

Bubble

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Kel was utterly sick of robots.

She'd been dealing with robots all day. Big bots, little bots, bots inside of other bots, bots to repair big bots, bots to do smart things, dumb things, and all the other things.

She was fed up with bots, now. Nine hours of dealing with bots, trying to debug balky code and replace smart parts fried by cosmic rays, grateful that she had yet more bots inside her replacing fleshy parts fried by cosmic rays. She was done with those things for the day, and was now propelling herself along the handrail in the transfer tube at impolite, and slightly worrying speeds.

Kel was limited in how fast she could go by pedestrian traffic, but she could still bypass the slower people with the small puffs of compressed gas from the pack wrapped around her torso. She wanted to beat the dinner rush, because she really, *really* needed a break. A vigorous one.

Letting out a little growl of frustration at having to slide around another wall of gossiping coworkers, she dove expertly down one of the four broad tubes in the spinning hub that led to the wheel, propelling herself on one of a few handrails on the 'downslope' of the tube. Opposite in the tube from her, people stood with one foot and a reasonable grip on a series of metal sticks that traveled on a conveyor back up the tube toward the zero-gee centre, as a kind of ski-lift-meets-escalator.

Kel twisted around in the tube as she felt gravity take hold, and she began to drift into the counterspin wall of the tube, her straight flight path at odds with the spinning momentum of the ring. Aided by a gluey gecko-grip in her suit's feet (an effect that, ironically, Kel could emulate unaided), she ended up literally jogging down the last twenty metres of the tube, as wall curved smoothly into floor. In the rather light gravity, she took the ramp with ease, and looked around as she headed for her favourite suit cubby without breaking stride.

She hadn't beaten the rush, and this realization gradually dawned on her with a burning between her thighs and a grimace of frustration. Kel really wanted something inside her, right now. Badly. It seemed, though, that the dinner rush had swamped the available population of bubbles, and there was even more of those than usual. She cursed the last bot that had kept her an extra quarter-hour, and cost her a speedy bout of relief.

Kel half-hopped, half-walked to the cubby in the loping stride typical in low-gee environments. The cubby was itself a big robot built into the station, designed to service the augmented life support packs that went with the gelsuits that made them feasible to use outside for reasonable stints. With as much speed as she dared, Kel pulled off the pack wrapped around her chest, belly and back, disconnecting with a soft hiss of protest from the short umbilicals at her sternum. With the thing wrapped around her middle, she could live, albeit uncomfortably, in a vacuum for many days.

Without it, she only had hours before her gelsuit would complain about needing air, but it was somewhat bulky and cumbersome and most of its greatest features were useless in shirtsleeves and gravity, and she didn't plan any more outings tonight. Kel stuck it on the mannequin-like dummy that the cubby bot presented to her, which accepted it, folded it back into itself, and began recharging the batteries and scrubbers. Kel would come back and pick it up later.

Arching her spine and twisting in ways that the pack prohibited, especially when combined with an armored oversuit (which Kel had been obliged to don for an adventure that morning involving a large robot with a failed power cable spitting thumb-thick arcs of electricity), the thin gelsuit layer around her now felt like nothing, especially once she commanded it to retreat from the close, stiff breathing-hood configuration around her head. Indeed, the suit practically was nothing, clinging flatteringly to her plump, cyan, reptilian body and leaving little to the imagination, especially since it was partly translucent. It neatly outlined the prominent mount of her mons, and though she had little chest to speak of with her particular heritage, she still had a very shapely and vaguely feminine body she was quite proud of and enjoyed showing off.

Naturally, nobody bothered ogling beyond a passing, curious interest at her gymnastic flexing or a brief, appreciative glance because most of them wore the same, or were nude outright, enjoying the freedom of a warm shirtsleeve environment after hours being cooped up, and thus her effective nudity was largely unremarkable. Most of those who wore the suits constantly did so out of habit or utility, Kel included; they

attended to waste, regulated temperature (tepid-blooded Kel appreciated this particularly), had integrated computing substrates, and made going outside for short stints no more complex than casually strolling through a couple of doors.

Kel's contract was very generous, and very flexible, and she could choose to earn her keep in any number of ways. Kel had made a handsome overtime above her nominal (which was in turn over and above her citizen's stipend) for sticking around and troubleshooting balky bots, as well as hazard for this morning. She would probably have made only a little less if she had bubbled for the day, and now Kel was really wishing she had, because then she wouldn't be quite as intensely frustrated as she was right now: her immediate, somewhat predatory survey of the crowd revealed not a single unoccupied bubble. They were all that Kel had eyes for, as opposed to her naked or nearly naked, and admittedly beautiful selection of coworkers of many and varied genders.

'Bubbling' was a euphemism for turning your gelsuit opaque or into a riot of colours, inflating the normally compact breathing-hood into a sphere, and toggling your current status over to 'conviviality assistant'. This combination of factors was advertising that you were looking for other people looking for a good time, and people were having a good time all over the place by this time of day. Since there were four main shifts, there were people having fun often, but especially right now at traditional planetside evening mealtime.

It was a point of pride that the corporation that ran the station took care of its workers, and that meant that the atmosphere in the evenings frequently swung over from the 'boisterous mining town' to 'barely constrained orgy'. They had large files full of data that said their workers were much happier this way, and productivity figures agreed. The legions of robots did the hard work, anyway.

Lining either side of the passage of the ring's main drag, which was forever going uphill from Kel's perspective, were food establishments of wildly varying caliber and decorum. Some were polite, most were not, and people were merrily fucking in virtually all of them, with their overtness typically dictated by the price tags on the menus. Of course, anyone could bounce with anyone else if they so chose, and Kel had a number of favored partners. However, spending time with a bubble had a number of side benefits, not the least of which were a freedom from traditional negotiation, social obligations, and generally fewer strings, caveats and problematic interspecies social cues to deal with.

Kel made it a quarter of the way around the ring before she spied an unoccupied bubble, coming out of a lavatory. Probably just having freshened up, they were bipedal, tall, and their suit was coloured a fluorescent orange striped strategically with pink. The suit layering was reduced to its absolute minimum, less than a millimetre thick, and Kel could admire the curves of their muscled thighs and trim, toned midsection.

The species of the bubble was indeterminate; there were all manner of mammal and reptile aboard the ring, and fur flattened as good as scales or hide with the gelsuit. There wasn't even a hint of tail; Kel could rule out reptilian or draconic from that, but not much else. Their head was a perfectly round sphere that betrayed nothing, glossy and opaque like a tautly inflated weather balloon. Their gender was completely obliterated, groin seamless and smooth, and their chest had no visible dimples of mammary nubs beneath, no help there.

Kel didn't recognize the colour pattern either; some bubbles would maintain their livery to build a reputation and a rapport with 'repeat customers'. Of course, the bubble could see out through the opaque hood, and they swiveled their torso in Kel's direction in acknowledgment as she approached. The bubble, or 'conviviality assistant' program algorithms, switched on, also enabled a ton of other energy intensive features in the gelsuit that weren't very useful outside, but were very useful while inside doing other things. The original designers of the standard-issue gelsuits had seen the writing on the wall, and the flexible off-hours recreation policies in the company handbook, and had acted accordingly.

Closing the distance to the bubble swiftly, Kel saw that she had their undivided attention. She stopped an arm's length away, and grinned at them knowingly. "If you're up for it, I would *love* something inside me," she said honestly, looking up into the hood; they had a good twenty centimetres on her. "I *need* to come, and hard."

There wasn't much cause to be shy. The varied individuals lining either side of the main drag were certainly not being shy. Kel could catch flashes of intimate couplings and grinding practically everywhere she looked. But, negotiating with a bubble was pretty much automatic, and blessedly so. Kel watched them theatrically rub a hand to the front of their spherical hood (bubbling tended to bring out the exaggerated thespian in anyone), shrug hugely, and stick their hands out in front of themselves in a welcoming hug.

Kel shivered in delight at her luck. They could have easily, politely turned her down, since she wanted a pretty specific thing that not everyone was into, but she was happy this one was flexible. She flung herself into

their arms and hopped up enough to wrap her legs around their hips - this was easy to do in half a gee - and they obliged her by kneading at her rump with powerful hands. The two gelsuit layers squeaked pleasantly against one another, a slippery, wriggly feeling of skating against another warm, moving body. It was easy for them to carry her, and the two of them drifted into a cozy lounge nearby, the bubble rubbing their flouncy head about her cheek while she lavished their shoulder with licks from her long, sticky tongue and grinding bites of her toothless, powerful gums.

The lounge was full of fuzzy, soft, padded alcoves surrounding a glowing service bar. It reminded Kel of consumer-grade space capsules, all the edges filed off with locked down, simplistic controls at their centre. As they moved into the lounge, she could see shapes, others moving in the many alcoves, a mixture of glistening naked bodies and glistening suited bodies and glistening bodily fluids. The lighting in the lounge was dim for privacy, not that privacy was very highly valued on a station full of orgiastic, hedonistic prospectors and technicians, but the muted purple-blue hue that seemed to suffuse the space through the cushions and long strips of fibre-optic paneling offered a pleasant atmosphere all the same.

The bubble, in this case, took the place of the chunky controls and became her centre, all soft and squeaky. The orange continued to glow, but the pink became a vivid, glowing blue as it reacted with a hint of UV in the fibre optic lighting. The UV also revealed that the alcove they'd chosen was self-cleaning. Kel let herself lie back into the alcove's soft cushions, shoving a few pillows behind her back. As she got comfortable, the bubble leaned back a bit, and started making some motions with their gloved fingers.

Two fingers, a third between them from the opposite hand. The third finger was on top, at their knuckle; then underneath by the palm. The bubble flipped their fingers back and forth between these, with a curious cant of their big, round head.

"Oh!" Kel tapped her wrist, and a relevant portion of her gelsuit slid away, exposing her gleaming snatch, her plush inner labia relaxing between the chubby outer lips like an unfolding flower. Though she lacked a clitoris, the male counterpart of her species having a genital slit and no cock to speak of, her folds were thick and full. "Up front, please. And big." She reached up and gripped their shoulders with a protesting *squirk* of the plastic that made up their gelsuit, gazing very seriously into her own very serious reflection on the bubble hood. "Big," she repeated, drawing out the syllables for emphasis.

The bubble seemed to titter and nod, wobble-wobble up and down of their hood, and leaned back. Kel put her chin to her smooth chest as they pushed their hips up a little higher, made sweeping stage magician's motions of their fingers, and with a final flourish, extruded something like a phallus from their groin, the opaque orange plastic filling with a silicone analogue better than flesh.

It was like a phallus in that it was pointed, long and firm, but that is where the similarities ended; it was like a thick octopus tentacle imitating a spiralling narwhal horn, and then frazzling its surface out like an anemone with many tiny nubs along its length, the nubs only as thick as the imitation suckers lining its bulk. As she had demanded, it was very big.

Kel felt a moan escape her before she could stifle it, decided she didn't care, and also felt an involuntary surge of wetness seep from her into the spongy cushions. She splayed her legs out as wide as they would go, hooking her triplet of broad toes into the padding on either side of the alcove and pushing her hips up. "Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, you beautiful creature," she hissed, practically drooling. Actually drooling, as her tongue snaked around her smooth lips. "I want all of it."

The bubble bowed their hooded head, with a beckoning spin of their hand that might have seemed patronizing or mocking in any other contrast, but Kel knew it for what it was; 'at your service'. Then, their gloved hands were kneading up her thighs, gripping and squeezing the soft-sheathed muscles beneath, while easing that beautiful, oversized thing inside of her.

Kel gasped, and her toes curled involuntarily, losing their hook on the cushions on either side of her, but the bubble's hands were there instead, interlacing with her toes and holding them up. She thanked him wordlessly with a shimmy of her hips, her thick tail wagging underneath her involuntarily. She could feel the fluted spiral sinking into her, folding her labia up one at a time, the array of suckers and nubs tugging, then letting go, then tugging again. Kel had a feeling that once they got going, they would lose their suction-ish properties, but for now, she relished the feeling of them actually *pulling* at the walls of her sex inside, an entirely unique sensation.

After a while, Kel decided she really did like it, not merely for novelty value, though the bubble's pace was starting to increase and the suction gave way to a stuttering drag along her labial folds and inner walls. She whimpered and gritted her gums together, then barked out a loud moan, which she hoped the passive

acoustics and the active noise canceling of the alcove was good at muffling. Not that anyone else was particularly shy, but she didn't want to make too much of a scene.

Kel could feel the bubble varying her pace, and looking down, barely half of the extruded toy was yet inside of her. She clenched viciously around it several times, muscles well-worked and well practiced and *fuck* was this ever good. The spiral of the tendril had small gaps, and each gap was filled with more of those ribby nubs, dragging overwhelmingly across her inner walls. The bubble had figured out, most astutely, that she needed a lot of accoutrements on her toys, with her varied and abundant experience, and had set her up in spades.

The bubble's haunches tightened and the toy pushed deeper, gradually spreading her wider and wider. Putting a hand on her belly, she could feel its girth inside her, and she firmly started kneading at the front of her gut, wincing and tensing at the shocks of pleasure crushing that area between the toy and her palm produced, gasping out shuddering, eager breaths.

"Yes, more. My g-spot...it's right up front," Kel instructed, breathlessly. She shook her feet free of the bubble's grasp to hook her legs around their hips again, clutching them like a firepole. "Angle up, push, fuck me," she continued, only half paying attention to the words drawling out of her mouth. "Fuck!"

Their bubble head nodded again, squeak-squeak, and their gloved hands slid up to knead at the sides of her belly, then moved with a sensual glide up her chest to her shoulders, gripping her tightly but not unkindly. Bracing herself for what was to come, Kel nodded her assent, and the bubble started to roll their hips in long, lunging circles, plunging the full length of that toy inside of her with each vivid stroke.

Kel's eyes snapped open wide, her head craned back, and she had to scrabble beside her and stuff a pillow into her toothless mouth to scream into it. The pleasure bucking and pinging up her spin was mind-blowing, almost painful in its intensity, the feel of all that textured silicone cock skidding along her walls exquisite in every detail. She was seeping wet, soaking them, though she was sure by now that the tentacle's spiral was seeping its own lube somehow. More and more wetness sluiced out of her with each backstroke, making her whole body rock with the force and ferocity of those thrusts.

It was exactly what she'd wanted; a fierce, almost brutal fucking from something that would split her in half, bigger than any of the almost comically large toys that decorated the shelf above her bunk in her quarters, wielded far more expertly. The immense thing sank home inside her again, and again with wet *plap* noises, while all around her came the groaning squeaks and tense squorks of her gelsuit-sheathed companion stretching over her. When her eyes opened, all she could see was herself in the glossy orange bubble-hood's reflection, her face contorted and sweating in ecstasy, her short snout contorted into something that might have been pain, but was in fact delicious, overwhelming pleasure.

The bubble ground against her in powerful movements of their whole body, gyrating and sliding against her front as though it were a dance as much as coitus, each roll of their hips drawing that toy back out of her, leaving an aching void, only to slam forward again. She was absurdly grateful that she lacked a cervix to bottom out in; instead, her egg-pouch was filled to brimming with seeping silicone, and it ached wonderfully.

She could feel her orgasm rising, a coiling spring wound through her body, while her breath quickened and her moans became less coherent. Kel rocked and ground and reached down between them both, grinding, digging her palm into her belly, whimpering and almost to tears with the intensity of the delight that bucked through her as a result. She was so close, she was full, she was so full! She angled her hand, dug again, pushed harder, while the bubble magnificently kept up their steady, lunging pace with impossible energy, she was so...

There. Oh yes, Kel thought, and she could feel her orgasm cresting, and then swamping her with pleasure. She lost sense of time for a moment, and her shriek became a squeak, and then became incoherent, almost feral moans and grunts, drawn out monosyllables and curses as the spasms of pleasure quested through her, her legs sticking straight out on either side of her bubbled friend and quivering for a long while. She could feel her whole body shuddering with drawn-out, but nonetheless sharp spasms of the muscles around her groin. Spasm, beat beat, spasm, each producing a fresh shock of pure electricity to her hindbrain. The merciless, wonderful pace of her companion continued, each lunge into her body timed perfectly to kick her a little further out on her glide back to sanity. She was so *full* and it was glorious, and soon enough she was forced to put her hand on the bubble's chest to make them stop, as the intensity of their fucking threatened to simply overwhelm her.

They nodded again, squeak squirk, and laid down atop her, keeping most of their body weight up and off while maintaining a reassuring, cuddling presence. She spasmed gently in aftershocks, shuddering a couple more times as she caught her breath. Finally, Kel wrapped her body around her companion, and hugged them

in a death grip, squeezing with arms and legs.

"Thank you," she whispered, shakily. They nodded, and wiggled side to side in a bubble expression of delight. *You're welcome, hee hee, glad you had fun.* "Can you stick around for a little while?" She blushed, as the request for intimacy was perhaps more taboo than the request for a mere fucking. But they happily nodded again, and then laid a hand on her lower torso, leaning to one side in a query.

"Ohh..." Kel vacillated, then finally nodded, "Yeah, you can probably take that out. It's a wonderful design; I appreciate you sharing it with me." She couldn't help but wince as the huge thing slipped out of her, leaving her plush folds gaping and slackened apart slightly with their used state. A steady stream of churned, cloudy lubrication curled out through the gap. Kel spent a moment admiring it, and then bit her lip, tapping her wrist a couple of times. Her suit obligingly wrapped up her cunnylips again, though this time it revealed a seam along her rumpcheeks.

The bubble noticed this as they moved further up and into the alcove with her, their faux phallus wagging enormously. They reached out, over her hip, and and stroked hesitantly along the curve of her plush rump, questing but unsure. By way of explanation, Kel turned to face them, taking her companion's hand and moving it beneath her tail. Carefully, she laid a thick finger over one of theirs, pushing just the tip of their digit at her tailhole. "Just..a little," she said, with a little stammer in her voice. "Around the outside."

The bubble nodded, squirk squeak, and their smooth, gloved digit started stroking little circles around the slightly puffy mound of her small sphincter between her cheeks. She pressed up close to their front, watching the phallus slowly disappear back into their otherwise featureless groin, leaving no trace but lube-slick plastic-analogue to tell that anything had been there at all. Curling up some, she pressed her belly and chest fully up to her companion's front, laid her head on his other arm, and tangled their legs together, making as many points of contact as she could with their larger body. The suits, though they regulated temperature independently, still tended to transmit heat very efficiently when pressed together, so the experience was quite complete.

Kel let herself drowse a little, looking up at the bubble hood that gazed sightlessly back at her, while she felt the tender stroking around her rear trace the taut wrinkles of her sphincter. While her cunt was slack, practised and hungry for ever bigger toys to stimulate her deepest recesses, she'd never penetrated her behind with anything larger than the tip of a finger, a knuckle, or a small, almost pen-sized vibrator she kept exclusively for the purpose. Often she would laze in afterglow like this, touching herself lazily there.

Now she indulged in the feeling of her delightfully accommodating bubble companion brushing her randomly, fleetingly, sweeping little strokes and then circling nudges, all unpredictable, all delicious and tender in ways that made her gums clench and ache a little with how wonderful and particular the pleasure of that touch was. It brought on a meditative calm as she focused on the singular pleasure of that tiny ring of muscle, being stroked and brushed, wondering and anticipating what the next touch might be. It was simple, intimate, and random in a way that she could never manage herself, and also, she'd convinced herself that asking a partner with whom she had only a friends-with-benefits arrangement with to do it would be embarrassing.

Slowly, after a time that might have been ten or twenty minutes, Kel found her centre, and one by one took up her faculties again. Signaling this, she splayed her thick fingers across the bubble's chest. They shifted to look at her again, sensing she had returned from wherever that simple touch took her, and retreated their hand from her rear with a lingering, grazing stroke across her hip. She nodded in assent at their deduction, but before they could slip away, she leaned up and planted a little kiss on their bubble hood. "I'll let you go, now," she said, finally, flopping back into the cushions lazily. "Thank you, again. You were perfect."

The bubble ducked their head in something that might have been bashfulness - *aw, shucks* - and then slipped back out of the cubicle, standing upright. As a final gesture, they bowed deeply from the waist, completing the gesture with a broad flourish of their hands, one at their belly and the other higher than their shoulder behind them, fingers splaying.

"Bravo," Kel said with lethargic, but genuine cheer, managing a little round of applause to go with her grin. "I'll see you around, Bubbler."

The bubble dipped its head one last time, wagged fingers in a theatrical wave, and then turned on their heel and practically skipped out of the lounge. Kel watched them go, and then shuffled back into the alcove a little, curling up to rest on pillows and endorphins.

Drawing a gauzy curtain around the outside of the alcove to discourage any other guests - for the moment - she fumbled around in the cushions until she could drag out the lounge's guest tablet. She could call up the hood of her suit, and make it talk to the lounge, but she couldn't spare the brain cells to do so. With it,

she ordered some food and something mildly intoxicating to cap off her dinner hour.

Tomorrow, she might go bubbling herself. She'd been working on bots for the last week, and the week before that had been mostly troubleshooting giant mobile ore processors, and the week before *that* had been screwing with their current rock's analogue to a GPS system, provided by little autonomous beacons that moved around as the asteroid was eaten away to provide an accurate picture of its surface.

Kel's hindbrain now churned through all this noise *ex post coitus*, and communicated it to her as a sense of being profoundly fucking sick of dealing with broken robots.

She now envied the bubble's simplicity, the pure focus on bestowing pleasure on organic things that could appreciate the work being done for them, as she appreciated her departed bubble companion now. She was sure she would not be as graceful or theatrical as they were, of course; they were obviously at once talented and experienced. But, practice was good.

Kel had done a few stints before, but nothing lengthy. Not that it had to be. She could go bubbling for an hour, or a month, it didn't matter. The compensation was just as good and she'd have fun doing it.

"What the hell," she mumbled, drunkenly. Tomorrow, she'd toggle her current job title over to 'conviviality assistant' and set about learning how to get thoroughly fucked for fun and profit and look good doing it. She knew there had to be some size kings around, after all, and they were probably aching the same way she was, in reverse.

Kel hummed in pleasure at the thought of that, and her food arrived on the back of a waiter-drone, she started picking out outrageous shades of pink to colour her suit.