

Chapter 1

The sun was just starting to peek through the tattered blinds, as Llydian groggily opened her eyes. Her bedside fan hums away lazily, before being interrupted by the scream of her back-up alarm clock. Her eyes dart to the dim red numbers, and blink a few times to actually read the time.

6:30?! The truck leaves in five minutes!

Llydian scrambles up from her bed, kicking empty beer cans out of the way as she hurriedly starts stuffing her meager belongings into a battered rucksack hanging from the wall. Most of her possessions were either already in long-term storage with her truck, or they were drunkenly gifted the night before to her coworkers. Well, at least she thinks they were coworkers. Some parts of last night got pretty hazy, as her head starts to pound to the beat of the alarm that's still blaring.

It doesn't take Llydian long to get her stuff together and her boots on, before bursting through the door of the miniscule jobsite trailer that was her home for the last six months. The hazy early sun was just starting to burn away the fog, and reveal the sight of the massive oil derrick that she had so tenaciously tried to maintain. One of many sites in this particular valley that she was contracted to work on. Her employer, Texical Resource Distributors has laid claim to this entire area outside of the city, spanning some thirty-odd miles in the basin of Gullic Valley. The oil and gas deposits are very rich here, but the ground itself is determined to break every piece of machinery that dares to disturb it. But those are past thoughts, historical concerns for another time. She has a ride to catch, after all.

As Llydian stiffly walks towards the open loading area, she can see three massive fuel trucks patiently waiting, being loaded full of crude oil and unrefined natural gas. Her ride is the last truck in line with a rather large ox sat behind the wheel, gently sipping on a cup of presumably coffee while the ground crews scurry back and forth trying to get everything ready for transport. He sees Llydian approaching and points at her before pointing downwards at the passenger seat of the old truck, then taps his wrist where a watch could potentially be worn.

She quickens her pace for a brief moment before hearing "Llydian!" shouted from her right, where the site supervisors office resides. She stops dead in her tracks, before turning to see Mr. Crest standing in the office trailer's doorway. He always dressed like he was going to work in a highrise, not an oilfield. This morning was no exception. Llydian doesn't think that she's ever seen him lift a finger to do anything other than write reports or make phone calls, but this morning he appears to be holding a rather bulky manilla envelope in one hand with a steaming cup of coffee in the other. He waves the package at her impatiently as he makes no attempt to meet her halfway.

Llydian glances back at the fuel trucks before trotting over to the waiting doberman.

"Good morning Mr. Crest, I was just on-"

"I know. This is your last check, minus deductions, and all the paperwork that HR requires me to give to you on your last day. If you ever need a place of gainful employment with your feet on the GROUND, we'll still be here. At least for a few years, anyway. Maybe even longer, with you being gone."

Crest holds the package out for Llydian to take, and she does so while apologizing for any hold up that will be caused by her hitching a ride on a company fuel truck. Mr. Crest mutters some reassurance that it's alright, and heads back into his office before Llydian could even mutter a goodbye. But she also knows that the job offer from

him is as good of a goodbye as he can probably muster. Knowing that emotion is not high on Crest's list of attributes, she turns to head back to the fuelers without another word.

The last of the ground teams are unhooking as Llydian creaks open the door of the thoroughly worn truck. It's as clean as oil field trucks get on the inside, but that still leaves a lot to be desired.

"Well, good mornin' sleepyhead! Here I thought ol' Crest talked you into stayin' with us for another spell!" laughs the ox, patting the faded dashboard fondly before putting the truck in gear. It lurches forward under the strain, chassis creaking and unhappy. But it runs strong for an old truck, especially since Llydian just did a tune up on it two months ago.

"Thanks for waiting, Pops."

"Not a problem, Llydian. But you know, it's gonna be a real struggle to let you out of this truck. I mean, you're the best damn welder we've ever had in this dirtfield! What are we supposed to do next time they snap a gantry off when it's 60 feet up? Hot glue and macaroni?!" He laughs heartily at his idea of a joke, slapping the steering wheel as he spills his coffee trying to find the next gear. He doesn't seem to notice or care, though. Pops was an amicable guy, but his dad-tier jokes are what earned him his nickname.

Llydian looks fondly out over the fields, the other derricks and pipework coming into view as the sun reaches further into the sky. She's had her hands on almost every piece of metal or machinery out here, and learned a lot of lessons on this patch of rocky unforgiving ground.

All of it culminating in what this envelope contained, a chance to excel in an exciting new arena; Non-Orbital Resource Allocation. Oil work pays well and all, but it's nasty grueling work that Llydian was ready to step away from. At least for now. But a chance to join NORA, that is actually a cushy job that pays three times what she's currently making, and everything is done in zero-g. No sore back, no abused and dangerous equipment. Just peace and quiet, controlling a ROV and dismantling derelict spaceships for processing. The materials and components are like gold right now, but it's much simpler to send back preprocessed blocks as opposed to trying to get a busted ship back to the surface without it burning up in the atmosphere.

Llydian gives the oilfield one last look in the sideview mirror before opening the packet in her hands. She has a lot of reading and signing to do, compounded by the fact that Pops' truck rides like a bag of hammers down the freeway. Morning rush hour is her greatest friend right now, at least she can sign everything with a somewhat steady hand. She makes a token effort to read all the legal jargon in the contract, but with TRD all the contracts are basically the same: impenetrable to anyone without a law degree. Llydian settles on skimming and reading everything that's underlined. It worked for the oilfield, why can't it work for the starfield?

Pops stops the truck just past the entryway to the TRD Aeronautical Facility. Traffic futilely tries to pass him, but the morning commuters are not willing to be kind to each other. Llydian gathers all her paperwork and stuffs it back into the envelope, grabs her bag and prepares to hop down out of the cab. Amid the blaring horns and disgruntled shouts of passing cars, Pops reaches over and grabs Llydian's shoulder.

"You take care of yourself out there. It's... It's been nice getting to know you." Pops says, almost in a whisper. "You be sure to come back and visit us sometime."

Llydian was awestruck for a moment, having never seen Pops speak so softly. She thought she heard his voice shake a little, but it could have just been the traffic outside. She reaches up and pats his hand reassuringly.

"You keep my trailer clean, and I might even stay a few days" she says through a smile over her shoulder. He releases her and laughs his jovial laugh, as she quickly steps down onto the sidewalk. The chorus of horns behind the truck reach a crescendo as the cab door closes, and the truck lurches forward down the road towards the holding stations.

Llydian readjusts her bag on her shoulder, and begins the two mile walk down the sidewalk to the main building on the property. She wonders why there would have been any sadness about her leaving. People cycle in and out of the oil industry all the time, especially in the conditions she had found herself in. Maybe everyone was just bummed out that the only female on the entire site was leaving. Oh well, it can't be helped now.

The preparations for space travel really don't seem to be much of a thing anymore. A simple physical with a blood test and even more forms to fill out, that was all she needed to gain access to the runway. Done with the whole ordeal in a little over an hour. At this rate, she'll be in space by lunch. Or at the very least, upper atmosphere.

The craft that was to take her to the low-orbit platform was a dinky little thing, no more than three people could squeeze into it. As she climbs aboard, she thinks maybe the pilot is running behind? As she sits in the rearmost seat, a monitor up front flickers to life.

"Welcome valued TRD NORA specialist. Please insert your identification badge now."

Llydian digs through the envelope and pulls her freshly-printed TRD badge out, briefly glancing around before seeing the card slot located at the bottom edge of the screen. Inserting the card, the machine reads it and flashes her name across the screen before ejecting the card back out.

"All assigned crew members have been accounted for. Please fasten your safety harness, and stow away any loose objects not needed for the flight ahead." Llydian secures the harness over her shoulders and around her waist, and positions her duffle bag on the seat next to her. She puts the envelope back in her bag, but still within arms reach. She may need something to read for the flight.

No one mentioned how long of a flight it was going to be, and she completely forgot to ask. Llydian assumed that there would have been other people on board, at least a pilot or something. Not just her, her bag and an ATM with wings. But it's too late now, the plane has begun its startup procedures, the engines barely audible over the low volume of the chincy elevator music currently coming out of a speaker located somewhere overhead.

It can't be that long of a flight, there's not a bathroom on this thing as far as she can tell. That wouldn't make for a good first impression, she thinks. She takes her mind off of the potential of having to try to piss in an empty water bottle and instead focuses on the scenery outside of the little port window next to her. She sees other small craft like hers coming in and landing, sometimes two or three at a time. But she doesn't see any others preparing to launch. Maybe she was the last to get here, or maybe the first?

She doesn't have long to ponder it, as the vehicle has apparently lined itself onto the runway. It stops for only a moment before the engines begin to scream, almost reaching an ear-piercing tone. Llydian reacts quickly and covers her ears before it gets too loud. Some earplugs would've been nice, even if she had to bring them herself.

The thrust forward is surprisingly violent, pinning Llydian to the seat as the craft barrels down the runway before pulling sharply upward. She glances out of the window to see the ground and the towering buildings in the city quickly become distant, then indecipherable from the terrain in general. She feels a bit queasy at that sight, and refocuses on the screen in the dash. Maybe being hung over for this wasn't her best decision. She looks to her surroundings to see if there is any sort of "sick bag" that could be procured, just in case. There isn't; the only bag on

board appears to be her own duffle bag. At least she won't have to clean the interior of this plane, only all her belongings if worse truly comes to worst.

Once the little jet breaches the first levels of atmosphere though, things get a lot less turbulent and it becomes quite serene. The engines still whine their angry song, but it's barely an issue. Llydian doesn't know how fast this craft is currently going, but it apparently is designed to be able to handle it. Maybe this thing is JUST a shuttle? That seems like a waste, honestly. At least put a little cargo hold in it or something. Just to take three people, let alone just one person to low-orbit and then return home? How many people come into and out of space so frequently that it would justify the need for all of these little jets?

Llydian decides to try the window again, now that things have calmed somewhat. Most of the planet is now green and blue, with gray brushed over top of the whole thing. Her breath halts in her throat as she realizes just how far they've come in such a short amount of time. She releases her breath as she tries to look forward through the tiny window. Maybe the low-orbit platform really is just a couple minutes away.

Llydian can't see much to the front or rear of the craft through the window, but she does start seeing what she believes to be other shuttles returning through the atmosphere. Like watching shooting stars, only from the viewpoint of the sky and not the ground. One at a time, across a much wider range of sky than what she thought would be necessary for all of them coming from the same place.

Maybe these little things go all over the place. The thought of trying to pee in a bottle becomes a very real concern again. Especially in no gravity, as she notices that the strap on her bag is now starting to lift lazily off the seat and gently hold itself in space. On the plus side, her tits will look perkier than ever.

After another few minutes, the vehicle has apparently slowed down to near stationary before a gentle thud let's Llydian know that she has arrived. Somewhere. Maybe. Or it just ran into something. The small port window gives no clues as to what the case may be. The elevator music stops, and the screen becomes active again, as well as some sort of humming coming from under the floor of the tiny craft. One of these things also brings some semblance of gravity back to the tiny craft. Maybe whatever is humming is capable of it, but who's to say?

"TRD specialist Llydian is to remain on the craft during refueling. One additional employee will be joining you on the last part of your journey. Please move any of your personal belongings to accommodate for this new passenger. They will have limited time to secure their belongings and themselves before the shuttle must depart."

Llydian is now growing a little concerned. It seems like there is very little information as to where she is actually going and how long it's going to take to get there. As she retrieves the envelope again to try and see if there is a manual that she skipped over, Llydian hears the door on the side of the shuttle begin to whir and disengage its pressurized seals.

A few moments later it opens outwards and a slim feminine collie enters, dragging a stylish suitcase on wheels. As soon as the luggage is clear of the hatchway, it slams closed and begins locking itself back into position. The new passenger is visibly confused, but is quick to take the seat forward and adjacent to Llydian. She fumbles with the buckles for a few moments as the shuttle feels like it disengages from... whatever it was attached to. After clicking everything into place, she tries to turn to face Llydian. She can't turn fully to face her, but well enough to have a conversation.

"Hi! My name is Kylie and I am SUPER excited to be working in space! What's your name? How long have you worked for TRD? Do you know..." the one-sided conversation goes on for what feels like minutes before Llydian is able to speak. In this time, she is able to decide that she and this Kylie have... not much in common. Kylie apparently is fresh out of college, brought on by TRD for systems analysis. Chocked full of academic knowledge,

but seemingly no real world experience. Llydian begins to think that this may be Kylie's first job, and her first dose actually being independent. Relatively speaking, of course. The pause in the monologue is what actually brings Llydian back to reality.

"Hmm? Oh right, my name is Llydian. I was hired just last-"

"Oh! Llydian is such a beautiful name! One of my sorority sisters at University had a cousin that was named Llydian, and she was..."

Llydian had apparently said enough to jump start the monologue again, so she just sits back and lets Kylie ramble on. Maybe she'll wear herself out soon. Or the engines outside will start screaming again. Llydian is ready to accept either one.

Speaking of wearing someone out, Llydian can't help but notice the low-cut top and the high split skirt that Kylie is wearing. Now that the artificial gravity has gone away, Kylie's medium-sized breasts are now threatening to escape their fabric prison. Llydian tries her best to be discreet, but her previously soft cock is now beginning to make its presence known. The shape of it is becoming visible through the fabric itself, compounded by the fact that being strapped in leaves little to no wiggle room to readjust.

Luckily, Kylie's oral recollection of everything that's ever happened is keeping her pretty distracted at the moment. Llydian is content with this small miracle. Another bad way to make a first impression, inappropriate erections in front of a preppy little rich girl from the big city. HR would have a field day with that, Llydian recounts. NORA actually has a pretty extensive sexual harassment policy, a far cry from what was the standard at the oilfield. Seeing dicks and asses was as common as seeing mud on boots around there.

For the first time, Llydian feels a little homesick. She shouldn't, she just left this morning. But this was all so... Different to what she was used to, and different to what she expected. However, she doesn't have long to be depressed.

Kylie's monologue is interrupted when the ship collides with something harshly, then more gently on the second attempt. Llydian looks out the window and sees nothing but stars. The screen crackles to life again.

"Welcome-come Specialist Lllllydian. *whirRR* Welcome Specialist Llydian, you have just docked with your new Pod! Feel free to unload all of your personal belongings! The shuttle will be performing routine maintenance checks and uploading vital data to the Pod for the next five minutes. All passengers are free to explore and use the facilities, but need to be ready to travel by the time the shuttle has finished its routines!"

Kylie looks puzzled, before unbuckling her harness and trying to stand. The humming under the floor has returned, although at a lower frequency. There may be multiple systems all trying to run at once. The artificial gravity has returned somewhat, but everything is still on just this side of floating. Kylie nervously takes a step towards the hatch, before being halted by the uncooperative door.

"Please scan ID" squawks the screen. Kylie fumbles hers into the slot before it is immediately returned to her grasp.

"Junior Systems Analyst Kylie, please be back on board and seated in four minutes. This is NOT your assigned Pod"

After that directive, the hatch does slowly unseal and open, albeit with some amount of effort. The corridor beyond is pitch black, with only the dim light of the shuttle interior to help illuminate the space. The air smells stale, and the dust disturbed by the opening hatch now fills the air in the shuttle. Kylie stands nervously, not wanting to step through. Llydian has risen to her feet and shouldered her bag. She tries to squeeze past Kylie, but that ends up with

the both of them being squeezed together in the open hatch way, face to face. Llydian can't help but enjoy the small moment of pleasure brought on by Kylie's soft body being pressed into her. Her dick has now made a distinguishable outline in her pants. Llydian hopes Kylie doesn't notice.

Kylie is seemingly too preoccupied with the darkness to notice much else, though. As Llydian continues to try to squeeze past her, the lights in the corridor begin to flicker to life. A lot of the bulbs seem to be burnt out currently, so it's still pretty dim. But it's better than nothing. The dim light fills Kylie with courage though, and she rushes past Llydian down the corridor, checking the few doors that are available. The second door is apparently what she was looking for and heads inside, where a light flicks to life upon her entry.

Llydian can guess what room it is, judging by the sounds coming out of it. That's fine, she can wait. Oilfields taught everyone how to hold it when it was needed. Definitely didn't want to get caught with your pants down around those people. Practical jokers, every single one of them (save for Crest, of course).

"Three minutes before shuttle departure" squelches a speaker, somewhere further into the Pod and echoed by the shuttle itself. Kylie emerges, looking relieved but still a bit flustered. Llydian has been glancing around the Pod, but hasn't strayed far from where Kylie was, for fear that she would miss the shuttle. Llydian isn't sure how long it would take for the shuttle to return to pick her up, and she doesn't want to find out. Kylie's nice enough, but she is a little... Much, for Llydian's taste. She IS pretty good-looking though, all things considered. Especially on the Pod, where everything is more free to bounce and lift as it sees fit.

"I don't think anyone else is here yet, Llydian. When are they supposed to arrive?"

"I didn't know that there was going to be anyone else stationed here with me. I thought this was a one-operator type of deal."

"Two minutes before shuttle departure" chimes the speaker.

"Well, I better get back on the shuttle. I don't think the voice will hold the door for me. Pretty rude, those ships. Oh! Here take this" Kylie says, pulling a stack of business cards out of her shirt pocket. As she does so, her ID card comes with it and slowly spins up towards Llydian's face. For some reason, this is when Llydian starts actually assessing these ID cards that they have been given. They have almost all relevant data about the individual printed on the back. Birthdate, Social Security Number, home address. Everything you wouldnt displayed plainly on a fucking card. The only information that isn't explained is in the bottom left corner. A single number. Kylie's says 1. Thinking back, Llydian's said 0. Maybe it's something to do with rank, or just another layer that further separates these two individuals. Llydian moves her free hand up to take the ID and gently hand it back to Kylie.

"One minute before shuttle departure. All transferring passengers please board the shuttle now and insert your ID when prompted"

"Oh you're such a sweetheart!" Kylie squeals, before delicately taking the card from Llydian. Kylie leans in and kisses Llydian on the nose, taking her completely by surprise.

"Maybe next time I can actually get to taste how sweet you are, " Kylie says in a hushed tone, before giving Llydian's hardening member a firm grasp. With that, Kylie pulls back a bit and inserts one of her business cards into Llydian's cleavage. She turns and walks into the shuttle, pausing to give a small wave to the now blushing Llydian as the hatch door closes and begins sealing. As the hatch seals, the bulkhead door of the Pod slides out of the wall and creakily seals in its frame.

"Pod sealed. Shuttle deppppppaaaaarrrrrrr-----" The lights flicker out and the speaker fades to silence as the shuttle unhooks and moves away from the Pod.

"Well, this fucking sucks." Llydian mutters into the pitch blackness of the corridor. "Now what?"

Llydian drops her bag and begins fumbling through it looking for her flashlight. There must be a manual or emergency procedure somewhere. Why the station is completely dark though, is the real mystery. Shouldn't there be a backup generator or something that kicks on when there's no power?

She manages to locate her light as the meager gravity gives way to complete weightlessness. Some of Llydian's belongings begin to float out of her bag and get gently pushed by the softly whistling air vent in the ceiling, before the whistling also fades into silence.

No lights, no gravity, no manual and now no air. Fucking perfect. Maybe this wasn't my greatest decision.

Llydian flicks the light on and begins searching her surroundings. There is a desk and control panel positioned in the far end of this main corridor, with the three doors running down the opposite wall. Starting with the desk seems like the most logical choice, so she awkwardly grabs and kicks to get herself propelled in the correct direction. As Llydian approaches the desk she notices that the empty wall to her left is covered in a black soot-like substance. She pauses for a moment and runs a finger across it, creating a small audible squeak and revealing the glass underneath.

Wait, are these windows?

Llydian now grabs one of her shirts that happens to be lazily drifting by and tries in earnest to clean the glass. The unknown substance cleans off easily, revealing her first view of the outside of the Pod. It appears to be shaped like a U laid over on its side, with the void between the spars filled with folded up struts and coiled wires. Her side appears to be personnel quarters, while the side that's opposing has a few large openings into what appear to be inactive furnaces of some sort?

More importantly the clean glass also lets some ambient light in, which should aid her in the search for some clue as to what she is supposed to do to get the station powered up again. Having finished cleaning a decent section of glass, she then lets the shirt hang in the air as she proceeds towards the desk. Of the three drawers available, two are mostly full of junk and scraps of paper. Faded remnants of jobs and employees in the past.

The last drawer has an ancient looking binder, with the words OCCUPANT MANUAL printed prominently on the cover. Quickly opening it, the plastic seems to stress and tear under her fingers. Whatever, the binder itself isn't important. It's the section marked BACK-UP POWER that she is hurriedly searching the worn pages for. After locating it, she deciphers that the system is mostly automated. The only time it should have any issues is if the Pod has been in a "dark" state for more than a month. Apparently the relays for automatic startup are located above the restroom, and moisture creep can corrode the contacts if the air circulation system hasn't been active in a while.

The hatch to get up there however, should be right above Llydian's head. She shines her light upward and scans the ceiling. No visible hatch, no painted arrows, nothing. She looks back to the manual, now growing concerned that this book is for a different production model of the Pod habitat. She has no way to verify that now, and decides to check the other rooms for hatches or electrical panels. Maybe if this Pod is newer, they wouldn't have hid a very important relay in the fucking ceiling.

Llydian lets herself float up and then gently kicks off the wall to get close to the door that's closest to her. It is the furthest one from where she entered the Pod, and it seems similar in construction and its purpose as the one that separates her from the void of space. There are some faded warnings painted onto the door and frame, talking about rapid decompression and so on. She decides to leave it alone for now.

She pulls herself down the wall to the second door, which has been hanging halfway open since Kylie left. It is indeed the bathroom, complete with a single toilet and a decent enough shower for one person at a time. A small

mirror hangs above a dingy metal sink, with a First Aid kit securely attached underneath. Above the shower stall partition, Llydian spies what looks to be an air vent large enough to allow access into the crawl space above. Maybe she can at least see where the engineers intended the entrance to be, if she can squeeze herself through the meager opening.

Llydian propels herself off the door frame and grasps onto the shower head to steady herself, as she begins to open the two hand latches present on the outside of the panel. They are unwilling to cooperate at first, but no more of a challenge than most hatches back on the oil patch. The handles give way soon enough, and the door creaks upwards on rusty hinges. The space inside is coated with a thick layer of dust which immediately becomes airborne at the slightest disturbance. Llydian tears a sleeve off of her shirt to cover her nose with, before proceeding into the cramped area. Once she has fully entered, it becomes apparent that this Pod has had some major electrical issues in the past. Patch wires into bypasses combined with melted wire insulation makes for a real hazard once the power is restored. She makes a note to redo all of this if she doesn't asphyxiate first.

Despite the sad state of the Pod's internal wiring, Llydian is able to locate the sticking relays with relative ease. They are some of the few components that haven't been adulterated in some fashion. However, as she is nestled in this cocoon of wiring and electrical tape, the dust and heat are starting to take their toll. Each breath is harder than the last, and the cramped space makes for a pretty humid environment relatively quickly. The dust is clumping now, sticking to her fur and getting in her eyes which are beginning to tear up to try and keep themselves lubricated. As Llydian works on dismantling the contacts to clean the corrosion off, she tries to shimmy out of her pants to help mitigate the heat. She manages to get them down to her knees before they get hung up on a broken piece of conduit. Good enough, at least until she can breathe again.

As the first of three relays are put back together, sparks fly out and dance in the air before being smothered by the thick cloud of dust. Llydian can hear the ballasts of the fluorescent lights start to energize and hum.

One down, two to go.

The second relay is much as the first, with just as much corrosion. With this much fouling present, Llydian thinks that this Pod has been dormant for months, if not years at this point. She quickly scrapes the burnt contacts clean with her pocket knife before shoving them back into place. She immediately flips the lever back into the ON position as her breathing becomes ragged. She hears a dull thud and a soft rumble through the hull of the habitat, before a gentle but stale breeze washes over her partly naked body.

This is both a blessing and curse, as now the dust has a uniform direction: directly down the shaft into her face. But, it is becoming a little easier to get breaths of air that actually count towards her survival this way, ironically. She smiles a little under her makeshift mask and wiggles towards the third relay. At least she won't suffocate up here. Maybe.

This relay has much heavier and more numerous cables running to and from it. Judging by the heft of components involved, this is a pretty serious system. Artificial gravity and airlocks, more than likely. These contacts can be cleaned without being removed, thankfully. It looks as though these were shut off intentionally, though. The corrosion present isn't bad enough to warrant the relay to hang open or closed. A mystery for another time, perhaps. Maybe it has something to do with this heap being mothballed for a while.

When Llydian engages the lever on the third circuit, there is a sharper vibration through the bones of the Pod. That should be a signal of the artificial gravity generator engaging and beginning to work its magic. She hopes. It occurs to her that maybe she could have left that circuit off for now.

Her concerns are quickly replaced by a collection of new ones, though. Llydian can hear an alarm starting to sound, more than likely out in the main corridor. She can't hear what it is saying, but it's repeating the same message over and over. Secondly, the gravity generator is engaging to its task diligently. Where once she was just kind of floating through this rat's nest of ignorant repairs and quick fixes, she is now laying directly in them. The thoughts of electrocution and becoming irretrievably tangled are now fresh in her mind. To compound the issue, her pants are still half down her legs. The last concern, is maybe the most unsettling of them all; she can hear... singing?

Llydian shimmies as quickly as she can backwards through the loose net of wires and hoses, leaving her flashlight so she can have both of her hands to work with. It's not dignified, but she makes her way back through the small opening in the ceiling. At halfway through the hole, the dust causes her to lose her grip and she falls hard to the shower floor, breaking part of the dividing wall in the process. She stands quickly and rushes out to the control panel to see what issues are triggering the alarm, and to try to suss out where this voice is coming from. But the alarm is the more pressing issue. She takes this moment of visual investigation to refasten her work pants.

"WARNING! WARNING! FUEL BAY DOOR OPEN. WARNING! WARNING! FUEL CELL EXPOSED."

I should probably close that, at least until I figure out how this all is supposed to function.

Llydian scans the control panel, making mental notes for what button or control group is where. As she studies, the short range radio overhead barks to life again. And she was right, it IS singing coming out of the crackly speaker. It sounds like a... Sailor's shanty?

What in the actual fu--... AH HA!

Llydian's keen scanning finally gives her the answer she wanted; a button labeled FUEL BAY DOOR. She presses it without hesitation, hoping that the alarms will fall silent momentarily. The blaring alarm is replaced with a much softer warning chime that seems to be keeping rhythm with a smattering of red strobe lights attached to the outside of the Pod, just dimly visible through most of the dust covered windows.

"Oh, we'll be allll-right, if we make- OH FUCK!" comes through the radio, before the entire Pod is quaked by what feels to be an explosion somewhere? As Llydian looks to the control panel for any clues, she hears more cursing and sounds of a struggle coming through the radio, before the radio goes silent in a burst of static. She sees a microphone sitting on top of the control panel, with a long wire trailing from it up to the actual receiver. She grabs it and pushes down the button to activate it.

"Hello? Is anyone receiving this?" Llydian asks, as she moves towards the window to try and see if she can spot the individual in distress. Drawing closer to the previously cleaned spot, she can see an absolute clusterfuck unfolding on the opposite side of the Pod. There appears to be a battered and heat-checked ship about the size of a 4 door sedan, currently wrestling with a partially crushed and leaking fuel cell. The cell itself is about twice the size of the small ship, and is spraying some sort of fluid out of a massive fracture on the end opposite where the ship is attached. Two of the three loading clamps on the front of the ship appear to be mangled and sparking, also leaking what Llydian guesses to be hydraulic oil. The craft is trying mightily to withdraw the fuel cell back away from the processing side of the Pod.

With one violent burst from the small ship's thrusters it spins 180 degrees, twisting the fuel cell away from the Pod. However, the pilot failed to realize that spinning it inwards towards the center of the U would cause the leaking fluids to be sprayed all down the side of the Pod. As the cell makes it to the apex of the turn, the ship releases its last remaining clamp. The fuel cell goes hurtling off into the void, leaving a trail of liquid into the inky blackness of the galaxy. The small ship is shunted violently backwards into the now closed fuel bay door, where it sits for a

moment before flicking on what's left of its worklights and changing its course to the windows that Llydian is currently standing in front of.

The ship comes up to the glass quickly before coming to a complete halt, with the mangled cargo grapples grinding and colliding into the outer shell of the Pod. The high intensity bulbs flood the room with light, causing Llydian to turn her head and use her free hand to shield her eyes. After a few moments, she is able to adjust and look squintingly into the cockpit. The pilot looks to be screaming into a similar microphone that Llydian has, but there is nothing but silence coming through her receiver. The pilot pauses for a few moments before angrily thrashing the microphone against the interior of the craft. It doesn't take much detective work to determine that this pilot is pissed right the fuck off. The pilot slumps backwards in their seat before holding something up to their mouth and lighting it, before reversing back and lining up to dock with the hatch that Llydian had entered the Pod through.

Llydian hears the clunk and hiss of the external hatchway sealing and opening, and awaits whoever this irate pilot is. Hopefully, they will be sympathetic to her situation. The hatch door is slow to open but once it is about one quarter of the way there, a gnarled hand comes through the space and begins to push the door faster into its recess in the wall. Practically bursting through the hatchway into the corridor is a tall, haggard looking wolf with fur that resembles the void outside; mostly black with specks of white appearing randomly in his shaggy coat. He is dressed in a thoroughly tired jumpsuit, a faded high visibility green with most of the reflective stripes missing or so dirty as to be gray instead. His eyes are piercing, and the cigarette clenched between his teeth is burning angrily and already mostly spent. He quickly pulls a battered black hat onto his head, with the word SLAYER written in a jagged red text.

He strides hastily down the corridor before stopping no more than a few inches from her face. He doesn't say anything immediately, but quickly assesses Llydian from head to toe with his needle focused eyes.

"I-I'm sorry, I tried--" Llydian squeaks out in a panic before the wolf's hand is grabbed onto the front of her shirt in an instant, forcing her backwards until she is pinned against the window. The speed surprises her at first, but not for long. She's been in a fight or five, and almost always against someone bigger and stronger than her. As the wolf again closes the distance to get in her face, she reflexively kicks at his knee to try and put him on the defensive. Llydian connects with her kick, sending the wolf to stumble and fall into her heavily, causing him to release the grip on her shirt. He smashes his face into her heaving breasts, before straightening back up and using his forearm this time to pin her neck to the wall. They are now face to face, and Llydian can barely breathe under the weight of this attacker. She retrieves her pocket knife from her pants pocket and goes to swipe at his midsection. Her aim is off, getting partly obstructed by his jumpsuit but she hits flesh for sure. The wolf's eye twitches as he bites down on his mangled cigarette and bears his teeth, causing the glowing orange ember to fall onto his arm and burn straight down through his exposed fur.

The slash did seem to break the wolf's rage though, as the pressure begins to lessen on Llydian's neck. His eyes are still intensely focused on her though, never breaking contact. The wolf and Llydian maintain this sort of stillness, as the smell of burnt hair and now burning flesh starts to fill the room. It felt like an eternity to Llydian, but it couldn't have been more than a few seconds. The wolf leans in again, muzzle to muzzle.

"What in actual FUCK do you think you are doing?" He growls in Llydian's face.

"I almost fucking DIED in that tin can because some DUMBASS closed the fucking bay doors while I was pulling the empty cell. Do you have ANY idea how close we both were to becoming another fatality payout to this fucking company?"

Llydian is now standing defiant, still pinned but ready to slash the motherfucker again if she feels the slightest bit of increased pressure. Her heart is racing and the adrenaline flowing, with her neck and face growing hotter by the second.

"First off fuck you, you dumb piece of shit. How the fuck am I to know what you are doing or that you are even out there? I was too busy trying not to suffocate in this fucking rustbucket. And who just shows up and doesn't announce themselves, before moving liquid fuel cells around like a complete JACKASS?" Llydian retorts, the acid dripping off of her every word. She reflexively tightens her grip on her knife, ready for any physical retaliation from this douchebag.

"Announce mys--? Look girl, are you fucking dumb? Or did you just FORGET that I was going to be here the same time as you?" the wolf replies, a little unsure now of who exactly he is currently pinning to the wall. He lessens the pressure on her neck some more, before taking a full step back. Llydian is quick to close the gap though, and grabs behind his neck to drag him back down to her level. She rapidly but precisely brings the knife back up to the side of his neck, the sharp point just piercing the skin.

"I don't know who the FUCK you think you are, and I don't really give a damn. You put your hands on me again, and I'll send you home in a fucking Thermos. You GET me?" Llydian snarls, baring her teeth. The wolf's face goes placid for a moment, before a smile starts to creep across his lips.

His eyes soften for a moment, before he starts to chuckle and then outright laugh, turning his face slightly from Llydian's. This was not the reaction she was expecting, and begins to wonder if this guy is some sort of whackjob that runs around stealing fuel cells from space stations. Are space pirates really a thing? The wolf regains some of his composure, although not resisting the position that he's currently being held in.

"I reckon you got more fight in you than the usual greenhorns they send my way. You and I may actually get along... eventually. But right now we got a few things to take care of." the wolf says, beginning to stand back to his full height. Llydian let's him regain his posture, but keeps the knife to his neck and her hand tightly gripping his fur.

"Whoever you are, whatever you're doing here is irrelevant. Point of fact, my vessel is now unusable for it's assigned tasks. We lost a fuel cell as well. As it sits, both of those problems rest on your shoulders." The wolf states matter-of-factly, before trying to take another step back. Llydian doesn't let him go though, and he halts at the feeling of resistance. He strangely doesn't seem too bothered by the knife that's only just piercing his skin, even occasionally turning into the blade while he talks.

Maybe he really is a whackjob.

"None of this would've happened if you had just come aboard and said something. This is my first day here, first time ever seeing one of these damned Pods. I have received little to no information as to how things are supposed to work here and that manual isn't as much of a help as I thought it would be." She motions her head towards the desk, never breaking eye contact. The wolf relaxes a little, but remains where Llydian has him.

"So... You are NOT here to get this place ready for service again? You were NOT sent by Pod Maintenance?"

"Fucking NO! I just got dropped off here! I've been off the planet for... maybe two hours? I've already been thrown into total darkness aboard an unknown station, nearly suffocated, almost certainly electrocuted, broken through a shower wall and assaulted by some bush-league ass space cowboy. To top it all off, I'm covered in this... whatever this soot is!" Llydian says angrily, but with less bite than her previous words to this individual.

"All I want right now is a shower, then we can talk about all of these problems over a drink or two. Maybe we can work out what you... WE are going to do, to start making things right." Says the wolf, while starting to unzip his

jumpsuit the rest of the way down. It was already pretty much unzipped from the stomach down, but now it's all the way past his crotch and part way down his leg before the zipper stops. He still hasn't moved away from Llydian, though.

"Are you intendin' on keeping that thing in my neck for the rest of time that I'm in here? If you are, you may want to get a raincoat or something. Because the shower is my next stop, unless you have some objection to that." He says warmly, seemingly disregarding the very recent scuffle they just had. He stands there expectantly, waiting to either be stabbed or allowed to shower.

"Alright cowboy, here's the deal. Your recklessness is not my fault. It never will be. But you got it twisted if you think that YOU get the first shower. For all I know, this place may start falling apart at any moment. If I am going to be sucked out into space or exploded, I'd rather not be covered in this shit" Llydian quips, letting go of the wolf's mane and beginning to try and rub the dust between her fingers. The knife is still at his neck though, but her hand is now resting on his collarbone instead of poised to strike an artery.

"Hmm. The Pod's on aux power right now, meaning we only got about... 5 minutes before no more hot water. Hell, maybe no more water. Water repurification isn't considered essential on these older units. So how quick can you be, miss?"

Llydian levels her gaze at him, trying to work out if he is actually being serious about a fucking shower.

"I'll let you know when I'm done. How about you try to get... on second thought, just sit your ass out here and don't touch anything. I want to be ready for whatever you destroy next" Llydian says before pulling the blade away from him and moving to the bathroom, making sure to keep her eyes on him while she does so. She pauses in the door frame for a moment, studying the wolf before finally closing the door and latching it. She knows full well that this flimsy door won't stop him or anybody from getting in here, but it'll at least keep him from sneaking up on her if he decides to push his luck.

Llydian sets her knife on the little shelf below the shower controls and quickly sluffs out of her filthy clothes, leaving them wherever they fell. She'll worry about them after she can blink freely without the dust trying to seal her eyes closed. Her girlcock eagerly springs from it's Cloth prison and smacks roughly into the small gap between her breasts.

Now is NOT the time for that. It was exciting, sure. But not for the reasons you want.

She flips the shower handle to the red side and waits, as the pipes shudder and groan in the walls. She quickly glances back to the door as the lukewarm water sputters out of the shower head. The sudden jet causes a small squeal to escape her lips, before she immediately starts trying to scrub this gunk out of her fur and eyes. The pressure equalizes and her work can begin in earnest, as she tries to get this crap off of her.

Not thirty seconds later, she hears the door slide back open and footsteps coming up behind her. With one eye able to see she swipes the blade off of the shelf and spins around, slashing downwards. She catches the end of the wolf's muzzle, slicing part of his nostril open. As she goes to cut back up towards his chest however, he catches her wrist and squeezes. Hard. The reflex action causes her to drop her only defense to the floor, leaving her standing frozen for a moment as her body tries to adjust to this involuntary movement.

"STOP doing that damnit! It's getting real old, real fast" the wolf snarls, but makes no other hostile movement. He takes a moment to look over her now naked form, focusing on her heaving chest and formidable dick for perhaps a moment or two too long. Maintaining his grasp on her wrist, he wipes the remaining silt out of her other mostly

closed eye, before slowly trying to trade places with her. She stands tall, unwilling to move and with her own snarl quickly appearing across her face

"Get the fuck out of here!"

"Just MOVE for one goddamned minute!"

The wolf loses his grasp on Llydian's wrist, and they both start trying to claim ownership over the stream of water in the tiny shower cubicle. They eventually end up face to face, with Llydian only being a couple inches short of his snout. Llydian's swollen cock stays nestled in its place though, the head of it only a few inches below her neck line.

The wolf's snarl fades as he looks down on her in a sort of appreciation.

"No wonder there ain't enough room in here, packing a monster like that. I bet you were REAL popular back planetside, huh?" The wolf chuckles, reaching up to adjust the shower head towards his side of the cramped stall.

"Yeah, I was. What the fuck would you know about being popular with anyone, other than the people back at the asylum?" Llydian snaps, also reaching up towards the shower head and struggling to wrestle the stream back to her side of the stall.

"Believe me girl, I AM still quite popular up here too." He nods his head down briefly, inviting Llydian to glance down. She maintains his gaze for a moment, before peeking around her own dick and sizable rack to see an equivalent cock hanging between the wolf's thin but muscular legs. His was knotted, and although it was clearly hard, it doesn't have the freedom to stand upright like Llydian's. A bolt of excitement runs up Llydian's spine. She had lied somewhat, about being popular back home. She had plenty of flings and short term girlfriends, but nothing ever stuck. Maybe because of her somewhat reserved nature, or maybe because of her constantly being at work in an oil field and usually smelling like burnt grease. Regardless of the reason, it HAD been a while for her. Three months easy, probably closer to four or even five.

She succeeds at moving her gaze back up to the wolf's face, who is now faintly smiling as the warmish water runs down his face and chest, taking a small stream of red tinged water with it. The cut across his chest is mostly clotted, but his nostril is flowing freely for now.

"There. Can you fuck off now?" Llydian mutters, her mind clearly distracted with thoughts other than who has rights to the shower.

"How about this, I'll wash your back while I'm in here. Seems like you had a hell of a time with... whatever you were doin' before you tried to blow the whole place up." The wolf says thoughtfully, placing both hands on Llydian's shoulders and stepping back out of the shower. As he makes a little room, he tries to turn Llydian towards the shower head, letting her get the full benefits of the remaining warm water. It doesn't exactly help with her current levels of wanting to fuck, but it's very soothing to her sore muscles.

She resists his manipulation at first, but soon relinquishes the will to fight him. His hands are calloused and rough, but pretty strong still. As the water runs across Llydian's face and down her front, the wolf starts massaging her shoulders and back. She closes her eyes and lets the pleasurable sensations wash over her. Her shaft swells between her tits, and her pussy starts to tingle with anticipation.

Llydian doesn't remember the last time that SHE was the one receiving the massage, and it was definitely not as welcome as this one is turning out to be. She melts back into his hands a bit, but doesn't want to seem too eager. Then she feels it.

A warm snout, gently nuzzling into her neck. Then comes the sniff, a long slow one starting on one side of her neck before moving around to her other side.

"Uh... W-what the fuck are you doing now?" Llydian tries to inject some venom into her words, but she can't muster the conviction required. It's been a long day for her, and this is a nice change of pace from almost dying a few times over. The sniff stops, before she feels the gentle lap of a wide tongue on her cheek.

"You smell... *sniiiiiff*... Really good, for a *sniff sniff* oil field worker?" The wolf mutters, with a bit of surprise. He rests his neck over her shoulder as his hands move down to her waist and lower back, with his head now beside hers. He lazily opens one eye to glance at her expression. Her mouth is slightly open, breathing deep and eyes only part way focused. He seems satisfied with her reaction, and continues to move one hand down towards her nether regions. His hand delicately avoids her straining shaft, before finding her entrance. She is almost dripping at this point, and spreads her legs a little to allow him entrance. He proceeds slowly, spreading her lips before starting to penetrate her with his gnarled but gentle fingers.

Her legs quaver for a moment before she reaches out to steady herself on the shelf in front of her. The wolf takes his free hand from her waist and moves it up to one of her massive tits, first simply cupping it before beginning to slide it rhythmically against her own throbbing dick. The sensation causes Llydian to lose her grip first, and then her footing. She reaches one arm up around behind the wolf's neck, grabbing a handful of his fur again for support. Her sudden weight almost pulls both of them down, and his footing takes a second to readjust and start picking them both back up.

Once the couple has restabilized, Llydian moves her other hand to her unoccupied breast and begins keeping time with the wolf's ministrations to her aching cock. She isn't used to this sort of treatment, not by a long shot. Llydian was usually the dominant one in any romantic or recreational relationship, but this all fairly new to her. She's had partners in the past make half-hearted attempts to dominate her, but it was always for show. She never actually felt out of control, unable to dictate what happened to who, and how. Her first instinct is to try and fight back, but that feeling quickly fades as the waves of pleasure begin building in her mind and body.

They continue this way for some time, long enough for the water to turn cold and drop in pressure. Finally it relents completely, not even enough to muster a dribble out of the shower head. The couple doesn't care, or even really notice. The wolf is basically holding Llydian up by himself now, as one of her legs has left the floor and is currently trying to intertwine with his. Her body is trying to bring him closer, to get him in a true position of dominance over her. She is only dimly aware of that fact though, as her first vaginal orgasm squirts out around his fingers, causing her eyes to cross and unfocus.

In a sudden burst of movement Llydian breaks free of his grasp and stands shakily, facing away from him. She draws a deep breath and collects herself, before shoving past him and stopping at the entrance to the shower stall itself. For a moment she is motionless, breathing raggedly as her cock tries desperately to throb itself to climax. Llydian then puts her hands on either side of the entrance, bracing herself with the flimsy shower stall walls. After setting her feet apart and leaning forward, she looks over her shoulder with a lustful expectancy.

"P... Please... Breed..." Llydian almost whispers the words, barely audible to even herself. She's never begged for anything before, because she's never had to. But her unnamed lover needs no further encouragement, taking his place as apex predator in this particular bathroom. He towers over her as she watches him, and trembles when he presses the tapered head of his pulsing dick at the entrance to her thoroughly wet pussy. He slowly starts to push his wolfhood into her waiting snatch as jolts of ecstasy run up her spine, as her legs begin to betray her again.

The wolf grabs around Llydian's waist with both hands, before sinking his straining dick into her. She can feel her insides shifting, to make room for his length and girth. There's a moment about halfway in, where his pointed shaft

meets her cervix. There is a moment of pain for Llydian, but his lupine precum and her own lubricants ease the insertion and stretching needed for him to continue deeper. He confidently pushes into her until his swollen knot makes contact with her drenched lips. He feels her midsection distend slightly as he invades her deepest depths, claiming what was so freely given to him. Her pussy contracts again, as her body convulses from her second orgasm.

As Llydian looks down she tries to see her own stomach and the way it's being rearranged, but her view is currently blocked by her massive swinging breasts and lust-filled shaft. She instead decides to reach out her tongue and starts to lick and massage the head of her own dick. Every part of her wants to be given over to him, and she's going to do everything possible to serve her newfound master.

The wolf remains buried in Llydian for a few moments before fully bending over top of her smaller frame and biting the back of her neck. Her licking immediately stops, and her body goes mostly slack as he starts to pound her with reckless abandon. She doesn't care how long it's going to take or what she must do, as long as it ends with her every orifice being filled with cum.

As the animalistic fucking continues, the shower wall that Llydian broke earlier finally tears completely free from the wall. Llydian would have been surprised if she had even the slightest idea of what had actually happened. The wolf slows his pace to a gentle thrust, and that's when she actually becomes aware of the now very dire situation. Her master doesn't seem particularly concerned, and begins to enact his plan. She is ready to accept his seed in any and every way possible.

The dark-haired wolf eases Llydian to the cold floor and rolls her heavily onto her back, causing her heaving chest to sway and bounce. He does his absolute best to keep himself buried in her, but this proves difficult. This rearrangement is enough movement to cause her dick to pop free of her cleavage and hang just below her line of sight, as she gazes patiently up at her dominator.

Having transitioned successfully to the floor, the wolf pushes Llydian's knees up and outwards, leaving her cunt fully open to penetration. He then gently pushes her overstimulated cock back down between her glorious tits, and guides her hands to support them. She starts to titfuck herself without hesitation, never breaking the piercing gaze of the creature looming over top of her. He smiles down at her and reaches down to caress the side of her face. She slows her pace to nuzzle his hand, and lick his fingers.

He then gently grabs the bottom of her jaw, and leads it to the throbbing head of her formidable meat. She begins to lick and suck at the tip, while she tries to see whether or not this is what he wanted her to do. He pats the top of her head, before roughly grabbing her hair and pulling her face down onto her own shaft. The sudden forceful change surprises her at first, but she doesn't shy away. The wolf keeps one hand guiding her up and down her own sex, before readjusting himself to make his own entry back into her waiting fuckdoll of a body.

As Llydian feels her own cock push at the back of her throat, the wolf uses this resistance to force himself into her contorted body. Llydian's eyes snap wide open, to see this massive cock making a home for itself in her body. Her womb eagerly accepts his member, her whole body seemingly trying to pull his entire being into her. When his knot reaches her dripping box this time, there is no retreat however.

Her lover keeps pressing, almost to the point of pain for Llydian before there is an audible pop and squelch as her greedy pussy swallows his knot whole. When the wolf knot finally does make it inside, he uses this opportunity to force her own rod past her choking point into her own throat. Her eyes wide now, she looks frantically up at him. But his face portrays nothing but pride and affection for his new eager cocksleeve.

"You cum first, and you better be a good girl and swallow it all. Do you understand?"

Llydian nods her head quickly and without hesitation.

"Good. Get to it" he growls the last part, as she begins to throatfuck herself. Once she is set in her rhythm, the wolf begins to fuck her without remorse. Llydian does her best keep pace, but she has a lot more that she is trying to manage. That is not his concern though, and they both know it. He pumps furiously into her ragged body, trying his best to not shove her out from under him. He feels her pussy clamp down on the base of his shaft, and a torrent of her sweet girlcum seeps out and begins to pool on the floor.

Llydian's dick starts to unload mouthfuls at a time, at a rate that she can't contain for very long. The wolf sees her struggling and pulls her head down on her shaft even further, before using his other hand to wrap around her throat. Hes effectively locked her own cock into her throat, where it is free to fill her stomach with as much cum as it can muster. As her orgasms subside, he releases her throat and waits a moment before also releasing her head. She slowly brings her face up from her spongy dick, letting it flop wetly out of her mouth and rest gingerly on her swollen stomach and tits.

"Very good. Don't waste any of it. Make sure you keep that sweet mouth SHUT."

Llydian's eyes try desperately to maintain focus on his face as he begins to probe as deep as he can physically get. She quickly clamps one of her own hands around her muzzle, to keep him from fucking the cum straight back out of her. A stomach full of her own cum does increase the pressure on the wolf's engorged cock however, and he can't hold out much longer.

With one final thrust home, the ragged wolf stretches her pussy to its limits as the knot swells inside of her feverish body. Llydian doesn't know how long he was cumming in her but she becomes aware of the swelling in her abdomen changing shape and decreasing, flattening out somewhat. It takes a few moments before she realizes that her cum was actually leaking out of her ass, and joining her pussy juices already pooled on the floor. She's momentarily worried that he may be upset with her, but she's too tired to do anything to stop it. And honestly, it feels too good to be so full of meat and their collective juices.

After the groans and moans subside, all that's left is the ragged breathing of the couple. Now that they are face to face, the wolf gently licks Llydian's cheek before picking her up carefully to keep her knotted on his still erect wolfmeat. Her head lulls to one side as she feels the knot and rod subtly stirring inside of her. She flops her arms over his shoulders and tries in vain to help support herself. Her poor, tired cock is sandwiched between the two of them as the wolf carries Llydian out into the main corridor. He clumsily scoots the desk chair out with his foot before gingerly sitting in it, being careful not to disturb his prize and also to give her legs somewhere to hang for the time being

"So, you ready for that drink yet?"

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## Chapter 2

Llydian doesn't answer the wolf's question, as she is just trying to maintain her seat in his lap. Every little movement from him or her causes sparks to ignite in her mind, as she relishes the feeling of being coupled so thoroughly. Her poor cock twitches ever so slightly, but is in no condition for round two. Maybe after a nap and some sort of food.



"Hey, you awake? You need to be if we're going to work all this out. I am NOT doing all this cleaning by myself." the wolf chuckles, causing Llydian's eyes to snap open briefly as she is once again being jostled about on his still firm but wilting breeding tool. She slowly moves her hands to his shoulders, and uses them to push herself back. Just far enough to where they can look at each other, but she is very careful to not dislodge his knot from her very sensitive pussy. Her mind is growing conflicted, however. One part of her wants to stay here knotted to her master forever, but her more practical side is starting to cut through the lust-filled haze that took control earlier.

"I... W-what did you do to me?" Llydian questions, trying not to sound accusatory. She most definitely enjoyed it, but she's not sure why it happened the way it did. It was cursing and fighting one minute, and then it all flipped. Her mind is racing trying to figure it out, but the wolfmeat still stirring inside her keeps resetting her thoughts.

"All I wanted was a quick rinse-off. I even tried to help you clean up, in my own way. But you seemed... Pretty excited with my presence, and I'm not one to disappoint someone that's depending on me. Did you not enjoy it? Did I misread the entire situation?"

The wolf's brow furrows a bit at that, concern growing in his previously soft green eyes. He shifts himself a bit in the chair, trying to get them both into a more upright position better suited for an actual conversation. Llydian snaps backwards a bit, almost recoiling from the insinuation that was so plainly wrong. Her eyes are fully open now, scanning the wolf's face for some sign of this being a joke.

"Mast-- ahem." Llydian is quick to respond, but is quicker to shut her mouth. She tries to clear her throat, which is still mostly slick with her own cum and saliva. Her eyes soften again, and she gently tries to scoot further back up into his lap. She has succeeded in closing the distance between their muzzles, until they are almost touching. Llydian gives the slash across the wolf's nose a small, gentle lick before moving in to nuzzle back into his neck.

"I... You... Look, it was good. Very, very good. It just caught me off-guard. It has been a big day for me, definitely one of the most exciting first days at a job that I'm ever going to have. It is certainly going to be the most memorable." Llydian says quietly, pulling her arms tighter over his shoulders and now trying to get her legs into a more suitable position to hold the wolf stationary. She is not ready for this feeling, this moment to end. These are all very new thoughts to Llydian, and she is not quite sure how to process them. Her dominant side doesn't seem to have any useful input either, but one thing she is definitely certain of: there was a mention of drinks.

"Well, if that's the case then maybe I should let you rest while I-"

"NO!... No, I mean. I kinda want to stay... here for a bit, if you don't mind. You also mentioned some drinks earlier, so after those I MAY take a short nap. But only for an hour." Llydian tries to keep a nonchalant attitude about the fact she may be unwillingly released from her new favorite seat, but her limbs try to tighten on the wolf's form regardless of her words. Physical strength is definitely not one of her strongest attributes right now, however.

"You gotta pick one, hun. My vote is for a drink. And seeing's how you're tied to me right now, so is your vote. So drinks it is. Now, do you want to get off of this ride yourself, or do you need help?" the wolf asks, before starting to slide back down in the chair to facilitate Llydian's dismount. She tries her best to resist this movement, but the chair affords no real suitable traction for her legs to intertwine with.

CRACK!

The chair tilts backwards briefly before disintegrating beneath the couple, dropping the wolf almost flat on his ass. Llydian is surprised and puts her legs down to try and catch herself, which she just about manages to accomplish. However, this also results in the swollen knot still residing inside of her to be forcibly extracted from her overly

sensitive snatch. A gush of wolf cum is immediately following the knot, and begins running down his shaft before pooling on the floor.

Llydian stands frozen, head back and mouth open as she processes the feeling of her insides straining to return to their normal positions. The wolf groans slightly and glances briefly at his somewhat erect shaft, which has only the cum-slick head still inserted into her opening. He tilts his head back a little to look up at her face, before reaching his hands up to grab her thighs and pull her down onto his cock once again.

Llydian gasps as she was only just barely holding herself up to begin with, and the sudden reentry of her master quickly brings her back over the edge of climax. There is a loud squelch and a gentle pop as the wolf knot returns back to where she wanted it, swollen inside of her. Her girlcum is quick to try and relubricate this returning guest, and her body is more than willing to make the room required for the firm cock's burial in her depths once again.

She is now straddling her master's lap as he lets out a long, contented growl. Llydian's mind is once again whipping itself into a lustful frenzy, preparing for the onslaught of pleasure that's sure to follow the wolf's obvious desire to be hilted in her. She leans forward, laying on top of him as she reaches up to try and wrap her arms behind his head. He watches her with curious but tired eyes as she tries to bring herself snout to snout with him. Realizing that she can't quite get all the way there while being knotted, he gently cranes his neck down to reach her. There is a brief pause before they engage in a deep, passionate kiss.

The wolf takes this time to swiftly wrap his arms around Llydian's back, and rolls over to put her flat on the ground. Llydian tries her damndest to never break their kiss, but being knotted and their height difference makes it difficult. There's also fragments of the chair that make the transition less than smooth, but all in all the result is good enough to not be too distracting. Now that she is back under her master however, she spreads her legs and prepares for him to take her again fully. Only a few minutes prior, Llydian was filled with more cum than she ever thought she could be. But now she wants more. NEEDS more.

The wolf disengages from the kiss, as Llydian tries fruitlessly to hold him in place. He slowly pulls his arms out from under her and uses them to begin lifting himself up off of her, careful to not pull himself free just yet. Her face changes from yearning to relief to puzzlement, as sense and clarity return to her mind. But she doesn't question her lover, hopeful that this may just be a bit of rearranging on his part.

"You, uh... You good? With drinks I mean, Miss...?"

Llydian lets out a long sigh, and lets her body melt back into the floor a little before replying.

"Yeah. Yeah, a drink would be... Really nice right about now. But if you don't mind, I think I'm just going to lie here for a bit longer. You go get whatever drinks you claim to have, and I'll just... Admire your handiwork. Actually--"

At that, the wolf begins to rise further up from the mess he's made and in the process, once again dislodges his knot from Llydian's tender pussy. Her legs weakly try to keep him held to her, but they are in no shape to do much to stop him. A torrent of their collective cum spills forth from Llydian, and his cock drips freely onto her lower half as he slowly raises himself to his feet. He remains unmoving for a few moments, as she notices that one of his legs seems to be quavering every so often.

"So it was that good for you too, eh?" Llydian says with a smirk, as her body starts to regain control of itself. The wolf doesn't answer her, but instead lets out a short huff before straightening to his full height and turning away from her. She can see now that he is walking with a slight limp that he didn't previously seem to have, as he makes his way towards the first door in the corridor. He pushes the door open, and surveys the room momentarily before proceeding inside.

No lights have come on in that room, but Llydian can hear the sounds of metal and boxes being moved and resettled, before the wolf emerges from the room with a rectangular piece of metal that has a few choice seams and hinges around the edges. He half-carries it to the center of the corridor, close to where Llydian is still resting on the pile of cum-soaked desk chair debris. He studies the object briefly before beginning to manipulate the different handholds and levers, and in a matter of seconds this rectangle unfolds into a small table with two very flimsy looking stools detaching from the main table. None of this looks comfortable to sit on, or to even really be near. The edges are thin and sharp, and the overall construction seems... frugal, to be charitable.

The wolf sets a stool at either side of the small table, lets out a small grunt of satisfaction and turns to head towards the airlock where his ship should still be connected.

"Insert ID to open airlock." chirps the voice from the speaker in the corner of the room. Apparently the engineers thought that two speakers would have gone over budget. The wolf's shoulders slump down before he turns to face Llydian again, defeatedly shuffling back towards her. She has since rolled onto her side, so she can better observe this strange creature that she has found herself infatuated with. He approaches and kneels down next to her, which is also where he had haphazardly left his jumpsuit when he went to make his entrance into the shower.

The wolf rifles through the pockets of his garment, and pulls his ID out and holds it between two fingers as he continues searching for something else of apparent importance. Llydian is facing him, well within reach and uses this opportunity to snatch his ID from his hand as he is distracted. He pauses his hunt for a few seconds, snapping his head to face her while she tries to orientate the card so she can read it. But as quickly as she claimed it from him, he retrieves it back from her. All she was able to glean from it was the number in the lower left corner; seven.

"What, do you have a stupid name or something? I won't laugh, I promise. Unless it's really bad, then all bets are off." Llydian says with a smile, trying to ease the mood of the room a bit. She is a little unsettled by how cold her lover has become since getting out of her grasp, so maybe it's going to be like usual. The thought of that begins to fill her with dread, as she turns away from the wolf and lets him continue his search unimpeded. Different shitty setting, same shitty people.

"Damnit."

The wolf quickly stands and heads back to the airlock, where he crams his ID in before the voice can get one word out. Much as before, he "assists" the door into its recess and disappears into his ship. Llydian can't see what he's doing, and doesn't much care. She is currently rolled onto her stomach and is up on all fours now, making her way to a kneel and then hopefully to her feet. She is taking it slow as there is a lot of cum and a LOT of emotions in her environment right now, inside and out. She is almost ready to stand as she hears a click behind her. She freezes, before a long puff of smoke is exhaled from behind her, over top of her shoulder. She knows what cigarettes smell like, they were basically currency on the oil lines. She still doesn't particularly care for one being smoked in her face though.

Llydian feels the calloused hands grab firmly onto her waist before helping her to her feet, and gently steering her towards one of the flimsy stools. She resists this and tries to turn out of his grasp, damn near succeeding and falling over the table. The wolf catches her clumsily, dropping a weathered bronze cylinder onto the floor as he does so. It strikes the floor with a heavy thud and gently starts rolling back and forth as if it contained a liquid.

As Llydian now looks up at the wolf's face, his eyes have become soft and concerned again as he lowers her carefully onto the stool. She continues to glare at him though, watching as he picks up the cylinder and takes a seat at the other end of the small table. He holds the canister up and gives it a little shake, before giving a small smile and beginning to unscrew the top. He lets out another long billow of smoke from his cigarette, jetting out of his nostrils and down onto the table.

Although Llydian is currently in no mood for any more bullshit, she is still struggling to keep upright on her stool. Her body is currently under her control, but that doesn't change the fact that she just had a potentially life-changing encounter with a complete stranger in the middle of space. The wolf is mid-dissection of this cylinder when he notices her stare and seeming inability to keep upright without the assistance of the table. He sets the pieces solidly on the table before getting up and grabbing his seat, then makes his way behind where Llydian is seated and sets his stool behind her.

The whole time she keeps her eyes locked on him, now untrusting of his character and motives with her. She feels him take a seat behind her, gently pressing his chest into her back before reaching around under her arms to continue manipulating this device. He quickly has his head resting on her shoulder again, as she tries to move away from him but is currently constrained by his larger frame. After another few drags, he extinguishes his smoke on the table itself and lets the butte sit off to the side.

"What is your fucking deal? Was this anything to you, or am I just another on a long list of many?... Hey! Answer me, you fuck!" Llydian snaps at the side of his head as she snarls her words at him. He shrugs slightly, before flipping the top of the canister over and filling it with a tan liquid produced from the body of the cylinder. He then sets the canister on the table and pulls the cup closer, leaving it in front of her and resting his hands to either side of it. She eyes the cup suspiciously, before snatching it off the table to smell it. It smells like whiskey, but it has a distinct metallic bite to it that would flag it as being low quality or even dangerous back planetside. It's a risk she's willing to take though, and slugs the cup back in one motion.

Llydian sits still for a few seconds, waiting to see what and if anything else is going to happen. The wolf remains waiting, keeping one eye turned keenly towards her. She holds the cup still in front of her, before letting out a sharp cough.

"ACK! That... Is some rough shit! Is that the water from your shuttle or what?" Llydian says haughtily, before slamming the cup back in front of her on the table. It really wasn't very good, but maybe it's the best available. The thought of not getting good alcohol all the way out here sends a pang of sadness through her bones, or it may just be some side effect to the reactor runoff that she just ingested. But it was better than nothing. She points downwards at the glass and snaps her fingers quickly, and eases back into the wolf's chest as he pours her another glass.

Llydian is quick to snatch it up and is about to throw it back, before she feels a deep, low rumble against her back. She moves the cup in front of the wolf's lips, and briefly pauses before beginning to slowly tip it back and letting him take a long sip from the cup. After a large gulp, he tips his head back a little to break the connection to her offered drink. She quickly pulls it again to the front of her, only spilling a little down the side. A few drops run down to her finger, where it quickly soaks through her fur and begins to irritate her skin.

"Holy shit, what is--"

"Desmond... That's my name." He says it with regret, almost. Like he's ashamed of his own name. Llydian doesn't say anything immediately, and instead just sits with that new knowledge. She sets the half-full cup back down to the table before twisting on her stool to look at the side of his face, trying to gauge what brought about this sudden deposit of information.

"I didn't take you for a Desmond. More like a Randall or a Frank, to be honest. Especially since you started being an absolute DICK as soon as you left me on the floor." Llydian's words have an unintentional bite, as she watches Desmond's ears twitch and flatten as he briefly tries to turn his head from her gaze. He removes his arms from the table and cautiously tries to wrap them around her midsection again.

Llydian is hard and unflinching at first, not giving him the satisfaction of her just instantly welcoming him again. But she feels him scoot closer to her, as close as he can be before returning his head to her shoulder once again. She stares into the cup as she swirls the fluid inside it a few times before downing what was left and relaxing back into him to a minor degree.

"I'm sorry about all of this. I know I can come off pretty... aggressive. And entirely way too forward with you. I hope that I haven't completely soured things between us. I'm just not used to... someone like you." Desmond is speaking in a low voice, intentionally flat but the hint of emotion creeping around the edges of his words. Llydian isn't sure what exactly he is trying to achieve, or what he thinks will happen once he gets there.

"Look... It's been a rough day, I think, for both of us. It had some astounding highs, and unfathomable lows. But I think what would be best is if we maybe got some shut-eye. I know I'm pretty beat." Llydian is trying her best to be genuine, but she's honestly not one hundred percent sure of the situation herself. She takes her hand from the cup and gently places it on the side of Desmond's muzzle. He shies away from it for a brief moment, before turning into it and rubbing his face down her open palm.

"The first door is the bunk. You're welcome to it, but it's just a poor excuse for a mattress right now. All the fixings are still out there." Desmond says, before raising his head to motion out the window. Llydian turns to follow his gaze and sees what appear to be two more fuel cells plus another steel or nanocarbon container of roughly the same size, all three tethered to the top of the opposing spar of the Pod.

"Did... did you put those there?"

"Yes ma'am I did."

"Okay, don't "ma'am" me. I'm not exactly a proper lady."

"If you say so, miss."

"Look here you--" It is at that point that Llydian realizes that she has not in fact told him her name, and she immediately smiles before giving Desmond a little kiss on the side of his head.

"My name is Llydian, and I am fucking tired. Let's get to bed, sheets and pillows be damned."

Desmond smiles at this and quickly springs up, ready to assist Llydian if she asks. She is slow but confident in her movements, standing under her own power with some effort. She is pretty stable until she takes her first step towards the room; that doesn't go as well. Her legs are uncooperative and she hurriedly grasps onto Desmond for support. At the first falter Desmond grabs onto Llydian, scooping her off her feet and carries her the short distance to the bunk.

The room is very cluttered with old boxes and dilapidated equipment, seemingly shoved in with little to no care. The sad bunk itself is relatively clean, although it will only barely accommodate one let alone two people. Llydian eyes the bed before returning her gaze to Desmond's face.

"How's this supposed to work?"

"Simple. Just watch." He says, as he gently lays Llydian on the firm but workable mattress. He then stands and leaves the room quickly, returning a few short moments later with his jumpsuit, which he expertly folds into a square before lifting her head and sliding it under.

"That's the best I can do on such short notice. If you're willing to wait, I can get the--"

"Shut up, get in the bed." Llydian says exasperatedly. She does her best to slide back against the wall to make room for him, but it's a miniscule amount for someone half of Desmond's size.

"I'll be fine down here." He says, kicking a few cords and boxes out of the way before laying on the floor. He lays flat on his back, arms to his sides like he's being put in a coffin. Llydian scooches across the bed to look down at him in the dark, before he turns his head to return her gaze.

"You're unbelievable." She scoffs, before grabbing his ear to pull his head off the floor and then shoves the makeshift pillow underneath before letting go. His head falls heavily, and a short growl echoes through the room.

"Get ready."

"For what?" The wolf mutters just before Llydian slides herself off the bed, landing bodily on top of him.

"OOF, what the fuck-"

"Sshhh, shh shh shh. Hush. Bed time." Llydian whispers, as she nuzzles into his chest. Desmond instinctively wraps his arms around her naked body, pulling her tight before giving her a kiss on the top of her head.

"So we'll figure all this out tomorrow?" The wolf mutters.

"Yes, master." She whispers.

"... Wait, what?"

But Llydian is already fast asleep.

---

Llydian stirs from a near-comatose sleep, the best sleep she has had in a very long time. Her senses return to her in wisps, like a fog slowly trying to form. Just abstract noises, disconnected sensations that have no real bearing in her dim awareness. A rustle of foil, the hum of some sort of machinery in the far distance, the gentle creep of warm water vapor across her face, the abrasiveness of starched fabric underneath her body, the gentle click and stirring of something metallic.

*Wait... Waaaaaiiiiiit.*

Heavily her eyes open and try to adjust to the dim light that is present, before beginning to glance around to figure out where she is. The last thing that Llydian remembers before waking up was rolling off the bunk onto Desmond and calling him a bastard... That WAS what she called him, right? She blinks the thought away, and assesses her surroundings. It's still the same room but there is now a soft orange light on and the clutter that was so prevalent the... night?... before is now mostly stacked against the far wall, leaving the bunk area clear.

Her hands inadvertently brush against the fabric of the mattress again as she slowly looks around. At the feeling of it, she freezes before grasping the fabric and squeezing. At some point in their rest, she has moved back onto the bunk. Did she crawl back up here in a fugue state, or did Desmond put her here? And how, and why?

Having regained most of her ability to move in a meaningful way, Llydian stiffly rolls onto her side and drags herself to the edge of the bed. No Desmond on the floor, and the door to the room appears to be almost completely closed again. How long has she been asleep, and why are there no clocks anywhere to be seen? Seems like something important to have, especially since there's not a sunrise or anything to guess off of.

*That doesn't matter right now. What the fuck is going on?*

Swinging her feet down to the cool metal floor, Llydian takes a moment to fully stretch and yawn before actually sitting up. Her body is sore in some places, but like after a good workout and not a real ass-kicker of a day at work. Her girlcock is mostly firm at this point, especially after the stretch and subsequent self-administered rubdown. She looks down at it fondly, and the thoughts of the previous night come flooding back into her head.

*Mmm... That was... Something else. Different to the usual routine, but I might be able to... get used to that. Maybe. He's going to have to help a little bit next time, though*

She gives her now erect member a gentle, slow stroke from head to base before releasing it and scanning the room for her clothes. Llydian doesn't see them anywhere, but does notice that Desmond's jumpsuit is still mostly in a pillow shape and has been crammed against the wall of the bunk. Her gaze becomes transfixed, as she slowly reaches out to grab it and pull it to her.

Llydian holds the bundle in one hand, running her thumb across the faded fabric. Almost involuntarily, she quickly brings it up to her face and proceeds to bury her nose in the fabric, inhaling the scent. As she does so, her free hand is again wrapped around her sizable dick, stroking up and down in earnest. After a brief few seconds her eyes snap open as she thrusts the garment back away from her face, holding it away as far as she can before dropping it to the floor. Her other hand briefly slows its caressing before stopping all together, leaving her mast to stand waiting in front of her.

"I know you had something to do with that little... whatever that was, and I don't appreciate it." she mutters in an accusatory tone to her now hard cock. Llydian's eyes focus on her throbbing member and the small droplet of precum that has formed at the very tip, before sighing and leaning forward to lick the droplet off. No sense in that going to waste, but now is not the time for it to go any further. *However*, a quick selfsuck and subsequent belly full of girlcum would make a decent breakfast. As her eager cock is now straining in front of her, there is a sharp smack of metal-on-metal and hushed cursing now coming from the corridor.

Llydian pauses her now extended tongue, right before it makes contact with her own sweet badgermeat and eyes the door. She hesitantly draws her tongue back before tilting her head back and letting a long tortured groan escape her lips. It would PROBABLY be a good idea to see what Desmond is potentially fucking up before continuing further with her own plan. Slowly, she rises to her feet and moves to the slightly askew door.

Looking through the opening, she can see what Desmond is busy with. He is currently sat at the small table with an unlit cigarette hanging carelessly from the side of his maw, with his drink canister from before further deconstructed in front of him. There is a long quarter round container made of clear plastic, that seems to be half-full of the same "alcohol" that was enjoyed previously. It sits off to the edge, as the rest of the table top is cluttered with apparently some sort of... cooking apparatus? The wolf is currently boiling a cup of liquid over a small burner, as he pours what look to be coffee beans into another cylindrical contraption before beginning to manipulate it in as quiet of a way as he can muster. All the while, he is quietly humming some obscure tune that Llydian doesn't much care to identify.

The scent of ground coffee quickly makes its way into the bunkroom, where Llydian has been watching him work. He seems to be confident in his knowledge of the procedure, but not the actual practice. The coffee scent itself is pleasant at first, but it soon becomes apparent that there is a sourness to it. But it can't be worse than the liquor from last night, right? Llydian coughs reflexively at the taste memory of that, which causes Desmond to look towards the bunkroom doorway. She freezes in place like she's been caught, but the wolf only gazes briefly before returning to his work.

After a minute of manipulating this contraption, Desmond sets the device carefully on the table. He removes the cup from the heat source and pours it into the first vessel, his hands trembling slightly either because it is very hot or because he is unsure of his own movements. With the two apparent ingredients combined, he places the cup over the top and begins to gently shake the now sealed container. His humming has grown a little louder now, maybe in response to his confidence in this part of the process. Llydian hasn't moved from her spot, seemingly content to watch this ordeal from the dimly-lit bunkroom.

She blinks a few times, realizing that a simple question to the wolf would probably solve this mystery pretty quickly. Llydian briefly scans the room for some sort of clothing other than Desmond's, but failing that she decides to just make herself known. She grabs the door and tries to slide it back into its home in the wall, but it is stalwart in its position. A quick smack with the palm of her hand causes it to give up its fight, and it slides haltingly back into a slot in the wall. The wolf startles slightly, almost losing his grasp on his mixing apparatus as his humming comes to an abrupt end.

"What are you doing, and why are you being so loud about it? Are you building something to help or hurt our current situation?" Llydian quips, stretching again. Her firm shaft is no longer attentively erect, but hangs at mostly full length between her legs as she makes her way towards Desmond and his project. The coffee smell is much stronger in the main corridor, but so is the acidic undertone which now also coupled with a sort of staleness that is most definitely emanating from this little experiment.

The wolf doesn't say anything, but gives the container a few more quick shakes before separating the two halves and pouring a steaming dark liquid into the cup portion. He gives it a quick sniff before curling his nostrils slightly, and then holds it out towards Llydian in one hand.

"It's the best available, at the moment. I hope you like it black, because the sugar and cream have long since left the realm of being food. A little of this might help, though. I won't judge." he says, as he briefly picks up the clear bottle of alcohol and gives it a little shake. Llydian can see that there was some sort of sediment that had condensed in the tan liquid, which is now disturbed and swirling around before trying to resettle. Her eyebrow raises in suspicion, before taking the cup but bringing it no closer to herself.

"Uh... thanks, but you should have the first cup. Since you made it and all." Llydian tries her best to not sound ungrateful, but she is seriously doubting the validity of this being 'coffee' as she knows it. At first glance and second sniff, it matches what you would get at most dirty truck stops in the middle of the night back home. But that's not a high mark to beat.

"Well, I figure you'd need it more. You got some reading to do while I go fuck around outside." Desmond motions his head gently towards the partially cleaned window, where the remaining containers can be seen as they gently jostle about on their tethers.

"Plus, I kinda... spilled mine already. That was on me, and it wouldn't be fair to steal yours because I failed to realize that fire is indeed hot." Desmond shakes his hands, as to illustrate the point that he burned himself. A small smile is present on his face though, as he waits patiently for Llydian to take the first sip. She stands there, staring down into the cup and weighing her options. She could easily refuse, and it's not like she's super tired or hungover or any of that. A little sore and stiff, but that's nothing new. But even bad coffee is better than none, and there hasn't been any sign of food or drinks in this floating broom closet.

"Uh... Alright, fine. But if this kills me, I'm going to kick your ass." Llydian threatens, before tentatively putting the cup to her lips and taking a sip. It IS bad, but surprisingly not as bad as the liquor from before. It's definitely past its expiration date, but that's only a suggestion anyways. She lets the liquid sit in her mouth for a few seconds, before swallowing it. She eyes the wolf, trying to gauge his reaction. He is amused, but patiently waiting for her to finish or



throw it at him. Llydian holds the cup in one hand and grabs the second flimsy stool, before moving it to the other side of the table and taking a seat.

"So what's the plan, cowboy? I'm guessing there is a lot more that has to be done before we start shipbreaking. And apparently I have some more garbage to read?" She asks, before taking another sip from the cup.

"Well, I need to get the cells locked into the reactor side, which is a little easier with only two. When the analysts get here though, they're gonna be pissed about the missing one. After that, I need to wrangle the supply bin into the bay back there." Desmond explains, tilting his head towards the third door in the corridor.

"That's where our equipment will be. And all our provisions for the next month. Hopefully, they got it right this time. They've been known to forget things, like plasma cutters and water. You know, small shit like that." he says with a chuckle, before starting to reassemble his multipurpose canister.

"It'll take me a couple hours, with only having one non-fucked clamp on the ship. Can't whip 'em around like I normally do. But no matter, it'll get done all the same. The other NORA people won't be here for... about forty hours? Then they gotta do whatever it is that they do, and we'll start getting ships after that. But I reckon you got some homework to do while I'm out having all the fun."

The wolf stands up from the table, stretching his back before stiffly walking back into the bunkroom. From her seat, Llydian can see him scanning quickly over the boxes stacked against the wall, before pulling one free from the pile and dropping it on the floor. He crouches down and opens the lid before pausing and asking over his shoulder:

"Hey, are you contractor or employee?"

Llydian pauses a moment, thinking back to the multitudes of paperwork she filled out. With the drilling outfit, she was a contractor. Way better pay but no benefits from the company itself. She distinctly remembers going for the same contractor option though, especially since she wasn't sure how long she was going to enjoy this line of work. But instead of answering the wolf's question, she decides to pose a question back to him.

"Uh, I don't remember just yet. This rancid bean water hasn't kicked in. What about you? Contractor or company man?" she asks with a smirk. The company had been pretty tight-lipped about the differences, so Llydian is curious about the details. Maybe their benefit package is worth the reduction in her paycheck.

"... I'm going to guess contractor, then. If you were an employee, you wouldn't have trouble remembering."

Desmond turns back towards the box and retrieves a well-worn folder, before pushing the open container back towards the pile. He stands and returns to the table, setting the folder in front of Llydian before removing the canister from the table. He fidgets with it for a few more moments until a small rectangular object pops out of the top and clatters to the table. He sets the canister on the floor before retaking his seat across from his badger companion, grabbing the ejected rectangle in the process. Once seated, he brings the object to the unlit end of his cigarette and there is a momentary buzz, before wisps of smoke start to emanate from the now burning tobacco.

Llydian disinterestedly opens the folder to get a glance at what she's supposed to read. A bunch of stuffy regulations and rules pertaining to the Pod itself mostly, followed by a chapter on basic ship recycling and how to properly use the tools provided. She quickly fans the pages before letting the folder fall closed again.

"Ugh. I know how to use a plasma torch, not exactly a new piece of technology. Do they really send people THAT clueless up here?" she asks before taking another swig of coffee. Her gaze turns to look out through the window, where she casually imagines a ship being tethered there and waiting for her to turn it into a paycheck. Desmond

takes a long drag, before leaning forward and tapping a finger on the folder. He turns his head away from Llydian before exhaling a long stream of smoke, then leaning back and crossing his arms across his chest.

"You... should read it, though. Shouldn't take you that long. Then maybe you can take a look at that radio. It's probably something simple, and it would be helpful if we could communicate while one or both of us is out there. The whole short-wave system runs off of that radio being functional, as far as I know. And if you have time, you could start cleaning this place up. I'll probably be about done by then." He speaks the last words with a sort of sweetness, like one would to their significant other.

Llydian snaps her attention back to him, as a small smile begins to crease the wolf's mouth. She doesn't see the humor though, and gently sets the cup back towards his side. She stands purposefully, and moves around the table to be at his immediate left. Desmond doesn't move much, but he is now looking up at her with his smile still present. She leans down to get face to face with him, but maintains her height advantage somewhat.

"I am not your fucking maid. And I sure as shit ain't gonna clean this entire place by myself. So get your ass up, get in your little boat and go do YOUR FUCKING JOB." As she snaps the last words, she slides the cup across the table into the wolf's naked lap. He wasn't expecting that and lets out a stifled yelp, and immediately stands. Llydian takes a few steps back as Desmond tries to brush the hot liquid off of his lap. She tenses her body, preparing for some sort of retaliation. It has happened before.

After a few moments of fruitless brushing, Desmond turns his eyes to Llydian as his face grows hard as steel. He takes one step towards her before stopping, as he sees her immediately get into a fighting stance. He remains where he is, but his posture relaxes as the smile again shows itself across his face. He chuckles under his breath before turning towards the hatch where his ship is currently docked.

"Fair enough. If you want to get yourself cleaned up, it'll have to wait 'til the first cell is loaded in. I'll try to make it quick." He says before stepping through the bulkhead into the small craft that he arrived in. He takes his seat and starts manipulating the different controls of the ship, as a low hum begins to resonate through the Pod. Llydian has mostly relaxed as well, a little puzzled by how quickly he gave up and did what he was told. Maybe he didn't like the prospect of another conflict, or maybe he realized how much of an ass he was being. But whatever the reason, he is on his ship and out of Llydian's hair. For now.

There's a small thump through the floor of the Pod, and a noticeable dimming of the lights. Everything is still running though, so maybe the backup system is actually doing what it's supposed to. Llydian fully relaxes now, and lets out a long sigh as she moves back towards the table. She takes a seat, and briefly looks at the folder again before getting distracted by Desmond's ship coming into view over the far side of the Pod. It's pretty standard procedure as far as tractor and trailer is concerned, just with the additions of tethers.

Llydian is entertained for a few minutes, just through the sheer novelty of it before she tries to read the contents of the folder again. After making an honest attempt on the first three pages, she gives up and just skims the rest. Most of it is common sense, or has a close enough parallel to something she encountered in one of her other jobs. Even the section about spacesuits and proper pressurization procedures is pretty similar to what she already experienced in underwater construction. It's actually easier in space, you're dealing with a vacuum versus another atmosphere of pressure every so often.

After what she feels is about twenty or so minutes, Llydian has finished all that she cares to read and is now entertaining the idea of cleaning. Her eyes rest on the shattered chair from the night before, which has now mostly been moved towards the wall. That must have been Desmond while she was still asleep. She then realizes that she didn't ask him anything about last night or this morning, and the list of questions hasn't got any shorter. She turns her attention to the window, hoping to see Desmond in the final stages of getting the first fuel cell into its actual useful

position. What she sees instead is the small ship currently wrestling one fuel cell, as the other is tangled in the tethers for the supply box. The tangled mess is slowly drifting upwards of Llydian, out of her sight range.

She quickly makes her way to the radio, and yanks it forward so she can fully access the backside of the unit. A quick inspection shows multiple frayed and rubbed wires, one of which seems to be the main power to an external antenna array. It appears to be grounding out on the case of the radio itself, and can be easily readjusted to at least temporarily restore power. It's a matter of seconds before the radio crackles back to life, apparently catching the last bit of a private conversation.

"--such a fucking idiot. I don't want to think of how this could get any worse." Desmond is muttering, apparently to himself as he tries to regain control of this one cell. Having established a working connection, Llydian snatches the microphone from the desktop and presses the button.

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"Hey, uh... You see what's happening, right?" she questions, as she watches the small craft push the unruly fuel cell back towards a free-floating tether. As soon as the end of the tether makes contact, it seems to magnetically grab onto the exoframe of the fuel carrier. The other end of the tether starts slowly retracting into a small opening in the hull of the Pod, as Desmond's ship unhooks and gently floats backwards.

"What are you talking about? Also, good work on fixing the radio. I never doubted you." squawks the radio, as Llydian has her face pressed against the window trying to locate the drifting cargo currently somewhere overhead. As the tethered cell nears the side of the station the cable seems to stop automatically, letting the cell gently bump into one of the folded scaffolds that occupy the walls of the workbay.

Llydian gives up trying to find the lost containers, before focusing her attention on the small craft idling in the middle of the workbay. Even though it's about twenty yards to the craft as it currently sits, she can see the telltale ember of a burning cigarette in the dark cockpit. She stares in silence for a moment before activating the microphone again.

"Dumbass, what's missing in this scene? What are your CURRENT responsibilities?" She says sternly, as the ship turns to face the window that she is presently standing in front of. There isn't an immediate response through the radio, but the small ship slowly approaches the glass before stopping much as it had before. Llydian can see the wolf's form moving around in the cockpit, with the burning cigarette illuminating the side of his face briefly every so often. She quickly glances back at the radio, but all the lights indicated that it is powered and functioning properly.

"What's missing from MY scene, is a certain lady being seated on my lap. And my OVERALL responsibility is to keep that certain lady happy." Desmond says in a low voice, which comes across almost as a whisper through the crackly speaker of the receiver. This statement catches Llydian off-guard; she was expecting some smartass remark or some other form of beligerance. She stands in silence, staring down the unwavering ship that is only a few feet and one sheet of glass away from her. After a few moments, the radio speaks again.

"So, what needs to be done to keep me in that certain lady's good graces?" Desmond says this with a little more authority, before taking one final drag and extinguishing his smoke somewhere in the cabin. He keeps his vehicle steady in front of Llydian, the two of them seemingly waiting for the other to act. She feels frozen in place as the memories of before wash over her again, causing her dick to immediately harden and begin pressing itself against the cold glass that separates her from the void outside. She gasps at the sudden sensation, which snaps her focus back onto the problem at hand. She again activates the handset, but the iron in her words has softened considerably.

"L-look, you're fucking up right now. The other containers are drifting above me somewhere... A-and it's your job to handle that. So go handle them."

"And afterwards, I'll handle you." comes the response, almost without a pause. Without another word the ship reverses briefly before nosing up almost ninety degrees, and then with a burst of thrusters is also somewhere above Llydian's viewpoint. She still remains at the window for a few moments, before taking a full step back and setting the microphone on the table. As she does so, a trembling breath escapes her lips as her rock hard girlmeat springs up impatiently before her.

Her eyes leave the window to focus on the ever-growing droplet of precum at the head of her cock, which is now dangerously close to running down the side of her shaft if she doesn't act soon. Llydian remembers her plan from earlier, and now is as good a time as any. And the radio's functional again so if the wolf needs something, he can reach her. She hungrily laps up the oozing cum, letting her own taste rest on her tongue as her breathing becomes ragged.

Llydian turns quickly back towards the dimly-lit bunkroom, crossing the threshold in a few mere steps. By the time she is splayed out on the mattress, one hand is already stroking her shaft as her other hand is roughly squeezing her breast and pinching her nipple. This doesn't last long though, not after she remembers the distinct feeling of having her own fuckmeat shoved down her throat. After a moment of idle stroking, she reorientates herself to where her shoulders and head are on the bed, with her back going up the wall. After what feels like forever, she is finally able to get her tip and the first part of her shaft into her salivating maw.

Llydian lets her lower half relax, bringing her knees closer to her shoulders. As her meaty shaft slides further and further into her eager mouth, her tongue works feverishly to lick and savor every inch of the massive dick pushing its way to her throat. Unfortunately, she can't get her body to willingly contort any further. She opens her eyes to see at least half of her shaft still visible, and no feasible way to force herself down any further. It was a lot easier to throat herself when she had a potentially unstable wolf helping her.

The sudden thought of Desmond causes her pussy to immediately start seeping, and it takes little time for her juices to start making their way around the base and down her shaft into her hungry mouth. The taste of her own cunt along with the steadily flowing precum, spurs Llydian to shove a few fingers roughly into her pussy as she tries to steady herself on the small bed with her other hand. She holds in this position for a few moments, absorbing all the different pleasures running through her body before she uses her two handholds to start throatfucking herself. Her energized snatch squirts girlcum past her fingers within minutes, which causes her throbbing cock to get even harder.

With this newfound stiffness, Llydian is able to force the swollen head past the entrance to her throat. As it slides further in, she feels the pressure build at the base of her spine and knows that soon she will be erupting. She quickly shoves more of her fingers into her pussy, and grabs a handful of the mattress to try and brace herself as best as possible. With one final thrust, she feels the rush of hot, thick cum travel up through her dick and start pumping into her throat. She swallows as fast as she can, as her tongue does its damndest to pull the spasming cock all the way down into her stomach.

Llydian's mind is a maelstrom of pleasure, as her erupting cock subsides into a more steady river that seems committed to filling her stomach, throat and mouth. Her eyes are only partly focused now, as she extracts her fingers from her twitching fuckhole. She gingerly brings that hand to rest on her swollen belly as she slowly lets her shaft leave her slickened throat. She is careful to lick and suck every possible bit of her retreating girlcock, not wanting to miss a drop of her own sweet cum. She swallows every drop as she remembers how it felt to be filled beyond her limit with wolfmeat, the mind bending sensation of being pumped so utterly full, and the absolute thrill of not being able to stop it.

These memories bring Llydian's cock back to renewed vigor, and she quickly strokes herself to a second orgasm, but this one mostly escapes out around her cock. Her face and muzzle are quickly covered in her own girljizz, as she lets her cock finally escape from her maw. It comes to rest against her heaving tits, as she makes a token effort to at least lick the cum from around her mouth. she doesn't make it very far before her exhausted body slides down the wall, leaving her almost crumpled on the bed.

But Llydian doesn't care. All things considered, it was a decent breakfast.

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*skkkkrreeeeEEEEACK!*

The noise is sudden and piercing, immediately snapping Llydian awake. Sounds like that on the oil field usually meant that something somewhere was severely fucked, and everyone needed to be on high alert as fast as possible to keep from getting hurt. But after a few moments of panicked scrambling to get on her feet, Llydian realizes that the noise itself was the only threat. Now standing naked and with matted fur, she can hear the sounds of someone moving around somewhere outside of the bunkroom. Not sensing any immediate threat, she takes this opportunity to stretch and rub her eyes. Turning to face the now disheveled bunk, it occurs to her what had happened; she fell asleep.

Quietly cursing the lack of time-keeping devices, Llydian makes her way out into the main corridor to survey the commotion. The air coming from the circulation vent seems to be blowing much stronger and cooler now, coupled with the harsh glow of the few intact light bulbs present in the ceiling. There is also a fairly strong light shining out from where the third door had, until very recently, been sealed shut. Slowly, she makes her way along the wall down to the bulkhead, before hesitantly looking around the corner.

Through the Pod hatchway is another hatch door like the one that had recently been coupled to Desmond's ship, before making a sharp left. Cautiously proceeding, Llydian is greeted with the sight of a long rectangular room that is brightly lit from inset lights in both the floor and ceiling. The interior of this room is almost completely filled with various shelves and crates, all of which are currently entangled in cargo netting that clearly failed in doing its job. She guesses that somewhere in the loss and retrieval of this particular container, there must have been quite a shock to dislodge everything so thoroughly. Towards the other side of this mountain of haphazard supplies, Llydian can hear the sounds of someone diligently working.

"Desmond? What are-"

"-Ack!" comes the familiar sound of the wolf's voice, amidst the sounds of something heavy falling to the floor.

"Damn it Llydian! Where've you been? I was trying to raise you for like, two hours before I gave up. Is the radio fucked again?" Desmond says through gritted teeth, clearly trying to mask the pain he's currently experiencing with anger. A few moments later, there is a grunt and the sounds of more supplies being moved.

"I... uh... Well, after you took off to chase down the cargo that YOU lost track of, I sat down to read through that folder. And I'll tell you in case you didn't know, that is some boring-ass reading. So I figured I would sneak in a nap before starting on cleaning. I honestly didn't think you would be done this fast. Good work." Llydian says nonchalantly, having entered the room and is now inspecting some of the containers to determine their contents. There is a silence for a few moments, before she can hear sounds of the wolf scrambling up and over supplies before poking his head up over the top of the mound. His face initially is one of disbelief, before quickly hardening into disappointment.

"A nap? Seriously? You need a watch or something. I've been out there dancin' with these damned things for about six hours now. And here I thought you were just ignoring my attempts at starting conversations. But now I'm seeing that you were more than likely asleep for all of it. Plus, your fur tells me that you more than likely had a little fun after you read the manual. I never found those books to be particularly arousing, but you do you I guess. Saying all that, I'm just guessin' that there wasn't much cleaning that took place either?" the wolf says, readjusting every so often as to not slide back down the pile. Llydian initially maintains eye contact while waiting to defend herself, but she looks towards the floor as his rambling starts hitting closer and closer to what actually happened. By the end of it, she's staring at her feet like a scolded kid.

"Look man, I don't know why I slept so long. I guess it was a big breakfast." Llydian mutters sheepishly, while gently touching her stomach which has mostly returned to its normal size. Realizing that she's maybe in the wrong, she quickly begins trying to move and stack boxes back into their shelves as to divert attention away from the fact that she was asleep for so long. Desmond doesn't say anything else, just merely watches her for a minute or two before fully pulling himself over the pile and clumsily making his way down to her. Llydian tries her best to ignore him and continue on with her self-appointed task but he becomes a major roadblock fairly quickly. As she turns to grab the next box, he is thoroughly in the way and seems unwilling to move.

"Desmond, I know this is a mess. But I'm up now, and it's just that this has been a lot of changes for me in a pretty short time. I don't even know how long I've been here. I'm guessing a day?" She mutters quickly, still trying to move around him to continue doing her fair share of work. He reaches one hand out to block her, before gently moving in front of her again. Once stopped, he moves his other hand to tilt her face so she is looking at him. Llydian resists this at first, but eventually gives up and looks into his now softened green eyes.

"I know that all this takes some getting used to, believe me. I've been at this for a while though, and I forget that most people haven't got the... experience that I have. So next time, if you want to take a nap or have breakfast or whatever, just let me know. I can be your alarm clock, if that's what it takes. Things are relatively easy right now, with our mostly open schedule. But that's gonna change soon, and we need to be on the same page when it does. Otherwise, we're gonna have a hard time keeping the company happy. They're already sending an analyst that I don't know, so we gotta be on our best behaviour around them. At least for the first couple teardowns."

"Yeah... Yeah, okay. I'm just not used to feeling so... lost, you know? I mean, if they had paired me with another newbie then there's a good chance that one or both of us would be in pretty bad shape right now. I guess I could thank you for that."

"Oh? A thank you? From the badass oil worker that's maybe in a little too deep? That's not necessary, but what did ya have in mind?" as a mischievous smile flashes onto Desmond's face. Llydian can feel his girthy shaft bump against her leg at the mention of a thank you.

"Thank you, Desmond. For not killing me during my first day in space." Llydian quips, while taking a step back and tipping an imaginary hat. She can now see that his dick is mostly hard, but maintaining its position by his leg.

"...Oh. Well... You're welcome. I'm happy to do it, I guess." he says, before shrugging slightly and turning back towards the pile. Llydian isn't sure if he is playing a bit or is genuinely dejected, but decides to just leave it alone for now.

"Anyways, I gotta straighten most of this out so I can get back and forth. I ain't climbin' this shit every time I need Lucy for something." the wolf says matter-of-factly. Llydian turns to Desmond quizzically, not sure who or what Lucy is.

"Is that... Did you name your ship? Man, I didn't think people actually admitted to that." she says with a slight giggle, before catching the sideways glare that he has pointed in her direction. She reflexively clears her throat, before trying to keep a straight face.

"Look, I didn't name it. The guy before me did. It's actual callsign is OTV-86-66. I think you can figure out where the name came from. Aside from the obvious, it's also one of the oldest models in the fleet. It's been beat up pretty bad, but she brings you home. Usually." the wolf says, trying to keep the bite out of his words. He mostly manages it.

"Oh *she* brings you home. I seeeeee... It's all starting to make sense." Llydian is doing her best to restrain her laugh. The wolf's telltale growl lets her know that she has indeed found a nerve to play with.

"I think... I think I should probably start trying to clean the Pod up a bit, especially now that we should have hot water again." Llydian says, while turning away from Desmond and heading back into the Pod proper.

"Plus, I want to give you two lovebirds some privacy." She mostly makes it through the door before she almost doubles over laughing, making the last step or two in a stumble before ending on hands and knees. Desmond doesn't pursue, but is quick to slam the door closed behind her. Even over her own laughter she can hear him shout something, but the thick steel door does a good job of obscuring his actual words.

She takes a minute more to fully laugh it all out, before making her way back up to her feet. A good laugh is what she needed, but a hot shower is a close second. She sees that her bag has been unceremoniously moved from the spot where she left it initially, and has been somewhat crammed underneath the desk. Llydian moves to it before crouching down, and proceeds to rummage through it looking for a change of clothes. Almost everything she owns is either oil stained or saturated with the black residue that still covers most of the pod. There might be some sort of worksuit in the supply container, but she won't even try to look until Desmond has cooled down a bit.

She decides that the best option is to probably try and clean what she was wearing before, seeing how it's going to get dirty again shortly. She pushes her bag back under the desk before making her way to the washroom. It is much as it was the night before, broken wall and all. The various fluids that were present before have now mostly dried though, and what didn't dry surely made its way down the drain.

Sidestepping the various dried puddles, Llydian makes her way to the shower controls. Before turning them to full hot water, she spots her knife laying partially obscured by a chunk of broken shower cubicle. She bends quickly to grab it, before thoughtfully examining it in her hands. There's still a red tinge on the edge, even though it may just be rust at this point. It did get pretty wet and humid in here. She closes it carefully before setting it on the shelf, and then cranks the shower controls to the full hot position.

The pipes shudder and groan in the walls once again, but the shower is quick to produce water this go-around. The pressure and heat quickly become near unbearable though, and Llydian almost abandons the shower before being able to adjust the temperature back to a more hospitable level. Once that has been remedied, she sets to work on cleaning herself completely before trying to scrub out her clothes. As thick as the dust is in some places, the hot water makes short work of it. It turns the water a dark gray color, but doesn't leave any silt on the shower floor.

Satisfied in her cleaning endeavors, she cuts the shower off before ringing out her clothes and draping them over the one standing cubicle wall. Her top will dry quickly enough, but the pants may take a while. Llydian didn't bother with her boots, and thinks that maybe they won't see much use up here. Desmond has been barepawed the whole time she's known him, and he seems to be doing just fine.

She heads back into the bunkroom, searching thoroughly this time for a jumpsuit or outfit of some kind. But the only thing resembling clothing is Desmond's faded coveralls, still laying in a heap on the floor. She picks them up and briefly considers how pissed he might be if she wore them to clean the Pod, before pulling them close to her face to smell the collar again. Llydian can't say why for certain, but his scent is definitely appealing to some part of her brain. Thinking back, she could've used his clothes to clean herself up after breakfast. Then he would smell like- *why the fuck would I do that?*

The thought seemed so natural at first, but now sounds so... unlike her usual thought process. Llydian normally likes the sweet perfume of her latest girlfriend, or the delicious aroma of spicy food wafting through from the kitchen. She wouldn't typically get sprung over a haggard wolf trapped in ratty clothes for days or weeks, thoroughly saturated in old cigarette smoke. But here she is, unable to get his musk away from her nose. After a few more hesitant sniffs, she lays his clothing carefully back on the mattress. She then takes a step back, like the thing might jump up into her hands if she's too close to it.

As she does so, her foot jostles the still-open container of manuals on the floor. Reflexively she looks down and sees a red binder, almost pristine compared to the other booklets that are present. Printed in bold letters down the spine, it reads EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK. She hesitates for a moment before lifting it out of the box, and then quickly sits on the bed next to Desmond's clothes. She stares at it briefly, before blinking a few times and looking up towards the doorway. Her wolf companion was pretty evasive about what the differences were between contractor and employee, as was TRD itself. But she could still take a peek, just to see what all the secrecy is about.

Llydian opens the manual and begins to scan the first few pages, all the while trying to keep her ears alert in case Desmond decides to make an appearance. She doesn't know why it's such a big deal, but he seemed to be pretty uptight about the whole thing. But what he doesn't know, won't hurt him right?

The first few pages are filled with the typical TRD legal jargon, referencing statutes and footnotes that are supposedly found in other documents. Llydian decides to skip trying to read everything though, focusing her attention on the section related to benefits, pay structure, retirement and so on. The section begins near the front of the book, but quickly develops into having to flip back and forth between pages to get the full scope of what each item actually entails. As the minutes go by, she becomes less and less enthusiastic about what she reads. It's really all pretty standard stuff, a ten percent pay cut but guaranteed retirement after twelve years, provided no more than two major work-related injuries. That's not a terrible deal actually, but maybe the turnover rate makes twelve years almost impossible.

Llydian is about to close the binder before a word catches her eye; RECONSTITUTION. It was buried in one of the many formidable sections about employee health care, and doesn't seem to be explained or even mentioned anywhere else. Curiosity takes hold again as she starts scouring pages for more mention of the term. She only finds a footnote that references two separate documents, both of which are buried in other sections of the binder. The rustle of pages is hardly enough to obscure someone's footsteps normally, but she is deep into her search for an explanation.

"Hey I foun-" Desmond says as he rounds the corner into the bunkroom, holding what looks to be a vacuum-sealed parcel of fabric. He freezes as Llydian's eyes dart up at him, dropping the binder in the process.

"Uh... Alright... Look, I found a worksuit that should fit you. In case you wanted to actually... you know... be clothed. Not that I mind seeing you like you are now. I actually like it quite a bit, but I don't know what you'd prefer. Yet..." he says with a chuckle, as he motions to his own naked body. She opens her mouth to respond, but Desmond speaks again.



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"I see what you were reading, and I'm curious as to what you're hoping to learn. If it makes you feel any better, you made the right choice by going contractor. Employee ain't exactly all I hoped it would be, as it turns out. But, I imagine that you're going to keep reading 'til you find whatever you're looking for. So why don't I just make us some REAL coffee and we can discuss it. Sound good?" he says, before extending the parcel out towards Llydian. As she takes it, the wolf lets out a brief sigh before turning and leaving the room. She sits motionless on the bed for a few moments, transfixed on the doorway before examining the sealed bag in her hands.

It is precisely and tightly packaged, with measurements and technical specifications written all across the plastic. As she tears it open, the uniform practically spills from its sleeve before starting to unfold across her lap. Llydian holds it up to examine it, as she stands to better gauge if it will indeed fit her. Passing her initial visual assessment, she unzips the front of the suit and begins putting it on. The fabric is relatively light but warm, and is more than willing to stretch wherever and whenever needed.

As Llydian pulls it up to her waist, she realizes that she can pretty much let her womanhood hang down either leg or be pressed up against her stomach and chest. Even the opening for her tail is comfortable and completely optional, should she want to keep that inside the suit as well. The uniform seems more than capable of accommodating ALL of her attributes, even her voluptuous chest. Pushing her arms out through the long sleeves, she begins to zip the suit all the way up to her neck. Even though the fabric is about as unrestrictive as one could ask for, she still doesn't like the fact of having her amazing tits be completely covered. She begins unzipping until the proper level of comfort is achieved, and then runs her hands up and down her new uniform to get everything smoothed out. Feeling confident in her appearance, she grabs the employee binder off the floor before heading out into the main corridor.

Out at the small table, Llydian can see that there is a small round hotplate with a pitcher sat in the middle, with steam escaping from a vent in the top of the vessel. The first scents of actually decent coffee start to make their way to her, drawing her to the table and making the flimsy stools seem much more inviting. She sets the binder on the table before taking a seat, and leans in to get a good sniff of what's steaming away in the metallic pot. Desmond emerges from the supply container, still fully nude but carrying a tray with two cups and packets of various sizes.

He tries to delicately set it down, but the flimsy table shows every intention of collapsing under the sheer weight of breakfast and a manual. Hurriedly, the wolf removes all unnecessary implements and the manual from the table before letting them clatter to the floor. It seems to hold itself a little better, now that only the essentials are present. Desmond hesitates for a moment, seeming to be going over some sort of mental checklist before taking a seat on the opposite side of Llydian. She looks at the vague packages presented before her, before raising an eyebrow at the wolf.

"Ah, right. You've probably not seen most of this before. Okay, so these big'ns should be bagels, and the little packs should be different condiments. Uh, couple different jellies... aaannnd should be some butter, honey and cream cheese in some of these too. Should be a little picture on 'em, but sometimes they're hard to make out." the wolf says, while grabbing a bagel pouch and tearing some sort of strip off the side of the package before placing it back on the table. Llydian watches as the package begins to expand slightly, as a small puff of steam escapes through a vent that opens on the top of the bag.

As the bag starts deflating, Desmond tears it fully open which reveals a steaming bagel that could pass for something found at a deli back on the surface. Llydian selects her own bagel pouch, and after studying it for a moment, tears the strip off the side and sets it on the table. She watches it for a moment as it works its magic, before turning her attention to the smaller packs. She spreads the assortment out to get a better sense of her options, as the wolf takes the pitcher and fills the two cups with steaming coffee before setting the pot onto the floor with the rest of

the unneeded cutlery. Llydian makes her selection as her bagel finishes reheating itself, and quickly tears the bag open to reveal a puff of steam that smells faintly of honey.

Desmond gently pushes Llydian's cup of coffee over towards her side, careful to not disturb the equilibrium of the table and its various residents. Satisfied that he has adequately supplied breakfast, he sets to work on fixing his own meal. Packets are procured and applied generously, before being scarfed down with little to no ceremony. Llydian stops mid-bagel prep to watch the show, like he hasn't eaten a meal in three weeks. She realizes that she is staring, and finishes her task before taking a bite and setting it back onto the bag. Chewing briefly, she picks up her cup and takes a tentative sip. Hmm. Not bad, especially considering the rustwater that was marketed as coffee from before. She savors the bitterness on her tongue before taking another sip, and then puts the cup back on the table as well.

"I see your suit fits you pretty well. The new design definitely seems better adjusted for this environment. Although, it is a shame to hide most of... you... away. But that's your call. I hope you don't mind me staying like this for a while longer. It's been a little bit since I was actually stationed somewhere." Desmond says, after taking a rather dainty sip of his coffee.

"Okay, YOU gave me the suit, idiot. So it's your own fault that I'm not buck-ass naked right now. Also, I didn't feel like being ogled during breakfast. I'm not just some walking pin-up for you to drool over." Llydian snaps back a little harsher than she meant to, but Desmond seems unfazed as he continues to sip his coffee and eyes up another bagel. He sets his cup down before leaning over to procure another pouch, and begins the process of making it ready to be consumed.

"Well, I guess that's fair. I just felt like we... Nevermind. Anyways, you have questions and I potentially have answers. So let's hear 'em. I'm sure whatever it is, I can answer before my bagel gets cold."

Llydian briefly considers what his discontinued sentence could have been, but pushes that thought away for another time. Right now, he's willing to talk and that shouldn't be squandered.

"Alright, you got answers. So what does reconstitution mean? I didn't find any-" her sentence is cut short when Desmond immediately stands, sending the stool clattering backwards and almost tipping the table with its contents into her lap. His eyes fix on her for a moment, before turning his head and looking out of the window into the dark void of space that is just past the floodlights of the Pod.

"... Of fucking course." He grumbles under his breath, before turning from Llydian and stalking back to the supply room door. He disappears swiftly inside, where sounds of containers roughly being moved and thrown around can be heard. Llydian sits motionless, hands still gripping the table edges. She figured this would get awkward at some point, but not immediately. She thinks maybe she could have led with a more generic question, help ease his previous unwillingness to discuss these things. Whatever TRD means by reconstitution, is apparently something Desmond doesn't like discussing.

The wolf emerges a few moments later, lit cigarette hanging from the side of his muzzle. He's been gone for maybe thirty seconds at this point, but the smoke is already half burnt up and he is staring disinterestedly into the open pack. He makes his way back towards the table and picks up the stool, roughly placing it upright before sitting heavily on it. He doesn't look at Llydian even though he is once again seated at the table, but instead maintains his focus on some unknown point outside the window. He again rests his arms on the table, although it's easy to tell that his body is still tense even as he tries to maintain this casual image.

"...Well then, if you're ready to explain, I'd certainly like to hear it. Or is that going to cause you to go pouting off to Lucy again?" Llydian says with an attempt at warmth, trying to ease the tension that had rapidly developed in the room. The wolf's face hardens again at this, seemingly to bore a hole through the glass with his gaze. After a

moment, he relaxes a bit and looks towards the floor. A long drag burns his cigarette down to the filter, before he snatches it from his thin lips and drops it into his mostly full coffee cup. He exhales a plume of smoke through his nostrils as he mutters.

"Heh... Yeah... Running to Lucy." He doesn't raise his head but he does turn back towards the table, now choosing to focus on some object between him and Llydian.

"Hey, YOU said you had answers to my questions. If you don't want to talk about it, then whatever. I'll just read this stupid book to find out what is apparently so goddamned difficult to tell me. I'm sure it's some HUUUUGE secret that I'll never be able to forget about." Llydian says this with no amount of sarcasm, mainly due to frustration at this whole situation.

"Where's your ID?" the wolf asks in a monotone fashion, not taking his eyes off of whatever he has deemed important enough to watch on this table.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Llydian scoffs, not even sure herself where it is. Probably in the bunkroom or with her wet clothes, she guesses. Desmond slides his ID out of his pack of cigarettes, letting it clatter to the table facedown as he lights another cigarette. Once it is sufficiently burning, he picks up his card and holds it out for Llydian to take. She hesitates for a moment before snatching it from him. Now able to study it, she realizes how old his picture is. HE doesn't look any older, but the photo itself seems like it's been reused a few times. Like a photocopy of a photocopy.

She pulls her attention from that detail to start noticing the other information present. Or rather, a lack thereof. No birth date, no address, no social security number, nothing. Even his last name is just an eight digit code of numbers and letters. Most of the information is just... blank. His photo, first name, job title and that number in the corner are the only real bits that are present. Flipping it over, the card clearly reads EMPLOYEE in bold red letters.

"Why does your card have like, nothing important on it? Mine is only a couple words short of an autobiography and yours isn't even a good witness description. And why is your number seven and mine is zero? Is that how many ships you've fucked up, or years you've been up here or what?" Llydian's questioning has a serious tone, but also a genuine curiosity. The wolf gives a small chuckle, before looking up and locking eyes with her.

"Well... Uh... That's because this is my seventh try."

"What the fuck do you mean seventh try? Seventh try at what? Do you suck at your job THAT bad, that you've had to go to seven different Pods?"

"Eh. In a sense, I guess you could say that."

"Stop being so fucking vague! Just tell me, in no uncertain terms, what it means. And while you're at it, what the hell is reconstitution according to this book?" Llydian kicks at the binder, sending it sliding a few feet into the center of the corridor. Desmond's eyes follow it as it comes to rest, holding his gaze on it for a few moments before returning to meet Llydian's glare. He lets out a big sigh before his shoulders slump a bit.

"Fuckin'... Fine. By TRD's definition, reconstitution is regeneration of an organic form by reorganization of existent tissue without blastema formation. You know what that means?" the wolf snaps the definition like he wrote the book on it. Llydian is momentarily faltered by the sudden outpouring of technical jargon, but her mind quickly starts dissecting the different parts to form a vague idea of what it entails.

"Not exactly, but it sounds like the same sort of bullshit that the big pharmaceutical companies were messing with when they were trying to grow new organs for people. I remember reading that it didn't go well, something about the

body rejecting the transplant. But, I'm pretty sure they used that tech to start making artificial meat and stuff for people to eat. And they don't have to tell you it's artificially grown, because technically it is still whatever meat the original sample was. But I don't know why that-

"-You got close enough, I didn't think you'd have a clue. I wasn't expecting a well-read oil worker to be stationed with me." Desmond lets out an honest chuckle, before his lightheartedness fades back into a low serious tone. Llydian is glad to see his tension break, even if just for a few moments. She reaches out and touches his arm in a reassuring way, but only makes contact for a second before the wolf stands and walks to the glass. He's looking out into the void again, but his gaze isn't focused like it was before. As Llydian watches him, she notices that he is actually watching her in the dirty reflection of the window.

"So what that means, is that I have been reconstituted six times. Making this my seventh try. And it ain't cheap, I'll tell you that for free."

"So they put you back together six times? I mean, I saw that the health care was good but I-

"No. Not 'put back together'. Reconstituted." Desmond corrects her mid sentence.

"Well what's the fucking difference? So they regrew your arm or whatever. Cool science, but no need for all this damn secrecy."

"Fucking NO." Desmond turns quickly to face Llydian, and crouches down so they can be eye level. He moves his face close to hers, his hard eyes focused unwaveringly.

"NO. What I am telling you, is that I have died, or been otherwise lost... Six... SIX... Fucking times."

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Desmond lets those words hang for what seems like minutes, before standing back upright and moving out from in front of Llydian. He snatches his cigarettes off the table and lights another before beginning to pace back and forth between the window and the doorway to the restroom. He seems to be focused intently on something, but the point itself is something known only to him. Llydian sits motionless, her eyes fixed on the space that he once occupied in front of her. Her mind however, is the furthest from still that it could be. So many questions run through her mind, that she can barely process one before another is forming.

"I... What... Uh. Are you... Are you fucking with me right now?" she finally manages to get the question out, before turning to face him on his unending trek back and forth. The wolf pauses while still facing away from her, and exhales a ragged stream of smoke before coughing a bit. The butt falls to the floor before extinguishing itself, as Desmond turns and retakes his seat across from Llydian. She reflexively leans back a bit as he does so, trying her best to keep as much of him in her view as possible. He looks briefly at his cup of coffee, before reaching across the table to take hers. She moves her hand slightly away from his, which causes him to pause briefly before taking her cup and downing the remnants. Replacing the cup in front of her, he retrieves the pitcher from the floor and refills it.

"Well, you wanted answers. I'm giving them to you." he says flatly, as he sets the pot back on the floor. Desmond leans forward and levels his gaze at Llydian, his face calm and collected.

"I wish I was just messing with you, it'd be a lot better for both of us. But, this is why I said that employee wasn't great, and that you made the right choice being a contractor. Speaking of, how long is your contract?" His tone changes slightly, gaining a little bit of warmth. Maybe to try and comfort her, maybe to try and distract himself.

Llydian's eyes finally break away from his as she tries to clear her mind and remember what she signed up for, not even forty-eight hours ago.

"Um... because I haven't worked for TRD very long, they said I could only do a three month stint in NORA before I have to be re-evaluated. Then I can go for longer stretches." She almost whispers the last word, suddenly fearing what they mean by re-evaluated.

"Ah, probation. So they would have a hard time making you an employee anyways. Well, consider that a blessing in this case. I would strongly advise against continuing past your three month mark. Or, if you want..." Desmond trails off, now looking back down towards the table. Llydian studies his face, trying to get a read on what he will say next. She would rather it not be another bombshell. He raises his gaze to meet hers, before gently reaching out to touch her. She almost pulls away again, but stops and lets his calloused hand rest over top of hers.

"If this is all too much, I can get you back planetside. You wouldn't be able to work for TRD again, though. And it wouldn't be pretty. But you can leave all this bullshit up here where it belongs." Desmond speaks softly, and with genuine concern. He squeezes her hand gently, before giving a small smile. Llydian's mind quickly takes this new information and starts to dissect it, trying to work out the order of importance for the growing list of questions that she is forming.

"Look, I don't know what kind of people they've put you with before, but I have no intention of dying up here. Yeah, it's space but that doesn't make it any more dangerous than some of my other jobs. I'd much rather be up here than diving on one of the oil platforms off the coast. Dealing with no atmosphere is a lot less stress than dealing with a whole bunch of 'em." Llydian's words are confident and almost defiant, letting her dominant side take the wheel for a bit. There's a lot that needs to be processed here, but not right now. She decides to try and get some more information out of the wolf now that he has seemingly calmed down, but she is prepared for that to change at any moment. This is clearly a very delicate subject for him, as she imagines it would be for most in his situation.

"If you don't mind, could you explain how any of what you just said is true? I'm pretty sure that the procedure you've been talking about, doesn't work the way you say it does. Plus, I imagine it would be like, SUPER illegal. There's no way that they're paying that many bribes just to keep people in their employ." Llydian sits back on the stool, causing it to squeak in protest as her hand is pulled free from his gnarled grasp. Somewhat playfully, she takes one of the jelly packets and casually tosses it towards Desmond. He turns his head slightly as it bounces off of the side of his snout, before he withdraws his hand and begins to light another smoke. He lets the lighter clatter to the table before leaning back himself, folding his arms across his chest.

"Heh heh, turns out that almost ALL jurisdictions end after you breach the atmosphere. Things also get a lot easier when you take politics and morality out of the equation. As for the 'procedure' I don't know how they fuckin' do it. It's not like I'm really... Around when it happens. Plus, it really REALLY fucks with your memory. I'm guessin' that's why my ID has next to no information, and why I'm so rarely stationed anywhere for long. Keeps me from running into something or someone I might know. But that's really all speculation, it's not like I could ever get an answer from somebody in the company about it. I really don't think they give a shit, as long as the cash flow keeps up." Desmond is almost back to his normal tone of speaking, which brings Llydian a small amount of comfort. Maybe he is more okay with discussing it, now that he sees that she isn't going to immediately abandon him on this rusty hulk of a Pod.

"So... How do you break this cycle? Kinda seems like you're fucked, considering you said that it's expensive. How much are we talking?" Llydian tries to ask casually, but her curiosity may be showing through.

"Uh... I think the last time I checked, somewhere around nine? But I'm not sure how long ago that was. Or whether that was even this go-around. Could be nineteen for all I know." Desmond lets a genuine laugh escape, seemingly not too bothered by his inability to remember.

"Nine? Nineteen? What? Nine years? Millions of dollars? Firstborn kids? Minutes without saying something dumb?" Llydian says through a smile, feeling more comfortable as the tension starts evaporating from the room. Serious stalwart Desmond is getting replaced by the wild-eyed cowboy from before, and it's honestly a welcome change. At least for the time being.

"HA! Try *billions*, sweetheart. I told you, it ain't cheap. And I gotta say, totally not worth it. Kinda sucks, actually."

Llydian's smile hangs for a moment before giving way to a look of disbelief.

"BILLIONS? How the hell are you ever gonna pay that off? I mean... You said you could get yourself planetside, maybe you should just get out before it gets-" Llydian is cut short when the wolf raises a hand, seemingly halting her words in her throat.

"I said I can get YOU planetside. The same doesn't apply to me, unfortunately. Don't think I haven't think it already. And to be truthful, I think I made my peace with it a long time ago. I figure this is my calling, at least until I'm too old to be of use. Or TRD goes under. That's what I keep hoping for, but it seems like they're doing just fine. Maybe I should stop working so hard." Desmond leans back into an almost reclined position while putting his hands behind his head and raising his feet above the corner of the table, like the flimsy stool was in any way as comfortable as the hammock he was emulating.

Llydian smiles at his performance and takes a sip of coffee, before mimicking his pose. The wolf responds with a chuckle before letting out a contented sigh. Despite how rough the beginning of this conversation was, things seem to be getting more amicable as time goes on. The impromptu vacation is cut short, as Desmond's stool lets out one final squeak as it explodes beneath him. He falls heavily onto his back, with his feet catching the corner of the table and sending everything flying towards him and the wall.

Llydian sits back forward and immediately begins giggling, before outright laughing as the wolf tries to get up from the floor, squishing condiment packs in the process which doesn't make anything easier or cleaner. After a solid twenty seconds of laughter and trying to get to his feet, Desmond is finally standing albeit a little off-kilter. He has been falling on his ass a lot lately. Llydian manages to get to her feet and goes to retrieve one of her old workshirts from her bag, still tittering occasionally as she does so. After acquiring a shirt that needed to be washed anyway, she turns to see the wolf hungrily licking his hands clean. He freezes as soon as he's caught though, and she could swear that he actually seemed embarrassed.

"Here, use this... Dumbass." Llydian says with a smirk.

Desmond quickly snatches the shirt from her and makes his way towards the bathroom.

"Uh, thanks. Not used to... well, you know." He mutters before disappearing through the doorway. The sink immediately comes on, and Llydian takes a look at the new mess inside the Pod. She is DEFINITELY not cleaning this up, and she's ready to fight over that. After a minute or so, Desmond re-emerges from the restroom with Llydian's shirt draped over one shoulder. He briefly looks at the new mess before glancing around at the rest of the pod, before looking at Llydian and turning away into the bunkroom. Through the doorway, she can see him stop in front of the bunk where his jumpsuit is laid out. He hesitates a moment before picking it up and putting it on, then re-enters the main corridor.

"Well, you got a choice now. Cleaning or fixing." Desmond states matter-of-factly. Llydian sets her jaw and looks expectantly at the wolf, waiting for a longer explanation. He sighs and walks back to the supply room, where sounds of exertion and cargo being moved start occurring. After a few minutes of waiting, she goes to see what he's doing but is quickly blocked as the wolf clatters out through the bulkhead, carrying a bucket with cleaning supplies in one hand and a well-used blue plastic case in the other. He drops them both on the floor before briefly scrounging for his smokes and lighter in the aftermath of the table catapulting stuff everywhere.

Llydian takes this opportunity to inspect the case, as the bucket is pretty self-explanatory. The words on the outside of the case have long since worn off, and the one remaining clasp holding it closed looks to be one bump away from disintegrating. Quickly bending down, she pops the clasp free and opens the case to reveal a thoroughly used portable stick welder. Perfect for working on a derelict space station, but she is unsure as to why he drug it out. No amount of weld will fix that stool, or the table for that matter. The metal was so thin to begin with, that it would just blow right through it and turn it all into slag.

Desmond finally gets his smoke lit and stands triumphantly, before turning back to face Llydian. A grin quickly appears across his face, as he chuckles quietly to himself.

"Well, I figured that'd get your attention. I'm excited to see your work." He says with genuine enjoyment.

"Yeah, sure. What needs to be burned in, exactly? I can't fix any of this cheap crap with a setup like this. It'll just burn-"

"Ah ah AH. Not in here, out THERE." The wolf says almost condescendingly, pointing at the dirty windows. Llydian follows where he is pointing, but sees nothing but the other side of the Pod. Right as she is about to question his eyesight, the remnants of one of the three docking clamps from Lucy drift into view, apparently still tethered to the craft by the hydraulic lines. She watches the ship float into view before it gently bumps against the Pod. Then it hits her. *Why the fuck is it floating?!*

"What the fuck Desmond!?" Llydian practically shouts as she rushes to the window to get a better view of what happened. The wolf starts cackling, almost maniacally as he walks up behind her and puts his hands on her shoulders.

"Guess it's time to suit up, newbie."

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## Chapter 2.5?

Llydian watches Lucy drift by through the dirty glass, before acknowledging Desmond.

"Wait... What do you mean 'suit up'? I'm in my suit. Where's the ROV that I can use to fix that heap?"

She looks down at her suit, briefly pulling at the fabric before twisting out of the wolf's grasp and turning to face him. The eager smile hasn't left his lips, though his laugh has faded into almost a hum. He reluctantly takes a half step back from her, but is seemingly unconcerned with his vessel carelessly floating in space.

"You are the only person onboard that's qualified to weld out there. Besides, my beads are atrocious. I want them to actually... you know, stick." The wolf sounds a little embarrassed with that statement, something that Llydian still isn't used to hearing. Desmond doesn't come across as one to be easily humbled, and there may be a good reason for that. But that's a distant concern. HOW is she supposed to fix this? Her eyes lock onto Desmond's for a few

moments, before shrugging her shoulders and letting out a brief sigh.

"Alright, so I gather there's no ROV. So how am *I* supposed to fix that junker? I'm guessing we have to go out there?"

"Heh, not we. You. No point in me going out there. We only got one welder, and it's not like you'll need help lifting or moving things. I can help you however you need over the comms." Desmond gives a slight nod to the radio still half-dismantled on the desk, where all lights indicate that it's functioning correctly.

"Besides, I can start cleaning all this up seeing how you can't be trusted with housekeeping duties. You'll be fine. Let's get you ready before Lucy gets too far out the yard." Desmond turns as he finishes his words, leaving Llydian standing at the window as he makes his way to the hatch for the supply room. He pauses briefly before entering, looking expectantly over his shoulder. She takes a few tentative steps forward, avoiding as many breakfast remnants as possible before following him through the doorway.

The supply hall looks notably more organized, but far from being clean. Llydian can actually see down the aisles now, and the end of the room is not just another hatchway. Following Desmond, she makes her way down the most clear of the rows available. After a good fifty feet or so, they arrive at the end of the container. There is another large bulkhead, but this one seems to be an actual two-stage airlock. Electronic panels and various tools adorn the walls, some of which look absolutely ancient. Nestled between the different pieces of equipment, there appears to be four long slender cases with a bulbous bag secured at the bottom of each one. Desmond scans over them quickly before pulling one free and snapping the clasps open.

Without turning, he hands another suit back towards Llydian. This one is significantly bulkier than her current one, with much more internal structure and stiffness present. It reminds her instantly of the pressurized suits she had to wear when diving below certain depths back on the deep sea platforms. Those things were horrible, stiff and cold as well as stinking to high hell. This one seems to smell only of faint must, like it hasn't seen the open air in a long time. Desmond lets her ponder that out as he sets to work on freeing the helmet bag from the bottom of the case.

It takes a minute to decipher, but Llydian is able to figure out the different layered zippers and clasps that will keep her separate from the freezing cold of space. As she begins slipping into the larger suit, Desmond stands with the helmet in one hand as he lets the now-empty case slide and fall to the floor. He turns to face her as she slides her other arm into the sealed arm of the suit. He smiles at her as she struggles briefly against the stiffness of the suit, before she realizes that this won't be as accommodating to her sizable bust. After trying and failing to get all her anatomy stuffed past the zippers, she shrugs briefly before looking to him for help. The wolf eagerly sets the helmet on the ground before very slowly pushing her rack into the suit itself.

Llydian tries her best to keep her face placid, but Desmond's deliberate grabs and caresses are doing everything she doesn't need them to right now. Her girlcock quickly begins engorging, but is met with the resistance of her worksuit and now this second layer on top. Still, the constant pressure and the soft warm fabric make for a somewhat enjoyable experience. Once the wolf reluctantly slips his hands from her suit, he expertly zips and snaps all the required fasteners into their proper positions for her to be fully insulated from the environment. After giving a small grunt of satisfaction he bends down and retrieves the helmet, giving it a quick dust off with the sleeve of his faded jumpsuit.

Desmond raises it above her head briefly, before sidestepping around her to make sure her hair is fully inside the suit. Once that is checked, he unceremoniously puts it over her head but with the wide viewing window forty-five degrees off center. The helmet thunks into some sort of groove, before he roughly twists it to bring it straight with Llydian's eyesight. The force of it almost puts her off-balance, especially since the spacesuit is much more cumbersome than her nice suit. She opens her mouth to curse at him, before she realizes that there is very little air in



this helmet. The wolf flips and locks some sort of lever on the side of the helmet, as Llydian hopes that is what turns the oxygen on.

Desmond steps back and looks her up and down, before making a quick circle around her. Outwardly she's not panicking, but mentally the alarms are starting to sound. Once he is back in front of her, she can hear very muffled words coming from the wolf but has no idea what he's saying. He waits patiently for a few moments, as he reads the confusion and panic forming on her face. He goes to lean in closer before stopping himself, and giving her a simple thumbs up or thumbs down gesture. Llydian gives him a stilted but enthusiastic thumbs down, before clumsily making the universal choking gesture and starting to try to undo the latch on the side of the helmet. Alarm shoots across the wolf's face as he bolts past her, almost knocking her completely over.

Llydian tries to turn to watch him, but that proves more difficult than one would think and instead just waits in a slumped position against one of the racks. She can't hear what he's doing but she can feel small vibrations every so often through the suit, before she is roughly snatched backwards towards the wall. She can feel the suit being tugged and twisted as Desmond fights with something on her back and side. Llydian tries again to get at the lever on the side of the helmet but her hand is quickly slapped away as she hears a pop inside the suit, followed by the stench of stale air. It smells like a sealed cargo container that's been out in storage for way too long, but her ability to actually breathe comes rushing back to her lungs. She takes a few deep breaths as her posture straightens, and she begins the process of turning to face the wolf.

"You have to be the STUPIDEST MOTHERFUCKER in this company! No fucking wonder you've died so many times, and I wouldn't be surprised if you've got a bunch of other people killed in the process! I hope they leave your ass to rot out here you IGNORANT- " Her tirade is cut short by the look of absolute confusion on Desmond's face, his ears and eyes focused completely on her face. Once she pauses, he reaches forward and adjusts something on the front of her helmet, before turning briefly to hit a few switches on a nearby panel. She can now see the umbilical lines that are running from the wall, and what appears to be a slimline backpack of bottles that look like it was very recently removed from the suit and dropped on the floor. She studies this for a moment before realizing that the wolf's mouth has been moving this whole time. But now with the added hiss of the stale air, she can't even hear the muffled words of before.

She gives a big shrug, before tapping a finger to the side of her helmet. Desmond gives the thumbs up or down gesture again, and Llydian responds with a wavering 'Ehh' motion with the stiff work glove of the suit. The wolf stands up straight before closing his eyes for a few moments and seemingly contemplating something. She can see he is muttering, but is clueless as to what the plan is. If there even is one. She begins to go after the latch on the side of the helmet before the wolf is quickly swatting it down again. He gets as close as he can to the glass of the helmet, and slowly shakes his head NO. Then he holds up one finger, signifying to give him a minute. He then hurriedly makes his way back through the supply aisles and into the Pod proper.

As she stands there contemplating her choices that led to this point, she can hear the squelch of a radio come from somewhere behind her in the helmet. It's grainy and rough at first, but seems to be getting a little clearer as time goes on.

"Hey can you hear me? Say something if you can." comes the wolf's voice, followed by a soft click that indicates that the air is now free. She briefly looks at the hands of the suit to see if there's a call button, before just speaking directly to see if that works.

"You fucker." she says harshly.

"Hey hey, it's- wait, why am I the fucker here?"

"I almost fucking suffocated in this dusty relic! Again! I'm starting to get really uncomfortable with how many times I've nearly asphyxiated here. One is too many, frankly."

"Yeah no shit, why do ya think I had to tear the pack off the suit? You're lucky somebody had already taken it off before, otherwise it could've taken another few minutes."

"Shouldn't you check the fucking thing before you stick someone inside of one of these? Or is that too logical?"

The air stays silent for a few moments, as Llydian turns herself to be looking down the aisle they had been using to traverse the room.

"WELL?!"

"Hold on damnit!"

As Llydian waits for whatever he is doing, her anger subsides some as she looks down at the pack on the floor. By her inspection, it actually looks to be significantly newer than the suit, and most of the equipment that is present in this little prep area. She begins to wonder why she can't just take the helmet off, as she absent-mindedly feels the lever secured firmly on the side. Briefly glancing around the inside of her new enclosed space, she can spot a faded sticker in the upper right corner.

WARNING DO NOT REMOVE HELMET WITHOUT ASSISTANCE AND PROPER REPRESSURIZATION SEQUENCE

Maybe that's the reason, but it doesn't exactly clear the mystery completely. As she starts to look around for more helpful information, the speaker in her helmet squawks again as Desmond brushes past back into her field of view. He is wearing a headset loosely around his scruffy neck, but he's busy manipulating dials and buttons on a transponder of some sort. The carrying strap hangs freely, almost dragging on the floor. He briefly glances up at her, making sure she's still conscious before returning to his adjustments.

The speaker makes more unintelligible noises, even when Desmond is clearly speaking into the microphone attached to the headset. He becomes visibly irritated before roughly slamming the box into the wall of the pod. One last squelch comes through the speaker before the airwaves go clear again.

"Alright, how about now? Is this working?" The wolf makes the thumbs up or down gesture again, studying Llydian's face as he does so. She lets out a sigh as she fights the suit to stick up her middle finger directly in his face. He chuckles a bit before giving it an almost unnoticeable lick. Her semi-hard shaft twitches at the sight of this, and breaks her concentration momentarily before his voice through the speaker brings her back to attentiveness.

"Later, sure. But for right now, can we communicate? This will go a lot better if we can."

"Y-yeah I can hear you, and I assume you can now hear me? Is this whole Pod filled with potentially fatal equipment? And how bad would it have been if I had decided to take off the helmet while you were in the other room?" Llydian asks, not sure if she is going to like the answer to the question. Desmond's face grows concerned before he speaks again.

"If you had, I would know immediately. Best case scenario, I would need the bucket with the cleaning stuff and the First Aid Kit from the bathroom. Worst case scenario... I wouldn't need the kit. Just the bucket. I know it may not seem like it, but I DO know quite a bit about what we are here to do, as well as most of this old garbage that they expect us to use. But sometimes, it takes me a minute to remember." He makes a fist and taps on the side of his head, before giving a reassuring smile to the now space-ready badger. She doesn't feel that ready, but Desmond seems to

be confident. He slings the strap over his shoulder before taking Llydian's hands and leading her towards the airlock door.

"Hey wait, I need the actual welder. And shouldn't I have one of those packs, just in case? Or is there an umbilical system rigged for outside?"

As she makes her first full steps towards the door with Desmond's support, the suit gradually starts to loosen up a bit. Not a lot at first, but the movement seems to help alleviate some of the discomfort she was initially feeling. Her firm girdle is still confined down her leg, and the added movement is now causing her shipsuit to massage and rub in a pretty arousing way. Definitely doesn't help her confidence in the situation she will soon find herself in. As they near the actual door, the wolf's expression turns from gentle concern to growing amusement as Llydian's breathing becomes noticeably uneven.

"What's the matter Llydian? Seems like something's bothering you." Desmond speaks with no amount of sarcasm, now looking intensely into her eyes as she comes to a stop at the closed door and tries to focus her attention on him. His grin grows as she locks her eyes onto his.

"Fuck you, I'm fine. Go get my tools so I can get this done and get out of this damn thing." She says, obviously distracted but with enough bite to her words to get the point across. Desmond straightens up slightly, but maintains his expression. He doesn't say anything though, and makes his way around her back towards the other end of the supply hall. Llydian can feel a slight momentary pressure on the outside of her thigh, like one would if a wolf's tail had purposefully brushed past. She tries to push the thought away and focus on acclimating to her new suit, although her now swollen cock makes that difficult.

*Damnit, you're not helping! We can deal with him AFTER we burn some steel in deep space.*

Llydian grabs onto the frame of the hatch as she starts trying to bend and stretch, hoping to gain some more mobility from the old suit. Within a few short minutes she is able to mostly move freely, albeit with considerably more determination than one would normally. She feels a gentle thud next to her as Desmond re-emerges in her view, seemingly dropping the welder case and another duffle bag next to her. He fiddles with the airlock controls briefly before turning to face her again.

"That should be everything you need, and yes the outside has a hose system you can hook into. I'll rehook you into the staging system in the airlock, but once you're outside you'll have to do it yourself. It's pretty easy though, especially for someone with your background." Desmond says matter-of-factly, before lighting a cigarette. The hatchdoor clunks and shudders briefly, before sliding open.

"Come on, then. Lucy's tangled pretty good right now, but she may start wanderin' again." Desmond says, kicking the case across the threshold with his foot and grabbing one strap of the bag to drag it in. Llydian waits for him to prep the airlock before hesitantly making her way inside. The chamber is big enough for them both to move relatively freely around each other, but the wolf seems intent on keeping his proximity to her. In between adjusting controls and switching air lines, he takes a moment every so often to look her over. Sometimes tugging at different straps to change the fit, other times just seemingly running his hands over certain places. Maybe just checking the integrity of the suit, who knows how long it's been since the thing has actually seen service. The newer backpack that had to be removed doesn't instill much confidence, but if the suit is to fail it should do it pretty quickly. Llydian thinks that the airlock probably won't even be able to fully cycle if something goes wrong.

"Desmond?" she asks, with the faintest quiver to her voice.

"Yes, Llydian? Everything still good in there?" He stops his preparations to face her, hands quickly readying

themselves for whatever needs to be adjusted.

“I’m... not too sure about this. I mean, what if something goes wrong? Will you be able to get me back in here before... you know.”

Desmond smiles reassuringly, and puts a steady hand on her shoulder before moving it to the side of the helmet. Llydian can’t feel any of that of course, only barely aware because she can just see his movements through the side of her window.

“Of course I can. Here, we don’t normally use this, but I think it might help put you at ease.” He then turns and stuffs the staging umbilical back into the panel it came from, before moving to the opposite wall where a large container is bolted about chest high. Two stiff latches hold it closed, and take no small amount of effort to release. Once open however, there is a neatly spooled umbilical that seems to be intertwined with a steel cable. This cord is significantly thicker than the other air lines that Llydian has seen so far, apparently designed for something much more serious than a simple space walk. He pulls the end over to her suit, and lets it heavily drop to the floor.

“This rig is designed for ships that have lost life support and need emergency relief. Designed to resupply through our reactor and LS (life support). And, added benefit, it can reel you back in if things go bad fast. Now granted you’re not a ship, Llydian. It’ll be a wild ride in reverse, and it may hurt. A lot. But it’ll get you back quick. Here, I’ll show you how it all hooks up.”

He then kneels down to where her hose is still connected to the line in the supply room, and demonstrates to Llydian how it disconnects and reconnects. A standard ninety-degree lock, with a stout wire clip holding it in the locked position. Pretty comparable to other high-pressure connections that she’s seen on various machines and jobsites in her past. He lifts the shiptether off the floor, and holds it out for Llydian to connect her own airline. While the suit is disconnected, the hiss abruptly stops but she can thankfully still breathe. It takes a little fumbling, but she is able to get the two lines joined together and secure before Desmond lets the hose slink to the floor. The air that begins filling her lungs almost has a metallic taste, but it certainly does have a refreshing kick to it.

“Wow, that actually doesn’t smell too bad. What supply is this pulling from? I may need to figure out how to get all the LS running off this stuff.” Llydian says, feeling a little more energized and better able to tamp down her anxieties. The wolf eyes her curiously for a moment before beginning to chortle loudly.

“Oh shit, that’s right. There’s a chemical mixed in that supply to help with people that are unconscious or suffering from oxygen deprivation. It’s not harmful, but it can make you a little wired. Think aerosol caffeine, probably the best way to put it. Sorry it’s not coffee flavored, but then I might never get you out of the damn suit.”

“Oh no, this still sucks. Coffee flavor or not. Overall, I’m not a huge fan. Better than diving still, but not by much. So let’s get this done before something else breaks.” Llydian says impatiently, kneeling to grab the case and duffle bag strap.

“Well alright then, you’re the boss. For now.” Desmond says with a smirk, before exiting the hatchway into the supply hall. He begins operating the door controls as she takes a quick inventory of the case and bag. The welder is all present, with plenty of cord to reach around Lucy at least twice. The bag contains a mess of welding rods, as well as various brushes and even a grinder for if things get that serious. A basic setup, but definitely workable. She feels the door thump closed through the floor, before an amber warning light begins flashing overhead. Llydian can hear the faint hiss of the airlock cycling the oxygen out of the room, even over the sounds of her own suit. In under a minute, the largest gauge on the wall reads flat zeroes on pressure and atmosphere.

The door in front of Llydian begins its opening cycle, as the amber light gives way to multiple red strobes.

Disorienting at first, but the helmet actually dims out within half a second of them starting. Apparently, the helmet has that capability which makes it ideal for the task at hand. It even reacts dynamically, only dimming what's necessary so she still has her peripheral vision.

"This helmet is actually really nice. Shame it's attached to a garbage-ass suit." she quips to her companion.

"Yeah, you don't want to know how much one of them costs. Believe me, WE are the cheapest things on this Pod. Well, other than that table and stools." he replies with a laugh, sounding tinny and a little grating through the speaker.

The door finishes the opening sequence, and the red strobes slow to a gentle pulse. The visor shading fades, and Llydian gets her first look out into space with no floodlights present. She is motionless for a minute, taking in the sheer expanse of this void they seem to be casually operating in. It was a bit like working way out in the oil field, or on one of the deep sea platforms. But those places always still had SOMETHING to use as reference. A building or skyline just barely visible, or even the very horizon itself.

But this was just... empty, save for the faint and impossibly distant shimmering of some far away stars. The sun is just behind her somewhere, on the other side of the Pod. But judging by the flight up here, it seems to be mostly obscured by the planet itself. Llydian tries briefly to remember what she learned about orbits and how everything hangs in the solar system, before she is brought back by a gentle tap on the top of her helmet. A little surprised, she does her best to look up and sees... the ceiling of the airlock. Quickly looking down, she is about four feet off the floor, with her welder and bag floating carelessly next to her.

"Yoo hoo, you alright in there? Pass out already?" comes the wolf over the comms.

"Sorry, I just got lost for a minute. Never been in space, like IN it. Being on the ship and the Pod is different. Not like this." there's a hint of uneasiness in her words, but anybody in her position would be sounding just like her.

"... Don't get too lost out there. I don't think it's a good time." Desmond says, with a tip of sadness that he tries to bury with a chuckle.

"I've got your tether, so I'll be alright. Just bring me back if I drift too far. Speaking of, how do I... you know, get around out here? Do I have like a little jetpack or something built into this suit? Or like magnets or something?" Llydian asks as she tries to get herself somewhat situated in the airlock. She quickly starts looking at the hands and arms of the suit for some sort of clue.

"Well you appear to be looking at them, sweetheart. Once you get out the nest, there's plenty of handholds and scaffolds out there to kinda kip yourself around on. If you fuck it up too bad, I'll bring you back some and you can try again. If you're any good at video games, it's basically a big platformer with clunky controls."

"Yeah... I'm not great at platformers."

"Well, I'll keep the rewind button warmed up for you, how's that? Now go before Lucy gets out into the shipping lane. Poor thing wouldn't stand a chance if a freighter comes through. I'll see you at the bay windows. If you need a pull, just holler."

*Right, okay. Just like diving, only not at all. First thing, do I have everything? Yes. Cool. Next thing, outside? Sure.*

Llydian uses her one free hand to gently push herself towards the now open door, catching the doorframe before fully exiting. It is definitely off-putting, not having any visual cues other than the inky void and the station she is calling home. Still, there is work to do and she decides to heed the wolf's advice and get a move on. Rounding the

frame into space proper, she maintains her focus on the Pod itself and begins scanning the far side of the work bay for any sign of Lucy. Almost immediately, she spots a trail of hydraulic oil that leads to the other side of the station. Pulling herself down the side over dingy and faded panels, she spots the tail end of the small craft visible over the roof. It appears to still be tangled, causing it to twist and bump gently against some sort of defunct solar array attached to the Pod.

As Llydian is traversing the exterior of the station, she comes across the windows into the main corridor. She can see in fairly well, considering how much light is actually present inside the Pod. She sees Desmond drifting in front of the window in the same reclined posture from breakfast, lit cigarette in his maw as he lazily bounces a fragment of the table off the glass. The rest of the mess floats and hangs all over the corridor, like the worst holiday decorations. She pauses to observe him, before speaking.

“Uh, everything alright in there? Seems like the gravity genny bit the dust again? Or is this expected?”

He drags off his smoke before replying.

“Well, the ship tether reroutes a lot of power away from nonessential systems. Plus, the outer hatch being open shuts off the gravity anyways. So Im’ll just float for a bit before trying to catch all this garbage floating around in here. But if you could, try to get my ship over here where I can see it.” Desmond says casually.

“I’ll fix it where I damn well please. Do you miss her that-”

“-No, smartass. I wanna watch YOU work. I get the feeling I may learn a thing or two. If not, it will at least be entertaining.”

“I charge by the hour for lessons, and double for people who have put my life in danger in the last two days. But for you, I’ll make an exception; four times my normal rate.” Llydian quips as she begins her trek to free the craft and get it in a suitable position to work on.

“I think we can come to some sort of... agreement. After the lesson, of course.” Desmond says, his voice dripping with intent. Llydian can’t see his face clearly, but she is positive that his eyes are needle focused on her.

“Yeah, of course. Cheap bastard.”

“Only in matters of money.”

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## Chapter 3?

Lucy didn’t look much better up close. In fact the small ship looked like it should have been decommissioned a long time ago. Llydian isn’t totally certain how the thing has held together as long as it has, given how bad some of the structural seams and braces appear to be. If Desmond’s welds are as bad as he claims, it would definitely explain why the ship looks the way it does. She fastens her welding case and bag to one of the few remaining handholds present on the craft, before starting her survey of the damage and how to get the thing untangled.

Two of the three clamps have clearly broken their welds to the push bar itself, but the hydraulics and electrical lines seem to be intact. The remaining clamp is attached, by some sort of miracle is Llydian’s best guess. The beads are porous and barely seem to have penetrated in any meaningful way. Maybe that’s enough in zero gravity, but she

can't let something so unsatisfactory be on a piece she was supposed to be fixing. But first things first, get the ship free and into a suitable work area. Preferably one where there hasn't been hydraulic oil leaking all over everything.

Llydian begins trying to pull the tangled cable free, before remembering the grinder floating in her workbag. She leaves the nest of cable and pulls herself over to her bag before calling back to Desmond.

"Hey, this cable is pretty bad. I'm thinking to just cut it, but is that going to cause problems? There's oil leaking from... somewhere, and I don't know if that's going to make things markedly worse if it catches a spark." She briefly considers if that's even possible, given that there is no oxygen present out here. She glances back towards the Pod windows while waiting for Desmond to respond, but still carefully pulls the grinder free of the bag. It's going to be used regardless, just maybe not for this. There are a few moments of silence before she gets a response from the wolf.

"Heh, yeah I figured the cable would be trashed. As far as cutting it free, how scared of fire are you? And how much oil is currently on the suit?"

Llydian holds her arms out in front to thankfully not see too much oil present, seemingly only a light misting so far. She does her best to scan the front of her suit, but is unable to see much. With a grumble, she begins making her way back to the window.

"I can't really see the suit very well. How bad is it?" she asks, while Desmond lazily floats back towards the glass. He seems to have been coming out of the supply hall, and currently has a mesh bag gripped loosely in one hand with the headset transponder in the other. He gently stops himself against the window with one foot, before beginning to visually inspect his companion. He scans for a couple seconds before doing the universal signal for 'turn around'. Llydian scoffs slightly before awkwardly trying to spin while still keeping a grip on one of the spotlights positioned above the window.

"Hmm... Well... You're still pretty fuckable, even in the suit... Wait what was the question?" Desmond says through a smile. The badger quickly turns to face him, the disappointment clear on her face. He laughs at her expression, before letting himself drift backwards from the glass slightly.

"Damn it, I'm being serious! I don't want to ignite anything that can't handle it. Am I good or not?" Her words are hard and unflinching, apparently doing a fine job of getting the wolf to straighten up. His expression quickly turns serious, as his chuckling cuts short.

"Yes Llydian, you should be fine. The oil will ignite if it gets hit with too many sparks at once, but will burn up quick and relatively clean. Your suit still looks pretty dry and you don't need to worry about the ship too much. If it doesn't have a burst hose or piston, then it should just burn off the residual stuff."

Llydian does her best to level herself and her gaze at her gently drifting companion inside the Pod.

"And what if does have something burst? I can't fix that with what I've got out here. I mean, there IS oil coming from somewhere, so my guess is that something is leaking. That makes sense to you too, right?" She tries to keep the bite out of her words, but they still sound a bit condescending. Desmond grabs his pack of cigarettes as they lazily drift in front of the window and lights one, before answering her question.

"Yeah, it might have popped something. But more than likely, the overstress valves dumped their pressure when I was wrestling that fuel cell that you crushed. So it shouldn't be an issue, safety wise. If there is a leak, it won't be an issue for you. I'll have to deal with it at some point and the feedback system should keep Lucy from becoming a fireball."

Llydian's face scrunches a bit at the mention of the fuel cell, and at the subsequent explanation of how these hydraulics supposedly work. She's had plenty of experience with heavy equipment and none of it had systems like what Desmond is describing. With a sigh, she decides to let it rest and see for herself. Concern for her own safety is already at the front of her mind, so it's not too far of a stretch to examine the machine a little more closely before starting to cut or weld anything.

"I guess I'll keep that in mind. I don't suppose there's any way you could get some music over the comms, is there? I tend to work better with some of my music in the background. My mp3 player should be in my bag still, if it hasn't drifted away somewhere." Llydian asks, as she turns and starts heading back towards the tangled ship. The wolf doesn't answer the question but there's clearly noises of the headset being removed. Glancing through the side of the face shield, she can see him heading towards the desk and her bag, before only his legs and waist are visible.

It doesn't take long for her to get back to Lucy, where the nest of cable still has the poor craft entangled. Llydian is about ready to comm check Desmond before she hears the sounds of the microphone being jostled and brushed. As the badger turns to again look back to the large windows, she can see the wolf busy affixing something to the headset before music immediately begins playing over the radio. Car Seat Headrest sounds fairly crunchy anyways, but the comms speaker in her helmet gives it a tiny whine that isn't actually too out of place. Closing her eyes for a moment helps her to refocus on the job at hand, and she gives an approving thumbs up to her waiting lifeline engineer who has been patiently watching her. He appears to nod in agreement before grabbing his mesh bag from before and heading out of sight.

The badger turns back towards the shuttle and begins her assessment. There's no obvious hydraulic ruptures, and the fluid seems to have originated from a large junction box that's situated behind the pushbar towards the bottom of the hull. Opening the battered access panel reveals four sets of hoses and valve blocks, along with a bunch of faded labels and a whole new ball of hydraulic oil. It's eager to escape the confines of the box, but Llydian is quick to get out of its way. The current trajectory puts it somewhere out away from her and the Pod, so she figures that should be fine.

Retrieving the grinder once again, Llydian picks the nearest cable and sets to work. Sparks act somewhat similar in no atmosphere or gravity, although they do extinguish themselves pretty quickly. When they make contact with the oil however, it does burn quick and produces a faint orangeish purple glow. Occasionally one splash will ignite another, creating a chain effect that's almost pretty to watch. She does her best to maintain her focus, but it is definitely distracting in the beginning. After seemingly few minutes she is able to find her rhythm and start making serious headway in freeing the ship.

Between forty and fifty cuts later, Lucy is once again loose and mostly oil free. The ship actually starts trying to drift away again before Llydian realizes what's happening, and has to make an undignified grab for one of the broken clamps to help bring it back to her. It's really quite a strange sensation to be able to move something the size of a four door car around with one hand, like it's made of styrofoam and floating in a pool or something. Once her grip has been sufficiently established, she steadies the craft and begins scanning for a suitable work area.

Unfortunately, the easiest place to bring it seems to be right back in front of the viewing windows. She sighs and begins maneuvering the ship down the side of the Pod. Llydian hopes that Desmond is smart enough to not stare at the arc as she works, but has no problem instructing him if that's the case. It'll be her first and most important lesson for him. As she gets Lucy close to some of the scaffolding affixed to the side of the habitat, she is careful to nestle one of its thrusters into a gap where it seems to sufficiently rest without too much wiggle room. Happy with the set up, she unclips the grinder from her glove and attaches it to her suit before removing the welder from it's case.

It's a simple enough stick welder setup, with plenty of leads to reach anything she needs to. A quick survey of the exterior panels on Lucy reveals that there are two main maintenance hatches which open to reveal electrical and



oxygen hookups, should Llydian choose to breathe from it instead of the Pod. After hooking the cables up and test striking on the hatch door, she is ready to begin.

For the next few hours, Llydian is consumed by her work. The two broken clamps are easy, the steel is thick and space is cold enough to really be able to crank the power up and burn them on in pretty short order. When she is finished with those two, it makes the one surviving clamp look that much worse. After about three seconds of deliberation, the grinder is out again and the clamp is released from Desmond's poorly welds.

Having tidied the clamps to her liking, Llydian turns her attention to some of the structural supports and seams of the small ship. An unknown amount of time has passed before Llydian reaches for another rod and finds her hand empty. She scours the old workbag and is able to find one remaining half-burned rod, just enough to finish her current bead. Overall, her hard work hasn't noticeably improved Lucy's look but the hull should be much more stable. Content for now, she unhooks the welder and packs it back into it's case.

Llydian finally tries calling out to Desmond over the comm system, but realizes that she has to almost shout to overcome the music coming through the speaker. She can't see the wolf anywhere, but the windows are mostly completely clean so he must've been present for at least some time during her repairs.

"Hey! Can you hear me?" She calls, causing the music to cut out while she speaks. After a second it resumes though and there is no response from Desmond. Llydian moves closer to the glass and begins trying to peer into the different rooms. She can see the headset and transponder floating around in the bathroom, where her music player and headphones had been hastily tied around the microphone so she could hear her music. Desmond's appears from the top of the doorway and grabs the radio and tries to untie the headphones before giving up and just unplugging them. He then holds the headset up to his ear before speaking.

"Damn, I thought you were going to be out there for the next day or two! Were my welds THAT bad, that you had to redo every single one? I appreciate your commitment and all that, but you didn't have to." He says, with actual affection bleeding into his words.

"Hey, you may be fine putting your life on the line with this subpar crap you call welds, but that ain't how I operate. I get the impression that your ship spontaneously exploding will hurt my paycheck. Plus, I'd sleep better not having your death on my mind." Llydian says with no small amount of jest for a relatively heavy topic. She definitely has a sometimes morbid sense of humor, but that appears to be a good thing out here. The opportunity for something really bad to happen seems pretty prevalent in space.

"Ha ha HA! Yeah, I reckon you're right Llydian. So, you ready to come in out the cold? I've almost managed to get the shower fixed in the meantime. I know I'm ready for one, this soot shit really likes my fur for some reason."

"Yeah actually, a shower and a drink sound fantastic right about now. How do we go about getting me back in there, and Lucy back in her parking spot?"

"Well, do you wanna fly her?"

Llydian is quiet for a moment, kind of shocked with how easily Desmond is offering Lucy to her. He's been pretty defensive of this heap, so it's a little bizarre that he's seemingly so nonchalant about it now.

"Uh... I'm flattered, but maybe I should tackle that another time. Never flown anything before, so I feel like a lesson or two would be ideal if that's alright. Any other ideas?"

"Hmm, lessons. That can be arranged. I guess it's only fair, you showed me some things so the least I can do is return the favor. But we'll deal with that later. For now, just get the bag and case in the airlock. Or if you're feeling brave, you can 'ride' Lucy in." Desmonds voice is full of warmth and intent, even over the tinny helmet speaker.

"Uhhh, what do you mean by that?" She questions, as the case and bag are gathered up and she begins making her way to the airlock.

"Well, there's a few ways to do it. You fly her, you guide her, or you ride her. You don't wanna fly, so that leaves two options. Guide her means you get her lined up to the boarding hatch, but you can't have the ship tether on. Have to rehook externally or just free drift over to the actual airlock. Time consuming and a little dangerous if you're too slow or lose your grip. Riding means you tether to Lucy, position yourself in the right spot, and I reel you both in. Faster and you never unhook from anything."

Llydian is silent for a bit, wondering if these are truly the only options. She makes it to the open airlock and secures the bag and case before answering.

"How fast are we talking?"

"To reel you in or make it to the lock?"

"Both."

"Well to reel ya in, it'll only be a minute or two. To make it from one side to the other, I don't know how traversable the outside of the Pod is so it may take a bit of creativity to get from here to there. You'll only have... three minutes roughly of suit oxygen before you start having problems breathing."

"Huh. And I guess you don't wanna come out here and get YOUR ship yourself, right?"

"I'd rather not, yes. Besides, you're already out there. You'll be fine, just ride her in. I'll go slow, probably." Llydian can't see his face, but she knows his voice when he's trying not to smile.

"Alright fine, let me get back to her."

Llydian catches a glimpse of the wolf's face through the interior airlock window as she turns to head back out. The view out into the void is a little less disconcerting now that she's spent some time out here, though. Just like working in the open ocean, sort of. She is a little more brave on her way back to Lucy, actually propelling herself off the various handholds and allowing herself to drift to the next one. Her initial trip was much slower and more calculated. Reaching the nestled craft, it only takes minor maneuvering to get it freely drifting. She holds the most stable-looking handhold as the ship gently drifts into the open work bay, before turning to face the viewing windows.

"Alright, she's loose and I'm holding on. Now what?" Llydian asks, scanning the windows for Desmond's reappearance.

"Oh, alright. Uh, well you see the hatch into the cabin right? Should have a bar above and below it?"

"Yeah, it's one of the only things not beat to shit on this junker. Sorry, this LADY."

"Uh-huh, you watch your mouth miss. I don't appreciate the disrespect. Towards me is one thing, that I'm used to. But Lucy's been good to me." His words are somewhat playful, but Llydian guesses that there is some truth in them.

"Fine, I apologize ma'am. And I'm sorry your pilot is such a pain in the ass sometimes. You deserve better." She doesn't know why she just apologized to a machine, but it occurs to her that she HAS talked to them quite a few times. Usually cursing and insults though. Pretty normal for anyone that has to work on equipment on a regular basis.

"Thank you. Now, as long as y'all are floating free, we can get this done. Grab the top bar with both hands and lock your feet into the bottom bar. That should keep you on the inside of the airlock seal. Let me know when you're ready."

Llydian moves to the small ships hatch and positions herself accordingly, careful to get the clunky suit boots locked in the bar securely. She feels pretty confident in her position and is ready to get this over with. Worst case scenario, she lets go and the ship has to be recovered by... someone else. Preferably Desmond or some other Pod.

"Okay, I'm as secure as I'm gonna be. What next?"

"Hold on tight."

The initial pull is a lot harder than Llydian was expecting, and the suit almost kind of punches her in the stomach. But after the momentary yank, the pull is much more gradual as the pair begins the slow journey back towards the 'front' of the Pod. Or the rear. Side? Eh, who knows. Because she is basically facing the cabin door, she can't see much of their course or how quickly they're moving.

"Hey I'm basically blind out here, is it going alright?"

"You haven't screamed yet, so I'm guessing it's fine." The wolf responds with a brief chuckle.

"Wait, you can't see me? What the fuck Desmond? What if this little trick goes wrong?"

"Then fuckin... tell me? This Pod ain't got external cameras. Once you're back in line with the airlock, I'll be able to see you, just chill. If shit goes sideways, let go. It'll just be another expense for ONE of us. The analyst gets to decide who."

Llydian is trying to twist herself so she can see as there is a small jolt that shudders through the craft. She lets go with one hand and manages to see the edge of the Pod pass as her and Lucy start gently spinning out away from the Pod. The growing tension on the ship tether causes the badger to quickly reconnect her grip however, as she once again faces the hatch.

"Ah, there's my girl. See, it ain't so bad. Just a little ding, felt like. Y'all fine."

"Yeah don't worry, I wouldn't let your 'girl' get away that easy."

"Wadn't talkin' 'bout Lucy, darlin'." Desmond says softly, his words causing the hair on Llydian's neck to raise slightly.

She doesn't say anything though, and just does her best to keep focused on the task at hand and not on the tingle that started between her legs. It then occurs to her that she could really use a restroom as well. It wasn't uncommon to go hours without a break on whatever job site she was on, and apparently floating around while welding in space was no different.

"Almost home. Just stay how you are, and everything should be fine."

Llydian can see the reflections of the red warning lights start pulsing off the ship's hull, as the pull on the tether becomes almost nonexistent. Another jolt rumbles through the craft, but this seems more mechanical in its nature. A brief glance to her right and the docking arm of the Pod becomes visible as it locks into a recess in Lucy's exterior. Llydian again releases one hand to try to view more of her surroundings, finding herself no more than a foot or two from the open external airlock door. She lets out a heavy sigh of relief as the radio crackles again.

"And, here ya are. All safe and sound. Go ahead and get back in the airlock and I'll help getcha out of that suit and breathing normal oxygen again."

Llydian nods slightly before quickly getting her feet unstuck and gently guides herself back into the airlock. The red lights start to strobe again as the exterior hatch shudders and begins to close. She checks that the ship tether is inside the door before focusing on getting her feet back to the floor.

After the door has fully closed, the red strobes stop and are replaced with the flashing yellow lights from before. The gravity begins returning and the room gets a slight haze to it as it's being pumped full of air. Llydian is thankful to be done, but it wasn't as bad as she thought it might be. Especially given that her suit was very uncooperative in the beginning. After a minute or two, the gauges in the panel start evening out as she can feel the rumble of the interior door beginning its opening procedure. She can just barely make out the wolf's keen grin through the airlock's small window. For the most part she just stands still, letting the systems do their work as she tries to readjust to having to support herself.

Once the door has slid open enough, Desmond squeezes in and begins checking her over. After his brief assessment, he takes her hands again and leads her out into the supply hall. He stops her in basically the same area where she suited up, but this time there is the ship tether heavily dragging behind them. He says something to her, but she can only hear a quiet mumble because he is no longer wearing the headset.

"WHAT?" She says quite loudly, amplified by being trapped in the helmet. He pauses briefly before holding up one finger, and then starts adjusting some controls on a panel near the door. Llydian just watches as he blatantly ignores the headset not more than a few feet from him. After he finishes, he returns quickly and begins manipulating the lever on the side of the helmet. Apparently it's quite stiff and he places one hand on Llydian's back to give him the leverage needed to free it. There is a small hiss and pop as the seal breaks. The metallic air she had been accustomed to is now quickly escaping and being replaced by the stronger scent of cleaning products and cigarettes. She takes a deep breath as her head immediately begins to throb. There is a sharp twist as the helmet is rotated and lifted up off of her head.

"Welcome back, hopefully it was a pleasant enough experience?" Desmond says, roughly setting the helmet on the floor before starting to unhook the ship tether.

"Yeah, it was alright. Just another burn job. At least this one was air-conditioned. Speaking of, we got any meds in this tub? My head is killing me all of a sudden."

Desmond finishes with the tether and lets it fall heavily to the floor, before standing and quickly making his way down one of the aisles of supplies. Llydian is left standing there, and closes her eyes to keep the harsh lights from making her head feel any worse. Her companion isn't gone long before she hears him making his way back to her.

"Alright, open up." He says authoritatively. Without a second thought she opens her mouth and sticks out her tongue, perhaps in a slightly more seductive way than she intended. Her brow furrows briefly after the fact, but keeps her eyes closed. She feels two tablets be gently placed on her tongue, before she pulls it back and closes her maw. One finger presses under her chin to tilt her head back, and she feels the cool metal rim of a glass being pressed to her

lips. Instinctively she opens a tiny bit to let the cold water rush into her mouth. The glass is removed and she stands there, patiently waiting.

"Uh, swallow?"

In an instant she gulps it down, before letting her head tilt back to a normal position.

"Good girl."

A small smile creeps into the corners of Llydian's mouth, but she's quick to suppress it. There's definitely something going on that she hasn't fully understood, but right now is not the time to figure it out. Desmond is clearly working on something, but she doesn't open her eyes just yet to see. In a few seconds he is massaging something slightly slick into her temples and a spot on her forehead. It smells strongly of peppermint and is unpleasant at first, with an almost burning sensation on her skin. Her first reaction is to try and push the wolf away but the suit makes that more of a chore than she was ready for.

"Just hold on, this'll work faster than the meds. I'm guessing your headache's from the gas and this should help clear that up." He says matter of factly.

"What is it?"

"Peppermint oil. I thought the smell would make that obvious." He quips warmly. Help or not, a little scalp massage certainly feels nice after being cooped up in the suit.

"Mmm... How long was I out there? Couple hours, at least."

"Uhh, probably... almost seven hours. I kept an eye on ya, made sure you weren't passed out or something. But you seemed to be getting shit done so I figured I'd leave you alone. I think you're going to be an excellent breaker." The wolf says, sincerity oozing from the last sentence.

"I hope so. But I'm not staying in this damn suit til then. Help me out of this thing, I need to pee and take a shower, this suit smells like an old sock drawer."

The wolf snorts as he finishes with his ministrations, and quickly begins undoing the various clasps and zippers that kept Llydian sealed away from the harshness outside. She takes another deep breath as the slight constriction she felt across her massive breasts is finally released, as they are as eager as she is to escape the spacesuit. Desmond assists as she begins to shoulder her way out of the bulky thing, before she tries to open her eyes again.

Squinting at first, she thinks there is something wrong with her vision. Looking around briefly, everything appears as it should except for Desmond. His fur is absolutely FULL of the black dust, giving him a very distinct appearance. In short, he looks like hammered shit. Llydian then notices that he's leaving dirty smudges on almost everything he touches. To top it off, he's completely naked again.

"What, we don't have a broom so you just rolled around in that stuff while I was out there? You're fucking covered in that crap." She jokes, but is very mindful not to touch anything that he has.

"Heh, I had to do SOMETHING to make sure that I got to use the shower before you." He says through a toothy smile.

"Oh no no no, we aren't doing this again. Besides, you had plenty of time to get cleaned up while I was out there. So I get it first."

"Look, I don't know how you *think* showers work in no gravity, but it ain't as intended I'll tell you that. We can share the shower, we both seemed to enjoy that." A mischievous smirk begins forming across his face. Llydian's mind snaps back to the memories, and her girlcock immediately begins to harden. Not to mention the little lick and possible tail swish he gave her before. Suddenly, the idea of showering together doesn't seem so bad.

"Well, when you put it like that... I guess we could try again. Just don't break another wall."

"Hey YOU are the only one breaking walls around here."

"We'll see about that." Llydian says, fully stepping out of the suit before unzipping her ship suit down to the top of her crotch. Her cock is rock solid now, showing a clear imprint in the fabric as it is slowly being moistened by her already leaking girl juices. She gives Desmond a thoughtful look up and down, before a sly grin appears as she turns away to head towards the restroom. Behind her she can hear the flick of his lighter before his footsteps begin following her.

As Llydian enters the main corridor, she stops. The place looks markedly better. The furniture from before has been completely removed and almost all of the dust appears to be gone. The only remnants are in the tightest corners, where it shouldn't really matter anyways. Even the breakfast disaster has been completely cleaned up, without even a trace of jelly still on the floor.

"Wow, you actually... really did a good job in here. Not what I was expecting at all." She says, as the wolf's footsteps stop behind her. She can feel that his snout is right next to her ear as she looks the place over.

"Thank you, now MOVE." He says through a stream of smoke. Without thinking she immediately steps forward to let him pass, before realizing that she's even doing it. Her brow knits again as she tries to understand how he did... that. Historically, she's never been good at taking orders. Especially from somebody that's not employing her. Most of her jobs realized that early, and just kind of let her do her own thing. Those that didn't, she usually left in the dust. But this is different somehow, escaping her understanding for the time being. Maybe because he's the only other person out here?

Llydian turns to follow the wolf as he disappears into the bathroom, doing her best to stretch as she walks. Inside the bathroom has been cleaned as well, and the broken shower wall has been reattached with parts from the shattered furniture used to help make the thing more solid. There is a little more space in the shower stall now though, which is a welcome touch. It's still a little cramped but more workable for two people.

## Not really a new chapter, just new stuff

Desmond busies himself with the shower controls as Llydian relieves herself and begins to quickly undress. The water rushes from the shower head as he extinguishes his smoke and steps in, content to let the water run over him. Naked and fully erect, the badger follows him in and melts a little as the warm water begins to wash over her form as well. There's still only one showerhead, but the wolf is careful to not block it all.

Llydian enjoys the warmth of the water and stretches slightly, as Desmond moves back a step to begin scrubbing the silt from his fur. She is a little surprised at how sore and stiff she feels, considering that working in zero gravity isn't the most physically demanding thing she's ever done. The steam generated in the shower also helps clear the metallic taste, as the throbbing in her temples starts to subside.

"So, flying your ship is a thing I didn't think you'd ever offer. I gather she means a lot to you." Llydian says nonchalantly, as she turns to face the wolf and let the water soothe her aching back. Desmond halts his scrubbing briefly to lock eyes with her, before chuckling a bit and resuming his cleaning.

"Well... Yeah, I guess. In my position, a lot of things change out here, but that ship is always there. I've learned to not depend on people too much, especially after they realize who I am and that I'm the perfect scapegoat when something goes wrong. I've got a lot of other people's mistakes to pay for."

"What, you can't fight stuff like that?"

"Eh. Probably could, but at this point... I can't say I know or remember enough to dispute anything. I'm pretty sure I've made my peace with it. Anyways, I reckon I'm good for training new people. Lowers the stakes for them, I think."

Llydian's expression twists a bit at that statement, briefly considering what he means before Desmond starts trying to get back under the stream of water. The badger shifts out of the way but is wary to leave the warmth just yet. Her hand wanders absentmindedly to her still somewhat erect shaft, which tingles at her touch. Tracing a finger briefly along it, a thought occurs.

"So, you offered to show me how to fly Lucy. As long as there's not another folder to read, I think maybe I'd be up for a quick lesson?" Llydian says somewhat softly, as her free hand moves to rest on Desmond's shoulder. He tenses for a split second before his form relaxes, his scrubbing slowing considerably. The wolf turns to look at her over his shoulder, before the rest of him follows as a grin grows on his face.

"Hmm... I guess we could have a quick spin around the yard. At least let you play with the... controls." He says, his eyes quickly glancing up and down her naked body. Llydian grins a bit sheepishly as she locks eyes with the wolf. She moves forward ever so slightly before an alarm begins chirping out in the main corridor. Desmond's eyes immediately turn serious as he straightens to his full height with ears forward, keenly assessing the message being broadcast.

Llydian can barely make out the words as she reaches past Desmond to shut the shower off. As the water dribbles its last, she notices that it doesn't appear to be falling as fast or straight as it should. Turning to face her companion, it becomes apparent that the grav system seems to be failing. It's still present, but acts much like the shuttle did when she first arrived on the Pod; just this side of floating.

"Well, my thinly veiled plan to fuck you in my ship has now turned into work. Come on, you're gonna actually learn something." Desmond says wearily, doing his best to make his way across the wet floor with what little gravity remains.

"Don't worry about drying off, unless you wanna hang out in here while I go fix this."

"Is it serious? I mean should we be concerned?" Llydian asks, glancing around for a towel before following Desmond into the corridor.

"Nah, it shouldn't be too bad. Just gotta hotswap the fuel cells. Only take a few minutes. When there's only two loaded, they can get a little fucky." The wolf says, a tinge of excitement in his words as he lights a cigarette on his way back towards where Lucy is waiting. Llydian is quick to follow, her girlcock free to sway and bounce in the diminished gravity. She is careful to not run into anything with it though. If this is a quick task, there may be opportunity still for a little fun and a sore dick would kinda fuck that up.

Halfway down the supply hall, the gravity gives out as the lights dim considerably. The alarm in the corridor changes its pitch and message, but the pair continue pulling themselves down the aisle towards the airlock. Coming to a stop at the door, Desmond is quick to operate the panel as the mechanism strains to life. As they wait, a small shiver runs down Llydian's spine. It is noticeably colder in the Pod when you're still mostly soaking wet. The wolf grinds his spent cig into the side of the control panel before snaking his way into the airlock as the door is still struggling to open.

"Just squeeze through, we'll be here waitin' for a long time otherwise." He says to Llydian, as she cautiously begins pulling herself through. Her sizable rack requires a bit of squirming, but ultimately she is able to release herself and float freely in the airlock behind the wolf. Once clear of the door, Desmond quickly pops open a panel labeled "EMERGENCY DOOR CONTROLS" and begins to override the opening sequence. The red strobes and a blaring alarm scream to life as he does so.

Llydian is quick to plug her ears as she squintingly watches the interior door close again and the exterior door begins to creak open. There is a rush of air as the Pod seals itself to Lucy. Desmond quickly springs himself to the ship's hatch and has the door open in mere moments, before beckoning to the badger to follow. She is able to twist and kick off the ceiling to get close enough to pull herself within reach of the wolf. He cranes himself out and seizes her upper arm with his calloused hand, sternly pulling her inside the craft before slamming the door shut.

It's much quieter in the cab of the small ship, but room to move isn't as plentiful as Llydian would've hoped. There's a good amount of cautious contorting and rearranging before Desmond is planted in the pilot's seat with Llydian half-floating, half-wedged directly in front of him. He smiles and chuckles, before adjusting the seat back further and pulling her to sit in his lap. Once situated, he pulls the seat's shoulder harnesses around the both of them and fastens it loosely.

They both sit in silence for a few seconds before Llydian exhales a long-held breath and shivers again.

"Ahh fuck, sorry. I bet you're pretty cold, hold on." Desmond says while reaching around her, and flipping a few choice switches. The ship begins powering up, and a stream of freezing air bellows from several vents in the dashboard. Llydian shivers harder as Desmond wraps his arms around her midsection and pulls her tight. She closes her eyes and tries to turn her face away from the cold jets of air, as she does her best to not try and curl up.

"Lucy has real good heat, but it takes her a minute to get it goin'." The wolf says softly, nuzzling into Llydian's back and squeezing her tighter. He is surprisingly warm, even though he should be just as damp as she is. After what seems like minutes the cold air suddenly turns hot and very dry, like staring down the business end of multiple hair dryers. The welcome heat rapidly knocks the chill out of the small space and begins to warm them both up. The badger relaxes a little bit, but is still tense. Desmond stays nuzzled into her, and begins rubbing her fur to help get the wet out and let the heat in.

Llydian breathes a little easier, as she feels a soft thud through the hull of the craft. Opening her eyes, she can see through the cockpit glass that Lucy seems to now be drifting slightly away from the Pod. Multiple lights flicker on as various gauges on the dash appear to be climbing upwards and stabilizing, which is usually a good thing. The chorus of whirs and clicks inside the ship also seem less strained, as an overhead radio crackles to life. The station is faint and slightly distorted, with a seemingly robotic voice broadcasting what sounds to be a weather report or ship advisory of some kind.

With a sufficient part of her warming up, Llydian relaxes some more and looks to the radio, quickly assessing the controls. Slowly reaching up, she adjusts the volume so she can better hear what's being said. It is a ship advisory, but not anything relevant to *this* ship. Sounds to be for commercial vessels back planetside. The badger feels



Desmond's ears perk up and rotate, before she cocks her head slightly and turns the volume back down. He pulls her a bit tighter, before sitting back a bit himself.

"Uh, why are you listening to ship advisory broadcasts? I don't think they'd do you much good up here." She asks with a soft, but inquisitive tone. The wolf stays silent for a few moments, before letting out a heavy sigh.

"I think... I think I used to work on a ship, before coming up here. I have no memories of doing that, but those broadcasts are... Familiar? Like a scent that you haven't smelled in years, but can't place to an exact memory. It's... I guess it's hard to describe." He says, almost unsure of his own words. Llydian notices that he fidgets a bit while trying to explain it.

"So... you don't know what you did before working in space? But like... Well, what do you remember about being planetside?"

Desmond shifts uneasily in the seat, before sighing again and lessening his hold on Llydian's midsection.

"I remember that cells stay where you fuckin' put 'em when gravity's there to help out. Space is nice for some things, but it can be a real bitch too. Let's get this done, then we can talk more about... whatever you want." The wolf's gruff personality seems to be returning, as he busies himself with adjusting the seat and controls for the ship.

It doesn't take long though, before it becomes plainly obvious that this cockpit wasn't designed for a "back seat driver" scenario. The badger does her best to move out of his way as he tries to reach around and over her, but that proves difficult given the confines they're both forced to deal with.

"Do you wanna trade spots, at least til you get the cells readjusted?" Llydian asks, as she starts tugging at the harness and trying to shoulder out of it. The wolf doesn't answer, but she notices that her twisting in his lap is causing his shaft to twitch and harden. Her own meat had wilted significantly due to the cold and the stress of the earlier situation, but is quick to start engorging at the feeling of the wolf's swelling member.

"No no, you're right where you need to be. Not a better seat in this thing, as far as I'm concerned." Desmond chuckles, adjusting his position again so that his legs are on either side of hers as he eases himself back into the well-worn pilot's seat. Llydian shifts back into his lap a little further, careful to give the two sizable members present plenty of room to be comfortable. Inevitably, they lay almost next to each other as their respective owners try their best to ignore the sensations undoubtedly being felt by them both.

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"Alright Llydian, you ever drove anything more than a car?" Desmond asks, before feeling his hand around on the floor for a pack of cigarettes. He manages to get one to his lips before Llydian answers.

"I can drive anything with wheels, and a lot of stuff without. But this is a little more complex, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't light that yet. You may like living in an ashtray, but I'd rather not learn in one." She says curtly, before leaning forward slightly to start examining the various systems present on the dash and HUD. The wolf's meat twitches at her movement, causing her own shaft to swell slightly.

"Uh-mm. Alright fine. Well go ahead and hit that blue button on the top right, next to the nav screen. It'll take us towards the nearest lane beacon. You'll be able to practice away from-" His words are cut short as Llydian immediately hits the button, causing the small craft to jarr backwards as an alarm screams from overhead. The word

PROXIMITY flashes across the nav screen, before the alarm cuts off and the ship turns towards open space. There is a whine that fades to a hum as Lucy begins picking up speed.

They both go tense at the sudden shift, but the wolf is quick to relax as Llydian panics for a moment before calming herself slightly but remaining rigid. Her eyes quickly assess each display before darting to the next. Instinctively she places her hands on the joystick controls situated to either side of the pilots seat, but is careful to not move them any for uncertainty of what they will do to the ships current trajectory.

"Okay, so you're pretty eager it seems." Desmond chuckles, before shifting slightly so he can better view the panels on her right.

"The red button under the one you just hit is your next move. It'll stop us pretty quick." He says nonchalantly, mostly watching her as she processes the different sources of information coming in. Llydian moves to press the button, but has a brief hesitation before firmly depressing it. There is a momentary lurch forward which is uncomfortable for the badger, as the shoulder harness does it's best to keep her in place. But that's somewhat expected, given the abnormal seating arrangement. Once the HUD reads a speed of zero, she relaxes back against Desmond's chest before giving a small sigh.

"So we've stopped, but where are we? How... far, I guess, are we from the Pod?" Llydian asks, before trying to lean forward again to discern some pertinent information from one of the displays.

"Uh, you want actual numbers or just an all-clear to start playing with stuff?" Desmond chuckles, shifting back into a more relaxed position. Llydian can feel his shaft harden again, rubbing deliciously against her own mostly-firm member. Almost on reflex she grinds slightly in his lap before trying to refocus on his question.

"W-well, I guess the latter. What should I start with?" She mutters, with a slight fluster creeping into her words. Her brain is flipping back and forth, eager to learn a new thing and impatient to experience something that's proven to be quite enjoyable. And the absence of gravity could prove useful. Desmond gives a short, low growl almost in recognition of her mental state and quickly tugs the shoulder harness free from her form.

"It'll be easier for you to not be constrained by this while you're getting used to everything. If I wasn't here, you could be strapped in and have the seat much further forward. Anyways, since we're stationary, go ahead and start with the sticks. All your movement is based on those two. Kinda like a skid steer, back on the dirtball. Left hand is your forward and reverse thrust, as well as lateral shift. Hold the trigger while pushing to either side, and Lucy'll roll that way. Right stick is the more generic tilt an' twirl. The triggers on the right move the clamps, when something's attached."

Llydian looks from one control to the other, before tentatively pushing forward on the left stick. Lucy slowly registers forward thrust before she releases the control. It takes some getting used to, dealing with no gravity or friction to slow the craft. The badger learns and adjusts quickly, as she normally does when learning about a new vehicle. There's definitely some wonkiness to it, however. It doesn't take long to realize just how used and abused Lucy really is. The play in the controls is apparent, as well as the ship's seeming disagreement with certain maneuvers. Let alone that some of the displays either intermittently read incorrect or fuzz out altogether. Occasionally, Desmond will smack or kick a panel to try and remedy that. Sometimes he's successful, most times he's not. Llydian is fully focused on getting Lucy to circle strafe around a fixed point in space, before the wolf pipes up.

"Well miss, you ready to fix our little issue? You've impressed me so far." He says with a sweetness, straightening himself up in the seat a bit. The sudden but brief readjusting causes the wolf's meat to slide back across her own,

making Llydian lose focus for a second as her command of the ship falters. Lucy bucks slightly before slowly drifting, causing Desmond to quickly tighten his grasp around the badger's waist as she's jostled about in his lap.

"Fuck man, I was busy doing a thing! A little warning next time." The badger says, somewhat irritated that her practice was interrupted. She glances down to see, however, that Desmond is rock hard and apparently eager for the next step of her training.

"What uh, what issue exactly?" She mutters, feeling her own girlcock swell with anticipation as a droplet of precum begins to form.

"You know, the whole fuel cell issue? I feel like you're ready. You've done good so far, so this should be pretty easy for ya. And if that all goes well then there may be some more stuff I can show you while we're out here." The wolf says, keen to let the intent drip off of his words. Llydian's neck fur bristles slightly as she brings the small craft back into a stable position.

"Yeah alright, the cells. Which way is the Pod?" She mutters quickly, trying her best to focus on her task and not the warmth of his rod grinding against her own.

"Cycle through the waypoints on the nav screen, 'til you reach PD1224. That's home for us. Then, blue button will get you close."

Llydian scrolls through a long list of different numbers, with an occasional designation showing up that seems pretty low numerically. She doesn't know what that means, if anything, but tries to make a mental note to ask the wolf later. After a little searching she finds her home number and is quick to get Lucy headed in that direction. The HUD chirps as the ship reorientates itself, showing a countdown in the corner of the front windshield. Under two minutes, it claims while the speed is approximately one hundred meters a second. It feels like they're barely moving at all, making the badger consider how violently the craft must have to move to unsettle her like it did earlier.

"Desmond, how... dangerous, is this ship? Like, how easily can it hurt itself? Or... us?" The badger asks, unsure of how much she really wants an honest answer. She hears the telltale flick of his lighter, quickly followed by a chuckle that grows into a quiet laugh from her wolf companion.

"Well... What would put you at ease, Llydian? Safety or the truth?" He asks, not trying to hide his amusement with her question.

"Please, don't fuck with me about this. I'd rather not unknowingly put myself in danger." The agitation was clear in her voice. His joviality is largely absent in his reply.

"In the wrong hands, without the proper amount of caution and respect, Lucy could very easily tear herself apart. Which would be bad for us, obviously. One of the reasons why these models aren't used much anymore, is because of how overpowered they are in regards to how few... fail-safes are in place. The newer models can almost do the job by themselves. It is the definition of boring, to 'operate' a newer machine." Desmond says the word with a fair amount of disgust, like he was spitting it out.

"So this thing is a poorly designed deathtrap with wings? And you just let me fuck around with it?! How do you know-"

"Uh-ah! I wouldn't have let you do something stupid. I been at this for a while, and I can kinda tell when somebody has a feel for stuff like this. And you *feel* pretty good, Llydian." He says reassuringly, as he pulls her tight to himself. The Pod is now front and center in her view, maybe about a mile ahead of them. The HUD countdown is nearing zero, as the ship begins decelerating. She feels a bit of relief, seeing something other than distant stars and inky

blackness. Llydian lets out a small sigh as she rests one of her hands on his arm. Desmond grunts in approval and gives her midsection a squeeze as the ship comes to a halt about a hundred yards from the Pod.

"Okay, now what do we do? You said we need to swap the cells?"

"Well, *you* need to swap the cells. I'm just gonna supervise."

"Okay, well supervise me on what that means."

"It's pretty simple really. Just pull the one in reserve, so you can get at the one that's misbehaving. Then get it out, put in the fresh one, and stick the old one in behind it."

Llydian stares out the window at the far side of the Pod, where not too long ago she watched this very ship hurl a leaking cell out into space.

"There's no like... unloading procedure or anything, that needs to be done in the Pod? It'll be fine with me just pulling and rearranging cells?"

"As long as nobody shuts the fuckin' doors again, it should be fine." The wolf mumbles through a cloud of cigarette smoke. Llydian turns her head from it, as the wolf begrudgingly snatches his lit cigarette and grinds it into the side of his seat.

"Thank you, those things smell terrible."

"You take what you can get out here. Now, move us over to the fuel bay."

## Chapter 4 Volatile

The far leg of the Pod has a set of rather heavy-duty looking steel doors, which are currently closed. As Llydian guides Lucy towards them, some external sensor detects the approaching craft and the doors begin to slowly open. A small screen to the badgers left flashes a prompt, asking if fuel cells are being added or removed. She moves her hand to select an option before pausing.

"Uh, we're technically just moving them right? Not adding or subtracting." She asks bluntly.

"What? Hm oh, yeah just ignore that. The fail-safes will take care of it. System doesn't have an option for what we're doing."

"Is... is what we're doing, a dumb thing to do?"

The wolf chuckles briefly as he guides Llydian's hand back towards the control stick. She instinctively takes hold, as Desmond lets his hand rest on her thigh. His touch is rough, but gentle as he ever-so-slightly moves his finger across her fur. It's a slight caress, but very much noticeable to the already distracted badger.

"Don't worry about that. Just focus on doing it." He says softly. Llydian stifles a small gasp as his roaming touch eases slightly towards her inner thigh. Her attention is drawn back to the job at hand when the HUD chirps and

flashes a message, saying the fuel cell doors are now fully opened. Inside them, the visible cell is slightly crooked in its latches, but seems to be stable. She gingerly feathers the controls, easing the craft inside the space towards the side of the rather imposing cell.

"S-so how does this work? Just put the clamps anywhere?"

"Yeah, yeah. Just wherever you see fit to get the thing out. Once we're in the open you can readjust 'em so you can better see where you're goin'." Desmond mumbles, clearly distracted himself. Llydian does her best to find a suitable spot on the side of the cell, but the wolf's throbbing member and soft ministrations make her aim a little less than ideal.

Once the clamps come into contact with the dingy side of the cell, they visibly power on with an accompanying chime from one of the panels to the right of the pilot's seat. There's a brief rumble through the ship as some other system comes online. Llydian looks to the panel, trying to discern what her next action should be. Her own excitement causes her to reread the labels a few times, as her girlcock eagerly anticipates Desmond's next movement.

"Second down, far left. Says 'Release'. Or just do what I do, and give it a little *puuuuull*." The wolf says, pulling Llydian a little tighter to himself as he does. She tries and fails to remain stoic, letting a held breath escape her lips. She's quick to recover and tries to straighten her back, fighting her own body to do what she needs it to do. Desmond gives a small huff before resting his head against her back and letting out a gentle, contented growl.

The badger is determined to finish her task however, and is quick to locate the indicated button and press it. The panel chimes again as the latches on the cell release, letting Lucy drift slightly backwards with the cargo firmly held by the clamps. Llydian takes the controls again and begins reversing out of the fuel bay, constantly looking for adequate clearance around the edges of the cell and adjusting the ship as necessary.

*Just like backing a truck with no mirrors down a tunnel.*

Once they are in open space again, she brings the rig to a halt and lets out a sigh, before readjusting to the side so she can at least attempt to see her companion. He's a little disgruntled at her movement, but doesn't prevent her shift. After a brief moment, his gaze meets hers as he tries to figure out her expression.

"What's wrong?"

"What's wrong is I'm trying to learn a new thing and you're being very... distracting." She almost stumbles over the last word as Desmond's calloused hand gently squeezes her thigh.

"That! I mean, I'm not opposed to a little fun but you're supposed to be teaching me, not teasing me."

The wolf scoffs a little bit, before letting his hand slide off of her leg.

"I think you're doing just fine, but I'll let you work. If it's that important to you." He says with mock disappointment. He relaxes himself back into the seat, and makes a small gesture of showing his hands before letting them rest on either side of her.

"Well, go on then. I'll stop ya if you're gonna fuck somethin' up."

"Thank you. Just... pay attention. I think I understand how this is supposed to work, but still..." She says, trying to maintain a serious tone. It's not that she doesn't like his touch, but she prefers to learn and work uninterrupted. And

the sooner this is dealt with, the sooner she can stop thinking about what happens to faulty fuel cells and what that could mean for them.

Turning back to her work, Llydian retakes the controls and begins to cautiously adjust the cell. Begrudgingly, the clamps begin to unhook and reattach themselves, almost 'walking' on the surface of the container. After some adjusting, the badger is confident to move the cell back towards the exterior of the Pod and one of the loose cargo tethers. She is slow but confident in guiding the cell until it's close enough for the tether to activate. Once it's attached, the cable begins to reel the fuel cell in as the small craft releases and turns to make it's re-entry into the fuel bay.

During all this maneuvering, Llydian has been trying her best to remain situated on Desmond's lap without his help. She's had some success with locking her legs against the dash and part of the seat, but it quickly proves to be uncomfortable and hardly a long term solution. The wolf has taken notice of her dilemma, but has remained silent and true to her command. Right before entering the bay again, the badger lets out a frustrated huff before bringing Lucy to a halt.

"What's up, pilot? You just gotta do the same thing again. Simple."

"Yeah, it would be if I wasn't trying to float around constantly. How 'bout you drift around and I'll take the seat and actually use the harness?"

"Ha ha HA! Yeah no, it's my ship when I'm in it. And I'm in it. I can hold you, or you can deal. Those the options." The wolf says, with no small amount of arrogance. Llydian thinks she could probably figure out the whole ship on her own, but it's a little late to kick Desmond out. She glances out of the small side window to the darkened Pod, where only the exterior marker lights are struggling to do their job. Every other light has dropped into complete darkness. She sets her jaw before reaching back and sternly seizing the wolf's wrists and roughly pulling his hands to her waist. He doesn't resist, and is eager to firmly hold onto her midsection again.

"Your hands, stay there. No further. Nothing cute. Just keep me still so I can get this done." She says flatly, trying her best to seem cold and intimidating. Truthfully, she welcomes his warm touch again and is thankful to be able to relax her legs before they begin to cramp. Desmond is quick to sit up, almost at attention. The sudden stiffness present is reflected in his wolfhood, tense and ready next to her own engorged shaft.

"Yes ma'am."

"Thank you. Behave yourself, and this can still be a fun little exercise." She almost whispers, before retaking the sticks and guiding Lucy back into the darkened fuel bay. Once illuminated by the craft's lights, it's clear to see the active fuel cell, apparently in a constant state of trying to connect to some port on the far side of the bay. The latches holding it are repeatedly locking and unlocking onto the cell, but some misalignment is preventing that from fully happening. Just visible around the edges, is the same fluid that Llydian saw flowing out of the damaged cell that Desmond flung into space before their first meeting. She stops the ship again, seemingly hesitant about getting close enough to attach.

"Uh... is that a thing to be worried about?" She asks somewhat quietly, gesturing at the light misting of fuel that is starting to glisten across the front of the cockpit glass. Her wolf companion is quick to lean forward, keen to assess what she's concerned with. He observes it for a few moments as Llydian tries to discreetly study his expression.

"Right now, it's not. The longer we bathe in it though, the more it poses a risk. This ol' girl can handle a bit of heat from the burnoff. Just do like you did before, the shut-off valves will handle the rest." He states with confidence, but Llydian can feel his body tense as the misting grows more prevalent. Wordlessly, she nudges Lucy forward and

makes contact. The clamps attach as the cell visibly shudders from the impact. The badger is a little too hurried in her control, and gives the reverse throttle a generous input. The speed on command is a little startling, especially considering the pyrotechnic display that is instantly ignited in the dim space. Almost like the morning fog of the oilfields, only if the water vapor was a purple-orange swirl of fire instead.

Lucy and the cell are propelled almost instantly backwards, with the holding latches proving insignificant to keep everything stuck in place. Pockets of fuel vapor are randomly igniting as the fuel cell scrapes and grinds out of the bay, sending jolts and bangs through the ship's hull. In a few scant moments, they are past the bay doors and floating in free space, with the cell still firmly secured. Llydian brings Lucy to a halt as quickly as she can, remaining poised and tense after everything has stopped. Her hands are still gripping the controls as she nervously checks the screens and gauges, trying to discern if there's now an issue that needs to be dealt with.

"Got a little overconfident, huh?" The wolf cranes his head forward to get a better look at his badger companion, and Llydian can easily see his rather large wolfish grin in the reflection of the cockpit glass.

"I-I see what you mean by overpowered. And the play in the controls doesn't help. I really didn't give it that much throttle, I... I thought that would go smoother than it did." Llydian tries her best, but she's finding it difficult to keep the embarrassment out of her words. Desmond gives a light chuckle before wrapping both of his arms around her again and pulling her close. She resists at first but lets him continue.

"Wanna know how bad I fucked up the first time? I got the reserve cell wedged in the bay doors, while the active one was filling the bay with fuel. When I finally got it free, there was half a cell's worth of unburned fuel trapped behind it that was pretty quick to ignite. When the active cell popped, the explosion was strong enough to break that leg of the Pod free. Luckily, I was the only one stationed there at that time. TRD was NOT happy with me, but they *technically* couldn't prove I did anything wrong. So I guess what I'm gettin' at is that you're doing pretty good for your first time swapping cells."

During his story, Llydian had relaxed and readjusted herself to better see Desmond's reflection in the glass. By the end of his story however, she couldn't help but stare at him in disbelief as he casually recounted the destruction of a multimillion dollar space station. The wolf takes a few moments to notice her expression.

"What's the matter, you thought crushin' a fuel cell was the worst that could happen?" He asks with amused curiosity.

"No, I'm just realizing how lucky I am."

"Oh... Lucky to have me here to guide you, huh?"

"Lucky you didn't kill me."

"Eh. Gotta die of something, I reckon. And if you go Employee, then you can try out a couple different ways." Desmond laughs, squeezing Llydian again. The words themselves aren't very comforting, but his calmed attitude and tight hold on her does bring some amount of ease to her mind. The badger shakes her head briefly, before trying to refocus on the task at hand.

"Alright, we'll talk about that later. I wanna get these things changed out and at least *feel* safe again." The badger grumbles before retaking the controls and situating back into Desmond's lap. He reluctantly adjusts his grip on her midsection into a more conducive position for her to work freely.

Once Llydian is comfortable with her seating arrangement, she briefly double checks the monitors to try and spot anything that was not ready to function as intended. With all available readouts appearing nominal, she diligently

sets to her task. The current cell is rotated and adjusted with relative ease, before being held in place by another drifting tether. She deftly maneuvers Lucy from one position to another, paying extra attention to her throttle inputs. Desmond is silent, only occasionally grunting in approval.

After maybe twenty minutes, the misbehaving fuel cell is confidently slid into its latches which sends a satisfying jolt through the body of the tending craft. Llydian is quick to release the load clamps and reverse out, bringing Lucy to a halt just outside of the bay doors. She hits the appropriate selection on the screen to her left as the bay doors begin their closing sequence. A cursory scan of the exterior of the Pod shows lights beginning to flicker back to operation, as the marker beacons gain a good amount of their former intensity. Satisfied with her work, the badger releases the controls and slumps back against Desmond. He lets her drift up briefly before moving his hands to her thighs and pulling her back to his lap.

"Well, how do you think you did?"

Llydian breathes a small contented sigh before answering.

"Judging by the mess I saw initially? I'd say I did better than you did last time." She says with quiet confidence. The wolf instantly starts a brief low growl, but does his best to suppress it before responding.

"Haha, I suppose I wasn't thinkin' that I'd be judged on my performance. Figured I'd have time to fix it before anyone got here. But I was wrong." He says, letting his words trail a bit as he adjusts himself to be better positioned underneath his companion in the relatively small space. The wolf moves one arm to cross Llydian's midsection, as his other hand begins to gently massage her thigh. The badger closes her eyes a bit, relieved to have a break from glaring at the monitors dotted in her vision while she was working.

Desmond slowly rests his muzzle alongside her cheek, seemingly content to enjoy her presence for a little while before speaking in a low, soft tone.

"You know, there's a thing or two left to do before we head back inside. I don't think it'll be much of a challenge for you, though."

Llydian tenses slightly at the thought of some other dangerous task that he's been keeping from her, but tries to not rush to any conclusions. Her thoughts quickly shift though, as the feeling of his wolfhood throbbing alongside her own member sends a clear message as to his intent. The corner of her mouth creeps into a smile as a warm tingle runs down her spine, accompanied by the soft rhythm of Desmond's heartbeats.

"Well, it's impolite to keep a lady waiting. So what's next?" She asks, trying to keep the excitement out of her question. Without a word, Desmond moves his hand from her thigh and firmly wraps around the base of her shaft. The badger lets out a sharp gasp as her girlcock swells at the touch, and the wolf's confidence grows. Tenderly, he begins a slow stroke up towards the head, raising it away from his own and up towards her chest. Once her mast is upright, he gently rubs the precum from her tip and uses it to lubricate the return slide back to her base.

Llydian quickly moves one hand to seize the arm across her chest as the other moves down to grasp onto his inner thigh. Almost instantly, she can feel the wolf's erect dick straining for attention against the back of her leg. Desmond continues his slow, deliberate stroking as more precum begins flowing out of her tip. At the top of each stroke, the wolf takes a moment to collect it on his fingers to ease the slide back down, firming his grasp on her womanhood in the process. The badger's breathing has become ragged but steady, keen to not upset the mood that's establishing in the ship's cockpit.

Desmond relaxes his hold on Llydian's body, letting her lift off of him slightly but maintains his ministrations to her turgid rod. With his newfound mobility, he is able to readjust into a more upright position before bringing his



companion back to him. Opening her eyes, she is able to see her own tip is a few mere inches from her lips as the wolf's grasp reaches the end of her girlcock. He pauses his stroke and brings her dick gently towards her muzzle, only stopping when she can taste her own sweet fluid on her slightly extended tongue. The badger's hot breath washes over her own flesh, causing it to strain and pump more precum onto her trembling lips.

"Ready for a better taste?" The wolf whispers into her ear, as Llydian slowly opens her mouth and accepts the end of her shaft. She gently laps her tongue at the head, pulling her own warm juice into her mouth as Desmond begins stroking her cock in earnest. He is hindered somewhat, as he has now lost the source of lubricant to the badger's eager maw. He pauses and resituates his leg before grabbing his meat, giving it a deliberate stroke to coax a generous portion of his own glistening precum out. Coating his palm with it, his hand is quickly returned to its task on the badger's throbbing cock.

Llydian's eyes are half closed still, and her grip on Desmond has become almost non-existent. The wolf's strokes are firm and deliberate, causing her eager shaft to flood her mouth with slightly sweet precum. She reaches one hand to her maw and gathers some of her own mixed fluids, before seizing hold of the throbbing wolfmeat in front of her. She feels his knot throb underneath her heavy balls, seemingly excited by the touch. Her other hand quickly joins the first as she begins to keep time with his movements. He gives a deep growl as the first globule of his own musky fluid breaks free from his tip and lazily floats towards the ceiling. The badger is only vaguely aware though, as she does her best to swallow her own mouthful of girljuice.

After a few very pleasurable minutes have passed, Llydian's muzzle has now been well saturated with her own fluid. Occasionally she'll try to gather some of Desmond's precum on her fingers, and quickly lick it clean before returning to her own task. During one of these brief pauses, he lets her float up from him as he begins to spin and manipulate her body in the confined space. In a few scant moments, she is essentially upside down compared to her companion and face to tip with his pulsing cock. She opens her mouth wide and accepts his wolfhood into her maw as he brings her into this new position. Her own meat throbs against his chest and stomach as she adjusts to this new orientation. As he pulls her further down, he gains access to her thoroughly soaked pussy and starts to tease her opening with his long flat tongue. With one arm around her back, he uses his free hand to resume stroking her badgercock again as it begins leaking precum into his fur.

His movements are slow and tender, cautious as to let her get comfortable with this relatively novel position. Her softly swaying breasts are gently teased by his coarse fur as her girlshaft is steadily oozing precum onto his stomach. His body is fairly warm, but his hand is almost hot against her swollen dick as he continues to dutifully stroke her entire length. It doesn't take long before Llydian's breathing is almost in sync with Desmond's journey along her girlcock. Her vision is mostly unfocused as her body tenses and adjusts whenever he changes direction. Like waves slowly coming further up a beach, the badger is only vaguely aware of her building orgasm. However the wolf doesn't seem to be in a hurry, and frankly neither is she.

Llydian places her hands loosely on his thighs to gently help with his movements, but for the most part she is content to let him do the work. She hasn't really considered the possibilities of sex in no gravity, but Desmond seems to have a pretty thorough understanding of it. The wolf eases his cock further towards the back of her throat, lending him more access to push his tongue into her depths and explore her properly. She gags a bit as his tapered head reaches the entrance to her throat. Surprisingly, the wolf doesn't force it further and mainly focuses on exploring her with his eager tongue. After a few moments of having her mouth slowly filled with precum, she gently starts lifting herself back off of his throbbing meat so she can swallow properly. Seemingly awakened from his daze, the wolf resumes his rhythmic manipulation of her body in this space. Occasionally one of the ship's panels will make a chirp or ding, but these go largely unheeded by the pair as they continue pleasuring one another.

Gradually the pace and force increases, until Llydian's throat finally accepts the tip of Desmond's wolfhood. He lets out a stifled gasp into her nether regions, his hot ragged breath washing over the inside of her thighs. Once he has pushed his shaft fully into her throat, he begins to rock his hips in time with his strokes to her girlcock. He moves his supporting arm from her back and up to her thoroughly wet cunt. He inserts two of his calloused fingers into her, letting his fingers explore and play with her clit while his tongue continues it's deeper probing into her depths. Her jaw goes slack and her eyes unfocus, as she lets the varying waves of pleasure crash against her body and mind.

A swelling pressure at the base of her spine brings Llydian back to relative focus. Her hands grip as best they can onto Desmond's thighs, which only causes him to double-down on his efforts. Before long, hot thick jets of girlcum erupt from her swollen meat and onto the wolf's lap and stomach. He continues his ministrations with confidence until her soaked pussy erupts onto his muzzle. Only then, does he stop. A deep, contented growl emanates from his chest as the wolf gently guides Llydian's trembling form upwards, releasing his shaft from her maw. Once free, he rotates her to be face to face, although her body is positioned somewhat higher than his. She is only vaguely aware of her new orientation as the aftershocks of orgasm are still clouding her mind.

"Mmm... you made quite a mess, so I reckon you enjoyed it?" Desmond asks, looking up at her as she starts reconnecting to her senses.

"Y-yeah, that was... good." She stutters, while trying to meet his gaze.

"Just good, huh? Guess I'll try a little harder this time."

"What do you-" the badger manages to get out, before Desmond takes hold of her thighs and pulls her back to him. He firmly spreads her legs on the descent, exposing her soaked cunt to his waiting cock. Llydian lets out a sharp gasp as he inserts himself into her tender snatch. Once his knot meets resistance, he stops and lets her adjust. The badger exhales a ragged breath as she brings one hand to rest on the bulge now present in her abdomen.

"F-fuck, go a little slower next time. I wasn't ready to take all of you at once."

"Mm I've got more to give, though. I'll try to be slower." He says sweetly, before giving her a soft kiss on the nose. Desmond raises her back off of his cock, almost to the tip before forcefully pulling her down again. He doesn't stop until his knot forces its way into her however, and Llydian collapses forward onto him. Her previously spent girlcock is now throbbing again, pinned between their bodies and eagerly leaking.

"Liar!" She almost shouts into his ear, as her body is unceremoniously acclimated to the size that was pushed into her.

"I *tried*, not lied." He says smugly, moving to wrap his arms around her. Once readjusted, Desmond begins slowly pulling and pushing his knot out of Llydian's drenched hole. He's methodical and deliberate in his movements, only changing when it seems the badger is ready to accept his actions. She brings her free hand to the back of his head, and tries her best to keep a handful of his fur as she's forced up and down his engorged knot.

As Llydian's girlmeat is ground between them, it doesn't take long before she's ready to cum again. With her own heaving bust pinning her member to Desmond's chest with their combined fluids, it's almost like a double titfuck with her own cock. Her body tries its best to build steadily to a second climax, but the knot entering and leaving her body keeps her mind in a constant fluctuation of borderline control and almost cumming. She tries her best to tell her wolf companion, but her mind is racked with how pleasurable it all feels to make any complete words. Almost without warning, her shaft erupts and sends spurts of thick girlcum all over his chest and neck, splattering off the bottom of his muzzle. The wolf stops and lets her orgasm finish, before rearranging slightly to lock eyes with her.

Llydian manages a crooked smile and tries to stammer an apology. The wolf grins at her through her fumbling words before tightening his grip and resuming to slam into her spent body. The badgers form tenses and slacks as Desmond's solid cock is now routinely invading her womb, seemingly uncaring for if she's prepared or not. Every drive into her tender snatch results in another jet of badger cum to escape her tip, until she has no more to lose. The dim cabin of Lucy is filled with various squelches and moans, with the scene being illuminated by the lights of the idling screens on the dashboard.

The wolf quickens his thrusts, while Llydian does her best to find a suitable point to brace herself in the cockpit to keep from being bucked completely out of his lap. With one final thrust, Desmond buries his shaft as deep as he can in the poor badger. Wordlessly, he opens his maw to seize her by the throat. It's not painful, but her body is quick to react and tense to the sudden perceived danger. He holds her body tight with only the faintest pressure applied to her neck as he pumps her abdomen full of thick, hot wolfcum.

As his orgasm subsides, Llydian tries to move her hand to caress her drenched and swollen stomach. Desmond's eyes flutter open and refocus, before quickly releasing her from his jaws. His previous expression of ecstasy snaps into a look of embarrassment, doing his best to avoid eye contact as he leans away slightly. The badger moves her hand from the back of his head, wiping a bit of her girlcum off the side of his snout before letting her palm rest against his chest. His heartbeat is slower than she would have expected, but not faint by any means. It reminded her of the drilling equipment back home; just because it feels insignificant on the surface, doesn't mean something powerful isn't working underneath.

"S-Sorry... I got a bit... lost in it, I guess." He mutters quietly. Llydian tries to fight her amused expression, but is ultimately unable to. She isn't used to seeing the wolf unsure of himself, much less embarrassed. She clenches her pussy on his still swollen knot, causing Desmond's eyes to half close as he stifles a deep moan. Her actions cause another spurt to enter her womb, which is already near full.

"I didn't mind. And it's kinda sweet, seeing you embarrassed about it." She says softly, now moving her hand to gently caress the side of his face. He presses into her palm as she feels his rod still stirring inside her, throbbing faintly in time with his breathing.

"I guess it's only fair, I've kinda made a mess in here." Llydian takes a quick survey of the cockpit, for the first time truly considering how the lack of gravity really makes an ordeal of how much cum is splattered around this confined space. The wolf follows her gaze, letting out a contented sigh as they lock eyes again.

"You know you're gonna help with this, right? I kept all mine contained." He says smugly, before cautiously rubbing her distended abdomen. Her expression snaps to one of defiance before answering.

"Ahem, it is *your* ship, remember? So this is your problem. And it's not gonna stay clean when I finally get off your knot."

"Who says I'm letting you go any time soon?" He says quickly, giving her a toothy grin. The wolf reaches back behind the seat and is feeling around for something, as Llydian is subtly shifted in his lap. She was at first curious as to what he was hunting for, but soon lets her eyes fall shut as she relishes in the feeling of his impressive cock minutely thumping around her insides. She is somewhat briefly annoyed however, by the feeling of a rough fabric being ran across her fur. Desmond has apparently found what he was looking for; a faded rag, seemingly a section of an old uniform which he's using to clean the various fluids from her and himself.

Amidst his efforts, the wolf pauses for a moment to tentatively lick the bottom of her muzzle before leaning back and letting the tastes sit on his tongue. Llydian watches his expression go placid, before he swallows faintly and gives a grunt of approval.

"Hmm, not bad. Almost sweet. Not what I was expecting." Desmond says thoughtfully, before resuming his half-hearted efforts to clean. He gives up a few moments later, seeming to realize that he needs a much bigger rag for the amount of cum present on them both. The wolf shoves the thoroughly saturated cloth behind the seat and leans back, before trying to draw Llydian closer to him. She obliges and lays forward, causing a soft but noticeable squelch to escape from somewhere between their bodies.

"Well, what now? I'm pretty comfortable, kinda tired, and don't really wanna move just yet. Can you get us back to the Pod before we deal with... this?" The badger gently asks, squeezing again on the wolf's swollen knot. She enjoys the feeling of him locked inside her, but it's growing increasingly obvious that the seal on her insides is starting to leak. It's a substantial amount of cum that's currently pent up inside her, and she's mildly concerned that it escaping in zero gravity may render the ship difficult to fly. Or at the very least, be an even bigger mess to contend with. Desmond laughs through his smile, trying to not disturb her before answering.

"Yeah baby, don't worry about it. You can stay tied to me as long as you like." He says sweetly, before sliding the seat forward a bit and seizing control of the left analog stick. He keeps his right arm wrapped snugly around her back as he brings Lucy onto a homeward bearing. Llydian lets her eyes close for a moment before the wolf startles and goes tense beneath her. Immediately she's at full alert, anxious as to what would cause such a reaction out of her companion.

"What's wrong?" She asks hesitantly, not wanting to actually turn her head to see.

"The exterior lights are in a distress sequence."

"Is that... normal after a power failure?"

"Only if someone is onboard to turn them on."

They both fall silent before Desmond resumes guiding Lucy to the airlock.

"Just like you, I guess the analyst showed up early."

## Chapter 5: Consequences

Llydian tries her best to rearrange and see out of the small window in Lucy's hatch as the wolf guides them back towards the airlock. She can just see one of the Pod's exterior beacons flashing some unknown rhythm before the cabin is filled with the sound of Desmond's knot sliding out of the badger's quivering snatch.

"*Oh fuck.*" Llydian gasps, as the pressure in her abdomen is released and the outline of Desmond's rod is again becoming visible. The wolf lets out a deep groan as he's steadily gripped by her form returning to a more natural shape. Although his engorged meat had shrunk somewhat, it's quick to respond and begin hardening again. The badger pauses for a moment before reluctantly raising herself off of his canine root, causing the last of their fluids to spill out onto her thighs and his lap.

Llydian goes still and tries to regulate her breathing, readjusting to not being stuffed with her companion's rod. The wolf is seemingly attempting to do the same, although he appears to be struggling a bit more. A jolt to Lucy's hull

brings the badger back fully to her senses, causing her to tense and shift her body to more easily see their current situation. Apparently, Desmond had let the ship drift towards the airlock and his aim had been off. They're currently nose first into the closed airlock, with only dim light visible through the door's small window. He mutters a lackluster apology before commanding the craft into it's proper position.

"So... how bad is this gonna be?" Llydian asks, almost seemingly talking to her herself while trying to move into a less intrusive spot in the cabin.

"Well, for you, it may not be too bad. Depends on who's in there. If it's some other breaker or maintenance, then we should be alright."

"And if it's our analyst?"

Desmond doesn't respond immediately, choosing to light a cigarette before flatly replying.

"Just let me go first. I know it sounds weird, but try to act professional once we're in there. Don't be embarrassed or anything. Go in, get clothes, clean up quick and be at attention. That sort of thing."

"Do professionals fuck each other in their ships?" She says, with equal amounts of sarcasm and curiosity.

"It depends, usually. Look. Do as I say. Let me take the heat, if there is any. You're new, so almost blameless in the events of the last forty-ish hours. I'm supposed to be the lead example 'til the analyst arrives. They won't fire me, and they rarely come down on new people."

Llydian is initially comforted by his words as Lucy is seized and locked into the airlock. As the doors begin cycling however, she gets a feeling of uneasiness but isn't sure why. Maybe just her nerves, maybe a change in Desmond's demeanor. Maybe just the absurdity of the situation, finally taking its toll. She breaks from her thoughts as gravity slowly takes hold, and they both awkwardly try to exit the small cabin into the airlock proper. The wolf helps her get out before climbing out after. She tries her best to wipe off all of their combined fluids, which are now well saturated and heavy in her fur.

Desmond makes no such attempts, but is quick to retrieve his battered hat and cigarettes before moving to the airlocks controls. Pulling his hat onto his head, he lights another cig off of the first before extinguishing the butt and letting it fall to the floor. Llydian stands close enough to watch as he hits a few select buttons on the panel, as the doors begin closing on the ship side and opening on the Pod end. A brief rush of air causes a chill to run up her spine, but is quick to subside. Luckily, there's no one but them visible in the supply room. The badger hesitantly follows her companion towards the main hall before he stops and turns to her.

"Remember, get yourself cleaned up and presentable first and foremost. Whoever's in there, I'll deal with."

Llydian nods quickly and straightens her posture, steeling herself for whoever's eyes she may meet. Desmond gives her a small kiss on the nose and a satisfied grin, before resuming his walk towards the connecting hatch. The badger is quick to follow, but trails a few feet behind to give him a bit of room. The wolf steps through the hatchway and briefly glances around before striding over to the desk and executing a few choice button presses.

As Llydian steps in after him, she takes a measured gaze around the room. She can see the outside lights resume their normal pulse, but her attention is quickly pulled to the far end of the hall. The hatch leading to where her transit shuttle dropped her off is open. There's a brilliant white computer terminal, sitting on a rolling stand situated next to the hatch. The light pouring from the hatchway is soft and comforting with the slightest tinge of yellow. A stark contrast to the harshness of the Pod's florescent bulbs. She takes a measured step towards the light before a sharp snap from behind her causes her to freeze and turn her head. Desmond is pointing sternly at the bathroom door,

before grinding his spent cigarette into the desk and moving towards the unknown craft and its occupant. She nods in acceptance before moving into the bathroom and closing the door.

The badger lets herself breathe, for the first time in what feels like minutes. She can hear the wolf's footsteps get further away, before she makes her way to get the shower running. Whatever storm is about to unfold, she wants to be presentable. At least more so than Desmond currently is; buck naked with a hat and drenched in cum. Llydian is quick to be fully immersed in the warm water. She does her best to focus on cleaning herself up, but is constantly distracted by the faint murmurs of voices that are finding their way in.

The wolf's voice is low at first, but gains volume occasionally. The replying voice is much quieter, but stern and measured. Llydian can't hear what's being said, but it seems like Desmond is taking some issues with it. After a few anxiety-filled minutes, the badger is as confident as she can be when she turns the shower off and steps out. It's only then, that she sees her jumpsuit and two towels neatly folded and sitting on the edge of the sink.

Llydian hesitantly makes her way over as the voices outside elevate before falling silent. As one set of footsteps quickly make their way past outside the door, she eyes her ID expertly clipped to the collar of her jumpsuit. The badger snatches up a towel and hurriedly dries herself before slipping into her uniform. A loud screech and thud reverberate through the room, reminiscent of when Desmond slammed the Supply Hall hatch shut in anger. It causes her to halt for a moment, before zipping up her jumpsuit all the way to her neck. She checks her reflection in the pocked mirror and straightens her hair a bit. After a deep breath, she feels ready to face whoever put her companion in such a foul mood.

Llydian opens the bathroom door and steps into the seemingly empty main hall. Discreetly trying to look around, she sees the Supply Hall airlock is now shut and whoever Desmond was talking to, has retreated into their craft. The badger takes measured steps towards the faintly enticing light, ever-present to keep her posture up and a welcoming expression. She peers through the hatchway into a rather well appointed shuttle, complete with a individual bunk and even a collapsible cooking area. Sat at a tiny desk with her back to the door, appears to be a red-haired vixen in a tightly-fitted gray pantsuit. She is diligently typing away on a small laptop, seemingly oblivious to being observed as her well-groomed tail lightly brushes across the polished floor. Llydian takes a moment to absorb the scent gently wafting out of the shuttle. Light and airy, with a touch of rain and plantlife. A complete change from the rust and smoke of the Pod. The badger lets a small sigh escape as she absorbs the smell. The vixen exhales heavily and stops typing.

## Fyixa adjustment (ip)

"Look Desmond, I told you. *You're* the one that broke protocol. My hands are tied here. You could have seriously-Oh!" She says as she's turning to face the door. Llydian is immediately stilled by her beauty, even as the fox's disgruntled expression turns to one of brief embarrassment. The vixen is standing in an instant, arm extended to shake Llydian's hand. Her elegant but tense features have softened into a more welcoming posture, as the badger wavers awestruck in the doorway. Llydian can feel her fur bristle slightly as her skin grows hot beneath her jumpsuit.

"My apologies. I'm Fyixa, and I've been assigned as the senior analyst on board. You must be Llydian. I haven't had a chance to review your file, the office is sometimes slow to put new employees in the system." The fox says warmly, hand still outstretched. A slight elevation of her eyebrow causes Llydian to snap to attention and firmly grasps her waiting hand. The vixen's touch is soft and warm, but not weak. The badger tries her absolute hardest to stay focused but the analyst's form is in full view. A voluptuous chest with hips to match, it looks as though she

could have been poured into her attire. The shake is brief but it does give Llydian a chance to try and hide her growing erection.

"Y-yeah I'm— I mean, yes ma'am. I'm Llydian, and I'm sorry I wasn't present when you met with Desmond. I had to... check that the Pod systems hadn't gone into reserve power." She says, almost sheepishly. Fyixa's expression hardens at the mention of the pilot, but only for a moment.

"It's quite alright. That particular conversation wouldn't have made a good first impression, I don't think. I try to be accommodating when meeting a new crew, but some can't understand that rules are rules for a reason. I'm glad it didn't turn out worse, all things considered. And, you won't be held liable for the damages caused by the more... experienced members of the crew. So that's a big plus." Fyixa says with a smile. Her piercing amber eyes never drift from Llydian's, but the badger can't help but feel like she's being assessed. A faint hiss and thud echo through the hall, causing Llydian to break her gaze.

"I s-should probably go help him, and let you get settled in." She stammers.

"Oh, there's not much you could do to help him, I'm afraid. He's taking that Supply Hall back to wherever he found it and getting the *correct* one. Something more suitable to our needs." The vixen says, discreetly giving Llydian a glance up and down. Fyixa's quick visual assessment only increases the badger's feelings of flushed skin and growing desire. She struggles to remain engaged with the conversation and not focused on the thoughts of undressing this fox, layer by layer. Llydian's mouth goes instantly dry as she realizes that Fyixa's been staring at her expectantly. The vixen's lips inch towards a flat line before repeating her question.

"I asked how you've adjusted to your time off-world so far? It seems like it started off a little... rough, but I hope it hasn't been too bad?" She asks with slight concern.

"It's definitely been a novel experience, but pretty fulfilling so far. I-I'm sorry, I just remembered that I left some of my tools in the ceiling from when I first arrived. I think there was a mix-up about who was supposed to get here first." Llydian says, trying to keep her voice even but amicable. Fyixa sets her jaw briefly at the badger's attempted nonchalance.

"Yes, well. This Pod has been decommissioned for some time. The records show it was in need of maintenance. I take it you are proficient in electrical repairs?"

"Yes ma'am, I was Master certified on all of TRD's maintenance programs. On planet, that is. I don't know how much of that will transfer to out here, though."

"That's perfectly acceptable. If there are any major issues you've seen, feel free to correct them. We have about thirty hours until the first ship arrives for processing. I expect you and your tools will be ready by then?" The vixen asks, with only a trace amount of underlying intent in her words. Llydian makes a special note of the fox's change in posture before answering.

"Of course ma'am, I'll be ready. Probably well before the-"

"Please, you may call me Fyixa. No need for the formality when it's just us." Llydian's skin is burning hot underneath her worksuit, at her statement.

"Of course, Fyixa. If there's anything you need from me in the meantime, please just ask. I have a few things in mind. To-*o* repair, I mean." Llydian fumbles over her words as a slight grin settles on the vixen's lips.

"I'm sure you do, Llydian. And likewise, if you need anything from me. I'm more than happy to accommodate."

Fyixa turns swiftly back to her desk and takes a seat, returning to whatever report she was typing. Llydian takes a half-step backwards before turning, and quickly makes her way back into the bathroom. Her erection strains against the tight fabric of her jumpsuit as her thoughts race, transfixed on the fox and everything mentioned in conversation. She hurriedly splashes some water on her face as she dissects everything Fyixa said, all the while struggling to keep her swelling girlcock under control.

*You need to get yourself in check. You've already dodged MULTIPLE bullets, don't fuck it up now. And "check the Pod systems?" What were you thinking?! That fox most likely knows more about the reserve systems than you do!*

Llydian takes a couple deep breaths, and focuses on her reflection in the mirror before straightening her posture. The best way for her to take her mind off of this new attractive person onboard, is to do some actual work.

With a renewed resolve, she quickly makes her way back to her dufflebag still crammed under the desk in the main hall. Pulling it free, the badger rummages through her belongings and locates the few tools she brought with her. A pair of pliers, some heavy-duty electrical tape and an adjustable wrench. Along with her trusty pocket knife, that completes the toolset she has available. Most of her tools and equipment are locked up in storage along with her truck. It's not the best situation, but she's done more with less when in a pinch. She stuffs the meager selection into her jumpsuit pockets before grabbing the one remaining foldable stool from the tiny sleeping area and heading back into the bathroom.

After some strategic positioning and a good portion of upper body strength, Llydian once again finds herself in the cramped maintenance ducts of the Pod. She is greeted by the bright glare of her flashlight, still burning strong further into the nest of wires and dust. She can't help but feel a bit of accomplishment for splurging on the expensive batteries, versus the normal cheap units that TRD provides their workers. Putting her mind on task, she begins by worming through the path she took before to make her way to the breakers.

Once there, she freezes as a thought occurs like a brick to the gut; she neglected to tell Fyixa that the power would be cycling on and off. The vixen may not even notice however, if she stays in her shuttle. Normally the badger would just continue and deal with the consequences if they should arise. But she already feels like she may be on thin ice, and would rather like to be on the fox's good side. The tools are removed and deposited next to her flashlight before squirming back to the opening and cautiously lowering herself back to the floor. A brief glance in the mirror shows how dirty her jumpsuit had already become.

*Well, shit. At least I look like I've been doing some work.*

Llydian quickly washes her hands and makes her way back towards the fox's quarters. Fyixa is still seated at her desk, but her posture is more relaxed. She seems to be intently reading something on her screen, scrolling further down every few seconds. The badger stops in the doorway again, careful to not touch anything for fear of transferring dust and grime to the pristine interior of the craft.

No sooner has she stepped in the room, a thought occurs as the badger looks down at her feet. She stifles a sharp inhale as she sees the clear and pronounced footprints from the dust in the crawlspace, tracked onto the polished floor and just touching the light-colored rug in the entryway. Her eyes snap to the vixen just in time to see the screen flash off as she turns to face Llydian, the corners of the fox's mouth slightly downturned at the interruption.

In the brief moment before Llydian speaks, she could have sworn it was her ID picture on the screen before it blacked out.

"I-I just wanted to let you know that the power may be cycling as I'm working."



"Oh, that's... very thoughtful of you. I was just reading up on some things." The vixen says, almost dismissively. She's still seated, but facing Llydian fully.

Llydian does her best to maintain eye contact but can't help noticing Fyixa's gaze dart briefly downwards before smiling warmly. The vixen's eyes certainly had a spark to them previously, but now there's a curiosity that wasn't apparent before. The badger does her best to remain confident but can't help feeling a bit like prey in this situation.

"My ship should be able to keep the main systems online, so I probably won't notice much of a difference in here. Save for maybe things getting dimmer. I appreciate the warning though, Llydian." Her words have a slight tinge of intent but the badger can't place it exactly. She's having her own struggles through all of this, most prominently her raging erection trying desperately to escape the confines of her jumpsuit.

"I'll do my best to keep the outages brief." Llydian says quickly, before attempting a hasty retreat. She's halted by a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"It would be a shame, for your new suit to get destroyed so early on. Do you have a change of clothes?" The vixen asks calmly, as Llydian turns to face her again. Her mind does a quick check; the clothes she arrived in which are probably still wet, or Desmond's jumpsuit should be... somewhere.

"Yeah, I think I can find something."

"Good. I can clean this up for you in the meantime." Fyixa says as she expertly begins unzipping the front of the badger's suit. In a panic, Llydian grabs the fox's arm.

"U-uh let me change first! I-I'm not... decent, under this suit." Llydian stammers. The vixen scoffs quietly as her expression turns from professional indifference to brief curiosity, before going placid.

"I'm sure you're perfectly fine under there, but you're free to do as you wish. Thought I'd save you a trip is all. Besides, it's not like you have anything I haven't seen before." Fyixa says flatly, giving Llydian a measured look.

"T-thank you, I'll be right back." Llydian almost squeaks as she quickly backsteps out of the room and into the small sleeping quarters. Her normal work attire is present, carefully draped across some weathered filing cabinets. Unfortunately, it's still damp to the touch. Quietly cursing her luck, the badger turns to see Desmond's jumpsuit folded neatly on the small bed. With her heart racing and head swimming, she unzips and steps out of her suit before unfurling the worn garment and giving it a brief once-over. It *is* old and it *does* reek of the wolf and cigarettes, but seems like it should fit well enough.

The first problem arises when she attempts to zip it up. The fabric isn't nearly as accommodating to her form, and there's clearly some tightness in the thighs and chest area. Llydian hurriedly pulls a soft Velcro strap from her cargo pants pocket and is able to secure her throbbing girlcock to her leg. It's not the most comfortable, but it will have to do for now. Even though her leaking precum is already starting to dampen the tired fabric.

The badger tries the zipper on Desmond's suit again but meets resistance when trying to traverse her heaving breasts. She proceeds slowly, until one of the zipper teeth snaps off. Deciding that's as good as it can get, she gingerly bends and picks up her jumpsuit before heading back to the vixen. Fyixa is confidently manipulating a control panel of some sort when Llydian enters the cabin. A small compartment opens in the wall of the fox's shuttle, appearing to be a miniature washing machine.

"Huh, this ship really does seem to have it all." Llydian says absentmindedly, as she's distracted trying to keep herself from spilling out of the borrowed clothing. Fyixa turns to face her, with a look of slight disappointment quickly overtaking her focused expression.

"Ah, I see you found... something to wear. Although, it doesn't seem too comfortable. I would offer you *my* worksuit, but I think you may have the same problem in certain areas." The vixen says with a smirk, focusing on the strained zipper on Desmond's jumpsuit. Through sheer determination alone, the badger is able to will her thoroughly turgid meat from swelling any further. The fox takes the sullied garment and eyes it, holding her gaze briefly on the obvious wet spot on one of the legs before shoving into the waiting compartment.

"I'll get this started, and should be done in a few hours. When you're finished with your repairs, I'll make us something to eat. Get to know each other a little better. I imagine there wasn't much of a selection in the Pod that the pilot had initially brought." Fyixa says, but her tone suggests it may be more of an order than a statement.

"That sounds really nice, actually. I haven't had much to eat since coming up here, o-" Llydian catches her words before any more spill out. She hasn't eaten much, but that doesn't mean she hasn't been plenty full.

"Good. I'll get back to my work then, let me know if you need anything else from me." Fyixa says warmly, as Llydian awkwardly makes way her back towards the bathroom. She hears the faintest rustling of fabric as her focus returns to the hatch in the ceiling. The badger contemplates how quickly things have progressed as she pulls herself back into the cramped maintenance area, deciding to get started in earnest on the task at hand. As she squirms back towards her flashlight, Desmond's suit seems like less and less of a good idea. Finally reaching the beginning point of her repairs, she takes a deep breath as the zipper breaks a few more teeth and unzips itself down to her midsection.

*Still better than being naked. I'll just have to do my best to keep everything in 'til I'm done. Then I can change to something more appropriate. And clean.*

Llydian sets to work by cycling everything but the life support system offline. It's somewhat easier to maneuver when not forced to lay on the cables she's trying to repair and organize. One by one she pulls them free of their looms and patches where necessary, placing them back with care to keep everything as orderly as possible. The lines running deeper into the substructures of the Pod seem to be mostly intact, so she doesn't give them much more than a visual inspection. A lot of the misguided and hasty repairs seem to have occurred in this section thankfully.

As Llydian works, she can't help but be drawn back to the conversations she had with Fyixa. All things considered, they went pretty well. She hopes that Desmond's interaction with the analyst was only a one-time misunderstanding, and not indicative of how all their conversations are going to go. That level of stress would certainly make things difficult moving forward. Even if the wolf wants to be obstinate, the badger is relatively certain she can convince him to play nice with their new companion. Her focus remains on her work, but idle thoughts of the vixen help to while away an untold amount of time.

Llydian gives her handiwork a measured appraisal before giving power back to the other two main systems. Confident clicks and thumps are followed by the hum of electricity flowing through the large cables packed tightly into their respective places. She feels the splices, making sure nothing is getting too hot which would indicate a short or an unforeseen resistance somewhere. Confidence flows through her as she gathers her tools and starts heading back to the crawlspace entry. She's even managed to keep the dust out of her fur, for the most part. She moves a couple feet at a time, before using her legs to kick the discarded wire and repair debris of her work down towards the hatch opening. A lot of the brackets present in the shaft have sharp edges, which were easily ignored when wires were strewn over them. Now she must be mindful to not get snagged or cut as she makes her way towards freedom.

One final kick sends the refuse spilling through the hole onto the floor of the shower. Breathing a sigh of relief, she rolls onto her stomach and begins trying to lower herself through the hatch. Her thighs are almost in open space before she feels her jumpsuit tighten and the unmistakable sound of fabric tearing, as a sharp pain and slight pressure is suddenly felt just above her knee. As she turns her head to look, she slides a bit further as a protruding

metal corner breaks her skin and causes her to muffle a cry of pain. Nothing excruciating, but certainly not pleasant. As she readjusts and tries to find a suitable handhold to pull herself back up, she hears someone moving in the bathroom.

"Do you need some help?" Comes the vixen's measured question, concern underlying in her voice.

"Uhh, no. *Ah!*... Maybe. Just a little boost to get me unstuck. One of these stupid brackets caught me pretty good." Llydian says, trying to keep the pain out of her voice.

"Okay, hold on. And stop squirming, I don't want to get kicked in the face." Fyixa says, the authority in her otherwise soft voice causing Llydian to go immediately still. The metal in her leg is still quite present, but she thinks it better to do as she's told. It's not unbearable, and she'd rather not hear how sharp the vixen's tone could get.

The badger tries to find some decent handholds, but what she used to get in the shaft is now full of cables and not much use to grab on to. Her free leg is dangling down, unable to bend out of the way or be of much use to get unstuck. In a moment, she hears the stool being readjusted before feeling hands run up her free leg. In this same moment, she also becomes keenly aware that the Velcro strap is no longer doing its job as her girlmeat hardens and throbs against her free leg. Before she is able to get a word out, her shaft is met with the vixen's firm grasp.

There are a few seconds of silence between them, with only a quiet squeak from the stool to break the tension. Fyixa doesn't say anything, but her hands also don't move away as Llydian fails repeatedly to keep her massive cock from growing to its full majesty in the confines of her pant leg. There is a gentle squeeze, and her rod throbs eagerly in response. The badger does her best to muffle the moan that escapes her lips, but is largely unsuccessful.

As Llydian tries to find her voice to apologize, the vixen's hands move quickly to just below the badgers' knees and sternly assist her back into the maintenance shaft. She is free, but now so is her wound which begins steadily leaking blood into Desmond's jumpsuit. There is pain of course, but not immense and is almost completely overshadowed by the most recent events. She takes this brief moment to feel her wound as she prepares to exit the hatchway again.

"Alright, you can drop down now. I need to look at your leg and get you fixed up." Fyixa says from below. With a brief nod to herself, Llydian gingerly makes her way back through the opening. Almost immediately she can feel the vixen's hands help guide her legs and lower half towards the stool. Her grip is calculated and firm, but not unpleasant. She puts her hands in just the right places, to feel everything but not lingering. The badger suffers through these monumental distractions as she ends up standing on the stool, dirty and bleeding but focused only on the foxs' concerned face.

In the time Llydian spent in the ceiling, the vixen had apparently become more relaxed as evidenced by the removal of her jacket and tasteful unbuttoning of her shirt. The badger can't help but stare at Fyixa's chest as the fox quickly assesses her borrowed jumpsuit and the large tear now present, before focusing on the bleeding wound.

"Girl, you got hung up pretty good. Get out of these filthy clothes and come to my ship. I have a better medkit than whatever garbage is under that sink." Fyixa says with authority, vaguely motioning at the sink before standing.

"Uh is my jumpsuit clean yet? I need something to wear." Llydian asks a little shakily. As Fyixa's eyes lock with the badger's, she can't help but be a little unnerved with the intensity present in the fox's expression.

"This is a medical emergency. You were naked when I got here and seemed to be pretty comfortable. And I want you to be comfortable if I'm going to have to stitch you up." Fyixa says bluntly, before standing face to face with Llydian.

"Besides, I already know what you're hiding in there. And it's nothing to be shy about." The vixen says with considerably more warmth, edging towards flirtatious. Llydian's skin is almost immediately burning hot, with her womanhood straining against the already tight jumpsuit. Fyixa smiles invitingly, before turning to leave.

"Hurry up. It's not polite to keep a lady waiting." Fyixa says dismissively as she exits the bathroom and presumably heads towards her quarters. The badger wastes no time in stripping out of Desmond's suit and leaves it in a pile on the floor. As soon as her girlcock is released, it springs upward and slings a droplet of precum across the room. Hardly noticing, she quickly washes the parts of her that were dirtied from rolling around in the ceiling. The cold water does little to dampen her erection, but she figures that it may not matter in a few minutes anyways. After briefly straightening her hair, she makes her way towards the waiting fox's room.

When she enters, the room has been significantly altered. The desk has been folded into the wall, with the bed pulled out further to give more space. Fyixa is sitting next to the bed in her chair, arranging a selection of medical supplies in front of her. She turns to face Llydian as she hears the badger's footsteps tentatively approach.

