

Rebuilding

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Sam couldn't believe it, holding Janet's hips as she rocked on top of him. He moaned again as she rolled her hips, doing something incredible to him, amazed he hadn't come yet.

"Do you believe me yet?" she whispered, holding his eyes in hers.

He moaned once more as she did something else indescribable to his body.

He believed! He believed, even though he couldn't say it. They were floating in what had to be a reduced gee field above his bed, making love! She had such control over his body...

And as if to make sure he knew it, she held his head in her hands, and said, "Six... Five..."

Sam felt a vibration start in him, in his cock, feeling it vibrate inside her, seeing pleasure fill her face as she counted down, making him so delirious with pleasure, so far past that point of inevitability but still he hadn't come, he couldn't come...

"Two... One..."

She kissed him and he came like never before in his life.

Floating there in her arms, some times smothered to a breast or his head held between her luscious breasts, she asked him again if he believed now.

Oh, he believed...

It started three days earlier. He'd gotten an IM, from someone named Janet that he didn't know, saying that Charlie had given her his name, and she really wanted to get together with him to talk about a project she needed help with. Could she come to his place tonight at eight?

Sam didn't know what to think. What kind of scam was this? He hadn't seen or heard from Charlie for a week. He tried pinging him again, but got back the auto reply that he was off stargazing. Right...

He traded a few IMs with Janet, enough so that he thought she was probably human and not a

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bot. He'd even told her that on the Net, Janet was usually an overweight unemployed male welder living alone in a double-wide trailer outside Toledo. She replied "LOLOLOL -- Detroit... I can be at ur place 20 min 4 u 2 c!"

That barely gave him time to change his clothes and pick up some of the most obvious shit before there was a knock on his apartment door.

Janet was beautiful! About five foot ten, and not some starved chick, either -- she had a full, curvy body, shown off in stretch denim pants and a soft top that really showed her charms. Her hair came down to her shoulders and looked like it was softer than anything he'd ever seen. Her eyes sparkled and her lips glistened. And she wanted to talk to him?

He invited her in; they sat at the little table. She didn't seem offended by the mess.

She repeated that Charlie had given her his name. She was looking for someone special for a research project. Did he have time to answer some questions?

Sure! But he wasn't so much answering as verifying -- she knew an awful lot about him already! He filled in a lot of details, though. Like yes, he could get a week off, they'd been on him to take a vacation for quite a while. Two weeks? He didn't know if he could take off two on short notice, but he was pretty sure he could take next week off with no problems.

She sat back, smiling, looking so hot... One more preliminary -- would he be available tomorrow night at eight? If the preliminaries checked out, she'd want to fill him in more, and get his tentative commitment to the program. This wouldn't cost him any money; she'd explain tomorrow if he passed the prelims.

Okay, what now?

She opened her purse and put on a pair of purple gloves. She got out a little needle-stick thing and pricked the end of his left index finger, collecting blood into some little capillary tubes that she put in a little plastic vial. She put a band-aid over his finger, then peeled off the gloves and put the whole kit in a bag and back in her purse.

He was looking at his finger when she said, "Sam?"

He looked up. He was sitting and she was standing. He looked up past her gorgeous bosom and into her eyes. Her eyes did something, and he couldn't look away. He trembled with pleasure when her hands touched his shoulders and slid sensuously up to his head. She pulled his head between her soft perfumed breasts and held him there.

For how long, he didn't know. He wanted it to be forever, it was so good.

But when he blinked and looked around, she was gone.

He thought about going to his bedroom and jacking off, but instead he barely had the energy to

go to the bathroom, clean up, and fall into bed.

She came back the next night a little before eight.

He let her in; he'd spent a couple of hours cleaning up the place, just for her. He'd found things in the kitchen that he'd forgotten he had!

"H... Hi," he said, taking her back to sit where they'd been the previous evening.

"Sam," she said, smiling, looking at him so intently, "Everything checks out. We want you, if you want to do it."

He nodded, then frowned a bit. "Do what? What happened last night?"

She sighed and smiled, nodding. "Sam, I hypnotized you." She reached out and brushed the sides of his face with her fingers, sending an incredible sensation through him. "Just like I'm doing now, Sam -- this is for your own good, so you can stay calm while I explain things to you. Okay, Sam? If you ask me to stop, I'll stop. Do you understand, Sam?"

"Y... Yes, I think so... What's going on?" Sam managed to say.

"Sam, I'm not human," she started out.

Even though Sam felt like he was wrapped up in fuzzy pleasure, that startled him and he made a noise. She sure looked human!

She chuckled, shaking her head a little, that soft gorgeous hair moving... "I am an artifact. Oh, I'm the same internally as anyone else on the planet. Part of me was made here, in orbit actually, in our starship in a few weeks. Yes, Sam, a starship. Part of me came from a star around sixty lightyears from here." She sighed, shaking her head. "In one sense, it's very difficult to explain, yet in broader terms, it's a simple story. Sam, back home, we screwed up. Some scientists thought they'd come upon a great advance... Some weren't so sure and wanted extensive testing, long-term studies. Others wanted it right now. Guess what? The skeptical ones were right, but we didn't find out until it was too late. And now we're here, I'm here, because we need your help."

She smiled, lifting his chin and turning his head a bit, looking him over. "Oh Sam, we're so lucky. I'm so lucky. You have to decide Sam; you have to decide tonight. If you tell me, 'no,' you'll wake up tomorrow morning remembering only an incredible night of lovemaking and nothing more. If you say, 'yes,' then we'll leave Friday night."

"F... For where?" Sam managed to ask.

Janet smiled again. "For our starship. Sam, here is the question. We need you, Sam, to help rebuild our race. Sam, will you help us rebuild our race?"

Sam looked at her, imaging what rebuilding with her would involve...

“Yes,” he whispered.

“What?” she said, tilting her head a bit.

“Yes -- I’ll help,” Sam said louder.

Janet smiled more, taking his head in her soft hands and kissing him.

She moved from kissing him to laying on top of him on the couch. She had more questions, and even though his mind was fogged, he answered as best he could. One question in particular, did he know anyone else she should talk to? Young, single, male, like him? They spent a lot of time on that.

Then they went to his bedroom and made love floating in a cloud.

When Sam woke in the morning, he remembered that something great had happened, but he wasn’t sure what. He felt better than he had in a long time, and knew that things were only going to get better! The first thing he did when he got to work was to put in for the next week off. His boss was surprised, but thought it was a great idea.

Leaving work that evening, Sam was confused -- people had spoken to him during the day, even at lunch, people who usually ignored him. He didn’t understand it -- he was used to being treated as the big geek everyone ignored until they needed something done or help with things.

Friday, the same thing at work -- at lunch he asked one woman, Susan, who had stopped to talk to him, what was different, why? She laughed and told him that he was smiling, and looked so happy! What had changed? Sam didn’t know. Yes, he felt good, and he guessed he was smiling. She told him to do more of that!

Leaving work Friday, Sam still couldn’t figure it out.

Until he got in his car in the parking lot. Something clicked. He remembered. He started laughing. He remembered Janet! He was going places! She’d picked *him* to help rebuild her race! He knew he needed to go home and get ready, because tonight he was going to a starship!

He drove back to his apartment laughing. He figured she did something to his mind -- and he was glad she had, because there’s no way he would have been able to keep it to himself the last two days! All those people at work making fun of him, or just ignoring him -- and she had picked him!

At his place, somehow he knew all he had to do was wait for her.

He didn’t have to wait long -- a little after six, a knock on his door. He opened it, and Janet swept in, putting her arms around him and kissing him. He squeezed her close, feeling her and filling himself with her scent.

“Ready to go, darling?” she whispered in his ear.

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“What do I need?”

She smiled. “Just your keys -- we’ll provide everything else. Are you still sure?”

Sam sighed, his arms still around her. “Yes, I am. Let’s go start rebuilding your race.”

She smiled more and gave him a big hug. “Then let’s go,” she said, kissing him on the cheek.

Down to his car, which he’d gotten cleaned on the way home. He even opened the door for Janet!

They headed South, and because Janet was with him, they could use the car pool lanes! That helped get through traffic. By the time they got to Highway 152 to go inland, traffic had thinned out.

Sam expected to take 152 all the way to Highway 5 in the Central Valley. But after a while, Janet told him, “Next turn off to the right.”

“Really?” he asked.

She nodded, smiling. “Yes -- just up ahead.”

Sam shrugged and turned off, heading along the much smaller road back into the hills.

“This is good,” Janet told him. “Stop and turn it off for a while, please.”

Sam shrugged again, pulling into the hard-packed dirt of a clearing and turning off the motor. He turned to ask Janet what...

She took his head in her soft hands and kissed him.

Sam closed his eyes and ran his hands over her as they kissed.

When he opened his eyes, he looked out the front of the car and yelped! They were in the air! They were in the air and rising! Yet he felt like they hadn’t moved!

A soft hand at the back of his head relaxed him. “It’s okay, darling -- we are on our way! Enjoy the ride!” Janet cooed to him.

Sam looked out in wonder. The fading sunlight got stronger but then faded as they got higher and he could see the actual curvature of the Earth -- they were on their way! It was actually happening!

“Uh, we’re ... protected?” he managed to ask.

Janet chuckled and teased the back of his neck again. “Of course, darling! We wouldn’t let anything happen to you now!”

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“Uh, could we see the moon?” Sam asked as they continued to rise. He couldn’t quite see the whole Earth yet.

“Why not!” Janet agreed. “A small detour, just for you!”

After another few seconds, they slowed or stopped; Sam wasn’t sure. Then they turned until they were pointed at the moon.

“Ready?” Janet asked.

“Uh, yes!” Sam told her.

Suddenly, without sensation, the moon was getting bigger! In a few seconds the moon was filling their view! They slowed, comparatively, sweeping over the Lunar surface.

“This is amazing,” Sam said, rubbing one of Janet’s legs.

“Just you wait,” she purred, moving his hand up to her groin.

After a quick orbit, they headed out from the dark side into deeper space.

Sam turned to Janet after hearing her sigh.

She undid her seatbelt, moving closer, sliding her arms around Sam’s head and shoulders. “This next part is going to be about fifteen minutes, and I thought...” She closed her eyes halfway as she tilted her head, moving closer...

Sam popped his seatbelt off and pulled her closer, kissing and running his hands over her luscious body.

Sam wished he’d gotten a bigger car... He had her bra undone underneath her top, running his hands all over her, but there just wasn’t enough room.

“Almost there, darling,” Janet whispered in his ear.

She squeezed him, did something that melted him into her, taking some of the edge off.

“Sam, look -- we’re almost there!”

Sam managed to open his eyes. He gasped, again -- in the distance but growing rapidly was a cylinder, a huge cylinder. Some sections, some parts of it were smooth, but others had bulges, structures, an indescribable amount of detail, and he still wasn’t sure just how big the thing was, other than big and getting bigger by the second.

Sam shook his head -- he didn’t know how to judge such distances and sizes. It had to be ten or

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fifteen times longer than it was in diameter. They were approaching one of the detailed sections near the right end of the thing. They moved into an arcing trajectory, slowing as they approached, until they entered an opening in the side of the ship that was perhaps ten meters in diameter.

The car settled on to a metal deck in an area just large enough to hold it comfortably. The entire ceiling lit up, flooding the area with what looked like normal sunlight.

He turned to Janet, gasping and pulling his hand away quickly as he realized he'd been holding a breast for the last who knows how many minutes.

But she chuckled and pulled his hand back on the outside of her soft top. "That's okay darling. I liked your hand there." She sighed. "We've arrived. Shall we get out?" She moved his hand to her lips, kissed it, and then turned and opened the car door, getting out.

Sam shook his head, opened his door, and slowly got out. A floor. He was standing on what felt like a floor, in what felt like normal gravity, but he was in a starship! He laughed and jumped up and down a few times. "This is amazing!" he called out.

He looked around and saw Janet standing next to a port or door on one wall. As he approached, she started taking off her clothes.

"This next part takes time. We need to decontaminate, so clothes off! From here we'll pass through a first decon field, and then into a chamber where we need to spend some time as the rest of the decon happens. But I think there's something we can do to pass the time..." She pulled off her top showing luscious full breasts with attentive nipples.

Sam quickly shed his clothes, never taking his eyes off Janet and her beautiful body.

"Oh yes," Janet cooed, reaching out to stroke his very erect cock. "Let's go, darling -- follow me!"

She touched a spot next to the door and it slid open, illumination coming on in the small chamber on the other side. She took his hand and entered. To Sam it looked like she passed through some kind of barrier, a fuzzy outline surrounding her as she went through. Soon she pulled him through that layer, and it felt fuzzy and tingling as he went through. He sneezed repeatedly as his head passed through it.

They passed through into a small room. The lighting had dimmed down. Most of the room was taken up by what Sam hoped was a bed.

Janet threw herself on the bed, turning over to face Sam, opening her arms with a big smile.

Sam was on her and in her in a flash. Feeling, kissing, rolling around -- thrusting into her, so good and suddenly he was so close...

"No, not yet!" she growled, flipping him on to his back.

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Sam felt momentarily dizzy, then harder than ever, and nowhere close to coming. Janet held his shoulders as she ground her hips on top of him, moaning...

Sam held her waist, pulling, thrusting, so close, so close, but he couldn't come...

She looked at him, into him -- her eyes did something, glowing, and he couldn't look away. She smiled, an intense determined smile as she rocked her hips, making him cry out again, so close, wanting so much...

He saw her expression change, felt her movement change, and heard her moan. She sat up, breaking the lock that held his eyes. She sat up, moaning, squeezing her breasts and nipples and shuddering around him as she came.

She looked down to him again, a satisfied smile, and shifted the rhythm of her hips, slower, more intense...

Sam felt it, like a barrier had been pulled away, but something was still prolonging it, stretching things out, so intense, that feeling of inevitability and yet not quite there, getting closer, getting closer...

Finally he came, moaning and his whole body shaking, collapsing back and his eyes closing. Her hips still moving, coaxing every last drop from him as she leaned over and held him to a breast again. "Good, darling -- now go to sleep in my arms..." Sam sighed, letting go and fading fast.

*

Sam woke to a sudden cold pain in his forehead. So hard to move! He managed to open his eyes and raise a hand to his forehead, but the best he could do was brush his hand over, feeling something metallic? Something metallic on his forehead with a wire attached? He made a noise at the pain.

Janet turned and bent over, looking at him with her head tilted slightly. "Darling? You are not supposed to wake up..." She moved his hands down to his side again, sitting on the edge of the bed.

She looked up, talking to the ceiling, "No, I don't know why he woke up. I followed protocol, as I always do. Did you check..."

"Don't blame me for your defective equipment!" she accused. She looked back at Sam and smiled. "I'm sorry, darling -- let's do this," she said softly.

Sam sighed as the pain went away, replaced with a warm glow. Janet leaned closer and kissed him on the cheek.

"That's much better... I'm sorry, darling -- this is turning into a bit of an experiment." She looked up to the ceiling again and said in an irritated voice, "No, I don't have time for that, as you well know." She looked back to Sam, smiling once more. "Oh darling, one of my sisters is so eager to meet you! And I have to go back down to pick up Doug! So..."

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Through the glow, Sam was panicking -- he couldn't move! He couldn't move, and he couldn't talk!

Janet leaned down, her face once more filling his vision. She smiled again. "Oh darling, that's not good... We can't have an upset host..."

Suddenly Sam's panic was replaced with a pleasurable golden glow. It didn't matter now. Nothing mattered.

"That's much better, darling," she cooed, moving away. "I need to go get Doug!"

It was like Sam was watching a movie. He felt himself moving, floating. He couldn't move, but he didn't need to, he didn't want to. He approached an oval opening in one wall of the chamber, transferring to another chamber, a smaller chamber.

This one was filled with a dim reddish orange glow, and was cooler. It looked and felt like a plane of light scanned his body as he turned slowly. It scanned him from toe to head and then back down to his toes again. He heard whirring sounds and felt touches on different places on his body; the insides of his thighs, the sides of his neck, a tingling sensation at the front of his throat, then numbness and an almost crunching sound. Suddenly it was far easier to breathe; he was breathing deep and full. A cool sensation at his asshole followed by something pushing into him, but he didn't mind; it was all so far away. Something buzzed cold against the back of his head and neck, but only for a moment.

Part of him responded at an image passing at the edge of his vision; something like a huge wasp, a wasp with a huge head and body; the thing had to be a meter and a half long, with small flightless wings on its back.

He felt the first one along his abdomen, a hot searing, stinging burning pain like being stuck with a huge hot needle, followed by the sensation of warmth pushing into him. The stinging went away, but the feeling of pressure, of warmth stayed. The stinging repeated close by, once again turning into pressure and warmth. The pattern repeated itself so many times, covering his torso, front, back and sides. The early sites took on a feeling of warmth and attachment as the newer sites came into being.

An almost good look at the wasp-shape as it went away, and he was moving again! He saw another oval opening appear, his body tilted and moved to it, something moving just in front of his right shoulder?

Into a larger space, filled with ... what? The lighting was a similar reddish orange and dimmer than the previous chamber. Things hanging from racks? Hundreds? Thousands in a large space? He was moving to the end of a queue, a queue that looped back and forth filling the chamber. Worse than the queues at Disney World, he laughed to himself, still giddy from the golden glow suffusing him.

As he approached his place at the end of the queue, he could make out details of the things hanging from the rack better.

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Bodies! Thousands of bodies! He could focus on one -- a man, a hairless man. He was suspended from a rod along the back of his head going into his neck. A disc on his forehead with a wire in the middle, going up. By his right shoulder was a kind of umbilical going up to the track above him. The umbilical branched out to tubes going in both sides of his neck, bigger tubes going in the front of his throat, and more tubes going to the insides of his thighs, up his cock, and he imagined the other large one went in his asshole. What was left of the analytical part of Sam took this in and understood it as a life-support scheme, like in the opening to the Matrix...

But the thing that surprised him, all along the man's torso there were bumps under his skin, bumps the size of oranges. He tried to focus, to concentrate as he moved; he thought he saw some of the bumps *move* a little under the skin. Part of him tried to count, to estimate how many... Sixty at least? Maybe more? Eighty?

A clicking sound and sensation, coolness filling his lungs. His body swung around giving him a view of the back of the man in front of him in the queue, then pivoting so he was close to shoulder to shoulder with the one in front of him in the queue, looking forward to the next line over. He couldn't move his head; he couldn't move at all, but he could clearly see the bumps under the skin of the man in the next row over, the size of oranges. Sixty, eighty times how many? How many in this place alone, and how many more like it? He shuddered, mentally at least, recalling that the bumps on the man in front of him in the queue had been the size of ping pong balls ... they were growing, feeding ... on him, in him.

If Sam could have laughed, he would have. Perfect -- single male nerds without families or attachments. Who would miss them? As the golden glow pushed his mind aside, he remembered her words and understood better -- "helping rebuild their race."

Some time later the glow was momentarily disturbed by a clicking sound behind him.

Sixty more? It was getting harder and harder to think, that glow eating at his mind, just as they were eating at his body... Funny, she'd asked him so many times, and every time he'd said, "Yes."

Sam knew his mind was going, the end of the line, "helping rebuild their race." His one hope -- he wasn't sure what names he'd given her, but he hoped that fucker Mark's was one of them.

They were starting to itch...

FIN

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