

The Starship Promise: An Overheated Rose

By Novus Peregrine



Ash was *extremely* glad she'd recruited Dessina before coming to the planet Vilkana. Of course, she wouldn't have come here without her navigator suggesting it anyway. But that little detail didn't change the fact that the *Promise* faced its first real challenge as they navigated the roiling, chaotic thermals of the volcanic planet. No matter your level of technology, nature *always* had her say, and the brutal thermals of this planet pushed even a ship like the *Promise*. No one sane would ever attempt an autopilot landing on this hellhole...and Ash wasn't ashamed to admit that even she wouldn't have tried a manual landing here solo. Thankfully, she *wasn't* alone.

Dessina might primarily be an astro-navigator, but she was a decently able co-pilot as well. With her help, their approach to the mining station on the planet's southern continent was only *rough*, not impossible. And the landing itself, once inside the crude atmospheric bubble that the station produced, was quite smooth. Of course, maintaining that bubble was the entire reason that this planet *always* needed environmental systems components. The volcanic ash and raw heat were both hell, nearly literally, on even the hardest such systems. Combine that with the number of ships that took one look at the difficulty of landing here and said a firm 'fuck no,' and you had a planet that would always be welcoming to traders willing to take the risk. So long, of course, that you didn't crash into their refineries or ports during your attempts to land. The locals tendency to shoot down

anyone that looked like they weren't going to make it *might* also contribute to that 'fuck no' policy most traders had for the place, come to think of it.

Still, they'd made it down...and been greeted by an extremely pleased station requisitions officer. He'd practically rolled out the red carpet for them, once he'd realized exactly what they were carrying. Negotiations had been simple, too. The systems they'd brought were *quality*, not just quantity, and the man had been *eager* to pay nearly triple market value for them. Hell, Ash was pretty sure she could have squeezed more out of him...but it would have felt like kicking someone's puppy, given how badly they obviously needed the equipment. She'd settled, instead, for the station refueling them for free...and a bit of information on the side. She hadn't been stupid enough to directly ask him about promising people for her crew, of course. Places like this didn't willingly let their most critical people go and anyone she wanted would be 'critical' to an operation like this. Instead, she'd plied him with careful questions about the station. Details like which bars 'to avoid,' and businesses that were 'in need of things.'

Dessina hadn't been lying when she'd claimed Ash had 'good luck' with finding people. Crew, honest businessmen, *shady* businessmen, gorgeous casual hookups, that one random connection that her ship might need. Ash was good at *people*. Which wasn't quite the same thing as being good *with* people. That tended to vary with the person for Ash. But what she was, was good *at* people. Ash was fantastic at figuring people out. Their scars, their dreams, their hopes, desires, and fears. Which was the secret behind the 'luck.' After all, she knew how to work it in reverse, as well. How to *find* the people with the right hopes, dreams, fears or desires. She could both intuitively *and* logically connect all the little clues and cues needed to track down that one person she needed. Or, in this case, she could winnow through an entire mining station's 15,000 person crew to find anyone that met specific criteria she needed.

The first three days on the station were the easiest. With the leads she'd gotten from the conversation with the requisitions officer, she'd found several excellent business deals. Ones that let her refill her now empty cargo holds with commodities that would be in high demand at their next stop. Wherever that next stop was. Ash simply filled the ship with cargos that she got good deals on, while keeping them on a general theme so that most of them would likely find sales at the same sorts of market. It would be up to Dessina to figure out which market would give them the best profit from the combined cargos thus gathered, versus the time and fuel spent to get to wherever-it-might-be. It wasn't at all how most ships worked...but it was a good system for *Ash* and her talent *at* people, particularly with Dessina to help figure out the other end of things.

After those three days, they had two more to wait while the new cargos were readied and loaded. Which meant it was time to do the harder part. Winnowing through the station's crew to see if there was a suitable candidate to actually join her crew. Given her *specific* desires, even Ash wasn't sure she'd find someone on their very first stop...but she'd been asking questions all along, during her other deals, and she *did* have a few leads. On the first day, she struck out. But on the second...she hit paydirt. It was almost *embarrassingly* easy to realize that fact, once she first laid eyes on the woman.



She hadn't expected to see a Nymph, of all beings, on a *volcanic* planet. That wasn't the official name of the species, of course. Celaphorians, as they were properly called, certainly tended to remind humans of the old myths though. Sometimes so strongly that more than one person had tried to figure out if a few members of the species had gotten stranded on ancient Earth at some point. The idea ran into problems, given that the Celaphorians hadn't been space-faring much longer than humans. But, given their *extreme* talents with plants, ability to live off of nothing but sunlight, and general attractiveness to most humanoid species...Ash figured it was a lot more likely than the naysayers thought. They were exactly the sort of extraordinarily-useful sapient that the less...savory...races of the galactic community would have cheerfully abducted and sold as slaves if they'd known about them. Frankly, even today, there were more than a few unsavory *individuals* that would do such things. Or, at least, would use them ruthlessly. And Ash was betting from the depressed air around this one, not to mention her mere presence on the station at all, that exactly that had happened in this case.

Which is why she intruded on the sad, semi-angry woman's obvious desire for solitude. Thinking the glass of pure githera juice she'd ordered from a very confused bartender down in front of the woman, Ash silently seated herself across from the forlorn-looking woman. Normally only a mixer, and a slightly expensive one normally used in small quantities at that, the confused bartender almost certainly didn't know that the stuff was a close equivalent to alcohol for a Celaphorian. A fact that

cut an angry dismissal of her presence off before it got completely off the woman's lips. Instead, she blinked in surprise at the juice, then in suspicion when Ash simply slid it to her and gestured for her to drink.

"Already paid for. And all I ask in exchange is for you to tell me your troubles. At worst, you get to vent to a fellow offworlder while drinking something that will help you hate life a tiny bit less for an hour or two. At best, maybe I have an offer that will interest you, depending on those woes. And no, the offer isn't just an invitation to my bed."

The woman's lips actually quirked into a grin for a moment at Ash's desert-dry tone. With only a moment more of hesitation, she shrugged and picked up the glass, downing a third of it in one pull. She closed her eyes, savoring the taste, even as the hit of what amounted to *extremely* high-proof alcohol started buzzing through her system. Slowly, over the next couple of minutes and one or two much smaller sips, a lot of the tension and anger bled off the redhead, though there was still quite a lot of *bitterness* there when she finally spoke up.

"Given that you knew to give me githera juice in the first place, I suspect you already fucking know my problem. Or can guess, at least."

Ash nodded, sipping her own drink.

"Stuck here after some scumbag Captain or asshole lover got tired of you? That's my bet. The more interesting question would be why you haven't left since, though. This place has *got* to be a near-literal hell for a Celaphorian. Can't imagine you're still here willingly, unless it was *very* recent. And I get the impression it wasn't."

The woman gulped down another heavy swallow of her juice at that comment, instead of just sipping. For a long, tense few moments, Ash wasn't sure she'd speak again...but eventually the redhead gave in.

"Because it was a Captain, not a lover. And the rat bastard didn't just kick me to the curb...he found a way to make me violate my contract on accident. And he very blatantly did it *on purpose*. Specifically while on this planet. Just so his buddy could 'bail me out' of the significant breach-of-contract debt by offering me a loan and a job in the hydroponics bay of this hellhole."

Ash winced. That was...nastier than she'd thought. On the other hand, it was *possibly* good news. If she played her cards right. And assuming that the debt could be dealt with. Given the killing that they'd made on the cargo delivery here, they were firmly back in the black, from the borderline broke that Ash had been after paying for the *Promise* and buying out Dessina's contract. But if getting another crewmember aboard cost as much as buying out said contract had...that probably wasn't feasible. Still, no use borrowing trouble just yet.

"Two questions. Well, three I guess, actually. Four if you want to get *technical* about it. But I suspect 'do you want off said hellhole' has such an obvious answer I don't need to actually ask *that* one."

The wry comment got a crooked grin out of the woman...who was eyeing her with a mix of slight hope and a *lot* of jaded cynicism. That could be a problem...but hopefully one that she could head off at the pass, depending on the answer to the other three questions. It wasn't exactly unexpected, either. Ash was, after all, a Starship Captain offering a *deal*. Just like the 'rat bastard' that had set the woman up.

"First question. What's your name?"

Ash delivered the question with such utter seriousness that the Celaphorian blinked in confusion at her for long moments...before snorting into her drink. Shaking her head with a tiny grin, the woman answered.

"My name is A-wild-rose-that-blooms-under-the-midnight-sun-on-the-longest-day-of-harvest. That, of course, is a bit of a mouthful for humans. So you can just call me Rose or Bloom. Either one works."

Ash nodded, having known that was coming...and having made sure to pay careful attention.

"Then may I introduce myself, A-wild-rose-that-blooms-under-the-midnight-sun-on-the-longest-day-of-harvest. I am Ashley-Terra-Wildhart-born-of-the-dawn-in-the-waning-days-of-spring. However, even for a Celaphorian, that's a bit long in Basic. So you can just call me Ash."

Rose was blinking rapidly, completely surprised to the point of actually gaping a bit.

"...How?"

Ash grinned.

"Met a *really* fun Nymph when I was studying at the academy. She was super into names and I was interested enough to have her help me figure out what mine ought to be. Well, as close as a human can manage, at least."

Rose didn't even blink at the nickname of her species. Which was a good sign. Most of them didn't mind, finding the myths that might well be about them sort of flattering. The ones that *did* mind usually had bad experiences of a *specific* kind. Which wouldn't necessarily put Ash off...but it would mean they'd probably be taking someone with personal baggage aboard. Given Ash's own past issues in similar directions, she'd never hold that against someone. But fewer complications was still a good goal. And Ash's...extra bits...might cause issues with that type of complication, in the worst-case scenario. Even other humans often had a hard time wrapping their head around her gender, let alone alien species where such things might not even be possible.

Meanwhile, as Ash contemplated what the woman had already unknowingly given away, Rose finally seemed to come back on balance from her surprise. Her eyes were considerably less guarded than they had been. Not completely unguarded, of course, but a big chunk of her jaded look had been replaced by naked curiosity. An *excellent* sign, since Nymphs were one of the *very* few species that were more driven by curiosity than even humans were. Seeing it burning strongly in Rose meant she wasn't *totally* embittered yet.

"Right. Now that we've had proper introductions! Second question time. Why did you leave home in the first place?"

Rose's expression grew even more puzzled at the question, clearly having still been expecting something else. Thankfully, her curiosity seemed to win out after a moment.

"I really wanted to explore. I'm only a little past my first century, so I'm a bit young for it...but I got hit pretty hard with wanderlust. The ship that... that *gretvial*... was the Captain of was known for traveling all over the mid-rim. He even claimed to make occasional runs Rimward from time to time. It seemed like a really good chance to see more of the galaxy..."

Even as Rose's expression turned sour, Ash grinned.

"Perfect! Hopefully! Last question, the one you were probably expecting some version of I'm afraid...how deep in debt are you? And, technically a separate question I suppose, were you planning on working Hydroponics on a ship, originally?"

Rose cocked her head, taking another sip of her now mostly-empty juice. She considered Ash for a long moment, before finally answering.

"Yes, to the second. And...only about 2,500 credits to the first. The problem is that, as the fucking bastard that has had my debt for the last five years knows, the costs of renting a place with the specialized enviro systems to keep me healthy on this hell-world eat basically everything he's paying me. I don't have legal recourse, because he's actually paying me a fair wage. It's just that, on Vilkana specifically, I have trouble paying off more than the interest. And I don't have enough of a work history to get an offworld sponsor to pay in advance so I can leave."

Ash's grin widened hugely. This was *perfect*.

"Then, I'll offer you a job right here and now. So long as you can pass a basic test on my ship to show you can run the hydroponics stack...I'll sign you on a one-year *no penalties* contract. With a three thousand credit advance on your salary. A salary which I promise to pay at a rate of at least 5% above standard for your skill level. With an additional 10% bonus if you contribute meaningfully to the crew beyond the hydroponics stack. If you earn the bonus, then you'll also get an option to reup with us at the full 15% above standard pay as your new base once the year is up."

Rose's eyes had turned guarded as the pitch started, but had widened into disbelief by the time Ash finished. Before that disbelief could turn to suspicion, Ash raised her hand to stall her and continued.

"Yes, the terms are generous. But I have two reasons to make them so. One, I'm running a brand-new ship of which you'll only be the third crewmember, including myself. That comes with risks that I'll fail. Since the no-penalties clause will run *both* ways, if my venture goes under before the one-year mark, I won't be forced to pay out the rest of your contract. I *don't* expect that to happen. But we both get protection from the no-penalties bit. You're protected on the front end from something like your old Captain's bullshit. Me on the backend if my attempts to become an independent trader fail."

A fair bit of the disbelief in Rose's eyes had faded at the explanation, particularly at the last bit when Ash mentioned being an independent. That wasn't an easy thing to be, since it meant competing with megacorps if you stuck to entirely safe space. Even in the mid-rim, you needed special talents, like Ash's *at* people and Dessina's navigational and business genius, to make good as a full-on independent.

"Second, and this one is why I asked about your reason for leaving home, we're intending to head Rimward as soon as we have a solid crew. My second and I are both explorers and adventurers at heart...and I designed my ship from the keel out to operate out on the Rim. Fast and well-armed. But, even with being fast and well-armed, exploring the Rim isn't exactly *safe*. So, if you take the deal and end up staying with us..."

Most of the remaining suspicion faded from Rose's eyes as she pursed her lips, considering. What Ash had just admitted would turn a *lot* of people off. The Rim genuinely wasn't 'safe' in a lot of places. And risking your safety with a brand-new independent Captain, with no Corp or Guild backing...

"I want to see the ship. And you need me to take that test anyway. But if it looks good to me and we use a standardized contract instead of a custom one, filed with an offworld registry...than I'm interested."

Ash grinned hugely. Hopefully, she'd just found her second crewmate...

It had taken a little time to straighten everything out. The test aboard the *Promise* had ended almost as soon as it started...by the simple expedient of Rose *instantly* recognizing the hydroponics stack setup Ash had purchased for the ship. The Celaphorian had frozen on seeing it, then immediately and enthusiastically set about exploring every centimeter of the largish room the system had been built right into. Just like everything else about the *Promise*, Ash hadn't cut corners. She'd had an extremely good system custom fitted into an equally customized room, maximizing both space and output of the system.

Despite the relatively small size of the *Promise* by freighter standards...Ash had known they'd be heading into the rim. With that in mind, she'd operated on the assumption that both air and food might be hard to come by at times and carved out a significantly larger space for hydroponics than ships their size would normally have, if they even had such systems at all. In terms of total cargo space, they hadn't given up enough to really hurt anything, particularly given the lower overhead they'd have because of the system. But she *did* need a crewmember with highly specific skills to look after it as their primary job, which is

why a system of this size wasn't usual on freighters like the *Promise*. Unless you were planning to operate out on the Rim, it was simply more economical to purchase air and food on planets or stations you visited. But, since Ash had custom-built the *Promise* for Rimward operations...

The end result was something that their new crewmember had been *enthusiastic* about, to say the least. Initially a little off put by the size of the *Promise*, clearly not expecting much, Rose's opinion had done an abrupt about-face when shown the hydroponics section. She'd gaped for several long moments at the unexpected size, then rushed around looking at *everything*. She'd gone nearly manic when she'd identified the make and model of the custom setup...and had gone about showing her extreme approval by rattling off dozens of details about the system. The level of technical jargon had made Ash's head start swimming almost instantly...and caused Dessina to start giggling at her Captain's somewhat dumbstruck expression. Just because Ash had done her research and made sure to get a very solid system, didn't mean she *understood* all that much about it. Rose very clearly did, though...and the extent to which she was clearly and enthusiastically familiar with the system had qualified her well beyond the simple questions Ash had been planning to ask.

That had bot made formally offering the position to Rose easy *and* won the full approval of the Nymph. After all, the presence of that system, built into the ship as it was, had been the strongest possible proof that Ash both really did need a hydroponics expert...and had been telling the complete truth about her motivations. Or, well, almost the complete truth. The tiny detail about only wanting female crew hadn't been mentioned until Dessina took it upon herself to do so...but it had been promptly shrugged off, in a fashion that had left Dessina in stiches and Ash actually blushing. The Celaphorian had simply pointed at her new captain and, utterly oblivious to any reason why she shouldn't, stated that she was certain her captain could properly rail her whenever she was horny enough to need it.

Ash had *not* forgotten that Celaphorians *fit* the old stories about Nymphs. The whole race was well known for being...sexually open. Not to mention generally being in possession of extremely high libidos. Their race wasn't so much *promiscuous* as they were simply lacking in any concept of why sex shouldn't be a casual thing done for fun. Even with total strangers, so long as everyone consented. So much was such common knowledge, even among non-spacers, that Ash certainly hadn't forgotten it...

What Ash *had* forgotten was that Celaphorians could detect pheromones well enough to detect both arousal *and* gender. Rose had known Ash was attracted to her the moment she sat down across from her in the bar...and had likely known that Ash was packing something a bit 'extra' below the belt nearly as quickly. The Celaphorian simply hadn't seen any reason to comment on it. Though it likely *had* contributed to her wariness about Ash's offer, in hindsight. Her race might be casual about sex...but they weren't stupid. They fully understood that other races weren't so casual or open about it. And even the naivest of their kind were well aware of certain *reasons* they might be approached off of their home planet. As well as about the risks of responding to that sort of thing. The fact that Ash had developed an instant hard-on at the revelation that Rose was more than willing to take advantage of both the attraction and *equipment* her new Captain had to 'get railed whenever she needed a good screwing,' had left the usually confident Ash blushing and stuttering. Which, of course, is what had caused Dessina to lose it, nearly falling out of her chair cackling madly. Much to Ash's chagrin.

Of course, the testing and Rose's agreement to her new contract had been the easy part of getting everything sorted out. The harder part had, as Ash had known it would, come from the mining station's frantic efforts to try and keep their deviously-earned Nymph. They'd tried a dozen different things, managing to delay their take off for a full three days in their desperate efforts. But, legally, Ash and Dessina had crossed every 't' and dotted every 'i.' The contract had been filed with an offworld legal establishment with a good reputation, one said establishment was to concerned with protecting to be easily bribable. The debt A-wild-rose-that-blooms-under-the-midnight-sun-on-the-longest-day-of-harvest had accrued had been paid in every measure. The housing lease for the specialty room had been terminated with all securities forfeited to prevent any attempt to hold their new crewmember.

After three days of frantic efforts, the station had finally run out of petty foggy legal issues to slow them down with. The *Promise* had lifted off of Vilkana, fought its way free of the planet's wild weather, and jumped out towards the world of Trevalian, which Dessina had possessed plenty of time to research and determine as the best stop for their combined cargo. They were unlikely to be welcome back at that particular mining station ever again...but that was fine. Since they were intent on spiraling Rimward, it was unlikely they'd have returned there anytime soon regardless. And, even if they did...that station was hardly the *only* one on Vilkana. It had merely been the one in most dire need of their supplies. Which, given the sale of those supplies, wouldn't be the case for the next trader to stop there anyway...

Ash wasn't particularly surprised to discover it was Rose that had knocked on her cabin door. She'd seen their newest crewmate talking quietly to Dessina not an hour after lift-off, with both of them smiling and glancing Ash's way. She had chosen not to *assume*...but wasn't stupid enough to dismiss the most likely meaning of that, either. She *had* spent time with Celaphorians before, after all. And had been firmly reminded of their thought process during their initial contract negotiations. Which is why she was also unsurprised to see what Rose was wearing...or rather what she *wasn't*.



“Hello, Captain. The First Officer was kind enough to inform me that there are no uniform requirements aboard ship, save those required for on-shift safety. Was I correct in assuming that this means I can enjoy my species’ preferences? It’s much less bothersome to photosynthesize without impediments. Particularly in space, where sunlight is so limited at times.”

Ash knew full well that most Celaphorians travelling off-world adopted at least *some* concept of body modesty. For a number of very good reasons. Which meant that Rose was doing this for far more than practical purposes. Something given away by the twinkle in her eyes as well...eyes which were drifting down to the rapidly growing bulge in Ash’s pajama shorts. None of which meant she wasn’t willing to play along. Particularly if it meant the gorgeous woman was going to go around wearing nothing *all the time*.

“Of course! I would never wish to inconvenience a crew member over such a small thing, so long as safety is observed. And there are no real safety considerations for yourself in hydroponics. Just make sure you know where the nearest emergency suits are.”

“Thank you, Captain. I spent some time memorizing them already.”

The Nymph grinned and closed the distance between them, resting a hand light on Ash’s upper breast, tracing a gently pattern there.

“I admit, however, that I came here for more than a confirmation of allowed uniform standards. I would very much like to properly celebrate my new freedom by being railed by my new Captain. Dessina says you are quite sizable and energetic. Enough so that she claimed she’d join us later. For round ‘four or five,’ I believe she said. If her numbers are accurate, I do believe I will be quite satisfied with my celebration tonight. If, that is, the Captain is willing to oblige?”

Ash grinned and didn’t bother to answer verbally. Instead, she reached out and pulled the Nymph into the Cabin, using actions to answer a moment later with a heated kiss...and hands working their way down to a naked ass...

Ash woke in the most wonderful way possible. It wasn’t a new way...but it took Ash’s sleepy, pleasure-scrambled mind long moments to work out that it was a new *person*. Dessina was a heavy sleeper, still passed out curled into Ash’s left side, a warm and pleasant weight she was extremely familiar with. But that, in turn, meant that the lump under the sheets doing *delightful* things to Ash’s cock was not, in fact, Dessina. That realization set off others. Such as the differences between one of Dessina’s frequent blowjobs and this one. Her navigator definitely didn’t have a tongue that long or prehensile...nor did she have an apparent immunity to the need to breath, given how long Ash’s cock had been buried in the throat of the woman that had woken her up.

Slowly, through the haze of sleep and pleasure, the puzzle pieces fitted together and her memories of the night before returned. Memories of sampling the delights of a certain Nymph. Of hitting the triple play of getting a blowjob, taking the eager Nymph’s pussy with her legs up over Ash’s shoulders, and of pounding the same redhead from behind to find out how her rear entrance felt wrapped around Ash’s cock. Memories of Rose being *thoroughly* impressed that Ash was still ready for more when Dessina joined them in round four...and of actually managing to outlast *both* of the girls, even if only barely. It was a *good* memory, one that made her grin as she finally managed to push away the sheets, revealing the bobbing head of her new hydroponics’ specialist. Rose felt the absence of the sheets and her eyes rolled up, shifting to somehow *pout* around Ash’s cock. She gave it a last suck, cheeks caving in somehow not running the pout, then pulled off of Ash’s cock, crawling up her body to rest it at against her drooling slit instead.

“Captain. While I am delighted to find such a good partner. I must confess I’m most annoyed that I, a Nymph, failed to outlast you. This demands that I practice to regain my honor. Frequently.”

There was absolutely zero seriousness behind the happy declaration...but there *was* a set of grinding hips...and a soaking wet pussy that lifted and lowered down on the shaft more-than-ready for it a few moments later. Ash moaned, any attempt to reply cut off by the intensity of new sensations. Even before last night, she'd been with Celaphorians before. But there was no denying that the unique feeling of being inside one was something that added to their *reputation*. Unlike humans, Celaphorians had no external clitoris...but several *dozen* internal nodes that served much the same purpose. No one of them was quite as sensitive as that oh-so-magic button a human had...but combined they had nearly five times the total nerve endings. The intensity of the pleasure the species could get from a well-endowed lover tended to explain their relatively hedonistic society...and the fact that almost every female member of their entire race were 'size queens.'

Given that Ash's...past circumstances...had left her with a dick any human porn star would be jealous of, it was no surprise that every Celaphorian she'd ever been intimate with had been happy returning as many times as Ash could desire. A feeling that was mutual, given that the same anatomy that made her so good for them, made them feel *fantastic* for her, too. Every one of the pleasure nodes inside Rose's pussy was grippy and textured in a way intended to make every thrust drag across it with increased friction...which just so happen to be *incredible* feeling for Ash as Rose began to move.

Not that Ash had any intention of being a passive participant. Dessina had begun to wake up from the combination of movement and moans next to her, so Ash didn't hesitate to free her trapped left arm, lifting it right along with her free arm to grasp at the jiggling, bouncing breasts above her. Rose easily had the largest tits of the three of them...and unlike humans or Talorians, they produced a sticky, sweet nectar constantly, rather than needing to be in the process of rearing offspring. Grasping both breasts, Ash worked them, enjoying Rose's deepening moans at the mauling of her sensitive flesh...and making some of that nectar ooze out in a slow gush. Grinning, Ash kept up her actions with one hand, while scooping a generous helping of the nectar with her other. A moment later, she brought it back down to thrust into the mouth of her bleary-eyed first mate. Dessina was *not* a morning person...but the protest building in her was silenced as her eyes shot open at the taste. A moment later, the navigator was moaning as she wantonly sucked Ash's fingers clean. As with virtually every known sapient mammal...Nymph Nectar was both extremely tasty and a potent aphrodisiac for Dessina. Moments after running out of the nectar on Ash's fingers, her navigator was levering herself up to go for the source. Grinning, Ash refocused on the Nymph riding her, moving one hand to the woman's hips even as her other lover began suckling at her tits Ash's hands abandoned. Angleing her remaining hand *just so*, Ash managed to slide two fingers into Dessina and begin pumping, delighting in the navigator's lewd moans rapidly joining her own and Rose's.

Ash allowed the Nymph to ride her to a trio of climaxes of her own, Ash finally losing her iron control and pumping her own load into Rose on the second...before she took any more direct action. Using her considerable strength and the moment of weakness as the Nymph continued to spasm around her shaft for the third time, Ash lifted them both up, twisted up to a crouch, and roughly shoved Rose's shoulders back down toward the bed. The end result was a mating press, with Ash wasting no time in driving her cock down into the helpless body of her newest lover, who immediately went from the tail end of one climax right into the peak of another. Dessina, now horny as fuck from Nymph Nectar and Ash's fingering, wasted no time in mounting Rose's head, shoving her pussy into the shuddering woman's face. Ash grinned, using the favorable angle to pull Dess into a heated kiss, enjoying the pulse of arousal from the remnants of the nectar on her navigator's tongue, even as their new Nymph slid her extra-long tongue exactly where it needed to be...

Rose was going to learn the hard way that Ash was up for any challenge the Nymph cared to bring. After all, they were still five days out of their next stop and the ship would warn them if they were needed. Until it did, it was time to see what it took to break their new crewmate in properly...

<End of Part 2>