

# **Into the Furryverse**

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Staring across a swirling maelstrom of lightning flashing through a tunnel of multi-colored gasses the crew of the Leviathan-class Endeavor remained silent for a long moment as they took in the million kilometer diameter phenomenon. “This isn’t possible,” First officer Aurora Locke said.

“So were fifty-three main sequence stars going supernova once a week like clockwork, but here we are, the last of humanity staring into what can only be another universe,” Captain Ezra Cane replied. “Foreman, send in a probe.”

“Aye Captain.” Running the index finger of his left hand down one screen and then the middle finger of the same hand up another, he continued. “Probe launched. Contact with the phenomenon in forty-seven seconds.”

The youngest member of the United Fleet to make Captain, 27 year old Elza Cane was as ambitious as she was impatient so her next command came as no surprise to anyone. “That’s too long. Wolfe, take us in.”

“Captain?” Helmsman Marcus Wolfe replied.

“I said take us in, Lieutenant,” Captain Elza Cane said emphasizing her subordinate’s much lower rank.

Leaning close, First Officer Locke whispered into the Captain’s ear. *“I would be remiss in my duties if I didn’t question the logic of potentially going into another universe. The probe will make contact in twenty seconds.”*

“We’re not moving Lieutenant.”

“Sorry Ma’am.” Engaging the engines, Lieutenant Wolfe steered the 200 kilometer wide, 500 kilometer long generation ship towards the tear in realities. “Contact in seven... six... five... four... three... two... one... We are now passing into the phenomenon.”

“All readings within acceptable margins,” Science Officer Foreman said as he kept a very close eye on the screens in front of him.

“We’ll reach the outer edge of the phenomenon in fifty-three seconds,” the helmsman said.

“Increase speed to full impulse,” the Captain commanded.

“Aye Captain. We’ll now reach the outer edge in eleven seconds.” After a brief pause, Lieutenant Wolfe continued the countdown. “Five. Four. Three. Two...” Just then a single ship appeared on sensors. “Ship fifty-thousand kilometers off the port bow, Captain,” he said as the Endeavor crossed the threshold into another universe.

No sooner were the words out of the Helmsman’s mouth, then a figure wearing a form-fitting purple, blue, and black spacesuit hugging a definite female form appeared in the middle of the Endeavor’s bridge – helmet with mirrored visor hiding their identity. Looking at the confused faces of the strange, hairless creatures staring back at her, she relaxed but remained on guard. “Kuv lub npe yog Phaelyn, Tus Saib Xyuas Kev Ruaj Ntseg ntawm Matriarch. vim li cas koj thiaj tuaj rau peb lub qab ntuj khwb?”

Standing, Captain Cane faced off against the intruder. “I don’t understand what you’re saying, but if you mean us harm we will not go down without a fight.”

“Thov txhob hais lus.”

“I’m Elza Cane, Captain of the Endeavor. Please explain your appearance aboard my ship.”

Swiping and pressing several screens on a device built into the forearm of her spacesuit, the intruder pointed at Captain Cane and then brought her fingers to her helmet.

“You want me to keep talking? Are you responsible for opening the portal between our universes? Do you come in peace or conflict?”

“My name is Phaelyn, Chief security officer of the Matriarch. Why have you come to our universe?”

“Are you responsible for opening the portal between our universes?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny that claim. Now please answer my question.”

“We came seeking answers. Is your ship the one off our port bow?”

“It is. What answers do you seek? What is the name of your species? If you came to conquer...”

“With all due respect, Phaelyn, you came aboard my ship without warning so you’re going to answer my questions, or you can transport yourself right back off it and send someone that will. Now, are you responsible for opening this portal between our universes?”

“It has taken our scientific community many tries, but yes, we opened it.”

“How many tries?”

“We achieved the impossible so what does it matter how many attempts it took?”

“Please answer the question.”

“This was the fifty-third attempt.”

Closing her eyes, Captain Cane bowed her head and sighed. “Your people are responsible for the deaths of more than thirty-eight billion humans!”

“That’s absurd! We have never met your species before!”

“Maybe not, but that doesn’t change the fact that your first fifty-two attempts to breach the barrier between universes caused fifty-two stars to go supernova in our galaxy. Stars, I should mention, that had no ability to do so on their own. Remove your helmet so that I can look upon the face of a monster!”

“I... I had... we didn’t know we were... I am so sorry!” Phaelyn said with such genuine shame it took the bridge crew of the Endeavor by surprise. Tracing a finger along an invisible seam on the front of her neck, she reached up and slowly pulled her helmet off – her sensors indicating the air was safe to breathe.

“You’re a fox!” Captain Cane said as she took in the alien woman’s animalistic features. From her reddish and white fur, short snout, conical ears, Phaelyn was the embodiment of an anthropomorphic fox with her long pink hair and violet eyes outliers.

“I don’t understand.”

“You’re... you resemble a humanoid version of an Earth animal. Earth. That was our home planet until your people set off a reaction that caused a star to go supernova killing billions of humans that were incapable of leaving the planet in time. Your planet. How far are we from it?”

“Fifteen-hundred light years. We can make it back in three days, but...”

“Is that at max speed?”

“It is.”

“We’ll take it slow then, but I believe we need to talk to your leaders and your scientific community.”

“Take it slow? You’re able to travel faster than that?”

“Wolfe?”

“At max speed The Endeavor is capable of traveling forty-five hundred light years in a single day,” the helmsman answered.

“That... that’s remarkable. This ship is remarkable. We’ve never seen one so big.”

“Well, this is what happens when your entire species is on the verge of extinction. Contact your ship, tell them to approach, but if we get even the slightest hint of weapons activity we will not hesitate to protect ourselves. They may dock with us and then I would like to meet your captain.”

“Xa lus txhais.”

“What are you saying?” Elza asked.

Holding up a finger, Phaelyn remained silent.

“What is the name of this language?” a female voice spoke through Phaelyn’s communications device.

“It’s called English and it’s the language of my people,” Captain Cane replied. “With whom am I speaking?”

“This is Captain Osanna of the Matriarch. And you are?”

“Captain Elza Cane of the Endeavor. I have asked your security officer to instruct you to approach and dock so that we may travel to your home planet.”

“If you mean to take us captive...”

“With all due respect, Captain Osanna, if we wanted to take you captive there’s nothing you could do to prevent it. Given what your people have done to mine I’m well within my rights to reduce your vessel to atoms, but I’m willing to listen to reason. I strongly suggest you do the same.”

“We don’t take kindly to threats, Captain Cane.”

“It’s not a threat, Captain Osanna.”

“Please do as she asks, Captain,” Phaelyn cut in. “The Captain and bridge crew have been nothing but cordial and if what she says is true then we owe her people more than our lives.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning your scientific curiosity caused the deaths of more than thirty billion humans,” Captain Cane countered. “Now, you can dock your ship so that we can reach your home world faster, or we see which of us will win in a fight.”

“Please don’t escalate this, Captain,” Phaelyn pleaded.

“We will travel alongside you.”

“Our ship is much faster so you’ll dock willingly or otherwise.”

“I will not allow you to take any more of my people as prisoners. Commander Phaelyn, return at once.”

“As an act of good faith I would prefer to remain aboard the Endeavor, Captain. Look at the size of their ship. If they wanted us dead we wouldn’t be having this conversation. Please, just do as she asks so we can get the answers they deserve.”

“They invaded our universe. How can you believe anything they say?”

“And your people are destroying mine! You have one minute to approach before we transport your ship and crew aboard,” Elza seethed.

“Forcing us aboard your ship is an act of war. Your ship might be big, but not even it can hold up to the full force of the Asarrian Armada!”

“Using your technology to murder billions of our people is an act of war! Trust me, Captain Osanna, this is not a fight you will win.”

“ENOUGH!” Phaelyn shouted. “Captain Cane, set heading to one-sixty-mark-three-twenty-four. That will put us on a direct path to Asarria. I am going to send the translation for your language to our leaders along with a message letting them know we will be arriving soon and that the armada must remain on standby. Please continue to remain civil and I swear I’ll do whatever is in my power to help right the wrongs our curiosity did to your people. Speaking of which, may I ask how many humans remain?”

“We have a bit over eighty-thousand people aboard and there are a few colonies in our universe.”

“Do all of your people look like you?”

“No. I am what you would call a fox-type. Captain Osanna is a monkey-type. There are hundreds of different types on Asarria.”

“That’s enough, Commander Phaelyn! You will return to the Matriarch at once!”

“I’m sorry, Captain, but I will not break my word to these people. We’re going to Asarria. You can meet us there in a few days.”

Clenching her fists white knuckle tight, Captain Osanna input information on a terminal to transport her crew member back, but nothing happened. “Release my crew member at once!”

“She’s not my prisoner.”

“Then why am I unable to bring her back to our ship?”

“Because I deactivated my emergency transponder,” Phaelyn replied. “I gave them my word, Captain, do you want to prove our people liars as well as genocidal monsters?”

“Wolfe, set heading one-sixty-mark-three-twenty-four, maximum warp.”

“Aye Captain.” Setting the spatial coordinates and speed, Lieutenant Wolfe continued. “Arrival at the Assarian home world in... NO WAY!”

“Is something wrong, Lieutenant?”

“We’ve been scanning since arriving in this universe, Captain, and... and if these readings are correct... we’re going home. I mean, we’re in this universe’s Milky Way Galaxy and Asarria is Earth!”

“Foreman?”

“He’s right, Captain. The star that went supernova in our universe is fifteen-hundred light years from earth so it stands to reason it’s the same on this side.”

“That makes no sense at all. The odds of another universe being exactly the same as our own are...”

“The same as fifty-three main sequence stars going supernova,” First Officer Aurora Locke cut in. “Also, please correct me if I’m wrong, but in all our travels we’ve never met a species like theirs so not exactly the same.”

“How long until we reach their planet?” Captain Cane asked.

“Approximately two hours forty-three minutes.”

“There’s something you need to know about my people. We are a very open and accepting species in all ways imaginable and while I’m wearing a spacesuit now for protection, clothing is very rare on Asarria. We encourage guests to embrace it, but no one will judge you for wanting to wear clothes. And then there are our pheromones. We’re able to keep them suppressed and do so while in space or on other inhabited planets, but we almost never do so on the home world. That being said, most will reign it in if politely asked, but if demanded will increase production. Our pheromones are virtually irresistible and some species see it as a manipulation tactic, but that isn’t the case at all.”

“What are the effects of these pheromones?” Captain Cane asked.

“With your permission I can show you, Captain.”

“Anyone not wishing to experience whatever these effects are may leave the bridge,” Captain Cane said. When no one got up to leave, she continued. “You may proceed, but if it causes us harm...”

“I assure you that won’t be the case.” Tracing a finger along another section of the band around her neck, Phaelyn’s spacesuit rapidly retracted into it leaving her butt naked.

“My god!” First Officer Aurora Locke exclaimed. “You’re beautiful!”

“Thank you.” Releasing her pheromones, Phaelyn slowly walked around the bridge making sure to get close enough to affect each crew member. Halfway around, she felt a hand on her wrist. Turning, she stared into Captain Cane’s pale green eyes for a beat and then the two women were kissing. Hands on her hips, she offered no resistance as Lieutenant Wolf unzipped his uniform pants, pulled out his manhood, and then thrust into her. The bridge crew overcome with insatiable lust; they all began stripping naked. Elza felt her uniform pants being yanked down but did not stop kissing her alien lover even as her science officer took her from behind. Not wanting to be left out, Aurora and Security officer Maxwell Kent started doing a sixty-nine.

Gently pulling back, Phaelyn softly moaned as Wolfe pistoned in and out of her. Pulling Elza’s top off, she gave the Captain another kiss. “Get on the floor and I’ll pleasure you while Wolfe pleasures me.”

“Mmmm, okay,” Elza purred as her clit throbbed with the excitement of having sex with her beautiful alien lover.

“What about me?” Science officer Seth Foreman asked. I want to pleasure our Captain too.”

“Through a form of parthenogenesis, Asarrians are capable of reproducing with up to five individuals of any gender or species so if I’m incredibly lucky I’ll be impregnated by at least half the bridge crew before reaching Asarria.”

“That is the craziest and hottest thing I’ve ever heard in my life and I love it!” Elza said as she lay on the bridge floor. “Wait! Lay down Foreman and you can take me up the ass while our lovely guest eats me out!”

“Gladly Captain!”

Had she not been under the potent effects of Phaelyn’s pheromones, Elza never would have gone this far especially in front of the crew and definitely not anal as she actually hated it, but she was so turned on anything and everything sounded exciting in the moment so she did not hesitate allowing the Science Officer’s impressive manhood to bust her back door wide open. “Uuhhnnn! Fucking hell that hurts so good!”

Playfully nibbling the Captain’s engorged clit, Phaelyn looked back over her shoulder as Lieutenant Marcus Wolfe’s nearly foot long cock pushed into her. “Remember, if you want to breed me then don’t pull out.”

“I’m going to pump every last drop into you!”

“That’s exactly what I desire.” Sticking her long tongue deep into Elza’s womanhood, Phaelyn got a good taste of her human lover’s natural flavors and loved them. But more importantly, she was collecting genetic material to impregnate herself with while simultaneously depositing her own in the hopes the alien Captain from another universe would soon be carrying her children. “Congratulations, Captain Elza Cane, you’ve just impregnated me!”

“W-What? How’s that even possible? We’re both women?” Elza said as she bounced up and down on Foreman’s manhood.