

# ***Destination Azahar***

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CONTENT: mf Mf 1st oral orgy ScFi

UNIVERSE: The Swarm Cycle

## ***Chapter 23 - Heading into the Unknown***

Wallace was having some second thoughts about bringing Annita and the kids along with him to the outpost on Hielo. It was going to be another year-long mission, maybe more, and all three of his female concubines were pregnant and would deliver before they returned.

Annita interrupted his thoughts. "We're supposed to be at the Nguyen residence in fifteen minutes for Kim's fourteenth birthday party. Bobby has his room all arranged. He tells me that he'll be having an overnight guest no matter how Kim scores this afternoon."

"I'm actually a bit surprised that they didn't meet somewhere at midnight," Mark said with a chuckle. "As much trouble as we've had keeping them apart I fully expected her to be walking bowlegged at her birthday party."

Annita made the customary and expected disapproving noises in her throat at the crude remark. Her contorted sequence of facial expressions triggered a very amused chuckle from Lieutenant Mark Wallace.

The birthday celebration was more like a wake until Kim returned from the medical facility. She didn't say a word when she entered the room. She took Bobby by the hand and headed for her bedroom with the bewildered young man in tow. She handed her dad her new CAP card on her way out.

Tuan smiled when he looked at the score, "She has a 7.2 average score." He looked in the direction she had left and added, "And, she appears to be in a hurry to celebrate with Bobby. She isn't normally this rude to her guests, but we all know how much diligence it's taken..."

His apology was interrupted by a muffled, "Oh god, yes!"

Everyone busted out laughing and Tuan remarked, "That was fast! It seems she didn't even take time to close her door."

Celeste stuck her head around the doorframe. "They didn't make it *to* her door."

Twenty minutes later the blushing pair returned wearing rumpled clothes. "Sorry," Kim said. "I just couldn't wait any longer."

Bobby seemed a bit timid when he asked, "So, Kim, how well did you score?"

The question got the adults laughing harder than before. Bobby was clearly puzzled when Mark remarked, "It looks like you're the one who scored."

Tuan handed Kim's card back to her, and she showed it to Bobby. "Wow!" He said, "You did better than I did!" His eyes glanced toward Kim's room. "Are you still spending the night at my place?"

Kim smacked him on the arm as she glanced around the room, but leaned in and whispered, "Yes, silly boy! I didn't get enough, either."

Roni was a little put out that they hadn't wait for her to turn fourteen, but admitted that she wouldn't have been able to restrain herself if she had reached adulthood before Kim and all was forgiven by the time she hit the big one-four a few days later.

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Roni was lying awake in the predawn hours the morning she turned fourteen. She couldn't get back to sleep and headed up to the kitchen. She wasn't really hungry, but didn't want to be alone in her bedroom any longer.

Roni was nursing a glass of orange juice when Constance quietly entered the room. Constance broke the silence with, "Good morning, birthday girl," startling Roni enough for her to spill a little bit of juice from the glass she was holding in her hand.

"Thank you," Roni responded. "What has you up so early?"

"I was about to ask you that very question," Constance admitted. "There's a lot going on that Tuan and I have not been as prepared to handle as we'd like. I hate being reactive to situations. I very much prefer being proactive. Somehow I don't think your anxieties are about the same issues, though. Are they?"

"No," Roni said before becoming quiet. Constance sensed that Roni wanted to say more, but might be a bit embarrassed. "I'm nervous about the CAP test and even more nervous about losing my virginity."

Constance managed to avoid laughing. She knew that as silly as it sounded, these were both life altering events for the young woman. "I don't think I can help with either one of those challenges, Roni. I would if I could."

Roni blushed when she looked at Constance. "I was thinking that if I got one behind me, then I could concentrate better on the other. Would it be all right with you if I slipped into bed with Leroy? He's very sweet and incredibly gentle. Bobby is nice, too, but..."

"But Bobby isn't here and doesn't have Leroy's experience," Constance finished the sentence for Roni who was now too embarrassed to do more than just nod in agreement. After giving it a moment's thought and looking into the hopeful face across the table Constance smiled gently. "I think you're rushing into something that's only important because of the mystery it holds."

Roni's expressions collapsed in disappointment until Constance continued, "But, I know you've been crawling all over Leroy as much you have with Bobby. I have no objection as long as you don't push him into doing something he really doesn't want to do." She pinned Roni with a serious expression. "It needs to be his decision as much as yours."

Leroy didn't wake up until Roni was all the way in his bed with her warm butt against his belly and his cock trapped between her soft thighs. The confused young man asked, "What's this?"

Desire had overcome her previous shyness. "The virgin pussy that you're nestled against is warm, soft, very wet, and fourteen years old," Roni answered. "No one will scream if you grab my hips and push your monster cock through my hymen and into my trembling body. Well, no one except me that is. I might scream a bit in pain at first, and then in pleasure once you've forced all of it inside. I want you to stroke in and out of me the way you do with my mom and Jude."

Roni released her grip on Leroy's cock by raising her thigh. She took charge of his shaft with her delicate fingers and brushed the swollen tip back and forth between her wet labia from her vaginal orifice to her swollen clit. The head was soon coated with the slick secretions leaking from her eager body.

"Do it, Leroy," Roni begged as her courage waned. "Snap your hips and make me a woman... unless you don't want to."

"But yo' so tiny 'n I so big," Leroy said with a quiet groan.

Roni was pleased to hear Leroy revert to his old speech pattern. His higher brain was not functioning. She was talking to his primitive consciousness. She had him!

"I'll stretch; you'll see," she said with more conviction and bravery than she felt, but the grip on her shoulders tightened just before red and white patterns of light played on the insides of her eyelids. The air was forced from her lungs with a little squeak when the swollen knob at her opening tore its way past her fragile barrier and came to rest inside.

The tight ring of muscle clamped down on the flange behind the swollen head of her invader making it almost impossible to withdraw, not that either of them wanted it withdrawn.

Roni was suddenly dry, but little involuntary twitches from each of them as they tried to lie still for a moment milked a bit of lubricant from the hidden glands. Every twitch meant that another inch of Leroy's cock was held hostage in Roni's tight tunnel. Neither would be satisfied until it was captured from tip to root.

It took several minutes of gasping, grunting, and squirming, but the heavy sack at the base of Leroy's iron shaft was finally pressing against the soft, puffy lips of Roni's down-covered outer labia. Roni was gasping in a mixture of pleasure and pain several minutes later when Leroy's spasms pushed his cock deep into her body and filled her with his living seed before they both collapsed.

The 6.3 average CAP score she received later that morning didn't qualify her as a sponsor, but Constance didn't hesitate when she asked to spend the night with Bobby and Kim. She even acquiesced when Roni hesitantly asked, "Can Leroy come too?"

That night Bobby and Kim may have been more nervous than Roni. Leroy was quietly trying to blend in with the soothing pattern of colors on the walls. His swollen cock was enough to prevent that with no other considerations.

Leroy was wearing a concubine outfit that would normally mask his dimensions, but the rampant hormones and sexual tension in Kim's bedroom was enough to have given Michelangelo's David a massive boner.

"I'm sorry, Bobby," Roni said as soon as the group was alone. "I know you were expecting my cherry, and I really wanted you to be my first. But..." she bit her lip and hesitated before continuing, "I just couldn't wait. I'm still a bit sore from this morning, but I hope that you're still interested in having sex with me." Roni was blushing and chewing her bottom lip enough to make the last phrase difficult to understand.

Bobby collected the nervous girl in his arms and gave her a tender, but toe-curling kiss. "I'm still interested. I know that you have to be more than a 'little tender' if Leroy plucked your cherry with the monster trouser snake that's about the rip a hole in his shorts. But I'm dying to know why you brought him with you this evening."

"Well," Roni started but had to wait a moment to get air through the sudden constriction she felt in her chest. *Can I really tell him?* Her brain was swirling, causing as much of a problem with coherent speech as the tightness in her chest. "I figure this can go one of two ways. You'll reject me in which case I'll need Leroy here to comfort me." Bobby was shaking his head in denial, but froze in shock as the demure and recent virgin told him, "Or, you'll be okay with it and... and maybe take my remaining cherry. I have one left, and it's yours if you want it."

Roni could not look into anyone's face, and the pink undertone of her dark skin was clearly visible even in the soft light of the suddenly silent bedroom. No one even breathed for several seconds.

"And what will Leroy be doing if you have Bobby engaged with your ass?" Kim asked softly through her suddenly dry mouth.

"He's a very gentle and mind-boggling lover," Roni opined. "But, if you're not interested in giving him a workout, then I'll eat you and give him another ride while Bobby is busy with my other... opening"

Kim was certainly interested and intimidated; interested enough to put her fears aside. It was surprisingly easy for her to drop to her knees and reach for Leroy's groin. She did a quick internal check and realized that she had been much more nervous before Bobby tore through her cherry than she was about letting Leroy push his big cock into her tiny tunnel.

Her mouth closed over the blood-engorged knob as soon as she untangled it from his clothing. She couldn't get her lips more than two inches down the shaft from the fleshy ridge, but was stroking the exposed ebony shaft with both hands.

Bobby smiled as he voiced his observation. "She looks pretty interested to me! But, she's no more interested in Leroy than I am in you." Bobby started undressing Roni without asking. Roni wasted no time and began removing whatever of Bobby's clothing was within reach.

Bobby's mouth didn't stop working over Roni's small breasts from the moment the first nipple was exposed until he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of the sheer lace panties that was the final barrier to the treasures between her slender thighs.

Roni loved the sensations that raced through her body in response to the abuse Bobby's mouth was giving to the tender parts that he found a few inches south of her navel. She had benefited from Bobby's talented tongue in the past and wanted a lot more from him this time. With a great effort she focused enough to push him away. "Let me get you naked and in my mouth. You can get back to what you were doing, or we can move on to the main event as soon as you're hard enough, and I'm wet enough."

Bobby let the eager girl rip his remaining clothing from his body and gasped as she took him deep into her mouth and swallowed. He almost busted his nut when the crown slipped into the tight confines of her throat. "Holy moley!" Bobby gasped. "What can possibly top what you're doing right now? Oh, no!" Bobby yelled.

Roni had started caressing his balls, and he lost it when she stroked the tender patch of skin between the base of his scrotum and his tight anus. She caught and swallowed every squirt; then ran her tongue around the sensitive crown and backed off enough to kiss the tip. She asked, "What's next, little guy, my pussy or the unexplored orifice?"

Roni stroked the instantly-hard shaft with her free hand as she again applied her lips to his glans and caressed the tender contents of his scrotum with the hand trapped between his legs.

They were briefly distracted by a staccato "Yes! Yes! *Yes! Yes!*"

A quick glance burned the erotic image of Kim's ass bouncing off Leroy's hard abdomen. To get the right height she had climbed onto a padded chair and was hugging the back with her arms and the side of her face. A knee on each of the padded arms gave Leroy unhindered access between the swollen labia protruding from below the soft hemispheres of her butt. Bright pink skin clung to the dark shaft when it was withdrawn and disappeared between the fat lips when Leroy clinched his ass and drove his length into the panting girl's body almost hard enough to dislodge her from her perch.

Before Kim was reduced to a drooling mass, Bobby laid Roni across the bed and slid home in her tight, slick tunnel. Only the residual tenderness kept her from catching up with Kim, but Roni was clutching Bobby's chest to her breasts when Kim was carried over to the bed still impaled on Leroy's shaft. Kim watched as the spasms of a gratifying orgasm caused each of them to twitch.

Roni returned to reality to find Kim stroking her face. Roni traced Kim's thigh with the fingers of her left hand, and she giggled when she was hindered from stroking Kim's sex by the rigid shaft that was slowly moving back and forth with very short strokes. Roni followed the shaft the short distance to Leroy's testicles, and he froze when she took possession of the two orbs.

The two girls were still impaled on hard shafts when their lips met in a tender kiss. When Roni slid her tongue between Kim's lips Kim moaned and pushed against Leroy as much as she could without breaking contact with Roni's mouth. There was a short battle within Kim's body, but the invader of her groin won. She backed off of Roni's questing lips and tongue to push her sex all the way back onto Leroy's cock.

"I think Kim needs to go first, guys." Roni said to the group. She focused on Bobby, "Slide out of me, sweetheart,"

Roni struggled onto her knees when Bobby backed off enough for her to roll over. Both cocks in the room twitched at the sight of Roni's ass high in the air. Before she managed to push herself upright Bobby held her shoulders against the bed with his left hand and guided his cock back into the wet channel with his left hand.

Roni wanted to protest, but it felt so good when Bobby slammed his abdomen into her defenseless butt cheeks, tickled her clit with his hairy balls, and brushed her cervix with the soft tip of his iron rod. Both girls were soon drooling on the covers as well as onto the invaders that were making loud squishing noises as they pushed into the pair of very wet vaginas.

There was an undeclared competition between Bobby and Leroy. Both strained to outlast the other. Veins were standing out on each young man's neck as they refused to slow down. The faster one set the pace, which continued to increase. A high speed photo would have been needed to determine whose cock fired first.

Roni and Kim had been pretty much fucked unconscious. Both would be walking funny for days. Bobby and Leroy collapsed onto the bed with Roni and Kim between them. The four teens hardly moved until the cool air roused the elevated wet asses. Kim grabbed a blanket from of her closet and pulled it over her and Roni when she returned to the bed. The boys had scooted further onto the bed to share the blanket with the warm butts and backs that they found under it.

The next morning Roni complained to her laughing companions, "My ass feels the same. Did someone else get my birthday ass-fucking?"

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*Asimov* was back from Demeter when *Sir Galahad* returned to Azahar from Ammit and gently maneuvered into orbit. Captain Cooper was surprised to see the approaching ship. She hadn't inquired about *Sir Galahad* when she noticed that the orbiting platform now had four factory replicators in operation. One of the big machines was creating a fifth factory replicator, one of them was creating a new *Aurora*-class transport, and one had the beginnings of a *Tarawa*-class assault ship growing from its opening. The massive spine emerging from the fourth replicator had to be that of a *Kilo*-class colony transport.

This time the orbiting tugs had transferred the sixteen pods from each ring of mounts on *Asimov* to a ring on one of the pod spurs attached to the rapidly growing station. It took about ten minutes between a pod's release from *Asimov* to its capture at the station. The occupants took almost that much time to gather in *Asimov's* transporter room, beam to the station, and find their new companionway ring. The first few might have to wait a couple of minutes while the seal between their pod and companionway door was checked.

Many of the arriving families would take the transporter directly from *Asimov* to the Barcino transporter station for temporary housing in one of the 150 pods reserved for arriving families. They would temporarily reside in the center of the colony until their own pods were in position and connected to a courtyard.

During the turnaround at Demeter, Cooper had heard that the crews for these new ships were being assembled and trained at Persephone. Several crewmembers of *Will-o-Wisp*, including her first officer, presented themselves to Cooper as candidates for her crew on the *Kilo*-class colony ship that she was to take command of when it was completed. Between the experienced crew from *Will-o-Wisp* and recruits completing their training at Poseidon, Cooper had no trouble collecting a full complement for her future posting.

*Will-o-Wisp* had left Demeter less than a day behind *Asimov* with the remaining families of the First Battalion personnel who were being transferred to Camp Timmons. Once this advance group had things organized on Azahar, the balance of First Battalion would be transferred from Dothan to form the core of the 6<sup>th</sup> MEF.

With *Will-o-Wisp* helping with the personnel transfers, *Asimov* was free to resume normal extraction missions. This time *Asimov* was back on her FTL drive less than 48 hours after shutting them down. She had 96 shiny new habitat pods in her mounts and was making best speed to Earth with a squad from Second Platoon, a new captain, and a new first officer. Major Amanda Cooper was to remain on Azahar and her former first officer had taken command of *Asimov*.

When Cooper had been promised command of the first *Kilo*-class colony transport built at Azahar she hadn't expected it to be started when she returned to the new colony world, but Nguyen and McKinsey were consistently exceeding expectations. She had also expected that Wallace and Bronson would have been gone on their mission to establish a listening post deep in Sa'arm space. She was surprised that *Sir Galahad* was still at Azahar because the ship looked ready to leave for Hielo at any time. Maybe the memories of her previous night with them wouldn't have to last all that long after all.

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Captain Collins was preparing his ship to establish an outpost on Hielo, the ice planet found by *Hurst Castle*. It was less than 25 light-years from Sa'Triste, practically on its front lawn. All he needed was a set of fully-loaded missile bays to be ready to go.

Before returning to Dothan from Hielo, *Sir Galahad* would enter the fringe of Sa'Tristeat and launch a pod-sized instrument probe that would monitor the planetary system and send biweekly reports to Hielo by supraluminal drone as it made a ballistic approach to Sa'Triste that would put the probe in a descending spiral orbit around the hostile planet. The probe contained a pair of tactical nukes rigged as a self-destruct mechanism just in case the Sa'arm got curious.

*Sir Galahad* would do the same at Sa'Astilleroat to monitor the very active Sa'arm presence in that system. There were plans to again attack the orbital facility when a hive ship was nearing completion. *Lancaster Castle* had become a legend when it single-handedly destroyed one in this system that was not yet fully operational.

Mk II habitat pods with fusion power cells were provided to Lieutenant Wallace and the others who would be remaining on Hielo even though they would have a standard colony core AI pod at the outpost with its gigawatt reactor.

For the third time in as many days Lieutenant Wallace was sitting at a workstation with Commander Nguyen and one or more his concubines. He was methodically pumping them for refinements to his checklists of equipment, skills, and procedures that would get an outpost properly configured.



"There's no good reason why we have the local station positioned over Barcino." Nguyen pointed out in response to Wallace's concern about evidence of a human presence. "The transporter can make connections to the opposite sides of a planet and out to most moons."

"Hielo doesn't have a moon. There's no good place to hide anything big." Wallace brought up a map of the planetary system.

"I'm thinking more about your ability to escape if the Sa'arm arrive and get curious." Nguyen was clearly concerned about Wallace's survival probability if the Sa'arm were to enter the system. "A station in a wide orbit, say 500 to 800 thousand kilometers, with a jump engine that could take you as little as a light-year out of the system would give you a chance to run."

"Maybe, but a ship or a large orbiting station would be a red flag that we're in the area," Wallace countered. "Being under the ice on Hielo should keep them from even knowing we're there. The small sensor probes that we'll deploy in the system will probably be ignored, even if they're stumbled upon."

Nguyen was seriously considering volunteering for the Hielo expedition. The adventure was about gone from Azahar. He missed the days of innovation and pushing the limits of productivity. But that would not be available on Hielo, either. Hielo was to be an intelligence gathering outpost, not a supply depot.

Wallace was amazed that he had no problem recruiting three other officers and four senior enlisted ratings to join his expedition deep into the backyard of the Sa'arm. He was convinced that the two industrial replicators he was taking would be more manufacturing capability than he could ever use. He couldn't imagine them needing to build more than a few probes and supraluminal drones. Their security could only be assured by remaining undetected.

Wallace argued, "If we have a mile of ice over our heads, then we'll not have a heat signature or any kind of emissions that can be picked up even from the surface, much less from orbit."

"If you're under a mile of ice you'll be crushed," Nguyen countered.

"Not if we melt a bubble inside the ice," Wallace stated with a smile.

Nguyen shook his head. "Ice won't remain rigid under that much pressure. It'll become plastic and flow into your bubble unless something holds it back. You'll be crushed without a strong force-field, and the signature of such a field will lead the Sa'arm right to you. However, you might be able to build a sphere that can withstand the pressure if you have the raw materials available."

This gave Wallace a lot to think about, but he didn't have much time. The captain and crew of *Sir Galahad* were getting anxious to get on with the mission so they could return to their own families on Haru.

As much as Wallace liked the idea of defensive plasma cannon it would take too long to have one that could pop up from a concealed position designed and built. He opted for the concealable laser pod. As a precaution he would locate the drone storage pods, a machine shop, and half of the habitats on the far side of the planet from the industrial replicators, CIC, armory, and lasers.

A pair of industrial replicators had been building the laser setups for some time and there were six in inventory. The rest of the required equipment had been identified in the early stages of planning and had also been stockpiled. He presented his final list of equipment to Captain Collins.

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Major Amanda Cooper wasted no time getting established in a new residential pod on the outskirts of Barcino's downtown area. She hadn't thought it worth the effort to transfer her pod on Demeter. She had simply packed her few personal items and billeted her concubines in the marine quarters aboard *Asimov* on her last trip aboard the vessel that had been more of a home for her than her pod on Demeter.

However, Cooper didn't spend her first night on Azahar in her new residence. She was in Lieutenant Mark Wallace's quarters on *Sir Galahad* and had her concubines Reginald and Patricia with her. Major Sarah Bronson was also a guest in Wallace's quarters and had brought Hasid with her. Bronson's pregnant concubine Dorothy and all of Wallace's dependents and concubines, except for Rush, were spending the night in Cooper's new pod. Cooper considered sending Reginald along to help the ladies through the night, but she wanted him to learn from Wallace, Rush, and especially from Hasid.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Cooper addressed her host and his guests. "This is Reggie and Pat. I ask your indulgence on two counts. I want Reggie to mostly observe and learn, but practical exercises are also good. Patricia has incredibly oral skills and tasty parts, but I'm hoping one of you will consent to getting her pregnant this evening."

The three male concubines had bewildered expressions as they looked at each other. The only male present with viable sperm was her host. He cocked his head as he caught Amanda's eye. It was clear that some negotiation would be required.

"If we had more time," Amanda pled, "I wouldn't have sprung the idea on you without notice."

Mark took Amanda aside, "Let's talk while the others get started, shall we?"

It was going to be a monumentally memorable sendoff.

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Amanda and Mark were surprisingly alert at breakfast the next morning. Sarah would have slept until noon had Hasid not dragged her out of bed.

"Where did you find that bus you hit me with last night," Sarah complained through the narrow slits of her eyelids. "What fucking time is it?"

"It's time to tell Captain Cooper, Reggie, and Pat goodbye." Hasid spoke evenly and without emotion. "They have to disembark along with all of the other visitors. We'll be leaving for Hielo within the hour."

Sarah nodded her head and said, "Coffee," as if that asked for and explained everything.

Everyone was getting a last hug when Wallace and Bronson received a summons to report to the wardroom. Hasid and Rush accompanied the three ladies to Cooper's quarters where they collected Janet, Sara, and Annita. Young Eddy and Keenan came with their mother, but twelve-year-old Laura had elected to remain on Azahar with Bobby, her older brother.

It had taken some fast-talking for Nguyen and McKinsey to assure Wallace and Annita that Laura would be supervised and safe before Wallace agreed to the arrangement. Bobby, Kim and Laura would reside in Nguyen's residence until the disposition of the young sponsors was decided.

This would allow Laura to continue attending Donna's classes along with her brother, Kim, Roni, and several other twelve- to fifteen-year-olds. Nonetheless it was a tearful parting for Laura and Annita. Annita knew that her daughter would be a woman when she saw her again and wanted to be there for her, but she also knew that it was best if she wasn't. She would do her best to stop it and that would cause a lot of trouble for the people she cared about.

Wallace and Bronson had accompanied everyone as far as the transporter room where there was another round of hugs before they continued forward to the wardroom.

"Mr. Wallace," Captain Collins greeted him as he entered the crowded space, "are all of the personnel, equipment and supplies you require loaded into pods and secured to *Sir Galahad*?"

Wallace check the status on his PDA before responding, "Yes, sir. Everything has been double-checked and all personnel are aboard." He looked up and added, "We're ready to go, Captain."

"Very good," Collins acknowledged before adding, "You seem to have impressed someone with the thoroughness of your preparation for this adventure, and I have been

instructed to pass these orders to you along with a promotion. Congratulations, Commander Wallace."

Wallace was stunned as he stepped forward to accept both his orders and handshakes from everyone present. He hoped he would continue to meet expectations for the mission that lay before him.

Captain Collins felt like they were ready for anything as his ship moved away from Azahar and made for the outbound jump zone.