

## An Adventure in Station 11

By Novus

It was Tara's birthday.

That...didn't mean much, really. Or, at least, it normally wouldn't have. As the only two crew aboard a long-haul space cargo freighter, it was typical for both her and Lana's birthdays to fall when the two of them were crossing the black between solar systems. Even traveling at a couple of dozen lights, it took months to cover the distance between most of the inhabited stars. Which meant that birthdays were usually just a day to break out the nicer food they'd squirreled away in stasis and, maybe, exchange a small gift if they'd been somewhere recently enough to pick something out.

This time, though, they'd gotten a bit luckier than that. Tara was their pilot, but it had honestly been sheer chance rather than planning on her part that had brought them close to one of the transit stations between stars. Such stations served as a mix of maintenance hubs and a place for passengers and crews to bleed off some bulkhead fever. In truth, the largely automated stations were really meant to service Passenger Liners, Military Ships, and other large-crew vessels. But, given that they were automated, there was no reason for them to deny entry to anyone that paid their docking costs. Normally, Tara and Lana wouldn't do so more than once every other trip or so, since the costs were steep enough to eat into their profits if they visited them too often. This time, though, Lana had absolutely insisted. They had done three back-to-back runs on a lucrative emergency contract and they were both space-twitchy as heck. Tara's birthday had been a good enough excuse to hit up the station when it just happened to be close by. Tara had fought a little on principle, since they hadn't had a similar chance for Lana's birthday, but she'd caved pretty quickly. As she always did when Lana turned that pout of hers on.

All of which explained why she was smiling fondly as Lana bounced around her, pointing at the next place she wanted to go. The station was near-empty, only two other small ships docked, and they hadn't run into any crew from either of them. But it was still nice to stretch their legs somewhere other than their ship's small gym or hydroponics garden. By this time, they'd had a nice meal and done a bit of routine shopping, and were simply wandering around for a few hours before they returned to the ship.

"Ohhhhhh, now that looks fun!"

Tara blinked at the suddenly mischievous tone of her best friend's voice. Normally she only heard that tone when...oh. She blushed as she realized that their wandering had taken them into the equivalent of a red-light district. Nothing shady, of course, on a well-monitored transit station. But definitely a place that catered to all the...sexual needs...of anyone that came through. Most of it looked shut down at the moment, which made sense given there were no big ships in port...but Lana was grinning like a loon as she pointed at...an adult toy shop. Tara blushed a bit deeper, but also didn't really resist when Lana grabbed her wrist and towed her toward the place. It's not like she was a prude, after all, she'd never have survived a week as Lana's friend if she was! But, she was definitely the shier of the two of them.

Partly, she thought a little enviously, that was because her friend might as well be a freaking super-model. Tara wasn't bad looking herself, not at all, and she rarely thought much on her friend's looks after so years knowing her...but as she was pulled through the hatch of the toy shop, she couldn't help but be reminded of it.

Lana was gorgeous. A classic 'blond bombshell' with a generous chest, an ass to match, and legs for days. The type that most people would automatically assume were empty-headed, shallow, bio-sculpted rich girls. Which was particularly ironic given that Lana was even less tweaked than Tara was, had been raised by a poor single father that ran a machine shop, and spent most of her days seeing to all the engineering needs of an interstellar long-haul ship. Which wasn't exactly something an idiot could manage without said ship and its crew exploding in the middle of the black, with no one to ever know what had happened to them. Hell, Tara knew Lana was smarter than her, probably by a lot. And the interstellar navigation that was part of her own duties wasn't exactly a job for dunces either.

Tara was pulled out of her moment of half-envious thought by the sound of the hatch closing behind them. Trying her best to suppress her blush, she looked around the shop...only to blink in surprise. Instead of...whatever sort of kinky, dark-lit parlor she'd unconsciously expected, they were standing in a clean, well-lit lobby with a number of doors and several purchase kiosks. Lana was already darting off to one of the kiosks, even as Tara tried to figure out what was going on. It took longer for her to sort it out than she'd like to admit, given that the various signs and symbols on the dozen or so doors were somewhat self-explanatory. To the right of the lobby were several 'product experience' rooms, where you could presumably try on or test the various things the store sold. Likely for a small cleaning and restock fee in the case of toys. To the left and forward were several additional doors with labels and emblems showing what sort of item was behind each. They ranged from the tame, such as one with pictures of sexy underthings accompanied by a label of 'lingerie,' to extreme kinky, such as two doors that showed differing types of bondage devices. The entire layout was quite professional and Tara found her remaining blush receding as she relaxed.

Then Lana came bouncing back over with a huge grin on her face.

"Tara! This place is AWESOME. We are so stopping off anywhere they have a chain! Heck, even the prices aren't that bad! We're going to have FUN!"

Tara's trepidation was back instantly. "We...are?"

"Hell yes! We're going to play dress up, like we used to as kids...only the fun adult version! I already got us a product room and paid the fee so we can test whatever we want. Now commmmme on! We've got to look at *everything*."

Tara gulped helplessly as her exuberant friend recaptured her arm and towed her toward the first door. Well...at least they were starting with lingerie. Though, Tara somehow doubted Lana would leave it at just that...

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She'd been right, of course. Her friend had eagerly pulled her from room to room, leaving Tara's face aflame and her head spinning and the sheer number of kinky things she'd seen...not to mention Lana's increasingly lewd comments as they'd progressed passed the tame rooms and onto the Sex

Machines, BDSM Gear, and Nanotech Mod Packs. The last room, thankfully, had been the only one in which Lana hadn't ordered anything for them to try. She knew neither of them could afford that sort of thing and, despite sighing wistfully over a few of the kinkier ones, she'd not touched the kiosk that would have directed the shop that they wanted to consider purchasing any of the packs.

That, however, didn't stop them from walking into a testing room that was filled with dozens of things that Lana had wanted to try...or in most cases, apparently wanted to dress Tara up in. At least, that's mostly what she'd done so far. While Lana herself had quickly and eagerly stripped to change into an open-bust, open-crotch, red-lacy teddy that had left Tara staring at the body boldly displayed despite her best efforts...most of Lana's attention had been focused on the 'birthday girl.' The outfits she'd all-but-shoved Tara into one after another had started with tame negligee and panty sets...but gotten steadily more daring as the first half-hour passed. Now, Tara stared at herself in the mirror, blushing darkly at what she saw.

She had no idea how Lana had gotten her into the set, but she wasn't really *shocked* that the other girl had managed it. Their relationship had been like this since both of them were in grade school together, with Lana charging off on some adventure or other and Tara being drawn in her wake by her friend's sheer, bouncy, magnetism. Lana was the sort of person that could talk to a wall and you would fully and completely expect the wall to talk back...and then the wall would be confused about how it had spontaneously gained sentience and learned to talk. Not that Tara minded, she knew her life was much more exciting with Lana in it...even if she occasionally ended up in situations like this.

It wasn't that the set was bad, per se. In fact, it looked fantastic on her. Tara might not have her friend's super-model looks...but she knew full well that she was what Lana insisted on calling 'adorable.' A petite but well-muscled body, a pert rear you could bounce a credit chip off of, with large B-cups breasts that looked bigger do to the almost elfin proportions of the rest of her. The elfin appearance was farther enhanced by the gene-mods that Lana had talked her into in college, which made her already startlingly-blue eyes glow a bit and altered the tips of her ears into points. Top it all with midnight black hair in a pixie cut and Tara had no trouble attracting interest from lovers of either gender...not that she'd taken many from either side of the fence, despite an abundance of offers. Back when she'd gotten the changes, she hadn't been sure about it...but by now, she'd grown to love the exotic twist they gave a face that might otherwise have been stuck as 'girl-next-door' pretty.

None of which changed the fact that she was standing before a floor-to-ceiling mirror in the most erotic take on a bunny suit that Tara had ever seen, even in porn! Lana had called it a 'reverse' bunny suit. And she had to admit, the name fit the lewd outfit perfectly. Whereas regular bunny-suits were essentially a leotard with some bunny-accessories, this was...the reverse. Literally. Her arms, legs and shoulders were all covered where they would have been exposed in a regular bunny-suit...but her torso was *uncovered* in the shape of the completely absent leotard. Her breasts were fully exposed, even thrust out proudly by the way the suit supported her. Even her pussy...visibly wet in a way that was causing much of Tara's deep blush, was left fully out in the open by the outfit! Heck, the only thing that wasn't 'reversed' about this suit was the bunny-ears! HOW HAD LANA GOTTEN HER INTO THIS THING?!

"Oh! Oh! That looks so hot...but I know what would make it even better! Here!"

Lana bounced up to her and, before Tara could even process what her friend was carrying, snapped a leather cuff around her left wrist. Even as her mind caught up, eyes widening, it was too late

to react. Lana snapped the other cuff around her right wrist...and locked them together with an audible 'click.' The blonde grinned at her...and there was something more than mischief in that smile. Something soft and warm that killed Tara's instinctive protest before her left her lips. And then Lana leaned in...and kissed her.

It wasn't a hungry, passionate kiss, but it certainly wasn't a chaste one either. Some tongue was *definitely* involved as Tara kissed back by sheer instinct. Before her mind could even catch up, Lana was pulling back, pulling away enough that it was obvious she was waiting for Tara's reaction. Waiting with a serene expression that seemed a ludicrous counterpoint to Tara's own wildly see-sawing thoughts. It was almost two full minutes before she could get anything but confused splutters out.

"L-Lana, wha-t in space..."

"Oh, come on Tara, it's not like we didn't practice together when we were horny teenagers, you know."

Well...that much was true. Lana had been the instigator of course...but Tara hadn't exactly protested the 'kissing practice,' or even the handful of mutual masturbation sessions they'd engaged in when they'd shared a tiny studio apartment in college. She had to admit that she even still had a few fantasies about the one time were Lana had taken command and *ordered* Tara what to do to herself. Drawing on that memory was an occasional guilty pleasure when she masturbated, to this day. But...that had all stopped when Lana ended up going a little wild with boyfriends, and a few girlfriends for that matter, during their last two years of college. Which meant, at this point, they hadn't done anything like that in almost six years.

"Lana, it's been...and what if..."

The challenging grin on Lana's face softened and she stepped closer, hand coming up to cup Tara's cheek. "Tara...just let it go, alright? Just for tonight? And if tomorrow, you're still not sure it's a good idea...we can deal with it then. For now, I just want to make you feel good...and maybe see if what we've both been looking for was right in front of us all along. Okay?"

Tara's breath hitched at her friend's words. She...knew she'd always had a bit of a crush on Lana. Who wouldn't? But, she thought she'd kept it under control well enough for Lana not to notice...and was her best friend saying she might feel the same way? Her mind whirled, tangling itself in knots. And then, Lana kissed her again and there was no more time to think. Tara moaned unconsciously as the kiss intensified, Lana's hands drifting away from her shoulders, softly trailing down her bare back, coming to rest on her ass. The engineer's strong fingers squeezed gently, massaging Tara's rear with an expert touch that drew more moans from deep within her.

The kiss went on for some minutes, one of Lana's hands eventually moving between their pressed-together breasts to play with Tara's nipples, one after the other. By the time she pulled away again...Tara's worries were no longer in the driver's seat. Just as it had when they were younger, Tara's will folded like wet tissue paper once her engine got fully running, her usual inhibitions washed away by an intense sex drive. It was how Lana had gotten her shy friend to do all that exploration when they were younger...and nothing had really changed in the years since then.

"And we haven't even finished your outfit, yet! Come over here, sweetie!"

Lana danced away with a brilliant smile...and Tara followed. Part of her still screamed this was a *terrible* idea, that it could ruin a lifelong friendship. But, yet...somehow it felt natural, like it always should have been this way. For once, Tara wanted to take a chance, to trust that even if this was a one-time thing, things would still be okay between them. Besides, she was curious how Lana was going to make *this* outfit even kinkier, the tone of her voice promising just that.

The first part of the answer proved to be a pair of leather ankle-cuffs that matched the ones around her wrists, with a short chain attached to them. Tara shuddered with arousal as she heard the click of the lock on each cuff, the sound drawing up dozens of her own fantasies...a few of them even featuring the blonde now grinning up at her. She squeaked a moment later as her friend leaned forward and pressed a kiss just above her lower lips.

“Hmmm, that smells good...but that’s for later. One more thing!”

Tara squeaked again as Lana shot upwards and scooped her smaller friend up in a princess carry, taking her two-steps to the side and plopping down on a comfy couch that was half-filled with various bits of lingerie...and lots of toys. The blonde twisted Tara around, putting her face down over her lap, caressing her rear cheeks even as Tara’s face lit with a blush at the incredibly exposed and helpless position she’d found herself in. Lana giggled as Tara squirmed a bit, lightly smacking her ass to get her to stop moving.

“None of that! You’ll make it harder to get the last accessory in!”

Tara blinked...then her eyes popped a bit as Lana reached into the pile of toys and withdrew...a fuzzy cotton bunny tail. Specifically, a fuzzy cottontail *attached to a butt plug*. Before she could protest, Lana’s fingers found her dripping lower lips, the nail of her middle-finger running teasingly between them before stopping to very gently tease her engorged magic button. Any thoughts of protest were pushed out of Tara’s mind at the sharp spikes of pleasure, a whimper escaping her in response to the teasing...followed by a moan as the teasing escalated, two fingers of Lana’s hand pressing slowly between her folds, into her depths. They pumped a half dozen times, drawing more sounds of pleasure from her, before withdrawing...only to trace upward and press themselves against the ring of her ass. The feeling of warm lube suddenly ran down her crack from above, startling her...and then the fingers were rubbing it in and she moaned helplessly.

It...wasn’t as if Tara was a novice with anal toys. In fact, the one gene mod that she and Lana shared had been gotten after a drunken night of mutual self-exploration. Both of them had experimented with a pair of slim vibrators that night...and the next day Lana had somehow talked Tara into using a bit of the prize money they’d gotten from a local speeder race Lana had built an entry for and Tara had piloted to victory. The giggling pair had used an automated augmentation clinic to buy an ‘enhancement’ specific to their little bit of experimentation. Had Tara not been high off both the night of experimentation and the emotions of the race victory, she probably wouldn’t have agreed. As it was, both of them had ended up with improved conscious control of certain muscles...and far more nerve endings than were anywhere close to natural in that part of their anatomy.

Which was why Tara became increasingly unglued as Lana finger-fucked her ass. She knew from experience that she’d never cum only anal despite the mods, but it was certainly driving her arousal ever higher. By the time the fingers withdraw, Tara was positively eager for the lubed buttplug that was

pressed into her ass in their place. She moaned in contentment as its widest part popped through her ring, filling her fuller than any of the slim vibes she normally used on her ass. She'd never tried a plug before and it was *amazing*.

Lana's hands spent the next little bit simply caressing and kneading her ass, letting Tara fully adjust to the sensation of the plug. Eventually, Tara's arousal grew too great and she began to squirm, unconsciously trying to entice more action from Lana. The blonde giggled, the musical sound causing Tara to flush with a combination of shame and delight. Then, as one of Lana's caressing hands dipped lower to tease Tara's clit, the shame faded under the redoubled pleasure. She didn't even notice Lana's other hand had vanished, until a buzzing noise broken through her own moans and whimpers. A mere moment later, too little time for Tara's pleasure-addled mind to figure out what the noise had been, the thick tip of a gently buzzing vibrator touched her outer lips and pressed slowly inward. Tara bucked as it stretched it out, screaming out her climax as the new sensation tipped her over the edge...but Lana didn't pause.

Instead, she hilted the thick toy in a single rough thrust and cranked up its power. Tara came again almost immediately, vision starting to purple at the edges. Lana let off for a moment or two, letting Tara half-recover...then began vigorously thrusting with the toy, rubbing Tara's extra-sensitized clit with her other hand. Tara was almost at the edge when she abruptly stopped thrusting...but she didn't even have a chance to protest as the hand holding the toy darted up to Tara's tail plug and *pulled*. Her hers blew wide open as the sensations sent her into a third climax in so many minutes. And this time...she didn't recover as her vision went black...

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Tara woke slowly. Confused for long moments when she wasn't in her bunk. Then, she felt the hands carding through her short hair and memory started to return. She blushed, trying to sit up abruptly...but was held down by her chuckling friend. The blonde leaned down and kissed her, bringing Tara's thoughts to a screeching halt as she responded instinctively. A minute passed as Tara felt fingers slowly tracing her naked skin, only stopping after they finally made their way to her pussy and traced its outline twice. A moment later, Lana withdrew a bit, cupping Tara's sex with one hand even as she stared into her friend's eyes.

"I don't regret it. Do you?"

Tara's headshake was immediate and instinctive, but even as her mind caught up fully...she wouldn't change the answer. Lana seemed to see that fact in Tara's eyes, smiling softly.

"Good! Now, we need to get back to the ship...but you have a distinct lack of clothing! Why, your regular outfit needed washing too, so whatever shall we do?"

Tara started, realizing for the first time that she WAS completely nude. The bunny outfit had been removed...and did Lana just imply she'd sent her normal clothes off? As she saw the smirk on the blonde's face...Tara gulped. Uh-oh, Lana had something planned.

“Well, I guess it’s great that I decided to buy my *new lover* a birthday gift! You can just wear it back to the ship!”

Oh...fuck. Tara tensed, then sighed and slumped back into Lana’s lap. There wasn’t really any chance she was going to get out of whatever Lana had cooked up. It never worked that way unless Tara was genuinely upset, and after what they did earlier...Tara couldn’t work up the will to be upset with her friend. Giving Lana a forlorn look, she gestured for the other girl to get on with it. Lana laughed at her expression, then gently pushed Tara off her lap, standing herself before drawing her smaller lover to her feet a few moments later.

“I’ve got just the thing for you!”

‘Just the thing’ proved to be a leather corset, though a surprisingly comfortable one. It covered her breasts, barely, though she suspected if she so much as sneezed her nipples would pop out of the top. Thigh-high stockings made out of some sinfully soft material she couldn’t identify, a collar with a D-ring in the middle, and a set of wrist/ankle cuffs that were thankfully unlinked, joined the corset. Overall, obviously sexual but not as bad as she’d feared...save for one minor detail. Namely, that there was nothing at all covering her pussy. Fidgeting, she tried to glare at the smirking Lana.

“Lana, I’m not going out there with my pussy on display! There are other ships docked!”

Her friend grinned and reached behind the couch, grabbing something before quick-stepping around Tara before she could see what it was. She frowned, confused at having caught the glint of metal. Lana kneeled behind her, swinging some sort of thin-but-stiff belt thing around Tara, then something rose between her legs. Tara looked away from trying to figure out what the belt-things were as she felt the touch of cool metal against her pussy lips. She stared in puzzlement for a long moment...before she heard a lock clicking as the metal center-piece met the conjunction of the belt around her waist. Realization dawned.

“Lana! Is that a fucking chastity belt?”

Lana giggled as she stood up, skipping around to face Tara. “Yep! Though the use of the word ‘fucking’ for it is particularly hilarious.”

Tara tugged uneasily at the belt. This was...sort of hot, but also kinda alarming. “Lana, I’m not sure I’m totally okay with this. I mean, I trust you, but...I’m not really sure I’m...”

Lana grinned. “Don’t worry! I like watching you cum too much to like, stick you in that thing for weeks or something. In fact, if you’re willing to humor me...I’ll even promise to make you cum again today! Though, only if you let me set a time-lock on the belt.”

Tara stared at her like she’d lost her mind. “For now long?”

“Oh, we’ll make it fun! A random counter between twelve hours and...say five days.”

“...And how the fuck are you going to make me cum if I get stuck in this thing for five days?”

Lana’s grin was ear-splitting as she held up something in her hand. “Why, with this of course.”

It was Lana’s wrist-comp. Tara stared at it in confusion, causing Lana to giggle before reaching back down behind the couch again and pulling out a short-but-fairly-thick dildo. She set it down and

reached behind the couch a third time, this time pulling out a small jewelry box. She scooped up the dildo, then grabbed Tara's arm and led her to a table on one side of the room, where she put the two items down, waving at them grandly.

"Those, lover girl, are remote control vibrators that just so happened to be security-linked to my personal wrist-com. Powerful suckers they are, too. Where the dildo goes should be obvious, but..." Lana reached forward and popped open the jewelry box, revealing an unassuming curved disc about the size of her thumb. "...this little beauty uses a tiny amount of suction to adhere to your clit! Meaning, once you have these in and on respectively...I can totally make you cum your brains out anytime I want, and with that chastity belt on you won't even be able to stop me."

Tara's mouth went dry...while other parts of her *certainly did not*. The idea was...seriously hot. Powerfully pushing the buttons of several of Tara's own fantasies. She slowly blushed, trying not to squirm as she realized what she was seriously considering letting Lana do. The blonde seemed to sense her hesitation, sidling up behind her and whispering in her ear.

"I promise you'll get to cum today...eventually. But only after I've had my fun teasing you~. Won't that be fun? At my mercy as I tease you for hours, not letting you cum even if you beg? Then, only when I feel like it...make you cum so hard that you pass out? And what if I don't stop. I just *leave them on*, making you cum again and again..."

Tara's face was red with more than embarrassment now and her hand instinctively reached for her aroused sex...only to hit the metal plate, causing her arousal to ratchet even higher as it made the scenario Lana described more real. Finally, with a small voice...she said okay.

"Great! Now, hold still while I fasten your cuffs...I wouldn't want you to be tempted to resist when your belt comes off!"

Gulping but obediently holding out her hands, Tara couldn't help but wonder just what sort of monster she'd fallen into the hands of. And a certain thrill ran through her as she realized she had no idea... but was eager to find out!

**The...End?**