



*Holo
Deck*

Marc Nobbs

MARC NOBBS

HOLODECK

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HOLODECK

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For Trekkies and Trekkers

"Come on in, Jessie," the boss said. "Please, take a seat."

"Look, Jim, if it's about the latest 'Franklin Jones' novel, I can explain. I'm having trouble with the new interactive personality subroutine."

"Trouble? But the copy of President Strickland you showed me last week was almost perfect."

"Exactly. Almost perfect. I want it indistinguishable from the real one."

"Jess, the people who'll run this program have never even met him, they won't be able to tell."

"But you'll be able to replace him with people you do know - then it'll make a difference."

"Whatever. Look, Jess, the reason I'll called you in here... I don't know how to put this. I'm ordering you to take a vacation."

"Ordering me?"

"Yes. You're working too hard. Jess, I've been in this business since the start. That's nearly thirty years. And in all that time, you are the best damn holo-reality programmer I've ever seen. It's your eye for detail. You might take twice as long to produce a novel, but we sell twice as many and for twice the price - because they're twice as good as anything else around."

"So, why..."

"And whenever your wife goes away on assignment, you throw yourself into your work until she gets back. Not that there's anything wrong with that, better than having an affair. But you have to face facts; Demi's not coming back this time. You keep going at this rate and you'll burn yourself out."

"I know it was a terrible accident, a really horrible way to lose someone, but she's gone. It was nearly nine months ago, Jess. You've taken no time to grieve. You still haven't come to terms with it, I can tell."

"Work's all I have left, Jim. I can't take time off, what will I do?"

"That's up to you. Find some way to help you get over Demi. Take a vacation. Spend all your time in a holo-reality suite running porn and fucking 'till your dick drops off. Whatever. Just give yourself a break, before it's too late."

"I can't afford it."

"It'll be a paid sabbatical. You don't have a choice. As of tomorrow, I don't want to see you here for another month. Is that clear?"

Jessie arrived back at his house. What was he going to do for the next 30 days? All his material for his project was at work, so he couldn't do that. He didn't have enough credits for a holiday. His only option was to run an immersive Holodeck program. To try and "get away from it all."

Over the next few days, he tried many different programs, but none of them could hold his interest. Even his own best selling crime series, "Franklin Jones Investigates," he found boring. He hated to admit it to himself, but he missed his dear Demi. He figured he needed to see her again, to touch her, to smell her.

"Computer..." he said as he entered the Holodeck, "do you have enough data on file to create a facsimile of Demi Huskley?"

The computer answered in a soft, sensual, female voice, "There is enough data on file to create an accurate physical facsimile of Demi Huskley."

"How accurate?" asked Jessie.

"To within zero point zero five percen," the computer informed him.

"Then do it."

"Working...Working," the computer repeated as it began to build up the Hologram version of Jessie's wife.

Slowly the image came into focus. Her long black hair cascaded down her back. Her breasts swelled out in a divine manner, and with her rounded hips, formed a delightful hourglass figure.

"Computer, much as I like seeing my wife naked, perhaps you should put some clothes on her."

"Select outfit," said the computer.

"Something casual... Jeans and T-shirt."

The clothes appeared on Demi's form, covering up her assets. Jessie was slightly disappointed, but at least her could look at her without a permanent hard-on. He walked around her static figure, admiring the way she looked.

"I always liked you in jeans, Dee." he said, "Your ass fills them just right."

He walked back around to the front, smiling constantly.

"I wish I could talk to you. There's so much I need to tell you. I've missed the sound of your voice so much."

He stood admiring this copy of his dead wife. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Computer. Can you make her speak, so that I can have a conversation with her?"

"Yes. A copy of Demi Huskley's vocal pattern is on file. This can be used to simulate her voice."

"Do it. Have her interact with me." He waited a few moments until the computer told him that Holo-Demi was ready to speak.

"Demi? I've missed you."

Holo-Demi stood soundless.

"Did you miss me too?" Jessie asked.

"Yes." It was definitely Demi's voice, but it sounded hollow, emotionless.

"How have you been?" Jessie wanted her to reply in full, to have a conversation with her.

"I have been dead," said Holo-Demi. Jessie nearly broke into tears.

"Computer. You've got it wrong, this is all wrong."

"Is it not Demi Huskley's voice?" asked the computer.

"Yes, it's her voice, but she sound like you. There's no emotion in her voice."

"It is what you asked for. An interactive copy of Demi Huskley using her vocal pattern." said the computer.

"That's not what I meant," said Jessie. "Could you incorporate the personality subroutine from "Franklin Jones Investigates" into this program, and adapt it to produce a copy of Demi's personality."

"It would require a large amount of data of the chosen subject," said the computer.

"Would 50 or so hours of home video data be enough?" asked Jessie.

"It would."

"How long will it take?" questioned Jessie.

"The integration would take 2 hours 7 minutes," the computer informed him.

"Fine. I'll be back in 2 hours. Place Demi in the Martian restaurant program for when I return."

While he waited for the computer to finish its task Jessie took a long bath to freshen up. He picked out his best suit, and did his hair. If he was going to see Demi again, he wanted to look his best. When he got back to the Holodeck, the program was already running. He opened the door and went in. The Martian Restaurant program created an atmospheric restaurant overlooking the red Martian skyline.

He approached the bar, and saw Demi sat on a bar stool wearing a slinky black velvet dress. She had two glasses in front of her filled with what looked like rum and coke.

She turned around to greet him as he approached. "Hi, Jessie. Where have you been? Your over five minutes late."

It was perfect. Exactly what the real Demi would have said.

"Sorry." he said, "Traffic."

"I got you a Malibu and Coke," she said, "Your favourite."

"Thanks." he said. He was speechless. After so long here he was having a drink with the most perfect of god's creatures.

"You look radiant." he said, "and I love that dress on you."

"Thanks," she said with a smile, "I brought it specially."

The waiter walked up to them and coughed politely. "Your table is ready Sir, Madame. If you would care to follow me."

He led the couple, walking arm in arm, to their table. They ordered food and wine, which came promptly. There wasn't much conversation between them as the night wore on. Jessie was just glad to be in the company of the woman he had loved for 12 years. They ate their meal, then danced the night away in the restaurant's disco.

At a quarter to one in the morning, the music from the disco slowed down to smoochy numbers as the place prepared to close for the night.

Demi and Jessie danced close. He held her tightly against him, cupping her ass cheeks in his hands. Her hands were around his neck as they kissed passionately, exploring each other's mouths with their tongues. He moved his hands up her body, following the contour of her hips. As his hands

reached the swell of her breast, he moved his hands around to her back, then back down to her bum. He squeezed each cheek of her bum in turn. She moaned as they kissed.

The final song ended, and the couple left the dance floor to finish their drinks. The program was coming to an end, and Jessie didn't want to leave his wife.

"Computer." he said, "Freeze program."

Everything around Jessie came to a standstill, even Demi. It was like standing in a waxworks museum.

"Computer, how much of this program is left?"

"You should escort your guest to her car, then the program ends."

"Shit." he paused, "Tell you what. Search the Adult files on the network. Find a program that involves two lovers going to hotel room after a meal."

"Searching.....Searching.....Search complete. There are 6 such programs on file."

"Great." said Jessie, "Merge them into one and add it to the end of this program. Add in the adaptive subroutine I wrote, then continue program."

The computer responded, "Working.... Working..... Working..... Program complete."

As the computer voice faded away, the scene surrounding Jessie came back to life.

"Come on." said Demi, "Lets go back to the hotel and have another drink."

"Okay," said Jessie, "I'll get the coats and meet you outside."

That's what he did. He fetched the couple's overcoats from the cloakroom, and then met Demi outside the restaurant, where she had already hailed a taxi.

"Quick," she said, "the meter's running."

Jessie jumped into the back seat of the cab beside Demi. As soon as he was in, the driver set off for their hotel. For the entire journey, Demi and Jessie made out in the back seat. They kissed, and their hands explored each other. The driver enjoyed the view in his mirror. By the time they got to their hotel, Jessie's erection made it difficult for him to walk. Demi noticed.

"What's wrong Jess? A little excited?"

They made their way up to their rooms, groping each other in the elevator. No sooner had Jessie closed the door behind them after entering the room than Demi fell to her knees and pulled at the zip to his trousers. She reached inside and searched for his dick. She found it, and in it's current state had a little trouble getting it out into the open.

"Hmm" she moaned as she examined the trouser snake. She looked at it from all angles, licking her lips in anticipation.

"I love you." she said, then slowly wrapped her lips over the head of Jessie's straining prick.

Jessie threw his head back and closed his eyes as she worked him over. The real Demi had loved to do this too. She slipped it into her mouth further, until it was all the way in, her nose touching his belly, and his balls hitting her chin. She stayed there, seemingly motionless, but inside her mouth, her tongue was furiously licking and stroking along the length of his shaft, and around the bulbous head.

She began to move her head back and forth, slowly at first, but then increasing pace as she used her hand to stroke it too. Her other hand cupped his balls, massaging them gently.

It had been a long time since Jessie had been in this situation, and he came quickly and with force. Demi swallowed every last drop, milking him dry. She took his shrinking dick out of her mouth and stood up in front of Jessie. She kissed him full on the lips, and he could taste his own sperm. She broke off from him.

"I love you," she said.

"I love you too," replied Jessie, breathless.

"How about that drink?" she said as she went over to the mini-bar, leaving Jessie standing by the door, his shrivelled cock hanging out of his fly.

He tucked it back inside his pants, and joined Demi who was now sitting on the bed with two drinks. He sipped the drink as he stared into his wife's emerald green eyes. He was lost. In heaven. He had fallen in love all over again. He knew that this was bad for his mind; he was supposed to be trying to get over Demi's tragic death. Yet here he was about to make love to her for the first time in ages. Surely, some psychologist somewhere would be able to justify it. He was saying good-bye.

They finished the drinks, and placed the empty cups on the floor. They looked at each other, and began kissing again. As they did, they also tried to undress each other. Demi pushed Jessie's jacket off, and began to unbutton his shirt. Jessie pulled the straps of her dress down off her shoulders. Demi ran her fingers through the hair on Jessie's chest as his open shirt exposed it.

He pulled her dress down, exposing her breasts, covered in a tiny black lace bra. He reached around her back and unclasped the snaps of the garment. It fell away, revealing the milky white domes, with their big pink nipples. Jessie's hands cupped her tits, and his fingers began to flick at her nipples.

She pushed his shirt off, throwing it to the other side of the room. Her hands fell to his belt buckle. She undid it, and then opened up his trousers. Her hands went inside, searching for his dick. Meantime, he moved his head down and began to suck first at the left, then the right nipple.

She moaned, enjoying the sensations that Jessie was giving her. She stood, and slowly slid the dress all the way down, past her ankles, and she kicked it off to the side. Jessie looked at her admiringly. She wore no knickers. Smiling at Jessie, Demi lay down on the bed, her hands above her head and one leg lifted up, bent at the knee. The look in her eyes said just one thing, "Fuck me."

Jessie stood and got rid of his last remaining articles of clothing. Then he climbed up the bed to where Demi lay. As he reached her, she put her arms around his neck, and pulled his head towards her for a kiss. She parted her legs for him, and he reached down to guide himself inside her.

As his dick penetrated her, parting the red lips of her pussy, she gasped. Slowly he filled her up, pushing inside her as far as he would go, stretching her. He began to grind his hips against her, sliding back and forth. She moaned as he pulled out, and gasped as her forced his way back in. They kept a steady rhythm, and were lost to their own passion.

Presently, she rolled him over, trying not to separate from him as she did. She was now sat on top of him, straddling him. Once she was comfortable, she began to ride him. She started slowly, and increased in tempo as her pleasure grew. She built towards orgasm, and as it approached, she began to buck wildly, impaled on Jessie's dick.

As she stopped cumming, she fell down on top of Jessie. Breathlessly she said, "I love you."

He said nothing, but kissed her hard for a few seconds. Then he rolled her over, moving his hands underneath her arse, lifting it to give him easier access. He was close to his own orgasm, and wanted to pound his beautiful wife as hard as he could. There was no slow build up this time. He just rammed into her as fast as he could. His pace was furious, and with each inward stroke, Demi gasped loudly, as if the air was being forced out of her lungs.

Within minutes, he was shooting his sperm deep inside Demi's womb. He collapsed on top of her exhausted.

"I love you Demi," he said.

She rolled on to her side, and he scooped up beside her, draping his arm over her. As she fell asleep, the computer voice boomed around the room.

"This program has reached its conclusion."

"Damn," said Jessie.

He climbed out of the bed, Demi now motionless. As he dressed he said, "Computer," then paused, "Save program as 'Demi 1'. I think I'll be running that again."

With that, he left the Holodeck as the hotel room, and Demi, faded and vanished.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marc Nobbs lives in the Northamptonshire countryside, just a stone's throw from where Princess Diana is buried and the Gunpowder Plot was, well, plotted. It's far cry from his inner-city roots, but that's what an education does for you.

He works full-time for a firm of solicitors, counting other people's money and wishing that all those zeros represented his own millions. He cries like a baby every time has to write a six figure cheque with someone else's name on it.

Marc is originally from Wolverhampton in the Black Country, and despite having escaped that god-forsaken place, he still lives in hope that he may one day see his beloved Wolverhampton Wanderers pick up a trophy. (It's a very vain hope) He studied at the University of Wales in Aberystwyth and he's still not entirely sure how he ended up in Northampton.

Marc started writing erotica in the late Nineties. He has been selling his stories for cold hard cash since late 2005.

When he's not writing erotica, reading erotica, or working, Marc enjoys DIY and gardening (at least, that's what his wife tells him), and shouting at rubbish footballers who aren't worth the money they get paid. He also enjoys beating his father-in-law at chess.

For more information about Marc and his upcoming releases, visit his website



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