

Cultural Something, Something

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Cultural Something, Something

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Cultural Exchanges. With a Deltan. What did you expect?

Notes

Everybody's of age. No brevet lieutenant j.g.s were harmed in the making of this fic.

Decker comes awake gently in the low light of the San Francisco night. She feels warmth against her cheek. The warmth of skin she has felt from two others, all in the last few weeks, in various situations.

Along with the Threads—what some would call pheromones—from the three Deltans that she had come into close contact with, all in the last few weeks.

She feels Kitana shift slightly. Chandra's future adopted step-daughter, if she can figure out the complicated relationships. Made more complicated when she and Kitana had shared the Link, the psychic and empathic manifestation of the Threads.

Kit gives a slight whimper in her sleep. Decker wonders if she can get up without waking her, when she realizes that she had left her clothes in the living room. The walk of shame could be interesting if either Ren, Kitara's adopted father, or Gordet, her younger brother, was awake.

If there was any such thing as a 'walk of shame' in a Deltan household.

Once again she finds herself shoving those thoughts away, trying to think of anything else. Like disassembling her ship's Cohort system and reassembling it, all in one of the five-hour day shifts.

She winces, seeing herself doing just that in front of her crew.

Dressed as she is at this particular moment.

Which is to say, decidedly out of uniform.

Decker rests her forehead against the belly again, then lets her cheek fall on the warmth. She realizes once again, as she had earlier, that Kit's half-Deltan skin, while warmer than her own, isn't as warm as Chandra's or Theelia's, the barkeep near their base on Leelix III.

Learned from scientific observations, she thinks wryly. She exhales sharply, then feels the skin of the belly quiver at her breath. She grins and does it again, getting the same reaction.

Her mind goes to the last several weeks, since she had stepped aboard the *Comstock*. Between all that she had experienced on the ship, including her first battle in the first few moments of being aboard, it had been a whirlwind, more than she had experienced in her entire two decades of life.

Adding in the dynamic with her ship's CO, then fellow captain, Siobhan Lincolnton, as she had been initiated into the 'captain's club' by the slightly older Englishwoman, along with the beginnings of the Deltan bond—at least of the mind—she had started with her Group CO, and was it any wonder she tried to suppress the experiences that Kit, Theelia, and even Chandra had shared.

She feels a soft gaze on her, from up above. Kitana et al Prehaska gazes down at her, her hazel eyes in their blue manifestation in the low light. A smile is just visible on her lips.

Lips that Decker focuses on. She moves up Kitana's body, trailing her lips and even her teeth along the skin, until they are breathing for each other.

"You know," Kit says when they break free, "I wouldn't have shared those experiences with you if I wanted you to shove them away every time they come up." The smile turns devilish. "By reassembling the warp core, or something."

Close, sister, she thinks. I usually don't think about doing these things naked. At least not since any nightmares about school presentations.

"It's okay, sweetie," Kit continues. "You're okay. You're not going to suddenly turn into a raving sex maniac."

She feels herself blush. Kitana gives a musical laugh. "I love it when you blush. I think even your freckles blush."

"What does this mean?" Decker blurts out suddenly.

"It means exactly what it means," Kit replies. "We've shared something. We'll probably share it with others." She kisses Decker again. "You'll probably share it with that cute captain I saw in your mind." She reaches down and slaps Decker's ass. "Come on," she says. "Let's build some more memories to share."

As she makes the trip back southward, then swings her legs around, Decker feels herself relax. She rejoices in what she has experienced.

Especially as one of those 'cultural differences' manifests itself under her lips.

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