

Mandy M. Roth



CYBER SEX

PREPARED
TO PLEASE

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By

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Dear Readers:

This is a bit of a stretch for me, but I enjoyed it too much not to write it. My goal is to entertain not to isolate. Thank you so much for supporting me in this endeavor and I hope that you enjoy this as much as I have.

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Chapter One

On board the Expedition Vessel Eight, headed towards the Fargonie galaxy...

"That's it ... harder, umm, harder."

Captain Roman Parker pumped the full length of his cock into the beauty below him and held it there as his balls tightened and his seed shot forth. She wrapped her long legs around him and moaned in his ear. "That's it, Roman, give it to me baby, I want all your come."

As the last drop of semen fell from his cock, he withdrew from her. Her bright blue eyes looked up at him with an emptiness that he always hated. She drew in her bottom lip and flashed him a half smile. "Can I suck you off now?" she asked in a husky bedroom voice.

"Destiny, baby, you can suck my dick another time. Not tonight, baby."

She crossed her arms over her full breasts and pouted. "You never let me suck you enough. I could roll your balls around in my mouth again--you always seem to like that. I didn't get enough of your semen. I want more. It tastes so good."

Roman sat up on the bed and pushed Destiny's hand away. "Computer, end holographic program Destiny-211, authorization code, Parker 0840."

Instantly the life-like holographic image in his bed disappeared. The computer was able to simulate sex almost perfectly but it lacked one thing, the real Lieutenant Commander Destiny Stewart. Sure, his dick was at least partially sated, but it still longed for a taste of the real thing. The program he'd created gave him something to fuck whenever he wanted, but she lacked all of Destiny's personality. It was nice to have a hot woman begging to blow you, but even better to know that the real thing wanted you. So far, Lt. Commander Stewart showed no signs of wanting him.

The intercom beeped, and he groaned. "Parker here."

"Sir, we're nearing M83293 and are receiving a transmission from the Expedition Central Admiral--Myers." Lt. Commander Dirks said.

Roman rubbed his stubbed chin and stretched his shoulders. "Patch me through to Myers and let me know when we reach the planet."

"Yes, Captain."

The com beeped again and Roman steeled himself to deal with Admiral Myers. They'd butted heads since their first day in the academy fifteen years ago. "What do you want Jonas?"

"There's the man I know and love." Jonas Myers said sardonically. "I'll cut to the chase, you were scheduled to be in the Fargonie galaxy for two months, we need you to stay for five now."

"Five months!" Roman was outraged. It was just like Myers to pull a stunt like this when he was at least twenty light years away. "My crew has been ship bound for six months already. They need some R&R."

"Fine, let them take leave on the next planet, but you are staying in Fargonie an additional three months. A replacement vessel will be sent as soon as we can."

"Jonas," he took a deep, calming breath. "Fine, but I want my men compensated. I don't need a bunch of them de-listing."

Jonas laughed. "Well, with you as their Captain it's a wonder they even stay at all. Fine, I'll authorize a three percent bonus for each crew member who completes the additional three months."

"Deal. Parker out." The com shut off and Roman smiled. It was good to be the first to hang up.

He stood slowly, attempting to work the kinks out. The computer generated Destiny had worn him out. "Turn shower on--default settings."

The hum of the particle stream running from the other room sounded like music to his ears. His sore body pulled in the direction of relief, stopping only to glance in the full-length mirror. At thirty-three, he still managed to have the body of a twenty year old. Working out in the fitness center everyday had a little something to do with it. Knowing Destiny would be there, working her tiny little ass to perfection had a little something else to do with it.

Roman ran his hand through his dark brown hair and cursed when he thought he saw a speck of gray in it. That's all he needed, gray hair to offset his gray eyes. Women either loved his eyes or hated them. They weren't a natural color, but he'd ended up with them all the same.

Shrugging, he entered the bathroom. The feel of the hot particle stream against his skin was pure heaven. A knock on his quarter's door startled

him. "Enter," he shouted, expecting Dirks to come traipsing in with news of their arrival on the new planet.

"Captain, Commander Dirks told me that I could find you in ... oh, I'm sorry, Sir...."

Roman's dick hardened instantly at the sound of Destiny's sweet voice. He turned slowly, knowing that she now stared at his naked backside, and hoping that she like what she saw. He bit back a smile when he saw her blue eyes widen as her gaze went to his groin. He knew he was impressive. He didn't need her to confirm that--or did he?

Her long black hair was down today. That wasn't her normal way of wearing it, and he loved it. Granted, she looked great regardless how she wore her hair, but down she looked so exotic--a vixen in an officer's clothing.

Destiny stood there with her mouth open. She'd seen naked men before, but Captain Parker took the cake. She felt heat rushing up to her cheeks and hoped that he wouldn't notice. She did her best to pull her gaze away from the massive serpent that had seemed to spring to life between his legs, but couldn't. From the moment she'd laid eyes on him, she'd tried to imagine what he'd look like without his uniform on. There was no way she'd done him justice.

He cleared his throat and her head snapped up. "Sir ... umm ... sorry, Captain."

He laughed. "Stewart, I've asked you to call me Roman several times before. Now that you've seen me with my clothes off, perhaps you can feel comfortable enough to start doing it now."

"Yes, Captain ... err ... Roman."

"Can I call you Destiny?"

You can call me whatever the hell you want to, she thought to herself as her gut pulled tight. Snap out of it, girl. You're two steps away from drooling.

"Great then, Destiny would you like to join me, or would you like to meet me in the hallway in about five minutes?"

"Join you?" she asked, still trying to get her wits about her. For a fiercely independent woman, she couldn't seem to keep a level head anywhere near Captain Roman Parker.

He flashed her a smile that screamed sex and her insides flip-flopped as cream began to work its way down her thigh. The sight of Roman's wet muscles and erect cock made her nipples erect and her tongue dart out and over her lower lip. It was a habit she'd always had and hated. "Are you asking me to join you in there?" she asked, pointing to the shower.

"Perhaps."

Perhaps? What the hell kind of answer was that? She was burning up inside with desire and he was playing vague games with her. It hit her then. This was a test. He wanted to know if she'd break any of the Star Unions rules on dating officers. That had to be it. She'd worked too long and too hard to get her position to toss it away over a test. She straightened her back and stood as tall as her five foot seven frame would allow. "No, Sir. I will wait for you in the hallway per your instructions. Thank you, Captain."

Spinning on her heels, she stalked towards the door, more out of a need to run from the temptation behind her than anything else.

Chapter Two

Roman watched as Destiny stormed out of his quarters. For a brief moment, he'd thought that she was actually interested in him. He could have sworn that she looked as horny as he did, but the cold response she'd given him when he asked her to join him confirmed his suspicions--she wanted nothing to do with him.

"Computer, initiate holographic program Destiny-211, authorization code, Parker 0840."

A life-like image of Destiny appeared before him wearing nothing but a black thong. The thin material clothed the tiny patch of black curls that covered her sweet mound. Waves of long black curls streamed down and

over her large breasts. Her pink nipples puckered as she approached him. "Tell me what you want, Roman."

"I want you to stand against the wall so I can fuck you."

"Yes, sir," the fake Destiny said as she pressed her tiny body against the wall. She spread her legs and he knew she'd be wet because he'd programmed her that way.

Ripping the thong from her, he spread her ass cheeks wide and thrust his dick into her tight ass without bothering to lubricate it. Destiny cried out as he continued his assault on her. He didn't care if she liked it because he knew that she did--she was programmed to like whatever he did to her.

"More, Roman, more...."

"You like that don't you, baby. You like it in your ass, don't you?" This was a fantasy that he re-enacted with the hologram so many times that he'd lost count. Each time was erotic, yet lacking because it was only a hologram.

She moaned and wiggled against him, allowing him deeper access. "I love it when you cram your dick in my ass. I love it! I love you."

Roman's orgasm hit him hard and he slammed her body against the wall as he emptied his semen into her. He pulled out with a sickening wet sound and pushed her away from him.

"Can I suck you off now, Roman?"

"End audio," he said to the computer. There was no use listening to the hologram talk. She may look and sound like Destiny, but she didn't say things that Destiny would say, at least he didn't think she did.

Anger for not having the real Destiny before him ran through him. He'd give up everything for one moment with her. He'd been fascinated by her from the moment she'd joined his crew almost a year ago. It wasn't just her beauty that attracted him, it was the way she carried herself, so sure, so confident.

"Get on your knees and suck me clean."

The hologram version of Destiny dropped to its knees and wrapped its warm mouth around his cock. He tipped his head back as she worked her way down his shaft. God, she felt good--almost real.

"That's it baby, suck it off ... clean that dick ... ahh ... there you go."

* * * *

Destiny glanced down at her timekeeper. Five minutes had come and gone. If the Captain wanted to play this game, she could too. Turning quickly, she pushed the access button for his quarter's door. It slid open and she walked in.

Her mouth fell open as she saw a woman with long black hair on her knees before Roman. The woman had her back to Destiny, but it was clear that she was gorgeous. A feeling of jealousy ripped through Destiny as she saw the look of pure bliss on Roman's face while the woman sucked on his cock.

"Captain, I can see that you're busy. I will meet with you at a less awkward time." Each word was forced, but she couldn't help herself. It felt as though her entire world had just crashed down around her and it was hard to stay professional.

Roman's head snapped up and his gray eyes fell onto her. She'd always loved his eyes, but as the slut on her knees continued to bob her head as if Destiny wasn't even there, she began to like them less and less.

"Commander Stewart ... Destiny ... I ... uhh ... I...."

"I'd say that I'd knock next time, but there won't be a next time, Sir." She turned quickly and headed out of his quarters. Tears threatened to run down her face and she did her best to bite them back. Several other crewmembers walked past her on her way to the deck transporter, but she didn't stop to acknowledge them. She wanted to go straight to her quarters and cry. That or punch something, she still couldn't decide. Right about now, Roman's face seemed like an excellent target.

Her locator beeped and she wiped her eyes quickly, not wanting whoever was on the other end to see that she was upset. Looking down, she noted

that it was the command deck. That meant it might be the Captain, and he was the last person she wanted to talk to right now.

Destiny walked to the nearest imaging communicator and punched in her access code. An image of Commander Dirks popped up. He was a sight for sore eyes. She smiled. "What can I do for you, Dirks?"

"You can get me the hell out of here early and meet me for a drink after our shifts over."

That sounded perfect. "It's a deal. Now, tell me why you paged me."

"Yes, we're sending a team down to M83293 to look around. They're two people short since the Xillian bug hit last week. You interested in going?"

Getting off the ship and away from Captain Roman Parker sounded like the best idea she'd heard all day. "Sure, will I be back in time for drinks?"

"Should be," Dirks said, winking at her. His shaggy blond hair fell forward and covered his green eyes. "The first teams only going down to patch the communications tower up. They think it will take an hour, two max, to get it done. You game?"

"I'm game."

The image of Dirks cut out and Destiny headed towards her quarters to suit up to go planet side. She made a mental note to stop by the weapons room before she left. She'd been on too many uncharted planets not to know to go armed to the teeth.

Chapter Three

Roman ran down the corridor, tucking his dark gray uniform shirt in as he went. Destiny had stormed out of his quarters so fast that he wasn't sure if she was embarrassed or pissed. If she recognized the hologram as a carbon copy of herself then she might very well have been too embarrassed to face him.

She probably thinks I'm a sex craved pervert. Shit, I am a sex craved, perv ... at least when it comes to her I am.

"Computer, give me Lt. Commander Stewart's location," he said, still running down the corridor.

"Lt. Commander Stewart is in the transport pod."

"Transport pod? What the hell is she doing in there?" Fear gripped his chest. M83293 for all intensive purposes was abandoned, but the stories about the planet were legend. Each time the Star Union sent a vessel to chart the planet something went wrong and it ended up having to leave. M83293 was rumored to be cursed, and even though he wasn't one to put any stock into myths, he wasn't about to take a chance with Destiny's life.

"Lt. Commander Stewart is listed as part of the communication restoration crew, scheduled to head to M83293 in approximately five minutes, Captain."

"Stop the launch."

"Request denied, Captain. Admiral Myers ordered the communication tower's repairs. I am unable to override his command."

"Fuck!" Roman shouted, as he ran towards the transport pods. He wanted to kill Myers, but that was hardly a new feeling.

"Do you wish me to initiate holographic program Destiny-211, Sir?"

"What?" he asked as she continued to run down the hall. "Why?"

The computer responded, "You said fuck, Sir."

Roman ignored the computer and dove through the closing transport pod doors. He landed with a thud on his back. Looking up, he found himself surrounded by several of his crewmembers.

"Captain?" Ensign Vernice said as she looked down at him. Her head of red hair was pulled neatly back from her pale face. Tiny freckles dotted her nose and he almost laughed at the shocked look on her face. "Are you okay, Sir?"

"Captain, we ... umm ... weren't aware that you were going planet side with us." Lt. Amerno said, glancing down at him with wide eyes. The man held his hand out to Roman and Roman took it.

"Yes, Amerno, I thought it best to get out a bit and mingle with the crew."

"Yes, Sir, of course."

Roman glanced around the transport pod, looking for signs of Destiny. She wasn't in the main seating room, but that didn't mean that she wasn't onboard. The pods were designed to hold up to fifty crewmembers and had accommodations should the need arise for them to spend multiple days on the pods.

"Has anyone seen Commander Stewart?" he asked. One crewmember pointed towards the control room, and he nodded.

* * * *

Destiny sat in the pilot seat. No part of her wanted to fly the pod, but as it turned out, the pilot had been one of the crewmembers who'd taken ill with the Xillian bug. A nasty fever and several slimy, worm-like parasitic bowel movements later and he'd be just fine, or so the infirmary techs had claimed.

As they approached M83293 atmosphere, she ran down a mental checklist of landing procedures in her head. Her rank meant she had enough piloting hours to man a craft, but that didn't mean she was comfortable doing it.

The visual communicator flickered and an image of Commander Dirks appeared on it. She gave him a wry look and checked her gauges.

"How ya doin' there kid?" Dirks asked.

She rolled her eyes. "I'd be doing a hell of a lot better if someone hadn't of duped me into heading out on this mission."

"Duped you? I resent that statement." He chuckled and the screen flickered again. "Des, you need to cut back on your propulsion."

M83293's atmosphere isn't as thick as most and if you enter it at that speed, you'll break apart."

"Yeah, right ... care to tell me how to do that?"

"Move over. I'll do it."

Destiny froze as she heard Roman's deep voice behind her. Not wanting to believe her own ears, she turned slightly to find him standing with his arms crossed. His gray uniform hugged him in all the right places and she couldn't stop the images of him being naked from entering her mind. She also couldn't stop thinking about how he had another woman sucking his dick while he made her wait in the hallway.

"What the hell are you doing here?" she asked.

A dark eyebrow rose as his lips curled up. "Is that anyway to speak to your commanding officer?"

Destiny wanted to give him the finger. She resisted. "Fine then, Sir ... what the hell are you doing here?"

"There. That's much better. Now, move over."

Roman didn't give her a chance to object. He brushed past her, sending chills down her spine as he moved into the seat with her. His warm breath ran over her neck and her eyelids fluttered. "You can sit on my lap, if you like, or you can move. Either way I need to sit here to land this thing. You decide."

"I'd rather die than sit on a lap that half the female crew has had a piece of."

Roman seized hold of her shoulders and jerked her around to face him. The sudden action caught her by surprise and she looked at him with wide eyes. "I'll have you know that half the females on the ship have NOT had a piece of my lap."

Oh, shit. I said that aloud. Her face reddened and her pulse quickened. "I'm sorry, Captain. I didn't mean...."

"You meant every word of it." Roman said, his voice oddly distant.

Destiny moved into the co-pilot's seat and watched as Roman adjusted the propulsion seconds before they entered M83293's atmosphere. The

transport pod rattled as the fire that normally encased a vessel upon re-entry surrounded it. The pod jolted to the side and Destiny fought to stay in her seat but failed miserably. She slammed into Roman and he wrapped his arms around her. The pod did a hard dive down and they both fell forward.

Destiny tumbled to the side, but Roman's body kept going. He slammed into the dashboard. She screamed out and reached for him, but the pod shifted once more and she ended up falling even further from Roman.

"Des?" Dirks voice came over the com. "Des, shit ... Des answer me. We're showing signs of radioactive micrometeorites in your area. Your pod's off course, repeat, your pod's off course. Impact with planet in sixty seconds and counting. Des? Des!"

"I'm here," Destiny said weakly as she pulled herself into the co-pilot's seat. Glancing at Roman, she noted that he wasn't moving. She jammed the button down for balancing and exhaled as the vessel leveled off. "Captain?" He didn't answer.

"Diagnostic scan on Captain Parker, NOW!" she screamed as she dove for him. Red scanning lights ran over Roman's body as the pods computer system checked him for damages.

"Sensors are offline. Unable to determine extent of injury. Going with backup generators now. System resources limited."

Turing Roman over slowly, Destiny gasped as she saw the blood running from the corner of his head.

The computer voice kicked on again, "Imitating auto-land sequence, authorization needed."

"Authorization code, Stewart-304."

"Accepted."

Now that the pod's navigational system was handling the landing, Destiny focused on Roman. She touched his forehead lightly and found the bleeding gash. Lifting his eyelids, she saw that his pupils were dilated.

She felt for a pulse and found one. Breathing a sigh of relief, she pulled his head up and cradled it on her lap. She brushed his short brown hair

back from his face and applied pressure to his cut. It wasn't as bad as she first thought. He'd be fine.

"Destiny?" he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Roman, are you okay?" It was a stupid question, but it was all she had.

He didn't answer and the blood continued to seep out of his cut. The door to the control room burst open and she looked up to find Lt. Amerno standing there. "Help me get him back to a bed, and have Ensign Vernice oversee our landing. The pod is set for auto-land. You two handle the communications tower. The Captain needs to rest."

Amerno moved quickly and helped her lift Roman. Her chest tightened as he didn't respond to being moved.

Chapter Four

Destiny cleaned Roman's cut out and watched him as he slept. He was so handsome, so striking, even when asleep that he took her breath away. The need to touch him was overwhelming, so she climbed into the bed next to him. At first, she was careful not to bump against him, but when it became clear that he was out cold, she became more daring.

He exhaled deeply and liquid pooled between her legs. It felt so right to be this close to him. She'd played this scenario out over and over again in her mind and in her personal quarters. Sex was encouraged on the vessel to keep moral up, but there was no one besides Captain Parker that she wanted, so she'd taken to letting the ship's computer database handle her needs.

Destiny had started out by masturbating with her fingers and gradually moved up to using computer-generated toys. The double-stuffer was a favorite of hers. It's long, turgid vein covered shaft and smaller butt-plug had left her screaming out in ecstasy many of nights. She could still feel it

vibrating deep within her pussy as she called out Roman's name, imaging that it was his cock in her.

Masturbating had served its purpose by getting her off, but she'd still wanted more. It was then that she accessed the computers ability to generate A.I. holographic images. Since Roman was the captain of the ship, it was easy for the computer to come up with an image of him. She didn't have high enough clearance to get specs on his actual penis size or any other personal information, but it didn't matter--it looked like him, sounded like him, and made her come.

Her favorite thing to do with the likeness of Roman was to let him come all over her belly after he finished fucking her doggie and missionary style. The computers simulated semen had the same taste and consistency as real come, but it lacked any sperm. That's why she hadn't bothered getting her pregnancy shots. Sure, she stayed up-to-date on her STD shots, mostly because they were mandatory, but there was no point in injecting her body with additional hormones if she wasn't getting any.

Frustrated, Destiny rolled out of the bed and headed into the bathroom. "Computer, initiate holographic program Parker-69, authorization code, Stewart-304--sound proof the area please."

"Yes, Commander."

The bathroom door slid shut behind Destiny and she turned to see the computer's version of Roman standing there. He was naked and ready for her. "Computer, adjust image to reflect my memory of Captain Parker's genitals and body."

"Yes, Commander."

The hologram's cock swelled, lengthening at an alarming rate. Oh, the real, or at least real-one's specs were so much more impressive then her invented version.

"Des, I've missed you," the hologram version of Roman said.

She smiled. It was so nice to play God with him. She'd set him up to be a constant form of pleasure for her, and so far, he'd done his job beautifully.

"How can I please you today?"

Destiny pulled her uniform shirt up and over her head. Cool air hit her breasts and her nipples puckered. She grabbed hold of them and set her gaze on Roman. "Take them in your mouth."

"Yes Mistress," he answered, his gray eyes locked on her breasts. "Allow me the pleasure of eating you out. Your cream tastes so good."

"Fine, but play with my breast first, then you can lick my pussy."

"Promise?"

She unsnapped her uniform pants and let them fall to the floor. The generated Roman moved in quickly and removed her underwear. Taking her breast in one hand, he cupped her sex with the other. "Let me lick you now."

Destiny would have kissed him, but with her lower security clearance, she couldn't get the right programming and his kisses never seemed very lifelike. She tipped her head back and closed her eyes. "You win, taste my cream, make me come and then if you're a good boy, I'll let you fuck me."

The hologram's fingers slid between her folds and found her wet and waiting. One finger, then another opened her passage and caused cream to slide down her legs. Using his thumb, the computer Roman rubbed her clit, causing blood to pool to it. Sensitive, and aching for release, she moved her hips against his hand. He rubbed her faster and fucked her harder with his fingers. The combination sent her over the edge and she came fast and hard.

Her orgasm was still upon her when Roman dropped to his knees, parted her pussy, and began lapping up her cream. He made tiny purring noises as he drank her down. Each swipe of his tongue over her engorged clit sent her into another orgasm. Soon she was exhausted and mindless to his sucking and tongue fucking. She laced her fingers in his hair and pulled his face into her sex more, smothering him in her pleasure. His nose pressed hard against her pubic bone and she laughed at the thought of what would happen if the A.I. actually needed to breathe.

When she couldn't stand another second of the pleasure because she was sure that her legs would give out, she pulled his head back and looked down at him. He licked his glistening lips and smiled. "Allow me to do that again."

"No."

"How can I please you today? Can I hold you? I want to cuddle with you. I can rub your feet or read to you."

Destiny rolled her eyes at the lack of original thought the holographic version of Roman possessed. Dropping to her knees, she put her back to him and thrust her ass in the air. "Fuck me doggie style, come in me, and then turn me around and fuck me missionary style. I want you to end by coming all over my stomach, just how I like it."

"Yes Mistress."

Destiny readied herself for the feel of his cock, but screamed out as he thrust into her. Now that she'd enhanced him, he was way bigger than she'd grown accustomed to. Her nether lips spread to this side of tearing as he pumped the length of his cock inside her. The head of his penis scraped against her G-spot and it was only a matter of seconds before she was screaming out and bucking back against him.

Reaching around, he flicked her nub and rolled it between his fingers. That was all she needed to come again and her body did so with a force she could barely stand. Roman continued to pound into her, bringing her repeatedly to orgasmic peak as he did so. He laced his fingers in her long hair and rode her like a wild stallion--exactly how she wanted to be thought of.

"Des, come for me again. I need to know that you've been thoroughly pleased."

"I'm ... I'm ... oh ... right there, there, yes ... I'm coming again."

He yanked harder on her hair as he pelted her backside with his body. Each impact brought about new sensations and she wondered if she'd be able to walk when he was done with her.

"I need a minute. Let me catch my breath." She tried to pull away from him, but he held her still.

"Negative. I was instructed to take you doggie style until I come in you and then take you again missionary style. I have not come in you yet."

He continued to fuck her, slamming his body into hers, bruising her tailbone in the process. If it didn't feel so good, she'd have overrode the hologram's instructions.

"Then ... fuck me until you ... come."

Chapter Five

Roman blinked several times, unsure where he was. It took him a bit to recognize the Captain's quarters of the transport pod. He had no recollection of how he'd come to be there, but he did know that he had a splitting headache.

"Water and a pain reliever ... computer, get me those."

"Yes, Sir. You will find all that is needed to ease your suffering in the lavatory."

Roman rolled his eyes and climbed out of bed. His entire body was stiff. It felt like he'd been run over by a runaway cargo ship. He stretched his shoulders and winched. "I'm getting too old for this shit."

Pulling his shirt over his head, he tossed it to the floor. Someone had already taken his boots off, and he found that odd. What was even odder was that there was another pair of Star Union issued boots sitting near his. He shrugged and undid his pants. Stepping out of them with ease, he pushed the keypad for the bathroom door. It didn't open.

He hit it again. Nothing. "Computer, open the damn door."

"Authorization code required."

"What?" He'd never needed one to get into the head before. "Fine, authorization code, Parker- Parker 0840."

"Terminating running program and opening lavatory door."

Running program? He didn't have any programs running, did he?

The door slid open and he went to walk through it. He came to a grinding halt when he found Destiny on her hands and knees naked. The sweet peachy white globes of her ass stuck up high in the air, showing off her patch of dark curls and pink slit. It was clear that she was horny because cream oozed slowly from her pussy and seemed to glisten in the light of the bathroom. Her nether lips looked swollen, like she'd been preparing herself for him, and the thought of her masturbating to ready herself for his cock was almost too much.

She turned her head and looked up at him with an expression he'd never seen the computer generate before--pure shock. His major complaint about the holographic images the computer put forth was their lack of real human emotion. This was a pleasant surprise. Need slammed through his body and he couldn't decide if he wanted to lick the cream from her cunt or just cram his dick in her.

Decisions, decisions

He gave her a slight grin and grabbed his cock. He silently thanked the computer for making sure that 'everything he needed to end his suffering was in the bathroom.' Too bad the real Destiny wasn't.

"Captain, you're up ... I ... umm ... I didn't realize you'd be up, Sir."

He stroked his hard cock and smiled. "Oh, I'm most certainly up, Destiny." She tried to stand up, but he caught her quickly around the waist and dropped down behind her. "This is such a good idea. Taking you from behind is so fucking hot. I love being able to watch as I slide in and out. The very thought of it makes me want to come all over your gorgeous ass." He rubbed the head of his cock against her soaked entrance and reached around to fondle her swinging breasts. "You're so much warmer today than normal."

"Oh ... ahh, Captain ... I mean, Roman ... I think we should ... I should...."

"Shut up and let me fuck you? What a good idea," he said, ramming his dick into her to the hilt. She cried out as he squeezed her breast hard. It feels so real. Never before had it felt this way, and her pussy was so tight, so wet, so warm. He could have sworn that she was alive. The pod's A.I. must have been running a newer program--that was all he could think of.

He made a mental note to go to a pod to fuck her more often. He dug his fingernails into her large breast as he continued to take her from behind.

Destiny gasped for breath, for anything that would help make sense of what was going on. One minute she was getting ridden by a computer generated version of Roman and the next it disappeared only to be replaced by the real thing.

When he'd walked into the bathroom and found her naked on her hands and knees, she assumed that she'd be escorted to a holding cell and then put up for a psych-evaluation. Having his cock rammed into her while he ripped at her breast, had never entered her mind. She'd waited so long for this that she wasn't about to complain now. No, now she just wanted to bask in the glory of having Captain Roman Parker's full attention.

"Tell me that you like it, baby. Talk dirty to me."

Destiny's mind raced with a thousand different things to say, but nothing came to mind. She was too caught up in the immense fullness that his penis provided her. She couldn't think, could barely breathe.

Roman squeezed her breast harder. "I'll clamp down on this tit of yours until you tell me what I want to hear. Tell me, Destiny. Tell me what you want."

"Ahhh ... you ... I want you to come in me."

His hips jerked against her butt and the pulsating action of his cock sent her body into another orgasm. He stayed still for a bit behind her, no doubt coming deep within her womb. Saturated in pleasure and semen, Destiny wanted to do nothing more than fall on the floor and sleep for three days straight.

Roman stood and lifted her with him. "Come on, baby. I want more. You feel too good tonight to pass up on. I'm going to use you until your circuits overload."

That was an interesting new form of bedroom talk. It took her by surprise, but she let it go. She was tired, but too in love with the man holding her up to stop him. She'd dreamt of this moment and the act itself had far exceeded it.

Chapter Six

Roman laid on the bed first and pulled Destiny to him. How the pod had managed to create such a perfect version of her was beyond him, and he didn't care. He could almost forget that the real thing hated his guts--almost.

He laid back and stroked his flaccid member. "Get me hard again, baby. Take me in your mouth."

She hesitated for a minute and that shocked him. Never before had the hologram hesitated at one of his orders. He'd come in her face before, spitting his seed into her eyes, hair, the works. She'd licked him clean and begged for more. This new version was exciting. He liked a challenge.

His cock twitched of its own accord, and began to harden. "I told you to take me in your mouth."

"Trust me, I want to taste you, but not if you're going to be a dickhead about it," she shot back at him.

His eyes widened. Had he really just heard the hologram give him lip? The very thought of the program taking on more of the real Stewart's personality made his cock go rock hard. "Ride me now, forget your mouth. I need to feel that hot little pussy wrapped around me again."

"Hot little pussy, huh?"

"Baby, get on me NOW!"

She grinned as she climbed over him like a cat. Her breasts bobbed close to his face and he couldn't help but to taste them. When she straddled him, and pressed her sex down onto his ruddy cock, he damn near came all over her. The mouth of her pussy fisted him, convulsed on him and seemed to drink him in. He felt the pre-come seeping from his body. If she kept this up he'd be done before they started.

"Slow down, baby."

"Like hell. I want you inside me again," she said, as she sat down hard on him, swallowing him up.

Roman lifted his body off the bed in a half crab walk, half backwards push up, driving his cock deeper into her. Destiny's eyes widened and she screamed out, pounding down on him, riding him with a newfound glory. Placing her feet on the bed, she stood, allowing him to push up even further. He swore that he could feel the top of her womb, and for a several titillating moments, it felt like he'd actually passed through her and was buried up to her chest.

Destiny rubbed her body against him, pressing her clit to his abdomen as she went. Being suspended in the air, high above the bed made it all even more thrilling. Roman's penis seemed to swell within her, growing to proportions that weren't humanly possible. Each time she settled her weight back on him, she felt as though he was tearing through her. The pain was great, but the mind-numbing pleasure was even greater. She panted as she rode him, his hips continuing to shift upwards as she went. Waves of leg tightening jolts moved through her and she raked her fingers nails down his chiseled chest.

She came with a start, her orgasm tearing through her, causing her vaginal muscles to clench down on Roman's shaft. Roman collapsed on the bed, sending her body down hard and impaling it on his cock. She screamed out at the sensation of being ripped in two, but didn't move off him. Her swollen clit had found the perfect angle and now had a spasm every time she shifted even just a hair on him. His cock twitched inside her and when she felt the hot spurts of his come shooting inside her, she cried out again.

Roman's jaw went slack and his body stiffened. He grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto him as he continued to spill his seed inside her. Unable to support her own body weight, she fell forward onto him and felt her energy draining away. Too tired to move, she only moaned slightly.

"That was ... that was ... yeah," he whispered in her ear.

His loss of words warmed her heart. He had enjoyed it as much as her. She'd been worried that since he was so experienced that he'd not be satisfied with her skills. Roman wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tight, before barrel rolling with her. Now on her back, she looked up at Roman and smiled when she noted the loving look in his eyes. "I love you."

"If only you were the real deal, baby. I'd give my life for you then. You'd own my soul."

She found his response more than odd, but didn't comment. Obviously she wasn't his true love, it hurt but reality was harsh like that. Roman nudged at her inner thighs with his cock and she rolled her eyes, losing track of her concerns. "You want more? You're insatiable."

"Oh yeah, baby. I'm not done fucking you yet. You feel so friggin' good. Did the ship run updates on you? Something about you seems different, in a fantastic way."

Updates on me? She went to ask him what he was talking about when he suddenly thrust his cock deep into her pussy. She screamed out and clutched onto his arms. "Roman, please ... not so hard."

He looked puzzled for a moment, and then gave her a wolfish smile. "I like the new game, Destiny. That's it. Beg me to go easy on you while I fuck your brains out."

He ground her into the mattress, her body acted of its own accord, wrapping her legs around his waist, and arching up to meet his thrusts. Animalistic growls came from Roman while tiny moan's escaped her. Ecstasy clouded her mind as he lifted her legs up and placed them on his shoulders, shortening her vaginal channel, and making him seem even bigger than he already was.

"Too much ... too big ... ahhh, Roman," she panted.

"That's right, baby ... scream for me. I'm fucking huge and you love it, don't you? This is all you've ever wanted, isn't it?"

How could she deny him? He was right. He was all she'd ever wanted. "Yes," she said as he pumped into her again. Another orgasm ripped through her and she rocked her hips under him. "Yes, there, Roman, there."

"I know what you like, Des. I know how to make you come." He continued his thrusts, driving her mad with passion and need. "You're coming aren't you? Your pussy feels so real milking me like that. Oh, God, I love your update. Holy ... uhh ... arrrrrgh," he cried out as he withdrew from her quickly. She reached for his cock, but he batted her hand away. "No, baby, I don't want to come again, not just yet. I want to stick it in your tight little ass and come there. Is that what you want?"

He didn't wait for her to answer. Instead, he took a finger full of her cream and shoved it into her ass. Her anus felt like it popped and she

screamed out in pain below him. Roman rimmed her gently then, easing the pressure she felt.

"Des, I love your new routine. You're unbelievably tight now. Push down on my finger and let me ease your tight little ass open. I need to finger fuck it now, and I know you want it. Don't you?"

She shook her head no, but her body did as it wanted and it wanted to be completely full of Roman. She pushed down, sending his finger deeper into her taboo channel. The sensation was so unique, so different from the butt plug she normally toyed with. It was thrilling for her and she couldn't help but to wiggle under his touch.

"More," she whispered.

Roman smiled and withdrew his finger from her, replacing it quickly with the head of his cock. His penis was too big, too massive to ever fit in her ass. She bucked against him in an attempt to get away, but in doing so drove his dick deep within her.

Destiny screamed out as white-hot pain ripped through her lower region. Roman adjusted her legs on his shoulders and found a thrusting rhythm that threatened to overpower her. She wanted to scream out for him to stop, but the building sensation of promising pleasure was too alluring--too close to fruition.

Another orgasm hit her and she was powerless to do anything but cry out as Roman continued to pound his cock into her.

"I'm going to fill your ass with my come." He tipped his head back, and his muscles strained. "Tell me you want it, baby. Tell me how much you want my semen up your ass. Tell me how you want it dripping out of you, running down your leg, as I stick it in you again."

"I want it. I want your come, Roman. Give it to me ... ahh ... give it to me now!"

With that, Roman's body went ridged and she felt his shaft spurting semen deep within her. He stayed locked deep inside her rectum for a few more minutes before he pulled himself out of her slowly. Kissing her leg, he moved them from his shoulders. "Come here."

Destiny gave him a questioning look and he scowled at her. "I said, come here! I want you to suck me clean."

Her eyes bulged. "You want me to put my mouth on your thing after you just had it in my ... ?" She couldn't bring herself to say it aloud.

Roman gave her a wicked smile and winked. "Oh yeah, Des. I want your hot little mouth wrapped around my cock, cleaning it, stroking it, and making it hard again. Tell me that you want to suck me off. Say, it Destiny. That's what I like to hear, you begging to suck me."

Destiny drew the line there. "No way, buddy. Get your butt into the shower and then we'll talk about me going down on you. In the meantime, your thingy isn't coming near me until it's clean!"

He jerked backwards. "Computer, tweak program Destiny-211."

Destiny glanced around the room. What the hell was he talking about?

The computer replied quickly. "Unable to comply."

"What do you mean, unable to comply. Set her back to her defaults." Roman shifted on the bed slightly and ran his hand through his brown hair.

"Holographic program Destiny-211 is already set at defaults. Would you like me to launch the program now?"

"Launch it now? What do you mean? It's already launched. I just fucked the hell out of it so many times that my cock's chaffed."

"Negative, Sir. Destiny-211 is not currently running."

Destiny sat up slowly, her body sore yet sated. "Roman, what the hell are you talking about? What's Destiny-211?"

His eyes widened as he jumped off the bed. "Computer, give me the location of Lt. Commander Destiny Stewart."

"Lt. Commander Destiny Stewart is approximately one meter from you, Sir. Do you also require information on the newest life form?"

"Destiny?" Roman asked, taking a tentative step towards her. She nodded her head, still unsure of what was transpiring. Roman glanced upwards. "Computer, clarify newest life form comment."

"Diagnostics has indicated the presence of a new life form within your quarters, Sir. Preliminary scans indicate the life form resides within Lt.

Commander Destiny Stewart's uterus. Additional data has determined the life form shows signs of your DNA--paternal match ninety-nine percent. Logging data now, and calculating due date."

"Roman, what's going on?" Destiny asked, the reality of what the computer just said sinking in. "I'm pregnant. Oh, my God, I'm pregnant." She shook her head and jumped up and off the bed. Pacing the floor, panic seized hold of her. "I didn't mean for ... I didn't think. That is, I hadn't planned on doing this. You came into the bathroom and then just...."

Roman grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to him. His embrace was strong and long. "I'm so sorry, Des. I didn't know it was you. I would have never forced you to do all that." He backed away from her quickly, leaving her swaying slightly. "I forced you to have anal sex with me! Des, I'm ... oh ... Des, I'll call the guards now and place myself in the Brig. I swear that I didn't know it was you."

He continued to babble things that made no sense. She walked up to him and smacked him hard across the face. He looked down at her and nodded. "I deserved that and so much more. I never meant to hurt you."

"Oh, would you please shut-up!" she cried out. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about, but I can tell you one thing--you did NOT hurt me. I loved every minute of it, in case you didn't notice. EVERY minute of it! I don't regret one second of it. I'm just sorry that conception took place. I'll head to the infirmary and ask the techs to take care of it." Her voice trailed off at the end. She didn't want to terminate the pregnancy, but without the consent of both enlisted officers, the Star Union demanded it be so.

Roman's brow creased. "You liked it? You wanted me to fuck you?"

She chuckled. "Not exactly that. I've wanted you to make love to me from the moment I laid eyes on you. I love you, Roman. I already told you that once tonight." Destiny's cheeks flared as her confession of love fell from her lips.

Roman stood silent for a moment before sighing. "I've loved you from the moment we met too. I didn't think you had any feelings for me and I wanted you more than life itself so I...."

"So you what?"

He stood tall, and clenched his fists. "So I created a holographic program that simulated you."

She couldn't help but smile. "Let me guess, Destiny-211."

He nodded. Destiny thought back to when she'd walked in on him getting a blowjob from the hot chick with the black curly hair. She lifted a strand of her own curly black hair and shook her head in disbelief. "I walked in on myself giving you head?"

"Yeah," Roman said, sheepishly.

Destiny moved closer to him and put her hand on his chest. "What else have I done for you?"

Roman looked away, obviously embarrassed. "Anything I wanted."

"And what was it that you wanted."

"You," he said softly.

"Okay, that clears that up, but what about ... ?" She slid her hand down over her lower abdomen. "What do we do now, about the baby? Protocol demands I terminate it if you don't want it, but I want to keep...."

He grabbed hold of her and took control of her mouth with his. His kiss was hard, passionate, and uncontrolled. When he finally broke away, he looked down at her. "I need to clean up and so do you."

It wasn't exactly what she'd hoped for and for some reason she felt sick to her stomach. He didn't want the baby and now was avoiding the issue. A shower would do her good--give her time to think and clear her head.

Chapter Seven

Destiny had assumed that they'd be showering alone. Standing before Roman now, with particle streams hitting them from every direction, she wasn't sure what to say.

Roman slid his hand into her long black hair and pulled her to him. He clamped his mouth down on hers and forced his tongue in. When her tongue inched around his, he exhaled.

Destiny ran her fingers over his abs and his cock jerked in anticipation. She laced her warm fingers around his shaft and he bucked against her. Moaning slightly, he moved his hands down and found her lush breast. Taking each nipple between his fingers, he tweaked them, rolling them gently as he rocked his hips against her hand. Biting his way down her neck, he clamped his mouth over her nipple. It was like tasting a ripe berry. So much sweeter than he'd ever imagined.

His cock jerked again and pre-come seeped from it. Releasing her nipple, he looked into her blue eyes. "I need to be in you again, Des."

She ran her hand down her tight stomach and stopped when she reached her sex. His mouth went dry as she parted the lips of her pussy, exposing her pink nub to him. It was swollen and ready for stimulation. He grasped his cock in one hand and rubbed the tip of it over her clit. She arched her back, effectively thrusting her breasts upwards. He was too tall to let the head of his penis play in her cream filled folds and suck on her breast, so he picked her up.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she tipped her head back. Roman's gaze raked over her as her skin flushed with desire. The tip of his penis was so close to her wet entrance that he could have entered her at anytime, but he needed to be sure she wanted it. The hologram he'd programmed of her always wanted everything, this was the real deal--he'd never hurt her. "I want to be in you, Des."

"Oh, God, fuck me, Roman. Fuck me."

He fisted his cock and staggered backwards slightly. "Baby, you can't talk like that or I fucking come all over you."

"Mmm, promise?"

He pushed the tip of his dick into her slightly and her breath caught. She was so tight, so hot that he wasn't sure that he could move a muscle without coming in her. "Marry me."

Destiny's head snapped up. She grabbed hold of his cheeks and stared at him. "What did you just say?"

He laughed, partly out of amusement and partly out of fear of rejection. He wasn't sure why he blurted out a proposal, but he meant every word of it. "Computer record the following ... Lt. Commander Destiny Stewart, I would be honored if you would agree to be my wife. Will you marry me?"

"I ... umm ... errr ... Roman?"

Roman's palms began to sweat. His dick threatened to go soft on him as he held his breath. Destiny leaned down and kissed his lips gently. She pulled back and smiled. "Yes, I'll marry you."

"Binding marriage agreement has been logged. Date of ceremony to be announced," the computer stated.

Hearing the computer acknowledge their agreement gave his dick back the fire it needed. It sprang to life, wanting to be buried anywhere in her sweet little body. Roman took a few steps and felt the bed by his legs. Leaning down, he laid Destiny onto her back, to take in just how amazing the actual version was. Her creamy breasts bobbed slightly, making her pink nipples appear to tease him. He scooped one up in his hands and pinched it gently. She gasped beneath the weight of his touch, encouraging him to go forward in his mission.

"I love you," he said, softly.

"I love you, too, but tell me one thing."

"What?"

"Are you going to keep fucking the hologram version of me?"

He eased into her and felt his eyes roll from the pleasure of it. "Destiny, honey, she can't even compare to you. You're it from me--from this moment on you're the only woman for me, real or cyber."

She smiled, and held him tight. "Good, then I guess I won't fuck the holographic version of you anymore either."

He stopped as jealously ripped through him. "You've been fucking a version of me?"

She bit her bottom lip. "You've been doing the same thing."

"Get rid of it, NOW! You're going to be my wife, and you're having my baby. I will NOT share you with anything--holographic or not!"

"I have a better idea," she said in a soothing voice. She ran her hands over his back and sent waves of tingling pleasure through his body.

His resolve weakened and his anger faded away. He finally had his Destiny, his one true love. "What did you have in mind?"

"Make love to me, Roman, then we can reprogram them to find happiness with each other, like we did."

It was an offer he couldn't refuse. He moved his hips and pushed his cock into her. He didn't attack her like he'd normally done to the hologram. No, he wanted to savor every second of being in his fiancée.

Epilogue

Roman looked at the visual communicator and did his best to avoid giving Admiral Myers the finger. He smiled and waited for Myers to speak.

"Parker, I'm happy to hear that the communication tower on M83293 is operational. Your crew did a fantastic job."

Roman nodded, but didn't comment.

"I've got good news for you. You can return to Expedition Central immediately. Another ship is in your vicinity and can handle the sector from there. Sorry, about sticking you out in the middle of nowhere, Roman."

"Yeah, about that," Roman said in a low voice. "I've been meaning to thank you for sending me to a deserted planet that's prone to micrometeorite showers. It's because of you that I have a wife and a baby on the way. I've never been happier and I hate to admit it, but I owe it all to you, Jonas."

Jonas Myers looked taken aback for a moment and then he smiled. "So, who's the lucky woman? Who'd you marry?"

Destiny walked up behind Roman and slid her arms around his waist. Her slightly rounded belly pressed against his back and warmth rushed through his chest as he thought about his child growing within her.

She poked her head around him and laughed. "Hi ya, big brother."

Roman spun around and stared down at her. "Big brother?"

Myers piped up too. "Des, you married that prick Parker? You've got to be kidding me. What were you thinking?"

"Brother? What? Your last name was Stewart."

Destiny smiled. "No my mother's maiden name is Stewart. Jonas thought it best I use that instead of Myers to avoid anyone thinking he was showing me favoritism." She looked at the visual communicator. "And, yes, Jonas, I married Roman. Did he tell you that you're going to be an uncle?"

Roman laughed as Myers' face twisted up. "Thanks for cutting our mission short and see ya' soon brother. Parker out."

* * * *

The holographic version of Lt. Commandeer Destiny Stewart dropped to her knees before the holographic image of Captain Parker. "Can I suck you off?"

Parker dropped to the floor next to her. "How can I please you today?"

"You never let me suck you enough. I could roll your balls around in my mouth again--you always seem to like that. I didn't get enough of your semen. I want more. It tastes so good."

"How can I please you today? Can I hold you? I want to cuddle with you. I can rub your feet or read to you."

"Can I suck you off?"

"How can I please you today?"

* * * *

Destiny and Roman watched the monitors as the two holograms battled over who could please whom first.

"Do you think they'll figure it out?" she asked.

Roman laughed and pulled her close to him. "I don't give a rat's ass if they do. I'm more concerned over getting to please you, Mrs. Destiny Parker."

Destiny shook her head and dodged his kiss. "No, sweetie, I'm going to please you tonight."

"We could be at this all night, honey."

"Mmm, promise?"

"How about I promise to be at it for the rest of our lives?" Roman asked, kissing the top of her nose. "I love you so much, Destiny. You certainly are the real deal."

THE END

To read more excerpts from Mandy M. Roth please visit www.mandyroth.com or email mandy@mandyroth.com .