

# ***Destination Azahar***

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CONTENT: orgy ScFi

UNIVERSE: The Swarm Cycle

## ***Chapter 28 - Adjustment of Expectations***

It took Commander Denise Williams three days to modify the basic *Aurora*-class specifications to be configurable for bulk loads and heavy pods as well as standard pods. The AI was getting easier to work with and Celeste had replicator files created by the end of the week.

Williams didn't have much to do while the drawings were being converted and accepted a lunch invitation from Constance McKinsey. She was a little surprised to see Kim Nguyen and Bobby Wallace at the table. Bobby had taken his sponsor's name instead of that of his biological father. Denise became *really* suspicious when Jason Lawrence arrived with both Angela and Donna.

Constance turned to Denise, "I hope you don't mind that I invited the high-school class to have lunch with us. There's a good chance that Kim will pester you with questions about ship design. It seems to have captured her interest almost as much as sex."

*There, Denise thought, she's opened the subject of sex. My God, does she really expect me to fuck any of these kids?*

She tried to clear her head of the erotic images that rushed through as she imagined sex with each of the youngsters as she scanned their faces. When she found her voice she asked, "What do you want to know about designing ships, Kim?"

Kim didn't hesitate. "What limits the size of engines you can put on a ship? I mean, couldn't you put really big engines on a transport ship so that it could get to the colonies much sooner than a month?"

Denise laughed and answered before thinking, "Do fast ships make you as hot as they make me?" She turned beet red as soon as she realized what she had said it out loud.

"Oh, yeah," Kim replied, "fast ships, fast cars, fast guys... fast whatever." She nudged Bobby with her shoulder when she got to "fast guys" causing him to blush a little.

Constance took pity on Denise, "I really didn't expect you to skip lunch and jump right into Twenty Questions with Kim and Bobby. Aswani will be disappointed if we don't eat while the food is fresh. You can pick up your conversation about fast things after lunch.

"To answer your question, Kim," Constance said as she directed her attention to the young teenager, "the ships need to take a month in order for the immigrants to have time to bond, learn about colony life, and go through the medical and cosmetic changes that are needed. While this could be done after they arrive, the psychologists believe that it's best done immediately and without disruption.

"Forgive the interruption, Denise. This was one of *my* first questions when I meet Captain Cooper aboard *Asimov*."

When Aswani arrived with a fresh platter of sandwich makings, Denise was a little disappointed that Aswani was serving the buffet and was not, in fact, on it until she got a glimpse of Leroy in a loin cloth and mesh vest. As much as she enjoyed a good corned beef on rye, she didn't taste the sandwich she was eating or the beer she was drinking.

Judith came in when everyone else was about finished with lunch. She insisted that Leroy and Aswani remained seated and made her sandwich herself. She noticed that Denise was distracted and sat down next to her and quizzed Constance with her eyes.

When Constance shrugged, Judith leaned over and whispered in Denise's ear, "They're every bit as good as you think they are. If you get together with Phaninath, Aswani and Leroy you'll be ruined for life."

Denise didn't speak or move for about thirty seconds. She whispered under her breath, "I think I just had an orgasm." She turned bright red when she realized she had expressed her thoughts out loud, again.

Constance called Phaninath into the informal dining room. When he stepped through the door she asked, "Would the three of you mind spending the night in Commander Williams' quarters tonight? Would you mind terribly, Denise? Maybe the youngsters could stay with Tuan. I'd like to do a little remodeling."

She realized that she could decline the request, but the thought of various combinations with these three made that option impossible to voice. "I'd be happy to give them a place to stay this evening. I'm sure I can make Aswani and the others comfortable in my quarters." Directing her attention to the pregnant woman she added, "Do you have any special needs, Aswani?"

Aswani's sultry look almost made Denise groan, "I should say nothing about that in front of these youngsters."

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Denise let the three refugees into her temporary quarters to share their evening meal. Constance had made it clear that each of her concubines had the right to refuse any request. She also asked Denise to be respectful of her family and not let anyone suffer serious damage.

Aswani was about to take the lead as she usually did, but Denise stepped up to the plate and took charge. "Who is up for a walk in the park to let dinner settle? Too much physical activity right after eating isn't good for me."

Several of the recreational, playground, and park domes were completed and were becoming segregated by age and activity. There were playgrounds where the activity wouldn't shock the most conservative prude and others that were clearly triple-X.

Denise chose a family-oriented recreational area that was mostly for older kids. It had a large swimming pool, basketball and tennis courts, and gymnastic equipment. Denise's target was one of the large hot tubs that were open to the evening sky. The group stripped down and showered before entering the warm and very soothing water.

Aswani cautioned the group, "This is very relaxing. One could easily fall asleep and drown in this lovely place, but my child and I should not stay in this heat very long."

"This is one of my favorite places," Denise admitted. "I'm usually here alone, but having company is so much better. The tile work is fascinating with its bright colors and precision detail. It looks like a reproduction from early Roman bathhouses. The incredibly bright stars can have one drifting through the heavens in short order."

Her three companions looked up through the dome. The stars were obstructed a bit by the hexagonal framework, but the sunlight had faded in the west and only the smaller moon had risen above the horizon. The stars were bright specks of light sprinkled through the heavens. There were four people in the spacious tub and for a while each was alone.

Phaninath was the first to return his attention to the others in the bubbling water. Aswani's ample breasts were barely breaking the surface. Her brown nipples were just out of sight in the foam. Denise was a bit shorter and neither of her pert protrusions was visible except for a few distorted glimpses through the churning water.

Denise had soft brown curls and pale pink skin. There was a marked contrast with Aswani's cinnamon brown skin and even more of a contrast with Leroy's dark chocolate-brown coloring. His own skin color was somewhere between that of Aswani and Leroy.

When Phaninath's scan returned to Denise she was smiling at him. There was nothing accusing in the eye contact that the two exchanged. Denise moved closer to Phaninath. Her curiosity was clear in her expression when she asked him, "What caught your attention?"

"Skin tones," He answered somewhat cryptically. "We each have distinct coloration."

Denise looked at the others in the tub. "You're right, from lily white to midnight black and two shades in between. All that's missing is someone with a beach-bunny tan. We

all look to be in our early twenties and at least three of us are nearly twice that. How old are you, Leroy?"

"I'm seventeen, ma'am."

Denise burst out laughing, "Calling me ma'am is *so* out of place considering what I have in mind."

"And what occupies your mind?" Aswani asked with twinkling eyes and a sultry voice.

Denise leaned across and kissed Aswani on the lips. It started out delicate and slowly escalated to a passionate embrace.

"Oh, my!" Aswani exclaimed. "For a moment I forgot there are more than two of us present. I am thinking I will enjoy what you are thinking."

When Denise demonstrated her technique on Phaninath, he was speechless. Lust overrode passion with Leroy and his hands drifted from her shoulders to her breasts.

"Down, boy!" she admonished with a giggle. "Have a little patience and let anticipation create as much pleasure as the act itself."

"Sorry, I don't usually ask for more than is offered, but..."

"Nothing to be sorry for, Leroy. Most young men would have contaminated the water with their semen by now. You actually have rather remarkable control for one so young."

"He has excellent control and stamina. He typically gives me many orgasms before allowing his to peak." Aswani reinforced Denise's assessment as she massaged Leroy's cock with a free hand. "But I am judging his expression and doubt I could get him into my throat before he boils over."

Leroy groaned, "Oh, no!" and struggled to get out of the tub before contaminating the water. "Just thinking about that is going to... *Argh!*"

Aswani slid under the bubbling water and latched her mouth over Leroy's cock in time to catch the first strong pulse. The churning water dissipated the little that leaked before she arrived, but it was a race to drain the rest before her burning lungs forced her to surface.

Denise stood and pressed her breasts into Leroy's face as much to give the embarrassed teen a place to hide as to keep him from running away. "This is my fault, Leroy. I wasn't paying close enough attention to what I was doing to you. I was going for maximum response... and appear to have succeeded!"

She laughed as she looked down into the water. She turned to Phaninath for assistance. "Help me get him up on the edge of the tub before she drowns herself."

Aswani took a deep breath through her nose as soon as her face breached the surface, but she continued nursing Leroy's big cock through his orgasm. She didn't stop until it was throbbing in anticipation of round two. She then shifted her primary focus from his hard flesh to the tender junction of Denise's legs as they straddled Leroy's as she maintained contact between her breasts and his lips.

As Denise's knees began to buckle, Leroy slid back onto the underwater seat in an attempt to maintain his oral contact with the exciting pair of breasts that had started it all. Aswani guided his knob into the drooling clam she had been stimulating.

She was very pleased that Phaninath had correctly read her own need and was pushing his erection into her equally lubricated vagina. She moved her hands onto the cones that had been vacated when Leroy had to choose between them and the tight twat that was swallowing his cock.

Denise leaned back and twisted enough to reengage Aswani's lips. Her hands alternated between holding Aswani's head to maintain the kiss and guiding Aswani's hands as they mauled her mammary mounds and abused the hard protrusions attached to the tip of each of her soft cones.

Phaninath shifted until he was seated next the Leroy. This put the two women facing each other. They pressed their breasts into one another's as they continued to kiss and caress.

The water kept the pelvic action from becoming too energetic allowing the genital interaction to build over a long period of time. Phaninath intensified the vaginal contractions by stimulating the two clitorises with his fingers. Leroy steadied his partner with one hand on her ass and the other on the shoulder blade that was the farthest from Aswani's leaning torso.

The level of discovery and adventure with new and exciting partners cause Denise to climax before the others. Her excitement was transmitted to Leroy through the contractions of her vagina and his climax followed closely on the heels of hers. Phaninath was in comfortable and very familiar territory, but was not able to hold back when Aswani's pussy exploded in climax.

Applause could be heard from a small crowd that had been drawn to the sounds of their excitement. One person in the crowd apologized for disturbing them and asked if they could use a couple of the other tubs without being too much of a distraction.

Denise looked up and remarked, "We've been in here too long already. Would you mind helping us out before the heat totally disables us?"

Leroy and Phaninath were actually strong enough to help Aswani from the relaxing water, and Denise had no trouble climbing out on her own. The four of them cooled off

under a shower, gathered up their clothing and headed to Denise's quarters without bothering to cover their nudity.

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The community center echoed with the voices of parents and teenagers as Decurion Cohen crossed the floor and mounted the small stage and podium.

"Good morning, everyone," Cohen used his amplified voice and waited for the room to quiet down. "It seems that Governor Grayson was correct in her estimation of everyone's interest in continuing the education of young men and women who have reached their majority. We have a population of about a thousand sponsors and there are close to 200 people wanting to learn more about language, mathematics, science, and history before venturing off to save the Universe from the Swarm.

"Several of the people in this room have used a combination of sleep training, classroom discussion, and practical lessons to successfully prepare people as young as fifteen for passing high-school level examinations.

"There is support for the theory that learning can be greatly accelerated by using the right techniques at the right stage of intellectual development." Cohen held up his hands to suppress the impromptu discussions that were cropping up in the crowded auditorium. "There will be a time and a place for us to debate schooling for the under-fourteen crowd. The topic this morning is high school.

"There are a number of thirteen-year-olds in attendance and I, personally, want to encourage anyone who feels he or she is ready for high school to be welcomed. Segregation by age may be appropriate for social development, but not for intellectual development. I would like to base schooling on ability and aptitude of the student, not their chronological age."

Cohen nodded to a small group that was waiting in the rear. As they began moving through the crowd he continued, "My assistants are passing out questionnaires and applications. The questionnaires are soliciting your opinion on how we should organize secondary schooling. The applications are for selecting courses and levels of study that each person attending our classes wishes to pursue. I apologize for not getting these circulated to you sooner.

"Take as much time as you need to complete these forms. When you are done I ask that the parents and interested adults remain here. As we get twenty or so students available one of our staff will lead them to a classroom where we can begin sorting out who belongs where."

The noise level in the room increased by several decibels as chairs were rearranged and the crowd broke into numerous discussion groups. Some of the groups were limited to

two or three people while others had a score of people crowded together. The groups didn't remain static as individuals from one group broke away and approached another.

The trickle of people splitting up along parent-student lines grew to a groundswell. The room became much quieter when the last of the forms had been scanned by the AI.

"Like so many things," Cohen began as he resumed the podium and reviewed the information on the built-in terminal. "Opinions in the room vary. However, one item of consistency is to give everyone the opportunity for a quality education. There are a few who object to mixing sponsors with concubines and dependents. Hopefully you'll get over it." He looked up when most of the room's occupants laughed.

"As we speak, the students are being sorted out by ability and experience with some regard to interest. Like it or not there will be expectations of knowing language skills and historical facts required by the faculty, myself, and most of you. There will always be the concept of homework. Partly to teach responsibility and partly to reinforce what has been presented during classroom instruction. Many things are only learned through repetition.

"There will also be extensive use of sleep training. You should configure your residence to have a sleep trainer available to each student.

"Are there any questions or comments before we adjourn?"

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Governor Grayson rubbed her belly to soothe the kicking child as she read through the various reports displayed at her desk.

When she began enumerating the production facilities being operated by the Fleet Auxiliary contingent she realized that they weren't limited to the planet Azahar. There were manufacturing initiatives in several locations within the Azaharat planetary system and nothing had been done with either of Azahar's moons. As far as she knew the moons hadn't even been named.

It had taken more than a week for Constance, Tuan, and the AI to work out a subassembly workflow for a *Kilo*-class transport. They kept four factories building more factories and as they came available they started with the longer lead-time components and began building the subassemblies for the ships.

When the line was rolling at capacity they would be producing a *Kilo* transport ship every two weeks. It wouldn't be enough to get a significant increase of evacuees, but each of the new ships would get tens of thousands of sponsors and their families out of harm's way before the Swarm descended on their home planet.

Rather than prolong the startup of the *Kilo* production line, Tuan had scheduled the factory working on the *Tarawa* to start on the first of the specialized colony transports designed by Williams as soon as *Tarawa*-class LHA022 *Veracruz* was completed. The heavy transport *William Penn* would be completed a couple of weeks after *Othello* was launched.

There was even a report from her companion, Admiral Grayson. He recognized that the group at Azahar only had theoretical knowledge of spaceship mechanics. None had designed a new class of ship that had actually been built. He contacted Williams and talked her out of returning to Dothan to rejoin her family. The Admiral promised that if Commander Williams requested a transfer to Azahar, then he would insure that her family would arrive with the crew assigned to *William Penn*.

From idle chatter and traditional scuttlebutt Martha knew that there was more than a little spirited competition between the Home Guard Militia and the Confederacy Marines who were training at Camp Timmons. It was difficult to tell who the teacher was and who the student was when the veteran Marines were teamed with or against Gotti's tight-lipped former mercenaries.

The official reports showed an acceptable level of friction between the groups and a great deal of progress for those with little or no combat experience. It wouldn't be long before they would be ready for a trial by fire.

The report from Ensign Jack Farrell, the Paleozoic biologist from Carnarvon, Western Australia, wasn't encouraging. The stromatolites were surviving in the protected bay, but were not making a measurable difference to the dissolved gasses. It was either going to take a lot more of them, or something was interfering with their process.

Martha closed out her workstation and went searching for Benjamin. She hoped that he wasn't otherwise engaged. She needed a good snuggle.