

Double Zeroes: Defying Gravity's Orders

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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The crew of the Recovery Routers gathered outside the locked door of the seventh and last available spaceship bay aboard their orbiting station.

Elam, a thirty-year-old maintenance man and makeshift member of the salvaging team, stared at the seam of the two heavy trapezoid doors set in their hexagon frame. Elevator-like cherry-red lights dimmed above one by one while the AI intercom methodically described what was causing all the whirring and clanging on the other side.

"Floor doors secure," its crisp, synthetic butler voice relayed.

Elam's mates were suited in dark and flexible skintight coveralls, layered over and protected by lightweight metallic plates in varying shades of enamel white to toothpaste blue. His dingy suit was the color of new denim but had stubborn orangish lubricant stains on his arms and legs like hard water scale. The group was helmetless and toolless, despite a job awaiting as soon as they finished greeting the docking pilot.

"Adding oxygen and pressurizing the chamber," the voice said after the distant fans roared to life.

Their leader, Court, was the stoutest and most dependable man of the team, nearing middle-age. He turned to his second-in-command. "Finally another woman to join old Yoni here..." he said over the usual din, and flicked his head towards the person behind him.

"Watch it...!" laughed the shaved-bald, ears-pierced Black woman.

"Yoni, you're the only lady still here from when I was training with everyone to join my daddy's business," Court scratched the back of his thinning hair. "You know I love you."

Lue called the shots the other half of the time, and his sharp blue eyes, short peppery hair and greying beard exhibited his many years. "You're really going to be head over heels for a girl we don't even know what she looks like," he said frankly.

"Nah, what actually matters? She's edu-micated in orbital trajectories, better than any of us," Court reasoned, jovially. "For all we know? She could be butt-ugly but I'd take any personality to liven our operation up."

It was quiet again in the chamber. "Ship and pilot identity verified. Welcome aboard the Recoverer's Hoard, Tria Gosteen."

Elam led the group entering the bay to get his first look at the civilian ship he'd be maintaining. But instead, his eyes, and all the others', were on the woman swinging her legs out of the cockpit.

And the pair of enormous breasts that settled inches from her navel as she slid down the small stretch of hull and landed with an eye-popping bounce of her chest.

They were immeasurable. To call them larger than her head was lowballing them a little. Like the others she wore a gleaming spacesuit, but the upper-front lavender-purple plates were completely missing; the black underlayer was split like an open zipper down to the bottom of her navel, and her cups rested deeper than her breastbone.



She had a pallidness, a soft smoothness and glow to her skin that Elam figured was from living on a planet graced by little sun, but her features were undeniably human, from her bow-shaped lips and lengthy, high-low bob cut of dyed indigo hair to — the technician somehow looked for it long enough — the azure of her eyes.

She didn't smile until Court did, who had briskly cut in front.

"Hey, Tria! It's Court. Good to meet ya!" the man vigorously shook her hand, causing a faint jiggle that risked shifting out of the way one of the clamshell-sized suit plates positioned just to the outside of her underboobs. The tight coverall was instead doing its best to keep her decent for now. "What a spiffy ship you've got here. Navigated here okay?"

Elam turned back briefly to Lue, who was just as slack-jawed. How could Court be this naïve to this woman's absurd pair of...

Elam then realized he was being introduced, and meekly put out his hand.

"Elam's often holding the fort during missions, keeping our crafts ship-shape," Court was saying.

The technician could faint; in the moment he shook with Tria, the back of his hand brushed the front of her right breast, and he registered no change in her steady smile despite how flabbergasted his coworkers might be if they noticed it.

Elam immediately sidled off towards the ship. "Do you need your belongings unloaded...?" he piped up, cutting off Lue's introduction, and the other man glared.

He perceived even Tria's sideboob surpassed a full-term pregnancy as she lifted her wrist over her chest and tapped a few times on its display. "If you just give the suitcase bot the room location of wherever I'm staying," she began, her voice cool and matured. "That'll work."

The silver craft with orange trim lowered a ramp on its underside and down rolled an autonomous brown box, like a wagon for kids without the handle. The small station's map had already loaded onto the top-facing screen as it trundled to a stop in front of his feet, and Elam just had to touch the empty area of the floor plan beside his space in the residence quarters. And he double-checked what his finger selected; he couldn't imagine the awkwardness if he sent the bot to his room.

Off it wandered, past the group while everyone else was getting acquainted with Tria and her two companions.

Elam needed to know how the newcomer even fit in the cockpit with those boobs... He stepped onto the foothold on one of the rhombical wings and gaped yet again once he stood over the interior — though the seat and cabin were of standard size, the ship controls were raised so her bust wouldn't get in the way, like everything was mounted to a car's interior windshield instead of the dashboard.

Court led Tria and the rest of the group into the observation deck, a large room with several consoles against two out-facing walls that banked like an obtuse L with their convex twelve-foot-high windows — somewhat like a control tower by function and two-thirds of a circular kissing tower by appearance.

"Here's where most of the magic happens," Elam's boss said, and let them take in the magnificent view of a yellowish planet which loomed like a sports stadium in front of the twinkling night sky, and they were positioned as if they were clustered on the thoroughfare outside of it.



They were close enough to see the darker orange valleys and hollow black canyons that ran into the crust, and blotches of deep-sea blue that spilled as streaks into those fissures. Grey storm clouds swirled in a portion of the atmosphere. Vegetation or pinholes of civilization lights were near non-existent where the sky was clear; one would have to be familiar with the titan's atlas to know where settlements were nestled in the pockets of the earth. Scarce traffic came from civilian ships zooming by the station and hurtling down to the surface.

"Wow. I've never visited Jotu-6," Tria stood arms akimbo on her hips, already seemingly in command in the middle of the dark-blue steel chamber. "But I can't wait to."

Elam had a look at her average ass and trim waist while he could, but the curves of her breasts beyond the breadth of her back and shoulders were enough of a sight. He busied himself with waking a console screen so he could check if there were new requests for the search-and-rescuers.

"What sort of planets have you been to in this part of the galaxy?" Lue asked the newcomer.

"Never any harsh ones, I admit," Tria answered. "Until I was an adult, I was on my homeworld, a tundra, but I later trained in reconnaissance and geography on beachy, tropical jungle kinds of planets. Learned to fight off critters in a camp while guiding other mercs through all these dense forests with a little laptop to exchange all the information from, aha... I was a pistol-wielding kind of girl, by the way..."

Elam could hear her boots clunking as she paced in a loose circle to glance at all the monitors coming to life, and he stared hard past his slender-jawed reflection in the starry void. Over his shoulder, he imagined her figure against the picturesque horizon of an ocean, straining a black bikini.

She continued, "I'd never want to go to a molten rock and be in all those stuffy heat-protective layers..."

Yoni burst out laughing. "Boob sweat. I hear you, sister."

"Oh, welllllll," Tria chuckled as awkwardly as all the other men, and refocused on one of Jotu's flickering storm fronts. "That's why I'm glad I'm hired to a temperate planet."

"The planet maps," Court was speaking in Elam's direction. "Bring this face's maps up for her, won't you?"

"Ooh, I can't wait to begin studying the lay and the atmosphere. You said I should spend a few missions up here?"

"Uh huh, Elam can help you set up simulations and keep beaming down data for us on the surface." Court had come up from behind and delivered a firm pat to the technician's back, the thunderclap jarring him. "We only have the location where the lost item started falling. Mission from some dummy who let a shipping crate full of mined asteroid powder fall out of their cargo hold and land somewhere near the Foyock Rift, right?"

Elam brought up the highlighted five-kilometer diameter over what looked like a bullethole-shaped sinkhole on a relief map, with enough colors and irregular hills to pass as a ball pit.

"Interestiiing..." Tria came up to Elam's other side opposite his boss; uncomfortably close, so that he backed away from the console.

Court earnestly advised her instead. "Lemme show you how to get the codes to relay any new guesses to us..."



In fifteen minutes, Court had done his training, instructed the rest of the search team, and led the equipped group of spacefarers back to the ship bays to prepare for launch.

"We're going to shut off our comms in a minute so you won't hear our banter the whole trip," Court's one-way message traveled through the command room's speakers.

Elam was rotating back and forth in a swivel chair with little to do than watch Tria pore over the screens and spreadsheets he usually manned. He was alarmed seeing her suddenly lean on the electronics to squint at the landing zone she was circling narrower and narrower with a stylus. Her entire chest was swallowing up a row of control buttons and a lever for the bays.

"H-Hey, Tria, I wouldn't put your weight on the console in case you press..."

"My weight?" she actually giggled, and pulled back. The woman tilted her body to see underneath. "Don't worry, I didn't change anything."

Elam, reddening, still didn't know whether to watch her closely or pretend to do something else or what. Was he supposed to feel smitten with who was technically his replacement, or intimidated by her smarts?

He almost missed the moment the five crafts with their brilliant white engine flares fired from the underside of the station and take up a V formation out the windows, arcing slightly upwards and out of sight into Jotu ahead.

"Safe travels!" the AI interjected. The rumbling and whirring stopped.

Tria broke the silence with a snap of her covered fingers and happy hammering of the keys. "Heh! I think I just took the search diameter down to a third of a kilometer. Wait'll they see exactly the hill and side of it to search on."

"That quick?" Elam began to paddle his chair up with his toes.

Pleased with herself, Tria drifted away from the console and dropped down into a seat of her own. "Given where and how high the drop happened up there, the fact the crate should bounce rather than embed itself on a slope that rocky... Your team would be *trying* to miss it if they can't find it within this area right away."

Elam saw her globes drooping slightly enough that they perched on the inside of the armrests where her elbows occupied, but he tried focusing on her math. "Wow. From 3D simulation to 2D mapping that quick, with all those variables for a container that's what, five meters square...? With that accuracy, you could probably figure out where one of my cereal pieces rolled under the fridge in the break room one of these mornings."

"Speaking of breaks," Tria casually began, swaying in her seat. Her knowing, clear blue gaze met his, paired with a prepossessing smile. "Don't you want to know if they're real or not?"

"Do I... if they...?" Elam leaned away from her rolling closer.

"They're my *boobs!*" she faced her chair to the console, turned her body to him and gathered her mounds on the one armrest. Her hands supported their sides as they were pushed up and smooshed into each other. And all Elam could do was widen his eyes. "It's no fun when there isn't at least somebody



asking questions about them. And you've been looking like you're afraid of them. They don't bite! They're soft."

Tria supported her hefty-looking left bosom with one arm and let her right hand wander along its expanse to the edge of her gaping suit, and press down to tease her fingers beneath the tight-fitting cover. Even she seemed fascinated at how her contact created subtle dimples of shifting skin, perfectly unblemished, not even by veins or beauty marks. "So what do you think?" she asked again as she extracted her digits and kept her areola buried.

"Uh... One-hundred percent fake. They have to be. There's no way..." But he wasn't staring to scrutinize them.

"It's more 50-50. For a handful of years now I've been using some special serums I get from this medical aesthetic black market," Tria explained eagerly, and faced him, chairs closer than two people on either side of a prison's visiting booth. Elam still felt as if he was miles away and yet there was a faint gravitational pull on his eyes. She drew him further out of his zone by cradling and rocking those heavenly orbs.

"They come in these little syringes, I stick them in my boobs, and slowly my body heat is enough to turn the fluid into vapor as it disperses. So if you think *these* are big now?" Grinning, she unfurled her arms and let them hover all the way past her knees, double the current shelf's reach. "You should see where they get within a few minutes.

"And then after an hour or so they recede, but a little bit of the liquid and gas gets retained each time. I've just let them inch out, build up and up and now look at them..." Tria even had some color to her cheeks now as she bashfully pressed her hands together on her knees, and let her arms mimic her cleavage with the way they squished a trough. "You'd think I'd hit a personal limit, but I just can't. I'm obsessed with how they look and *feel*...! Like, I've gotten past minding the attention, or how they can get in the way, but I'm just proud. Proud of my crazy, huge tits..."

Elam swore they'd grown a bit just from her spiel, but his imagination was running wild just like hers might've been in getting to here. "They're... definitely huge alright."

"You've listened to me talk enough. So to prove it: go on and feel. Lift them." Tria leaned forward and steadied her underboobs to offer her massive mounds.

Elam unsteadily held out his upturned hands and let his fingers touch her outfit, his thumbs her bare, curvaceous skin.

They were as light as pillows when he expected sandbags. Sliding his hands inward to her middle, he gingerly fluffed them just to check reality. Though they looked a little firmer by their round appearance, Tria's breasts had a squishiness he had to test carefully again and again.

"Biggest breasts you'll ever touch, hmm?"

"I... dated some lovely women when I was younger, but these are the only breasts I've ever touched." He took his hands away.

"Ooh, really? No wonder you're so nervous."

"But why are you sharing all this to me, this openly..."



“Because I need your help. One reason I joined this team, besides better pay, was the fact you have a zero-gravity chamber in this station. Your captain said so listing off all the upgrades here. Since we have time to kill, I'd like to see it. And you're kind of fun to tease...” Tria then swung up her legs and extended them out, placing the heels of her boots right in his lap.

As Elam suddenly became a footrest, his mouth gaped the widest yet as he winced and appreciated the integrity of his suit for how rigid it was sometimes to move in.

“I can't go out on spacewalks since I don't have a suit that can close, y'know?” she said. “So I want to hang out in a place where it's safe to turn off the artificial gravity. Drift around weightless like my tits are balloons. And you're welcome to join me.~”

“I can...” he lifted Tria's heels off his groin and she dropped her legs. “Thank you — start preparing the chamber if you want to grab your syringes...”

“Mmmm-hm!” Tria leaned back and sprung to her feet, nearly colliding her airbags with his face. “Just going to grab them from my suitcase.”

While she hurried off, Elam sat there for a moment and contemplated not just dodging bullets right then, but cannonballs. He had another chance to get swallowed in those for real.

They rejoined each other after a few minutes in a lesser-used wing of the station. The food, equipment and parts storages were organized on racks and shelves in other chambers with tempered glass door panels.

Elam swiped the card for the fourth portal, which groaned while sliding out of the way—opaque, heavy, and impervious to leaks. “It's rare,” he began. “But anytime we bring in something fragile that we don't want bumping around thanks to gravity, we secure it in here.”

It was a windowless room, pitch-dark when it first opened for the pair, but burst into light with several dozen mini-portholes of disc-shaped white bulbs, placed at equidistant points around the cubish walls. There was a spread-out array of different hand- and footholds, stainless grab-rails that served as handles for the embedded storage closets, and hollow rubber cups with chrome rods spanning across them which functioned as tie-down tethers. The chamber was the perfect size to get acquainted with swimming around in zero-grav, and even from the furthest wall to its opposite was about the length between the longer edges of a large inground pool.

“After you,” Elam gestured.

“Thank you.” Tria walked backwards, never looking away from where his eyes ventured as she positioned herself in the center. He felt her gaze as he pressed a panel switch on the inner wall to shut the door and initiate the gravity disabler.

The usual thrumming of the surrounding walls faded, stuttering now as they drained of energy. Elam imagined the growing silence was a chance to meditate. He wasn't going to scuttle this like his relationships in his rookie years. He couldn't blow it with his employer or this busty bombshell either. It was all going to go smoothly so long as he stayed within her boundaries.

As his suit began to lighten and his boots felt as if they were hovering a hairsbreadth from the floor, he heard two pops, and Tria stood there having sent the syringe caps spinning away with a deft flick of each



thumb. She dual-wielded long, gleaming needles with wine-yellow fluid that she oriented slowly to the very front of her chest. “Hee-hee, again you look anxious.”

“There’s a reason I’m a maintenance guy and not a medic...”

“Trust me, I’m getting better at doing these one-handed together so my girls don’t grow all unbalanced...” Sighing, she relaxed. “Here goes.”

Elam watched Tria close her eyes as the needles gently pushed at her skin, and the dimples they made flattened once the thread-thick pricks pierced through.

He held his breath as she sank them in deeper, paused, and smoothly pressed the plungers. It was only when she reopened her eyes that she withdrew and let the empty doses slip from her fingers and move as gracefully as a cloud.

Elam went to intercept one of the leftover needles. “Hey, I wouldn’t let them float around in here...”

But he couldn’t help but notice her lack of attention, instead a lustful bite of her lip as she shimmied her shoulders and wobbled around her bust. “Don’t you want to see them start...?~” she turned to face him going past, with her foot wedged under a handle.

“I mean...” Elam tried to hurry hopping around collecting the caps and sharps and accept her invitation to stare, but from the several angles he looked at her, all he could see were alert, bulging thimbles against the semi-reflective coveralls. Once he deposited the junk in a drawer in the walls, he landed a few paces away from the woman now alternating between kneading and stroking her doughy dunes.

“I neeeded to heeeat them u-uuhh... Oooh, when I can feel them beginning to swell is just so...!”

Tria pressed her thighs together and her hands as well. Her splayed fingers began to sink in all their own, skin cresting higher towards her shoulderblades, the suit underlayer crackling as its edges contracted from her bosom easing forth.

For the first time, Elam glimpsed the pinkish-red pocks that surrounded her nipples which jutted out so firmly. “Oh, man...” he whispered as Tria began to wrench at her plates just to the outside of her underboobs, like trying to open a giant bag of chips; even her outfit squealed and shifted over the faint slithery hissing in the air.

“Mmmohhh... F-Friggin’...” she grinned, balled up her fists, and pushed out her chest, stepping off with her toes at the same time...

SKKKR-FWOMP!

Elam gasped as the cover slipped on both sides and her dirigibles practically deployed, puffing up several inches, creating a bare-skin awning as she levitated up with a swanlike bend of her back. He couldn’t see her face but knew from the triumphant pose she struck lifting them that she was delighted to have their freedom.

Tria touched the ceiling and casually kicked her legs while he gawked. “They’re still goinggg...~” she said, and pushed off for a freestyle flip turn.

He could watch her breasts sway and sling around as she bounced between the walls. At one point while she hurtled past, she reached for his arm and he twisted his body a bit to help her change course. The fun she was having was contagious as she was in full, flowing control, despite how she admitted it was harder to see.



Her chest's near-perfect spheres which ballooned beyond beachballs behaved as he'd expect, considering how water never puddles in zero-gravity but bonds together. Though, their wobbling was getting more pronounced by the cup size. What could possibly come after Z...?

Perhaps he was distracted for too long, because Tria now was rocketing towards him on a direct collision course, reaching for him, and he stooped to take the full impact from her light-blotting loaves.

She chuckled as she dragged him along by hugging his head into her torso, where he could actually feel the subtle surges of growth trickling up tighter against his face and neck. He was then pancaked against the wall and given a chance to breathe as she slid down, holding his hands, and stood up against him on the floor.

Satisfied as ever, Tria switched her grip to his wrists as well as the thigh she was leaning on against his loins to hold him there. "Wouldn't it shock you if like, this was all an elaborate plan to lure you away and suffocate you between my boobs?"

"Hahaha... what?" Her lovely marshmallowy mounds were slowing, nestling up closer and closer against his cheekbones.

She carried on confidently. "Like I'm from a rival company and once I get you to pass out, I can take over the station and crash it into the planet."

"You could go down with the ship and probably survive, given these cushions." He stroked their sides a little closer to him, letting them graze the wall as well as his nose.

"Oh, of course."

"But they also seem pretty easy to shove out of the way...!" With that, Elam playfully smooshed his palms and heels of his hands in as deep as they could go, lifting the woman off with ease, and making her drift away with a croon.

"Oooohh...! Ah..." she giggled as she scrabbled for his body to pull him to follow. "Be gentle with my girls...!~"

As he grew bolder kneading her knockers and backing her up, Tria curled her lower legs around his thighs and he floated in a slow somersault locked against her front. There was something magical, warming about being cozied against her bountiful flesh that broke from countless contacts with metal walls, hardy hulls, and tough suits.

Wriggling away his arm from fondling her breast, he reached up—towards the floor now overhead—and grasped a bar, pivoting and easing the two against the floor. The woman bounced gently, skin undulating with a weightless ripple, and then it was his turn to keep her immobile with his hips.

Tria's beautiful blue eyes peered softly at him as a hand rested on top her valley. "Can you hear my heartbeat, this close?"

Elam shimmied his head deeper and deeper into the dark, cavernous cleavage until he could perceive the thrum of his blocked ears for a few moments. He pulled out with a slight wobble against his jaw. "Nah. Sorry."

She sighed wistfully. "Too stupid big. Haha, not that I'd have it any other way."

Now that he had drawn back, he was getting allured by the sight of her bumpy areolas from this close, and the flared nips the size of his thumb as he nosed around their perimeter.



Seeking what he could see of her reaction, he kissed a stone-stiff nub and felt her body tremble sensually. “Do you ever lactate?”

Despite Tria’s ruddy cheeks, her gaze remained as impassive, aloof as ever as she explained. “Nope, and maybe that’s the one drawback. My milk has to taste like vinegar with how much these chemicals have built up in my lobes and tissues.”

Now he was a little reluctant to start worshipping with his tongue. “Is this ultimately bad for your health?”

“I’m still not sure...” she mused, rolling a finger over her opposite tit, flicking it. “Mmm... I think of it like smoking. Who knows if the secondary effects are going to poison me?”

“I sure hope not. These are seriously amazing.” He bashfully buried his face against a boob’s inside and turned away to mutter more praise. “You’re on track to have the biggest tits in the galaxy.”

“I’m lucky to have a direct supply from that private lab with some pretty secret science. I can’t be the only girl though getting stacked like this.” Tria shifted from staring at an overhead light to leaning up. “But...” For once, her voice was forlorn; he didn’t need to see all her face to know she was frowning. “I’m more than just a pair of boobs, right?”

“Oh...” Elam reacted by struggling to remove himself from his new obsession. He had done a push-up and started floating up and away. “No, no— Tria, you are honestly so— hold on...” He glanced his toes off the ceiling to come drifting back, flipped and twisted and caught her from behind while she sat up. As she laid her chin on her chest, her knees against her nips, he clung and hugged her from behind. “You’re so sweet, so smart, and I feel so lucky already to know someone as unique as you.”

Her head rolled and her cheek rested on the back of his gloved hand smoothing over her shoulder. Tria’s hair against his face felt like flower-scented silk. “That’s nice of you, but the couple of other guys I showed my breasts off to said about the same things. Few moments after, they’d ask if they could marry me or get a titjob.”

“I’m not talking towards your chest as I say all this, you know, right?”

She raised and shook her head and laughed. Her legs extended and opened now that the pair had drifted towards the room’s control panel, and she stood straddling over its display. “Thanks. Guess I’m just so careful with what older or creepier people think about all I’m good for. Since, I can’t really fire a gun these days.”

Elam believed he understood now what was bothering her. “Well, that’s not really true.” Given he was piggybacking her, he took her arms and guided them together; Tria’s moons spilled above and below the triangle formed by her slender arms, but he could tell her fingers weren’t going to fully interlock around a handle. It was like she was trying to complete a hug around a hula hoop.

“Okay, but should I really go into combat with my vitals exposed?” she giggled, and rotated around with her arms spreading to try sending him spinning away.

He hung on valiantly by shifting his embrace to her bared midriff. “Maybe not... Oof, ahaha...” Tria had sprang up and whirled over to press him against a wall with her back, however painless his plates made the impact. He was a witness over her shoulder to her masses bouncing and swaying, presented to the room as she raised and bent her arms back to seize a handhold behind her head, and gracefully dangle away from the surface like a pennant.



Elam got her to elicit a pleased groan, his head turned against the small of her back while squeezing around her hips. “You wouldn’t be able to tell your squad anything useful, what with you moaning every time you nudge your boobs while aiming.”

Although Tria moved to peel him off by kicking out at him backwards, she cackled and loosened a hand of hers just to slap an arm upon and lovingly rake through a titty. “I swear even one rubber bullet’s all it’s gonna take to pop one of my girls...! Baheehheeh!”

Like slipping a hand between two sofa cushions, Elam tried worming up the underside between her breasts and they wound up wrestling and tittering trying to reach each other through her jiggling mounds. Once they laced a hand together, he pulled her around and got each other face-to-face again.

He was sunken between her, arms pinned to his sides, while her arms corralled her melons. They were barrel-rolling dreamily until they came to rest on their sides. The heat of a light against one of Elam’s legs made him scoot up a little higher, eye-to-eye, where he watched Tria moisten her lips.

“Do you... wanna...?” he trailed off, aware of his pulse strengthening like it was going to ripple her skin.

As she reached up and shoved her peaks down with her upper arms, her hands steadied his head and a finger caressed along his lower mouth briefly while she parted hers. He closed his eyes and leaned.

“Heeeey! Tria and Elam!” Court’s bellowing voice from an overhead speaker, presently underneath their tangled bodies, sent the pair scrambling to opposite ends of the room.

Elam tried to hide his laughter while Tria braced herself against a wall, her hulking chest heaving with her own mirthful surprise.

“Elam and Tria,” the ship calmly relayed. “The crew are exiting the atmosphere and will need the bays opened in eight minutes.”

“Yo Elam,” Court spoke up again. “Do I wanna’ what? Huh-huh! I’ll tell you what I wanna do! Celebrate Tria’s awesome search parameters! We picked up the cargo in record time!”

Still regaining his color, Elam pressed the communicator on his forearm to answer, which he realized had been pushed when he was lying parallel to Tria moments ago. “She’s something else,” he beamed. “She’s lying down at the moment, so quit your yelling and I’ll let you guys in.” He let go and sighed. “Man. What do we do about...” he gestured in broad circles at her mammaries. “You?”

Tria turned from side to side for a final show, hands on her hips. “Well, you can’t hide me by shoving me in one of those closets. I’ll just have to sit here in the dark for a while, while I shrink.”

“Good plan,” Elam flew across to the controls.

“And in the meantime I’ll be by myself, rubbing my massive titties...”

“Haha, okay...”

“Moaning, lusting for the next time we have the station to ourselves...” Tria collided with his back so hard he fudged the confirmation to return the gravity back to normal. “So I can bury you between them and beg you to help massage every inch of me...~”

“Ooookaaay...! Aheh...” While keeping his one comm-control arm raised from touching anything, his fresh perspiration nearly traveled upwards off his temple as he managed to divert the energy back into the walls.



“Thank you, though.” Tria let him turn around as weight returned to his legs. “For everything so far.”

Elam leaned on tiptoe to reach her shoulder for a brief, reassuring pat. “Welcome to the team, Tria.”

“Hmm-hmm. I’ll close the door after you.”

With a final button-press, he walked towards the door scraping open and slipped through to the other side.

It took an extended time for the chamber portal to be able to reverse direction again, but Elam had paused and watched her wordlessly looking back at him with those sharp blue eyes, because he found them to be the most captivating, comforting part of her to stare at until they disappeared from view.

This was quite a different one-shot story to write on lots of fronts; breast-only focus, science-fiction, and written entirely on my smartphone whenever I wanted to wind down before bed.

Thank you so much for reading.

(For S., who understandably never returned to the godforsaken place.)

[Project: “tethered’worst,dross”]

