

Meow Meow La'an

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1473) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1473>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Strange New Worlds
Relationship:	La'an Noonien-Singh/Una Chin-Riley Number One
Character:	La'an Noonien-Singh , Una Chin-Riley Number One , Nyota Uhura , George Samuel "Sam" Kirk
Additional Tags:	Body Modification , Established Relationship(s) , Oral Sex , Sexual Content
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-03-21 Updated: 2024-04-06 Words: 9,236 Chapters: 2/?

Meow Meow La'an

by [Laan_Stole_MyCookie](#)

Summary

La'an, Una, Nyota and Sam have a simple mission, locate a crashed Starfleet artifact. However, when it comes to the Enterprise, nothing can be simple and what should be a routine mission becomes a cultural immersion, a collection of embarrassing moments and an unsolved mystery prevents them from leaving.

Purring and exhaling

Purring, having a vibration start from her larynx wasn't the kind of thing La'an expected to be able to do, but that's still the case. A reconnaissance mission in Feliniar should be something simple, if it were not for the fact that the population has feline characteristics, coats of all kinds, triangular ears and habits similar to those of terrestrial *Felis catus*. In order for them to blend in more easily, the modifications had to be deeper than those made for the Una rescue mission. This time there was a temporary increase in their olfactory capacity and the vibration ability of the glottis, elements that seemed to be important since they were used in the communication of the population.

La'an used to cope well with discomfort but the lack of control was another story. These new appendages developed for the mission made her feel naked. All her emotions show her expressed by the wiggling of her eyebrows and the swaying of her little tail, the classic features of a bobtail. She hated that thing so much, but she hated even more how out of touch she was with what Uhura, Kirk, and Una had received. Una looked majestic as always with long, fluffy fur that seemed to float as she walked, she looked even bigger with the ears and tail of a Maine Coon, not only that but La'an could swear that since they got the injection, Una's scent was nicer than before.. Kirk had the ears and tail of an American Shorthair which suited him well. Nyota in turn had features reminiscent of a Selkirk Rex with the fur of her tail being wavy and the caramel color matching her eyes. Everyone seemed to have acquired unique characteristics that would make them fit into the environment. This should calm La'an down, all she needed now was to figure out how to stop purring.

The descent party would consist of La'an, Uhura, Kirk, and Una. It was impressive how the modifications matched each of them and how Sam's characteristic mustache seemed to have gained volume and thickness leaving with a funny expression. Not that La'an was going to verbalize it and didn't even have to with the giggle that Nyota can't contain. They were to blend in with the population and try to learn as much as possible while searching for the traces of the Federation communication relay that had fallen in the rural region of the planet.

It was a low-risk mission, it was supposed to leave La'an alone but it is difficult when her affection is recognized by everyone through the loud sound that starts from her throat. Not only was the proximity the problem, but the irresistible smell of Una, everything about her was delicious and made La'an want to bury herself in the commander's neck and never leave her again. And the worst thing is that Una seemed to know this from the smile she sent to La'an on the way to the transporter. Una's blue eyes were the last thing the lieutenant saw before the four beamed to the surface.

On dry land, the security chief took a moment to assess the potential safety risks to the environment. Fortunately being in a rural area, there wasn't much that could be considered a threat. Around the group a vast field surrounded them, in the distance it was possible to see houses and silos. A dirt road to the North led to these buildings. The air was clean and humid indicating that there was some kind of body of water in the area even if it was not visible. The vegetation was undergrowth, a vivid green, small white flowers were visible amid the slender bellows that rose from the ground. The region seemed to be a great plain, with mountains of bluish gray in the North and west, to the East and South a forest, skinny trees and twisted branches accumulated and tangled as if becoming one thing. Low sounds came from that region, a crackling like flames but rhythmic, perhaps the singing of some animal still unknown. In the blue sky, the sun was bright, no clouds in sight as a cluster of blue and red plumed birds crossed the sky, a loud sound accompanying them as they squawked at each other. The temperature was mild, neither hot nor cold, as if the whole environment was striving to make the newcomers feel comfortable and welcomed. As if to convince them to stay.

"Ah the Pure Country air, so much better than the cycled air of any spacecraft. You don't realize you've missed something until you have it again."

Sam exclaimed out loud as he stretched out, taking a deep breath he let the air into his lungs, his new tail swaying everywhere as if it had a life of its own.

"I must admit, it's really very beautiful. I wouldn't mind seeing the place if we weren't on a mission."

Nyota had that dreamy look as she smiled. The feline ears came to life, lowered and turned in different directions as the Ensign looked toward the populated area. La'an was sure that if she did not immediately cut off this excitement, she would soon have to hold her by the collar to prevent her from going to one of the farms to learn the native dialect. Luckily she didn't have to do this as she could always count on Una's help to get the two "adventurers" in line.

"Well, it's a shame because we don't have time either to appreciate the local beauty or to delve into the local culture. Everyone has their orders and I hope I don't have to repeat them, okay?"

Una's voice was calm and concise, she knew they didn't mean any harm but sometimes it was necessary to help them regain their focus.

"Yes, commander."

Nyota and Sam said in unison, with those little ears, snouts, and puffs La'an might even find cute, if she didn't know that this cuteness could result in another security risk. No one teaches at the Fleet Academy how distracting cuteness can be and can compromise work, but it's a lesson that in the opinion of the head of security, is something that should be taught. In her opinion there was much that should be added to the Academy's great curriculum, including that curiosity is encouraged but stupidity is not, such as Kirk bending down to pick up a blade of grass without any protective gear.

"Lieutenant Kirk, I must warn you that if you have an allergic reaction to this plant there will be no medical transport back to the ship. You will have to participate in the mission to the end even if I have to drag you by the tail. It was fortunate the natives did not see our transport and we will not take unnecessary risks of exposure."

La'an's voice was placid and serious, while Sam slowly stood up and ignored the graminoid that had caught his attention earlier. Often the work of security resembled that of a school monitor the difference is that instead of preventing children from eating glue, La'an had to prevent officers of the fleet from ingesting substances of dubious origin and effect. The lieutenant at the pre-mission meeting estimated that it would

take 5 hours at most to identify the location of the equipment, the collection of debris and transport back to Enterprise, perhaps she was being too optimistic about this. Now more accustomed to her new features, her loud purr has become something softer, a barely perceptible soft vibe, that's if she didn't look straight at Una.

"We have just under three hours of natural light, we should start walking if we intend to find the equipment even today. Prepare your tricords and remember what we should do if we meet any local inhabitants on our walk."

Una gave the instructions before starting to walk south, demanded everything from La'an to take the tricorder and not be hypnotized by Una's rear. It was not the lieutenant's fault if the commander had a beautiful ass and that now stood out with the presence of the long and hairy black tail. All the shorter woman could ask is that it not arouse some hidden desire of hers. Of all the four, Una seemed to adapt best to the modifications, perhaps because she was Illyrian her body was more natural at accepting the changes and readjusting to her new appendages. Still she was quietly grateful for the human limitations to modification, despite the increased senses, the other three's sense of smell was not strong enough to pick up the odor molecules she knew she was exhaling. There was a threshold of how much their characteristics could be altered without having to affect brain function. Una didn't have the same problem because her senses were already heightened, this is what made it possible for her to notice that when she was near La'an her smell got stronger. She could feel wet, as if she had walked out of a gym, through the planet's bright sun that could be mistaken for sweat but the commander knew it was more than that. Una didn't sweat often, yet her neck area and breasts were hot, the skin glowed as if small crystals were scattered there. In her head a slight but constant pressure, not enough to bother her but as a signal not to get lost, to be in the moment for that was all that mattered. Her throat felt dry, yet she had to frequently swallow the saliva that accumulated in her mouth whenever she looked at the head of security. As the four of them walked, she could feel a lonely drop go down her spine and settle at the base of her tail quivering her body, her hair, new and old shivers as she took a deep breath and pretended nothing was happening. She needed to pretend that her body didn't crave La'an every second. Definitely something inappropriate the situation and she felt lucky to be the only one to notice it.

Una walked with a perfect balance, her tail swaying with the movement of her hip, her dark gray ears matching her long hair and her blue eyes more highlighted than ever. It is as if Una herself belonged to that planet. Maybe that's what it meant to be Illyrian, to accept the changes, to embrace them, and to allow yourself to be part of the whole. The direct opposite of La'an's approach to her own genetic heritage, isolating herself has always seemed like the best option, but time on the Enterprise is proving her wrong.

The four of them walked in sync for quite a while. The countryside made it a pleasant walk. The grass was taller in that direction, a greater array of flowers leapt into view, some with multiple small flowers that clustered and formed purple and white pompoms. Other solitary ones, curved towards the ground with six petals like a glass and orange colors resembled small bells being played by the invisible hand of the breeze. Small insects visited these flowers, buzzing loudly with their little wings as they kissed the flowers. The ground was soft under the foot of the travelers, without stones or holes. The air was filled with a slight sweetness accompanied by a more marked odor of herbs, it was as if it was possible to taste the atmosphere of that place. The forest now closer made itself heard, its leaves rustled and a whistle in the distance could be heard caused by the wind between the trees. But as the air grew colder, the Sky took on shades of pink and lilac, it became a clear fact that they would not find the equipment that day. A new plan of action was needed.

"Very well, I think we should find a remote place and settle down. A shelter would probably get a lot of attention but it doesn't look like it's going to rain or it's going to get too cold. We can restart the search as soon as the sun rises. It's better than walking at night and someone gets hurt."

La'an's back to the other three, she says as she looks around for better places for the four of them to spend the night.

"Or we can ask some of the kind local farmers to let us spend the night in their barn or something."

The suggestion could only have come from Sam, who clung tightly in anticipation of interacting with this new species and delving into its customs.

"What part of the first directive do you find difficult to understand, Kirk? We cannot reveal ourselves to the natives. This disguise is a precaution and not an invitation to go out talking or interacting with them."

The security officer turns around looking tired, barely knowing how cute she looked with her ears down and the tail stirring as she spoke. As the two lieutenants argued, something in the distance caught Una's attention, with her improved eyesight, she was able to perceive something that none of the members of her group even in an alert state could perceive. Silhouettes approached from the horizon. Although deformed from a distance, it was possible to see that they resembled something humanoid and knowing that there was only one humanoid species on this planet, the group's plan would have to change and fast.

"Guys." Una speaks calmly. "La'an, Sam..." unfortunately her measured tone went unnoticed among the fervent discussion.

"Lieutenants!" The commander says in a more serious tone, managing to attract the attention of her subordinates. "We have company. She tilted her head toward the silhouettes that in slow steps were now approaching at a distance that already made them noticeable to the group. And the Alien anatomy of the felines meant they were also within hearing range of the natives.

"What do we do?"

Kirk asked, his hairy mustache twitching funny.

"Well, we're not doing anything wrong so be kind, be polite and everything should be resolved quickly."

Una's voice conveyed certainty, exactly what the group needed at that moment. She herself wasn't 100% sure of what she said but the group didn't need her doubts, they needed her leadership and to get them safely back home. Following her instructions, the four waited, without sudden movements, trying to look as natural as possible. Which meant La'an was tense, Kirk and Uhura were holding back from jumping up and down in excitement, and Una was analyzing the approaching strangers as best she could so she could mimic their mannerisms and look like she belonged.

The plan in case something of this kind happened had already been passed, a First Contact, allow the natives to lead the type of interaction they will have, do not introduce information that they themselves cannot achieve and avoid cultural leaks as much as possible. All they needed was to stay calm. And that's what they did, after all you don't become a member of the captancy ship if you're not the best at your job.

The sun was setting on the horizon while the silhouettes in the end took shape and color of three natives, a tall man with a pale fawn skin, sharp brown eyes, thick eyebrows, aquiline nose, gray eyes and tail with white dots, wearing a light green shabby jumpsuit, underneath a long-sleeved red blouse with dirty sleeves probably from work on the land. The short man has rounded eyes, the same nose with a beautiful curvature with a small brown prop similar to a plug on the right nostril, the eyebrows are messy and creaky with ears and smaller coats with a bluish tint, wearing tidier clothes, pants and T-shirt slightly wet as if it had just come out of the water. And a big fat woman with tawny brown skin, delicate, thin and perfectly outlined little shadow, loving and tired green eyes, well-marked squeezing lines, orange ears and tail, this she wore a flowery dress with a grass-stained hem. Interestingly, none of them wore shoes. They did not look aggressive, it could be said that they presented the same type of animation as Kirk with the highest and the lowest presenting wide smiles slightly covered by a voluminous mustache like the one Sam presented at the time.

“Grace and light, travelers. How honored to meet you here. We don't see travelers very often.”

That was the greeting given by the fat native who seemed to lead the trio. Her voice was buttery, slurred and a little hoarse, carrying wisdom and comfort in her words. The other two stood a little further back as perhaps a sign of respect for the one who was speaking.

“They must be on a long journey to be wearing protections on their feet. Do you have shelter in the dark?”

Una stepped forward to respond by standing in front of her group mirroring the behavior of the natives.

“We are traveling at a good time is true. We planned to take shelter nearby. If you allow it, of course.”

The leader of the natives looked at her funny. Una realized that maybe something she said might have seemed wrong.

“The earth does not belong to anyone to be in the power to allow or deny anything. But I ask you, be our guests and take shelter in our residence. A good night's sleep may be helpful on your pilgrimage.”

The tall brunette like any good StarFleet officer knew that denying an act of kindness could result in catastrophic consequences so the crew would have to adjust to Native company that night if they wanted to not raise suspicion.

“We would love to take shelter with you.”

Una's speech won a nod of approval from the elder, which also seemed to be the opening for the tallest and the shortest of the Catpeople to approach.

“I'm the Galosh and this is Felt Ball.” Says the lowest. “Who are you and why are you on pilgrimage? Is it a rite of Union? One of you is... well, you know.”

“Galosh, you don't ask that to travelers, you know that's not polite. The highest's rebuke was swift even though he couldn't hide the excitement and seemed to want to know the same things. “Excuse my brother, so much water from the flowing spirits must have washed politeness from him.”

“No problem, we understand curiosity.”

Nyota's smile was gleaming, she was loving the moment. A brief exchange of glances between her and La'an was all she needed to know that she had followed the right path, reaffirming the feelings of the natives but not responding in a way that compromised them.

“I am sure that any and all questions can be answered in the warmth of a shelter rather than in the open. Darkness will soon kiss these lands and the rugged path is not suitable for walking without the presence of a light. Can we go?”

The leader of the farmers asked staring at Una who gave a slight nod. The local group started walking and were followed closely by the Enterprise crew. Most people were content and walked lightly, with the exception of one person.

La'an was tense, none of this was what they had planned, every second it seemed that they were closer to deviating from their mission. These people they followed were strangers, variables not previously analyzed which could only mean trouble. Her whole body was stretched, her ears wagged every second, following the softest rustle of the record over her feet, her short tail was twitching, her heart throbbed, she felt hot and cold at the same time, her face would acquire a more rosy color highlighting her freckles. In her tensed muscles she could feel small spasms result of the accumulated adrenaline. Unconsciously her posture was straighter than normal as if to appear larger and more threatening. The sounds around her seemed suffocating, the smell became more intense, the colors around her more vivid even as it got darker. Her alert body merged with the more enhanced senses of the modification and whipped up all sensations. her eyes fixed on the group while her mind wandered to everything that could happen. So overwhelmed that breathing became a non-priority, her chest was heavy, she did not like to find herself in this kind of situation. But when the air began to fail her, a warmth took her right hand. Long fingers entwined in her, bringing a sense of peace and security, the cold Twilight Air took over her lungs. In a world of uncertainty, something held her, the confidence that Una would always be by her side.

The head of security raised her head turning to the commander and in those blue eyes once again she found herself melting inside. Una was splendid, even with the most ridiculous cat ears, she could be the vision of paradise. Everything around her seemed colorless and dull, because the most interesting of things was Una. An exchange of glances and a handshake was all La'an needed to get her out of the loop she'd stuck into because of her fight-or-flight instinct.

Una's hand remained entwined with La'an's, perhaps out of a selfish desire on the part of the taller woman, she needed it more than she could admit. La'an could be the head of security but at the end of the day, it was Una's responsibility to make sure everyone was OK. She was certain

that if she let go of La'an's hand she might never return, throwing herself in front of danger or sacrificing herself for the survival of the rest of the group. La'an's sense of self-preservation has been different in the past, but Survivor's guilt has turned it into a need to preserve others. Una didn't want that, didn't want her alone to have to make the decision to leave La'an so the others could go home. For if she left La'an, she would leave the only home she still had.

The two women did not exchange a word as they walked across the Prairie, not even when they entered the ranch, only an exchange of glances as a sign of recognition as they released their hands upon entering the colonial-style house. Compared to the cold night air that dominated the grounds, the interior of the house was warm and cozy.

“Galosh and felt Ball are going to prepare the quarters for you, meanwhile why don't you sit with me while we have something to warm us up?”

The older woman's voice gave no room for discussion as she sat in an armchair where beside a steaming teapot and cups were already waiting for them. La'an and Una exchange a glance, this meant that there were more people in this house, although the amount was still uncertain. Cautiously they approached and sat down on the sofa, with no more seats available, it remained for Nyota and Sam to sit at their feet. With a nod of approval, the Orange-eared lady stood up and poured each of them a cup with a lilac liquid before sitting down again.

“I am spark, the Lady of this region. Who would you be, dear travelers?”

Una stepped forward to answer, she knew she needed to be careful with her words.

“We are travelers from faraway lands, seeking enlightenment in our walk. For this we abandon behind us our old names until the new ones come to us.”

This was not Una's first diplomatic detour, nor was it the first time she had dealt with people who mix the mystical with everyday life. Based on the information they had about the inhabitants of that place, this seemed to be the best answer. The less they reveal whether it is true or false, the less chance of a leak happening.

“I understand, May the light reach you and deliver you to your destinations then. I understand you're performing a bonding ritual, don't you? A couple and two strays in search of a new place to settle down? Sorry, but it's hard not to notice your partner purring or the pheromones you're releasing, honey.”

The commander tried her best to keep a neutral face while the stranger in front of her said loudly how obvious it was that she and La'an were together and that not even their bodies could contain themselves deciding to release physical signs of their mutual attraction. Their relationship was not a secret to the crew of the Enterprise, but this also did not mean that she wanted unknown aliens to talk about it. But the realization came to her that this could be useful. The Elder seemed favorable to their relationship, they had an approval and an advantage that they could use to avoid scenarios of possible hostility and expand knowledge about the place where she was.

“Exactly, we're looking for something that's ours even though we don't know where it is yet.”

It was a truth what she said, although the meaning that the elder thought and what Una thought were quite different. A twinge of pain took her heel, the blue-eyed brunette knew where that was coming from, it was a warning from La'an not to overdo the wordplay. They didn't need the group of local felines to take too much interest in their pilgrimage or to decide to help too much. The movement of Una's tail was subtle, yet she could sense how La'an relaxed whenever her tail touched her. Una returned her beloved's warning with a light touch of her boot, the message was clear. *“Don't worry, I'm taking care of everything, my love.”*

Light and thunder

Chapter Notes

This chapter did not have a beta reader, all errors are solely my fault

"The walls seem thick. They're going to promote sound insulation for us. But it also means we won't be able to hear Kirk or Uhura."

La'an speaks circling the room where they are and inspecting each fissure for problems. After tea with the matriarch, the four were granted two bedrooms in the large farmhouse couple. Their room had wooden walls painted pale yellow and a soapy smell as if it had been freshly cleaned. The decor was simple. A gray carpet covered the floor, and a two-door wardrobe of dark and reddish wood rested in the corner of the guard. Two large windows on the side wall overlooked the property, the moonlight gave a silvery hue to everything it touched, and a thin haze covered the floor outside. In the center, a large sofa, round and shaggy filled with pillows. There was no concept of beds in this place.

"It's not ideal but we have to work with what we have. We don't want to offend their hospitality. Especially when we were given a double bedroom so we could celebrate our love in privacy. Una lets out a laugh with La'an's eye roll. "Words of The Elder, dear."

The commander seemed too relaxed in a strange situation for La'an but this was Una. She was better than the head of security at hiding her emotions for the sake of others. While one wore a mask of seriousness to hide what she felt, the other had specialized in always appearing composed and quite independent of how she was inside.

"Una now is not the time for romantic nicknames. We're on a mission, not on a romantic vacation in the Outback."

La'an was trying to stay focused but being in a closed space alone with Una made it harder and harder not to turn her attention to the commander. The Illyrian looked beautiful every day, but the clothes of this mission gave her a different air. The brown boots now with the tip dirty with mud by the Walk, made her steps more noticeable, the dark and shabby jeans hugged her thighs and made her legs look even longer, and the white T-shirt with the plaid flannel on top gave her a stripped and sexy air seemed to frame her breasts and make them even more inviting. Even the new features had their charm, the head of security wanted to stroke those fluffy ears and run her fingers through her long tail. Although she tried to keep those feelings internalized, she knew she wasn't doing a good job. Her purring grew louder now that she was alone with her beloved, like a gentle song, a plea for Una to come closer and take her to herself.

"Your mouth says one thing but your body says another. I know we're working here. But this is also work, La'an."

Una's tone was low, the glow in her eyes and the slight smile showed intentional. She walked to her beloved, the distance between them becoming less than a hand's breadth. Taking her hand to La'an's neck, the commander caressed her with her thumb, the sound produced by her girlfriend passing through her bones.

"I don't see how that can work, commander."

La'an's voice became shaky as she unconsciously tilted her head to the side and closed her eyes upon Una's caress.

"Well, lieutenant, the old woman made it clear that her purring made our closeness evident. Denying this fact by pushing us away would make everything more suspicious."

Una leans in and kisses the security chief's soft neck. The purr was a gentle massage to her lips that lingered on the skin and left slight red marks on the places where she could not resist biting. Her right hand held the back of the lieutenant's head in place, while her left hand went down her body stroking her back and pulling her close when it reached her lower back. La'an's small, soft, shaggy tail twitched every time her slender fingers ventured to stroke its base.

"I know you can feel La'an. Others might be oblivious but I know you could feel mine full when I was around you. I know you can feel it now."

The whisper of Una against the neck of the shorter woman when could not be heard, but she knew that her beloved heard. The groan coming from the back of La'an's throat proved it.

"I could take it here and now. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You said it yourself, this place has great sound insulation, only I would hear you moan my name. Although I think dispelling the smell that this room would get afterward would be quite difficult. What do you think, dear?"

Una's words were soft and made La'an's body shiver. It was difficult to formulate words when what she desired was contrary to what she knew to be right. All she had to do was nod her head and follow her lead.

"That's what I thought. You're a good officer, aren't you? So committed to work. You'd do it for the sake of the mission, wouldn't you? I'd let you eat here for Starfleet's sake. So dedicated, so competent..."

Una knew which words to use to get the best reaction from La'an. Her beloved was someone of simple tastes which made it an incredible

experience to exceed her expectations. Her right hand went up the back of the security chief's head until it reached one of her new ears. The feeling was different, the short hairs tickled her fingers, the firm but malleable structure was nice to manipulate and the sounds that came out of her lover's boa indicated that she was on the right track.

"Una ... we have work."

The words seemed meaningless when they came out of La'an's mouth. She wanted it as much as she did and in a way her girlfriend was right, it was part of the job. After all, what couple in love would not take the opportunity alone to give themselves to their love in the most intimate and carnal way possible? She wanted to bury her face between the breasts of the Illyrian and feel all that perfume enter her nostrils and fill her lungs. She wanted Una to continue stroking her ears and to bring her other hand to the middle of her legs. Her twat pulsed, wet and thirsty wanting nothing more than to be filled by the commander.

Sweat formed on her forehead, her breathing became more meager, and her hip pushed forward, wishing and asking for something that only her beloved could give her. So much desire, so much warmth, she purred louder, her hands cupped the commander's ass as her face drooped. Opening her eyes she stared into the deep blue of her beloved's eyes before indulging in a thirsty and desperate kiss. It had not been many hours since she had been intimate with her beloved, yet the feeling was that centuries had passed and Una's touch was the only thing to bring refreshment to her soul. She needed more, that alone wasn't enough. Reaching into the commander's pants, La'an's hands took her ass, the nails even though short were firm in clinging to the skin leaving long red traces. They were temporary, soon the place would regenerate but the feeling would take time to leave. Voraciously, the lieutenant took steps forward forcing the taller brunette to walk backward so as not to fall. So they walked across the room until they reached the round sofa. La'an was thirsty, it didn't matter where they were anymore, she just needed to have Una to herself.

Una's legs slammed against the side of the couch and she let out a laugh. First low then higher causing La'an to stop kissing her and stare at her questioningly.

"Did I do something?"

She asked in confusion slowly withdrawing her hands from her beloved's ass and making space between them.

"Not that dear, sorry. It's just that " it was difficult for Una to return to seriousness, she needed to catch up before continuing to speak. "We were about to have sex on a glorified cat bed."

The commander's speech seemed to bring La'an to the reality and ridicule of the situation. Una was right as always, this round sofa was nothing more than a giant cat bed. Not the weirdest place they've ever fucked but still ridiculous if she were to stop and think. At this thought the head of security gave a smile to her beloved. She gathers her arms hugging each other.

"That means we're not getting laid today, is it?"

Una raises her eyebrow and lifts La'an's chin with her index finger. Her voice velvety, laughter set aside giving an opening for her to decide.

"It depends, would my kitten like to be eaten spread out on this bed?"

A cold takes La'an's belly, this was highly inappropriate and yet it did suddenly mess with her. At the beginning of the mission she hoped that this would not awaken something in her, now she is beginning to realize that maybe she has no escape.

"You shouldn't call me that, it's inappropriate. The more how and where we are"

"I think it's perfectly adequate. You have cat ears and a cute little tail, and you're purring at me. I bet you'd even meow if I asked you nicely. And yet yes you did not answer my question."

This made La'an blush because she knew it was true, she would do anything Una asked. She was still wet and throbbing, her twat twitching against nothing begging to be filled. But they had a mission to fulfill and she couldn't let herself be seduced by Una, at least not here, not where she could be caught. With this realization, the shorter woman turned away and went towards one of the windows, there were no locks but it was stuck and difficult to open.

"La'an? Have I gone too far to the point where you want to run away?"

Una's joke had a background of doubt, and La'an's tendency to avoid conflict could appear in unconventional ways.

"I'm not running away. But as you said, This is a glorified cat bed. We should go out, check the perimeter, and maybe find a place with real privacy."

They exchanged glances, a quiet conversation about what the next steps would be. Kirk and Uhura would need to be warned if they took too long, the best course of action then was to not stand still and leave soon. A short getaway for terrain reconnaissance, completely within the protocol. La'an was the first out the window carrying with her the small side bag where her tricorder, phaser, and communicator were. Una was then carrying her bag, they didn't need some curious cat to find advanced technology for their time.

Una's boots touched the grass outside the property with a low rumble sound. During the night that place smelled of wet earth from the nearby plantation, smoke from the wood stove in the kitchen, and alcohol, something burning and sweet from fruits that fell to the ground and were never harvested. It took a few seconds for Una's vision to acclimate to the brightness of the moon and how everything around her took on a grayish hue with the night. The wind howled and lightning lit up the clouds of a distant storm, it didn't look like it was going to get closer, just one more small detail to bring beauty to the sky. If the commander stood still and looked closely, she could tell from the position of the Stars where the Enterprise was orbiting. A reminder that they were not alone and that if they needed help it was within reach.

"We should start with the barn. It is far enough from the windows that if one looks one cannot distinguish us from the shade, and should be less muddy than the plantations. The tricorder does not present anything at the moment but with the proximity maybe things will change."

Una stared at her tricorder in her hand analyzing the information or in this case the absence of it. Nothing seemed strange about the place, everything seemed to be exactly as it showed. But working on the Enterprise she learned to assume the absurd first, so she would never be surprised by the ordinary.

"It looks good to me, I just hope I don't find an alien cow version. I'm still getting chills after that horrible movie I saw last week. La'an wrinkled her nose at the thought and her ears flat back. She closed her eyes to her beloved and pointed her finger. "Don't laugh, you know the idea of oxen with tits and that ferret addicted to milk are disconcerting to me."

"Barnyard is a children's movie, La'an. I told you, you needed to suspend your disbelief to enjoy it."

The mood was light between the two as they walked away from the house and toward the barn. Without the help of other lights, it was difficult to be sure of its color but Everything indicated that it was brown with white details on its door. The door was unlocked and opened easily for officers to enter. Inside, piles of hay, old covers, and a seemingly Broken Plow apparatus. With the right tools, Una was sure she could fix it quickly, which was a shame since she wouldn't do that.

"Well, nothing suspicious around here. Everything seems ordinary, not at all threatening, and perfectly empty. I don't think anyone has come here in the last few days or will come here tonight..."

"Maybe we should go back before they notice our absence. We don't want to raise suspicion."

La'an said looking in Una's direction even without a direct light she could see the commander thanks to the temporary modifications. Her words were followed by a bang accompanied by a flash that illuminated the barn through the window above the door. The previously distant storm had reached the property. The noise of rain coming from outside was intense, the flashes and rumbles were frequent, and they would have no way to leave until the rain passed. The lieutenant sighed and sat down on a block of hay, she was not having any luck today. Between hearing from a stranger that her attraction to the commander was obvious and the wet stain on her panties from their interactions a few minutes ago, the prospect of being trapped in a barn gave the impression that something or someone was having fun with her torment.

"It could be worse, La'an. Ignoring her companion's skeptical expression, Una continued, "There could be leaks. Or farm animals. And then I couldn't do what I'm going to do now."

The commander walks up to the security chief and kneels in front of her. The lightings outside illuminated Una's face making her eyes even clearer and giving her hair an almost mystical silver shine. The weather was now colder because of the rain, which spread the moisture and eradicated the heat. The Illyrian felt her knees get wet as she deposited them on the ground, but she knew it was just the icy ground and not water, at least she hoped. With her hands, she gently pushed La'an's legs apart. Resting her head on her beloved's right thigh she ran her fingers over the waistband of her pants.

"Did I mention how good you look in those pants, honey? Especially so close. I like to be able to smell you." Drawing her face closer to the center of La'an, Una took a deep breath. "Something tells me you like it too."

La'an had to control herself not to hold onto Una's head in that place, after so much teasing in the room, maybe Una deserved it. But the lieutenant would be the bigger person, if that were to happen it would be on their terms.

"Una, if you're going to fuck me in a dirty barn, at least you could give me something good to look at. Why don't you take off your t-shirt?"

She said as she bent over and pushed Una's flannel away from her shoulders. Although that outfit was beautiful, La'an preferred what was underneath it. Una's breasts have always been an object of desire. They were heavy and bulky, with light brown nipples and white lines at the bases caused by skin stretching and accommodating them. Una's streaks were pleasant to run her fingers over, delicate marks that framed one of her most beautiful features. There was nothing that La'an loved more than the opportunity to kiss, lick, knead, and bite her beloved's breasts. Many considered the birth of a supernova to be one of the most beautiful events in the universe, but for the head of security, one of the most beautiful events was the commander taking off her blouse and abandoning her bra after a long day at work.

After removing the flannel, the T-shirt was next, the fingers of the shorter woman walked along the commander's back leaving behind the phantom sensation of a touch. Una's tail wagged and her scent grew stronger with the expectation of what would happen. Arriving at shoulder blade height, La'an was quick to untie Una's bra, when the T-shirt came off, the bra went to the floor. And then there they were, Una's breasts,

soaked with sweat, her nipples hard from the cold, surrounded by her hair and lit up by the Rays. When the lieutenant thought that her beloved could not look more beautiful, again she found herself being surprised.

Outside the barn, the sky had turned to dark wine, dense clouds covered the stars, and not even the light of the moon could pass through. The heavy rain created a curtain, preventing anything from being seen at a distance greater than an arm's length. Lightning streaked across the sky and thunder rumbled making the old barn shake. The rain upon reaching the ground formed a small stream, drawing its way between the stones in the dirt floor and directing itself to the plantation at the lowest part of the property. The noise of the water droplets crashing against the vegetation was loud and constant being surpassed only by the wind that howled and snaked through the terrain. Still, inside the barn things remained undisturbed.

"You know, I prefer your uniform pants, it doesn't have a belt in the middle to delay the process."

Una kissed La'an's belly before unbuckling her belt and helping the lieutenant lower her pants. The shorter brunette wiggled around trying to find a comfortable position to stand on the hay. The costume might have been sexy but the execution was proving to be a little harder to achieve. That was until they remembered Una's flannel and T-shirt lying on the floor, they served as a barrier between La'an's butt and her seat. With that problem put aside, they could now move on to the fun stuff.

"Open those legs for me. I want to see if your purring matches how wet you are."

Spreading her legs, La'an felt Una's fingers pass over her inner lips and go just deep enough to be moistened before being taken to the commander's mouth. The sound that came from the first officer licking her fingers was low, a sigh of pleasure that could be lost with the sound of the intense storm, but the head of security was attentive enough to hear it. The commander's scent became more intense, her eyes closed, her tail wagging sideways forcefully taking some dust from the ground. Taking her fingers out of her mouth, Una looked up at La'an, her blue eyes now almost blackened, her pupils dilated to join the darkness of the place and receiving a special glow whenever lightning lit up the sky.

Still staring at her beloved, the Illyrian leaned forward kissing La'an's pubic hair, a small mound perfectly cut, the salty taste of sweat touching Una's lips, she stretched her tongue out of her mouth and gave it a good lick. La'an took a deep breath, the lack of lighting causing her to see things in black and white, then having to surrender even more to her other senses now augmented by the temporary genetic modification. She could feel Una's breath against her skin, the warmth of Una's body so close to her, the sound of Una's knees adjusting against the Earth, the taste of rain in the air mixing with the salt of the sweat and the sweetness of the fruits outside, creating an indescribable taste in her mouth.

La'an's hands went to Una's shoulders, her nails digging into her bare skin, holding tight, she didn't worry if she was going to hurt the commander, the taller brunette liked this kind of pain. Una tossed her hair back before entering La'an with her tongue, her nose caressing the security chief's clitoris. Her hands went up the inside of the lieutenant's T-shirt and held her small breasts over the top of her sports bra. La'an let out a groan, the hay beneath her rustling with the way she was moving, her hip going forward offering herself to her beloved, her chest puffed and her head thrown back. The storm seemed to become stronger and louder masking any sound coming from the barn.

"Damn!" La'an exclaimed when Una twisted her nipples. Even with the protection of her bra, the commander knew how to handle La'an's breasts like no one else. "Una, stop messing around, I've waited a long time."

The Illyrian let out a laugh at the exclamation of her beloved, always so repressed La'an could not stand long orgasm denial. Lowering her hands to the waist of the security chief, Una pulled her head away and gave La'an a mischievous smile. Her hands slid up the lieutenant's ass and brought her close, before rising from the ground and spinning taking the place where her beloved had previously been sitting. La'an let out a thin cry as she spun around and then faced Una.

"A warning would have been good."

"But it would be a lot less fun."

Rolling her eyes, La'an leans in and kisses Una, her hands going to the commander's breasts as often before. She knew every trace in Una, every curve, every pint, and every scar too. The taller woman's hard nipples against her hands gave her a hint of what to do. Twisting with her fingertips, the lieutenant delighted in Una's deep moan against her mouth. Biting the lower lip of her beloved, she moved away a little and went to the neck of the Illyrian. Her tongue met and licked her spicy sweat, something unique and special that only Una had.

While this was happening, Una had her own form of fun. Her left hand held La'an's hip while the fingers of her right hand filled it. The thumb stroked her clit while the ring finger and the middle finger went deep into La'an's pussy, sliding easily, adapting to the hot and rough space. The wet sound of her fingers going in and out was low, reserved only for the two of them amid the storm. As if coordinated, each groan produced by La'an was accompanied by thunder. The first few times it seemed familiar but when it proved a constant, Una committed to giving La'an the biggest orgasm. For scientific reasons like a good Starfleet official, she wanted to hear the lieutenant scream and see what would accompany that sound.

Curving her fingers inside her human companion, Una increased the speed and intensity of her lunges, the hip of La'an moving to keep up with the rhythm and the squeeze of its Walls indicated to her that she was on the right track and that she could soon have the answer to her hypothesis. La'an's spine curving in an arc, her thighs locking around Una's waist, her hot, gasping breath against the Illyrian's neck heralded the near end of her little adventure. The rain grew stronger and louder, the cadence of drips on the roof matching La'an's breathing. The smaller woman's body got hotter, her heart racing, her nails digging into Una's breasts, and a loud moan coming from the back of her throat reverberating all over the barn.

Accompanying it, was a flash that lit up the whole barn, a bang, loud enough to make everything tremble, Una and La'an found themselves shrinking from the loud sound invading their sensitive ears. A smell of burning, smoke, and heat coming from outside, all the cacophony of sounds ceased, and the rain passed. The last act of the storm had been lightning, falling directly on the plantation which was now ablaze. If La'an and Una's escapade had gone unnoticed, it wouldn't be for long if they didn't immediately return to the House. The two quickly dressed,

grabbed their things, and left for the house, preparing a story to present. Stepping on the stones in the path to keep their shoes and pants from getting dirty with mud, they could feel warmer, not only from the sex but from the nearby fire. It was fortunate that although the rain had stopped, the clouds still covered the sky and they were able to go back through the window unseen. The lieutenant was the first to enter the room, being followed by the commander, two figures were waiting for them.

"I told you they were fine."

Sam's voice was whispered as he threw a knowing smile at Nyota, the younger woman on the other hand looked distressed.

"We are worried. With the storm and the bang and everything. I've never seen a storm like this, it was scary. What happened to you guys? You don't look like anyone caught in the storm."

Una and La'an exchanged glances, the shorter woman starting to purr again and the taller one feeling her chest warm again as she returned to exhale her perfume. An exchange of glances and the memory of what happened seemed to be enough for their bodies to respond to each other's presence again. Trying to pull herself together, La'an with an impassive look answered.

"We were inside the barn scouting the terrain when the storm hit, we had to stay there until the rain passed. Lightning appears to have struck the plantation. If our hosts didn't notice this, maybe it's best to let them know."

Kirk and Uhura exchanged a knowing look, they wondered what happened but knew it shouldn't be commented on. They had something more important to do, a fire to put out. The plantation that was on the farm was so beautiful, that Sam was able to identify characteristics that resembled *Fabaceae*, which matched what they knew about the food base of the natives of the planet. With bluish stems and broad leaves, the plants had large, broad bean-like pods, the blue hue mixed with a mustard yellow, and the whole plantation smelled like cooked broccoli. The lieutenant was all the time trying to find a sneaky way into the kitchen, not only to discover recipes for Captain Pike but also because you can learn a lot from people by the way they behave in the preparation and consumption of food. Knowing that the beautiful plantation was in danger of being lost squeezed his heart, he thought of home, his childhood, and how his family would be affected if this happened to them. He could not allow this to happen to his feline hosts.

The four of them left the room anxious prepared to wake everyone from the house to help with the fire, only to find Galosh, Felt Ball, and the old woman in the room. The two younger aliens were sitting on the floor, playing what appeared to be a card game while the older woman sitting in an armchair, wrote in a notebook.

"My Olioto will attack your village, we will take your resources and your temple of worship will be reformed to our customs."

"What? You can't do that. We agree on no templo reformed cards, it always spoils the game, Felt Ball."

"You only say that because you're losing, Galosh."

The two young men argued without noticing the approach of their guests. But the Elder seemed attentive, given a smile she closed her notebook.

"What can I help you with, dear ones? You must be grateful to have found shelter in a place where the roar of the winds and the drooling of the heavens could not touch you."

Her words were calm and melodious but there was the impression of a slight tone of arrogance. As if the old woman knew something that none of the others present knew. Una cleared her throat, leaving a mental asterisk in that feeling and saving it to be addressed later.

"Yes, we are very grateful but we are worried. With the sounds we heard, maybe now that the weather has improved we should check the plantation? We would be honored to assist you in this task."

Una's voice attracted the attention of Felt Ball and Galosh who put away their cards and lifted them off the ground.

"What plantation? The planting season is over for months, there's no planting outside. We are in hunting season."

Says Felt Ball, making this interaction even more confusing.

"But we saw one-"

La'an's speech is interrupted by the elder.

"Be at peace, dear ones. Weariness and pilgrimage must make them forget the Times. But don't worry, we understand and welcome you. Early tomorrow we will go out together to hunt in honor and tribute to your presence. It would be better if you went back to sleep, so that you will be prepared."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!