



Sex in Zero Gravity



Erica Sparx

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A special treat for my email subscribers only

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Don't Worry, I got you.

Warning



Some things can't be unread.

If you are under 18 years of age, or if you don't want to be touched by words,
Now's the time leave!

Otherwise, proceed and enjoy.

luv, Erica

Tal left the room, and his last words to Maxine as he exited were for her to take off her clothes. “Trust me,” he said, “you won’t want to try in a few moments, but you will want to try—if you know what I mean.” He lifted a quarter-slice of his top lip to form a smile that exposed a hint of teeth suggestively.

Of course, she didn’t understand what he meant. Oh, hell, this wasn’t high school. His words were as thick as her engorged lips. Of course, she knew what that crescent smile meant. Tal wanted to get busy.

Sword fighting with him had warmed her blood and stirred her circulation as well. So here she sat, the girl in the naughty dress wanting to get naughty. Aroused, she ran her fingers along the V-neckline of her satin blue dress, a thin piece of robe designed to fall away on a moment’s notice with one tug of the zipper running down her back. Reaching behind to comply with his wishes, she thought that he should be the one breaking the seal on their relationship. He should be the one unzipping her slowly, the one folding the bodice down her ribs. It should be his fingertips grazing her skin, skittering electrical current through her nerves, tickling her. She shuddered with nervous delight, a forbidding sense of trepidation edging her excited anticipation. Her breasts sprung free. Her tummy flexed when exposed to the air. Her hips, thighs, and knees warmed as the satin slid down her skin. The dress caressed her calves as it fell.

She realized that her romantic notions of Tal were only a starry-eyed fantasy. Theirs was not a relationship—but she would get naked for him nonetheless. Their interplay was yet another hand in her game of hearts—one she was losing badly. Considering how she was now clad only in string panties and considering the goosebumps on her skin and the throbbing in her nipples, not to mention the wet mustiness between her legs—she had to admit Tal was

winning this round too.

Scooting her butt to slip out of her panties, she tossed them next to her crumpled dress. She sat on the floor to wait, growing excited about what was surely to become their new version of sword fighting. Naked and waiting for him or not, she vowed not to lose this round too.

She sat, but things grew strange. Her butt slipped away from the floor. Her breasts lifted so perky. Strands of her hair splayed out. She knew this strange feeling, the one where her intestines floated into her stomach and her blood sloshed back and forth with strange delight and free-abandonment. This was a nervous, flighty sensation, scary and unsettling, but also liberating. This was a sensation of falling and flying simultaneously and of expanding out to fill the room.

She floated away from the floor and knew that the gravity had been turned off. Naked, aroused, and no longer confined by her own weight, a vibrating exhilaration enthralled her.

Tal entered the room in flying motion with arms out front and legs behind. He floated to the wall perpendicular to the door and mostly opposite of where Maxine was suspended. He appeared to walk up the wall on his hands with his legs doing a slow frog kick behind. Then he pressed his hands and knees to the ceiling, hanging into the room, looking like an insect with superior clinging ability.

He too was naked. His buttocks were firm, his abs tight. His arms, while pressing his hands to the surface, popped with muscular definition. He looked from the ceiling to Maxine, who hovered near the middle of the space. She was approaching the ceiling, but slowly. Tal pushed off gently and began to coast through the air, coming toward her.

His aim was correct. Twisting as he progressed, he was facing her with full frontal nudity and a ready hardon by the time their bodies met slightly above the mid-height of the room.

There was no need for foreplay, their entire time together had been one prolonged introductory act. She opened her legs to receive him and he slipped an inch into her before meeting resistance. They hung there, hovering, their bodies pressed together, the tip of his cock pushing the walls of her pussy. She gripped him up hard with her arms clutched around his back. He grabbed her buttocks with both hands. His penis pushed slightly against her and her resistance eased slightly, allowing him another inch. He moaned as he slipped in deeper. "You are so tight."

She dug her fingertips into his back desperately. Sex in zero gravity meant no outside friction to plant the body against or to hold its position firm against while the forces of lust accelerated. They clung together, forming one body, but an animated body thrashing and undulating through the space. Every time he thrust his pelvis toward her the opposite force sent them sailing backwards. Every time she pushed herself into him, she simultaneously flew away from him. She was anxious with him in her, her heat rising, his stiff cock fighting for purchase, but the exaggerated laws of physics gave a new dimension to the game. In zero gravity she was neither on top nor on the bottom. There was no up or down. There was only the desire to join and the forces to separate in constant strife. Trying harder sent them flying into the surfaces where they then bounced off. Ironically, faster and harder only pulled them further apart.

Clinging to his head, her fingers knotted into his hair. Her thighs gripped his pelvis while her heels dug into the back of his thighs. Her toes arched with erotic cramps that ran up her calves. Staying close enough to keep him within

her was a constant fight, the inner walls of her pussy clamping down upon his slippery shaft, squeezing hard to stay connected. Never had her need been so intense or so perilous. At any moment she could be cast free to sail into the wall, bounce off, tumble and somersault in midair. Never had she needed to feel someone inside her so intensely. Never had it been so hard to maintain.

They bounced from the surfaces—ceiling, wall, floor, no real difference in zero gravity. She would be bruised and beaten when this was over, but in the moment, slamming into the wall became a chance to pull him tighter and readjust her legs and arms before they flew away again.

“Calm a little,” he whispered into her ear. “We have to do this slowly or we might kill ourselves.”

“I’d gladly die.”

“Slow and steady. We can’t fuck. We’ve got to make love.”

She pulled at his hair lustfully. “You are such a fucking poet.”

“Truthfully, this is that—the poetry of fucking.”

“Shut up and screw me.”

His cock slid deeper inside of her, and she clamped down upon it. No way was he coming out. Not as he grew hotter within her. Not as the tip of his cock swelled and throbbed like something alive within her, its mouth gaping as it wormed into her, snaky, slithering, yet so hard and full. His motions became measured and easy. Each stroke was painfully slow and careful. Each plunge and pull became a magical burst of sensation within her. Her body trembled, her breathing came ragged, but every time when she could no longer refrain and pushed hard against him, every time he nearly slipped

away. Slow, such agonizing torture. And easy, such overwhelming pleasure delivered like a time-released narcotic. Her throat warbled with spastic gargling. He grew hotter, degree by degree, and she grew powerless to writhe with the pleasure. Sex in zero gravity, such a kinky juxtaposition of fulfillment and wanting.

He held her with his strong arms and swam with her around the room. She may have lost consciousness to the evolving pressure within, but it was a dreamy sleep. Never had sex been like this—and maybe he was right. Maybe they were making love—and maybe that wasn't such a cornball thing after all.

When finally he came, she screamed. The heat of his cum erupted within her. The oozing honey filled her beyond full and escaped onto her thighs. She pulled his hair, and then found his back and dug her nails in. “Don't stop, don't stop, don't . . . ever . . . stop.”

Powerless to move against him for fear of falling away in this moment of intense need, she clung quietly, groaned, moaned, chanted, don't stop. Her throat warbled. Her eyes glazed over. All she saw was a sea of starry blackness, the darkness so energized it became light. Darkness into light, a hot oozing warmth spreading from her groin to fill her body, to melt her legs, to turn her breath into a summer day at the beach. Don't stop. Don't stop, she panted.

And he didn't. Not for a long heat filled spell of oozy goodness.

Knowing she could not thrash, she held him and lay still next to him, but the heat rose within her. She moaned. Her vision turned blue. She needed to writhe around the sensation, but she dug in deeper, held on tighter, remained quiet, passive, and waited. The sensation rose within, slowly, taking her over

completely, the sensation making her its bitch. She moaned. The heat rose. Her cum filled pussy vibrated. His cock mouthed at her insides. The sensation rose. He had a fingertip on her clit, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing. Cock swelled. Cum hot.

The heat rose. She clung tighter. Moaned louder. Dug her nails deeper—until —

The explosion racked her, stretched her, slammed her. It controlled her. She screamed. She had to let it out. The rising pleasure so intense, a million tiny hands caressing her from the inside, her muscles melted into lava barely contained within her fleshy form, quivering, trembling, warm. So warm. So fucking hot. She screamed again and again, her muscles flowing with the energy of her lust.

He held her, stayed tight to her, did not let her slip away in the moment she needed him most. She quivered and hung on, and slowly, ever so slowly, the moment of her crescendo receded. Slowly she calmed.

In the quiet that ensued after her orgasm, the ringing in her ears fulfilled a sense of music. Her heart beat loudly in her chest. Her lungs gasped. She hung onto him, but without the urgency—now the space they shared together was a peaceful place. If ever the words I Love You should be uttered it was now, and so she did, quietly and without remorse in the uninhibited way of drunks.

The game of hearts had been a silly conquest. She may have lost, but in her surrender to him she had gained more.

“I love you too,” he said.

Everything felt right, a blissful moment. But even then, she knew that what

goes up must come down; and soon the gravity would be reactivated, bringing weight to the morning after.

THE END

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