bladder began to empty itself onto the dirt pile she'd made, the high pressure slicing into the soft earth.

"Hey, Krystal?"

Krystal's pupils constricted, and her ears laid back in humiliation.

No, no, no, no, no!

Fox's feet climbed down the ladder.

You've got to stop the stream!

Fox's head appeared. "Krystal?"

He looked around and then saw her, squatting over a pile of dirt, a bag of the stuff sitting next to her. He cocked his head.

"Uh, Krystal, what are you doing?" he asked.

Her face burned with humiliation. Her mouth opened, but she couldn't form words. What could she say? *Oh, hi, I'm just pissing on this pile of dirt—nothing to see here!*

Fox got off the ladder and took a step towards her. His nostrils flared, and he froze.

Krystal was so mortified, she wanted to die, to become one with the pile of dirt she'd made.

"O—oh," he said, sniffing the air instinctively. "I—wow," he stammered. There was a pregnant pause as he slowly fought with himself and eventually forced himself to quit staring and look away.

All the while, Krystal's traitorous bladder kept up the stream that seemed deafening now. Surely it must sound as loud as a waterfall to Fox?

"I—I—I'm sorry," he managed at last. "I—didn't mean to intrude."

Yet his feet remained glued to the floor, neither retreating nor moving towards her.

He's going to hate me; he's going to kick me out of Star Fox—again—and I am never going to live this down! she thought, squeezing her eyes shut and desperately trying to avoid her leader's gaze.

Fox's footsteps made her open her eyes with a gasp.

"Not a...bad idea you've got there," he said haltingly, moving stiffly to grab a few handfuls of dirt and tossing them on the ship's deck alongside hers. "Mind if I join you?"

Krystal's mouth hung slack as he stripped off his pants and stood next to her. For the first time, she saw his sheath up close, and despite her utter mortification, she couldn't help but want to reach out and touch it.

A golden stream appeared and traced its way from Fox's sheath to the pile of dirt he'd made. Krystal watched it, spellbound, until the scent wafted over to her. Then it was her turn to freeze. The intensity was 10x what it had been in the elevator on VS-6. She felt as though she was rolling in concentrated eau d'

Fox, basking in his unique olfactory calling card. But not only was there the unique scent of *him*, there was also something much more potent carried with that scent: Fox was *male*, and he was *horny*.

"Whoo," Fox said, his voice husky, "You, uh"—he swallowed—"You're sure, um, fertile, ah, wait, no, um—aroused, no, I—I'm sorry, I... Look, you *know* I respect you and don't want to be unprofessional, but..." He trailed off awkwardly. "Um, let me try again. We, uh, all have needs, right? Gotta do what we gotta do?" He swallowed again and cleared his throat. "I'm, uh, I'm glad you figured out a way. I—I've been needing to go for days!"

Krystal could tell he was making quite the effort to make things okay between them, and she realized that if it was going to work, she'd have to make an effort, too.

"I, uh, just wanted a way to, you know, mask the smell," she said, blushing fiercely. "I—I'm sure it's distracting."

Fox gulped. "Y—you could say that," he said, giving a weak grin. "Intoxicating, heady"—he swallowed—"arousing..." He shook his head. "Uh, um, that is, I mean, it smells like *you*, but"—he lowered his voice despite the fact there was nobody else there to hear him—"Your, uh, your heat"—he swallowed very hard—"makes me, um...well, you know."

He cleared his throat forcefully and took a step back. "I, um, there," he said, finally finding his voice as he bent down to pick up his pants. "I apologize for my lack of professionalism. Nothing to worry about—just you and I doing our business on a long trip. Nothing to read into it or anything."

He stepped into his pants.

Do something! This is your chance! Krystal's mind screamed at her.

"I—um, Fox?" she asked.

Fox paused, his heart beating so loudly that Krystal's sensitive ears could hear it. "Hmm?"

She reached out, her fingers trembling with anticipation, and stroked the soft fur on the side of his sheath. Fox sucked in a breath and stiffened. Krystal jerked her hand back.

"I—I'm sorry," she said. "I—I've just—"

"No, *I'm* sorry," Fox said, gently reaching forward to take her and putting resting it back on his sheath. "I—I just wasn't expecting it."

Krystal smiled faintly as her stream finally stopped, and she stroked Fox's fur once more. A hint of red peeked out from the top of his sheath, and Krystal blushed, finally seeing the effect she was having on him firsthand.

Fox looked around. "Come on," he said, taking her by the hand and leading her over to a patch of unoccupied floor.

Krystal lay down, and Fox gestured for her to spread her legs. He lay between them and moved his muzzle up to sniff her folds.

"Ohh," Krystal murmured. The soft touch, the caress of his hot breath, it was all even more intense than his fingers had been a few days before. She pressed her head hard against the floor and gasped, her hips lifting off the ground as Fox's tongue slipped out to taste her.

"My gosh, you taste good," he murmured, closing his eyes and pressing his tongue in a little deeper and inhaling her potent pheromones deeply. "I—I've wanted this for so long, and now that I'm finally doing it—it was so worth the wait!"

Krystal gasped, her eyes rolling back in her head as her hips instinctively rocked to give Fox the best access he could, begging him to probe her ever-deeper with his soft, luxurious tongue that sent wave after wave of pleasure rippling up her spine.

"I—I didn't know you wanted it," she gasped. "I—I've been desperate s—since before we—we landed on—on..."

She trailed off, letting out a soft, passionate moan. The unfamiliar but pleasurable feelings were building in intensity, making her feel short of breath and woozy. She squeezed her legs tightly around his head and finally had to push at his face with her hands.

"I—I'm sorry," she said, panting and catching her breath, "It's just, I—I never realized it would be so intense!"

Fox grinned and slipped a teasing stroke of his tongue over her clit. "I'm glad you made a move," he said, giving her another, slower, more sensual stroke that pushed deep into her folds, "I didn't want to be—you know—unprofessional."

"Screw professional," Krystal said, throwing her head back and moaning loudly as she thrust her hips up to meet Fox's tongue and bury it as deeply inside her as possible. "We're trapped here for a month—we might as well enjoy ourselves."

"I like your thinking," Fox replied.

"But, wait," Krystal said, patting Fox's head again and squirming away, "I—I wanted to try something, too. Do you mind?"

Fox cocked his head. "What?" he asked.

Krystal licked her lips. "Can I—can I taste your dick?" she asked innocently.

Fox brightened, nodded, and rolled over on his back. His prick had emerged and was throbbing. Krystal looked at it curiously and instinctively reached out and grabbed it. Fox winced and sucked in a breath.

"Careful," he said ruefully, "It's really sensitive."

Krystal bit her lip and then scooted down to bring her face close to the foreign member. She sniffed at it, picking up strong hints of Fox's scent and even stronger hints of his arousal. With her nose so close to the source of such enticing smells, she almost subconsciously opened her mouth and slipped her tongue out to caress and taste him. His hands balled into fists, and his toes curled tightly, his hips bucking at the unfamiliar, tantalizing touch. Krystal's eyes widened as she felt Fox's dick slip into her maw. Curiosity got the best of her, and she closed her lips and pressed her tongue and palate against him. Fox groaned loudly, and his prick leaked a little precum.

Surprised at the salty new flavor, Krystal lapped at the tip of Fox's dick, eliciting an ecstatic hiss and another groan from her leader. She didn't fully understand Fox's exciting reactions to her ministrations, but she felt herself getting wet.

Fox noticed, too.

"Hey, um," he panted, "Let's try something where we can both participate."

Krystal cocked her head uncertainly as Fox rotated around and coaxed her to straddle him. He reached up and buried his nose in her newly wetted folds, getting high on her lust-fueled pheromones as he wrapped his arms around her hips, pulling her down onto his muzzle. Her eyes bulged as it suddenly dawned on her what he meant. Her lips parted, letting a hot breath out onto his cock. He groaned into her pussy, and she responded with a new wave of pheromones—released all around his face.

Fueled off the lust each other's pheromones inspired, they began sucking and lapping at each other in earnest, their bodies grinding against each other and their mouths desperately licking, tasting, and nipping at each other's sensitive flesh.

Finally, gasping with desire for more, Krystal pulled herself off Fox's prick.

"Fox," she panted, "I need you inside me."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Fox nodded, and Krystal climbed off him. Quickly stripping off the rest of their clothes, Krystal lay on her back, and Fox knelt between her legs, his dick dripping with pre just inches above her.

"A—are you sure?" he asked, barely able to contain his excitement.

Just the Two of Us

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Krystal bit her lip and nodded, and Fox stretched himself out, pressing his groin to hers. As he did, his mouth met hers, and they kissed passionately. As their teeth interlocked and their tongues caressed each other, Fox's throbbing, dripping member slid along Krystal's folds. Both sucked in a breath, squeezing their eyes closed with anticipation as he glided down a little more, slipped between her labia, and slid inside. Their breath caught, and for a moment, they both froze, nearly paralyzed with pleasure as their privates slipped, slid, and throbbed against each other.

Then, as if on cue, they both began to move, Fox rocking his hips to gently press in and slide back out, and Krystal's hips undulating to meet his thrusts. Fox's mouth moved down Krystal's neck, and her whole body tensed and rose off the floor as he nipped at her tender spot, her pussy squeezing him affectionately.

As their intertwined bodies continued to pleasure each other and themselves, Fox's knot began to swell. At first, it pressed in and pulled out easily, and Krystal gasped as he stretched her a little more each time.

But, he kept swelling.

"Do you want me to knot you?" he breathed.

Krystal nodded breathlessly, wrapping her legs around his butt and squeezing them tightly to pull his knot up into her and let it settle in place. The new tightness for both of them made them both moan in pleasure. Fox's knot throbbed hard against the tight walls of her pussy, and she squeezed tightly in return.

"K-Krystal, I—I'm going to..." Fox gasped.

"Me, too."

They wrapped their arms around each other and squeezed tightly, their lips pressing together desperately as they both felt Fox's hot semen begin to spurt, slowly making the temperature and pressure rise and sending Krystal over the edge. She moaned into Fox's mouth, and her sex clamped down hard around his as she began to cum, too. The pressure inside her squeezing pussy grew still more, bathing them both in hot, wet ecstasy.

At last, they both collapsed, panting and basking in the afterglow to wait for Fox's knot to subside. They lay there, breathing easily, the occasional wave of residual pleasure making them shudder together.

"Fox, I—"

"Krystal, that...was amazing," Fox breathed. "I can't believe we've put it off for so long."

Krystal smiled and moved her mouth to kiss him. He met her, and they sighed contentedly.

"I wonder what the others will think?" Krystal murmured.

Fox grinned. "Does it matter? We've got a bit of time before we see any of them."

Krystal pursed her lips. "Good point," she said, brightening. "I could get used to doing this every day for a few weeks."

"I think I could, too," Fox said, nodding.

"Oh?" Krystal asked. "Then why don't we start right now?"

She rolled over on top of him, and his eyes widened in surprise.

"Yeah?" he asked.

Krystal nodded, and Fox leaned forward to kiss her passionately.