

~ USS. Argo ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, I know who the look like but these one are all mine.

Sex: Of course

Language and the rest of it: Yeah, my gutter mouth appears here, not really violent and if you're not old enough go the Hell away!

I wrote this Voyager parody a while ago and since I've been out of commission after reconstructive shoulder surgery, I thought I'd give ya all a laugh or two until I get the use of my right arm back.

USS. Argo
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Captains Log: Star date. "Computer what the Hell day is it? Never mind."

This is Kathryn Waynejay of the USS. Argo. Upon being sent 75 years away from home we came upon the Marquis ship, with the help of Capt. Chata'lot. Short gorgeous blonde, flashing green eyes. What I wouldn't do to see what is under her Starfleet uniform! SHIT! Computer transfer last remarks to personal log. We retrieved one of my crew and hers that had been kidnapped by the Caretaker. After she risked her ship, the USS Barney to help us defeat the Caretaker, I have decided to merge everyone into one Starfleet crew. The only problem is that her engineer is somewhat, how should I say? A PAIN IN MY ASS!!! Computer?. *I know I know personal log. Ya dense Amazonian bitch!* the computer screamed at her. The Capt. sat at her desk, her long black hair falling over her shoulders when she leaned back in her chair. Staring up at the bulkhead, she closed her eyes and watched as a short blonde appeared. She was interrupted when her com badge chirped.

"Chata'lot to Capt., we have a problem."

"Go ahead."

"A blue nebula has encompassed the Argo and something keeps banging on the hull."

"On my way, shields up go to red alert!"

The Capt. jumped over the railing and landed in her command chair, raising her left eyebrow she grinned at Comdr. Chata'lot. "Report."

"No idea what's out there. Sir....Ma'am....Capt."

"Bridge to engine room."

"What!?! " Was screamed through out the ship.

"Lt. B'ligerent, warp 9 at my command."

"Fuck you!"

Crystal blues eyes shot fire at Comdr. Chata'lot. "I'm going to open an air lock and toss her out!"
The short blond shrugged her shoulders and grinned at her Capt.

"Chata'lot to B'ligerent."

"What!?!"

"Is there a problem down there?"

"Ya, I'm not puttin the damn warp back on line until my popcorns done!"

"Lt. that is not a microwave," Chata'lot told her.

"Not again!" Six foot of pissed off Capt. stood up from her chair. She was about to storm the engine room when a better thought came to her. "Lt. McCormack, get your ass down there and get my warp back online!"

A tall blonde with long curly hair ran for the turbo lift. Mumbling under her breath about killing a certain half Klingfree. "That's it! She's cut off!"

"Capt., the pounding has moved, it's now closer to the front of the ship."

"Activate scans."

The com officer punched buttons on her counsel. "Capt., I'm showing a humanoid life form clinging to the hull?"

"Set transporters, beam them to transporter #2."

The Capt. ran for the transporter and drew back when the thing materialized before her. "What the Hell were you doing outside on the hull LT. Jack?"

"Washing portholes?" The scraggly officer gave Waynejay a grin showing her jagged teeth."

"Doc to Waynejay." "Doc here."

"Come get Jack before I open an airlock and toss her for good!"

"Yes Capt., on my way."

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A tall black female Officer dragged Jack by her ear down the corridor towards sickbay. "What were you doing this time?"

"Her porthole was dirty, I couldn't see through it. Soooo I was washing it." She grinned at her friend and cohort. "Come on Oink, what else am I suppose ta do at night? I can't sweep and swab decks 24 hours a day! And peeping on B'ligerent is all I do."

"And if ya get caught the Capt. or B'ligerent is gonna kill us both! Now knock it off!"

Jack mumbled under her breath as she was dragged through the sickbay door. "At least I don't spend the whole night in the holodeck with Comdr. I'm-not-real Chata'lot!"

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Back on the bridge the Capt. was sprawled out in her chair facing Comdr. Chata'lot, her one leg thrown up over the back while the other was braced against the armrest. Twisting a long strand of black hair around a finger, she kept shooting glances at the blonde in front of her. The Comdr. looked over and caught her with her tongue doing strange exercises. She blinked her green eyes and shrugged her shoulders as if it was everyday that someone made lewd gestures at her. "*Can you be any more obvious?*" Katie's little voice screamed in her head. "Must be a blond thing," she told it.

"Sir...Ma'am...Capt."

"What have ya got Comdr.?" *Besides a great pair of tits.* The little voice tossed in at the end.

"I'm showing some kind of cube on the scanners, it looks like one of those Rubik thingies."

"Screen it."

Sure enough, it was one of those Rubik cube thingies. A Genius did not work on it from the screwed up scheme.

"Are we showing any kind of shields or weapons on that thing Comdr. Slovak?" The Capt. asked the Tulcan.

"Not as of yet Capt. Perhaps if we send a crew over and they don't get blown to the next Quad we will know for sure. I think it would be kind of fun to see the body parts flying off in to space."

She tilted her head back to glance at her, noticing the huge grin on her face and her huge floppy ears wiggling in the air. "OK, sounds like a plan." She tapped her com badge. "Doc, Lt. Jack to the bridge ASAP."

Doc and Lt. Jack walked off of the turbo lift and approached the grinning Capt.

"I'm sending you two over to that cube." She pointed to the screen. "Once your there recon the area and report back to me."

"Are we taking a runabout?" Doc asked.

"No, we'll beam ya over there. When you're done, just give a yell and we'll beam ya back."

"Yes, Sir."

Jack skipped off towards the teleporter room with Doc dragging her feet behind. "Come on Oink, it can't be that dangerous. After all if it was do ya think the Capt. would send us?"

Oink smacked Jack in the back of her head. "YES! You idiot, do we ever get ta go to any of the Class M planets? NO!"

Jack scratched her head as she tripped up the stairs to stand on the X with her name on it. "Well, there was that one time we got ta go."

"Ohhh yeah and that's the time we found out that the Capt. can't read a map and has dyslexia! How do ya think we ended up in the Delta Quad?"

"Uuuhhmmm, but ya gotta admit those little blue smurfs were kinda cute."

"Just shut up and get up there." Oink looked to the Ensign standing behind the control panel. "Energize us." The big pink rabbit pounded on his drum and within seconds, Oink and Jack were inside the Rubik's cube.

"What a fucked up place!" Oink groaned as she looked at all the creatures attached to extension cords that all plugged into a huge surge bar. They jumped at the chorus of voices that rang out. "We are Smorg, escape is fertile."

"Oink, can we leave now?"

"You heard the Capt. we have ta look around first."

They worked their way around all the wires that looked like a serious fire hazard, until they came to two of the Smorg's fighting over the one and only empty socket in the surge bar.

"I must regurgitate!"

"It's mine, I saw it first!" A half of something was screaming as she crawled over the other ones back trying to plug her extension cord in. The larger of the two had bright shiny metal pieces embedded in its body and one of its arms looked like a huge drill bit. Showing immense strength it tossed the small one across the room to land at Jack and Oinks feet. It looked up at them with crossed eyes. "We are Smorg, escape it fertile. I must regurgitate."

"Just not on my boots!" Oink yelled. "Hey wait a minute, how come you don't look like them?" She pointed to the others.

"It's irregular." The Smorg replied.

"Oink, can we leave now?"

"Shut up Jack."

Oink looked closer at the Smorg, noticing that it had a sticker on its forehead that said "Intel Inside Pentium I"

"You're kinda out dated aren't ya?" She asked.

"You will be facimilated, escape is fertile."

"Yeah, yeah I heard ya. Come on Jack lets go." They started to walk away from the Smorg when Jack felt hands wrap around her ankles.

"HELP OINK IT'S GOT ME!"

"You will be facimilated, escape is fertile." It repeated.

Jack whipped out what looked like a phaser and pointed it at the Smorg.

"Let go or I'll zap ya!"

Oink grabbed the thing out of her hand. "Jack, how many times do I have ta tell ya ta leave my TV remote alone!"

"Sorry Oink, now will ya help me here?"

Oink tried to peel of the Smorg's fingers from around Jacks ankles but they seemed to have embedded themselves in to the metal bands on her boots.

"Only one way ta do this Jack"

Jacks eyes bulged at the Swiss army knife Oink had in her hand. "Good idea Oink, cut its hands off!"

"Not its hands Jack, I was gonna cut you off at the ankles."

"Are ya NUTS!?! " Jack tapped her com badge and screamed. "HELP!"

Within seconds, they were standing on the bridge with the Smorg still holding on to Jack's ankles.

"What the Hell is that?" Asked the Capt.

"It's a Smorg Sir." Oink answered.

Jack was struggling trying to get loose. She reached down, grabbed the drill bit, and pulled until it came off in her hand.

"EEEEWWWW!"

B'ligerent jumped up and ran over to take it out of her hand.

"Hey it's a Black and Decker cordless drill!" Looking down at the Smorg, she gave it a vicious look. "Gimme the batteries?"

"Hey that's.....we are Smorg you will be facimilated!"

"Gimme the batteries or I'll rip your other arm off!"

"Son of a bitch! I just can't get a break around this damn galaxy!" She got up off the floor and slapped the batteries in to B'ligerent's open hand. "First I paint myself blue and try ta live with the Smurfs. They found out and sold me ta the Smorg's, then when it came time ta Smorgasbord me they ran outta parts and now I have my drill taken from me. What's next? I'm probably stuck on a ship full of undersexed Amazonian bitches during that time of the month!"

"You're close!" Oink grinned at her.

The Capt. gave their new guest a disgusted look. "Doc take the...thing...it...what ever to sickbay and see what you can do for...never mind just do something."

Oink and Jack dragged the Smorg kicking and screaming down the corridor to sickbay.

"Oink, why do her legs seem ta have too many joints? It's not normal"

Oink gave Jack a strange look. "Normal, looks who's talking Lt. Unibrow!"

"Hey!" Jack smoothed her one eyebrow with a moistened fingertip. "It adds ta my mystique."

"Yeah just like the hair on your back! Now shut up and let's get Gumby ta sickbay."

Sweating and gasping for air Jack and Oink threw the Smorg down on a biobed, drugged her and strapped her down. Oink ran a tricorder over her patient and squinted, shook the tricorder, slammed it on the table and tried again.

"This damn thing ain't working!"

Jack leaned over her shoulder to look, then hit the "on" button.

"Smartass! Now get off of me!" Scanning the Smorg, her eyebrows drew down over her nose. "This thing says she's human, but I don't see anything human about her. At least not with all that metal and shit covering her body."

Jack once again looked over Oink's shoulder. "Strip her."

"NAAAHHHHH AAAHHHHH! You do it!"

MEEEE! I'm not a Doc and I don't touch anything that's a funny gray color!"

Oink took a very deep breath, closed her eyes and started to peel the leather shirt off of the unconscious Smorg. Opening one eye half way, she eased the leather open so that it fell to the sides of what at one time would have been a ribcage. Now it was stripes of metal spanning outward to wrap around towards the back. A thin metal mesh covered one shoulder with strips running down to burrow under the skin of one bicep.

"Jack would ya look at this?"

Jack was still behind Oink, with both hands clasped over her eyes and her forehead pressed in to Oink's back. Removing one hand, she peeked out from under Oink's arm.

"EEEWWW RoboCop!"

Using a pair of scissors Oink cut the leather pants away and almost fell on the floor when she took in the Smorg's legs.

"For the love of Gods! Look Jack, that's why her legs were bending funny!"

They both looked at the leg extensions attached to the Smorg's real feet.

"Oink, don't we use those ta reach the ceiling panels?"

"Yep, come on help me get these off of her."

Unlacing the leg stilts and tossing them to the floor they continued to remove all of the tattered leather clothing and external wiring that lead to nowhere. Finding the extension cord, Oink followed it to a battery pack held in place by metal bands to the Smorg's left thigh. Using the screwdriver on her Swiss army knife, Oink removed the screws on the bands on the battery pack. She noticed that the wires branched off under the gray skin.

"I'm gonna leave this thing on her, cuz I don't know what it does. And I'm not taking a chance on shorting out all the other stuff that the tricorder has reported to be connected to nanoprobes imbedded in her organs. But at least we can get her in the showers and maybe see if she rusts."

Once done with the Smorg, they returned to the bridge to report their findings to the Capt. Oink and Jack walked down the corridor with the Smorg trying to keep up with them.

"I want my clothes back! This is irregular, undeficient and weird! I will contact the selective and have you all facimilated. Escape is fertile!" She yelled as they stepped on to the bridge.

The Capt. looked at the Smorg and bit back a remark that she knew would also piss off Comdr. Chata'lot. Getting out of her command chair, she towered over the Smorg.

"OK, now that you have been cleaned up and look somewhat human, I want ya ta tell me who you are and what the Smorg's are doing in this Quadrant."

"You will be facimilated, escape is fertile!"

"Yeahyeahyeah, I heard ya the first dozen times." Capt. Waynejay replied. Her blue eyes looked down a good distance to trap the light blue slightly crossed eyes of the Smorg. "Let's start with your name."

The Smorg gave the Capt. a defiant look. "NO!"

"Ya leave me no choice, B'ligerent zap her!"

Blue eyes grew large at the thought of being zapped. She knew that it would set all her nanoprobes off and cause a great deal of problems. "Wait! I'll tell ya just don't zap me."

B'ligerent stood back with her phaser at the ready. Her caramel colored eyes drilling in to the Smorg. "Come on Capt. let me zap her just for fun." She pleaded.

"I'm known as Half of one of 9, adjutant of the idiotic."

The Capt. looked at the three foot Smorg with humor in her eyes.

"Sooo, what do you prefer us ta call you?"

She clasped her hands behind her back, lifted her chin in arrogance and stared up three foot into the crystal blue eyes of the Capt. "You will call me by my ranking in the selective 'Adjutant Idiotic.' I am fluent in all languages and species that travel this quadrant, my major expertise is in every thing ignorant and the astro."

"Okay, Oink and Jack will show you to you new department. You can start work in the Astro area planning maps of this area. Dismissed"

Once they were gone, Waynejay took her seat and called over her shoulder to Ensign Him. "Ensign Him, send out sensors and let me know if ya find anything."

She heard sniffing coming from his direction, turning in her chair, she looked at Ensign Him who was wiping tears from his cheeks.

"What is your problem Ensign?"

He burst into sobs the minute he looked in to her eyes. "Out with it Ensign, I need your full concentration here."

"It's Lt. Faris, he...he...hurt my feelings last night at Sardines."

Ensign Him broke down into sobs. "All right, Lt. Faris what the Hell did you do this time?" She bellowed towards the helm where Lt. Faris sat.

"Capt.?" He gave her a questioning look.

"What did you do ta Fairy?"

"Ooohh that. Well sir I've told him a hundred times not ta wear a backless dress and last night he did exactly that!"

"And that's a problem?" She asked.

"Have you ever seen him in a backless cocktail dress?" Faris gave her a horrified look.

"That's it! It's over Tom, I saved all my replicator rations to have that dress and this is how you show me your appreciation!?" Fairy grabbed his purse and ran towards the turbo lift. Before the doors closed, they heard him scream 'BITCH!'

"Lt. Slovak, will you see to Ensign Him. Make sure he's all right."

"Yes Capt." The Tulcan answered. "I'll go check on him right now, but I must say that I find the situation quite hilarious!" Her huge ears were wagging as she walked towards the turbo lift laughing.

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Hours later after Oink and Jack had shown Half, as they had come to call the three foot tall Smorg to the Astrometrics area, then they broke in to the Holodeck to play. They were dressed in leathers and running through a forest, yells could be heard coming from behind them. Panting Oink yelled at Jack. "Ya had ta do it didn't ya!?! You and your damn peeping! Now their gonna kill us when they catch us!"

"But ain't it exciting?" Jack asked as she gasped for air. "Nekkid Amazons everywhere!"

They came to a ledge that dropped off into a deep chasm filled with water.

"Now what Jackass?"

"Uuuhhhmm?"

At that moment, the holodeck program ended and seconds later, the Captains voice was heard coming over their combadges for them to get their asses to the bridge ASAP.

"If they ask, it's all your fault Jack!"

They stepped on to the bridge still in their leathers to find a pissed off Capt. and crew sitting with only the emergency lighting casting dim light over them. They looked around at all the scowling faces and wondered which would be worse, suffering the Amazons capturing them or being tossed out an airlock. At that moment, Lt. B'ligerent came running on to the bridge.

"Capt. I've rerouted the circuits that were blown and my crew is now at this minute trying to bypass the system ta get life support back online. Now show me the fried panel that caused all of this."

They followed the Captain's pointing finger to where Half laid on the deck with an ignorant grin on her face.

"It seems that our Smorg has plugged herself in ta the ship."

The Chief engineer walked over and unplugged Half's extension cord from the wall. Sparks shot out and zapped B'ligerent.

"Son of a bitch!" B'ligerent yelled. "What the Hell was she doing plugging in ta the ship!?! Ain't she suppose ta be in the Astrometrics Dept.?"

All eyes swung to pin Oink and Jack. "Honest Captain, we left her there ta play with all those funny charts and stuff."

Half started to giggle as she crawled to her knees. Looking up at B'ligerent, she grinned showing straight white teeth. "Most acceptable. Best buzz I've had in a while!"

The Chief engineer grabbed Half by the back of the gray jumpsuit that she wore, picking her up so that her feet were nowhere near the floor, she put her down in front of the Capt. The jumpsuit being four sizes too large was pulled up over her head, the arms flapped at her sides while the legs were rolled up and bunching around her bare feet.

"Hey, you're in front of the Capt. So ya better stand at attention, ya half wit!" B'ligerent growled at her.

Half peeked out from where her jumpsuit still covered her head. Spreading her feet out she placed her hands behind her neck.

The Capt. looked at her with amusement shining in her crystal blue eyes. Casting a glance over her shoulder, she grinned at her First Officer.

"One of you Marquis must have shown her that position of attention." Looking back to Half, she asked her where she learned the position she now stood in.

"Uuuuhmm, it was in the personnel files that I downloaded in to my idiotic memory. Lt. B'ligerent knows it well." Tipping her head back to look into the Chief Engineer's caramel colored eyes, she grinned. "Indecent exposure? Explain."

"Son of bitch! Chata'lot I thought ya had that taken outta my records?"

Green eyes twinkled and wrinkles formed at the bridge of her nose when Chata'lot smiled at B'ligerent. "Oh I did, but that one was put in during yours and Lt. McCormack's little adventure at Sardines."

B'ligerent's face turned a bright red as the memory of her dancing on the piano top and stripping after drinking too much replicated moonshine. She stomped off of the bridge and headed back to engineering mumbling the whole way.

The Capt. leaned back in her command chair, shooting a look at Chata'lot, she wiggled her eyebrows at her.

"Soooo Commander, Ya done any time in the brig? I can picture ya wearing one of those skin tight jumpsuits, manacles and leg irons keeping ya spread eagle against a cold concrete wall." She started leaning forward over the arm of her command chair to the point that she was balancing herself on her hands. Moving like a panther, she crept her way over to Chata'lot. "Your muscles straining against the chains, your head thrown back with your blond hair brushing the bare skin of your neck." Chata'lot gulped at the predatory look on her Captains' face as she crawled towards her. Crystal blue eyes becoming a raging silver, muscles bunching under her black and red Starfleet uniform as she pulled herself up to mere inches of green eyes. "The warden comes in with a black leather whip snaking down along side her leg, swishing on the

floor to snap within a millimeter of your firm young assets. Making you gasp at the feathery light touch against your nipples." Sweat was starting to run down the sides of Chata'lots temples to soak in to the collar of her uniform. Kathryn reached out with her tongue to lick away the salty rivulets making Chata'lot suck in a breath and tremble. "So have ya?" Kathryn asked.

"Uuuuuuhhhmmmm no." She whispered.

"2200 at Holodeck 2 and wear leather." Kathryn whispered in a husky voice before she ran her tongue around her first Officers small ear.

When Kathryn returned to her chair, she realized that her crew had sat there and watched her every move and worst yet; they were all eating popcorn.

"All right back ta work you morons!" She growled as she slapped her com badge to set up her time in the holodeck for that night.

"Damn, I hate when the movie leaves ya hanging off a cliff by your fingernails," replied Oink.

"I missed the cartoons!" Jack whined. "Did they show *Pinky and the Brain*?"

Grabbing Half by her hands, Jack and Oink left the bridge to head back to Oink's office in sickbay.

"Half, can ya get us a link in ta Holodeck 2 at 2200?" whispered Jack. "Ya know like tap in ta the computer or something?"

"How about if we just hide in there and wait for the program ta start and then blend in and watch?"

"NO WAY! The last time I tried that with B'ligerent and McCormack, I started moaning and they beat me all the way back ta my broom closet!"

Half stood there swinging her head back and forth so fast that she fell over and lay still.

"Now look what ya done Oink! Ya killed her!"

"Me? I didn't do anything! I think she just needs ta be plugged in and recharged. I had B'ligerent make her an alcove in cargo bay 2. Let's get her down there and recharged so that she can get us in for the rest of the movie tonight."

Down in Cargo bay 2 they found the alcove made out of an old metal container, a small ledge about twelve inches off the deck slanted back at an angle and to the right of it was a surge protector to plug Half in to. They lifted her up and strapped her down with a bungee cord then plugged her in. As soon as Jack flipped the switch, a huge grin formed on Half's face. Right before their eyes, her hair started to grow and stand in spikes all over her head.

"How long Oink?"

"I don't know, I guess when she blows a circuit board or something."

About that time, Half's eyes fluttered open. "Escape is fertile, you will be facimalated!"

"Oink, I know I'm dumb but what the Hell does facimalated mean and how can she do it?"

"You're right, you are dumb!" She smacked Jack up long side her head. "It means make an exact copy and maybe she'll Xerox your ugly mug! Ohh I take that back, one of you is enough!"

#####

At 2200 hours everyone tuned into their reprogrammed monitors in their quarters and workstations, the crew on the bridge reprogrammed the front viewer to show Holodeck 2. They watched as Kathryn walked into the Holodeck wearing tight black leather pants, knee high engineer boots and a tight low cut black leather vest. Minutes later Chata'lot walked in wearing a wine colored suede bra and matching skirt, her brown boots laced up the front and reached her knees.

"Computer, activate Waynejay Alpha Omega 69." They were now standing in what looked like an S&M Dungeon, complete with the assorted toys, straps, chains and cuffs. Kathryn approached Chata'lot with a predatory look in her ice blue eyes, her panther like movements sent chills up the Commanders body making her shiver where she stood.

"Scared little one?" Kathryn asked in a low growl like voice. "I can make your body feel things that your mind can't even imagine." Uncoiling a whip, she let it glide along the floor at Chata'lot's feet. Walking behind her, she let the cool leather brush the backs of muscular thighs. "Can you feel how the leather loves your skin?" All Chata'lot could do was give a small moan and let her head tip back to rest on Kathryn's strong shoulder. Bringing her hands to the front, Kathryn trailed her fingers across the warm skin of Chata'lot's stomach.

#####

Oink, Jack, Slovak and Half all sat around the much larger quarters that B'ligerent and McCormack shared. Replicated junk food and alcoholic beverages littered every surface. They sounded like the fans at an XWP Convention with all the hollering as they watched their Capt. and first Officer in the Holodeck.

B'ligerent stood up, punching one hand in the air she yelled. "TAKE IT OFF!" Then grunted when a foot belonging to her lover found her ass. "Honey, I meant...never mind." She sat back down and leaned over to her lover's ear. "Can we use that program?"

"Like what we do isn't wild enough for you?"

"But snuggle muffin, you could tie me up." McCormack's hazel eyes brightened at the thought. "You have a point there." Wiggling her eyebrows. "I'm thinking nipple clips!" B'ligerent answered her by groaning and falling flat on her back.

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Kathryn ran her hands down the front of Chata'lot's stomach to the bottom edge of her skirt, lifting the edge over each thigh, she brushed the trembling inner thighs. She could feel Chata'lot's heart beat against her ribs and her breath began to come in short bursts with every caress of skin. Dipping her head, Kathryn nibbled on the soft sensitive skin at the nape of her neck. Working her way up towards a small ear, with her tongue, she traced its edge then explored the lobe with her teeth.

Kathryn pulled Chata'lot tight against her chest and whispered into her ear. "Can you feel the fire running through your veins little one?"

"Oooohhh Gods, you're driving me insane!" Chata'lot turned inside of Kathryn's arms, pressing their breasts together, she attacked the soft lips before her. Pulling Kathryn's bottom lip in to her warm mouth, she bit hard enough to bring a groan from her future lover's throat. Without waiting, she plunged her tongue between straight white teeth. They kissed deeply for minutes, moaning into each other's mouths as they explored each other's bodies with their hands. With one quick movement of her foot, Chata'lot swept Kathryn's legs out from under her. As they fell, Chata'lot straddled Kathryn's leather covered hips. Placing Kathryn's hands on her breasts, she ground down with her hips to show her pleasure. Then her nimble fingers started to unfasten the buttons on Kathryn's vest.

#####

The crew was going wild all over the ship, yells bounced off of the bulkheads like ping pong balls inside a box. The Chief Engineer's Quarters was worst of all! Everyone was jumping up and down on the furniture and yelling for Chata'lot to take off the Captain's vest. Half stood right in front of the wide screen tilting her head sideways trying to see around Chata'lots body. Just as the last button came free, Half screamed.

"FACIMILATE HER!"

"So that's what it means!" Jack said as she gave Oink the evil eye. "I wonder if she's fertile?"

Oink leaned over and smacked Jack in the head. "Well, you'll never know you sick bitch! Cuz if

she finds out what you did, the Capt. will assassinate your ass!"

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Chata'lot leaned forward and took one of the Captain's nipples in her mouth and sucking on it as if she were starving to death. Moaning deep in her chest Kathryn threw her head back and thrust her hips up into Chata'lot. Her eyes opened as she felt her pants being worked down over her hips by anxious hands. Just as she lifted her hips up to help Chata'lot, she caught a flash of something on the ceiling. Squinting her eyes, she made out the movement of a camera when it panned down to capture a closer look.

"FUCK ME!"

"I'm trying but you're not helping!" Chata'lot groaned as she struggled with the tight leather pants.

"No, not that! Look up at the ceiling!"

Green eyes caught fire as she saw what Kathryn was talking about.

"Son of a bitch!" She stood up and started jumping up and down trying to pull the camera down from the ceiling. "I can't reach it!"

"That's cuz your vertically challenged, let me get it." With her vest hanging open Kathryn jumped for the camera and gave the whole ship a good shot of....

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"NOTHING!!!!!! I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT! WE SAW NOTHING!!!!!! Oink screamed as she jumped up and down throwing a temper tantrum. "AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT JACK!!!! Oink stormed to where Jack was trying to crawl under the bed, grabbing her by her feet, she dragged her out and pounced on her back. Slapping her in the back of her head, she yelled loud enough for the entire Galaxy to hear.

"YOU WILL DIE A VERY PAINFUL DEATH!"

She stopped her assault when the Captain's voice yelled out for her and Jack to get to the command deck. Bouncing Jack's head off the floor she screamed.

"IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT JACK!"

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Jack holding an ice bag to her forehead looked up into the silvery blue eyes of a very pissed off Capt. Waynejay. Her leather vest was buttoned all wrong and one breast was in danger of falling out with each deep ragged breath that she sucked in between gritted teeth. Her face a bright red, hands clenched and showing the white knuckles flexing with restrained anger, she did everything she could not to pummel Jack and Oink to mere bits of goo. Pacing back and forth, she kept casting a glare at Jack and Oink that guaranteed a very painful death. She spun on her heel when she felt something bump into the back of her legs.

"What the hell is she doing?" She pointed to Half who was moon walking across the floor, she dropped her head and spun on one foot until she fell over and landed on top of the Capt's feet. Snickering was heard from the crew when Half's headset fell off and Michael Jackson's *Thriller* blasted from the earphones.

Cmdr. Slovak laughed hysterically, she wiped the tears from her face and regarded the stoic Captain. "Captain...Ma'am...sir...She hacked into the computer and found your album collection. And I must say, your taste in music...SUCKS!"

A deep growl rushed from Waynejay's chest, she threw her hands in the air and jumped up and down in a tantrum.

"THAT'S IT! I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!" Casting a force ten glare at her crew, she pointed at Cmdr Slovak. "Take them to the lower level, I want them in the Jeffrey tubes for the duration of our time here. When I look in to one of the tubes, I want to be able to see my gorgeous face!"

"Yes Captain...your royal...egotistical..." She decided not continue with her outburst fearing that she would be joining the Cohorts if she did.

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"Oink who's Jeffrey and how the hell are we supposed to find him in all these tube thingies?" She looked over her shoulder into fuming brown eyes. Shrugging her shoulders, she grabbed Half by the back of her coveralls and slid her down the tube. As the little body shot down the tube, she sprayed the walls with polish. Jack and Oink followed her with buffing mittens on their hands.

"Wax on, wax off, wax on wax off, wax OOWWW!"

"Shut the hell up Jack before I wax you!"

Wiggling her unibrow, Jack snickered. "Ain't never been waxed before, will I like it?"

"Why I ought ta..."

"HELP ITS GOT ME!" Half screamed from where she was trying to crawl backwards up the tube. "IT'S HAIRY AND HAS BIG TEETH!" She scrambled around and came charging towards them, screaming at the top of her lungs for them to kill it. A high piercing whistle came from

behind her and the sound of nails on metal. Half crawled into Jack's lap and wrapped her arms around her head. "Save me Jack!" Oink looked at the creature that had stopped a few foot away, she couldn't believe her eyes. Blinking them a few times, she hoped what she saw wasn't really there.

"Lords have mercy! It's B'ligerent's sex critter! A furry brown and white Gremlin stood there and whistled at them. "Wonder if she'll give us a finder's reward?" Numerous whistles came to their ears as hundreds of Gremlins came scampering up the tube, the three Cohorts covered their ears and retreated back the way they came. Popping the hatch open, they fell out onto the deck, got to their feet and ran down the corridor screaming with all the Gremlin's chasing after them. They came to a sliding halt near the Capt's chair, taking huge gulps of air in, they tried to tell her what they found, but were drowned out by all the whistles.

"What the hell are those?" She asked as the little fur balls filled the room. She looked to her crew and saw a beat red McCormack trying to escape un-noticed. "Don't you dare sneak out of here!" she commanded in a loud voice. "What are those things?"

McCormack slunk up to her Captain and found her boots in need of polishing. Dropping to her knees, she spit on Waynejay's boot and used her sleeve to shin the toe of her boot.

"Knock it off and explain those...things!" She pointed to where they were now crawling all over the other crew members, what really pissed her off was the one with a white stripe down it's back getting a free feel of Chata'lot's tits.

"You see sir...Ma'am we were having kinky sex one night and it got kind of messy so, we had to get the Virgin olive oil out of its fur. So B'ligerent...who didn't read the instructions until after we gave her Gremlin a bath...", she shrugged her shoulders and looked up into icy blue eyes. The next thing we knew Waalaahh, we had a dozen of them."

Silvery eyes drilled into McCormack, a low growl rumbled in Waynejay's chest and then burst forth to become a yell.

"GET HER UP HERE NOW!"

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B'ligerent, McCormack, Jack, Oink and Half were all locked in one of the shuttlecrafts with all of the Gremlins that they could catch. They prayed to the Ancients that they had all of them or they would be thrown out of the nearest hatch with out a pressure suit on. McCormack was trying to get them to the M class planet that they had picked up on a scan, drop off the Gremlins and get back in one piece. She didn't know if any of them would survive the trip. She had Gremlins sitting on her lap, pressing buttons and flipping switches. She looked to her lover in the co-pilot chair and saw that her hair was being teased with a rattail comb by a pink female Gremlin with cock-sucking red lipstick on. What got to her was that her lover's face was covered with the stuff and she seemed to be enjoying it way too much.

"B! Get that slut off your lap or you're staying down there with her!"

"But Big Mac, she won't stop!" Her caramel colored eyes begged for understanding.

Oink had one pinned to the floor while three other ones were on her back pulling on her hair. Jack and Half sat on the floor playing Jacks wild strip poker with a couple of Gremlins that were cheating. Oink tried to explain to them that Gremlins didn't wear clothes, but they wouldn't listen.

The shuttlecraft touched down with a bone-jarring thump, popping the rear hatch. Jack and Half ran after the Gremlins who had taken all their clothes. The others started throwing the others out. McCormack had to pull the pink female off her lover, toss her out the door and keep tossing her until all of them were gone. With a huge grin on her face, she closed the hatch and waved at a naked Jack and Half as they pounded on the outside of the shuttlecraft.

"Come on guys! Let us in!"

"Why?" Oink yelled back.

"We'll be...your slaves for a week!"

Three sets of eyes looked to each other. Huge grins covered their faces and McCormack opened the door. Jack and Half jumped in and sighed with relief.

"What?" Jack asked three gawking women. She looked to where their eyes had traveled. "Ya like?" She did a little display of the clothing she had on. "We found them outside, Half says they're species 3121 or Trebles."

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Waynejay lay on her stomach, low moans came from her parted lips as nails scratched her back. She was in heaven or would be after Chata'lot got done with her back, and would take care of the front of her along with some other aching areas.

Her voice deep, she purred. "Harder baby, I like it rough."

Chata'lot came from the small kitchen and grinned at her lover.

"Do what harder?"

Aroused blue eyes looked up at the naked blonde in front of her, her mouth dropped open when the scratching of her back continued.

"If you're there, then who's scratching my..." She looked over her shoulder at the grinning face of a black Gremlin with a white stripe from it's head all the way down it's back. "Ohh shit!"

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Jack fell backwards from her broom closet, she was in shock as to how many Trebles had been covering her small shelf that she used for a bed. She remembered bringing three onboard amounting to six if she counted Half's. She wondered if Half was having the same problem. Running down the corridor towards the cargo bay where the three-foot Smorg was regurgitating, she hesitated opening the bay door.

"What if she's facimalating someone? I'll watch!" She hit the door at a dead run and ended up lying on her back with a goofy smile on her face. "That felt good." Rubbing the knot forming above her unibrow, she hit the huge red button that said. "OPEN" in flashing white letters. "Always forget ta hit that damn button." She came to a screeching halt, hundreds of Trebles covering the deck and Half trying to stuff them into every available container.

"What happened down here?"

"Horny little bitches." Half mumbled. "I was watching the Playboy station and all hell broke loose!"

"You got the Playboy station?" She jumped up and down and waved her hands. "Lemme see lemme see! Ohhh booooy nekkid women's!"

"Irregular! I gotta get rid of these things. They keep jamming up my regurgitater." She grabbed a broom and started pushing them onto a big red X painted on the floor. Jack started helping otherwise she would never get to see naked bunnies.

"What's the X mean?"

"That's my own personal zapper, I hit a button and poof they're gone."

Jack's unibrow drew down over her crooked nose. "Poof they're gone where?"

Half drew her three-foot stature up against Jack's five foot nine frame, narrowing her crossed blue eyes at her, she growled in her best imitation of Waynejay.

"Who cares, they ain't here no more."

Jack clapped her hands and yelled. "Good answer, good answer!"

Half stumbled and tripped over Trebles, finally making it over to the counsel on her reguritater, she hit a red button that said "Zapper." A bright blue light appeared over the X and the Trebles were gone.

"See, poof all gone. Now help me get the rest of the little bitch's outta here."

After an hour, all the Trebles were gone from Half's cargo bay and they were watching Heffner's Bunnies playing around his huge swimming pool.

Captain Waynejay crept silently in to the bathroom to watch her lover shower. She wasn't prepared for the site before her, the Gremlin was shaving her lover's legs. Rage built up in her blue eyes and a force 20 glare trapped the little hairy creature where he stood.

"Ohhh shit! Little C, he can't get wet!"

"Calm down Katie, I sprayed him with Scotch Guard. He's beyond water proof."

Kathryn stomped over and glared down into brown eyes.

"OUT!" He flipped her off, kicked her in her shin, pinched her ass and ran whistling from the bathroom. "Why was he shaving your legs?"

"Because oh mighty warrior, the last time you did it I had ta have Doc come in and keep me from bleeding to death. Ginsu knives are not for shaving and neither is your damn Chakram thingie. I could have had an important part cut off!" She emphasized this by grabbing her privates.

"I kissed it and made it better." She stalked her lover until they were pinned up against each other in the shower.

"Wanna kiss it again." Chata'lot wrapped her arms around Kathryn, squeezed her tight ass and ground her center against her tall lover's thigh. "Say for the next 24 hours?"

Kathryn was about to answer when a bright blue light lit up the shower and blinded them.

"What the hell!?" They yelled in unison. Then felt stuff falling on their heads. "Little C, what the hell are these things?" She pulled a blue Treble from on top of Chata'lot's head and showed her.

"Better question, how'd they get in here?"

One name came from their lips.

"JACK!"

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Doc was kicking multi colored Trebles all over her small sickbay; she knew that she should have forced McCormack to leave Jack and Half on that planet. What she couldn't figure out was how the lot of the furry little things just appeared in mid air and started dropping all over the damn place. She knew the transporter didn't work that way, and then a thought hit her. B'ligerent wasn't the only one on the ship that could do mechanical things. Half was behind the mystical appearances, she just knew it! Drop kicking a Treble so that it went all the way across the room

to bounce off the bulkhead with a little squeak, she headed for the door to find the two troublemakers. She stepped in to the corridor, spun on one heel and returned with a panic-stricken look on her face. Her Captain and Commander were stomping down the hallway heading towards Half's cargo bay, worse they were dripping wet and only covered in towels.

"Not good! NOT GOOD!" She paced the floor trying to think of a way to warn the two idiots before they were killed. "That's my job and no one is gonna take away my joy of throwing them out an air-lock!" Tapping her com badge, she said in a disguised voice sounding like Minnie Mouse.

"Sewer Slug to the Queen."

Jack jumped when she heard whom she knew was Doc calling her in code.

"Queen sewer slug here, go ahead."

"Flying Monkey and Troll on Rampage."

Jack's face went pale; she looked to Half with wide green eyes.

"We gotta get outta here! NOW! Use the zapper, use the zapper!" She jumped up and down and waved her arms at the Smorg.

"But it's not safe!" Half yelled back, her crossed blue eyes narrowed.

"I don't give a flying monkey's ass, USE IT!" She jumped on the X and glared at the Smorg. Half hit some buttons, ran over and wrapped her self around Jack's leg.

"What are you doing?"

"Trolls scare me!"

A shimmering light enveloped them just as the cargo bay door opened and they disappeared.

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"Gods B you're such an animal!" McCormack growled to her lover whom was crawling up her glistening body. "I love it when you growl against me."

"You'll love this even better." She reached over the side of the bed and picked up the BD Drill with a ten-inch dildo on the end. "I recharged the batteries today." She hit the trigger and watched as the dildo spun with a low whine. Lying down across her lover's chest, she nipped at her chin and waited for her to beg.

"Do it or else! And don't give me that you wanting me to beg shit either."

"OK, I'll beg. Lemme lemme, please...ohhh come on Big Mac."

Minutes later with B'ligerent grinding her center against McCormack's muscular thigh and she using every bit of the drills juice, they reached a blinding climax. Their screams were doubled as one body dropped from the ceiling and landed on them.

"Ohh Gods that was great! Can we do it again?" Jack asked from where she lay across McCormack's chest. "Ooohhh SHIT!" She yelped when caramel colored eyes drilled into her. "Half? Half where the hell are you?" She heard a mumbling then a loud slapping sound.

"OFF!" Came from under Jack, and then another slapping noise. "OFF ME!"

"Ohh I know where you are?" Jack fell of the side of the bed and took B'ligerent and Half with her.

"I need to fix the Zapper, ain't supposed ta drop ya from the damn ceiling." Half straightened her jumpsuit, and then realized where they were. "Hi guys." She grinned at first until she saw two pairs of eyes promising a whole shit load of pain. "Bye guys!" She ran for the door to B'ligerent and Mac's quarters with a crawling Jack right behind her.

"Where we going?" Jack asked as she ran past Half.

"Where the Troll can't find me!" She ran towards the nearest Jeffries tube, opened it and crawled in leaving Jack to look around the corridor for a hiding place.

"Wait for me!" She screamed, ran for the Jeffries tube and hit the floor when her head bounced off the closed door.

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"Where the Hell did they go? I know damn well that Jack and probably Half are behind the puff balls." Kathryn searched every square inch of the bay while Chata'lot stood near the bay door holding onto her towel.

"Trebles Katie, those were Trebles and if we don't get rid of them, they'll take over the ship." Her eyes rolled when Kathryn bent over a metal container and flashed her. "Ohhh Katie! Look what I found!"

Kathryn looked over her shoulder, and fell over the container on to her head. She looked over the container to see Chata'lot waving her towel in the air.

"Come get it big bad warrior!" She strutted forward and ended up standing on the big X. Kathryn struggled over the top of the container, ran forward and dropped to her knees in front of Chata'lot. Burying her face between her legs, she started licking the wetness from her lover. Fingers gripped the back of her head and pulled her closer to thrusting hips. Deep moans came from Chata'lot, her legs began to tremble as she pushed closer to the edge. When Kathryn's

tongue pushed inside of her, she literally fell over with a scream. Her arms reached back to stop her fall, one hand hit the button that said Zapper.

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On the bridge, the crew looked around at the crackling blue light arcing off the ceiling and then screamed when their Captain and First Officer dropped naked to the floor in front of them. Kathryn's face was still buried between Chata'lot's thighs and if not for the fingers pulling on her ears and her name being yelled repeatedly, she would have continued with her lapping and slurping.

"For Gods sake Little C, what's the problem? I thought you liked when I made all those noises?" She looked up a bright red body to see an equally red face. "What?"

"Katie we're on the BRIDGE!"

Kathryn crawled up Chata'lot's body to obscure her crew's eyes from sneaking peeks. "How the Hell did we end up here?"

"However it happened, I must say that I never knew you were soooo affectionate Captain."

"Shut the fuck up Tom!" She got to her feet, pulled Chata'lot up and stepped in front of her. "We'll finish this in the PRIVACY of our quarters." As she walked past Fairy, she grabbed his combadge from his evening gown and called for B'ligerent and Mac.

"Go ahead Captain."

"Find Jack, Half and Doc. And lock their stupid asses up!"

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Jack sat at the very end of the Jeffries tube with Half beside her. She kept trying to get a hold of Doc but wasn't getting any answer. She was starting to worry that something had happened to her or worse, the ship could have been taken over by Trebles.

"Half, we gotta go find Doc."

"I ain't leavin! The Troll will get me!" Half latched onto Jack's body and held on for dear life.

"The Troll is Chata'lot; I won't let her get you." She crawled back down the tube with Half hanging onto her leg. When she opened the hatch, B'ligerent and Mac were waiting for them.

"OOHH SHIT! Gotta go, see ya guys!"

"NOT!" B'ligerent aimed her phaser at her and Mac pulled them from the tube. "Captain wants you two in the transport room."

"Sorry, gotta find Doc."

"Doc's there waiting for you two, now move it!" B'ligerent kicked her in her ass all the way to the transport room where everyone was eagerly waiting.

"Ain't fair, I thought we had a good hiding place." Jack looked over her shoulder at Mac. "How'd ya know where we were?"

"Tracked Half's battery charger. Glad I'm not you!" She burst out laughing when she thought of what the Captain had planned for them. When the doors opened to the transport, Doc was trying to keep all the Trebles on the beam-me-up-Scotty platform with a huge broom.

Kathryn stood off to the side with her arms crossed over her chest, the force 20 glare she gave Jack and Half could have disintegrated a normal person but had no effect on Jack or Half. Pointing a long finger at them, she swung her arm to one broom for Jack and a small wisp broom for Half.

"I want every single Treble off my ship! Now move it!"

Hours passed with the three of them pushing thousands of Trebles to the transporter. When the last bunch was gone, they dropped to the floor exhausted.

"I hope you two learned your lesson." Doc said as she gazed down at her sore and blistered hands. "Don't either one of you bring anything else on the ship or I'll throw you two out the nearest hatch!"

"You won't have to worry about that." Chata'lot snickered. "We have the perfect place for the three of you."

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The ship was quiet for the first time since they started their Journey. Kathryn, Chata'lot, B'ligerent and Mac sat beside a quiet river. A small fire kept the chill at bay and reflected golden highlights across their faces. The sound of crickets soothed them as they lay in their partners' arms.

"They can't come back can they?" Chata'lot directed her question to B'ligerent.

"Nope, they're stuck until Kathryn says to let them come back."

Chata'lot snuggled further into Kathryn's body. "Good."

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Outside of the ship, a long cable dragged a runabout behind as it went through space. The small

"What the Hell are those?" Doc asked as one bounced past her.

"Uuhmm guess I screwed up a little bit on the program huh?" Half was knocked to the floor as a huge rabbit with bodacious ears hopped past.

"Kill me now!" Doc howled and ran to a corner to bash her head against the wall.

"Uhhmm Half, ya know what rabbits do." She explained when Half shook her head. "THEY MULTIPLY!"

The End

Larisa

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