

Destination Azahar

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CONTENT: MF mF MmF anal inc ScFi

UNIVERSE: The Swarm Cycle

Chapter 19 - Surprises Low and High

Ensign Clark's pod had been habitable in Barcino for less than week when sounds of sex could be heard originating from the kitchen one morning when Marvin, Millie, and Rebecca had slept later than usual. Jason was merrily pounding away in Sasha as she sat on a barstool. Sasha waved at the trio without taking her elbows off the countertop she was leaning against for balance. She had her bare heels hooked on the top outside rungs of the stool maximizing the spread of her thighs.

Jason had asked Sasha if she would be disappointed if he downsized his dick. He shouldn't have been surprised at her response: "If you'll take it from the ridiculous to something under ten inches long and two inches wide you'll still have impressive equipment, but it will allow me to show you how deep-throat and anal sex should *really* be done!"

Donna and Angela were so pleased with their return to human dimensions that Jason had no reason to regret the move even before Sasha employed her old parts on his new parts. The level of interest and variety expanded dramatically, almost to the level of the fifteen-year-old's capacity for fantasy.

Marvin couldn't fault Jason as he took in the lewd display. He might look like he was twenty, but Hell, the boy was only fifteen years old! He had no chance when being stalked by a predator as skilled as Sasha. She had been instigating outrageous displays with Jason ever since the night Marvin had sent Rebecca into Jason's room for the night when she had complained about sharing a bed with Julie Ann. Being six weeks pregnant hadn't slowed Sasha down at all. If anything she was more adventurous than ever. Perhaps she had an inner need to indulge all of her wild fantasies before becoming a mother.

Rebecca began trembling, "Marvin, I can't stand this any longer. May I please push Sasha out of the way and take her place?"

Marvin was annoyed with Sasha for initiating such antics where the kids could wander in on her at any moment, and elated that she had worn down the only inhibition Rebecca had ever voiced. He was conflicted by a desire to punish Sasha because he wanted to reward her at the same time.

He did his best to soften his scowl when he turned to Rebecca, "Yes, but not out here where the kids can bust in on us at any minute."

A panting Sasha managed to say, "Julie Ann is... feeding the kids... breakfast in... the game room." After two more breaths her eyes rolled up and she shuddered in climax. She was gripping the edge of the counter so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

Jason steadied his partner by holding her at the point where her breasts flowed from her chest to her ribs just above the level of her elbows and continued the rhythmic motion of his pelvis. He clearly intended to push Sasha through to a second climax before unloading his balls.

Marvin laughed in relief. He should have known that Sasha had meticulously planned this seemingly impromptu encounter, especially since Julie Ann was nowhere to be found when he woke up with Millie and Rebecca.

Marvin led a very distracted Rebecca by the elbow to the nearest unoccupied barstool and told her, "In that case, ditch your shift and warm up this stool with your naked butt, wench."

Rebecca needed help getting out of the simple shift, but managed to follow Marvin's instructions. She groaned loud enough to get Jason's attention when Marvin slid into her dripping wet center, but her focus remained on the slab of meat pumping in and out of Sasha's stretched labia.

Jason broke his rhythm a stroke or two later when he realized that the lustful noises he was hearing were emanating from his mother's throat.

"Jason," Marvin said; then waited until he had some of Jason's attention. "Let Millie take over entertaining Sasha. I'll keep your mom hot while you switch out with Millie and lie down on your back. Let me know when you're ready."

It took a couple of strokes before Marvin's suggestion penetrated Jason's addled brain. When it did he nodded and almost fell onto the floor as Millie got onto her knees to take Jason's place at Sasha's crotch, but Sasha pushed her away before she got started, "Please, I've just got to watch this."

Millie smiled and turned to where she could also watch.

Rebecca's eyes never left Jason's cock, not even when Marvin pulled out, lifted her off the stool, and lowered her crotch-first onto her son's rigid erection. She gasped and wriggled as she worked herself onto his questing pole. She tried to hide her face and breasts with her hands and forearms, but Marvin pulled her hands into the small of her back, outrageously exposing her bouncing boobs. With her back arched and shoulders back the heavy rack was proudly displayed as it jiggled and bounced to the rhythm of the pounding she was taking from below.

Marvin gripped her wrists with his left hand in the small of her back and her shoulder at the base of her neck with his right, and then he slowly pushed her forward. Everyone in the room gasped along with the rutting couple when Rebecca's hard nipples began dancing across the tan skin of Jason's chest.

Marvin held her down as he worked his knees between Jason's hips and Rebecca's ankles. Millie saw where he was headed and knee-walked over to Rebecca's side and guided Marvin's slick cock to the outrageously exposed and totally unguarded passage just above the cock that was thrusting into her from below.

There was a moment of resistance; then the purple knob popped through the sphincter and the brown ring gobbled up a third of Marvin's length. Sasha appeared on the opposite side of the trio from Millie and dribbled a small amount of lube onto Marvin's shaft when he backed off for another go. It was clear that she had thoroughly planned this tryst. In three thrusts Marvin was buried to his balls.

The coupling didn't last long enough for the two men to establish a steady rhythm. Rebecca couldn't get enough air to scream loudly, but no one doubted she was experiencing a mind-numbing orgasm. Her thrashing and clutching quickly took Jason and Marvin over the top in her wake.

It was several minutes before anyone in the pile of arms and legs gathered enough strength to begin untangling their naked limbs. Rebecca was still breathing hard when she rolled onto her back. "Both of you are right bastards," she told the ceiling, "even though this is all Sasha's doing!"

"Did it not meet expectations?" Sasha asked.

"Oh, God, yes!" Rebecca exclaimed; then added. "But, we'll have to do in again when I can participate, and not just watch it happen from a foggy place far away."

Marvin helped her to her feet and whispered in her ear, "Perhaps in a couple of weeks when I have your nanites trigger ovulation."

Rebecca's eyes and mouth flew open, but she said nothing. Was the clenching in her gut fear or anticipation? Not even she was sure.

Even with the outrageous sexual activity he participated in while at his residence, it was becoming quite a challenge for Marvin Clark to focus on learning the moves he was being taught in close-quarter combat training with Corporal Miller due to the moves Miller employed both on and off the mat. Off the mat the conversations typically had an undertone of sexual innuendo. On the mat Miller would exploit every opportunity to

expose herself or make some kind of erotic contact. Few males could get much blood flowing above a nose that was lodged in Miller's cleavage.

Miller didn't back off even when Lieutenant Wallace joined them for some vigorous sparring. Wallace claimed to have never been in combat, but he took Clark by surprise with some moves that weren't in the books. Miller recognized them, though, and had a moment of nostalgia the first few times she watched him perfectly execute one of Lieutenant Timmons's moves. Miller had sparred with her platoon leader many times before she had been killed in action.

It was clear to Clark that Miller and Wallace respected each other as professional soldiers. Clark had found out that, along with Major Bronson and Sergeant Budzinski, they had been on *Sir Galahad* when she had gotten shot up at Sa'Triste. Budzinski and Miller had been attached to *Asimov* for less than two months when Clark was picked up at Starbucks.

Even though Wallace sympathized with Clark's plight, he wasn't shocked or put off by Miller's obvious play for the green ensign. More than once he could be caught watching with laughing eyes as Clark squirmed off Miller's carefully baited hook.

Wallace's thoughts were preoccupied with the hormone torpedo in his own quarters. *No charges would be pressed if these two adults got it on. Bobby, on the other hand, had a dick that was popular with the underage set, and it could get worse when he turned fourteen. With luck he'll score at least a 6.5 on his upcoming CAP test and will no longer put me in the crosshairs if the boy's dick gets wet with something more than saliva.*

Whenever Clark complained or criticized Miller's tactics, she would counter that he needed to learn focus and not be distracted by *anything* in a combat situation. She was totally unrepentant about her outrageous behavior. She was wearing him down. Clark was on the verge of capitulation when the arrival of *Asimov* was announced by the AI.

The second factory-grade replicator was building a third one when *Asimov* reported her presence at the Azahar inbound jump zone. Her 96 pod mounts were fully occupied by the families of First and Second Platoons of Delta Company, save one that belonged to Colonel Andrew Bryant.

Constance called Judith who was playing tennis with Nancy. "*Asimov* has arrived, but we're probably not going to begin unloading her until after breakfast in the morning. When you get through with bringing the pods down tomorrow, I'll need you to deliver three industrial replicators to the Ag Center."

Judith laughed, "Those 96 pods on *Asimov* aren't going to get down here by magic, my love. It's not like beaming down people. It's going to take the three of us at least four 8-

hour days to bring 96 pods down to the surface where it will take — what? — another three to five days for them to bury themselves and connect to the tunnels."

"*What?* Ours were ready overnight," Constance countered.

"Yes, but there were only two of them, and they're just deep enough to be out of the heat," Judith pointed out. "These will be going down, what, 45 to 50 meters? With me, Nancy, and Celeste flying steadily we might be able to deliver a pod every 20 minutes. That's only 24 pods a day."

"Wait! That means that we'll be holding up *Asimov* for nearly a week before she can head back to Demeter." The updated numbers began cascading across Constance's neat schedule like an avalanche on a ski lodge.

Judith and Nancy had abandoned their tennis match and stepped into the Barcino CIC to make talking with — and laughing at — Constance a bit easier. Nancy was laughing so hard she could only walk in sporadic spurts.

Judith speculated, "If we had a mockup of an *Aurora*-style pod rack and artificial gravity unit on the station, then the space tugs could move the pods off *Asimov* in a few hours."

Tuan looked over at Constance and scowled, "Why isn't this woman in charge of logistics and planning? She keeps casually pointing out our oversights." He made some quick inquiries on his PDA along with some calculations. "It'll take a factory three weeks to build two spurs that will accommodate 48 pods each. That time includes the building the artificial gravity generators, airlocks, and pressurized tubes connecting them to the existing transporter room in the station's CIC pod."

"If we can drag Celeste away from her computer terminal and round up Leroy, Kim and Roni, we might be able to get 16 to 20 of the virgin pods down from orbital storage by dinner for temporary housing of refugees sometime tomorrow."

Celeste stuck her head into the CIC, "Did someone call for me?"

Tuan smiled, "Just in time. When will the transient quarters for students be available at the Marine base?"

Celeste shrugged as she thought about the question before responding, "I'm not sure... about a week. That's what the industrial replicators we've scheduled for delivery tomorrow are going to be tasked to build. Why? Are students going to arrive sooner than a week?"

"No, we're just dealing with a housing crisis of our own making," Tuan replied rather gloomily. "We could just float the pods in space near the station. The occupants would survive, but it wouldn't be fun to hang out weightless for four days."

"The pods are capable of landing on their own," Celeste commented. "It's just safer to bring them down with a lighter. It'll be several days before they're connected to the tunnel system, though."

"What?" Tuan was puzzled for a moment. "That's right! AI, how long will it take to bring 150 pods down and fully populate a neighborhood in the colony center?"

"Forty-one hours after they have been released from their moorings," The AI responded. "Shall I direct some tugs to begin detaching pods?"

Tuan and Constance glanced at each other; then said "Yes!" in unison.

Constance took a deep breath and initiated contact with *Asimov* to make their excuses. "Captain Cooper, could I interest you and your crew in a little impromptu get together sometime in the next few days? We're not as prepared as we should be. It seems that it's going to take us three or four days to unload the pods from your ship."

Cooper was laughing when her reply came through a few seconds later, "I figured that it would take your people a week to unload and refuel my ship. Five days will have me ahead of schedule. That alone will be cause for celebration."

"Refuel?" Constance and Tuan echoed as they looked at each other in confusion.

This set both Judith and Nancy into laughing fits, which earned them a glare from Constance and a smirk from Tuan.

The fuel tanks of *Sir Galahad* had been drained to a storage facility as a safety precaution before the heavy construction was initiated. Tuan checked some numbers. "There's just enough fuel in storage from *Sir Galahad* to top off *Asimov*. Where are we going to get more?"

"Judith! You're slipping, girl!" Constance shouted which caused Tuan to fall out of his chair in uncontrolled laughter.

Constance wanted to be indignant, but a smile broke through on her face as she shook her fist at Tuan. "We, sir, have some hustling to do. We need some kind of long-range vessel that can get to the gas giant, collect methane and bring it back here. Then, we need to throw our current Gantt charts away and start a new schedule that shows all of the little 'oh, by the way...' dependencies and other pearls and perils that we seemed to have overlooked."

"Let's go get our loadmasters, girls. We can bring down some industrial replicators to help with the excavations," Judith suggested as she began herding Nancy and Celeste toward the door. She suddenly stopped, turned to Constance and asked through a big grin, "Oh, by the way... Where do you want those temporary quarters delivered?"

Constance couldn't help herself; she began laughing, but managed to bring up a map of Barcino. "Put them in this wing, directly across the main junction from us."

"You got it, boss," Judith said through her own laughter and headed out.

Celeste turned back and handed Tuan a quick sketch depicting a factory replicator in the center of seven pod-size tanks with a scoop at one end of the factory and a PAM at the other. "Something like this should be able to get to Ammit, load up on methane, and return in six to eight weeks."

Constance looked over his shoulder as Tuan remarked, "We've got everything on this drawing already in orbit except the struts that connect the replicator to the tanks. We should be able to send one on its way tomorrow. The replicator can configure itself and the storage pods on the way out to the gas giant. AI, can you set this up and have the collection vehicle ready in a couple of days?"

"Negative," The AI interjected a dark cloud into the conversation. "This mission will require a guidance system and autopilot that is capable of more than just adjusting the altitude of an orbit. It will take a week for a factory unit to fabricate a navigation and propulsion package that can get to the gas giant and back, and the vessel that houses it will still require a human pilot."

"And the good news just keeps flowing," Tuan said in exasperation.

Constance gave a sympathetic laugh of exasperation. "Everyone was concerned about us being able to build enough pods to load an Aurora class transport. We have habitat pods coming out of our ears and haven't shipped any yet. *Asimov* won't need a fresh load of pods for a while. She's returning to Demeter for another load of pods belonging to personnel being transferred here with their existing pods."

"Actually," the AI interjected, "the *Asimov* will need some new pods attached to serve as ballast. The *Aurora*-class ships are not designed to operate without a minimum number of pods attached."

"At last!" Tuan exclaimed. "Something that we're fully prepared to handle has been asked of us. We can provide ballast. How refreshing."

Constance's laughter at Tuan's sour expression was contagious.