

The ship jolted as it landed, causing Sarah to fall forward before catching herself, the tight orange flightsuit feeling tight around her breasts. It was a size too small and the company she worked for promised to buy one in her size after she completed this first salvage mission.

The job was easy, enter the derelict outposts and collect as much scrap as possible to bring back to be salvaged.

Sarah and her crew had been warned of some 'potential hazards' but were assured nothing would be seriously dangerous and that they'd be more of slight inconveniences at most.

Sarah looked at the rest of her crew, she and two others had been grouped together after they finished their training.

The first was a redhead named Sammy, her suit was also a bit small and accentuated a pair of hips that would drive most wild with desire.

She leaned against the wall near the door ready to get out and grab as much scrap as possible. She was one of the fastest in the academy but wasn't very good at carrying large items, preferring instead to pick up many small items and bring them back as quickly as possible.

Then there was Elizabeth, a brunette with a keen eye; she leaned over the console at the front of the ship, already hacking into the outposts camera systems to allow her to see inside and relay instructions to Sarah and Sammy while they were inside.

Sarah's eyes lingered over Elizabeth's large breasts and plump thighs, seeing how even though she had gotten a suit supposedly her size it still hugged her curves tightly.

The ship door opened, bringing Sarah's attention away from Elizabeth's curves and towards the expanding square of light as the door revealed the sun bleached sands of the planet they had landed on, the dark metal outpost standing out against the dunes.

Sammy immediately ran out and began heading for the main entrance, with Sarah soon following her out, they only had a limited time slot before they had to leave.

But which way should Sarah go?