

Space Highway

The Awakened

A09 ~ SpeedKitty Enya

I'm gently shaken awake...

“Hmmm~ Eh? *Fuwa*¹~”

“Good morning, Kira~” sings Aia.

“Such energy in the morning, Aia...” I look at my terminal, “But... it's half past two in the morning...”

“Of course! We agreed to meet up with Enya in one and a half hours,” she smiles brightly.

“Huh? Wasn't it at noon?”

She gets serious and lifts her index finger, as if giving a lecture.

“Noon, Universal Time. That's four o'clock in the morning for us.”

“No fuck...” I groan.

She giggles, “*Fufu*~ C'mon. In no time the breakfast will be ready.”

I stand up still sleepy, and drag my spaced-out self towards the bathroom... How the fuck is she able to keep up? She was even more battered than I was... Ah, shit... whatever... I need a shower...

¹ フワア – Japanese: sound of a yawn.

A delicious smell fills the living room, and an erotic image appears in the kitchen... Aia wears a G-string whose sparse cloth and string disappear between her cheeks, while her tits are hidden beneath a long, blue apron...

“Breakfast is ready~” she sings happily, ignoring the view she’s offering me.

“Tha—thanks, Aia,” I stutter while trying to hide, discreetly, my growing boner.

We both sit down at the small table, she already took her apron off and, almost proudly, presents her tits to my lusting eyes... Fuck... Did she forget what we talked about yesterday?

I try to focus on the breakfast...

“Delicious...” I enthuse, while she blushes.

“Thanks, Kira.”

In no time, only two mugs of coffee are left on the table...

“Ah~ Kira?”

“Yeah?”

“Uh~ About yesterday...”

“What do you mean?”

“Uh~ That we live together...” she blushes deeply. “I know I was drunk... Uh~ For now... let’s keep it secret...”

“Oh~ Why?”

“Uh~ If you don’t mind... Given our actual *relationship*...”

“If you want to, okay. But why? I mean, I agree, but why do you suddenly think so?”

She blushes, “I’m not sure... But I feel uneasy if we tell everyone...” she confesses. “I don’t mind close friends, if they don’t spread it, but...” her eyes move from side to side with hesitation while blushing.

“I think,” I sigh, “I understand what you mean, Aia. Then let’s keep it secret. When you want to spread it, it’s your decision.”

“Thanks, Kira,” she smiles timidly.

Honestly, I don't fully understand her reasoning behind this decision. On one hand, I agree, that we shouldn't cast it into the winds... but on the other, I fear strange rumors will arise. Although, the most I fear for, is my sanity...

I make a huge complex of structures out, which, according to the AR, keep a geostationary orbit over the Arabian peninsula.

“This is the Gaian Space Port,” explains Aia while she keeps her route, “Most cargo, except the special cargo, goes through here...”

“Oh? And the Alpha?” I ask intrigued.

“Let's see if I'm able to explain it better...” she says, “In this port, the cargo changes from one company to another. For example, many smaller companies haul their cargo till here. Afterwards, another company takes over, till the next port. There are many specific carriers, some are limited to the Sol system, others do just routes within or to a specific galaxy, or the like.”

“Oh, now I get it. Then several types of cargo come together, right?”

“Yup. Perhaps Enya has to haul mail, toys and explosives...” she grins.

“No fuck...”

She giggles, “Surely not the latter. But she might haul cargo for several different companies. Basically, ports are hubs between different companies which share the carrier expenses.”

“Makes sense... and from the Alpha?”

“Generally, it's specific cargo, on a direct contract with the ISTM. The Alpha is a private port with public areas, this, on the other hand, is public and has almost no extra services besides some bars and restaurants for truckers,” Aia explains.

“Meaning, we could be subcontracted by an association or a port?” I ask.

“Yeah,” she nods, “It's quite usual. But not so much for an Ace. It must be something important that they called Enya in.”

“As an Ace, we do mostly special cargo?”

“Sure,” she laughs, “We’re special, after all. Just kidding, the ISTM has many direct contracts, and we won’t be without a job for long. But, being Aces, we have some pluses...”

“Pluses?”

“Yeah, meaning we can refuse any job, but that might affect the company’s prestige, if the refusal is unfounded,” she explains, “we get a better pay, but it is based on our performance. We receive a lower basic monthly pay, but huge bonuses for our work.”

“I understand that part...” I nod.

She giggles, “Anyway, we have to follow all the company-rules like the rest, but have a bit more freedom, I’ll tell you more about it later on. What I wanted to say is, that most of the truckers of the ISTM are specialized in various cargo types.”

“Like Jim with his dangerous cargo, and Enya with her express routes?”

“Exactly,” she nods, “I, on the other hand, am an all-rounder. Doing a bit of anything...”

“Oh~ That would be me too...” I laugh. “But isn’t that a problem for the ISTM?”

“Nope...” she shakes her head, “there’s also the need for all-rounders, capable all-rounders, like you and me,” she giggles.

“But we won’t have only exclusive hauls, I hope...”

“Of course not,” she negates again, “remember the one we did together, it was nothing special...”

“Right...” At least not in that way...

Our conversation is interrupted by the call-in of port control, and Aia chats with the girl to get a good *parking* space...

“We agreed to meet Enya in the cafe beneath control,” Aia explains. “This way...”

We reach the cafe, it's full of guys like those from the MaryQueens, truckers. No trace of Enya. We sit down at the counter and ask for a coffee.

“Hi, guys~ You're timely, great!”

We turn around and find the half-Felii smiling broadly.

“Good morning~” she sings happily.

“Good morning, SpeedKitty,” I greet her.

“Good morning, Enya,” greets Aia.

“Oh~ Phoenix~” Enya grins. “Call me Enya, I prefer it, under friends...”

“Oh course, Enya,” I laugh.

“If you let me call you by name, then, of course, you can call me by mine,” she happily declares.

I inspect the happy half-feline while she smiles showing her thin fangs, and asks for a huge coffee.

She wears a worn-out dark brown vest, somewhat loosely over an army-green shirt knotted over her belly, and a pair of tight jams in the same color as her vest. The latter has a hole from which a slender reddish-blonde tail sways. From the short pants, a pair of black leggings hugs her legs tightly which end in a pair of heavy biker boots. At the back, the leggings are open and tied together with laces. Her long reddish blond hair is kept away from her face by a pair of vintage aviator goggles in whose I see myself reflected in. Several piercings embellish her feline ears. Similarly to Aia's, they are either small hoops or simple studs, which do not disturb in zero-G. Given her species, her eyebrows are almost nonexistent, even so, she embellished her left one with two studs. Her makeup is simple and just highlights her eyes with dark lines and her fine lips with black lipstick. Her hands wear fingerless leather gloves, while her fingers exhibit several curiously looking rings.

Enya gulps down her coffee at a speed worthy her nickname...

“Huah~ That hit the spot!” she laughs loudly. “Ten holds are being coupled to my Cheetah right now. Whenever you're ready, we can leave.”

“Perfect,” I nod.

“Where are you going?” asks Aia.

“Oh~ Yeah, I forgot to tell,” Enya peeks her tongue out. “Galactic Port Andromeda One...”

“Oh... Then you’ll have a good stretch on direct nav...” remarks Aia.

“Why?” I ask.

“Ah~ Two days ago, an important jump was closed because of a failure,” explains Aia. “Now they use the occasion to overhaul and widen the entire jump.”

“Wow...”

“That’s why they need me,” grins the half-feline. “I’m the fastest nearby, and able to make the route in the same time as when the jump is open,” she laughs.

“Impressive...” I blink, then smile, “I truly am eager to accompany you, Enya.”

The mestizo girl blushes at my comment.

“C’mon,” Aia giggles, “the cargo is waiting...” and pushes us out of the cafe.

After the paperwork, Enya hovers her hand over the panel of her truck’s door, which opens in a flash.

Immediately, «...*reba mô gôkaku! Here we...*» blares at max volume, «...*go now! Pojitibu tachi...*»

Enya jolts, and moves her lips, but I’m unable to make out what she’s saying... the music is so loud that the whole truck vibrates...

«...*mesaki dake wo...*» she pushes herself towards the cabin, «...*kaete Kon’ya mo yume...*» and turns to music off... finally... my ears ring...

“Sorry~” Enya smirks, “I forgot to turn it down...”

“You always put it that loud?” I ask amazed.

“Yeah, almost...”

“Won’t you get deaf?”

“Nah, not so much...” she grins, “c’mon, let’s go.”

“Fufu~” Aia giggles. “Well, guys, we meet at night, here, at port.”

“Yeah,” I nod, “I’ll call you.”

“Okay, good travels,” she says smiling. “Ah, yeah, keep an eye on her dual controls, the dual stick drive, it’s the bomb. She’ll surely tell you,” she laughs. “Bye~bye~”

“Cya! Let’s go!” Enya shouts already at the controls.

“Bye,” I say to Aia.

The second Aia left the Cheetah, the door closes, and Enya proceeds with the undocking procedure without waiting.

“Wa—wait...” I struggle to push myself to the cabin.

While I manage, somehow, to fasten myself into the copilot seat, I blink at her ultra-fast inputs into the board computer...

Multiple vectors are displayed on the screen and the AR... all flitting hastily from point to point...

She groans, “Fucking computer! I need a faster one! Give me the damn vector!”

I blink, she’s making the computer calculate hundreds of vectors at the same time... Poor lil’ guy...

“Finally...”

The shortest vector appears, and Enya calls control while she’s already disconnected from the station... Nothing like following the rules... eh? The poor control guy is overrun by Enya asking him the calculated vector and an immediate green light. Two seconds later, green light is given and Enya blasts off towards the Gaian Gate Complex. So fast! Even in here, I feel the pressure of the acceleration!

“Ah, yeah... Some rules to keep while being in my Cheetah and on route...” says Enya keeping her hands on both joysticks. “First, no artificial gravity, ever. It guzzles too much and takes almost half percent of my full power away. Second, no smoking. It wastes too much electrical power useful for other things and takes power away. The air filter system is at the minimum for two people. Third, uh~ today I won’t make use of this... normally it would be minimal talking. It uses too much oxygen, the same reasons as smoking... But today, I want to chat with you and explain some stuff,” she giggles. “Fourth, no

electronics except the bare minimum for the correct operation of the truck, same reasons as the rest... personal gadgets are okay, as long as they run on battery.”

“Okay,” I nod overrun by her rules.

“Are you able to hold out for half a day without smoking?” she asks.

“I suppose...” I shrug. “I could hold out for a thousand years,” I laugh.

Enya laughs loudly, “Yeah~ But you weren’t conscious...”

“True...”

“Don’t worry, halfway through, we’ll have a break, before going to direct nav,” she tells happily.

“Perfect. By the way, how do you take it? You smoke too...”

“Yeah, but I don’t smoke inside my Cheetah, with the rare exception of Īhåł.”

“Īhåł?”

“Ah, a weed cultivated mainly on Venus, in this solar system...”

“Does it give a high?” I ask intrigued.

“Ugh~” she suddenly blinks and twists around.

“Don’t worry, in my times I smoked almost everything... Mostly bud or hash joints... Of course, only when not driving...”

“What’s that?”

“Oh, marijuana, cannabis... it contains HTC with relaxing and analgesic effects. But also produces sight alterations, weariness, and hunger...”

“Wow... Surely you couldn't pilot that way...”

“Yeah, true...”

“The Īhåł is stimulating and relaxing at the same time... Uh~ On one hand, it calms your nerves, on the other, it stimulates your brain and keeps you alert...”

“Wow...”

“Wanna try it later?” she asks with an impish smile.

I laugh, “Sure! As it seems that the cannabis plant is extinct, I have to try the new stuff...”

She giggles, “Don’t worry, it’s not addictive. I mostly smoke it because I love the taste.”

“Oh...”

«EternalLove to Cheetah... Do you read, cute speedy kitty?» blasts from the communication speaker.

“What’s up, Crunchy? How are you, poet?”

«On the way to Orion with a cargo of canned food...»

Enya giggles, “Don’t let any of them get lost in your stomach!”

The male voice laughs, «Don’t worry, I hate that canned junk. What’s your destination, beauty?»

“Andromeda One... With a mixed cargo.”

«Oh, substituting the Krey brothers? That’s their usual route...»

“Yup...”

«Ah, because of the closure of Jump forty-five delta A...»

“Exactly...”

«Good luck, girl. Bon voyage...»

“Thanks, likewise...”

«Till next message! I’m dedicating you a new one! Out!»

Enya laughs, “This guy is the shit, I’ll introduce him when the opportunity arises. He’s a funny, flirty chubby. There’s no girl not having received one of his own poems, or not being flirted at,” she giggles.

“Interesting...”

“Yeah, he has quite a success with women,” she giggles again.

“Oh?”

“Before you ask, he’s not my type. Well... partially... but...”

I laugh, “Don’t worry, I hadn’t had the intention to ask...”

“Ah~ Yeah, he’s charming and a good friend. He knows it and let it be that way, even so, he still writes me some dedicated poems.”

“Seems a good guy.”

“Yeah, he is.”

Enya interrupts our conversation to go through an accelerated version of the gate entry procedure...

I can’t get used to the bright flash and change of light while entering the jumps...

“By the way, I just noticed, you don’t use the radio-slang anymore nowadays, right?”

“Slang? Radio?” she tilts her head while her ears flip.

“Yeah, in my times, we used many codes and shorthands to communicate.”

“Yeah? For example?”

“Hmm~ ‘Ten-four’ meant ‘affirmative’, ‘four-ten?’ was something like ‘understood?’, ‘Zero-One’ or ‘Oh-One’ was used to designate the first stop up to ‘Ninety-Nine’ for the destination. In our case, our Ninety-Nine is Galactic Port Andromeda One...” I explain.

“Oh~ Cool!” she laughs excited, then her ears fold down, “Sadly, we don’t use them anymore... were there more?” her ears flip up again.

“Too many to remember them all,” I laugh, “just kidding, I remember them, but not all are too interesting... We had only a few numerical codes... ‘Ten-Twenty’, or simply ‘Twenty’ was used as a fix the position. Our *twenty* would be...” I look over at Enya’s part of the windscreen and read our position, “Gaian Gate, mark A6, route beta-four.”

“I like how it sounds,” she giggles and smirks, “what else?”

“A ‘Ten-thirty three’ is the emergency code. ‘Space Cowboy has a ten-thirty three en route Pluto-Uranus...’ means that Jim would be in deep shit...”

She laughs loudly, “Good example! That’s what usually happens! Any more? Without numbers?”

“Hmmm... If we found some who’s lost, we called them ‘Alice in Wonderland’,” I tell while Enya giggles. “We called the cops ‘bears’ or ‘Smokies’. With those, we had many set phrases, such as ‘Bear bait’ ...”

Enya giggles, “Meaning, someone piloting recklessly or over the speed limit, right?”

“Yeah, you got it,” I laugh, “but the most used one on the radio was ‘Breaker’. With this *code*, you began your transmission. Oh, yeah, in that times, radios worked by frequency. Everyone who was tuned into the same frequency received what you said.”

“Oh~ It wasn’t direct?”

“Nope, and only worked for a certain distance...” I explain to the curious kitty. “A ‘Breaker One-nine’ was used to say that you are on frequency nineteen. Or if I start a transmission with a ‘Breaker SpeedKitty’, I want to speak to you directly. But everyone would hear it...”

“Simple and functional...”

“Yeah...”

Over the span of two hours, I keep telling her more about the codes we used and some anecdotes related to radio transmissions...

Enya giggles, “Then Jim is a *Suicide Jockey* because he always hauls dangerous cargo, right?”

“Exactly,” I laugh.

She giggles, “We should use these codes again, they’re funnier than our boring speech,” and laughs.

“Yeah,” I shrug.

“Ah, yeah, Kira, can you fetch me a PepUp?”

“PepUp?” I blink.

“Yup, it’s a spicy soft-drink. I’ve got several pouches in the fridge,” she explains.

“Kay...” I free myself from the seatbelts.

“Take one if you like.”

“Thanks.”

I float to the fridge. It's up to the brim with drinking-pouches. Cokes, *Coff-Ion*, *Speedburst*, *Xtey*, *NitrOn*,... fuck me, such strange names... Let's see... *PepUp*, *PepUp*... Ah~ Here... I take two pouches out.

“So many drinks...” I say reaching Enya her pouch.

“Yup, all laden with caffeine, derivates and other stimulating stuff...” she laughs.

We both open the pouches.

“By the way,” I ask, “how do these pouches work?”

“Huh?” she looks at me and blinks.

“I mean, that the liquid doesn't float out in zero-G...”

“Oh~ I'm not exactly sure... But I understood that a small valve is in there, inside the nozzle. The drinks only come out when you suck on it...”

“Like on a tit...” I blurt out.

Enya looks at me blinking and begins to cackle.

“Exactly! Surely they got the idea from there...”

“Wow... it's truly spicy...” I remark after the first sip.

“Yup, I love it,” she giggles.

“It has a similar taste to a drink I've drunk as a child... But this one is spicier...”

“Too much?”

“No, just perfect,” I laugh, “I love it!”

Enya's laughter always comes with a strangely familiar expression, which reminds me of a certain co-worker, and lover, from the twenty-first century...

“Seems a calm day in this jump...” sighs Enya quite relaxed, “I almost could turn the autopilot on...”

“You don’t use the autopilot during the jumps?” I ask amazed.

“Only if I’m returning and with no cargo, when I finished working...”

“How so?”

“The autopilot is more cautious than I am...” she laughs.

This expression... is truly familiar...

“Even tho you’re able to configure the autopilot to obey your speed inputs, inside the jumps it adjusts itself according to the traffic. If it detects a slower moving craft ahead in the same lane, it slows down by a huge margin. I, on the other hand, prefer to creep them out and off the lane,” she grins impishly.

“That rings a bell,” I laugh.

“How so?”

“Some co-workers of my times, did the same, mostly with rookies...” I laugh. “Then, it was quite different. Trucks had their max speed limited by law, in most cases, way under the max speed allowed for the rest. If we did that to private vehicles, we would get steep fines...”

“Wow... and nowadays the trucks are the fastest and have almost no speed limits set...”

“Yeah. I know, and it’s logic... Bigger, way bigger, with powerful boosters, greater fuel capacity and no friction...”

“Yup. We’re even able to halt in less than a second, in open space.”

“That would have been impossible in my times. The centrifugal forces and the acceleration... We had to take our cargo and its weight into account while breaking...”

“Yeah, logical. What could happen if you’d step on the breaks?”

“The tires could blow and you’d lose traction, therefore you lose control. The semitrailer or trailer would keep on in the original direction, veer out of the lane

or road, and overturn. Or, depending on the trailer type, the cargo could move or spill... In any case, the cabin would be pushed where the trailer's going... The worst thing I've seen, was the cabin of an eight-wheeler struck, pierced, and completely flattened by its cargo of huge logs...."

"Fuck... and the pilot?"

"Died crushed..."

"Fuck..." she sighs and chugs on her PepUp. "What's the top speed?"

"On freeways? Fifty-five miles per hour for trucks," I explain, "at first it was set in all states, but slowly the limit was lifted state by state..."

"Miles per hour?"

"Oh~ Sorry, yeah, you don't use it anymore... Something under ninety kilometers per hour..."

"Only?" she exclaims in awe. "And the rest?"

"It depended on the state... Seventy to eighty miles per hour, that would be around ninety to a hundred kilometers per hour..." I roughly calculate.

"Fuck me..." she exhales, "so boring..."

I laugh, "Yeah, it was for security reasons..."

"I see... Weren't there express-trucks?"

"No... At least not in nowadays' meaning," I tell. "They were light or medium trucks, like vans and something between those and the heavy trucks..."

"Uh~ What's the size of them?"

"Oh~ max weights were thirteen thousand nine-hundred pounds for the former, and thirty-three thousand for the latter."

"*Real* measures, please..." she pouts.

"Oh, sorry... about six tons-something, and fifteen tons, if I recall correctly..."

"So small..." she sighs, the grin, "in our back, we've got almost twenty-nine metric kilotons—"

"No fuck!" I exclaim interrupting her.

She grins impishly, “Per hold...”

I can’t close my mouth... I know they are huge... I’ve even read about the sizes in the theory book, but it never mentioned the full cargo weight...

“That’s... two hundred ninety metric kilotons...” I calculate in awe.

“Yup,” she giggles, “back to the express trucks, so, there weren’t any big ones, like this baby,” she grins, obviously knowing the answer.

“Nope,” I simply say, “anyway, if it was urgent, in most cases it was sent by air, meaning by airplane...”

“Fuck me...”

I sigh, “Nowadays’ speeds keeps me freaking out,” I sigh, “Vehicles reaching Mach thirty... A new speed unit called Paulet... Speeds beyond the speed of light... And the space jumps...”

“Yeah, I believe you,” Enya giggles, “I am freaking out by the top-speed of only eighty kilometers per hour,” she laughs.

“True...” I laugh with her.

She smiles, “The Paulet was introduced with the newly designed technologies after the alien contact, and its combination with the human ingenuity. They surpassed any known max speeds in no time. Almost every alien species has its own units...”

“I understand...” I nod, “By the way, Enya,” she looks at me awaiting my question, “do you refer yourself as an al—”

She interrupts me, “I am Gaian. I was born and raised on Gaia.”

“Sorry...” I immediately apologize.

“Ah~ Don’t worry,” she hastily says, then adds, “I am truly a Human-Felii mestizo, but it does not change that my native planet is Gaia.”

“Yeah...”

“It’s true, at that time... I would be called an alien... but...” she sighs...

“I understand what you mean,” I nod interrupting her deep sigh, “it doesn’t make sense to call alien anyone born on Gaia, despite their species and looks...”

Enya blinks open-mouthed looking at me. I sigh, “In my times, established Americans called all immigrants and non-Americans ‘aliens’. I am the son of two *aliens*. I know how you must feel, at least, I think I know it...”

“No way... no lie?”

“Yeah,” I nod, “stupid racism...”

“No fuck...”

“Till I wasn’t educated in the American culture, I kept being an *alien*. Okay, it was easy for me, I was born there, I am a Nisei, a second-generation immigrant. But the values taught by my parents and their education obviously made me stand out. In the beginning, at least... I mean, of being the freak of the class...”

“That’s why you don’t have any problems in meeting other species?” asks Enya intrigued and with a hint of happiness...

“Huh?”

“I mean, when you met Aia, awakening. Being her of an unknown species... And with me... I am a mestizo...”

I laugh, “But I am, technically, a mestizo too...”

I tell my origins to the flabbergasted mestizo.

“Wooooow~” she finally exhales. “Then you were already prepared for this?”

“Impossible! Aliens? Other species? FTL speeds? Traveling through space? How could anyone be prepared for this?” I exclaim a bit exaggerated.

“Then?” she asks intrigued.

“Perhaps, simple curiosity,” I shrug. “Since I was a kid, I was fascinated with space and the possibility of alien species. Perhaps, I expected that, after becoming aware of how much time has passed, such possibilities exist...”

“Wow... makes sense... Uh~ not at all, actually...”

I laugh, “Well... I lived through so much, and did so many crazy things... That it was almost no surprise...” She laughs at my comment and I go on, “Besides —” I bite my tongue.

“Besides?” Enya asks intrigued.

“Aia...” I sigh.

“Aia?” she asks even more intrigued with a smirk.

“How she treated, and treats, me...”

“Oh~ I get it...” she giggles mischievously. “Do you like her?” she asks with an impish smile. That gesture... truly similar to the one of that woman...

I sigh deeply, “Such a question...”

“It’s obvious~” she sings.

“But...”

“But?”

“Ugh~”

“C’mon, Kira, you can tell me,” she giggles. “I know Aia well. We always share our intimate tales,” she smirks impishly.

“Ugh~”

“I’m quite sure what you want to say... That she feels unprepared, or the like...”

“Yeah,” I nod slowly. “She confessed her attraction...”

“Congrats,” she laughs. “Few have heard that from her directly. But seriously, she has a huge problem...”

“Problem?”

“It’s tied to her origin... It’s not that she’s too much concerned about the why and how, but what it does imply...”

“In what ways?”

“Think a bit... How would you feel if all, without exception and all the time, ask you about your origins? And you’re unable to answer...”

I blink, “Ugh~”

“Plus, it’s obvious, her looks and body enchant men and women alike. I know how it feels... But I, at least, know how to answer. She does not. I know how it is on this job. It was a fucking hell to get where I am now. Try to imagine how it was for her...”

“Fuck...”

“She’s got a lot of problems with the guys. Not only she... all of us female truckers got them. And more if we are experts, famous, even Aces, and, in addition, we are good looking...”

“I get your point.”

“Thanks, Kira. But the thing is, it goes beyond... Aia suffered, no, suffers especially. She’s the most famous, the most expert, the best of the Aces, and, on top, the most beautiful trucker around... There’s no trucker, or any other guy, or girl, who hasn’t flirted with her, some not too nicely. Most, fortunately, are just as Crunchy with me. But many others fuck up her life continuously...”

Stunned I listen to Enya while she pilots her Cheetah wearing a serious expression.

She sighs, “I know she had several boyfriends, she told me. They never lasted more than a week, rarely two weeks. How would you feel when you realize that your partner just wanted you to show off? To be their trophy?”

“Sons of a bitch!” I scream angrily. Even if I *am* a womanizer, I certainly never used a woman, and less abused them... It always made me angry... I sigh...

“Yeah, you said it,” nods Enya heavily. “It happened to her too many times... She began to break down, poor girl... She’s so mature, except in things related to love, steady partners, even *unsteady* ones,” she grimaces. “Each time she told me about a new boyfriend, she behaved like a lovestruck pre-teen...”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” she sighs. “Even I am more mature in this... And I don’t consider myself too mature,” she laughs, “but I don’t mind telling you in chapter and verse how, with whom, and where I fucked.”

“Wow... this leads me to... nowadays’ seem more liberated, even more promiscuous...”

“How so?”

“Well, sexuality, showing skin, advances... that stuff...”

“Oh~ I suppose you’re concerned about it...”

“That’s not exactly the word I’d use...”

She giggles, “Okay, let’s see... Let’s begin our sex-ed session,” she laughs impishly. “Nowadays, there’s still some objection to interspecies sex, but no problem within the same one, absolutely not. It’s told openly, sure, there are people and creeds not too up to it. Also, we don’t simply tell strangers, not too much, at least...”

“Talking about it doesn’t trouble me. I’m a trucker, after all, we’ve always told, well, exaggerated, our sexual experiences...”

She laughs, “Yeah, true. Then?”

“It’s the teasing... I don’t know how to react nowadays... You women are too sexy, too erotic, in all you do... I mean, you are so open nowadays.”

“Oh~ I see. Sure, guys nowadays are used to it...”

“Ugh~ How?”

“Ah~ No idea,” she grins. “But, I tell you, flirting is direct, insinuations are clear. If you see Aia, or myself, or any other girl for the matter, wearing almost no clothes, does absolutely not mean that we want sex. If we want to, we’re super direct, and might, basically, pester you,” she giggles with a hint of eroticism. “And the clothes... we wear what we want, but the *battle* clothes are absolutely exquisite.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, and pay attention to the touch, the grazes, the invitations are clear, no doubt about it. Seems we’ve evolved in this topic...” she giggles.

“But with Aia...” I sigh. “She says she’s interested, but not ready... Worse, at home she’s topless almost every day, even wearing g-strings...”

“Then,” Enya giggles, “you’ve got just two options. Bear with it, or look for another girl.”

“Huh?”

“That’s with all of us. But she is special. She’s going through a sentimental hell, don’t fuck her up. She falls easily, too easily, that idiot... The last asshole who tried to fuck her up almost ended up in open space, without a space suit...”

“Fuck...”

“She says that she trusts you. Don’t fuck it up. It would end badly, really badly... for both of you...”

“Are you suggesting that I should repress myself?”

“The like...” she nods. “At least sexually, towards her... She surely said that she doesn’t mind that you have some fun out there...”

“Yeah,” I nod.

“Look,” she sighs, “monogamy is still wildly in place, even if polygamy is slowly taking over, at least for Humans. But the sexual liberties are broader. It is usual, even being in a monogamous relationship, to have a lover or two, even officially. Of course, all involved partners know it, approve it and may have, or not, such lovers. Sexual needs and sentimental needs do not have to go hand in hand... I know couples who need each other sentimentally, but are, sadly, sexually incompatible, that’s mostly related to their individual species. They solve it having lovers and fuckbuddies, but still love each other, and are even married...”

“...”

«Ding! Reach—» Enya hits a virtual button at lightning speed, silencing the synthetic voice.

“The Jump’s exit Gate...” she simply says.

We exit at full throttle and Enya already talks to the Gate controls asking for the next Gate...

And we enter the next one without reducing speed...

I need to know more about Aia... I’m unsure why, but, for some reason, I don’t dare to ask Enya more about her... And it seems she’s aware of it, but does not want to keep talking about it... Better we change topic...

“Enya,” I ask her, “what’s that dual control Aia mentioned?”

“Oh~ Well, you know that we have two joysticks available to control the truck,” she calmly says.

“Yeah. The left one is usually used to control the truck, the right one is used in combination with the other while doing delicate maneuvers, like docking or undocking and uses the hold’s boosters...”

“Good,” she smiles, “you know your stuff,” she giggles. “That’s the usual procedure. But you can use both for piloting too...” she shakes her head, “nope... you need it for top speeds. It’s more accurate, more precise. You’re able to make delicate adjustments on the fly. But you have to configure your board-comp and nav-sys for it, or they will interfere and use the hold’s boosters,” she explains keeping her sight on the *road*.

She looks at me from the corner of her eye.

“There are two kinds of dual control or piloting,” she tells. “One is how I use it, one joystick in each hand. The other options to divide the workload between pilot and copilot.”

“Wow... and how does that work?”

“We share the controls. That’s absolutely not usual. It is the most difficult thing you could master. Both, pilot and copilot, have to be in perfect sync. For example, I control the course and you do the micro-corrections. Another possibility is that I control only the truck’s booster and you the ones of the cargo...”

“Fuck me... almost impossible...”

“Exactly,” she grins.

“Then, only your way is the feasible one?”

“Yup. And just a few are able to master it,” she grins proudly. “The more speed, the better and more micro-corrections you’ll need.”

“Okay... Even though there is no friction?”

“There’s more interferences in space...” she sighs. “From a simple gas cloud or any other floating substances to gravitational fields.”

“I get it...”

“Pay attention when you pilot,” she says, “you’ll notice that, in open space, the autopilot’s auto-assist makes continuously micro-corrections. That’s due to thousands of factors which could alter your course. The most usual ones are, believe it or not, micro black holes...”

“Micro black holes?” I almost shout...

“Yeah,” she simply nods, “they are not bigger than a marvel. Most implode by the collision with the truck and do not affect the fuselage, it’s designed for that. But their gravitational force is immense for something that small... If you encounter many of them and you’ve got no micro-corrections, you’ll end up in a solar system other than your original destination...”

“No fuck... Where do they come from?”

“Well... It’s not yet known... But there are many possible theories. The most commonly accepted one is that they are reminders from the Big Bang. Others say that they appear from interstellar collisions and colliding galaxies...”

“Incredible... I didn’t know that such things even exist...”

“Well, it’s known for a long time already. Anyway, back to the dual controls, I, basically, correct those variations by hand...” she smirks.

“No fuck! By hand?”

“Yeah, I feel it... Sometimes even before the system alerts me...” In awe, I listen to the mestizo Felii explain how she manages to sense those variations, impressive... “You’ll see later, in open space,” she giggles.

While Enya explains how the autopilot behaves and assists us, we reach the exit Gate.

“Aah~ Perfect...” she sighs. “I’m dying for a good Ìhåł joint...” she grins mischievously, “we’ll take a break for one hour and a half at Service Station Delta... We’ll have a bite and—”

«SS-Delta-33 control to Cheetah, do you read?» interrupts a male voice.

“Loud and clear,” Enya giggles, “SpeedKitty speaking. Do you have a free dock for us? We need a one and a half hour break to have a bite.”

«Sure, what’s your manifest?»

“Mixed cargo. I’m sending you the full manifest. No dangerous stuff,” she giggles.

«Okay, received. And approved. You’ve got airlock twenty-three gamma for two hours. Satisfied?»

“Just perfect. Thanks.”

«Enjoy your stay.»

Enya smirks at me, “We’ll go to a friend’s place, you’ll love it...”

“How so?”

She giggles, “Besides being a place with pretty good food, it’s an entertainment joint...” she grins impishly.

“You mean...”

“Yup! There you’ll see the battle robes I mentioned before,” she grins lusciously.

Fuuuuck... where the hell does this crazy cat take me?

“This is a transit station,” Enya explains wandering the ample corridors out of the port area. “You’ll find them everywhere on route. The services offered are more basic and have almost no permanent residents with the exception of those who work here. This is a mixed port, cargo and passengers. Plus, this is an important hub for the IR.” She takes a puff of her fag.

“The IR?” I ask intrigued while exhaling the smoke of mine.

“The *Intergalactic Railways*,” explains Enya. “They’re trains which connect most of the habitable worlds. They are similar to our trucks, but instead of cargo holds, they pull passenger carriages. Better check the encyclopedia for more info,” she grins.

“Impressive,” I nod, “I will...”

“This station has two major areas, one is the *trucker*, and the other the *passenger zone*. The latter is cleaner and better looked after. This happens to most mixed stations... Of course, you may go from one to the other. But, you’ll find certain shops and pubs only in the trucker-zone.”

“Like the *entertainment joints* you’ve mentioned?” I ask.

“Yup!” she laughs, “I see you’re getting it. In both areas there are shops, supermarkets and hotels, but of different categories. You’ll see, you’ll like *our* zone better,” she grins.

We enter into *our* zone of the station. Truly, it’s filled with strange and interesting shops. Exotic arms dealers, exotic gizmo shops, even more exotic restaurants, and, of course, *overly* exotic strip clubs...

I follow Enya who guides her feet at a steady pace through the huge corridors. She displays clearly her weapon holstered at her hips. I imitated her still on the Cheetah, where she put it on, and I remembered what Jim said the other day... Of course, I wear both, my *civilized* and my *museum piece* guns.

After a short stroll, we reach a premise. Its facade is huge compared to the rest. Neon signs and huge screens display the offers... From ‘the best food of the station’, to ‘the most beautiful girls and guys of the station’...

Enya enters with steady steps, I follow her...

It’s huge! Countless patrons fill the many tables around several big stages, where several girls, and boys, dance to the music wearing exotic and erotic scanty clothes. Several other, smaller stages seem to offer more personalized stripteases... Long counters run along the left and the right walls.

“Wow~” I blink.

“Impressive, isn’t it?” giggles Enya impishly.

“You say it...”

“Careful,” she giggles, “don’t hook up with anyone... we don’t have time for that.”

“Ugh~”

She gives me an impish smile and laughs while I open my mouth to answer her.

“Don’t worry,” she giggles, “I’m just teasing you. Knowing you a bit, even just through the legends, I’m sure you wouldn’t go for another girl while I’m with you...”

“Huh?” I blink surprised at her statement and sexy smirk.

She giggles, “Well, after all, a cute mestizo kitten is with you,” she laughs. “Before anything else, you would try to hook up with me,” she licks her lips sensually... Fuck!

I sigh, “Not again, those absurd legends... But, I must admit that you’re right about this one. I wouldn’t do it, but mainly because we’re working. But it’s also true that, being accompanied by such a gorgeous co-worker, you’d be the first,” I end grinning.

Enya explodes in laughter after blushing briefly.

“Really Kira, I just love you! All those legends don’t do you justice!”

“Enya! My beauty kitty!” we’re interrupted by a joyful shout.

“Oh! Ahnehi! Cutie! How are you?” Enya laughs loudly.

A tall Felii with black and silvery fur runs into Enya’s open arms.

“Long time no see! It’s about time for you coming by, sugar!” the silvery Felii giggles while her ears twitch and her tail sways.

Giving each other space, the silvery girl asks Enya looking over the latter’s shoulder, “And this handsome Human stud?” the Felii steps back and inspects me attentively and paints an erotic, impish smile on her face, “Is he...?” she asks Enya exchanging glances between us two.

Enya, shakes her head smiling, “Nope, Ahne. He’s my co-worker Kira. I’m giving him some private lectures...”

“Oooh~” the Felii smirks, “what kind of private lectures?” she asks even more mischievously.

“Ahne... Knock it off...”

“Oh? Not your type?” She licks her lips. “He’s surely mine...”

I’m awestruck by this Felii’s naughty and flirty teasing... I think I’m getting what Enya meant...

“Ahne... We don’t have time... Just enough to have a bite and to smoke a joint...” Enya laughs.

“Ouuuh~ What a shame,” this Ahne’s ears fold down, but flip up immediately as her face nears mine, “Kira’s your name, right, sugar?” she giggles lewdly. “Nice to meet you~” she sings. “I’m Ahnehi~” she purrs lusciously.

“Na—nice to meet you too,” I almost step back.

She giggles erotically, “If you’d have a bit more time, I’d give you the opportunity to know me waaaay deeper,” she bats her eyelashes, while her hands lift her tits till her nipples slip out of her tight and erotic short dress, and she gives me the most erotic smile I’ve ever seen in my life!

“Ahne... You’re not our lunch...” Enya grabs Ahne’s breasts and covers them.

“Ohum~” Ahne moans first in pleasure, then in discontent, “Enya... bad kitty...”

Fuck me! Now I really understand! I’m having a full hard-on...

Finally, Ahnehi sees us to a table a bit away from the stages.

Enya asks for the daily special and a strange drink. Without complicating things, I ask for the same.

The silvery Felii leaves us with erotic hip movements which make her ass, and fuzzy tail, sway from side to side... so much elegance and eroticism in a simple walk... Such a luck having survived the cryopreservation!

“Kira...” Enya giggles.

“Yeah?” I blink and turn my head sharply towards her, away from the mesmerizing ass and tail.

“Do you understand now?” she smirks impishly.

“Oh, yeah...”

She giggles again, “It’s showing~” she sings. “You’re horny,” she giggles, then says more seriously, “honestly, it *is* showing...” and laughs.

“Fuck...”

“Ah~ I’m not saying just visually...” she laughs again. “Many species, including mestizos, notice it in some way or another, independently if they see your hard-on or not,” she giggles. “We Felii smell it...”

“R—really?”

I remember Gweraz and his sense of smell... He was able to tell that I had been with many women, just by smell...

“Yup,” Enya grins, “your sex hormones are going crazy!” she giggles impishly.

“Fuck...” How can I move back to calm waters?

I sigh, “Is it always that way, or is Ahnehi especially direct?” I manage to ask.

She giggles, “It’s mostly that way on many occasions. And more in places like this one,” she laughs, “most come here to get laid. But Ahne is a bit extreme... Nobody in her right mind would show her tits off to someone she just met...” Enya laughs again.

“I see... And what about you?”

“Huh?” she tilts her head, “Ah!” her ears flick and she grins, “You mean grabbing her tits? We trust each other.”

“That much?”

She giggles happily, “Perhaps you understand it this way, I’m omni...”

“Omni?” I blink.

“Omnisexual...” she laughs. “Oh, right... like bisexual, but more...”

“That explains...” I sigh. “Right, Aia told something about that *omni*... What do you mean by *more*?”

“Oh~ That I absolutely don’t mind the gender of the person I sleep with...” she smirks, “I’ve done it with Ahne many times~” she sings erotically.

Oh fuuuuck...

“You’re imaging it just now, right?” Enya grins lusciously.

“Fu—I’m a guy, no?” I laugh to hide my embarrassment for having been caught.

“Good answer, Kira,” laughs Enya.

“By the way—”

Enya cuts in, “I can imagine what you want to ask, you want to know if you are my type or not...” she smirks impishly.

That’s not what I wanted to ask, but well, could be interesting...

She smiles heartily, “Actually, you are completely my type, not just for me, in fact, for many other aliens...”

I swallow empty, “In what way?”

“It’s difficult to describe...” she tilts her head, “Let’s see... At first sight... You have many interesting features of the Human species. Your hight, your size, face,... almost a prototype... I’m exaggerating. I don’t mean that you are the perfect Human in this sense, but you have many features in which aliens pay attention to, you are really attractive to them, to us... I’ve noticed the very moment I saw you for the first time, before Aia introduced us. Let’s say that you have ideal proportions many species are looking for. But... your most attractive features are—”

I hold my breath, and jolt up by a gentle breeze caressing my neck...

An erotic voice says, “your smell, and your aura of security and confidence...”

“Yup, exactly, Ahne,” giggles Enya.

“R—really?” I stutter overwhelmed by Ahne’s eroticism.

“Of course, sugar,” she giggles, “the moment you stepped in, all girls, even some boys, shivered in excitement,” she says lustfully while she serves us the plates.

“Ahne... don’t go overboard,” Enya giggles. “But she’s partially right, didn’t you notice?”

“Oh, yeah. Sure I noticed,” I nod. “But I thought that’s the usual, a new client being evaluated...”

Both giggle, Enya says, “Of course, but that dramatic...”

“Yup,” giggles Ahne. “Truly a shame you have to go so soon... We could enjoy a looong~ time together, the three of us,” she says lecherously.

“Ahne, would you pleeease~ let us eat in peace?” pleads Enya not without blowing her a kiss, “I don’t want to pay a fine for being late...”

“By all goddesses!” Ahne exclaims. “My cutie kitty late? No, no... I leave you alone,” she giggles. “But come by someday with more time to spare... to have a nice time together,” she coos.

“Yeah, yeah,” Enya smirks, “I’ll call you.”

“Thanks, cutie,” Ahne giggles, “Ah~ You too, Kira~”

“I—I’ll try...” I say overwhelmed.

After Ahne left us, Enya begins to eat giggling. I taste it, it’s delicious! I couldn’t guess what the hell it is...

“By the way,” Enya smirks.

“Yeah?”

“About Ahne... Don’t promise her too much...”

“Huh?”

“She’s not what she seems...” she sighs, “I, of course, have no problem with it, being omnisexual...”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“I’m not sure if I should tell you,” she sighs again, “but better now than late...” the tension rises while she takes a sip of her drink, “Ahne was born as a male...”

“What?” I almost jump up. “Really? She’s a trans? But she looks like a full woman.”

“Yup,” she nods, “well, we don’t call her that, trans are men and women who do not identify themselves with their birth gender and chose to live another one’s. Most do not go through a complete sex-rearrangement. She did. We call those people *eh’dë*, which is a Felii word for the sixth gender...”

“Sixth gender?” I ask in awe.

“Yeah,” she nods, “according to the Felii mythology, there are eight genders. *Eh’ë*, *eh’à*, *eh’nëà*, *eh’lë*, *eh’lá*, *eh’dë*, *eh’dà*, and *eh’xa*.”

“Wow...”

“*Eh’ë*,” she explains, “means female, born as a female, just like me,” she giggles. “*Eh’à* are males, and born as such, that would be you,” she blinks an eye. “*Eh’nëà* are mythological hermaphrodites, born with both sexes, but almost unheard of in recent Felii history. *Eh’lë* are males who identify themselves as female and act as thus, they were born as males. They are often translated as *transsexual* into English, but is not accurate. *Eh’lá*, on the other hand, are females who identify themselves as males, similarly to the *eh’lë*, and act as thus. *Eh’dë* are females born as males and went through surgery and sacred rituals to become full woman, just like Ahne. While the *eh’dà* are males born females and have gone through the same kind of rituals.” Flabbergasted I listen to Enya while she calmly explains. “And, finally, there are the *eh’xa* who do not identify themselves with any other gender, and are mostly celibate, the nearest translation into English would be neuter or asexual... Anyone identifying him or herself as any other gender are called spirited genders or *eh’yh’nyã*.”

“Wow... meaning Ahnehi is an *ehde*?” I try to pronounce. Seemingly, I fail miserably by the amused face she makes.

“No,” Enya giggles, “she’s not a horse-priest,” she laughs.

“Huh?”

“It’s *eh’dë*, you have to exhale the *h*, then you need to slightly click your tongue upwards...” she demonstrates and I try to imitate... impossible... “and the final *dë*, has to shortly rise, then fall long in pitch.”

I try again, but fail again miserably...

“C’mon, it’s like singing,” she giggles.

“Sorry,” I sigh, “seems impossible for me...”

“Don’t worry, Kira,” she smiles, “Felitii, the Felii-language, is considered one of the most difficult ones to pronounce... A simple change of pitch, or its rise or fall, can change completely the meaning of the word. It is really easy to write, if you know all the modifiers...”

“Modifiers?” I blink.

“Yeah, in case *eh’dë*, *eh* is the root noun and means *gender*, the tongue click with the rising and falling pitch on *’dë* means *spirited female*, which is the modifying noun, now, the true modifiers are the rising and falling pitches and the clicks...”

“You’re confusing me, Enya,” I sigh, “It’s truly interesting, but I got lost...”

“Oh!” she blinks, then giggles. “Sorry... I just love to talk about my language...”

“It’s okay, better you explain it in detail in another occasion.”

“Sure! I’d love to!”

We finally finish our entry, the main dish seems about to come out...

Enya smirks impishly, “Being the ideal type for many aliens will make your life surely interesting.”

“Huh?”

She giggles, “Honestly, there are few reasons not to hit on you...” she smiles lasciviously. “Mine is out of work-ethic, I don’t sleep with co-workers, that’s the reason why I don’t sleep with Crunchy.”

“Oh? Good reason,” I play it down.

“Mainly because of possible future problems. But you’re a special case,” she winks flirty.

“In what way?” I swallow empty.

She blushes, “With you... I’d make an exception. But... there are two things keeping me back.” I’m amazed by her sudden shyness and difficulty in expressing herself. “Your status... I mean, you are considered a kind of superhero. As if you’re out of my league... I know that you don’t feel about it in such way, Aia already told me. The second, the most important one, is she, Aia...” I swallow empty again by her charming glances. “Of course we’ve already talked about you. Uh~ Actually, I already knew what you’ve told me, about what’s going on between you and her. Hmm~ I already knew that she said that she likes you, the thing of waiting for her, and that she doesn’t mind you sleeping around... Uh~ But... if we’d do it, even just once, I’d feel like I would betray my best friend... Ugh~ What I want to say—”

“It’s okay,” I interrupt her, “I think I know what you want to say. Thank you for telling me.”

“Yeah, honestly,” she giggles and blushes again, “yesterday, I was down because Aia told me, almost euphorically, this, about you and her... I have to confess,” she sighs, “I was dying for you coming with me on a route and we end up in my apartment...”

I am baffled by her honesty... and her shyness, completely contrary to her usual self, is incredibly seductive...

“Honestly, Enya,” I say, “I don’t hit on you for two reasons, your behavior from yesterday made me unsure what you might want. The other is you are Aia’s friend, it holds me back...” and the third, my promise with Jim.

Her timid giggle interrupts my thought.

“Thanks, Kira, for telling me. At least I’m not the only one.”

“Yeah,” I sigh, “I surely hoped, at least subconsciously, that something would happen. You are truly a beautiful and sexy woman, and, honestly, you are turning me on...”

She giggles happily, “Thanks, you flatterer. But... let’s keep as friends. I couldn’t forgive myself if I’d fail Aia.”

I nod, “I agree, Enya. If she hadn’t had confessed...”

“I’d take you home,” she giggles impishly, “and wouldn’t let you go for the whole weekend...”

“Ugh~” I swallow empty by her sexy gaze and licking lips.

She giggles, then sighs, “Aaah~ Fuck!” She seems to think for a second. “Kira?”

“Yeah?”

“If... only if...” she sighs again and leans forward, “you and Aia can’t work it out...”

“I—I can’t promise...”

“Yeah, thanks for being honest, Kira.”

Finally, Ahnehi brings the main dish and breaks the strange tension, sexual tension, between Enya and myself.

“What were you talking about, lovebirds? It’s been time since I’ve seen you so shy and blushing, Enya sugar.”

Enya jolts, fizzes and shakes herself, then smiles beautifully.

“I’ll tell you next time we meet, beauty.”

“Oh? Interesting...” she giggles excited, “hope it will be soon, I want you...”

“Yeah,” Enya smirks impishly, “me too, won’t have to wait for long.”

Once Ahnehi leaves us, Enya says, “Kira, please, don’t tell Aia about this...”

“Huh?”

“This conversation...” she sighs, “I know she wouldn’t take it badly, but I fear that she would try to get us together, and step aside, even give you up... I prefer... it’s me giving you up...” she sighs even deeper, it truly isn’t easy for her. “As you’ve seen, I have no problem finding partners, but she has... Uh~ She needs you, Kira, more than I do, much more...”

I am not sure if Enya is honest with herself or she’s resigning herself... but her friendship with Aia must be really deep, if she’s willing to *give me up*. Neither helps my own confusion about Aia and myself, this indecision...

“I—I don’t know what to say...” I sigh.

“Yeah, I believe you, Kira,” she sighs too, “I know it will be difficult for you. If you need it, get it outside the ISTM... Ugh~ I won’t... pester you about it again...”

“Okay, Enya,” I sigh, “it’s more important that we keep our friendship. The future will know...”

“Yeah,” she smiles brightly, “true, you’re right, Kira.”

We keep on eating in silence...

While we await our coffees, Enya rolls her joint of Īhāl.

The moment the coffee’s on the table, she lights it and takes a long drag...

“Aaah~ I needed that,” she exhales, “more after this conversation... I’m sorry, Kira...” she says while she passes the joint.

“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...



To be continued in:

SpaceHighway ~ A10 ~ DSD (SpeedKitty Enya, part 2)



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