

# Space Highway

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## The Awakened

### A10 ~ DSD

#### ~ SpeedKitty Enya, part 2 ~

“Enya, sugar...” Ahnehi appears at our side, “may I have a drag?”

“Sure...”

Enya passes her the joint, Ahnehi sits erotically on the free chair, and takes a deep one...

Suddenly, someone elbows her carelessly in her neck, and the joint falls into her deep cleavage...

“Ou! Ou! Ouch! It burns!” she shrieks.

I jump up and, without thinking, drive my hand between her voluptuous tits and take the still burning joint out.

She curses as she puts her smoldering fur out. She then jolts up and swats the guy sitting behind her, the one who elbowed her. He flies over the table and she behind him with her drawn claws...

Seems there’s no haul without a fight...

I duck hastily evading a jug which crashes into another’s face. He jumps up and punches the nearest guy at reach...

“Fuuuuck...” I sigh.

Enya smirks impishly while she draws her claws.

“Looks like we’ve got some entertainment for dessert,” she laughs.

“Is it always so?” I ask dodging a punch and striking the guy down.

“Of course!” she answers laughing while dodging a trucker’s punch and making her fly onto the nearest table. “Better you get used to it too, and keep fit!”

“Fuck m—Ouch!” I didn’t see that punch coming...

“You better get serious, or you’ll end like a punching bag!” she shouts striking a guy down in one swat...

I dodge another guy and elbow him into his stomach, making him fall.

Ahnehi jumps from table to table and lays waste to anything and anyone in her path, knocking out one after another...

Enya swiftly moves to my back.

“I’ll cover your back, Kira!” she shouts over the *battle* noise.

“Kay! I’ll cover yours!” I shout back. “Down!”

We duck, and a table flies over our heads.

“I’m used to fights, but this...” I take down another one, “this is going overboard. Traveling with Jim and with Aia,” another falls from my punches, “in almost every pull-in,” Enya pulls me away, dodging a flying chair by a hair, “we had free-for-all fights...”

Enya giggles at my back while I hear the moans from the ones she strikes down.

“Would be strange if there isn’t one...”

“Really?”

*Wham!*

“Yeah,” she giggles. “We’re always sitting at the controls...” *Crack!* “We need some movement and do exercises, don’t we?”

*Crack!*

“In this way?”

“Yeah!” she laughs.

“Hi, cuties,” giggles Ahnehi appearing from nowhere. “Wanna play more or wanna pay?”

“Ēh'tāj'ēh!” bawls Enya. “It’s time to leave!”

“Seems you’re too much into it, Enya sugar,” giggles Ahnehi swatting another guy down.

“Fuck, time passes fast!” shouts Enya angrily.

“You say it, cutie,” giggles Ahne. “Time flies while playing... Better you scramble before the cops appear...”

“Yeah...”

Enya hovers her chip over the reader Ahnehi holds in front of her and signs with her fingerprint.

“C’mon, cuties, I cover you,” laughs Ahnehi impishly.

“Thanks, love!” laughs Enya striking another down.

Ahne flips a table and holds it by its single middle leg.

“Let’s go!” she shouts.

Using the table, the three of us plow through the place towards what seems the back door... and leave a track of knocked down guys behind...

“Done!” laughs Ahnehi reaching the door.

“Thanks, Ahnehi,” I say sighing in relief while stepping outside.

“You’re more than welcome, handsome,” she giggles. “Just make sure you two come by again with more time to spare, to have an exciting time together.”

“Wasn’t that exciting enough?” Enya smirks.

Ahnehi pouts, then giggles, “I meant something more intimate.” She inserts her finger into her steep neckline and pushes her left tit free, showing off her nipple, while she peeks her tongue out and licks her fine lips invitingly...

Fuck me...

“Oh, Ahne~” charms Enya, and gives her a deep kiss.

“Sorry, but we have to flit...”

“Bye-bye~ cuties~” Ahne shouts swaying us her bare breasts... What the hell goes through this woman’s mind?

I follow Enya... at least I'm trying...

"Slow down! Enya!" I shout out of breath. "I'm not as fast as you!"

"Oh!" she giggles. "Sorry, Kira, the habit..."

"Fuh~" I take air. "Do all you Felii have such energy?"

"Eh? Ah~" she giggles. "You mean the fight?"

"And your running..."

"Well..." she giggles, "more or less..."

"You truly are feline..." I sigh.

"Literally," she giggles again.

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We enter the Cheetah hastily.

"Control! Cheetah to control," she shouts into the mic even before she straps herself down. "I need an exit vector for in thirty seconds."

«Hahah! Always in a hurry, Enya...»

"Lars," she sighs, "what's up?"

«Just beginning my shift,» the guy laughs. «You've got exit vector Delta-Three at your disposition, I hope you like it, hahah~»

"Perfect!" Enya giggles. "Sorry for the rush, I'll invite you to a draft next time."

«Perfect, speedy kitty,» he laughs. «Have a safe journey.»

"Thanks, Lars. See ya!"

«Bye, out.»

Enya steps on the *pedals*, and we speed out of the station's sector.

"Fuck..." she sighs, "Five minutes late..." then she laughs. "We'll get that back."

"What's the contract's delivery time?" I ask her.

"At most, at fifteen-hundred, ah, three pm, local time. Right now, I estimate arriving at thirteen-hundred five."

“You call that being late?”

“Of course!” she almost shouts. “It’s my pride! *My* delivery time is at thirteen-hundred!”

“Sorry, sorry... I didn’t intend to offend you...”

“Sorry,” she giggles. “I didn’t want to freak out, but I am—”

“SpeedKitty, the fastest of the Aces,” I interrupt her laughing.

“Yup! Exactly!” she giggles again.

“By the way, speaking of hours... How do we estimate the delivery times?” I ask her intrigued. “The local times and such?”

“Oh, good question.” She nods. “Of course, each planet has its own calendar and, obviously, own time zones. Each planet has an established universal or common time, we follow this universal time.”

“Like on Gaia?” I finally am able to avoid stumbling over *the Earth*...

“Yup,” she nods, “there we use the UTC, the coordinated universal time.”

“Greenwich?”

“Huh? I mean the prime meridian...”

“That’s Greenwich...”

“Uh, I suppose that’s the name you had in your times...”

“Oh, it isn’t called that anymore?”

“No... I didn’t know that... Anyway, all of Gaia’s spaceports use that time reference. Each planet has its own, and we use that time,” she explains.

“Understood. I imagine that the computer calculates the traveling times...”

“Exactly,” she nods, “we travel at relative times. For example, this haul takes us, officially, around eight hours each way.”

“Sixteen for the round trip.”

“Yup. Our route-map details the estimated time, including minimum and maximum resting time, plus an extra for unforeseeable setbacks. Your board

computer has all the data and calculates the best vectors and routes according to a huge number of variables.”

“Variables?” I ask intrigued by her explanation.

“Yeah, of course. From the ports’ locations, the pull-ins, stations and jumps, the average speed of the truck; till unstable zones, atmospherical interferences and abnormal stellar clouds, and whatnot, which could affect our safe travel.”

“Wow... fuck me... And how do we know the latter stuff? The possible interferences?”

“Well, we’ve got an intergalactic system keeping us up-to-date.”

“Like the weather bureau?”

“Yup, something the like.”

“Cool.”

“Back to the vectors,” she giggles. “The system calculates all the data needed and offers you the most feasible vectors and routes. Of course, you may change them at your judgment, but if you arrive late because of it, you’ll get a nice fine...”

“Understandable.”

“Yeah,” she laughs.

“And in your case?”

“I never do what dispatch or the comp suggest...” she laughs.

“I figured that,” I laugh too.

“Yeah, with the exception of the jumps, and the obligatory stops, I do it my way in direct nav.”

“Because of your dual stick?”

“Yup!” she laughs, “look...”

Enya pushes some buttons of the main nav-sys, then on the navigation map section of the main touchscreen. A star map appears superposed on the windscreen.

“We’re here...” she points at the red triangle representing the Cheetah. “Our destination, ah~ our Ninety-Nine,” she giggles, “is... uuups~” she stands up and points at a star system, “here...” she sits back, “and this,” she presses some buttons again, “is our route suggested by the computer and dispatch,” a purple line appears on the map.

“Wow! Why these curves? Wouldn’t it be faster in a straight line?”

She giggles at my question.

“Two reasons... first, I’ve let the hostile sectors hidden...” She pushes yet another button on the screen, and several large sectors appear shaded in red.

“Meaning, navigation through those is impossible...”

“Yup.” She selects yet another button, and one *forbidden* sector is highlighted. “This sector is unstable for its particles’ composition. It would be too dangerous to venture into it, as we don’t have a clue what could happen...”

“Wow... And this huge sector?” I point at the biggest one.

“Ah~ There’s a Black Hole in its center...”

“Wow! How are they detectable?”

“Easy, the Black Holes emit what’s called Hawking-Radiations and easily perceptible.”

“Hawking? As in Stephen Hawking?”

“Huh? It rings a bell... Can be, better you look it up in the GE. Each species and culture call it differently, but is the same...”

“Oh, right.” I take my DigiBook out of my jacket’s pocket. “Let’s see... Yeah, it’s true...”

“The name?”

“Yeah, the Hawking-Radiations receive their name from the physicist Stephen Hawking, who postulated the theoretical existence of such radiation in the twentieth century...”

“That old is it?”

“Yeah, I remember the man, I’ve read both his books...”

“Wow, I’ll have to read them too...”

“Seems he wrote many more, after I’ve got cryopreserved...” I read through the GE, “I’ll have to buy them...”

Enya giggles. “Well, you’ve got a lot of free time on your empty routes, when the autopilot can take over.”

“True... By the way...”

“Yeah?”

“Is it known what happens if you enter one?”

“Into a Black Hole? Nope...” She shakes her head. “And don’t even dare to go too near to one, it would suck you in. They are banned on route. Too many crafts were lost in Black Holes. From the outside, it looks as if the craft disintegrates. There are still many theories about what might have happened to a craft entering one. From the simple idea that it will be completely destroyed, to the possibility that it appears in another dimension or universe...”

“Those hypotheses seem to be still the same,” I sigh.

“Yeah, and as nobody has returned from one...”

“It’s not known...”

“Exactly. For now, keep away from them.”

“Understood... And this sector?” I point at another huge one.

“Neither recommended...” she laughs. “It’s a high-density dark energy zone. It’s impossible to foresee what could happen there...”

“Dark energy?”

“Uh, don’t ask... It’s not within my comprehension... I only know it’s a forbidding sector.”

“Don’t worry, Enya,” I laugh. “I’m not examining your knowledge of cosmology and physics.”

“Thanks, Kira,” she giggles. “I understand that it would affect our powerplants, but I don’t know how.”

“Meaning, yet another sector to avoid.”



“Yup.”

“Then why do we do these curves...” I point at the projected map, “in this part?”

“Curves...” Enya giggles. “Remember, we’re talking about distances of light years...”

“Ouch... true...”

“But you’re right.” She nods. “On all routes we follow such curves, if we want to call them as such.”

“How so?”

“Do gravitational waves ring a bell?”

“Rings like science...” I blink.

“Yup,” she giggles, “it’s science. Simplifying it, they are the results of any huge astronomical body, or any body with a huge mass, for the matter. They produce a certain kind of irregularities in the attraction forces which influence our navigation, for the better or the worse...”

“Better or worse?”

“Yeah.” She nods disabling part of the map. “If we close in too much to such object, that planet there, for example...” She points at a massive planet of the zoomed-in map. “We would get pulled towards it, and we would need a huge quantity of fuel to leave its gravitational field.”

“Logical...”

“Yeah,” she laughs, “hence, we use the known gravitational waves as guides.”

“Is that even possible?” I ask awe.

“Yup! At least on mapped routes. We know the influences each body has, and we’re able to calculate the route based on it. Even tho the computer takes them into account, it is more cautious and even avoids nearing such bodies too much. I take advantage of them,” she concludes grinning.

“Impressive. For what and how?”

“To make turns without spending extra fuel,” she laughs. “That’s, if done and calculated correctly, called a *slingshot effect*. There are two possible applications,

one is the *normal* slingshot, and the other is the *reverse* slingshot. In both, we are pulled towards the body.

“In the normal one, we follow the curvature of the planet and use it as a guide, due to our speed, we’ll be forced back into space, on another path.

“In the reverse slingshot, depending on our speed and angle of attack, we’re expelled and thus pushed back into open space, with a good speed boost.

“Doing so repeatedly, we save a lot of fuel, and makes you faster. I’m not sure if I’m explaining myself...” She shrugs.

“I understand the reasoning behind it, but does it make sense using this? I mean, with no friction...”

“Remember the influences of gravity...” she points out.

“Yeah...”

“Out here, everything is relative... You can’t think you’re the only object in this huge space. Even us, our truck, pulls smaller objects towards us, as we generate our own gravitational wave and force...”

“You’re making my head spin,” I sigh.

“I believe you, Kira,” she giggles.

“I understand the wave stuff, more or less, but—”

“What?” she asks intrigued at my sudden stop.

“Fuck!” I shout. “That’s the reason for those exercises on water?”

“Bingo~” Enya sings.

“Really? Do we treat space like a sea?”

“Not exactly,” she giggles, “but we truly ride the G-waves like those of a sea...”

“Now I understand... it’s like surfing...”

“Good analogy,” she giggles. “Then I can explain the most important piece you’ll need to know which is not explained nor in the manual, nor appears in the exam...”

My awestruck face makes the feline girl laugh. Again, this well-known gesture...

She hides the projected maps on the windshield and giggles.

“Yup, the string-compass.”

“String-compass?”

“Yup, something like a space compass.”

“But we have no North to which—”

“Of course not,” she interrupts me with a peal of laughter. “That’s why we have this *compass*,” she draws quotation marks into the air with her free hand. “It points towards the relative center of each sector or zone in which we are, and is, in addition, tridimensional.”

Again this hyperactive Felii is making my head spin while she grins from ear to ear...

It seems she has noticed my confusion and points at a round, flat surface in the midst of the dashboard.

She hovers her hand over the ring which lights up and projects a tridimensional and transparent yellowish sphere into the air. It looks like a globe showing latitude and longitude... In its center floats a small, marvel-seized red to blue shaded needle, just like the one of a traditional compass, but tridimensional... The needle points forward, slightly upwards, and to the left. A series of codes are displayed in yellow and green beneath, (RC-LGC · NGC224/M31).

“This is the compass.” Enya smiles. “Right now, it points at Andromeda. The yellow code, RC-LGC, indicates the configuration of the compass, *Relative Center*, and *Local Galactic Center*. This means, it points at the center of the galaxy shown in green, Andromeda in its designation.”

“Meaning, that NGC224 slash M31 is Andromeda’s designation code,” I recap.

“Yup.”

“And what means Relative Center?”

“Everything is relative out here,” she giggles. “It’s just a convention to remind you that you have no magnetic north right now. It would display *PN* or *Planetary North*, if we were inside a planet’s atmosphere, where it would work like any standard magnetic compass.”

“Wow, cool! What other stuff can this compass show?”

“LSC, which means Local Solar Center. Meaning, the star of the solar system you are in. You’ll see it when we arrive,” she giggles.

“Wow, is it automatic? The change, I mean.”

“You can configure it, and it’s recommended to leave it on automatic. You receive an audible warning, and the line’s colors change. Right now, they are in yellow for LGC, green is for LSC, blue is for PN, and if they are red, it means that the compass is not configured to point anywhere.”

“Impressive...”

“Right now it’s configured to keep track of our route, you can configure the pointing direction towards any given coordinates.”

“A programmable compass, then...”

“Exactly.”

“But neither Jim nor Aia used it...” I say pensively.

Enya giggles. “They do, but don’t have it displayed... It’s quite distracting having this bright hologram floating at your side... The AR displays most of its data anyway...”

She points at several indicators on the AR.

“Oh! Cool.”

She just giggles showing her fangs accompanied by this familiar gesture...

“Then...” I ask intrigued, “the string-thing... Is it related to the string theory?”

“Huh?” Enya blinks. “Theory? This is fact, dude! It works similarly to our comm-systems. That’s how we’re able to transmit voice and data faster than light...”

“Wait! Wait, wait, wait... You’re telling me that we can talk with Gaia in real time?”

“Of course! It depends on the sector and its coverage. Why are you even surprised? We’re already traveling at FTL...”

Perplexed, I look at Enya who cracks up, almost taking her hands from the controls...

“Your face is quite a picture, Kira! I should take a pic and send it to our pals!” she laughs. “Just check your terminal’s coverage.”

I do as she said...

“Fuck me! Sixty percent coverage...”

She giggles. “That means you won’t notice much lag. Ah! Don’t even ask me how it works, no fucking idea. But I can tell you that under fifty percent there’s a noticeable lag, up to two minutes of delays. From ten percent downwards, you can only send text messages.”

“No shit...”

“Now, under eighty percent, the providers bag more money for the calls. But it really depends on the local service provider.”

“Then the further away from Gaia...”

“The more expensive, yup.”

Enya pushes some buttons and takes the second joystick firmly again. I hope these explanations did not delay us too much...

A good while passes until I’m able to digest all the new stuff learned from Enya. We keep a pleasant silence until she asks me to fetch another drink.

“Here...” I hand her a pouch over.

“Thanks.” She smiles showing her feline fangs.

The moment I strap myself again into the copilot’s seat, a brief, harmonious sound floats through the cabin, and my jacket pocket vibrates.

My surprise is evident, and Enya giggles.

“It’s a text message. Haven’t you received one on your new terminal yet?”

“Ah~ No...”

I take my terminal out and check it. The traditional symbol of an envelope is highlighted on the semi-transparent screen, I tap it.

“Oh~ A message from Kim...” I tell. “She says that Aia passed her my contact. Let’s see... Ugh~ Enya...”

“Yeah?” She smiles again.

“I need your help... She asks me what kind of system I’d like... What does she mean?”

“Oh, she’s referring to the operating system of your truck’s main computer,” she explains. “Does it say something else? The question is quite strange...”

“Yeah, she says I can choose between systems five and six. I’ve got an offer from the manufacturer...”

“Wow! They let you have the Six? Wow, wow! No doubt, you’ve got to have that one, the Six!” She almost jumps up.

“Huh?” I blink unsure what this all means.

She seems to have noticed my confusion.

“It’s the OS’ version, Kira. System Six just came out and is only for selected customer available. I wanna!” she says emotively.

“Wait, wait... Slower and for dummies, please...”

She laughs.

“You don’t seem comfortable with computers, don’t you?”

“Ugh~ As a simple user... I get through...” I sigh.

Enya giggles. “Okay, then I’ll explain... The OS, the operating system, is the software which controls all the functions of your truck, and interprets and executes your inputs.”

“That’s the part I understand...”

“Ah, sorry,” she giggles, “not so dummy, then, eh?” She smirks. “Okay, each time a new version of the system comes out, it’s only available for a limited number of truckers.”

“Then we’re beta-testing it?”

“Something the like.” She grins. “The system is already solid, they wouldn’t let you use it otherwise. Officially, it’s called real-life polishing.” She laughs at the

stupid sounding name. “The manufacturer is able to receive a constant stream of data and analyze it, checking it’s running without flaws. If a flaw is found, they fix it remotely.”

“Wow... Isn’t that dangerous? I mean, using an immature OS in real-life work?”

“Nope... It does give you more advantages than problems.”

“Ah, yeah? Like what?”

“It’s way faster and is able to give you more information. Did Kim say what make and model your computer system will be?”

“Uh~” I look at my terminal again. “She says something of a KAL-3080...”

“Wow! Just wow! You’ve got to put System Six on it, no matter what. You’ll have a state-of-the-art system, the best of the best... I wanna!”

I have to laugh at her enthusiasm... She notices, grins, and also laughs...

“Sorry,” she giggles. “I got overexcited...” She smiles sheepishly. “What I meant to say is, that if you get System Six, you’ll be able to use your truck’s power to the fullest. It will be more efficient, and more reliable. But where you’ll notice it most, is in the AR. It received a major update. Right now, I have version five, and you see the quantity of data given,” she points at the windscreen, “it’s quite limited... Version six gives you way more data, more details, even real-time vectors,” she overruns me...

“You mean the objects?”

“Yeah, and other crafts. Of course, you can select what and how much you want to have displayed at once. But it’s more intelligent and has the ability to display in-pictures over the windscreen, with zoom-feature. Meaning, you can zoom in by voice command or screen input, and it is overlaid over the windscreen. I have to use this screen here...” she points at the huge touchscreen in the middle of the dashboard and peeks her tongue out. “I could use this screen for other stuff...”

“Wouldn’t it be confusing?”

“No, it helps a lot. I say, get version six now. If not, you’ll have to get used to it in some months, when it goes officially public.”

“Having said that from the beginning,” I laugh. “You’ve convinced me. It’s already enough to learn to use so many new gadgets and systems... I’m still struggling with my terminal and the DigiBook...”

Enya giggles. “But they’re super easy to use...”

“Yes, of course they are. Way simpler than what I’ve had before. It’s just too much at the same time...”

She giggles again. “Yeah, I understand. Don’t worry, Kira, in no time you’ll master nowadays’ gadgets.”

I send Kim my answer, her contact is already stored in my terminal. She answers back in no time.

“She seems excited...” I laugh.

“No wonder...” Enya giggles. “That way she’s able to play with it.” She grins. “Surely she was one of the first ones to receive a beta copy...”

“Being both two of the best mechanics around, no wonder...”

“Yeah, true...”

Time flies by while Enya keeps on demonstrating her slingshots, and explaining some obscure details of the maps and the information displayed on the windscreen and by the augmented reality.

She blows my mind with data and information until, finally...

«Control Andromeda One to Cheetah, do you read?»

“Loud and clear, Good afternoon, Andromeda One, SpeedKitty speaking. Everything okay?”

She pushes several on-screen buttons, but she’s too fast to make out what she just did...

«Everything’s okay, thanks for asking. Thanks for the manifest. I’m sending you the entry vectors. You have airlock Epsilon Five at your disposition. For how long do you need it?»



“Thank you~” Enya sings and adds, “I’d say for three hours plus administrative time. I need my obligatory rest for express routes, and I want to show a friend around.”

«Okay, no problem. The uncoupling and unloading staff is alerted and will await you at port.»

“Thanks, see ya in fifteen minutes.”

«Call in if you need more data. Out.»

Enya smiles broadly.

“Do we really need that much rest?” I ask her.

“Nope,” she laughs. “But that way we can rest a bit, do some exercises, and buy something at the local market.”

“Local market?”

“Yup, Andromeda One has the biggest market with fresh wares in this sector,” she explains. “We can get some fresh food for the return, and we don’t waste time stopping to eat.”

“You measure everything by time...” I laugh.

“Yeah,” she giggles. “If we *waste* one hour more here, we’ll save three hours on our back trip. We can go non-stop, without layovers.”

“Couldn’t we have done that to come here?”

“Nope. The jump we’ll take is one-way.”

“Does that exist?”

“Of course. In this case, it’s because of the overhauling. They’ve closed it only one way at a time.”

“Ah... I get it...”

The structure highlighted on the AR is humongous. It’s floating in open space, there’s no planet nor star nearby to orbit around. The structure seems, at first sight, quite well kept, in comparison to the other stations I’ve visited. With the exception of the Alpha, all looked battered...

No change of vectors are asked for and Enya docks with cautious, but at lightning speed, at the airlock of the dock. The staff is, as promised, already awaiting us.

We leave the Cheetah, and Enya goes through the digital paperwork.

“Done! Let’s stretch our legs a bit. We need a bit of gravity,” laughs Enya.

This time, she leaves her weapon behind, but in return takes a huge backpack with her.

At my question, she smiles and says, “In this station, there’s no need for weapons. It’s one of the most civilized around. Security is quite strict, and the people here are mostly nice.”

“Oh, okay, then I’ll leave mine here too...”

This station is huge! Baffled, I look over an open square buzzing with life.

Enya steps to the carefully crafted balustrade, lays her hands on it, and looks over the place, then at me.

“Andromeda One is a merchant’s space-city,” she says smiling.

“Space-city?”

“Yeah.” She nods. “Basically, a city-sized space station. This is a crossroad to many solar systems. You’ll find here anything legal. As mentioned, they have tight security here.”

“Wow... But we haven’t gone through any security checks...”

“Yeah, true,” she grins, “one of the perks of being an Ace.”

“Really?”

She nods. “Not everywhere, of course, but the ISTM has a well-established relationship with Andromeda One. We even have offices here,” she giggles.

“Wo—wow...”

“C’mon. Let’s go...”

“Where?”

“To a gym!”

“A gym?”

“Yup,” she laughs. “We need some movement. Me at least. I’ve been too long straight in zero-G.”

“How so?”

She blushes deeply. “Yesternight, I was so happy by your request to accompany me, that I took my Cheetah and went to race all night long...”

“Re—really?”

“Yeah... Anyway... I need to exercise, or my muscles atrophy...”

She walks along the platform. I follow at her side.

“Atrophy?”

“Yeah, if you stay for too long in microgravity or zero-G, your muscles will atrophy and won’t be able to move well on planets with an average gravity, like Gaia.”

“Oh! That’s important!”

“Yup, you say it,” she laughs. “If you constantly work at zero-G, you have to workout and spend at least two and a half hours a day in a one-G environment. Ideally, you should always sleep with a higher than a two-thirds of your home planet’s gravity. In our case, Gaia’s, that’s one-Gg.”

“Okay. Understood.”

“Workout is just as important, as your muscles lose strength in zero-G. You almost don’t need them, at least not as they were *designed* for. Eating good, solid food in gravity is also a must. Some snacks and drinks do not matter in zero-G, but a proper meal would have problems to digest.”

“I understand, it’s logical. That’s why our trucks have artificial gravity?”

“Exactly. In a typical case, you would travel at zero-G, then turn it on to eat and sleep. That way your body won’t become a floating noodle...” she laughs. “But

you can't ignore the workout. As you may have noticed, most truckers you've encountered are well-built and in form."

"You're right."

"That's a must. As we lose too much body mass in zero and low gravity, we have to build up our muscle mass and stay fit."

"Perfect. Thanks."

"Don't worry, you needed to know it anyway. Surely you haven't worked out much since you awoke, right?"

"True... with all the ruckus happening since then..."

"Okay, then let's hit the gym for an hour and a half, then we'll eat something and buy some stuff," she laughs.

"Wa—Wait... I don't have any gym wear whatsoever..."

"I figured that much," she laughs, "that's why we'll stop by a sports shop first."

"Ah, thanks..."

We reach a sports shop at street—err... platform level, and enter.

Fuck... I'm overwhelmed by all the stuff displayed here... I just need a simple pair of shorts, a pair of sneakers, a towel, and a sports toilet kit...

"Kira, there..."

Enya suddenly grasps my hand, just as Aia usually does, and drags me through the store.

At least, she drags me to the right place... And I find quickly what I need, including a simple gym bag.

"They are ready for people like you," she giggles, "and have a section with these fixed kits."

"Cool..."

"Now you're ready, let's hit the gym," she laughs.

"Okay."

We enter a huge building labeled as *gym*, obviously...

“Hi~” Enya greets the girl at the counter. “A two-hour pass with sauna and a private cabin for both, please.”

“My pleasure.” The girl smiles, and Enya hovers her chip over the reader and leaves her fingerprint on it. “Enjoy your stay.”

The moment I open my mouth, Enya takes me by the wrist.

“C’mon. Already paid...”

“But...”

“Oh, c’mon...” She drags me along a corridor with numbered doors. “Ah, number twenty-nine, here it is.”

I blink as Enya hovers her wrist over the door’s panel, ah... that’s how it works... No, that’s not the question...

“What’s that all about the cabin?” I ask.

“It’s this...” She waves her hand as the door opens.

We enter a quite spacious room with seating, an open wardrobe, even showers, and other two doors.

She giggles., “I prefer these changing cabins to the open ones.”

“But...”

“Don’t worry, nobody will disturb us in here...” She shoves me in, and the door closes.

“But...”

“What?” She tilts her head wearing a questioning face and flicking her ears.

“Uh~ We’re changing here?”

“Yeah, what’s the problem?”

“Ugh~ well...”

She blinks. “What? Don’t say you’re shy?”

“Uh... fuck... Don’t say that’s usual nowadays...”

“What?”

“Changing in the same room... you... me...” I point at her, then at me.

“Oh!” she giggles. “Because I’m a girl and you a boy?” she asks in a childish tone.

“Yeah...”

“Ah, don’t worry, I don’t mind you seeing me. Anyway, we keep the undies on, right?” she giggles.

I just sigh and turn around while she giggles. As I take my jacket and shirt off, I hear the rustling of her clothes... fuck... Now that I thought I’m free from Aia’s provocations, Enya’s tempting me. Or it’s me, the easily excited one? Is this usual nowadays?

I hear her clothes falling down while I’m stepping into my new shorts. Fuck, a fucking hard-on again...

More rustling at my back... I’m ready, but...

“Ready~” sings Enya at my back.

I turn around and find the happy Felii in her sports outfit showing her fangs while smiling.

She wears a tight, body-hugging two-piece made of a fabric similar to spandex. I blink at her skimpy outfit, it’s so skin-tight that her nipples poke through the sports bra and her pants exhibit a clear camel-toe... what the hell?

“Oh, Kira~ Stop checking me out...” giggles Enya. “Now I’m unsure if you’re a gentleman or a perv...”

“Huh? Sorry...”

“Don’t worry,” she giggles again. “I don’t mind you checking me out, absolutely not, at least if it’s you...”

“Ugh~”

“But be careful...”

“Huh?”

“With your gentlemanly side...” She smirks coyly. “It turns me on...” she licks her lips, “when you’re too considerate... I’ll fall for you...”

“Enya...” I sigh...

“Don’t take everything so serious, Kira,” she laughs. “C’mon, let’s do some exercises!”

She grabs my wrist and drags me, once again, to one of the other doors.

We enter a huge open gym filled with strange looking equipment, and only a few body-builders, and some others are training in the vast hall.

“Uh~ What should we do?” I ask.

“Oh, yeah... First, some warmup, then light cardio and cardio with dumbbells, and, finally, some lifting. Hope you can keep up with me,” she adds grinning.

I sigh. “Hope I manage to follow you a bit. If you’re that vigorous doing exercises as while running and fighting, I’ll bite the dust...”

She laughs amused. “Oh, no, no... That’s not productive... Let’s begin with some stretching there...” She points at a padded floor-section.

.

We begin our warmup...

I have to concentrate fully on my own warmup and avoid looking at Enya... Her tits are distracting, her toned abs and belly are distracting, her firm ass is distracting, her flexibility is distracting, and above all, her nipples and cameltoe are too distracting...

She suddenly giggles, “Kira... don’t try too hard in not ogling...”

“Ah...”

“I’ve said it before,” she smirks, “that turns me on...”

“Th—then, would you prefer me ogling?”

“Well... yeah,” she giggles sensually.

“Re—really? Don’t you—”

“Yeah,” she smirks, “I’m getting horny too from you ogling at me.”

“Fuck... Enya...” I sigh.

“Simply, be natural, Kira. Don’t ogle, but neither avoid.”

“Easier said as done, Enya,” I grumble.

“Huh? Why?” she asks innocently.

“Enya...” I sigh.

She giggles. “Yeah... I know, Kira. I’m just teasing you. But really, don’t force yourself.”

“Do you always wear such stuff?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh, fuck...”

An eerie silence keeps between us until she decides it’s enough warmup.

Now, can anybody, anyone, just explain to me how guys nowadays can stand firm these days with those views? One part of my body surely keeps firm... fuck!

.

Enya explains the best exercises to follow, and we keep doing some cardio, first some bike, then some stepping with dumbbells.

I try to keep firm, but her showing off does not help the slightest... What the hell is she thinking? Does she do that to anyone, or just me? Is she always that way, or... ah, fuck...

.

After a while, we move to the weightlifting equipment. Until now, I was able to follow her pace more or less without losing too much breath.

She offers to assist me first with the weights. I accept and lie on the bench beneath the weights.

She assists me perfectly while I ask her for more and more weight.

“Wow~ Kira... you’re strong...” she charms.



“Huh? Huff~ That’s my limit... Huff~ I could do more... Huff~ seems I’m still frozen...”

“Kira~” she giggles. “Did you always workout?”

“Yeah,” I say standing up and wiping the sweat off my face. “I couldn’t stay put in the never-ending sitting position of a trucker...”

“Nice~” she giggles, this time obviously checking *me* out...

“Ugh~ Your turn...”

“Okay~”

She obviously starts with lighter weights and slowly asks for more while I assist her.

Damn... this position isn’t easy on me either...

That cleavage, those tits, her toned abs... Fuck... Why are we in this position? I shouldn’t have made those promises... neither to Jim, nor to her, Enya... I need... to calm... down... Fuck!

Finally, it’s over...

We do some stretching and finish up our routine.

“Let’s hit the sauna before showering,” she sighs happily.

“Ah~ Yeah... Is it usual?”

“I don’t know others, but I found that it helps me quite a bit. Plus, I love saunas,” she giggles.

To my surprise, we go back to our *cabin*. Once inside, I startle...

“Enya!” I turn around. “Why are you stripping?”

“Oh, you won’t get into the sauna wearing clothes, don’t you?”

“Of course not! But I don’t strip in front of others...”

Again, more rustling sounds at my back while I tell myself to hold back...

“Oookay~ You can turn around, Mister shy-guy,” she laughs. “Don’t worry, I’m wrapped in a towel.”

“Good riddance,” I sigh and turn around.

Yup, she wears a towel... great... as if it helps...

“There’s the sauna,” she points at the slide-door. “I’ll go to the toilet for a sec, so you can change without shame,” she giggles.

“Enya...”

“Cya, wait for me in the sauna, kay?”

“Okay...”

Sighing, I undress and wrap a towel around my waist.

I open the side door... Wow! There’s truly a sauna for four people... It’s nice and cozy.

I sit down and begin to relax...

“How’s it?” sings Enya opening the slide-door.

“Wha—” I scream almost jumping up.

“You should be naked in a sauna, don’t you?” she giggles.

“Enya...”

What the fuck? My words don’t reach my lips... I’m in awe by the fully naked half-Felii in front of me...

Unable to avoid it, I check her full nakedness out... her fur-lines, her tan-lines, her... I cannot avert my eyes as they float over her body. Fuck me... is this kitten sexy... Such a beauty. Her body is just perfect. Her cute firm tits are perfect for her overall proportions. Proudly, she exhibits some muscle-lines and toned abs... She might be small, but she's so damn hot! Fuck... I’m getting yet another hard-on... I swallow empty...

She just smirks and sits on the wooden bench at my side, visibly relaxing...

“Aaah~ That’s it~” she sighs as if she’s in heaven, completely ignoring me.

“E—Enya?” I stutter

“Hm? Yeah, Kira?” she answers with her eyes closed.

“Why?”

“Duh! Because saunas have to be enjoyed in the raw...”

“But I’m here too...”

“And you surely enjoy it...” she smirks still with her eyes closed.

“Enya...”

“Sure you do... You’re checking each and every nook and cranny of my body out, right?” she purrs sultry and brushes her fingers from her tights upwards, over her exposed flesh.

“Stop it, Enya,” I sigh.

“Why?” she asks sensually.

“If you tempt me more...”

“Would you, really?” she asks erotically.

I just groan without knowing what to say...

Gathering all my willpower, I also lie back closing my eyes.

“Kira~” she purrs.

“Yeah?”

“You’re great~” she sighs emotionally.

“Huh?”

“You’re keeping your words...”

“Are you testing me?”

“Sort of,” she giggles at my side.

“Please... En—”

“I wanted to see if you’re only words,” she interrupts me. “You have proven yourself. I won’t deny it, I would have enjoyed it if you’d taken advantage... “ I sigh. “Don’t answer yet, Kira. I—” she sighs, “I’m holding back too... If... if we

weren't in the situation we're in, about Aia and all that..." I shudder. "I'd... No..." she sighs again, "I won't say it... But Kira..."

"Yeah?"

"You have to get used to it..."

"What?"

"That many of us like to show ourselves to the ones we're attracted to... It's..." she sighs yet again, "the Feli's flirting... the sort off... What Ahnehi did was a clear sign that she had her eyes all over you... I don't know how it is in all other species... But some do it, some are more conservative."

"Fuck... Enya..."

"Yeah... you said it," she giggles. "But being topless, in the raw, and showing much skin is the norm nowadays, by males and females alike... I don't know if you're considerate, shy, or what... Certainly, you're not conservative," she giggles again. "You're known as a womanizer, after all."

"Enya..." I sigh again.

"Now... I honestly want you to be able to look at me without you having to hide a boner or trying to avoid me."

"But Enya..."

"Even as friends, at least for my culture and species, it's usual that friends share saunas, public baths and such in the raw. It's a kind of reassuring our friendship, and proof of our trust. If we set clear that we are friends, we won't take advantage of each other."

"W—wow..."

"You clearly fighting your instincts to ravish me, is proof you care for me, and reassures me your friendship."

"E—Enya," is stutter moved.

"Kira," she giggles, "having light *skinship* and showing off is part of nowadays friendships... at least from some species' view."

"But..."

“Yeah, I know,” she giggles. “You’re not used to it. I,” she sighs, “didn’t have the intention to really seduce you, but to show you what I meant... Nowadays, we are more open, but also clear things up easier, at least in some species. I won’t negate the fact that I’m dying to have a nice fuck with you, but I’ll keep my part of the promise too.”

“...”

“Anyway,” she sighs, “please understand that my exposure does not mean that I want to force you to fuck me. For us Feli, even if I’m a mestizo, this kind of skinship means a lot to us. Basically, we’re lying all our defenses down to show our sincere friendship.”

“Enya...”

“Yeah,” she giggles, “I know... we’ve just met... Don’t get me wrong, I’m not trying to impose a friendship. I truly feel like you’re a good friend to have and keep. More after all we talked through...”

“I—I think I understand, Enya... Thanks,” I sigh.

After a while in silence, she stands up.

“I’ll head to the showers.”

“Kay...” I simply say with my eyes still closed.

She giggles. “Kira, please promise me one thing...”

“Yeah?” I open my eyes and find her just a few inches from me.

She smiles. “Even if it takes years, I want to have a night with you, a full date, with all it implies.”

“Enya...” I gulp.

She blushes. “I want to... But... first clear things with Aia up. I love her too much to hurt her, now and anytime.”

“Enya...” I muster my willpower to keep looking into her feline eyes. “Okay. I will,” I finally say, “I feel the same.”

“Great!” She jumps up. “But you’ve to get used to seeing my body~” she sings waving and showing off herself.

She turns around and leaves me alone in the sauna.

What the hell... this millennium is crazy...

But, right now, I feel like I have to go through it, with Aia, Enya, and all these confident women... Things have changed... now it’s my turn, I suppose. Is Enya training my willpower? Is friendship really that... close nowadays? So intimate?

I sigh, stand up and exit the sauna. I cross with Enya leaving the open shower wrapped in a towel and smiling heartily at me.

“The shower is free~” she sings.

“Tha—thanks...” I enter hastily.

Finally clean of sweat, I step out and find her already wearing her usual clothes and fixing her makeup at one of the huge mirrors.

I sigh, turn around and drop my towel...

“Hmm~” I hear her sultry voice from behind. “Nice, sturdy ass you’ve got...”

“E—Enya!” I turn facing her.

“Oh~” she giggles lusciously. “Not your only sturdy thing...”

“Fuck!”

I turn around again. She just saw my boner...

While putting my boxers on, I jolt as sudden arms embrace me from behind.

“E—Enya?”

“Just... let me... for a minute,” she purrs into my back.

I sigh and let her embrace me, it’s just a hug, a friendly hug, I tell myself, over and over again...

“Thanks, Kira.” She lets me go. “I needed that...”

“A—Any time...” I stutter and keep on getting dressed.

Finally, we're out of the gym...

I sigh while Enya guides us to a nice restaurant.

We sit down and order some strange sounding plates and drinks.

“Oh~ Kira...”

“Yeah?”

“May I have your contact? We haven't swapped them yet...”

“Of course, Enya.” I'm able to smile.

“Cool...” she giggles, and we perform the ritual. “Now I'm able to send you nudes,” she laughs impishly.

“Wha—Enya... better not...” I stutter overwhelmed by the sultry face she makes.

She giggles, “You're quite a picture, Kira. Don't worry, I won't, at least for now...” she grins.

“Please... Enya...”

“Yeah, yeah...” She smirks, then smiles gently. “Okay, I won't. In return, please don't tell around that we already have friend-skinship... That's what we call it, what we did in the sauna. I mean, showing us our bodies and such...”

“Huh?”

“I haven't done this with many, at least not with those I regard as friends, surely not in the first week...” She blushes. “We do that only to friends we regard special, to whom we believe having a deep connection, without sex.”

“Oh—Okay...” I stutter again.

She goes on, “I have many good friends with I've never done that. Like Jim, he's a very good friend, but I wouldn't let him see me like that...”

“Never?” I blurt out.

“Huh? That's not it... But I don't feel such deep connection with him...” Poor Jim... “With few I felt that... Aia and Ahnehi are two of them. With Aia, it's

friend-skinship, just like with you, no sex, not going further. But with Ahne, what started as friend-skinship, deepened to sexual attraction and are friends with benefits, many benefits,” she laughs. “Normally, I try not to have such intimacy with my friends and prefer to play around with guys and girls I meet in stations,” she confesses. “I,” she sighs, “prefer good friends, and don’t want a bad fuck to ruin the friendship.”

“I understand.” I nod.

“But you...” she blushes, “with you, I know no bad fuck could ruin it.” She smirks, then giggles. “Anyway, enough of this, let’s eat, *friend*.”

“Yeah, *friend*.” I smile relieved and dig in.

After the delicious food, Enya brings me to a huge plaza with an open market, like those Asian ones.

She practically runs through the market without letting me have a good look at the exposed ware until we reach a grocery stand.

Enya overruns the platinum-grayish alien woman with her shopping list.

She doesn’t let me talk... I want to ask the woman what her species is. Perhaps, she is from the ĩiha-species Jim described on our haul together.

But, just as Enya receives her goods, she takes me by the wrist and drags me away, ignoring my protests.

“No time, no time...” she hastily says. “ We took too long in the gym...”

“And whose fault was it?” I grumble.

“Nobody’s,” she giggles and drags me along.

We reach her Cheetah laden with bags full of food, she stores them in, we pack my gym bag and her backpack away, and she checks in with port control.

The dispatcher checks the new cargo holds already coupled at her Cheetah and, once given green light, we blast off back to Gaia.



“Now...” she sighs relaxed at the controls, “what did you want to ask at the market?”

“Talk...” I grumble.

“Huh?” She blinks and looks at me dumbfounded.

“I wanted to talk to that woman,” I say a bit annoyed. “What species is she?”

“Oh! Sorry!” she exclaims. “But we had no time...” she says with a sorry voice. “She is an Īiha... Never have met one?”

“No...”

“Sorry!”

I sigh, “It’s all right... We’re already on our way back home...”

“Sorry, Kira. Look, next time, I’ll give you more time to enjoy surroundings rather than my body,” she giggles.

“Enya...”

“Haven’t you enjoyed it?” she asks sultry.

“Enya, not again...” I sigh.

“Right, *friend*,” she also sighs.

Enya keeps explaining me stuff about how to speed up procedures. Fortunately, she doesn’t keep seducing me.

After long explanations and talks, we reach the Gaian Gate Complex. I remember to text Aia, and she confirms that she will await us at the Gaian Space Port.

In a short time, we reach the port and Enya exemplifies one of her speed-docking *procedures*.

“Kira! Enya!”

“Aia! Hi~” sings Enya.

“Hi, Aia,” I greet the blueish alien.

“How was the haul?” she asks intrigued.

“Easy-peasy,” giggles Enya.

Aia laughs, “As usual.” She looks at me. “And? Learned a lot? Did she show you something interesting?”

“Ye—yeah,” I say remembering Enya’s naked body.

“Huh?” Aia blinks. “What is it?”

“Nothing,” giggles Enya. “He just stumbled over some too sexy girls...”

I blink, Enya...

“Oh! Ah, you mean Ahnehi?” Aia giggles. “Did you stop by her place, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” Enya giggles.

Aia just laughs blushing slightly. What the hell?

“Let’s have a bite and tell me about your day, will you?” says Aia.

“Sure!” giggles Enya.

We enter one of the restaurants of the port.

.

Giggling and laughing, Enya tells Aia our *adventure*, obviously leaving out our *intimate* conversations and our *skinship*.

Aia also laughs and giggles while I try to concentrate on the food...

The happy chatter comes to an end after the dessert. Finally we can go *home*...

.

At home, I shower, excuse myself for being exhausted, and lie on the already extended sofa-bed.

Aia also yawns and bids me a good night.

“Yeah, thanks, Aia. Good night...”

.

What a day!

I can't sleep... This millennium is crazy! And I thought I was the crazy one! How will stuff ride out?

I sigh... 'Let's not ponder about it, go with the flow...' I try to convince myself.

Slowly, I enter the land of dreams...

But... Dreams about Enya, her naked body and her luscious behavior keep my pervert mind active for the whole night...



To be continued in:

SpaceHighway: The Awakened ~ A11 ~ Falcon

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