

RAILED ON THE RED PLANET



TALES
FROM
A RED
PLANET

2025
Spring

Content Advisory:

- > Peeing inside a robotic person.
- > Brief, non-graphic mention of needles.

A note on time:

One year on Mars takes approximately 668 Mars days, each one being only slightly longer than an Earth day at 24.6 Earth hours. Most people on Mars count seasons rather than years, each one being 167 days long.

Thus an 18 year old on Earth in Mars terms would be approximately 38.5 seasons. The broadly agreed age of majority is 39 seasons to the day, but some groups measure it by passing into the 40th season of life - meaning that for them, people come of age four times per year.

A quick and easy way to convert is to divide Mars seasons by two to get a rough number of Earth years. E.G. Liv is 31 seasons old, roughly 15 Earth years.

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And most of all, enjoy <3

–Sapphina Dreamweaver

Completed Spring (southern-hemisphere) of 2025

Railed on The Red Planet

Wiping the mirror clear of condensation, Kyliia carefully steadied the razor as she shaved the stubble from the other half of her face. Wiping the blade clean on her wash cloth, she let it fall to the small washstand with a dull clatter as it hit the stone. Her hand was shaking from the long effort of gripping the blade so tightly. She dropped her arms beside her as she leant back in the chair.

Trying it sitting down had really helped. It certainly took more from her than someone else shaving her, but she could manage doing it herself this way. It was nice to have the choice.

After resting for a few minutes, she had regained most of her strength. With now steady hands, she drained the sink, hearing it spurt into the metallic grey-water tank outside.

Once she'd washed the straggling dots of hair from the basin, she dampened her wash cloth and wiped the

foam from her face. Water wasn't scarce anymore, not during her life even, but that was no reason to waste it now.

She brushed her long streaky-grey and charcoal hair back into a pony tail, leaving just one more thing to do and then she'd be ready.

Dripping a few drops of water into the dull-red dish of compressed clay, she worked it to a bright slip with the point of her lip brush. Bracing her left hand with her right, she painted her lips in rich ochre.

Once she had tidied away her washstand, she dragged the chair back to its place at her eating table. Soft, diffuse light bounced down the sky lights to fill the main room. A pair of gentle sunbeams came through her open windows along with the breeze.

Stretching, she eyed the pair of crutches where they leant by the door with her walking stick. Her back wasn't that sore today, so she'd be able to leave the crutches at home. She brushed the creases from her sleeveless sombre-red sundress and double checked the

laces on her stout fungus-tan boots, then took her long-sleeved green jacket from its hook. She patted the various pockets as she pulled it on. Sure enough, she'd remembered to stow the assorted projects she'd been working on in case she ran across their recipients. She perched her favourite hat on her head, pulling it down firmly against the strong midday sun she'd face. It was as wide as her broad shoulders, so even when she had bare shoulders it protected her quite well.

She took the handful of steps to her door and had a hand each on the handle and her walking stick when she caught sight of the crystal on her table. She'd put it there last night so she'd not forget. She snatched up a pen and a slip paper from a side table, quickly jotting down:

'Reen- This is the crystal for your synthesiser. If I'm out when you visit, note down when you can come round tomorrow for tuning. Please don't leave your organ on my table again.'

Reen hadn't meant to offend last time, but she'd still rather not return to to someone's innards left where she ate. It was not quite the same as a hunk of living flesh, but the loose wires had their own gruesome effect.

Actually ready this time, Kyliya cast open her door. She leant against the frame for a handful of seconds as her eyes acclimatised to the brighter light.

She was extremely grateful that her cliff-side home had an overhead outcrop providing a large area of shade to relax in. Off to the left, stairs cut into the muted-green rock lead up to the top of the jutting stone, where it served as a patio for Lyn -her neighbour. It was lovely up there and Kyliya visited sometimes, though her back made Lyn visiting the easier mainstay. But it was worth making the climb to admire the beautiful railing and intricate geometric designs Lyn had carved over the years. Kyliya decided she'd go up tomorrow; Lyn said she'd started laying in a mosaic and Kyliya was very excited to say the least.

Today, she passed the stairs and went into the town plaza. It was circular arrangement, some 400 metres wide and ringed with homes. One of the best bakeries for many kilometres in any direction was nestled deep into the rock off the left side. Kylia blushed happily as she thought of the person who operated the ovens and kneaded the bread. When she'd taken across a pie or another dish too large for her home's oven, its strong hands had made the wait fly by.

Strolling across the town circle, she called out greetings to several friends, and nearly caused a cute girl to crash when she kissed the quadcopter right below her main spider-like cluster of cameras. Kylia watched with amusement as the adorable woman's rotors whined erratically as she stumbled through the air. Something seemed to have suddenly shunted her level flying subroutines down several orders of priority in her processor. She was apparently quite distracted, as she ungracefully landed, barely avoiding a small pond. Her green-ceramic body was waterproof, but she was always embarrassed to ask for help getting out.

On sweeping duty today were Tals with her one flesh, one bright-red prosthetic arm, and Yind with her six long arms spindling from her torso. The stone underfoot abraded to dust just a tiny bit every day and Mar's soft dust came in on the winds off their hollow's rim. It wasn't an issue if it kept clean; out of humans' lungs and robots' cooling fans.

Reaching the far side of the depression now, the wind-rounded rock wall rose steeply before Kyla. She headed for the inviting mouth of the tunnel leading out of town.

Inside, the neatly excavated long hall was bathed in light by thousands of glowing strands hanging from the roof some three metres above her head. When she'd first visited what was now her town, the repurposed optical cords from an orbital laser had instilled a sense of dread in her. That such an obscene monument to death had once been constructed was incomprehensible. But now she was glad that they'd found a new life with a far better purpose: lighting the town's deep storerooms, a medical centre, several

workshops for artisans working in various materials, and their small radio room with wires snaking up through the ceiling to an array of aerials pointed every which way on a craggy peak high above. It wasn't a fancy communications setup, but Kyilia could talk to her mums and sister back back in her birth town several times a week.

"Hey, Liv!" Kyila called with a wave as she saw the youth coming out of the radio room.

Liv had been staring down at her reader, one hand in her maroon vest festooned with pockets. At Kyilia's call, her head snapped up, grinning wildly as she spotted Kyilia. The sudden motion set the colourful beads in her chest-length beard clacking softly. "Just spoke with Tess, it sent me a huge book on Eastern Plateau traditional carving patterns from like a thousand seasons ago!" she replied ecstatically, waving the reader about. The page etched on its screen had an intricate diagram surrounded with tight blocks of notes.

Kylia felt her eyes crinkle as she smiled, Liv's enthusiasm proving infectious. Tess was a carver of anything and everything it could get its hands on. Its 124 seasons old flesh couldn't slow it down, no matter how knobbly its fingers got. Liv had struck up a fast friendship with Tess a few years back and loved to soak up everything it had to ramble about. "How's it? It's been a few months since we last spoke."

"They've almost finished carving that massive stone archway into the plaza over there!" Liv's rugged hands were flapping so happily, it was a wonder she didn't fly away.

Digging in a breast pocket, Kylia found the cold orbs she had for Liv. "Speaking of finished stone work, I took these out the tumbler last night." She held the gleaming stone beads in her palm for Liv to see. Rich greens, vibrant violets, and pastel yellows laced through the shining black basalt. "You did really well." The workshop Liv had access to didn't have a rock tumbler, so Kylia had polished them in hers for Liv.

The girl snatched one up, holding it up to the light as she peered closely. She was slack jawed with awe as she whispered: "thank you." She looked over each of them, turning them one way then another, taking in every detail. As she got to the last one, she frowned. "When did I make one with silver in it?"

"Well," Kyla began, fidgeting with the burnished wood of her walking stick. "I know you wanted to make them yourself, but I couldn't resist making just one as well."

"It's awesome!" Liv declared, stowing the bead along with the rest in her satchel. She grabbed her comb out and started teasing out her thick beard. It was impressively lush for anyone, but for just 31 seasons of age, she was rightly proud of it. As she neatened the pale hairs, she dropped the current beads into her bag as well.

As much as she wanted to see the new beads on display, Kyla did need to keep moving. She didn't want to keep Jan waiting too long. "I'll have to see

them later, I've got my renewal with Jan today," she explained, holding up her hand in way of apology.

The comb hesitated for a moment and Liv's cheeks flushed a little bit.

"Someone has a bit of a squish, does she?" Kyla enquired knowingly.

"It's really attractive," Liv confessed after a second. Grinning awkwardly, she added: "and maybe I also want to figure out where all its parts came from."

"When you're older, you can find out both of those things. I doubt it would mind a few questions, however you intend to pose them."

Liv was humming a merry tune, grooming her beard as Kyla lost sight of her around the bend at the end of the main plaza. The ceiling sloped down and then Kyla was in the short winding section of tunnel before that lead directly outside. It would have been a straighter path, save for voids in the rock that would have required the passage climbing over them.

Between climbing and winding, Kyliā knew which she and her back preferred.

It wasn't all that long a passage, most of the crater rim's thickness had been used. So, it was only couple of minutes before the rock peeled away and Kyliā once more stood under the clear sky. She took a deep breath, enjoying the fresh air. There was nothing wrong with the air inside, but open air always tasted at least a little better.

Her town's entrance lead into the side of a shallow gully. The stone rose twelve metres before her, small rocks cleared from the gully floor piled at its base. One path lead up and to the west. Over the crest one could see the nearest large town dotting a hillock about 8 kilometres away. It was hub albeit a small one, at the end of the local train system, rather than just one stop as places were in the main loops. One could get most everything a person needed on a daily basis -be it brought in via carriage or made right there by the myriad small workshops and home artisans.

Today she took the other path, leading slightly north of east. The main reason someone would go that way was for the pass which wound its way down into Sponge Basin.

To get to Jan's home however, she'd keep to the trail, and get a wonderful view of the basin instead.

It was easy going, with good sound rock beneath her feet for the most part. Slabs of stone paved across a wash of dust here and there. The craggy wall of the ravine slowly tapering down to nothing after about a kilometre. The flat ground rolled out to her left as she ambled along, the rim where it fell into the deep basin obscured at her shallow angle.

Kylia had always felt that crossing the bridge marked leaving town properly. The dull metal frame paved with green stones crossed a deep chasm, cut ever deep into the rock every run-off from the hills tore through the tight crack. It had a spreading undercut as it went deeper, but at the surface the bridge only had to span 12 metres.

She wasn't typically scared of heights, but there was something terribly maw-like about the dark line scored through the rock. She stuck to the centre, a good two metres of solid, stone path to either side.

The path had one main steep section in it, where the slope climbed some thirty metres over about half a kilometre. The basin rim drew closer as she slogged along the incline, the path shrink shrinking to only 5 or 6 metres wide at places. The rock face the path was now hewn from towered into the sky on her right.

As she tend to do, Kylia took a break at the top to catch her breath and let the sweat evaporate under the hot sun. She'd been walking for twenty odd minutes since leaving the tunnel, and her knees had developed an ache over the last few as she climbed. And there was a lovely view to be had from here as well.

Leaning heavily on her walking stick, she looked out over the basin. The land dropped away from mountainous path she peached on, and several hundred

metres below, flattened out into the Sponge Basin. At first glance, one might assume that the large area would flood tremendously in a heavy down pour, fed by dozens of thick gullies and currently dry rivers bringing water from the hills around. But there were gaps and holes scattered across the undulating surface that appeared deceptively small. Those breaks in the smooth rock fed into a huge system of caves and underground river ways, capable of absorbing even the greatest storm with stunning ease.

One day they would have to vacate the basin as those same flash floods inevitably eroded the pillars of rock holding up the basin's floor. But the subsurface was carefully monitored, and most estimates placed that day many centuries in the future. In the meantime, it was one of the safest places for large structures in the region.

Like the behemoth structure built on the bones of a warship that had crashed in the centre. The All Free farming town. The final giant's fall had sprung up into a flourishing farming settlement ringed by orchards.

The plum of her walking stick had come from those trees. It had been with her for nearly a decade now, and it was a great comfort now. She appreciated its height -as tall as her shoulder- as it let her warp herself around it for support.

Most of the skeleton's hull plates still clung to the alloy beams beneath. But where they had fallen away, tiered areas had been build out on struts for small gardens and sleeping areas. The brightly dyed fabric canopies above each section gave the appearance of orange and red fungus bursting forth from the cracked bark on a fallen tree.

It had once housed the same awful orbital laser whose components now lit the tunnel back home. It had long since been completely stripped out, leaving the ship little more than a shell. The open end faced partially away, but Kyla could still see some of the myriad floors, gantries, and other spaces that had been built in the weapon's absence. The weapon itself now lay in a million pieces for hundreds of kilometres

around, in wind turbines, lighting, seed presses, and making up people.

Most distinctive of everything about All Free, was the source of its name. Across its dull grey back, in the vivid colours of generations of paint were the giant letters: NONE FREE TILL ALL ARE.

The writing was far beyond the reach of living memory, its origins myths in the many oral histories. Yet as Kyliya looked upon them, she could still feel the weight of their importance. As had generation upon generation before her, seemingly all the way back to their original painting. Even now as she watched, she could make out a tiny figure on top of the F applying yet another patch of paint to keep it for the next generation. The bright indigo paint patchworking in with the existing yellows, whites, and greens of the top most layers of paint in the tall letter.

Kyliya waved to the person keeping the letters, even though she knew there was slim chance they had even

seen her, much less would notice her wave. Still, she wanted to give her thanks, even if they never knew of it.

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The second leg of the journey was easier, all flat walking over relatively smooth rock. Her boots had gotten new soles since she last came this way, and the unyielding stone felt like soft grass as they cushioned her steps.

Jen's home soon came into view, though from this angle all that was visible of it was a rounded mound of fist-sized rocks. It was a semi-buried structure, the bulk of the material over it serving to stabilise the temperature and protect it from erosion by the sand storms that periodically tore through the area. Deep grooves ground into the occasional boulder illustrated the alternative.

A couple hundred metres later, she had rounded the mound's slope and was walking up the path to Jen's door, a multitude of coloured stone pavers underfoot.

The building itself was a squat square box cast of a light-brown cement. The metal double doors had been thrown open to let the air and light in. She stepped under the cover of the concrete awning, the shade much appreciated after sweltering in the sun. She looked about the packed workshop for Jen in the illumination cast from the light strips on the ceiling. From its home Jen also provided routine healthcare to its fellow robotic people. Spare parts and limbs being serviced sat on shelves, along with a handful of small electrical devices that it took in for repairs occasionally.

There was also a very specific variety of health care it provided for humans, the 'renewal' she'd spoken of with Liv. The bacteria in Jen's bioreactor had been tweaked to produce bio-identical estrogen as a by-product. Another organ refined it to a hormonal gel,

and Jen's favoured method of internally dispensing it was something Kyla was very fond of too.

Jen had clearly remembered she was coming, as the big examination table in the centre of the room was set with crisp pink sheets. Jen was a sentimental person, and it kept sheets in several colours so it could always set out someone's favourite. A white-cased low-profile body pillow had been set neatly atop.

On the bench at the back was an assembly of pipes, flasks, and gauges. The mostly glass contraption was filled with fluids in various shades of purple and deep pink. It was a bio-reactor that produced the exact same substance as Jen did internally. Instead of gel, it was refined into vials of a pale pink drink with a divisive taste. Kyla had certainly never chosen it over rectal infusion in the 29 seasons she'd had the choice between them.

Though the drink did have the vital distinction of not being Jen's cum. Not everyone wanted their

hormones given in that way, for a multitude of reasons. And naturally, drinking their estrogen was the only choice for children like Liv. Kyla imagined Liv would be only too keen to switch over the moment she reached her 39th, given how much she complained about way it lingered on the tongue. And the texture was unpleasantly thick, yet not quite thick enough to have any body to it.

All the way over in the right hand side, she spotted Jen's distinctive form. It had its head down, the wide brim blocking her from its view as it pulled bolts from a large motor housing with a ratcheting spanner.

People of the robotic persuasion came in any form imaginable, if one had a comprehensive imagination. Jen's body however was a collage of everything imaginable. From its head which looked much like a wide green mushroom cap, to its unmatched feet, no two parts of it was quite alike. One third was clearly from a singular chassis originally: a leg, part of the torso and an arm all of the same style. One of the really old style of chassis, from the epoch of the

warship she'd passed. When they were manufactured, not crafted by their parents.

The golden lines of the prosthetic arm designed to closely mimic a human's contrasted starkly with the more utilitarian, angular arm that had come with the manufactured chassis.

Its other leg consisted of old servos bolted and welded onto a big cylindrical water pump, the intake rock-screen forming a foot. Jen used the pump for its intended function on occasion.

An assemblage of odd bits and pieces welded in place with metal bands filled out the gaps in the rest of Jen's body.

"Hey, Jen. I'm here," she called out brightly.

The brim of its head came up and three different eyes gazed out from beneath. "KYLIA. YOU'RE HERE FOR YOUR ESTROGEN RENEWAL. ARE YOU WELL?' Jen's voice was flat and mechanical, due to its antiquated voice synthesiser hardware

lacking pitch shifting. Kyliia smiled, she could hear the warmth of Jen's greeting regardless.

"My back is sore, but otherwise I am in fine spirits."

"I SEE." Jen lay down the wrench and cleared a chair of the box of wire bundles that been piled on it. It carried the chair over, placing it before Kyliia. "PLEASE, SIT. YOU SHOULD REST BEFORE WE PROCEED."

Stepping over the door's bottom storm seal, she went inside. Sinking gratefully into the chair -the one upholstered chair Jen kept- she wriggled into the soft cushions. She supposed that people who weren't made of tactile flesh didn't have much need for padding. The arms were just as gloriously padded as the rest of it. With her arms resting on them, the chair held her wonderfully. Jen took her walking stick for her, stowing it on a ceiling rack that also held several robotic legs.

Kylian had cooled down somewhat from her walk, but now her dress clung to the damp spots under her breasts and to the backs of her knees. "Mind if I take my dress off? I would like to air out a bit."

"I DO NOT," Jen was digging through a tray of bolts as it replied. It seemed to regard Kylian being clothed or not as a very minor detail.

It took a minute, but Kylian wriggled the damp fabric over her head. "Can you hang it to dry somewhere please?" she asked, holding it out.

"CERTAINLY." Jen took her dress and neatened it out. Looking about, it settled on pinning it to a rafter under the weight of a bundle of brazing rods. A gentle draft teased at the hem and sleeves.

Opening the refrigerated cabinets where it stored the heat sensitive compounds for the bench bio-reactor, Jen retrieved a water flask. Returning to Kylian, it handed the drink to her.

The cold metal, beaded with condensation, wicked the heat from Kyla's hands. Taking a deep draft, she sighed as it drove out the heat she'd been soaking in. Pushing her hips forwards, Kyla spread her plump thighs apart. Feeling the cool air flow over her damp penis and balls, she murmured appreciatively.

She closed her eyes and rested the chilled flask against her belly, listening to the clanking of metal and whirl of motorised tools as Jen worked. It was quiet between them for the most part, the only conversation of note was Jen assuring her, as it always did, that it had put fresh bedding on the table. Kyla offered a simple "thanks" in reply. The dry air quickly lifted the excess moisture off her skin. Although she did have to hold her breasts off her chest to let her underboob dry, elbows propped on the armrests.

She reckoned it a quarter of an hour or so later when she rubbed her eyes and took a look about at what Jen had been working on. There was an electric grill with the top popped to expose thick wires; a freshly cleaned and oiled drill press with a oil can sat

beside; and what looked to be the penetrable sex module from the squat communal quadrupedal-chassis named YELTI, hooked up to a half dozen diagnostic tools. She remembered one of her partners mentioning that YELTI was out of order when she'd propositioned them 8 days ago. She did hope it would be fixed soon, she was rather fond of fucking her partners in that stout, lustrously-purple body.

It seemed she'd have to wait a few days longer for that. Now, however, she decided she'd waited long enough for her body to relax. "I'm ready for it when you are," she said, stretching her arms above her head.

It took a couple minutes more as Jen finished reassembling the hot plate. The anticipation gave her a half-boner and she amused herself in the meantime by pinching her nipples.

Jen crossed the room to place the fixed stove on a shelf marked 'collections' by the front door, giving the unit a final pat on its top.

It only took four steps for Jen to be stood in front of Kyla. It knelt down, helping pull the boots from her feet. It was refreshing to feel fresh air flow over her wriggling toes. "WELL, LET'S HAVE YOU THEN," Jen said, reaching its hands under her arms to scoop her up. She felt a sultry intent in the words as its strong limbs lifted her. There was nothing partial about her erection anymore as Jen cradled her against its form. It was taller than her by a head, and she'd always felt so very secure when it held her.

She was fond of her food, especially her friends' cooking, and her cheerfully chubby hips squished into Jen's metallic body. "Your arms are nice," she murmured, feeling them encircling her. She chuckled as a hand squeezed her bum.

"Oh?" she enquired enthusiastically as Jen stepped around her, now holding her from behind. She leant back into the embrace as Jen provided a thigh for her to rest her weight on.

Kylia moaned happily as Jen answered her by massaging her breast with a hand as its other one held her waist. A few seconds later, it drifted a little lower, grasping and teasing at her cock. "YOU APPEAR TO BE FULLY FUNCTIONAL. YOU ARE SUITABLE FOR HORMONE SUPPLEMENT."

"We both know you like having a cuddle. Just admit you're a sappy bitch deep down," Kylia laughed.

"NEVER," though its voice was as flat as ever and it had no lips to smirk with, Kylia could still feel the expression in how it held its body. Its hands changed their approach, delicate fingers pinching her nipples as the original chassis's hand wrapped gently around her shaft, stroking her slowly. "YOUR DICK IS AS LOVELY AS ALWAYS, KYLIA."

"Thanks," she mumbled, sprawled against it, soaking in the sublime sensation of it all. Murmuring wordlessly with the occasional giggle as it brushed her head with a thumb or tightened its fingers in a ripple along her length. "You really know how to make a

woman feel at home, Jen," she said, exhaling contently.

"MY PLEASURE." To her disappointment, it released her cock, that hand moving to wrap around just below her ribs. "WE SHOULD PROCEED WITH YOUR HORMONES, OTHERWISE WE SHALL BE HERE ALL DAY."

It was right, but a part of her wished it would continue. And not just the part currently solid as stone between her flushed thighs. Though all the excitement had left her needing another form of relief before going on the table. "I need to piss first," she requested.

"YOU MAY. DO YOU WANT HELP WITH MY STOPPER?"

"I'll manage," Kyliia replied as she unscrewed the cap on Jen's coolant tank. She let the cap fall on its jack-chain, clanging against the half-full, stamped metal container. The container was ancient, the dark-pink

primer showing through where the purple paint had worn away.

The archaic term for the type of vessel was the source of Jen's name: a Jerry Can, shortened to Jen by itself to fit it, much as it had fitted the tank inside its torso.

Jen bent its knees to bring the opening down to Kylia's groin. One knee bent that way; the pump-leg twisted in a way quite impossible to relate to a humanoid leg, but it got shorter as well.

The tank's neck had a small, half-spherical funnel brazed on and carefully polished for her comfort. The embossed threads rippled over her cock as she guided it in, the bare metal satin smooth against her foreskin.

Jen pulled her against its hip, one hand supporting her buttocks, as she relived herself. Kylia let out a breath as the pressure began to fade. Her eyes shut, she listened to her muffled stream.

Topping off people's tanks with human piss wasn't a practical measure anymore. Oral history told that it had started back in the very early days of the habitation, when water was scarce and getting to use it twice was a very attractive idea indeed. Once the synthetic ecosystem had harmonised into real nature, with a dependable water cycle, it had faded from strict necessity. Now, with steady water from wells, and many robotic people having waterless cooling systems, it was a tradition that some -like Jen- found joy in. So did Kylia, though more for the sense of companionship than the excited glee her sister took in drinking her partners.

She supposed that it was like the stuffed shark every girl with a penis was given when her breasts started coming in. Though that was a far older practice, its original reasons long since beyond memory. But like what she did with Jen now, it was a piece of their cultures which formed the chaotic weft of who they were.

A final few drops dribbled out as she finished, splashing softly. Her cock was mostly soft now and pulled free as she moved her hips away. Her fingers fumbled with the chain, attempting to work the cap up into her hand.

"ALLOW ME. YOU LAY DOWN," Jen instructed, lifting her to sit on the edge of the exam table.

She sprawled on her back, one knee up. Jen spun the stopper up in an arc by the chain, landing neatly on its threads, then deftly twisted it tightly closed. "DO YOU WANT ADDITIONAL PLAYTHINGS?" it asked, indicating the rack of sex toys it kept for 'flesh-friends' as it referred to Kylia and its other human partners.

Running her eyes over the collection of a dozen or so assorted dildos, strokers, and unconventionally shaped but high effective vibes, Kylia considered the offer. She did enjoy laying on a comfortable stroker, letting Jen's thrusts push her own cock into the soft, squishy hole. And during her occasional visits for

purely recreational sex, she'd discovered several of the dildos could do amazing things to her prostate. Especially that ridged one, she remembered with flutter in her chest.

But today she decided she just wanted to relax and not overcomplicate the already amazing feeling of Jen deep in her ass. With a groan, she pushed herself over, laying on her side as she pulled the body pillow into her grasp. "Nah, just you today."

Jen nodded, crossing to the bio-reactor setup. Beside the reactor was a tiny still, and a few bottles of alcohol-based disinfectant. Jen pulled its permanently hard cock from the storage space in its shoulder. It sprayed disinfectant all over the dick, using a cloth to firmly wipe down the lustrously deep-purple surface. It was a very practical thing: a slight taper, a sublimely smooth exterior, and bump at the tip that massaged Kyli's insides magnificently.

Kyli heard the thrum as Jen rested a palm at each end and passed a current through its cock to warm it.

Its dick was a simple thing, no self-heating, no sensors or in-built actuators. Kylia had always thought the penis suited it.

Humming to itself, Jen twisted its shaft into place, wiggling the cock about as it tested the gimbal mount. It pushed and pulled, making sure the mounting was solid.

Finding herself licking her lips as she watched, Kylia asked: "before you stick it in, could I suck it for a little bit?"

Sweeping its gaze along her body, Jen replied: "I WOULD ENJOY THAT." It sauntered over to the head of the table. Its tip wagged side to side slightly, reminding Kylia of a happy tail. Evidently it was looking forward to a little head.

The table was the perfect high for her to just lay on her front, mouth slack, as Jen pushed its tip past her lips. Her own cock twitched in camaraderie as she bobbed her head on Jan's. The satin finish was delightful on her tongue, delectably warm. She tilted

her head to the side, getting the perfect angle to take it to the base, the tip pressing several centimetres into her throat. She moaned, as much as she could with a mouthful of hard metal.

Jen's speakers crackled with enjoyment of its own as it rested a hand on the back of her head. Not pushing, just encouraging.

Kylia rose to the suggestion, going faster, feeling herself beginning to slobber on Jen's fine phallus. Her body, heroic though its aroused exertions were, did require minor things like oxygen. Kylia panted, fully aroused in every sense, as she came up for air. "For someone without nerves down there, you do moan a great deal," she remarked, brushing a few loose strands of hair from her face.

"THE MOUNT HAS SOME SENSORS. MOREOVER, I HAVE EYES." Jen lifted her chin with a finger to meet its three eyes."THEY TELL ME THAT A WOMAN IS ENJOYING MY COCK GREATLY, I ENJOY THAT."

"I know, just... I forget sometimes. Probably because my brain tends to get hazy when your dick is involved," Kyliia said cheerfully, basking in the haze of said involvement.

"AS WELL AS YOU LUBRICATED IT ORALLY, I SHALL APPLY MORE," Jen said, peering down at its cock, dripping with Kyliia's drool.

Dragging the pillow beneath her, Kyliia wiggled her feet as she waited eagerly. A few moments later, Jen's hand spread her cheeks wide. She gasped, then giggled, as the stream of cold goop landed on her hole.

Looking to the foot of the table, she saw as Jen sank deep into a squat, before launching upwards. The arc of its hop was perfectly measured to apex at the height of the table, so Jen simply stepped onto the top with barely a sound. It was an exceedingly graceful person when it felt like showing off.

"LETS GET TO THE MAIN EVENT THEN." Jen's knees came down either side of hers, something hard resting across her cheeks.

"Please," Kyliia said, almost whining with the need bubbling inside her ample belly.

She did whine as Jen's tip slipped inside with ease. She squirmed on it, instinctively attempting to push it deeper. A four-digit hand gripped her shoulder, steadying Jen as it stilled her. Its other hand came down beside her head as Jen leant fully over her, its bulk moulding the pillow she clutched to her body.

More was pushed into her, centimetre by centimetre as it loosened her up with slow, ever deepening thrusts. She went limp as the strong, dependable cock soothed the burning desire she'd built up, leaving relaxed bliss in its stead.

She gasped as Jen switched from working its way deeper inside her to ramping up its speed. She quietly uttered little gasps of 'yes', and 'please', intercut insistently with louder calls for 'more'.

It leant its upper torso into her shoulders, holding her in place as it shifted its hips further up her body. "MAY I PUT IT ALL IN?"

Replying with much more than whimpered half-words was almost beyond her, but she got out a whined: "Uh huh." Swallowing, she tried again between gasps from each thrust: "Please! All of it. Now!"

Jen fulfilled her pleading with great enthusiasm, taking just a few strokes more to drive itself all the way down, riding over her prostate in the process. It bottomed out, squishing her bountiful butt flat as it paused to let her catch her breath.

She needed the break, her breathing was ragged from the sheer rush of it all. It was always an intense thing having her prostate pressured like that for the first time in an session. Once she'd calmed her lungs after a minute's rest, she nodded for Jen to continue.

It started back up, moving steadily, taking its time with each motion in and out. It was giving her as

much as travel in each stroke as it could without taking the pressure off her prostate. It did feel so very, very good to have someone slam into her like they were trying to smash her prostate to pieces, but this was certainly the more soothing option. Like having her breasts kneaded, but deep in her core.

Closing her eyes, she basked in every sensation. She could feel Jen's shifting mass as it rocked back and forth inside her. Their combined weight squishing her boobs beneath her, as her nipples rubbed against the soft, but coarsely woven pillow case. Her own deep, occasionally hitching, breaths. The faint whirl of motors and puffs of pistons coming from Jen. Her mons snuggling her semi-hard penis into the soft pillow below.

All of it the simple bliss of getting railed as Jen fucked the girl into her. It was at times like this she half-wished that she needed it more than just once every 6 days.

They carried on for most of another ten minutes, sharing an enjoyable quiet together.

Kylia, her body limp from being so thoroughly satiated, reached up to run her fingers along the forearm resting above her shoulder. "Thank you, that was lovely. Do you want to cum now?"

Jen jerked a bit at the contact. "OH. YES. I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT PART. IT WAS VERY GOOD." A small whir came from Jen, followed by a click. A few seconds later the first of Jen's hormonal cum flowed into her. It was a slow pump, so it took a while to deliver it all. There was nothing else quite like feeling the goo fill her insides. It was so affirming, literally giving her the body so loved so much. She savoured the joy of every moment of it, wondering idly if Jen perhaps ran the pump at less than its full speed to extend a joy it felt too.

A half minute later, the pump shut off with another click. "THE SOLUTION WILL TAKE 10 MINUTES

TO FULLY ABSORB. IT IS RECOMMENDED TO NOT PULL OUT UNTIL THEN," Jen reminded her.

"I think I can manage cock-warming you for a while," Kyliia giggled, giving said cock a squeeze with her butt. If only she could get everything this way. Alas, the medication to manage her joint inflammation remained being administered via the stabbing variety of injection.

She spent the time sprawled underneath Jen, a happy tangle of limbs. Once the time was up, Jen slid out of her, leaving her feeling hollow inside without its presence. She could feel a pucker to her hole, like it was pleading for Jen's return. But Jen hopped down from the table, washed its cock, and stowed the penis away once more.

Pulling the pillow tight against her, Kyliia rested, eyes half-closed. She needed to wait for the strength to return to her limbs and for her indulged body to accept it wasn't getting any more today. A gentle tingle remained in her body, excitement lingering still

in her hard nipples and her wet, now dozing, cock head. A coolness embraced her as the sweat that had gathered where Jen was pressed to her began to evaporate.

She thanked Jen as it placed the water bottle by her, then watched as Jen returned to working on the YELTI module. It pulled out components to test them individually, replacing some of them. It wasn't ignoring her, not as such. It just preferred people left promptly after their sessions. As it had explained to her, it liked when people visited, but not when they stayed. It made an exception for her, because she was never in any state to leave quickly. All it ever asked was that she give it space as she recovered.

After taking several sips of the water, she nuzzled into the pillow and took a nap. The smells and sounds of Jen working around her lulling her into a deep slumber.

FIN