

The Starship Promise

Novus Peregrine



Ash couldn't help but smile as she approached her new ship. While she would *never* have wanted to come into the money necessary for her dream the way she had, with the loss of her parents still hurting terribly even three years after it happened, the fact remained that she was now the Captain of her very own light freighter. A freighter well suited to running out on the galactic rim, pushing the borders of wild space, seeing new places and things all the time. For all intents and purposes, it was Ash's dream come true. She liked to think that her parents were at least happy looking down from heaven that their fate had led her here. She's made a promise at their funeral to chase her dreams, the way they'd always encouraged her to...and she was about to reaffirm that promise, even if there was no one here to see her do it. Her ship needed a name, after all. With a deep breath to steady herself, she stepped up to the ship's hull with a specially-prepared bottle of champagne in her hand. She lifted the bottle and, with a mighty swing, brought it down on the hull.

"And thus I christen you, the starship *Promise*."

The solemn weight of both the name and the tradition settled over her for long moments. Then she drew in and expelled another deep breath and her broad smile returned.

"Well now, it's time to get myself some crew. And I already know where to pick the first one up, don't I?"

She made her way to the ship's ramp, smirking as she strode up it and into the ship's halls. Making her way to the cockpit for the final pre-flight checks, she let her mind wander a bit...mostly to the person she was heading to meet. Dessina Hishku was, perhaps, the single most talented navigator and administrator that Ash had ever met. She was also, as it happened, an old flame of Ash's who had been two years ahead of her at the Academy. They'd been pretty happy together, even if not exactly exclusive, and it had only been Dessina's graduation that had broken things off. Even then, they'd

remained friends...which meant that Ash had gotten to listen, frequently, as her Talorian friend vented about the employers she was stuck in a contract with. Said employers, *Blue Galaxy Enterprises*, had paid the high tuition for Dessina to go through the Academy...and now she was stuck with them until she paid back their investment in her. Which wasn't going to happen anytime soon, since the idiots were horribly misusing her talents as a barely-more-than-entry level desk jockey. All while her immediate supervisors stole her work.

It was an old story, one that usually didn't have a happy ending. But this time it was going to backfire on the people pulling it, for Ash had sneakily made an offer to buy out Dessina's remaining contract. She'd pointed out to the *Blue Galaxy* head office that Dessina hadn't 'made much of herself.' Since the head office didn't know that all the ideas coming from her immediate superiors were actually Dessina's, the company had cheerfully written Dessina off...and those superiors were about to have some karma come visit them when they couldn't follow through on Dessina's projects. A nice, neat little revenge that just so happened to get Ash an incredibly talented second in command. One with a *spectacular ass*.

Of course, she thought with a wicked grin, she also hadn't bothered to tell Dessina about any of this. Which, from her last messages, seemed to have the girl freaking out a bit, since she had zero clue who had just bought out her contract. Thankfully for Dessina, it was only two days to Misar Station, so hopefully she wouldn't have enough time to truly panic. Come to think of it, that fact was probably good for Ashe's continued health too. Otherwise, her friend might just be more angry than pleased...for a little while, at least. Dessina shared her dream of exploration, so ultimately she'd get over it even if she was a little pissed about Ash springing this on her. And she was cute when she was angry, too. So it was a win either way, really.

With that thought in mind, Ash finished up her pre-flight check and commed flight central for clearance. She lifted off from the Xanadu Shipyard with a huge smile on her face...

Ash couldn't quite suppress a laugh as she watched her friend and former lover work herself into a mild tizzy. Dessina clearly hadn't realized yet who had bought of her contract and was worried about the abrupt summons to a docking slip. Really, it was her own fault Ash mused, even as she managed to get her laughter under control. Dessina *should* have recognized the *Promise*, as it was a custom freighter and Ash had been sending her updates about it all along. The fact that she hadn't recognized her...and who had to be her owner...told Ash that her friend had just been skimming the files and pictures she sent. Shame on her and karmic justice was catching up to her. Still, it wouldn't do to let the woman truly work up into a proper fit of anxiety, so she turned off the exterior-camera and lowered the ramp.

The expression on Dessina's face when Ash sauntered down it a moment later was *priceless*. As was the slowly dawning irritation, though Ash figured she'd better get ahead of that. Coming within arm's length of her green-skinned friend, she went for an old favorite tactic to stop her before she built up a full head of steam...she reached up to boop her nose. The tactic was apparently made more

effective by their time apart, as Dessina looked startled as her eyes crossed to track the finger that had done the booping.

“Surprise! I got you out of that horrible contract! Though, now you’re stuck with me until it’s up. Still, I hope I’m prettier than your asshole boss was, and I promise to take you to far more interesting places. Can’t have the best damn navigator in the galaxy bored, now can I?”

Her indignation short-circuited by me pointing out what I’d gotten her out of, Dessina huffed...then grinned and reached up to grab me by the lapels of my jacket. I barely had time to blink in surprise of my own as she pulled me in and kissed me...rather thoroughly. It was a good two minutes before we came up for air. When we did, Dessina sighed and pushed me away gently.

“I wish you had *told* me about this rather than springing it on me...but I’m *way* too glad to see it’s you to get properly angry. So where are we going, and when can I get off this misbegotten lump of nightmares?”

Ash blinked in surprise. Wow. She hadn’t realized Dessina hated her job *that* much. Thankfully, she had an answer for her.

“Rimward. Specific destination is up for discussion, though I’ve already arranged a cargo of medical supplies and environmental spares. Stuff that will do well pretty much anywhere Rimward.”



Dessina cocked her head to one side, humming as she got that distant look that always came over her when she was thinking seriously on some puzzle or another. Ash took the time while her friend was thinking to get a truly good look at her. She looked good, if a little frayed around the edges. Sitting in an office all day hadn’t wrecked her friend’s curves and she noted that she’d kept the pink hair and eyes, the result of a gene tweak she’d gotten after a lost bet with a mutual friend of theirs. She was well-dressed, if far more conservatively than she had at the academy, though even that wasn’t saying much. There was no way to hide her...generous assets, after all, so Dessina had simply owned that long ago and

built it into her style. Though Ash noted that she might have to 'insist' on a skimpier uniform. She doubted her friend would mind...and if that kiss earlier had been a hopeful indication, maybe she could lobby for reinstating their 'Naked Thursday' policy from the one semester they'd roomed together.

She was shaken out of her examination after a few minutes by Dessina finally speaking.

"Vilkana, I think. They *always* need environmental systems and it's a good stop on our way to the rim. I'd guess you'll want to recruit at least another crewmate or two before we hit the Rim proper, right?"

Ash nodded firmly at that. It would be *much* easier to find crew in the core and mid-rim than it would on the actual rim. Particularly as Ash had...secondary criteria. Something that the amused light in Dessina's eyes said she was remembering.

"Still planning to crew it with only attractive women?"

Ash grinned. "Hell yes! What, you're not complaining, are you?"

Dreissa laughed lightly, even if she was also shaking her head in fond exasperation. She seemed to do an awful lot of that around Ash.

"You know I don't mind...particularly if you're interested in getting 'reacquainted.' I know from experience it's better to have help in dealing with you."

"And the fact that you swing both ways doesn't hurt." Ash couldn't help but point out.

Dessina nodded agreeably. "And that you have good taste in women, both physically and personality wise."

They both managed to keep a serious face for all of five seconds, before devolving into giggles.

As much as Ash wanted to follow up on her new First Mate's mention of getting 'reacquainted,' the truth was that the pair of them had far too much to do and too little time to do it in. At least until they got back in space. Ash needed to go over the ship after it's first major flight, they needed to pick up cargo, Dessina needed to move all her things from station housing to the ship, and they needed to talk about long term goals. After three and half days of running around like headless poultry, that last bit was what the two exhausted crewmates found themselves doing. Ash was reclining on the comfy coach of the ship's small lounge, with Dessina idly scrolling through data on the ship itself as she relaxed in a similarly comfy easy chair. Eventually, it was Dessina that broke the silence.

"Okay, Ash. I've got to admit, this is one *hell* of a well put together ship. You gave is some serious teeth for a freighter, some of it barely legal, and what it can't fight in can almost certainly outrun, given the *outright* illegal mods I spotted on the engine. How the hell did you get those put in straight from the builder, anyway? I know you haven't had time to add it since she commissioned."

Ash lowered her arm from where it had been covering her eyes, shifting her head to look at Dessina...specifically at the very nice view she had down the Talorian's shirt as her new crewmate leaned forward over the pad. Not that said Talorian seemed to mind, though from the smirk on her face and the way she leaned a bit farther forward over the datapad, she certainly noticed.

“One of the engineers was seriously cute. Wanted to recruit her, in point of fact, but I couldn’t convince her to leave since building ships was basically her dream job. She was more than willing to sneak in some illicit mods for the right *incentives*, though. Particularly as she is one of those manic types that don’t like or understand why the regs won’t let them do all the crazy shit to ships that they want.”

Dessina chuckled and shook her head...but then she sighed and leaned back.

“That brings up a serious issue, though. Which was where I was going with this in the first place. Namely, crew.”

Groaning and puffing her cheeks out, since she knew this would be a serious discussion, Ash reluctantly pulled herself upright and looked across the table at her First Mate. With a sigh, she took the bull by the horns.

“Yeah. There’s no way the two of us can maintain even half of the ship. I might be a decent engineer but some of this stuff is well beyond me. For now, with everything fresh out of the box, we’ve got plenty of wiggle room. But in the long haul...and especially when we get out on the Rim...”

Dessina nodded but tapped her finger on the datapad for emphasis. “A proper engineer is going to be one of our major issues, yes. But not the only one. I noticed you have a hydroponics stack set up and plenty of seeds...but nothing growing. Having it is smart, since we’re heading Rimward, but you know how finicky maintain one aboard ship is. We’ll need someone to handle that. And we honestly probably ought to have a dedicated security officer and gunner, given how much bite you managed to pack into our defenses. Good as you are as a pilot, I doubt you could manage all that boom while flying and you know I’m a horrible gunner.”

Ash grimaced. Dreissa was a good all-rounder for the most part, in addition to her *spectacular* navigation and administration skills. But there were a few holes in her otherwise excellent skills. Such as the fact that she’d struggled to hit the broadside of a *stationary* dreadnaught in simulations. And that was *with* the auto-targeter assist turned on. They’d checked once, somehow Dessina actually made the auto-targeter miss *more* than when she wasn’t ‘helping.’ And considering the bad reputation auto-targeting modules had for piss-poor accuracy, that was...alarming. And made all the more confusing by the fact that the woman was actually a crack shot with a pistol.

Dessina sighed. “You know, wanting to make this a flying harem is going to make it harder to fill those spots. I know your luck finding people is good, but...”

“But nothing. You know it’s not just a pervert thing. I want a crew that I can relax with and I don’t really ever feel like I can with guys for...reasons you’re familiar with.”

Dessina sighed again. Both of them suspected she’d be doing a lot of that. That didn’t keep her from reluctantly nodding, though.

“I know. Just so long as you’re aware that we might end up spending quite a lot of time in the mid-rim. All of those are positions it would be best to fill *before* we venture into the relative lawlessness of the true rim.”

Ash grinned. "I know, Dres, I realized that from the start. I'm content to take the time we need, so long as we can make a profit doing so. We need to properly break in the *Promise* anyway. And besides, I've got your contract for the next five years...so you've got plenty of time too."

Dessina growled at being reminded just how much she'd been screwed over. Her original contract had only been for *three years*. But by the time Ash had bought it out, every trick in the book seemed to have been used to extend it out. Some of them probably weren't very legal, but Dessina had been stuck between a rock and hard place on that angle, as she hadn't exactly had enough cash coming in to get a decent lawyer. Not one that could take on a MegaCorp, at least.

Sighing, Ash pushed off the couch and held a hand out to help Dessina up as well.

"I suppose we'd better go ahead and file a flight plan. We can rest properly once we're in hyperspace."

Dessina nodded and accepted the hand up. It was time to get to work...

One of the best and worst things about space travel is that...hyperspace is boring. Even with the need to maintain your vessel, at least half of an average day for a spacer during hyperspace jumps is filled with free time. A great opportunity to catch up on your reading, plan galactic domination, or immerse yourself in various other hobbies, really. While Ash and Dessina were maintaining the vessel alone and thus had more duties than usual, this was in turn offset by the fact that the *Promise* was a brand-new ship, a ship custom made by one of the most reliable and trustworthy shipyards in the galaxy. So long as they stayed on top of typical daily maintenance, it would likely be months before anything needed replaced.

All of which was just fine with both of them as it meant they *finally* had time or getting 'reacquainted.' And the best part, as far as Ash was concerned, was that it was Dessina who had made her intentions brutally clear by showing up in the cockpit in nothing but lingerie. Specifically, lingerie that was open at the crotch and bust, leaving its only purpose being as an accent to her beauty.

-----Scene Split! There are Futa and Non-Futa options! This is the Futa Option-----

Ash managed to lock down the controls just in time for Dessina to slide into her lap, the action so natural to both of them that it almost felt like they'd never been apart. But they had, and the kiss that followed was slightly more tentative than it should have been as a result. Still, the tiny hesitations and explorations faded quickly as they got familiar with each other again. Ash's hands found their way to the well-remembered curves of Dessina's ass, even as her green-skinned friend's hand reached down to massage the bulge rapidly forming in Ash's pants. Ash groaned into the other woman's mouth as the massage rapidly made things painfully tight.

Dessina giggled and unfastened the crotch of Ash's pants, both of them thankful that she was in casual clothes at the moment, rather than one of the ship's suits. Ash sighed in relief as her cock was freed from its confinement, then moaned as Dessina's smooth hands began to play with the monster. They broke from their kiss, Ash moaning into Dessina's shoulder as the Talorian refamiliarized herself with Ash's cock, lightly caressing it from tip to base. Ash tried not to buck even as she felt her friend shake her head.

“I’m always amazed at how big this thing is. And that you got it with just a single generic gene mod, instead of needing to get it custom tweaked to this size. I seriously still think you must have some Centruoaide in your genetics somewhere.”

Ash growled. She wasn’t exactly opposed to discussing her dick, but not when the other woman was teasing her like this. Thankfully, she could easily do something that that! With a lurch and the rippling of powerful muscle, she heaved to her feet. Dessina yelp as she was lifted up off the ground entirely, swept up in Ash’s arms. Ash considered the cockpit control boards for a moment, before reluctantly deciding fucking Dessina up against them probably wasn’t safe even with them locked. Instead, she took the two steps to the cockpit door and carried Dessina into the hall. She almost faltered when the Talorian caught up to events and drove her hand into Ash’s pants, reaching past her balls to find the dripping pussy Ash had actually been born with. Ash’s legs wobbled as her friend-cum-lover sunk a finger into her, but managed to steady both of them for a few more moments, which is all she needed to reach the ship’s small lounge.

Smirking, she tossed her cargo face-down onto the couch, ignoring Dessina’s indignant yelp as she quickly shed her pants, thankful for an instant that she’d never gotten used to the idea of boxers and panties were thoroughly uncomfortable. Going commando meant one less article of clothing to strip in situations like this...which also meant that she managed to pounce on Dessina before the woman made it past her hands and knees. Her ‘victim’ yelped, then moaned as she felt Ash’s monster sliding through her pussy lips. The pink-haired beauty came unglued, even without actual penetration, as Ash slid her cock between the Talorian’s lips to gather lube. Of course, Ash had chosen to do so with malice aforethought. Unlike humans, Talorian’s had dual clits situated to each side instead of one central magic button and Ash’s cock was currently rubbing both of them *just* right.

As Dessina’s arms gave out on her and she face-planted into the leather of the sofa, Ash grinned and set aside the foreplay. One hand on the green woman’s gorgeous ass, she used the other to line up and thrust home with a slow-but-smooth motion, her own groan joining the nearly incoherent babble of pleasure Dessina was half-shouting into the cushions. The Talorian woman was even tighter than Ash had remembered, causing her trouble immediately. She’d been going through a bit of a dry spell, aside from a couple of flings with that cute engineer, and the last few days of having her old lover in reach but being too busy to follow through had set her on edge.

She struggled not to cum even as she began to thrust, knowing she wouldn’t have to hold out for long. A thought that proved almost prophetic as, on only her fourth thrust, she felt Dessina’s pussy clamp down on hers as the other woman came. Ash didn’t let up, knowing she was already past the point of no return now herself, stretching out Dessina’s climax by thrusting despite the resistance...and then she was pouring heavy pulses of hot cum into her friend, the woman howling through another orgasm from the feel of it.

Both of them lay there panting...but only for a minute. Ash hadn’t gone even half soft...and she was now lubed up well enough for her favorite feature of Dessina’s body. She pulled out of the woman’s pussy, cum spilling out in slow motion after the lewd sound of a separating seal...and then she lined up on the unprotesting Talorian’s *other* entrance. Like always, she intended to fuck the other woman until she passed out...

-----Scene Split! Lesbian Version!-----

Ash quickly locked to controls and stood, meeting her ex a step from the pilot's seat. Their arms wrapped around each other even as their lips met. There were a few tentative moments before half-remembered sweet spots were found again and they lost themselves to the sensations. Ash's hands fell to her friend's glorious ass, drawing a gasp from the woman, quickly followed by moans as Ash's hands caressed and kneaded. Dessina own hands found the zipper of Ash's catsuit, deft fingers quickly unlocking the specialized fastener that kept it securely sealed against atmosphere loss.

Somehow, the two of them moved in synch as Dessina slowly stripped her Captain out of her suit, delighted as always by her friend's tendency to go commando in the skin-tight outfit. By the time Ash stepped out of it completely, they'd somehow migrated to the lounge, neither having more than a hazy idea as to how they'd gotten there. Dessina was the first to collapse onto the leather couch, weak in the knees from Ash's roving hands, which had moved on from her ass to her breasts at some point in their short journey. Ash grinned as she followed, pushing her soon-to-be-not-an-ex down on her back, grabbing the other woman's wrists and trapping them above her head. Dessina mewled and squirmed in protest...but Ash remembered how well the other woman loved this, not being fooled for an instant. She kissed her way down to the Talorian's tits, lavishing each in turn with attention.

Unable to go any farther without releasing Dessina's hand, Ash chose another path, keeping ahold of her lover's wrists even as she flipped her body around. She only let go as her own drooling pussy lowered to Dessina's lips. The green-skinned beauty's hands immediately moved to grab Ash's thighs, pulling her in even closer, her longer-than-human tongue delving deeply into Ash's sex. Moaning and not wanting to lose their little unspoken contest, Ash leaned forward and pushed Dessina's thighs apart, grinning wickedly as she zeroed in on the Talorian's pussy. Unlike humans, Talorian's had two clits, one to each side of their folds...and that meant that Ash had twice the number of targets. She teased one with the fingers of her right hand, even as she leaned forward to suck and nibble at the other. Neither of them were *quite* as sensitive as a human's, but the radically different sensations on each were more than enough to make up for that, and Dessina quickly began to lose the race on who was going to cum first. Not that either of them truly minded.

A bare two minutes later, Dessina shuddered through her first peak...only to redouble her efforts the moment she recovered. Ash moaned into the Talorian's pussy, having switched to lapping up the practically-squirting cum. She quickly lost focus, despite her best efforts, as Dessina drove her to her own first peak. Both of them stilled for a half minute or so as Ash recovered...and then went about upping the stakes by getting their fingers involved, and not just in the traditional locations. They would be at this until Dessina passed out. It was always the green woman first, which is part of why said woman had never complained about Ash seducing others into their bed...

The next morning, Dessina woke in Ash's bed, finding her lover already gone. Knowing where to find her, she'd wondered out, not bothering with clothes, to find Ash disgustingly cheerful and energetic after their long night of making love...or fucking each others brains out. Whichever you wanted to call it, really. As they both sat down to the breakfast Ash had made for them, her Captain spoke.

"So, I think I might have a lead on an Engineer. It will take a bit of time to run down, though. Hopefully I'll have a destination for us by the time we reach Vilkana. That way we have some idea what sort of cargo to negotiate for."

Dessina smiled at the easy resumption of normality. It was one of the things she loved about her odd human. Never any awkwardness, or assumptions. Just a place in her bed anytime she wanted it...and she very much never wanted to leave it. Only the separation caused by her obligation to her sponsor had ever pulled her away. After all, where else could she find a lover so talented...who did all the work of finding other playthings to bring to bed as well? Not to mention someone who could make omelets this delicious...

<<End Part 1>>