

## stepladder

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by [TechnicolorRevel](#)

### Summary

*"It isn't my fault everyone around here is so short."*

*"Have you ever considered you're just ridiculously tall?"*

### Notes

Kinktober day 13! Size difference, and who could I write but these two?

La'an had to stand on tiptoe to kiss Una. Stand on tiptoe, and grab the shoulders of Una's uniform, pulling her down in an attempt at negating a sore neck. Pinned against the wall like this, Una seemed to surround her - it would have been claustrophobic if it were anyone else. The discomfort rubbing up against the arousal was squirming up inside of her, and it further fueled the fervor of her kisses.

Una's lips were curving into a smile, and La'an nipped the bottom one, pressing herself closer to slide her fingers into Una's loose hair. She used the extra leverage to pull Una even lower, and Una sighed, her mouth opening enough for La'an's tongue to swipe inside. Una's hands slid down to grab La'an's bum, and she was bent over awkwardly now, her back at an uncomfortable angle.

La'an broke the kiss, loosening her grip, and Una stood up straight again, her hands trailing up La'an's back.

"You're going to have to be careful," La'an said, running her fingers along the sides of Una's uniform shirt, tracing the raised seam with her nails. She liked the way it made Una squirm against her, nose wrinkling up in the white light coming off of Una's globe lamp. "You might do your back an injury."

"I'll get you a box to stand on," Una said, and she was twining La'an's hair around and around her finger. "Or maybe a jet pack. One of those little ones they use for window washing."

"You sound like Ortega," La'an grumbled, her hands going down to squeeze Una's hips. She'd been doing her very best not to stare at them during the recent debriefing. Una's hips, and the softness of Una's breasts against her chest. She rested her forehead against Una's shoulder, as Una's arms draped over her own shoulders.

"Since when does Ortega comment on..." Una was clearly talking around... something that the two of them didn't talk about.

Something *La'an* didn't talk about.

La'an stood on her tiptoes, one hand on the back of Una's head, pulling the older woman down to her level. She had her tongue in Una's mouth now, and was pressing as much of herself against Una as she could. She rested her weight on the wall, raising a leg up to wrap it around Una's, the back of her heel dragging across the taut muscle of Una's calf.

"She was drunk," La'an mumbled against Una's mouth, and now she was awkwardly groping Una's breast through dress and bra. "She was drunk and... mmm..." La'an shuddered, and then she was grabbing for the zipper at the front of Una's dress, dragging it down. It was easy work to shove Una's undershirt up around her collarbone, and her nipples were hard through the thin white cotton of her bra. "D'you remember, when we were at that... that space port with the..."

La'an's braid was wrapped around Una's fist, and she used the leverage to pull La'an's head further back, her neck at an awkward angle. She was staring Una right in the face, and the sharp pressure along her scalp only fed the arousal building in her gut. "The big mechanical tree?" Una supplied.

"Y-yeah." Una looked even taller from this angle. La'an's hands were shaking as she pushed the panels of Una's dress open, and she took as much of Una's breasts into her hands as would fit. "Ortegas was drunk, and she saw you and the captain playing that weird game with the giant marbles, and she said that..." A shudder as Una gave another sharp yank, then let go to cover La'an's hand, pressing it against her breast as well. "That anyone who'd want to kiss you would need a stepladder."

Una let out a bray of laughter. It made her breasts jiggle and the lines around her eyes crinkle. Her face was so open that it made La'an's heart ache, and she pressed her face into Una's neck, taking in the scent of her, rubbing her cheek against the soft skin. Una's hair was a curtain around her face, and it was ticklish against her nose. "Haven't heard that one in a while," she murmured, and this close her voice was vibrating through her chest, across La'an's own skin. "It isn't my fault everyone around here is so *short*."

"Have you ever considered you're just ridiculously tall?" La'an countered, and then she *squawked*, because Una had bent down lower and *picked her up*, arms under her bum, and La'an wrapped her legs around Una's waist, clutching at Una's shoulders.

"Ridiculously tall, huh?" Una's voice had a teasing note as she carried La'an towards the bed.

La'an was giggling, and then the fact that Una was just *carrying* her sank in. *She's so strong*, La'an thought. *Extraordinarily strong for a human. Is this ordinary for an Illyrian?*

A familiar spike of anxiety, and then the stomach churning sensation of free fall as Una dropped her onto the bed. She was flat on her back, staring up at Una, and Una was haloed like a painting of a saint from Old Earth.

*Una is anything but ordinary*, La'an thought forcefully, and she shoved all the other anxiety aside.

There was a time and a place to ruminate on that. Now wasn't it.

La'an propped herself up on her elbows, opening her knees. Her booted feet dangled off the edge of the bed, and it struck her that somehow *she* was fully dressed while Una's bra and pale belly were out in full view.

Una seated herself on the floor at the foot of the bed, and she removed one boot, then the other. "I'm not hearing any complaints," Una said, and she leaned further forward. Her breasts were hanging down now, soft and heavy and barely contained in the confines of her bra. She was full on *looming* now: moments like this were the only time she *enjoyed* feeling small.

"Well," La'an said, as Una pulled off her boot, peeled off her sock, "maybe I'm collecting a list to be..." She gave an awkward giggle at the ticklish play of Una's fingers over the sole of her foot. "To be reviewed at a later date." She had to wriggle to shove her other boot off with her other foot.

Uns snorted, and she grabbed La'an by the ankle, physically pulling her down the edge of the bed. La'an sat up fully, and she bent forward to kiss Una - they were face to face now, and La'an had better access to Una's breasts. She shoved the cups of the bra down, and Una moaned against La'an's mouth as her nipples were tugged and tweaked.

"You really... know how to make a girl feel appreciated," Una said, her voice hitching with each movement of La'an's fingers.

La'an leaned further forward, one bare foot and one socked foot resting on the tops of Una's thighs. Her hands went under Una's breasts, lifting them higher, and she pressed sloppy kisses along the tops, then swirled her tongue along Una's nipples. Then Una was leaning back on her heels, and La'an had more access.

Una moaned when La'an's mouth fastened around her nipple, and her fingers dug into the back of La'an's neck. She actually *squeaked* when La'an pulled off with a *pop*, and she shoved La'an back onto the bed, her eyes dark and her cheeks red. Her face was framed by La'an's knees, and she was licking her lips, her tongue pink against her red, swollen mouth.

"My turn," Una said, and then she was reaching up La'an's legs, fingers hooking under the waistband of La'an's trousers and her knickers, dragging them down. La'an's bare legs seemed to glow in the low light, and her toes curled against Una's sides, her toes bunching up the fabric of Una's dress.

Una came up between La'an's legs, pushing La'an's shirt up. There were a few flailing, uncomfortable moments as La'an pulled her uniform shirt up and off, grabbing her sports bra with it. The cooler air made her nipples pucker up, and she was breaking out in goose pimples. When she'd finally gotten her head free, she caught Una's slightly glassy eyed expression, and she preened.

"Like what you see, then?" La'an gave an attempt at looking seductive, and then she was pushed back onto her back, one of Una's hands on her breast, her thumb passing over La'an's nipple.

"*Definitely*," Una breathed, and her breath ruffled La'an's pubic hair. Her tongue was warm as it passed across La'an's vulva.

La'an gasped, her legs spreading wider, her head thrown back. Una's other hand clutched La'an's hip, as her face nuzzled between La'an's labia. She was humming, or maybe she was moaning or laughing... it was hard to tell. It was a buzz against La'an's clit, matching the flick of Una's tongue. Then Una was *sucking* on La'an's clit, and La'an's hips surged forward, her heels digging into Una's thighs.

Una made a pained noise, and she pinned La'an's hips down with both hands, licking enthusiastically, thrusting with her tongue, sucking. Only Una could do this - only *Una* was big enough, was *safe* enough to hold her down and get so close. The wet sounds were blending in with the hum of the ship, and La'an sobbed up at the ceiling as her stomach began to tense up, her fingers digging into the duvet.

La'an's hands went over Una's, squeezing her fingers, then her own hair, the duvet - her hands couldn't seem to stay still. She was grabbing one of her own breasts, and she'd occasionally pause to look between her own legs to see Una's head bobbing, and then she was teetering on the very edge of her orgasm. It was a hot, tight pressure in the depths of her belly, making all the hairs on her legs stand up.

Una's hands left her hips, and then they were grabbing La'an's own. She was sucking on La'an's clit, her tongue working over it in quick little flicks. It was all wet and hot suction, and La'an clutched at Una's hands as she tumbled over the edge and came, the sweetness rushing across her nerves, wringing her out and leaving her stuck and panting.

Una pulled off of La'an's vulva, kissed her inner thigh. She rested her chin on La'an's belly. Her eyes were wide and bright, and she was looking very pleased with herself. Her lips were shiny, and then she was wiping her mouth on the back of her hand. "That," she said, her voice low, "was delightful."

La'an shivered, and she licked her own lips. When Una came up to kiss her, La'an licked up her own orgasm. Una was looming over her again, and La'an pulled Una on top of her, the solid weight of her pinning La'an to the bed. When the kiss was broken, Una stared down at her with, still panting.

"You weren't bad yourself," La'an demurred. Her head was still spinning, her cunt tingling from Una's mouth.

"*Weren't bad?*" Una demanded, her expression mockingly offended.

"I," said La'an, reaching around to knead Una's breasts where they hung down against her, relishing the softness, "may even break out the step ladder."

Una was still making an unimpressed noise as La'an pushed her onto her back, but she was grinning when they kissed again, her hands cradling La'an's face like it was the most precious thing in the world.

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