

Tabitha Prime

by Saddletramp1956

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Prologue

Thursday, April 11, 2109, 0223 hours CST

Mr'rk Corporate Headquarters, System F-17

Jr'drog, High Commissioner of the Mr'rk Corporate, pounded his burnished iridium gavel, sending sparks across the highly polished black stone dais.

“Next!” he boomed.

The doors at the far end of the spacious Commission Arena opened, and a human female with long blonde hair entered the room, her gown billowing as she walked, exposing her long, toned legs, flat midriff, and prominent near-naked breasts.

Jr'drog looked at his fellow Commissioners to gauge their reaction. They all wondered the same thing. What is it with these human females and their incessant need to expose their bodies? Especially this one, who admittedly happened to be the crowning achievement of the Corporation's cloning division. He wagged his small spines in impatience.

Even to beings to whom the display was less exciting than watching klanchion dry on cracked brathwak, she still flaunted herself. Then he swallowed rapidly, which was his race's version of chuckling to oneself.

If a member of the Var'shee had been present, they would certainly think she was offering herself up on the menu. Still, she had a devious and cunning mind worthy of a servant of the Mr'rk, even if it was scientifically enhanced.

The woman stopped at the small podium in front of the dais and bowed in respect. She stood upright and placed something on the podium.

“Yes, Tabitha, we recognize you,” Jr'drog stated in a neutral tone. “What do you have for us today?”

“High Commissioner Jr'drog, members of the Mr'rk Board of Directors. I come to you today with something I believe will make the Mr'rk the most feared Corporation among the stars of the galaxy,” Tabitha said, emphasizing the word ‘stars.’

“Oh? And what might that be?” Jr'drog growled.

“This,” Tabitha replied, pointing a remote at one wall. “Watch,” she said as the huge monitor came to life.

“What are we looking at?” Jr’drog asked as Tabitha focused on a small speck of red light.

“Star F-275,” Tabitha replied. “An insignificant red dwarf with no planetary objects. Please observe.”

As the Commissioners watched, the red star began to churn, then bulged as it changed color, turning white. Suddenly, the star erupted, sending stellar material out in all directions at an appreciable fraction of lightspeed. The video dissolved into static as the radiation front hit and then blanked as the extremely hot material engulfed the probe that transmitted the video. Tabitha turned the monitor off and then faced the Commissioners.

“So. You can destroy stars,” Jr’drog stated blandly as if this were an everyday occurrence. “How will this benefit the Mr’rk? To be precise, how will it improve our bottom line?”

“Commissioner, this technology will demonstrate the level of our power to those who might stand against us,” Tabitha responded with a raised eyebrow.

“And who, exactly, might that be, Tabitha? The Gingravik?” one of the Commissioners asked skeptically. Everyone knew the Mr’rk were already more powerful and ambitious than the Gingravik.

“No, Commissioner,” Tabitha replied. “The plants are, technically, superior in many ways biologically, but not overall, and they do not present a threat. They would rather fornicate than do anything else,” she noted contemptuously, even though her own sexual appetite could easily overcome a male Gingravik and all twelve of its penises. “The real threat comes from a relative newcomer to intergalactic space.”

“You refer to your own species?” Jr’drog asked. If Tabitha could read his rocky expression, she would see his shocked disbelief. But she couldn’t.

“With all due respect. My... species, as you call it, Commissioner, presents a far greater danger than I think any of you fully understand.”

“Oh? Explain,” Jr’drog demanded. He was not used to being lectured by a lesser species, even one his own science division had enhanced.

“By its very nature, the human race consists of explorers who historically conquer all they see. Enslave those who may already be there. They may appear to be soft and easily held in check, but anyone who accepts that view learns the real truth very quickly,” Tabitha explained blandly.

“And you know this... how?” Jr’drog asked pointedly.

“Because. The desire to expand and conquer lives in me. It is in my DNA – DNA enhanced by the Mr’rk, no less,” Tabitha replied sardonically. The tone was lost on the beings before her.

“I... see,” Jr’drog said. “And what is it you want from the Board?”

“I wish nothing less than to be the Prime Director in my sector,” Tabitha declared.

Jr’drog considered the human female before them, then turned to the other Commissioners and quietly conferred for a few moments as Tabitha watched stoically. She did not believe they would terminate her as she represented a considerable investment of resources, but they could refuse her or even demote her and set her plans back. After a few moments’ discussion, Jr’drog turned back to Tabitha.

“We will grant your request. From this moment forward, you are Prime in your sector. The proper notifications will be generated in the legally allotted time and filed with the proper authorities in triplicate. You will keep this Board apprised of your progress, and you are to make no belligerent moves against any race without consulting us first. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Commissioner. I understand completely,” Tabitha assured them while mentally crossing her fingers. “Thank you. The high trust you have placed in me will never be forgotten.”

“I hope not, for your sake, Tabitha. You are dismissed. NEXT!” Jr’drog bellowed, pounding his gavel.

Tabitha smiled, bowed slightly as was the custom, then turned and walked away. Her plan was proceeding as she thought. Soon, she would begin the process of stripping Earth of everything she could get, and then... she would destroy the entire system. Or perhaps she would destroy the system first, then ravage what was left.

But there was one person she needed under her thumb first, a certain Star Fleet officer. The thought brought her to new heights of sexual arousal.

Chapter One

Captain’s Log, Thursday, 19 July 2114, 1845, hours CST

Having completed our mission to 61 Virginis, Enterprise is returning home. All systems are operating well within normal parameters and we are on course to reach Starbase One in 26 hours.

It has been far too long since we have set eyes – or feet – on our home world, and everyone is anxious to take some well-deserved leave. Most of the crew will be leaving Enterprise after this trip – some to new duty assignments, some will go back to civilian life, while others plan to retire.

I admit that I have mixed emotions about Commander Travers. I had almost expected her to accept a command when we returned. She has certainly grown in her job as First Officer, and I

have come to rely on her a great deal. There is also no question that she is ready for the center seat, but it seems that she has decided to remain on board. I am glad to have her on my team, but I hope it's not at the expense of her career.

End of log entry

William Jones, Captain, Commanding Officer, USS Enterprise.

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I closed out the log entry application and shut my computer down. We were expecting guests for dinner, so I went to the small head I shared with Kyra, showered, shaved, and donned my dress uniform as Kyra set the table for Elizabeth Travers and her significant other, Deanna Carson.

The hatch chime sounded, and I heard Kyra answer, letting the Master Chief into our quarters with the evening's meal. I smelled the delicious aroma of perfectly cooked sirloin steak and my mouth watered.

"Damn, that smells wonderful, Master Chief," I declared as I entered the main area of our quarters.

"Thank you, Captain," the Chief replied with a smile.

"Ship's not gonna be the same without you," I said. I signed off on his retirement package just a few days earlier. He had served for 32 years and was ready to go home. "What are your plans?"

"Going back to Texas. Taking over the family restaurant," he said. "You ever make it to Wichita Falls, come on by. I'd love to see you."

"We'll do that," I promised. The hatch chimed again, so I opened it to see Elizabeth in her full uniform and Deanna in a tasteful floor-length evening gown.

"Come in, please," I said, motioning the two women inside. "You're just in time. Master Chief has brought dinner in, and we're just about ready to sit down."

"Thank you, Captain," Deanna said. "I feel out of place being the only one not in uniform."

"Nonsense," my wife Kyra said. "You look lovely. That dress is fabulous."

"Thank you," Deanna said. "This is the first time I've had a chance to wear it."

We sat as the Master Chief placed our meals before us. Sirloin steak with mushrooms, mashed potatoes with mushroom gravy, and green beans. It all looked and smelled wonderful. He had also brought a delightful strawberry cheesecake for dessert.

"If that will be all, Captain, I'll go back to the galley," the Master Chief said.

“Thank you, that will be all. This looks wonderful. We’ll call when we’re done,” I said.

“Very good, sir. Bon Appetit,” the chief said before leaving.

“Dig in,” I said, as I cut off a large piece of juicy steak.

“I am sure going to miss the Chief’s meals,” Elizabeth said.

“Me too,” Deanna agreed.

“I think we all are,” Kyra said.

The four of us engaged in small talk as we ate, reminiscing about the most recent mission, and our other adventures, including the incident with the Mr’rk at T-107, our first contact with the Gingravig, and the time we spent at the site now known as Forward Base Kepler. We all got a laugh remembering the day I pushed Elizabeth into the water after the time we spent cleaning up the disabled vessel.

“It has certainly been a tour to remember,” Elizabeth mused.

“Yes, it has,” I agreed. “So, what are your plans?” I asked my executive officer. “I haven’t seen any orders with your name on them. I would’ve thought you’d be taking a command of your own. Lord knows you’re ready for it, and you’ve certainly earned it.”

“Thank you for the vote of confidence. If it’s all the same with you, Captain, I’d like to stay on board here with you for a while,” Elizabeth said. “At least until the Snoqualmie is ready for me.”

“The Snoqualmie?” I asked, surprised. The USS Snoqualmie was to be the first in the next generation of starships, much larger, faster, and more powerful than the Enterprise. “They haven’t even laid the keel for that ship yet.”

“No, they haven’t. That won’t happen for at least six months. It’s still undergoing virtual testing.”

“How long have you known about this?” I asked.

“Not very long,” Elizabeth said, with a slight trace of embarrassment. “Admiral Simmons informed me of the opening three months ago and asked if I would be interested. Of course, I said yes. The final decision was made only a few days ago and the orders haven’t even been cut yet.

“I wanted to tell you, but the Admiral wanted to make the announcement himself after we returned.” Her cheeks colored slightly. “So I am not quite violating orders, but I am stretching a confidence.”

“Of course. Congratulations on your new command, Elizabeth. I wish I had known this earlier. Now I need to shop for a new XO.”

“I’m sorry, Bill. I wanted to tell you as soon as possible. I won’t be needed at the Europa Station for at least nine months, perhaps a year, so I’d like to stay here on Enterprise, with you, until then. With your permission, of course,” Elizabeth added earnestly.

I felt blindsided by her revelation, and more than a little irritated. Still, I understood Elizabeth’s position. As a Commander, she was in no place to go against a full Admiral. I was more irritated at Alan Simmons than Elizabeth. In my mind, he should have given me a heads-up that she was being considered for the position. Unless, of course, he had a reason not to inform me...

“Of course,” I told her with a nearly genuine smile. “You’re always welcome on my bridge... Number One.”

“Thank you, Captain,” she replied. We finished our meal on an upbeat note, and all of us felt more than satisfied. After the Master Chief’s signature cheesecake and after-dinner drink, we called it a night.

“Thank you for having us over for dinner, Bill,” Elizabeth said as we exchanged evening farewells.

“My pleasure, Elizabeth. Deanna, it’s always good to see you,” I told them. Kyra exchanged hugs with our guests before they left. After the hatch slid shut, I called the galley to have our dishes cleared, then turned to Kyra.

“I get the feeling you’re not too happy,” my wife said wisely after seeing my expression.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m thrilled for Elizabeth. She’ll make a damn fine captain. I just wish I had been given some warning.”

“I’m sure Alan had a good reason for not saying anything to you,” Kyra said.

“We’ve known and trusted each other for nearly two decades,” I replied. “It would have to be one helluva damn good reason.”

“We’ll be home tomorrow. Maybe you can get to the bottom of it then,” Kyra suggested.

“I hope so,” I told her.

Kyra opened the hatch when the chime sounded. A crewman from the galley came inside, excused himself, and took the dishes away. After he left, we took our uniforms off and lounged on the bed to let our stomachs settle down. The meal was delicious, but it was quite filling and we were both very tired, so lovemaking was postponed by silent and mutual consent. Kyra snuggled close to me and we were soon asleep in each other’s arms.

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Tabitha was on her knees, straddling Bull Travers in the queen-sized bed in the small stateroom she shared with her husband, Bill, on board the USS Armstrong. As First Officer of the Armstrong, Bull had complete control of the bridge schedule, and he had arranged it so she and Bill would never share a shift.

The schedule worked well, at least for her. She could sneak away with Bull and cuckold her husband in their bed while Bill was busy with his job.

She loved being on top, as it gave her full control over how much to take inside her. Plus, she knew it gave Bull pleasure to watch her gyrate naked over him and watch her firm breasts bounce as she impaled herself on his huge cock.

Bull was a big man – in more ways than one. He was certainly much bigger than her husband, both physically, and in the manhood department. She was dripping wet and was in mid-stroke when there was a sudden invasion of light in the darkened room.

They both looked to see who opened the hatch and saw Bill. The poor fool stood there, his eyes wide, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. Tabitha jumped off of Bull's dick in surprise and could feel his semen dripping down her bare leg.

Bull climbed out of the bed and turned his attention to Bill. She saw the smirk on Bull's face and knew this wouldn't end well for Bill.

"Close the goddamn hatch," Bull growled. "What are you, a pervert or something? You like to watch?"

"What's going on here?" Bill stupidly asked. Unable to look her husband in the face, she directed her gaze down in embarrassment as Bull stood up, his hard cock dripping with her juice.

"What's it look like, Lieutenant?" Bull asked as he pulled his clothes on. "Didn't they teach you sex-ed in high school?" He finished putting his flight suit on and started toward Bill. "Let's walk, Lieutenant. We need to talk." He turned toward me. "I'll be back and we can finish this... discussion later."

All Tabitha could do was look at Bill with sad eyes. "I'm sorry, Bill," she told him quietly.

"We'll talk about this later," Bill said. Tabitha heard the anger and hurt in his voice.

Bull smirked as he shook his head. "No, you won't, Lieutenant," he said. "Let's go. Follow me."

Tabitha sat on the bed after the two men left the stateroom. She hoped Bull wouldn't kill him as they had discussed several times in the past. Even though she loved fucking Bull, she had a tiny sliver of love left for her husband.

A few minutes later, she heard alarms sounding throughout the ship and a voice over the intercom announcing, "Man overboard, Starboard Airlock Number Two." She quickly dressed and ran to the airlock. She spared a small, quick hope that Bill hadn't suffered much, and then tried to remember what cover story Bull said he would use and how she was supposed to act over Bill's death.

By the time she reached the airlock, Captain Simmons and Commander Brewster had already arrived. Bill stood in the corridor and handed something to Captain Simmons.

"Commander Travers, sir," he said. "He admitted to sabotaging the weapons and admitted to having an affair with Lt. Jones. He also admitted to planning to kill me and make it look like a suicide. It's all on here."

She stared, stupefied, at the scene, unable to believe that Bill was standing there. That meant...! "Bull!" Tabitha screamed as she looked into the airlock. By now, the force of Bull's ejection had sent his body into an unstable orbit around Mars, and it would take hours to recover, if ever. She turned to Bill, tears falling down her face.

"You killed him," she cried. "You fucking bastard! You killed him! I hate you! You hear me? I HATE you!"

"That will be enough, Lieutenant," Captain Simmons ordered. He grabbed Tabitha by the shoulders and handed her to the medics. "Take her to sick bay. Get her under control. Then hand her over to security."

Waking up suddenly, Tabitha sat up in her bed, sweat pouring off her body. What she experienced was more than a recurring dream – it was an embedded memory traumatic enough to be permanently etched in the RNA of the original Tabitha Abernathy's mind.

The Mr'rk scientists were skilled and thorough and had recovered everything they could from the tiny samples they had. And since she was a direct clone of that woman, it was as if she had experienced it herself.

That incident was Tabitha Abernathy's downfall. She vividly remembered the tribunal where she was stripped of her rank and flight status. While Bill's career flourished, she languished in prison and her hatred of Bill Jones grew.

Eventually, she was released but was unable to find a job in the civilian world. Turning to her former prison mates, she joined a group of space pirates who promised her adventure and riches. She learned afterward they were all lesbians, but by then that didn't bother her, as she had acquired a taste for the female form in prison. She used her body with increasing skill to get what she wanted and avoid what she didn't want.

It was during her ruthless pirate career that she learned of a group called the Mr'rk. They and their representatives fenced ships, technology, cargoes, and captives, and were as mercenary as she was herself. They also promised adventure and riches, and took several vials of her blood, telling her it was for scientific research. The next memory she had was waking up in a strange laboratory.

Technically, she was a different person than the original Tabitha Abernathy who cheated on her husband and was sent to prison. But she still had all of that woman's knowledge – and her hatred of Bill Jones.

She once wondered if the emotional hate had been cloned along with her flesh and memories, or if rehashing the memories recreated the hate. Then she decided that it was real enough for her not to matter.

Looking at the wall in front of her, she vowed that Bill would die for what he did – even if she had to destroy the entire Solar System to see it through.