

# The Starship Promise: Rimward Bound

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It was on their second hop heading Rimward that Ash heard a promising rumor. They'd struck out on their first hop, which had been profitable enough but hadn't turned up anyone who fit the important qualifications of both capable and *female* for their last crewmember. While dropping off a load of food and thermal insulators above the ice-world of Irialle, however, Ash had caught rumors of a woman who'd been repeatedly sent by local security down to do punishment duty on the frozen hell below.

Now, to most people, that would have been a reason to steer clear. Ash, however, wasn't most people, and she'd always had an instinct for when there was more to a story. A little rumor hunting later, she'd managed to piece together an interesting picture of a woman named Molli Atwell. She'd drifted in from a contract on a ship a year ago...and in the time since been either a perfect angel or a perfect hellion in equal measure. She would go months at a time being a happy-go-lucky and cheerful sort, with nothing more a public indecency charge or two. Only to then spend just as long being morose and starting bar fights. Ones that generally resulted in *her* perfectly fine and sleeping off a hangover in the drunk tank, but all other comers missing teeth, suffering concussions, or otherwise laid up in some extremely painful fashion.

People had started to notice a pattern. Though it took talking to several different people who'd noticed *parts* of a pattern, before Ash had managed to piece the larger pattern together. From what she could figure out, Molli was a perfect angel whenever she was *in a relationship*, but got rowdier and rowdier when she was not. The even more telling detail was one she'd gotten out of an inebriated security officer who told her all about one of the public indecency charges. How Molli had been

caught wearing nothing but a collar, crawling through one of the greenhouse modules of the station. Everyone thought she must have been drunk, but the officer insisted she'd been completely sober.

To Ash, the whole thing painted a picture she was interested in chasing down the truth of. Which is why she'd stalled their next hop, despite having the cargo full up again, and was making the trip down to the outlying mining station on the planet's surface where Molli Atwell was currently undergoing punishment detail again. The icy hellscape left nowhere for anyone to let off steam, and Molli was currently suffering through keeping a lid on all the miners as they got more and more rowdy during their three month rotations planet-side. It was *normally* next to impossible to get deliveries down here, as it wasn't profitable enough to risk the storms. But that was changed for today, at least, as Ash was making at least a little of this side trip by running their shuttle with a full load of deliveries for the mining complex. That would likely calm the miners a bit, and give her a chance to talk to Molli...

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Ash's delivery of entertainment vids, quality foods, and at least one personal package that looked *suspiciously* like it might contain an inflatable sheep, had gone over well with the locals. The miners, at least those off shift when she'd arrived, had gone into a frenzy...and then promptly vanished with their loot to make use of it. Including the shifty fellow named Lewis, who she was fairly certain was going to do unspeakable things to that poor inflatable sheep. Hopefully it wasn't an AI-equipped model. She didn't want even second-hand responsibility for traumatizing an AI like that.



As for Mollie, the Security Officer was ridiculously heavily armed, with an expression of forced cheer on her face when Ash asked to have a word with her. Her gear *had* to be personal property, as she was clearly *far* more heavily outfitted than station security had been. By a lot. It actually put her bar brawling in a much better light. If his woman had intended *serious* mayhem, it was patently obvious that there wouldn't *be a bar left*. Possibly not a station, either, for that matter.

Which boded well for her as a potential crewmember, that sort of security would be perfect to have with them out on the Rim. But that was only if Ash's speculation was correct about her behavior. As Molli joined her on the shuttle for a lunch of food even better than what she'd offloaded for the miners, Ash set about gently trying to figure that out. She started with questions about Molli's previous jobs, immediately encouraged as she got happy answers about being with a crew that had worked out on the Rim. That was potentially incredibly valuable experience...and Molli's sadness at the revelation of a crew death and her immediately leaving the crew afterward was a possible indication of Ash's other thoughts. Time to take a shot in the dark and hope for the best.

"So he was your Master, then?"

Molli's flinch, followed by a full-body droop, was a comprehensive answer, even if she didn't say a word. Acting on instinct, Ash reached over the table between them and began petting the other woman's head. There was a moment where she tensed, but then Molli relaxed into the sensation with a deep sigh of contentment. Ash got up and shifted to Molli's side of the table, letting the woman lean into her as she continued to pet her fluffy hair. Seriously, seriously fluffy hair. She didn't know what race Molli was, but that hair was just so addictive to pet...

"Tell me about him?"

For a long minute Molli was silent. Then she slowly began to speak about her former Master. He hadn't been her first Master, her species apparently being quite long-lived. But he'd been one of her best, one with her for several years. She described how he'd helped her keep her instincts under control, focused them in healthy directions. Ash nodded along, piecing more and more of the picture together. Molli's race, whatever its name was, apparently had pack instincts. Strong ones that sought to create hierarchy. Molli wasn't an alpha, which meant that off-world she'd needed to find other solutions to create something like that hierarchy as a replacement for the instincts. Ash hummed as the story came to a close.

"You're just a Good Girl who wants to be good, but needs firm guidance, aren't you? And I'm betting the people you've gotten with since coming to this planet have been the type to simply take advantage, without taking responsibility. You had to drop them, when they hurt you...but that made your instincts go crazy again and you got into fights?"

Molli stiffened, then sighed.

"Yeah. The last one actually got me caught by security because he made me streak through the hydroponics section. I trusted he'd made sure it was safe, but he didn't. He was just cruel and wanted a laugh."

There was hurt in Molli's voice at that, which made Ash's heart ache.

"You know, my whole crew is sort of a pack. I have some...unpleasantness...in my past. So now that I've gone independent and gotten my own ship, I've been focusing on recruiting people with certain interests. Like one that enjoys being put in chastity and having someone else hold the key. Or our Nymph member that's extremely happy to get back to her people's habit of asking 'what are clothes again?'"

Ash deliberately made the tone of that last one light, getting a giggle out of Molli as a result. Good. She wasn't *broken*, she just needed a direction. Ash could do that, if Molli would let her.

"Don't answer right now. But you've only got two days left down here, right?"

Molli nodded, and Ash gave her another head pat.

"Right. I can hold my ship here for a few days, run some simple shuttle flights so we aren't losing money. You come up to the *Promise*, meet the crew. See if maybe you'll fit in, yeah?"

Molli looked at her with hopeful eyes and nodded...before snuggling her head into Ash's hand in silent a demand for more head pats. Ash grinned and complied. If this worked out, it would be worth the slight delay. Even Dessina wouldn't complain much, given that Molli had been working Rimward for decades. The local knowledge that represented, fairly recent local knowledge at that, would be priceless for their operations out there.

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Dessina hadn't initially been happy, but once she'd gotten a peak at Molli's resume after a few quiet bribes to local security, she'd been fully on board with seeing if the woman would be a good fit. Molli was a fully qualified ship gunner, in addition to being a fully licensed merc with an impressive record and top-flight gear that they wouldn't have to pay for. Records of where she'd actually been were spotty, but even the spotty records listed a dozen of the more well-known and well-established Frontier Colonies. That was incredibly useful local knowledge and, potentially, contacts. All wrapped up in an individual with two equally invaluable skillsets. It would have been worth the chance even if they were taking an outright loss. And their highly rugged shuttle, specifically picked out for and modified to best handle the rough conditions out on the Rim, was extremely well suited for supply runs to the local mining outfits. Which meant they were able to pick up enough incidental profit that they weren't actually losing money, despite the cardinal sin of sitting still in dock with full cargo holds.

It was three days after their initial meeting, that a hopeful looking Molli turned up outside the *Promise* and was swept in to be introduced to the crew. The Rouffite, as she finally introduced her species to the rest of the crew, was appreciatively wide-eyed as she toured the ship. Mostly, that had to be said, because she was clearly interested in the nude-as-the-day-she-was-born Rose, and Serria who's ship outfits were brief enough to show the edge of her chastity belt arching over her hips. Ash, in a calculated bid to let Molli get an honest feel for the environment and people, let those two sweep her away for the tour.

Molli still didn't make a decision by the end of that day. But that was fine. They'd agreed to give her up to a week, so long as she returned each day to spend some time with the crew. It was only the fourth day into that week that she asked to speak to Ash alone. Hoping that meant what she thought it did, Ash took her to the Captain's cabin, sat her in the comfy chairs there, and gestured for her to talk.

"Your crew...they are happy. And Serria is your...sub, right?"

Ash nodded at the term, easily clarifying.

"Serria is currently my outright submissive, yes. I'm the keyholder for her chastity belt. Rose is, like most Nymphs, basically a free-love sort of being. We have sex frequently, but she's basically up for anything with anyone on the ship, pretty much all the time. So, honestly, something close to a Free-Use situation for her, among the crew at least. Though not outside it. Dessina is one of my oldest friends, my First Mate as well as the Navigator. In your terms, if I understand it right, she's the pack beta. She's a switch and happy enough to submit when I'm in the mood, but tends to dom everyone else. Though, if someone isn't interested, she'll stay hands-off."

Molli was silent, then shook her head with a half-grin.

"Where were you when I first left my homeworld? Your ship would have been perfect for any of my kind. It's not *quite* like the packs back home, but it's close enough to almost make me homesick. And I didn't even *like* my homeworld."

Ash perked up.

"Does that mean you're interested in signing on?"

Molli hesitated, then nodded.



“I think so? But I want to be sure of what our relationship would be like. You know that I, well, replaced my need for hierarchy with...”

The Rouffite blushed and looked away, mumbling something. But Ash caught enough of it to confirm her suspicions. Grinning, she reached down and pulled something she'd prepared in advance out of the lowest drawer of her desk. She held it up for Molli to see, watching the woman's breath catch and knowing instantly she'd been right.

“Pet play, right? You want to know if I'll collar you and help you be a Good Girl?”

Molli licked her lips and swallowed, eyes never leaving the collar in Ash's hands. She nodded jerkily and whispered a yes. Ash smirked.

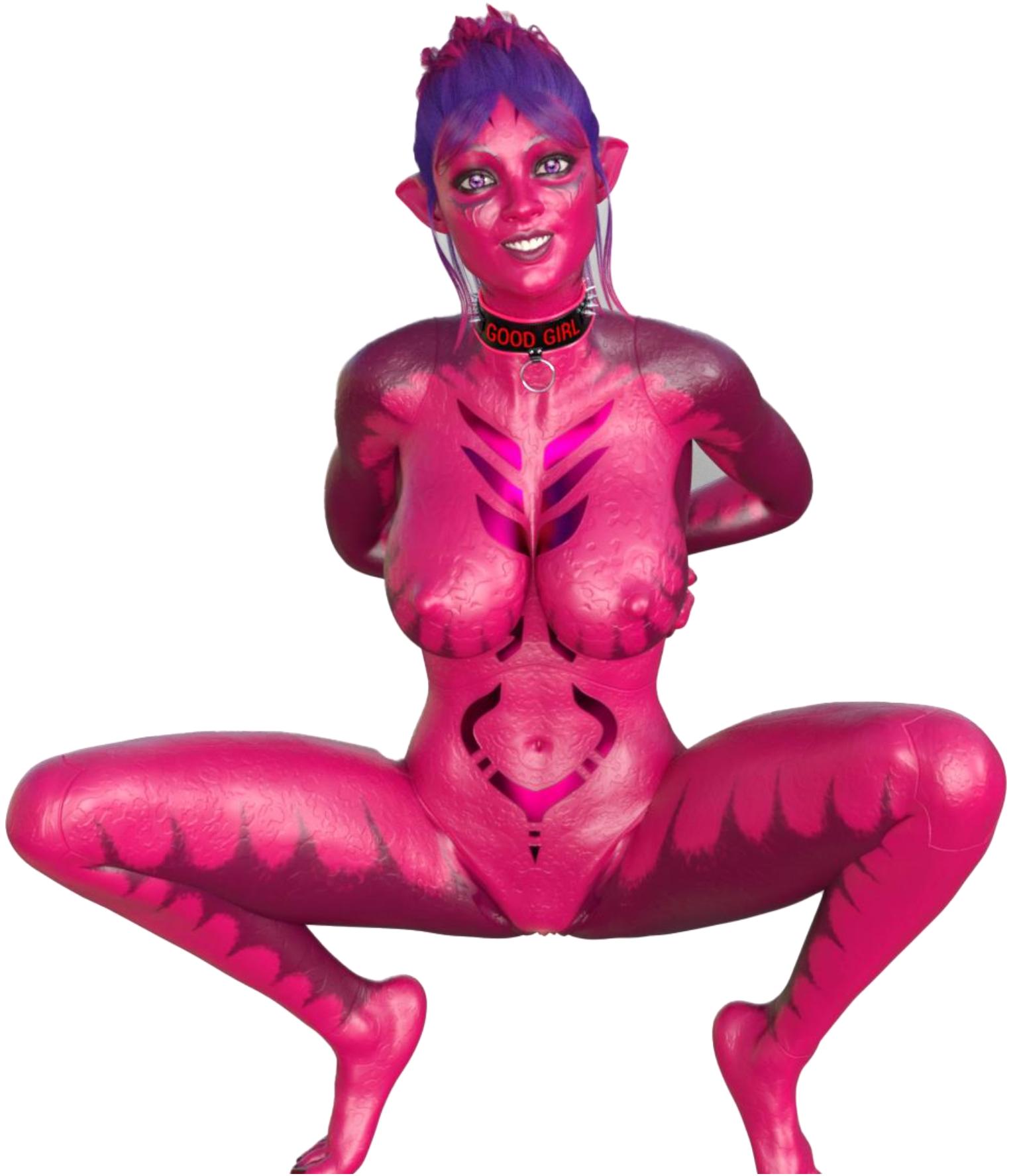
“Prove you can be a Good Girl, then. Strip!”

The response was almost instant, with Molli shooting to her feet and quickly beginning to shed her armor and weapons. She was careful with them, despite the speed, which Ash approved of. Those were her tools of her trade. Even fun sexy times shouldn't get in the way of taking good care of them, or else bad things could happen. Besides, even with that care, the brisk efficiency of obvious practice had Molli nude in three minutes flat...and squatting before Ash, arms behind herself, in what was clearly a well-practiced pose. Well, she hadn't ordered that, but she certainly wasn't against it.

Ash stood with a smirk, taking long strides as she sauntered around her obedient new pet. She stopped to ruffle her hair from behind, reached down to trace the girl's spine, enjoying the needy shiver and whimper she got as a result. There wasn't a whisper of protest from Molli as the inspection continued, tweaking nipples and even dipping a finger between the woman's legs to confirm just how dripping wet her pussy was.

“Good Girl.”

Molli visibly basked in that praise, and actively presented her neck for the collar as Ash placed it around her neck. She stepped back to appreciate the result...



Oh, Ash was in trouble. She was going to have trouble saying 'no' to that bright, happy smile. She just knew it. Still, that was for later, now was for testing limits.

"Okay, girl, we're going to go for a walk. Just around the ship. But if you feel uncomfortable, scratch my right leg, okay?"

Molli's eyes actually lit up at that, a clear sign that Ash needed to smack a few of her past lovers, who apparently hadn't even put basic safety nets in place. Idiots. Giving her new pet an encouraging head pat, she moved toward the cabin hatch.

"Heel!"

Molli, looking entirely comfortable on all fours, quickly obeyed. Hmm, no signs of discomfort. It might be that her species simply had tough enough skin not to care about the cool metal deck plating. But Ash would keep an eye on it. For now, time to tour the ship again and reintroduce the crew to her new pet! She opened the hatch and stepped out, Molli crawling obediently at her heels...

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"Oh! Now who's this? Such a cute pet!"

Rose, of course, played along without any need for a cue. Which was exactly why hydroponics had been Ash's first stop. The Nymph, even more nude than Molli as she didn't even have a collar, gave a cheerful smile as she leaned down to pet Molli's fluffy hair. Their newest crew-hopeful beamed and leaned into the Nymph's touch, causing Rose to coo...and let her hands roam a lot farther. Ash let it go on for a bit, even letting the Nymph extend her 'belly rub' into more of a 'pussy rub,' before clicking her tongue and calling Molli to heel. To her credit, the girl obeyed, even if she looked disappointed she hadn't gotten to cum. She'd let the two play more another time, but Ash wanted that first orgasm for herself. She waved goodbye to a mischievously grinning Rose and headed off to the next stop.

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Serria, if anything, had looked a little jealous as she played with Molli. She had, however, fallen into the play even easier than Rose, playing an absolutely adorable game of 'fetch,' with a dildo she produced from...somewhere. Ash had questions why there had been a dildo in the engine room. Doubly so considering the ship's only engineer was locked in a *chastity belt*. But said questions could wait until later. She let the two play for a bit, before moving them on again, incidentally leaving a moaning Serria behind as she rewarded her for playing along by triggering the toys locked inside the woman's chastity belt. They'd stop, eventually...after making the woman cum at least twice. It would disrupt the engineer's day a bit, but she somehow doubted Serria was going to complain about that...

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Dessina had been delighted by the sight of puppy-Molli. Though Ash knew her well enough to realize that much of her second-in-command's excitement was based on her understanding this likely meant Molli was joining. Even so, she was happy to lavish praise on the 'Good Girl'...as well as slip a finger into Molli's dripping sex and pump a few times before sending her away with a teasing 'go play with your mistress.'

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By the time they made it fully back around the arc of the ship and back to Ash's quarters, Molli was showing just the slightly signs of discomfort...while also threatening to make a mess of the floor with how much she was dripping. Making a mental note to look into some sort of carpeted runners for the ship that wouldn't get in the way of maintenance needs, Ash led her new girl back into the cabin, and showed off her own strength to a surprised Molli by lifting her onto the bed.

"Hmmm, I think the Good Girl deserves a reward...~"

Making a show of it, Ash slowly stripped, keeping a careful eye for any negative reaction as her half-erect cock eventually came into sight. Aside from a slight widening of the eyes and an appreciative lick of her lips, there was no major reaction. So either Molli had already known, or simply considered it a bonus. Well, given that most of her masters and lovers seemed to have been male, that wasn't a huge shock. Ash hadn't thought it would be a deal breaker, but it was always at least a tiny bit of a concern...

Swaying her way toward her new pet, enjoying the way Molli's eyes tracked her cock as it slowly hardened to full mast under that hungry gaze, Ash stopped just shy of the girl. He cock was only an inch from Molli's face, the pink woman's eyes dilated and half-crossed to watch it, when Ash gently grabbed the back of her head.

"Now, it's only right to properly *break in* my new pet. Be a Good Girl and lube me up, before I stretch you out until you only fit me~."

Molli was eager to obey. Ash barely got the last word out before the alien woman had closed the tiny remaining gap and began lavishing Ash's erection with little kisses and licks. It was an interesting approach, more animal like than a typical blowjob, and the novelty was nice...doubly so at the discovery, a moment later, than Rouffites had much longer tongues than she'd realized. That tongue couldn't *quite* wrap around Ash's thick size, but it came close, and Molli had far greater control over it than a human would. It turned the sloppy kisses and little nips from teasing to much more, as the alien woman followed the command to lube Ash up. She fully intended to bury herself in the woman's throat later, but for now...this worked. She pulled away before she lost her will to do so and climbed onto the bed with her new pet. Shifting one hand under Molli's tight abs, Ashley pointed at the bedspread with the other.

"Down."

The combination made it clear what she wanted, and Molli obeyed instantly, pressing her face and tits down into the bed, while her ass remained raised in the air. Making note of how effortlessly the woman flexed, Ash knew she'd be testing the limits of that flexibility later. For now, she lined up and smacked her cock down between the pink woman's rear cheeks. For a few strokes she slid between them...but then she angled down. The rear entrance was tempting, very much so and she *would* be returning to it a bit later. But for now, she bypassed the temptation to let her cockhead rest against Molli's alien pussy lips.

Ash had, of course, made a point of looking into Rouffite anatomy, once she'd had a species name to work with. Not doing so was both asking for trouble with possible incompatibilities and asking to be a bad lay if you had your anatomy wrong and did the wrong things as a result. Thankfully, Rouffite's were pretty standard, though with a few extras that became apparently as Ash roughly forced her way in. That roughness wasn't accidental. Rouffite's had a tight inner ring of muscle just inside their entrance, nearly as tight as a human rear-entrance would be. Instead of being painful to push through, however, the entire ring was their species equivalent of a clitoris, and the initial hard impact of pushing passed it triggered a sort of pseudo-heat reaction in the females of the species.

Molli was no different, instantly gasping and whining, bucking back against her new mistress as that ring was battered into and pierced. Knowing from her reading that these few moments were critical, Ash harshly spanked the alien woman on her ass, causing her to still...and only when she obeyed did Ash start to move again. Molli was a submissive member of the pack, her

instincts already programmed from past relations to acknowledge Ash as her new alpha. But that initial moment of forced obedience had been important to claiming the woman's instincts. Now that the brief struggle was over, Ash could do as she wanted...and cheerfully did so by starting to speed up, enjoying the way the woman under her came unglued as that clit-ring was rubbed harshly with every thrust of Ash's oversized cock.

Only needing a periodic firm smack to Molli's ass to keep the whining, moaning little puppy-slut obedient, Ash was able to focus fully on the intense sensations she was experiencing herself. Aside from that inner ring of tight, sensitive flesh that was squeezing her cock with every thrust, there were some other interesting differences to Molli's insides. Instead of a relatively uniform feeling, the Rouffite's pussy was lined with spiraling patterns of little nubs, coming closer and closer together the deeper she thrust. The sensations were almost overwhelming for Ash, despite her iron control...and they seemed to be equally intense for Molli who shuddered and moaned with every thrust. The deeper Ash worked her cock, the more Molli's brains seemed to ooze out her ears, with her body becoming compliant to every desire and twitch of Ash's movement. It took a couple of minutes for Ash to realize *why* that was happening...and when she did she almost ruined her own impending orgasm with a cackle.

Molli was *cumming*. She had been from almost the start. All the little twitches and spasms Ash had been feeling were the result of the Rouffite hitting an extended peak that *wouldn't stop* until Ash was done with her! She hadn't understood then database entry that had claimed Rouffites 'weren't really multi-orgasmic, but something effectively similar.' Not until now. It wasn't that Molli could cum more than once back-to-back...but instead that her species *kept* cumming once they started, until their lover was done using them! Oh, Ash was going to have so much fun with that later. But for now, she was far too close to the edge herself. With one final thrust, she buried herself deep and pumped a half dozen hot loads of cum into the shuddering puppy-slut under her. She panted as she half-leaned her weight on the girl for a minute, before withdrawing with a wicked smirk.

She still had another hole to claim, after all. The database had even said that doing so was part of declaring yourself the alpha! Molli might just be her favorite crewmate yet! Though she wouldn't tell the others that, of course. Hmm, or maybe she would? It might make them to fun sort of competitive if she framed it right...

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It was two days later that the *Promise* finally departed her berth in one of Irialle's orbital stations. While it had been obvious from the moment Ash snapped that collar around Molli's neck that the woman would be coming along, there had been quite a few details to sort out. Breaking her contract with the local security forces had been simple. Frankly, they were happy to see the back of Molli's complicated presence. She might be a reassuring extra bit of firepower for a mid-rim world, but the occasional bouts of disorderly conduct hadn't particularly endeared her to the security top ranks.

Sorting out her contract with Ash and the *Promise* had been a bit more troublesome. Not because Molli had too many demands, but because she had *too few*. Apparently, the moment she'd acknowledged Ash as her new Mistress/Owner, her primary goal in life had become *whatever Ash wanted*. That had put Ash in the awkward position of negotiating with *herself* in order to come up with the fairest terms for Molli's employment. In the end, they'd settled the issue by getting a neutral third party in the form of a local paralegal to observe as Ash worked on Molli's behalf to negotiate with Dessina. It was a bit of a surreal solution. But the presence of a certified neutral who had been engaged on Molli's behalf to make sure there were no shenanigans or unfair caveats had made the whole thing work. More or less, at least.

That probably wouldn't have been the case if Ash wasn't completely determined to be a fair captain. But, in this case, it had worked out. For everyone, really. Ash wasn't as good a negotiator as Dessina was, so the ship was getting a better deal than they might have if Molli was pushy. At the same time, Molli was still getting a good enough deal that the pink woman was

concerned it was *too much*. To be fair, a comparison to her last ship had shown that it actually was a fair bit more than her previous owner had managed to negotiate for her with the mutual ship. But the difference could easily be chalked up to the difference in accrued experience between then and now. So, Molli's former master really had done right by her, thankfully.

All said and done, they finally had the last member of the core crew that they really needed. Now, they were Rimward Bound in truth...

<<The End for Now>>