

## The Long Haul: An Unexpected Twist

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Tara and Lana had left the colony a day after their adventure in the karaoke bar. While both of them had been having fun dirtside...this system was currently *very* expensive to park a ship in if you weren't here to unload or load. Since they'd already done both, they had no reason to suck up the costs of staying, particularly when they'd intended from the beginning to take a much longer break at their next stop. Doing the once-yearly overhaul and refit of their ship would take at least ten days, after all.

The *Wayward Broker* was two days out of their last stop of the emergency contract, heading for their refit at the *Brisbetian* yard in the *Osilu* system, when Lana managed to surprise her again. She'd called Tara to their small lounge, the only purely relaxation-oriented spot of the ship, and sat down across from her with a huge grin. Tara actually wasn't belted at the moment, having gotten lucky with the most recent release timer, and she was thus more than a little confused when Lana pulled a *new* chastity belt, similar in model to her own but black instead of silver, out of a bag labeled *Fantasia's Adult Emporium*.

"Um...I'm not supposed to be rebelted until tonight, right?" They may never have formalized the timing, but it had been pretty consistent so far. Thankfully, Lana just nodded, smirking for a moment before she explained.

"Yep! This one isn't for you, though. It's for me!"

Tara stared in surprise, even as a smug looking Lana removed more things from the bag, including a final, squat device that looked something like an alarm clock.

"You see, I've had a *super* fun idea. A little game we will play until we get to *Osilu*. Well, maybe until just before we hit the system. Probably should finish up before we need to do any delicate piloting."

Lana waited, teasingly, knowing that Tara's curiosity would quickly get to her. To Tara's annoyance, her friend was right, and she quickly found herself giving an impatient 'go on' motion to the blonde. Lana grinned and tapped the squat alarm clock thing.

"This and the new belt are the keys to the game. I've been curious about the fun you've been having, so I bought another belt and set of toys virtually identical to yours. As close to them in every respect as I could get, in fact."

Lana took a moment to uncover the other things she'd taken from the bag, showing off that it was a set of clit and vaginal vibrations similar to the ones she used on Tara when her was belted. Then she tapped the alarm-clock thing again and continued.

"And this beauty is a remote computational unit, one that I loaded up with the control software for both of our belts. Once activated, it will only turn back off once we both give it our biometrics simultaneously, to insure no cheating. It took me a couple of days to write the extra programming to make all the various bits play nice together, but now it does!"

Tara shook her head. That could *not* have been as simple as Lana made it out to be. But, then, her friend was a genius. She dismissed the thought and listened as Lana continued to explain her nefarious plan.

“Both of us are going to be belted this time and we won’t randomize the number of days. Instead, we’ll both stay fully locked up for the game until we reach the Osilu system. During that time, the program in this RCU will tease both of us mercilessly. I’ve already designated safe zones, of course, as well as times it won’t trigger the toys so we can sleep. But for the most part, it will randomly drive us crazy...but won’t make us cum. Not, that is, unless we walk up to the RCU and trigger the climax ourselves. Either of us can do that at any time, though it will turn us down if it’s not safe.”

Okay, this sounded...off. Particularly that last bit. Tara couldn’t help but wonder where her friend was going with this and, when the blonde paused for effect, she rolled her eyes and asked.

“And what does that accomplish, exactly?”

Lana smiled broadly and opened her arms wide.

“I’m glade you asked! That’s where our game comes in, after all! You see, when one of us asks to cum...it will obey...but it will actually make *both* of us cum. Moreover, it will track how many times each of us gave in, broke down, and asked for a climax.”

Tara was catching on now. “So, it becomes a contest of who will give in first and most often? What are the stakes?”

“Yep! We’ll compare scores after we arrive in-system. As for what the stakes are...whoever triggers our joint orgasms more often submits to whatever the other wants to do. Be that kinky fun times, or just what we want to do on our little mini-vacation while the ship is in for overhaul.”

Huh. That was *tempting*. Not to mention that Tara didn’t have much to lose. An opportunity to flip things on Lana might be fun and, even if she lost, she’d basically only be doing what probably would have happened anyway. Of course, Lana knew that, so this whole thing was basically just for fun. Grinning, Tara reached her hand across the lounge’s table to seal the deal with a handshake.

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Wanting one more night of fun, they’d waited until morning to actually start their game. Tara had been locked up quickly, with little fanfare...but Lana was a different matter. Tara had insisted she get the chance to do Lana up, so that it would all be fair. The blonde had merely laughed, knowing from experience what a charge the whole thing could be, and likely realizing Tara was simply interested in what it was like from the other side.

Which is why Tara was between her friends naked legs, slipping a well-lubed dildo between the gorgeous blonde’s lower lips. Said blonde squirmed a little as it sunk in smoothly, already visibly aroused by the situation. Which was only fair, really, considering Tara had been the same despite her familiarity with being belted. Or perhaps because of it? Whichever it was, she was getting hornier by the second as the moment rapidly approached. Which might be a problem, actually, given the game. But at least Lana looked like she’d be at just as much of a starting penalty.

Once the toy was properly seated, it took only a few moments more to attach the curved little disk that was Lana's new clitoral vibrator. Trying not to act with unseemly haste, Tara still moved quickly after that, bringing the black chastity belt together over Lana's sex. She hesitated only a moment before closing it, the final sounding 'click' sending a rush of heat through her body. No wonder Lana always seemed to like locking her up, if she felt like this every time...

Lana's hands had instinctively shot down to feel at the belt, the same way Tara's still tended to do every time, unless Lana had tied them up beforehand, at least. Tara rocked back on her heels, feeling a mix of amusement and arousal as she watched the blonde go through the same sort of auto-reflex checking that Tara had gotten used to. She was even more amused as her friend-cum-lover rolled out of bed and tentatively tried moving around with the belt and toys. The blonde's step was smoother than Tara's had been the first time, even as her expressions changed like quicksilver. But then, Lana had always been the more adventurous of the two of them, so Tara wasn't exactly shocked that she was more used to the movement of a toy inside her as she walked...

After a few minutes of curious movements, getting ever-more-elaborate until Lana was doing handstands for some utterly unknown reason Tara wasn't about to contemplate, her blonde friend arched back to put her feet on the floor and came upright with the sensual grace of a cat. A very very sexy cat with legs for miles and big tits. Smirking, Lana moved over to the blocky RCU on the lounge table...and activated its programming without fanfare. Both of them shuddered as the test-circuits fired, working them through each type of sensation their toys could produce. Then the toys went still and silent and Lana turned a mischievous, challenging grin on Tara.

"May the games begin! And the sexiest woman win!"

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Tara groaned, rocking back and forth on the lounge couch as she stared at the box. The oh so magical, tempting box. And it's big, tempting, red target. Her body hummed with desire and arousal, and it was taking all of her will to...

The toy inside her buzzed to life again.

Moaning, Tara forgot all attempts at reason and willpower and dove for the RCU, hand slamming down on the big red button of temptation. Relief flooded through her as both of her toys flared to life, moans spilling from desperate lips even as she heard a faint echo of them coming from somewhere deeper into the ship. The echo seized her mind, a mental images of a startled Lana suddenly clutching her belt over her pussy in the middle of a hallway feverishly setting her mind ablaze. She mauled her breasts desperately, her body soaring towards completion...

And then she was there! She came with a loud, unfiltered cry of pleasure, cum squirting through the holes in the front of her belt as she writhed in pleasure, fingers brutally pinching her nipples to keep it going as long as possible...

Then it was over and she sagged in relief, only whimpering a little as her untouched pussy continued to lightly throb. It wasn't really enough, but it was something...though a part of her knew that she'd just lost ground in the game. Later, she would probably care about that. But for now, she would enjoy the fading glow of her orgasm...

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Lana glared defiantly at the RCU across the lounge for her, even as the teasing pulses from her clit vibe made her want to whimper or scream. She wanted to *cum* so badly! But...she'd given in almost as often as Tara so far, which wasn't the way to end up as the winner of their little game. Admittedly, she was a *little* curious as to what Tara would do with her if her friend did win. Well...more than a little curious, actually. But that could always happen later and she hadn't had nearly enough time to get bored of having Tara as her fun little subbie...

...Blast it, thinking about all the things that she still wanted to do to Tara wasn't a good way of resisting the temptation of that big red button! She had to get her mind off of this...though she was too distracted to go fiddle around in the engine room like she usually would. Maybe there was something good in the entertainment library that could distract her.

Wrenching her attention away from the taunting presence of the RCU and its flashy red button, Lana made herself leave the lounge. And if she was a bit wobbly-legged as she did so, at least no one was around to see it...

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Tara's hand reluctantly came down on the RCU's button, knowing that she'd lose her lead on Lana in the next instant...only for the RCU to make a bzzt noise and nothing to happen. Startled and *badly* needing to cum, she hit it again...only for a wireframe holo of the ship to pop up above the RCU. Confused, she stared at the image...and noticed that the box representing their small gym was flashing with a red X.

Oh. Lana must be using the gym, which was one of the safety areas for obvious reasons. She wouldn't be able to use the RCU to cum until Lana was out of a no-go zone. Part of her despaired about that...and part of her was relieved. Maybe, just maybe, she could distract herself with some boring documentary or something. If she managed to calm down a bit before Lana left the gym, she might just be able to hold off until her blonde friend cracked and used the RCU herself...

Pulling herself away from the lounge with an effort, she started thinking about what sort of documentary would best kill her arousal. Serial killers? Genocide? The number of puppies that went hungry every week? She was sure the various animal rights groups had made something like that. Probably. Though it might be about Seullisia puffballs instead, which were *almost* as cute. She was sure she could find something...

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Lana panted as she tried to make herself cum...again. Technically, she'd succeeded once already, but the anal-and-breast induced orgasm simply hadn't cut the itch for long. Worse, even as she frantically impaled herself on the vibrator and mauled her tits, she already knew that it wouldn't help this time either. And that was assuming she could even pull it off, a serious question given the aching tiredness in her legs as she rode the toy. A minute passed, then five...at the seven-minute mark she collapsed, whimpering in frustration. She lay on the floor next to her bed for what seemed like forever...and then rolled her feet and charged out of her room with fire in her eyes!

She reached the lounge in barely a dozen steps, the living areas of the ship not exactly huge. There was no hesitation in her as she practically dove for the RCU and slapped its stupid red button! Moments later, she moaned in bliss and fell back onto the lounge's couch, whimpering and mewling as the vibes inside her belt rapidly spun up to full power and began pulsing almost violently. She heard a surprised squeak come from Tara's room, making her grin...but then she didn't care about that as she came her brains out.

Two minutes later, as she lay recovering from one of the most powerful climaxes of her life, she was caught between cursing her own weakness and temptation to hit that button again...

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Lana and Tara stared at each other in silence, looking over the top of the RCU with intense passion in their eyes. Sparks figuratively flew, each one sensing for weakness in the other, then their hands came up.

One, two, three, shoot!

Lana scowled as Tara's paper covered her rock. Still, after a moment of pouting, she eagerly reached for the big red button on the RCU. Moments later, both of them fell back into the cushions of their respective seats, hands cupping naked breasts and moans of delighted pleasure slipping from their lips. They both *really* needed this...

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Tara's eyes went wide as her toys flared to life and she almost lost her grip on the ascent ladder! Quickly sliding down, with more haste than grace and some new bruises to show for it, her instincts took over and she grabbed at her groin. Lana must have just triggered the RCU...only a few hours after the last time Tara did the same! She had no idea what had driven the blonde to do that so soon, but she wasn't protesting! Even the new bruising from her rapid, half-controlled descent couldn't take away from the thrill as the out-of-control toys inside her belt drove her towards a climax. This was absolutely going to set back her timetable for the day's chores...but who the fuck cared about that?! She wanted to cum!

After she did so a couple of minutes later, she quickly recovered enough for her new set of bruises to start hurting. Struggling upright on wobbly legs and heading for their medcenter, she made a note that they should see about designating ladder and similar spots as no-go zones for the RCU controller. A thought for next time, for sure. Busy as she was with planning, Tara never even realized she'd already started assuming that there would be a 'next time,' and that she was very much looking for to it...

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The days spun onwards as they neared *Osilu*. They'd had to reroute once, around an unexpected gravitational presence that they'd have to report to the Mapping Guild. The detour had turned their 10-day trip into nearly 14...and both of them had been too stubborn to call the game off earlier. Meaning, in turn, that both of them were unbelievably horny from having been constantly teased for two full weeks, unable to get the type of relief they really wanted.

As any might have expected would happen under such circumstances, the time that passed between one of them giving in and triggering the RCU got shorter and shorter at the days passed...and somewhere along the line they'd thoroughly lost track of who was actually in the lead of their little game. It was thus with great anticipation that they cracked open the RCU with both of their biometrics and awaited the result with bated breath.

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"Wohoo! I won! Wait...I won?"

Tara cheered first...then processed the results with slight disbelief. Lana only groaned and slid back into the couch with a defeated look. It took a long few moments for Tara to properly process her victory. But, when she did, she grinned at her pouting best friend. Lana had miscalculated, badly, and Tara had every intention of rubbing it in. Repeatedly. For the next week and a half.

"Did it never occur to you that I had more experience being helplessly teased already? Or that the bio-pleasure mods I know you've got would make the constant teasing way worse for you?"

Lana's cheeks puffed out in an adorably child-like anger expression. "I figured it would just mean each teasing session ended quicker since it wouldn't let me finish! It was supposed to be an *advantage*."

Tara giggled, reaching out to pat her blonde friend on the head. "Except you forgot it was designed to be fair, so that meant *more* teasing sessions to equalize the amount of time both of us were teased for. And the best part is that you wrote that code yourself!"

Lana didn't respond, simply doubling down on her pouty expression, causing Tara to giggle again.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure you'll have fun...but you're going right back into that new belt after I fuck your brains out!"

Lana's combined look of chagrin, desire, and apprehensive excitement was absolutely priceless...

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As they waited in the docking slip for the inspectors to look over their ship for any issues, Tara was semi-frantically looking through a number of digital brochures about the entertainment options on the planet. Despite what she'd told Lana, Tara hadn't really expected to actually win their little bet...and she was not truly prepared as a result. Oh, she's had a few idle fantasies, mostly regarding things she wanted to do to Lana...but she'd not come up with any hard plans for if she won. Still, there were a few things that she was finding in her rapid search that looked promising...even if a couple of them she might, possibly, have stolen from looking at Lana's Galaxynet search history. Half of those had been instantly axed as things Tara wasn't quite shameless enough to try without Lana pushing her, but a few of the others looked good...particularly from this side of Lana's Locked Chastity Belt...