

Destination Azahar

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CONTENT: MF FF oral ScFi

UNIVERSE: The Swarm Cycle

SUMMARY: How does a colony get ready to take on immigrants? Take a ride with a country boy and a businesswoman from Mississippi and find out how they managed to create a manufacturing sanctuary after being dropped on a backwater planet. Diverse groups converge and turn a barely habitable planet into a Mecca of culture and technology.

This story is set in the Swarm Cycle Universe created by Thinking Horndog. Any resemblance between the content of this story or any of the characters depicted herein and real persons or events is probably coincidental.

The tale of Azahar parallels and extends my previously published stories. It should not be necessary to have read "The Librarian", which itself incorporates "The Starbucks Incident" and "The Starbucks Aftermath", or "Behind Enemy Lines". Some survivors from "Behind Enemy Lines" appear in Chapter 11, which also begins the sequel to "The Starbucks Aftermath". The continuation of "The Librarian" starts at Chapter 24. The short story "A Pickup in Texas" is included as Chapter 31.

This story also contains oblique and direct references to the works of other Swarm Cycle authors including The Duke of Ramus' "The Cadet Saga" and "Neptune", and Allan Joyal's "A Peril at Ishtar".

I am grateful for Mulligan's help making this tale easier to read. I alone am responsible for the errors, omissions, and inaccuracies contained within this story.

WARNING: ADULT CONTENT! This story contains scenarios that are unsuitable for minors and narrow-minded individuals. It contains sex, violence, and other socially unacceptable behavior. You have been warned!

Chapter 1 - Lunch and Learn

Celeste was beginning to regret her decision to have half a grapefruit and coffee for breakfast. She was nearly obsessed with remaining slender and bordered on being skeletal. Her high metabolic rate actually allowed her to eat considerably more than she typically consumed without a noticeable change in her body fat.

She stepped out of her cubicle to talk with her mentor and confidant about her next work assignment. She was wrapping up her current project and was really hoping that Tuan

had an opening for her because she really preferred working on his projects. He was confident, competent, and treated her as a professional. She was also attracted to the slender man with his dark complexion, rangy musculature, and distinctly Vietnamese facial features. She knew he was almost twice her age, but he didn't look it.

She opened the exchange with, "What do you want to do for lunch today, Marge?"

Margret laughed. "It's barely ten o'clock. Did you skip breakfast again?"

Her gaunt cheeks turned almost as red as the short hair that framed them. "No, but grapefruit and coffee doesn't stay with me very long, and I got here early to be sure I could wrap-up the paint shop job this week. Do you think Tuan has his new job's design specs far enough along for me to start software development from them next week?"

"I don't know," Margret replied. "Why don't we ask him? We might even con him into taking us out for lunch."

Tuan smiled when Margret and Celeste stepped into his office. When given a choice on a project, Tuan would have Margret do the structural design and Celeste handle the electrical equipment and controls. Celeste was a wizard at getting conveyors and industrial robots to behave.

"Good morning," Tuan said with his deep Southern drawl. It was always startling to Celeste when Tuan began talking. His voice didn't match his facial features. "What can I do for you ladies this morning?"

Margret smiled, "We were wondering if you were ready for us to start on the conveyor job, and Celeste is more than a little peckish."

Celeste blushed again and backhanded Margret's arm.

"Well, we can't very well talk with a growling stomach distracting us," Tuan observed as he stood to get his jacket and hat. "Let's go into town where we can talk freely and get something that might put a little padding on our starving friend's frame."

None of the trio had much of a social life. Tuan's wife had died of cancer five years earlier, and he had concentrated on raising his two children. His son, Tan, was nineteen and a freshman at Mississippi State and his thirteen-year-old daughter, Kim, was a star softball player at the local middle school.

Several of the men in positions equal to Tuan's had solicited sex from coworkers through the simple expedient of wearing a badge that displayed their Capacity, Aptitude, and Potential score. Ever since the airing of "Average Joes", a guy's CAP score had become more important than looks or money for attracting the attention of willing women. And the higher the CAP score, the more willing the women became.

Nguyen Huu Tuan had an average score of 7.7 emblazoned on his card next to the Westernized version of his name: Nguyen, Tuan H. Tuan kept the card in his pocket and his score to himself. It had been a year since "Average Joes XV" had aired, and Tuan was curious about why his card hadn't become warped or chafed in the two years it had been tucked in his wallet. His driver's license and credit cards didn't hold up nearly as well as the thin scrap of plastic he had been given after he was tested at the local Confederacy office.

Tuan was a forty-five-year-old widower. He was much taller than his Vietnamese father, but had inherited his dark hair, dark eyes, and rangy musculature. He was even an inch or two taller than his feisty mother. He had her dark complexion and bright smile that was full of straight, white teeth. He was proud of his ancient name even though one in three Vietnamese is named Nguyen. It was more popular than the Western names Smith, Jones, and Johnson combined.

Margret Asbury was pushing forty and had never been in a serious relationship for very long, but she had a daughter in college from a freshman party that she didn't remember leaving. Her parents had taken care of the baby, allowing her to remain in school. She seriously cut back on the party life after realizing she was pregnant and became far more diligent with birth control after Sharon was born.

Celeste McCreless was twenty-seven. She had interned with the small automation integrator while in college and accepted a full-time position with them three years ago when she graduated. She wasn't a virgin, but most guys believed they would risk serious injury by having wild sex with someone who appeared to be both fragile and hazardous due to a total lack of padding. Most men were certain that multiple bruises could be expected after vigorously pounding Celeste's pelvis.

While both Margret and Celeste loved having a steady heterosexual partner, neither one wanted to give up their careers to be stay-at-home moms, which seriously limited their pool of suitors. The long hours and required travel made a normal home life more of a fantasy than a real possibility without serious changes in their priorities. Their career choices stressed the few relationships they had managed to develop.

It wasn't unusual for the three engineers to eat lunch together. Tuan was in the mood for a bit of curry and had talked the ladies into driving from their office in Madison to a popular Indian restaurant just off Interstate 55 on the north side of Jackson.

The restaurant was located in the shadow of the elevated interstate highway bordering an industrial area. With nothing but ugly things to look at around the restaurant, the owner had covered the windows with beautifully embroidered draperies and tapestries.

None of the patrons could see the interdiction field that surrounded the building and no one had a clue that things in the dining room were abnormal until a very large woman announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Sergeant..."

There was a commotion and loud crash in the corner of the dining room near Tuan and his dining companions. The trio had taken a table in the larger, non-smoking section of the restaurant near the entrance. A busboy had disarmed a man who was holding a small automatic to a screaming woman's head by smashing him in the ear with a heavy glass pitcher of ice water. The thin busboy nonchalantly handed the small pistol to the woman wearing a strange uniform.

Four equally large individuals had entered the restaurant behind the woman and began arranging themselves in strategic locations in the divided dining area. The woman tucked the pistol into her Sam Browne belt and motioned for one of the men to check the injured man sprawled on the floor.

"As I was saying before being so rudely interrupted, I'm Sergeant Jessica Landry. My associates and I are here to extract a few of you for service to the Confederacy. Please remain seated until we get things organized." Landry checked around the room and continued, "If the six sponsors will each step up here for a reader we can get this show started."

Tuan collected the reader from Sgt. Landry and looked around. Margret and Celeste were frantically waving for him to return to their table. Margret asked, "You *are* going to take us with you. Aren't you?"

Tuan's facial contortions expressed his reluctance to take members of his design team, "I don't think of you guys that way. I've got too much respect for you and don't want to risk our working relationship."

"So, you don't respect the women you have sex with?" Celeste asked with a crooked smile.

Margret's eyes twinkled when she asked, "And what kind of relationship will we have if you leave us here to become Sa'arm shit?"

Tuan was gesturing with his hands and trying to speak, but couldn't formulate a coherent response: "I don't know if I can get it on with you guys."

Even though Margret was considerably overweight she didn't hesitate. She reached under her skirt and lifted her butt just enough to peel down her panties. "Let's find out, shall we?" She was still seated when she reached for Tuan's belt buckle. "All of these spectators are making me a bit dry, though," she admitted as she looked around at the other patrons.

Celeste told her, "I'll take care of that!" Thinking that it would also get Tuan hot, Celeste slipped out of her chair onto her knees and leaned into Margret's lap. She quickly put her mouth to work on Margret's plump labia. Margret gasped at the pleasant surprise. She became wet in seconds and started squirming in her chair. Celeste replaced her tongue with her finger in the wet channel and turned her attention to Tuan's cock, which Margret

had barely managed to extract from his boxers. She had no trouble taking the whole thing into her wet mouth and tight throat. Tuan's eyes opened impossibly wide as he gasped for breath.

Celeste backed off enough to tell Margret, "Lean across the table on your elbows."

The blonde-haired, blue-eyed Margret did as she was told. Tuan mindlessly allowed himself to be led by his dick as Celeste guided his glans to the patch of matted yellow hair below the plump globes of Margret's butt cheeks. As soon as their genitalia came into contact, each participant had an involuntary muscle spasm that slammed cock into slot.

Margret groaned when Tuan reached under her rumpled skirt, grabbed a bare hip with each hand and started mindlessly pounding into the soft, hot tunnel gripping his shaft. Their universe shrank to the few square centimeters of flesh that were in contact with one another.

Tuan furiously fucked the drooling woman sprawled across the table until his knees buckled, and he collapsed into a chair with his cock still spurting the sticky white product of his balls.

Celeste again sucked his shaft into her mouth. It hadn't lost any of its rigidity, so she swung one of her thin legs across his lap and settled her bare crotch onto the purple knob protruding from Tuan's groin.

She had gotten really hot watching her coworkers rut on the restaurant's table and Tuan's tool popped past the ring of muscle at her entrance and slid home in a distinctly different vagina. Celeste was so hot that she began climaxing as soon as his cock was fully seated in her bony body.

Tuan found a painfully thin redhead clinging to his chest and crotch when coherent thought returned. His only remark was, "Holy shit!"

Margret was still fighting to focus her eyes as she pushed herself up from the tabletop. Her big butt was mooning the world, but she didn't care.

A giggling Celeste commented, "Well Tuan, it looks like you can, once anyway. May we start calling you 'master'?"

All three turned to the sound of clapping hands. "That was quite a show, Tuan. It really makes me regret not forcing myself on you years ago. I always suspected that you were as skilled with your cock as you were with your hands. You always got my lawnmower started, and me along with it!"

Tuan managed to focus on the voice. It was his next-door neighbor Beatrice Walters, and she was naked!

"What're you doing here?" A shocked Tuan asked the busty brunette.

"Hoping to get a sponsor who'll fuck me as vigorously as you just fucked these lovely ladies," Beatrice answered with a sultry smile. She leaned over to stroke the slick, softening dick that was drooping between Tuan's thighs. "I'd love to ride this pony even if you don't take me with you. Got room for one more?" Beatrice asked as she dropped to her knees and sucked Tuan's limp dick into her mouth.

Tuan groaned and pushed her away, "It's too sensitive right now," he complained, "Maybe later."

"I'll take that as a promise," Beatrice answered. "I've already turned down offers from two other sponsors while I was watching your show. If you'll have the Confederacy pick up my kids when they get Kim, then I'll be expecting to have this thing shoved up my butt. Think you've got it in you to fuck your nice neighbor-lady in the ass?"

Tuan was too shocked to speak. Beatrice had always been demure and proper in speech, manner, and dress. Seeing the conservative mother of four totally naked in a public restaurant asking to be fucked in the ass was creating all kinds of short-circuits in his few recovering brain cells as he struggled to return his blood supply from his little head to his big one.

He looked around and saw several women that he recognized as friends of his neighbor. They had clearly been on some kind of outing that had brought them to this particular restaurant. Beatrice's companions were equally naked and either on their knees or backs while being test-driven, or cleaning up after the test drives were completed.

Margret was eyeing the newcomer with some hostility, but was reading recognition in Tuan's confused expression when she said, "I saw a seven point seven on his CAP card when he was showing it to the Marine. He can take four concubines with him."

Beatrice coaxed Celeste and Margret out of the rest of their clothing as she helped Tuan back into his and the three naked women escorted the recovering Tuan over to Sgt. Landry. "We're ready to go unless lover boy here can wake up enough to pick someone else," Beatrice told the Marine as she scanned the restaurant looking for a likely candidate.

Her attention became riveted on a group near the buffet. The owner's wife was getting vigorously fucked by a young black man while the owner himself was nailing a girl who was no more than sixteen. This was being supervised by a large brunette who was just smiling and nodding. The woman wasn't as large as the sergeant, but was easily the largest person in the room who was not wearing a uniform. "There doesn't seem to be anything decent left."

"Three hot women are more than enough for me," Tuan said with a hint of distress in his voice.

Everyone who was not in the throes of sexual bliss turned to face the partition that separated the main seating area from the smoking section when they heard a young woman scream, "I said no!" Her shout was punctuated by the crackling sound of a stinger and the crash of crockery as a table was knocked over by a falling body.

Sgt. Landry stepped over to investigate leaving Tuan and his group looking at each other with puzzled faces. Landry returned escorting a tearful young brunette with torn clothing and a swelling cheek. Beatrice immediately took charge of the distraught teenager and checking her for other wounds.

Landry was shaking her head, "We're down to five volunteers for this pickup. 'No' is still 'no' until we teleport to the ship. But those of you who are shipping out as concubines should know that you can deny your sponsor nothing once you *have* submitted. You will no longer have any civil rights. Piss off your sponsor and he can push you out an airlock without anyone batting an eye. Be sure this is what you want before entering my transporter stream."

The athletic brunette was distraught as she exclaimed, "I don't want to be left behind, but I don't want to be treated like dirt, either!" Beatrice was holding the girl to her chest and looking at Tuan. His shoulders slumped as Celeste pounded his arm with her small fist.

"Okay, okay," Tuan capitulated and asked the girl, "What's your name?"

A mumbled, "Nancy, Nancy Lewis," accompanied the sniffing noises coming from the youngster. Nancy was looking at the floor, unwilling to look up at Tuan.

A stray thought struck Tuan. There was maybe one other teenager in the place. "Why aren't you in school, Nancy?"

Nancy hesitated before responding, "Mr. Tuttle is my guidance counselor and suggested that we have lunch together to discuss my education. I think he just wanted to have sex with me this afternoon."

Beatrice snorted and even Tuan smiled as he remarked, "How long did it take for you to figure that out?"

Nancy swung her head in the direction of the smoking section without looking up. "He started trying to touch me even before the Marines showed up. I know that he's had sex with some of the other girls at school, but I thought he really wanted to help me with my school schedule. I don't get good grades, and I'm worried about what I can do after high school."

"Well, Nancy," Tuan sighed. He could see why anyone would want into the pants of the shapely Nancy Lewis. "You can come with us if you like. You'll have to have sex with me and possibly with one or more of these lovely ladies, but not this afternoon. I think we can wait until you're ready. Will you put your future into my hands?"

Nancy only hesitated long enough to glance at the smiling Beatrice before nodding her head without looking at Tuan.

"I'll need to hear you say it," Landry interrupted. "Do you submit to being the concubine of Tuan Nguyen?"

"Yes," Nancy replied. It was the first clear word she had spoken since being lead out of the smoking section by Sgt. Landry.

Landry looked into the eyes of each of the naked women near Tuan, "How about you three?"

A chorus of "Yes" was echoed from Margret, Celeste and Beatrice.

Looking at Tuan she asked, "And how about you? Do you accept these four females as your concubines? You will be responsible for them as soon as you do."

Tuan nodded and assumed a very serious, perhaps even a pensive expression as he also said, "Yes."

"All right then," Sgt. Landry seemed to relax a bit. "Does everyone have their CAP ID with them?" After the five produced the required documents, Landry led them over to where Corporal Whitcomb had setup the transporter terminal. "Step into the magic curtain one at a time as it turns green."

Beatrice nodded to Margret, asking her with her eyes and body language to step through first. When Nancy hesitated, Celeste stepped into the shimmering light and was gone. Beatrice pushed Nancy in and followed as soon as the color changed from red to green. Tuan followed almost as quickly.

Tuan felt a bit disoriented and queasy as eager hands pulled him away from the transporter nexus in the large, drab room.

"Step away from the transporter. There are more people coming through." Tuan looked around and saw a man waving for him to keep moving. Tuan collected his group with his open arms and herded them away from the transporter terminus.

Tuan watched quietly as four more groups of civilians magically appeared from the shimmering cylinder and stood around in clusters of three to five individuals. It was several seconds after the last confused-looking sponsor stepped away from the transporter

that the Marines started arriving. Sgt. Landry was the last one through. Seconds later the visual distortion caused by the transporter field disappeared.

The room became markedly quieter when Landry's booming voice startled everyone, "May I have everyone's attention, *please?*"