

Shipwrecked

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Captain Tim Roberts awoke only slowly and gradually. He was in his own bed, in his own cabin. The memory of the explosion came back immediately. He had stepped out of the teleporter after being taken off the "Fat Warts," as the huge transport container for the resettlers was called. He was on his way with the cargo to NewEngland, the beautiful fertile planet in the Sagittarius System. He had one leg still on the transport platform when the explosion knocked him off his feet. His last thought was that it had ripped both his legs off.

He felt for his legs, they were thankfully still there. He stood up groaning, struggling with the dizziness. He stepped in front of the mirror and looked at his naked body. The legs were obviously new, but what hit him like a bolt of lightning was his cock. It was still the same as before, but much longer and thick and meaty. He had always envied others who had a thick meat penis, who told that you could fuck with it even without an erection. He took the cock in his hand examining it and was glad, it was like before, but much better. He asked Aia, the on-board computer. She immediately gave a report in her dark alto voice. The medibots had found him just in time, stopped the bleeding. The medibots operated on him as directed, giving him new semibiological new legs because the old legs were too badly damaged. They had suctioned out excess fat, not even a kilogram, and treated the superficial wounds. The buttocks could be reconstructed with semibiological material, the testicles were lost and a new scrotum was attached for the purpose of the optics. The penis was also damaged and they

had examined his mind before Aia decided to enhance his own penis, not replacing it. "I hope it's all right with you, Tim!" said her computer voice. He nodded after extensively palpating his body. "I have given instructions to comprehensively salvage your old penis and customize it to your liking, as I have learned in your mind. I can assure you that it will work just as well as it has in the past, should you wish to fuck someone again." Tim smiled wryly, for the on-board computer knew as well as he did what the legal limitations were regarding fucking. Aia thought along and said that with the transporter module, all sexbots were lost as well. "Sorry, Captain, but you're going to have to fuck with the crew, and I'm willing to not log it, if you want." Tim smiled at how absurd it was that he was getting advice from a computer like a good friend. He asked Aia to give him a status report. He was horrified.

The transport module had been destroyed by a 180kg boulder hurtling along at 57,000km/h, all the 1,000 settlers dead. Aia had all the protocols in place, had everything sealed, and the workbots were working nonstop to fix everything. By the end of next week, all the work was done and they could continue at full cruising speed, 86% of maximum load as planned. The arrival in 12 weeks was not in danger. All 107 crew in the transport module were lost, the core crew, 49 female and 2 male crew remained in the spacecraft, unharmed. The major limitation was that the entire communications module had been torn down and they only gave a regular position report hourly via an emergency beacon. They would track the signal in the control center and take note that there was no communication. There was a knock and Aia reported, deputy Joni. He quickly pulled on a pair of boxer shorts and called out, "Enter!"

Joni was his closest aide, he greeted her in salute and pointed to his desk. Joni sat down, he put on his shirt as he walked and took a seat. He asked for a status report. The impact had occurred 21 days ago, the transport module with 107 crews.... He listened only with half an ear, Aia had already informed him. Pilot and co-pilot were on duty alternately, Joni had them relieved in shifts so they could sleep. He let his eyes wander over Joni. She was 34, Asian, and would soon be promoted to captain, perhaps already commanding a ship of her own. She was rather slim and delicate, married to a Japanese diplomat for years and childless. That she had had a breast augmentation, he knew. It was irritating to see a delicate person with such large breasts. She had finished her report. He turned in his chair and looked directly at her.

"So tell me, Joni, how are things sexually? Are you still with the engineer lady?" She didn't bat an eyelash; they often talked about sex, even though it was private. "I'm masturbating again, all by myself like I used to, I don't sleep with Tima as much anymore, she's reorienting herself." Joni was saying that her lover was after another skirt. Tim nodded, "I'm sorry about that, you girls have been together for months." Joni nodded, four months. Her Tima was good to fuck and fucked very well herself, usually fucking each other for hours on end when they were both off duty.

Tim put a hand on her arm, it always sucked to lose a good sex partner. "All I know so far is that you're a lesbian, Joni, and that you only married that Japanese guy out of tradition." Joni shook her head, "I'm bi, I've always been bisexual. I rarely fuck my husband. Six months ago I was still fucking the section commander on Luna 8." Tim couldn't remember, he was on Luna 8 then too, but Joni came to him later, she was already with Tima by then. "And Tima is bi too, pure lesbians are very very rare." Joni looked at him

questioningly. "I haven't fucked a woman in ages," he said explanatorily and she giggled, "at least not in the last 21 days!" and he had to smile too. "After all, I could only go to the sexbots, the regulations! I last had a human girlfriend when I was transferred from Earth to the Moonbase. On Luna 8, I had the privilege of having a sexbot all to myself for an entire year. She wasn't just a primitive sexbot, she was an experimental model, an android, Almonda, who I could talk to normally, a huge advance in artificial intelligence. She was great for fucking and for conversations, for real!" Tim recalled that back then he spent an hour every day in the AI-world, with the VR-device on his head he was in the middle of the action. The VR-device analyzed his thoughts and feelings, it put together virtually situations that he thought of. The experience was realistic to life and more, he could virtually touch and feel the genitalia. He viewed hundreds of virtual girls up close as they masturbated and fucked. He got that momentum that made him experience the sex with Almonda more wonderfully than with any human woman.

Joni asked into the silence how he was doing, health-wise. Aia had only notified her that he was awake. He described what all had been fixed, he was still the same, with some technical improvements. "A new ass, completely new legs, a retread cock." He could literally smell Joni's curiosity. "A retread cock, go figure! I can't wait to see how the sexbots turn out!" Joni shook her head regretfully; sorry, but they had lost all the sexbots. He pretended to be horrified, the hypocrite! He wondered if she wanted to see his juvenated cock? Joni and he had never had sex before, she nodded uncertainly. He unwrapped his cock and placed it in her hand. She looked at it curiously and weighed it examiningly in her hand. "Is he better now?" she asked and he shrugged. "Can't say, haven't tried him yet." Joni was still checking. "He's huge compared to my husband's, anyway," she said,

"it would be interesting to try him." Joni could say it lightly; sexual contact was, after all, forbidden among them. She was all the more surprised when Tim asked if she wanted to try him out? Joni looked at him uncertainly. "The rules?" But he shook his head. "We're castaways, no rules apply!" He ordered Aia to stop logging and began unbuttoning Joni's uniform.

He looked at the beautiful naked Japanese woman. She really had way too big breasts, but was otherwise very pretty to look at. She had her pubic hair shaved or permanently epilated, as was the fashion now. Her slit was very small, almost girlish. She embraced him willingly and they kissed with fine, fomenting French kisses. It was right for them both, he thought, he had no sexbots and she no longer a partner. He palpated her pussy, her clit. She answered frankly that she masturbated for a very long time in the evening, sometimes maybe even for an hour. She did not count how many orgasms she had, sometimes many, sometimes less. But she much preferred fucking to masturbating, whether with a man or with a girlfriend. Of course she got orgasms when she fucked with her girlfriend, exactly the same as with a man. Tim gave her another deep French kiss and whispered that now would come the trial run. Joni nodded and with one hand directed the stiff cock into her vagina. He penetrated very slowly, her tight vagina had to adjust to the cock. He fucked her for almost half an hour, she orgasmed twice, then he got a strong orgasm without squirting. He lowered himself next to her. They whispered for half an hour, both felt that the trial run had gone well. They fucked again, then she left. It was unreasonable to stay away from the command center for so long.

Tim was very pleased, the new cock was better than the old one. It was the same cock, it was the same feelings. Still, it

was a great improvement. He had Aia show him the ship's system data on the screen, everything was going well. He asked Aia if she could also see into the quarters and she had 5 images appear on the screen. "Three women sleeping, two just finished fucking and one is masturbating." He wanted to see the one masturbating and had the image enlarged. She was alternately masturbating with her finger on her clit or fucking herself with two fingers. He watched her, but she quickly finished and turned to the side. He let everyone show him again and got stuck with the two who had finished fucking. The woman caressed the other, who had apparently turned on her side to sleep, kissing her shoulders, her back and her ass cheeks. The kissing went on for a long time and he was about to turn off again when she lay down on her back and spread her knees. He let the image enlarge again and watched her masturbate, she masturbated furiously in the end and lay down to sleep.

He asked Aia which girl or woman was the most sexually active. Immediately a picture appeared, Rianna, 32, an engineer. She didn't look attractive at all, Tim thought. Before the impact she had already fucked with almost all men as well as with several girls. No night she slept alone, and she also used the free hours during the day to fuck. So she was the most active, Aia said, should I call her in? Yes, said Tim, if she can interrupt her work. "She has free hour and fucks a girl in 2C." Tim ordered, waiting until they were done fucking. He was reading the ship's log for the last three weeks when there was a knock and Rianna entered, saluted and stood at attention. He saluted as well and left her standing at ease. He got straight to the point, without mincing words. Would she undress and lie with him? She didn't bat an eye. "But the rules..." but he interrupted her, circumstances had changed, that no longer applied. He sat clothed on the edge of the bed and she wordlessly joined him. In an instant she was naked and lay down on the bed,

he quickly undressed and lay down next to her. Without further ado, she took his semi-soft cock into her mouth and made it stiff. "Don't squirt in my mouth!" she had said, now she guided his cock into her pussy. He penetrated easily, she was warm, wet and very horny. They fucked for a very long time, longer than half an hour, until he orgasmed without squirting. She smiled and masturbated her clit for five seconds, letting the orgasm roll and quiver her. They talked only briefly, then she left after kissing him on the cheek. He was satisfied, but Rianna was nothing special.

He stayed in his cabin for the next few days, Joni was at the command post and kept in touch with him when he wasn't shutting down when fucking. He fucked at least three girls or women of his crew every day, none refused, all proud to be fucked by the commander. After ten days he had fucked all but the cadets, none were worth inviting a second time. Not yet. He turned to the three cadets, they were 17 and 18 years old. The two 18 year olds were worth fucking for a whole day, they both fucked great and had a blast fucking themselves. He fucked them both in turn, it had something!

After 5 or 6 days he decided to let the 17 year old come. She was very shy and scared, the 18 year old had reported to her everything. She stood trembling and quivering next to the bed and he had to undress her. No, she whispered modestly, she had never lain with a man before, it was her first time. He stroked with his hand gently over the girlish body, the small, firm breasts and the pussy. But she was no longer a virgin, Tim said, and she stammered, yes, she had masturbated very passionately as a child, and because of that. But she really had never lain with a man before. At the academy she sometimes did a handjob, but not a blowjob, she found that unsavory. This was Mia's first mission, just four months ago she was at the academy.

Tim stroked his hand over her body, Mia's skin felt insanely good. He couldn't stop stroking her skin. Did she know how to do it and did she really want it herself? Tim hoped she would say no and he could caress her wonderful skin to infinity. She started shaking again, quite violently, but she said that she knew roughly how the fucking went. And she would be happy to do it if he didn't hurt her. Tim continued to stroke her soothingly, and the trembling subsided again. Did she know where her G-spot was, he asked, and she nodded quite vigorously. "I masturbate my clit up to orgasm, and when I orgasm I put a finger on the G-spot and rub it really hard, then the orgasm is great! I think that I always orgasm with the G-spot!"

Tim had been rubbing her clit for quite a long time, but stopped before orgasm. He lay down on top of Mia. She spread her legs and looked into his eyes. "Don't hurt me, Commander," she whispered fearfully. Tim penetrated very slowly, her vagina was very tight and very short. She dilated under the pressure of his cock and he felt his glans reach the back end rapidly. He nodded at her and she smiled back. He fucked slowly at first, but when he heard her breathing quicken and she gasped softly, he increased the stroke rate. "So, your G-spot?" he asked, thrusting, and she syllabically brought out, "further forward, further up!" He nodded and pulled his cock almost out, letting the glans search for the G-spot. She nodded sometimes, "yes, there!" and he tried to thrust just the G-spot, "no, further up!". He couldn't hold back his orgasm and pulled out his cock afterwards. She immediately stuck a finger in and teased her G-spot for a few seconds, then twitched, quivered and writhed in orgasm. She exhaled in relaxation and opened her eyes. Tim could see the stars twinkling in them.

Mia stayed with the Commander all day and all night. They fucked, over and over, and he lost count. When he was

exhausted, he asked her to masturbate and watched her. She masturbated like everyone he knew, only at the end she teased her G-spot with a finger until the orgasm ended. She writhed in orgasm, but was relaxed again after a few seconds. At some point during the night, he fell asleep exhausted. When he awoke again, she was already gone, duty was calling.

For a whole week he fucked Mia, in her free time and after the end of duty. It was still 8 weeks until the landing. The worker bots were diligently patching up the damaged landing gear, it was still going to be a hard landing. Attempts to somehow establish communications all failed. Only the emergency beacon worked properly, so the authorities knew their position and flight path, which they scrupulously followed.

Tim's manhood was now, at 38, fully unleashed. He needed variety, as great as the week with Mia had been. He fucked wildly again, the 18-year-old cadets and then the 45 female engineers, one after the other. Some days he fucked three different girls, burying his face in the heaving bosoms of the women. It was just an eternally repetitive in and out, but each of them fucked differently, each allowed herself to be fucked differently. He had made an announcement weeks ago that, as castaways, they didn't have to abide by the ban on fucking. In practical terms, that meant that the two male pilots were usually relieved and replaced and they had to give themselves to the women whether they wanted the woman or not. Second, there were lesbian acts as openly as there usually weren't; even the most consistent straight-women behaved in lesbian acts. After all, there were only three men for so many women, therefore.

Every so often, Joni had to leave the command post to fuck Tim. She was as desired by the women as she was by Tim.

Sometimes he relieved her in the command post when she went to fuck a woman. He used the opportunity to get the ship in top shape, there was no loafing when he was on duty, he was much stricter about that than Joni. Everyone knew that.

There was only one incident worth mentioning, Mia got into an argument with another, it was of course over who got to fuck. Mia gave the other one a black eye, gentlemen! Tim had to punish both of them according to the rules, he locked them up himself in the brig, for 24 hours. Apart from that, the daily routine was quiet, the women on duty had to do their duty properly, the others had time off and could watch movies, read a book or fuck someone. You could assume none of the women were watching a movie, none were reading a book.

Joni and Tim took turns in the command post, they rarely got to fuck each other, although Tim really liked the way they fucked. Otherwise he fucked the crews for the x-th time in turn, none could complain. His improved cock was simply magnificent, fucking again more often as an 18 year old. Joni, Mia and the two 18 year old cadets were his favorite partners, that was true.

Aia came forward and as instructed projected the image on his screen of two women fucking clit-an-clit. Tim had never seen it himself and was eager to see it. But on the screen, at best, he saw the bobbing ass of the woman fucking the other. He talked about his grief with Joni, who was the closest he had to an understanding friend of all. She thought about it and promised to let him watch her fuck clit-on-clit at the next opportunity. The very next day she called Tim and he put a female engineer in charge. He slipped into the cabin where Joni and another were waiting for him. It was a small cabin and a small double bed where the three of them

crowded together, Tim of course stripped naked as well. He put his face right in front of the woman's pussy and now saw up close how the women pressed their clits together, it didn't seem so easy. Then Joni started to fuck the woman, they fucked much longer than women usually fucked with a man. The woman got her first orgasm and then again and again. Joni fucked her brains out like a fury, Tim had never seen anything so exciting before. Joni now also got an orgasm, she rubbed her clit for a few seconds and then she was overrun by her orgasm. Tim pounced on the completely exhausted other woman, who was still twitching a bit after the last orgasm, and fucked her wildly and mercilessly. She seemed to lose her senses for seconds, when he strangled her a little bit, whimpering and sobbing when the orgasm tore her apart again. Joni yanked him back, "you're fucking her to death!" and pulled Tim on top of her. His furious excitement instantly faded as he fucked and orgasmed as usual with Joni. Tim slunk away like a drenched poodle and when he saw the woman again at dinner, he apologized to her, but she smiled, that was okay.

He talked to Joni about what was going on, where his bloodlust had come from. She actually thought it was quite kinky and pervert, but she overcame it. She knew one, Ree, who literally passed out while clit-fucking. She'd invite her over tomorrow, but he had to promise not to fuck the girl to death. He had fucked Ree several times before, she orgasmed quite easily, which was good for his ego. She was a very fair skinned European, small and slim, epilated pussy and a nice clit. Joni then called Tim every day, she was fucking Ree's brains out daily and Tim fucked them both afterwards. First Ree, who he fucked wildly with his full erection. And Ree had agreed to be strangled a bit during the fuck, she was used to it. He liked it when she lost her senses completely and became fully unconscious. Joni grinned wryly, for it seemed perverse to her to fuck a

woman into unconsciousness or to keep fucking an unconscious one. She grinned shabbily when he finished with Ree. He kept fucking Joni with his semi soft cock, she liked that a lot when she was masturbating. But Tim didn't get carried away with the bloodlust anymore. He was totally into how Joni fucked Ree, she always had the dominant, active position and fucked Ree's brains out. She picked Ree because she was really submissive and had no objection to the Commander's perverted desires.

The days flew by. Tim went to see the pilots twice a day. The chief pilot practiced every move for the landing, that impressed Tim a lot. He practiced mostly alone, he had sent the co-pilot to fuck the women. The chief pilot laughed, he wondered if he or the co-pilot sweated more. He explained to Tim every step, every move and Tim listened well, because of course he also had a patent, but very little practice. The chief pilot promised to land so softly that not a single blade of grass was damaged. Tim assured him that he should only deliver them all alive on NewEngland, at least he should. The pilot nodded grimly, "Not a blade of grass!" and continued to practice.

Ahead of them rose the beautiful planet. NewEngland. A beautiful, fertile planet to which they now brought not a single settler. A pack of gliders surrounded them, three hours before landing. They were finally able to talk to someone with the handheld radios, explain the situation to the glider pilots. Tim was put forward through to the control center, he reported and was given specific instructions for landing.

The chief pilot landed at the indicated spot smooth as butter. Tim sat tensely behind the co-pilot, Joni further back in the command post, very pale, tired and seemingly unrested from the fucking shortly before.

The chief pilot landed buttery soft at the indicated spot. Buttery soft. He looked at Tim and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

"Not a blade of grass," he said triumphantly, but in a shaky voice, "not a blade of grass!"