

The Long Haul: Groundside Explorations

By Novus Peregrine

Lana moaned above her as Tara sucked on the blonde's clit. A moment later, she released it, switching her attention from that magic button to trail her tongue between the blonde's lower lips. She curled her tongue and speared it into her friend-cum-lover, thrusting as deep as she could even as Lana grasped Tara's short hair and held her close, grinding into Tara's face as her second peak of the session hit her. Moments later, the panting blonde fell away, escaping Tara's efforts, making the smaller woman pout as she tugged at the black-leather cuffs keeping her spread eagle on their shared bed. Thankfully, Lana had no intention of leaving Tara frustrated...this time, at least.

Once the blonde had recovered, she straddled one of Tara's legs, trailing teasing fingers around her lover's navel. After a few whimpers and a bit of wriggling from Tara, Lana's hands drifted upward, pulling sighs of pleasure from Tara as she began to knead her bound victim's breasts. Their eyes met, Tara's half lidded and both sets full of desire...then Lana sharply pinched both of her hardened nipples. Tara moaned and bucked, but there was nothing she could do to get more pleasure and she quickly subsided to merely groaning and whimpering in pleasure as the blonde rolled and rubbed her nipples.

A few minutes of teasing later, Lana finally escalated a little, leaning in to capture one nipple after the other in the wet heat of her mouth. Even as she did, she let the hand that wasn't busy with a breast slowly trail down Tara's body, finding her lower lips and lightly circling her clit a few times before moving lower and sliding a single finger between her almost painfully engorged pussy lips. She began a slow thrust, even as she finally left Tara's breasts, trailing kissing down her lightly-defined abs. A second finger joined the first, even as Lana's tongue playfully thrust into Tara's belly-button a few times. A few more pumps with both fingers and Lana was moving again, this time her trail of kisses ending right above Tara's sex. Taking a moment to wickedly grin up at her best friend-cum-lover, Lana curled her fingers, tapping at Tara's G-spot even as she zeroed in on Tara's clit and sucked gently.

That was it for Tara. She cried out, almost howling as she bucked through an incredibly powerful climax, one that seemed to drag on forever as Lana continued pushing her buttons. Finally, just when it seemed like Tara would pass out, Lana finally let her go, pulling back and letting the memory of pleasure fade away. As her lover lay there heaving through her recovery, Lana slid off the bed and move to retrieve a hand full of times. She lay a familiar set of metal down on the bed, along with certain equally familiar accessories, then used a set of wipes to slowly, lovingly, clean Tara's pussy up. A few final moans slipped out of the smaller woman as the blonde worked, but both of them ignored them.

Soon, Tara was clean...and she'd already been shaved fully earlier, a cream that would prevent any more hair growth for a week or so applied at that time. Next, Lana took the familiar toys, using a little lube on the first before inserting it in Tara's pussy, then placing the other over her lover's clit, waiting for its slight vacuum to seal it on. Satisfied with her preparations, Lana picked up the familiar metal lying between Tara still-tied legs. She wrapped the first band of metal around Tara's waist, looking up as she pull the other through between her legs and half-slotted it into place. The chastity belt Lana had purchased back at the station ready to be closed again...set once more for a random interval, this time anything between three and ten days. Their gazes met as Lana silently got approval again. She got

it instantly and the belt closed with a click of finality. Lana picked up her wrist-comp and check the results...grinning as she read it off.

“Looks like your pussy is sealed away at my mercy for nine days this time, sweetie...”

Tara groaned...but it wasn't entirely an unhappy groan, Tara and Lana's first encounter with the chastity device had been longer than either of them had really expected. Out of the randomized period, with a max of five days...the belt had chosen four. The result had been that Tara had been stuck at Lana's mercy for those full four days...and the blonde had certainly committed to her role both teasing Tara mercilessly...and letting her friend 'earn' rewards in the form of being allowed to finish. Both had discovered they enjoyed the play immensely, those four days passing faster than nearly any others since they first started their long-haul work.

After an extremely wild night of sexual debauchery the day the belt had finally released her, the two of them had sat down for a serious talk on where they wanted to go from there. Each of them, now with less lust-addled brains, had both admitted they really enjoyed the experienced...including the lack of control that stretched to both of their parts. Lana had explained that she'd actually gotten an unexpected charge out of the idea of locking Tara away for a *random* period. Though, she'd also explained that she'd had an emergency release key the whole time, which had set some of Tara's few remaining concerns aside. As the overall discussion had included the definite desire for them to continue playing, at least while aboard ship, they had decided to keep using the belt. Though, not immediately. They'd played around for two days before locking Tara's pussy away again. But then they'd continued the pattern for two more cycles, even refining an unspoken addendum to the plan. For every three days Tara spent locked, she'd get just one day free in exchange...and she would still be subject to Lana's commands even while free.

They hadn't formalized anything yet, exactly, and might never bother. While the literature they'd both read had emphasized the need to do so...the truth was the Lana and Tara had been friends and co-conspirators for so long that neither of them could really see the need. Tara knew Lana would never hurt her and would listen if she said something was too far or too much. Lana, in turn, knew Tara would speak up for herself strongly if she really wasn't okay with something. As such, the only rules they had actually set in stone were safety related issues, such as messing with Tara while she was piloting or calculating navigation data was absolutely forbidden. As was either of them preventing the other from getting decent amounts of sleep. Given that neither of them wanted to accidentally jump into a star, ram a station, or explode when Lana made a mistake with the engine...such rules had been easy to iron out.

That said...this was the very first time since their new understanding and...relationship? They had refrained from putting any labels on what they currently enjoyed. But whatever it was, tomorrow would be the first time since its establishment that they were off the ship and among other people. Specifically, they'd just reached their destination system this morning and were even now decelerating on auto-pilot, with scheduled rendezvous with the space dock where they would unload set for just over twelve hours from now. They already had another outbound cargo scheduled...but as any sane long-haul hauler did, they had set several days of downtime between the offload and pick up dates. While the planet of Zertila wasn't anything special, it had a couple of major colonies and plenty of recreation facilities for them to enjoy before heading back out into the black.

All of which meant that it was time to see just what their little games would be like with other people around. As well as decided if they wanted this...friends with benefits status to extend to their time dirt-side as well as their time in the black. Both of them had a good feeling about it, though Tara had absolutely no doubts that her shameless friend was going to push the envelop right to the edge of Tara's comfort level...a thought that her sleepy brain spiraled around as Lana untied her and she cuddled with her lover. As she drifted off to sleep, hand unconsciously resting on the metal plate sealing her sex, away from touch, she smiled at how much fun it might be...

Tara sighed in satisfaction, standing from the pilot's seat and reaching up over her head, arching her back like a cat to the satisfying feel of several vertebrae popping back into place. Even with the support of automated systems, coming in for docking maneuvers with a ship as big as their *Wayward Broker* was one of the most taxing and complicated bits of piloting she had to do. The fact that this was a relatively modest colony, but one with a lot of ships moving around due to the emergency contracts that they'd been working for the last several runs, certainly didn't help matters. The automated systems were overextended, the crew of the cargo transfer facility overworked, and not all of the pilots flying the orbitals with her were even half as competent as she was. She'd almost had to laugh at how relieved sounding the handler for her docking maneuver had been as she executed every move flawlessly, making two small corrections before he could even point out the need.

Well, it was done now, and their ship was big enough that she'd have hours to wait before she had to undock and shift orbits to make way for another ship. Even better, this was actually the last run on the emergency contract...a contract that thankfully wasn't the result of a disaster but an unexpected boon. The modest colony here had gotten an unexpectedly huge harvest off a new type of grown-crystal tech...and given that those grown crystals had a specific lifespan between harvest and when they could be processed effectively, they'd needed a LOT of outgoing shipping in a hurry. And, of course, now that the colony knew they could produce at that level, they'd needed a lot of incoming shipments for new processing facilities of their own, so this didn't happen again.

It had made for a very lucrative set of runs, but Tara was glad it was over. Even for experienced long-haul runners like her and Lana, the consecutive long-duration runs had been a bit brutal. She and Lana hadn't talked it over yet, but she suspected they would do several shorter hops after this...and even that only after the *Wayward Broker* spent some time in dock at their next destination. They were due for a routine maintenance overhaul and, unlike a lot of cargo runners, the two of them were too smart to push that sort of thing off. That would give them a nice vacation for a couple of weeks, and given their newly expanding relationship, that was probably a good thing. For now, though, she just needed to sit back and wait for the station to unload all their cargo...and figure out what she wanted to wear when they went planet-side. Should she maybe even put some makeup on? When it was just the two of them, they never bothered, and it wasn't like either of them really needed it. Still, it might be a nice touch...

Tara stumbled, whimpering as another burst of short-lived pleasure caught her by surprise, despite the ones that had come before it. Thankfully, her whimper was lost in the noise of the market's crowd, though a man glared at her for nearly bumping into him with her stumble. Trying to straighten

out her walk, even as the erratic buzz of the toys under her belt continued for a few more seconds, Tara locked her eyes on her destination. She was almost there! Of course, she knew she only had more teasing to look forward to once she arrived at the little hole-in-the-wall café, but at least it would be *slightly* less public. The last hour, as she'd made it across the city from where Lana had dropped her off, picking up a few specific items along the way, had been a subtle sort of torture. Her lover had set the toys inside her to come on in completely random bursts, at completely random intervals, for somewhat random periods of time, though never long enough to get her anywhere close to cumming.

Or, at least, that had been the thought. Given that Tara *had*, in fact, almost cum once when the toys had both turned on while she was checking out some items from an adult toy shop...well, let's just say that neither of them had counted on just how powerfully Tara's situational arousal could effect things. Thankfully, given the specific type of shop she'd been in, the salesgirl had only grinned at her knowingly. Tara had been horribly embarrassed...and insanely turned on. She'd almost given in and tried to make herself cum right there with a few solid nipple pinches.

She hadn't quite fallen to the temptation, though...and thankfully the toys had given her just enough of a break after that particular interaction that she'd been better able to handle the next few. As it was, however, she was rather closer to the edge now than she was comfortable with. Hopefully, Lana had been feeling merciful and grabbed an out of the way booth...

Just under two minutes later, she breathed a sigh of relief as she realized that such was, in fact, the case. Lana had gotten them a cozy little booth that was out of sight of most of the other tables, though somewhat near where the employees entered and left the kitchen. Still, the café wasn't very busy at the moment, so that employee-traffic would probably be minimal. She slid into the booth across from the blonde with a groan of relief, Lana cocking a half-mocking eyebrow at her disheveled and exhausted-looking state.

"Oh, shut it. I almost came right in front of the sales clerk at Fantasia's."

Lana blinked, clearly surprised, but quickly recovered, a huge grin almost splitting her face. "I bet that was *amazing*."

Tara groaned...but didn't correct her friend, making the blonde giggle. Still, Tara was grateful when Lana brought up the command tree for the toys and deactivated them via her wrist-comp...for now, and not before turning them on high for a brief, five second burst that left Tara biting her lip. A waitress came and went, Tara describing her trip across the city in vivid detail, Lana occasionally fiddling with the toys as she did, keeping her on edge. The blonde put a short pause on everything but a very low buzz of her dildo as they ate...then surprised Tara after they both finished by sliding a handheld remote across the table to her. It was fairly complex looking and Tara frowned at it as she picked up it, only starting to realize what it was as she saw a few of the symbols.

"Yep! That's a dedicated toy controller...specifically the one connected to a dildo and anal plug I'm wearing under my skirt. I bit more conspicuous than a wrist-comp, but it'll do for today. We're going on another nice little walk, this time through a local park...with your randomizer turned backed on. You get to play with me for the single hour we'll be in the park. If you can make me cum at least once, with just the toys I'm wearing, I promise to make you cum in return. If you can't, I won't let you cum until tomorrow. And even then it will only be after another challenge, which you could well fail..."

Tara gulped. That...might be easy and it might be hard. With the anal pleasure gene-mod, the same one Tara herself had, Lana was going to be under a double assault from Tara. At the same time, with no way to stimulate the blonde's clit, making her cum from just vibrations might be a tall order. Still...as she gripped the remote control in her hand...she couldn't help but feel a new sort of thrill at the thought of doing to her gorgeous friend some of what Lana had been doing to her lately...

Lana twitched, trying not to cum as Tara desperately tweaked her remote. The hour was almost up...but Lana was biting her lip, eyes closed as she tried to both hold in her voice and hold back from cumming. Finally, just two minutes before the deadline, Tara took a risk by pushing the rules. She leaned in and whispered in the blonde's ear.

"You know, there are at least two guys and a girl watching you squirm."

Lana's eyes popped open...and Tara maxed out the power of the vibrators. The combination was enough to overcome Lana's control, the blonde grabbing onto Tara and burying her face in Tara's shoulder, howling into her lover's jacket as she peaked. Tara grinned in triumph, even as she hoped that Lana wouldn't hold her little last-minute addition as being against the rules. Thankfully, as the blonde recovered, glaring at Tara, that concern was quickly dismissed.

"That was a dirty trick...but not outside the rules, since I only specified no touching. Also...were there really people staring?"

Tara's grin grew as she nodded. "One guy seemed to have some clue what was doing on, and the girl definitely did, I saw her subtly trying to grind on the bench as she watched. Pretty sure the other guy was just checking you out because you're you." Tara glanced over to where the girl had been. "Looks like she left. Pity, she was kinda adorable, just your type."

Lana rolled her eyes, even as she grinned.

"Well, come on then...you've earned another release tonight. And I have to come up with something to get a little revenge for that last sneaky trick. Also for not getting the girl's number."

Tara laughed...though she was also a bit concerned about what Lana would come up with, or perhaps already had come up with. Lana didn't exactly need an excuse most of the time...

She had been right to be a little worried. In fact, she should have been a *lot* worried.

That was the thought that kept flying through Tara's head as utterly unpredictable waves of pleasure shot through her. She'd known from long experience that her best friend was diabolical and creative. But even that hadn't prepared her for what Lana had come up with. The blonde had dropped Tara back at the groundside hotel they'd treated themselves to for tonight and tomorrow...and told her it would be in her best interest to take the time to nap and recover. Tara had been wiped out enough by her adventure up to this point that, despite her worry over what that suggestion might mean, she'd still managed to actually pass out for a couple of hours.

She'd woken up, refreshed quite a bit, when Lana had barged back into their room with a couple of bags. She'd refused to reveal any of their contents, instead telling Tara that they'd be going out for an early dinner. Bemused at her friend's bouncy excitement and surprised she hadn't been woken up by the toys or something, she'd cleaned up a bit and followed Lana out to pick up a nicer bit of fast food. She was more than a little amazed that Lana acted completely normal, not even bothering to tease Tara throughout the meal. Once Tara got her head back into a more normal thought pattern...she'd realized it was actually kind of nice. Not to mention a good reminder that, just because they were having fun with their newly sexual relationship, it didn't change the fact that they'd been friends since childhood.

It was only after lingering over their meal, chatting about everything and nothing, that Lana's eyebrows waggled and she reset the mood again by playing with Tara's toys for a minute or two. Mood resettled into that of their sexual adventures, she'd left the toys on a low buzz as she'd taken Tara back to the hotel room and retrieved the bags she'd come back with earlier.

The first had been from Fantasia's and contained an armbinder. Not an overly strict one, but it would still do the job of keeping Tara's arms tied firmly behind her back. After turning off the distracting toys, Lana had commanded Tara to strip and stretch out, obviously enjoying soaking in the resulting view. Once Tara was properly limbered-up she'd gone about the somewhat time-consuming process of getting Tara into the armbinder. She didn't lace it overly tight, given that Tara was new to the thing...but Tara was also *incredibly* flexible, the result ending up being oddly comfortable as it supported her body weight in new ways. Though, given that Tara was otherwise stark-naked save for her chastity belt...the result at that moment had looked rather lewd.

Thankfully for Tara, Lana had a plan for that. Though, less thankfully, the next items she pulled out of various bags revealed that she fully intended to take Tara outside. That realization, however, was almost secondary how impressed Tara was by what had followed. Lana had quickly added a hoodie for Tara...but then carefully used some wire and rolls of foam to make it look like Tara's arms were in front of her, shoved into the hoodie's pockets. Followed up with a miniskirt, choker, and a pair of flats...and Tara looked like a normal girl out for a casual night of fun. Perhaps a bit 'perky goth' with the dark colors Lana had chosen...but it wasn't like that was a foreign look on Tara. The thought of going out hiding her secret under such a clever but threadbare façade had caused Tara to squirm...which in turn had caused Lana to smirk and hint that it was only the beginning of her plan.

And, much to Tara's mix of pleasure and chagrin, it really had only been the beginning. Her lover had led her to...a karaoke bar. Tara had, at first, been *very* confused. But, as they'd settled into a dark corner booth...Lana had dispelled that confusion for her wide-eyed best friend. Lana had already visited this karaoke bar earlier...and hacked through the place's childishly simple data-security. Into the software, she'd added a 'fun little extra.' Specifically, that whenever the karaoke machine judged anyone had hit a note 'perfectly,' Tara's toys would activate in a randomized fashion. Of course, the machine was rigged to accept a very loose definition of 'perfect,' which meant...that Tara had begun to get bursts of randomized pleasure from almost the first song.

Lana had promised Tara would cum again that night...but she hadn't promised it would be only once. And it defiantly hadn't been only once. It had been all Tara could do not to get them caught by moaning like a slut in a frat house gangbang after her third peak...and she knew in her dazed awareness that she was almost to cum for a fourth time. After all...Lana was up next. And, like many things about her entirely too perfect best friend...the blonde had an amazing singing voice. It wasn't galaxy-class or

anything, Lana having had no professional training...but it was remarkable enough that she had the audience's attention from the first note.

Tara, on the other hand, was only dimly aware of the blonde's lyrical singing as she started, of all things, a somewhat dirty-minded sea shanty. As she'd known would happen, her toys had gone nuts as Lana hit almost every note within the 'perfect' range of the karaoke equipment. She desperately bit down on the edge of her hoodie, moans still half-audible despite that as the pleasure rose and her vision started to blur. She peaked again, shuddering through another powerful climax barely halfway through Lana's song. The pleasure keep up, sending her over-sensitive body into aftershocks, and Tara struggled to stay conscious...

...and then she lost that struggle and slumped back into the leather of the booth...

Thankfully, Lana's own bawdy performance had distracted the crowd enough to keep the from noticing Tara passing out. And Lana had been able to pass it off with her usual confidence as just her friend having drunk too much. When Tara came too, she'd been hustled out of the karaoke club by her concerned friend, and into a cab back to their hotel. Where Lana promised she was going to pay Lana back for all the pleasure Tara had gotten tonight...

They were both looking for to it!

<End of Part 2>