

Smell the Roses

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Smell the Roses

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Summary

"Avast, it's likely my shouting of pirate-y jargon." -- Weekly Challenge 43: In the late 24th century, the U.S.S. Phoenix-X is inundated by roses.

Ad Astra: Weekly Challenge #43

"Smell the Roses"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* moved gracefully through the distant reaches of nowhere in particular. Lieutenant Elly walked into Sickbay where Doctor Xyrenia was preoccupied with spraying some roses.

"Hey, Doc. How's it going? I just got sucker punched in a fighting match with Lieutenant Commander Tong," Elly reported as she sat herself on a nearby biobed.

Xyrenia stopped her spritzing and began scanning the Orion. "I'm good, and you know you're the only one willing to fight that man? A man with the highest Esper rating we've ever seen?"

"Ugh. I just cannot sit around and do nothing all the time," Elly complained. "I need some fast-paced action. Besides, he said he was going to go easy on me. That is, until something caused him to fluctuate. Avast, it's likely my shouting of pirate-y jargon at him. Bloody landlubbers."

The head-of-hair-sprouting Deltan sighed as she began a dermal regenerator. "The complacency, I can relate to. When Doctor Lox left for other postings, he charged me with prioritizing care of his mutant plants. If the Commander wasn't constantly recalling his old crew back for one-off missions, I'd just burn these monstrosities in a fire-driven cackle of evil."

"The Chameleon and Felaran rose crossbreeds? Yeah, you definitely don't want to overwater those. The first sign is excessive pollination throughout the ship," Elly commented before realizing. "Wait. Tong? That's what caused him to fluctuate!"

All of a sudden, the stretch of roses began moving and growing on their own! One opened up like a flytrap and grabbed the foot of Nurse Fig as he was walking by and held him upside down. "Ahh! I just wanted to discuss the breeze in the new male nurse gowns!"

"Oh, shit. This is my fault for indulging a repulsatory mindset in place of careful watering techniques," Xyrenia said while pressing her nose bridge and all the roses began growing out into the corridors to attack more crew. "I'm a terrible Deltan. I should have been unnecessarily oversexual about it or something."

Elly got to her feet. "There is nothing you should apologize for. Just because you chose to medically grow your own hair, does not make you any less of a Deltan. Like me, we just need to stop and appreciate things better."

"You're right," Xyrenia calmed. "Part of life is accepting who you have always been. In my case, a woman with a luxurious head of hair anyone would be jealous of. Do you want to help me cut the necks off these awful plants?"

The Orion shrugged. "If that's what you want. But what would the Deltan-real-you do?"

"Hmm," the Doctor stopped for a moment to consider. "I'd lighten up these awkward creatures with mates of their own. Come! We'll overwater some new seedlings and talk about uniform skants."

Nodding, the two women grabbed trays of soil and embedded new crossbreed roses before overwatering them right away. The appalling flooding of the soil then caused accelerated growth of new roses, which became as large as the others until breaking out into the corridors as

well to engage with the first generation of roses.

"Aahh! They're mating or something!?! It's so repulsive!" came the shocked yell of Lieutenant Briggs from out in the hallway.

Now, with the threat to the crew over, both Elly and Xyrenia turned to each other in relief. "Thank you for your help, Lieutenant. Perhaps these terrible things aren't so bad after all. They should be free to roam the ship at will."

"You see? You're more Deltan than you think. Also, I'm the Chief of Security, so I can okay this in support of our bonding," Elly reassured as she forced a buddy-buddy arm over Xyrenia's shoulders. "Shiver me timbers, Doc. Shiver me timbers."

Meanwhile, out in the hallway, several officers unexpectedly tripped over the sexual transactions between the group of roses. *"No! Noooo!"*

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