

-BEVERLY'S HOLODECK FANTASY - A STAR TREK ADVENTURE-

".....All's quiet tonight, Doctor Crusher."
said the voice of Lieutenant O'Rourke. "In fact I
can't remember the last time I went through a whole
shift without someone reporting to sickbay for
something or other."

"It must be your Irish luck, Morgan."
Beverly answered the disembodied voice coming
from her com-badge. "But if anything changes,
don't hesitate to call."

"Don't worry Doctor," Morgan replied.
"There's little short of a major disaster that we can't
handle by ourselves. You've got us too well trained.
Enjoy your night off. "

"OK, Crusher out." She responded as she
tapped her com-badge to end the transmission.

"Damn," She said to her self as she leaned
back into the chair and closed her eyes. "The crew
would have to pick this night to be extraordinary
healthy."

Sleep was out of the question, just as it had
been for the last two nights. Work was her only
chance to escape the dreams. She almost wished
for the proverbial "disaster" that would give her
something to do.

As it had for the last few nights, her mind
turned to the holodeck programming packet locked
in her desk. It would be so easy to remove it and
transfer it to the main holodeck. In the six months
since she had created the packet, she had even tried
it. If it had been such a mistake, then why had she
even created it. Why didn't she simply just erase it?

"I wish Deanna were here." She said to
herself. "I could use someone to talk to. She would
pick now to attend that conference on Rigel."

Who else could she talk to? Jean-Luc.....no
absolutely not. There was no one else she was really
close enough to talk to - at least not about this.

Unlocking her desk, she withdrew the
computer programming module and held it in her
hand. Even if someone else were to find it, it would
take the voice authorization of the CMO to access
the program. Maybe she should run the program,
after all, wasn't that what the holodeck was for.
Living out one's fantasies.

"Computer," She said, again tapping her com-badge. "Location of Cadet Wesley Crusher?"

"Cadet Crusher is in main engineering..." said the artificial female voice.

"Good, he'll be down there for hours." Beverly said to herself as she ran her fingers across the module. "Maybe it time I used this."

It had been the return of her son, Welsey, on leave from Starfleet Academy, that had triggered the return of the dreams. She had created the holodeck fantasy soon after he had left for Earth. Lacking the nerve to actually use it, she had simply locked it away.

Wesley had changed a great deal in a short span of time. Her forbidden longings for her son returned with a vengeance soon after he beamed aboard. Now at 17, Wesley was almost the image of her husband, Jack - dead all these many years.

From her medical training, Beverly knew other women had these fantasies. In fact she knew of a few cultures where having a son for a lover was not out of the norm. A son would take his father's place in every way, including in his mother's bed.

Determined, Beverly placed the module in the open slot on her console and activated the computer.

"Computer," She said, "Transfer holodeck program Crusher Alpha One to Holodeck Four, accessible only by voice authorization of the Chief Medical Officer - code Alpha Five Two Five."

"Completed....." replied the voice of the computer.

A wide smile crossed Beverly's face as she rose from her desk and headed for the door. Now that she had made the decision, she couldn't wait to live out her fantasy.

Exiting the turbolift on deck five, Beverly briskly walked down the corridor, acknowledging the hello of a few crewmen with a polite nod. She didn't want to stop and get involved in a conversation now. In no time she stood at the doors of Holodeck Four. She took a deep breath, then activated the Holodeck's imaging system.

"Computer, run program Beverly Alpha

One." She said. "Lock out all external monitoring and access.....Authorization Crusher Nine Nine Four."

"Program engaged, all external monitoring and access locked out." Replied the Computer.
"You may enter when ready."

Straightening her shoulders, Beverly stepped between the sliding door.....and into her own sickbay.

It always amazed her, the detail the computer put into the holodeck images. If she didn't know better, she would swear she was actually in sickbay. Her program provided the location and participants in her fantasy, but unlike a scripted play, the computer controlled the sequence of events. It was more fun that way, more real. The idea of not knowing what would come next made it all the more exciting.

From behind her, Beverly heard the sickbay door open and felt a new presence in the room. Turning she faced the holodeck created image of her son.

"Wes, you're back early?" She said, remembering the background information she had programmed into the module. "What happened to your date with Ensign Carson?"

"I canceled it." Wes replied as he walked across the room. "I thought it would be more fun to spend the evening with you."

"Then I'd better get you onto one of the diagnostic tables," Beverly answered as she motioned to the bed next to her. "You must have a fever if you'd pass up a date with a pretty ensign in favor of spending a night with your old Mom..."

"You're fall from old, Mom." Wesley laughed as he moved over and lifted himself atop the bed beside Beverly. "In fact I know a lot of women who wished they looked as good as you."

Beverly laughed, starting to loose herself in the fantasy.

"I though Deanna Troi was your idea, Wes." I know you've spent enough time dreaming about her."

"Deanna's fine, Mom, but she can't compare with you."

"You can't tell me that if you had the chance, you'd pick me over Deanna?" Beverly asked , feeling a warm tingle throughout her body as she felt Wesley's eyes covering her body.

"I can do more than tell you...." Wesley said as he leaned forward and kissed Beverly.

She was taken aback for a moment as she felt his lips press against her. Her dreams now had the reality of the holodeck - a reality that was all too solid.

"Wes...." She exclaimed, a hesitation in her voice. "I'm your Mother."

"You're also a woman...." Wesley replied as he dropped off the edge of the bed and stroked her arms. "Can you tell me you don't want it as much as I do?"

".....No.....I can't...." Beverly admitted, giving in totally to the fantasy.

With that, Wesley kissed her again, this time harder. She felt his tongue against her lips and opened to admit it. Strong young hands cupped her breasts, rubbing the now erect nipples through the blue material. Beverly could feel his warm breath on her neck as he kissed his way down to it. Then he reached behind her and undid the seam the held her uniform together.

As Wesley gripped a handful of material in each hand, he suddenly ripped it forward, tearing apart the top of Beverly's uniform. Suddenly released from the confines of the jumpsuit, her breasts popped free. Wes smiled in appreciation at his Mother's breasts, for a woman her age they were still in fine form. Chalk up another one for Starfleet physical training.

The young Cadet quickly moved his mouth to the closest breast, kissing the nipple. His hand closed around it and helped guide it into his mouth. Beverly sighed as she felt Wesley's mouth closed around her aureole and his teeth gently teased her nipple. She could feel the strength in his arms and wanted to surrender to him totally.

Still playing with the first breast, Wesley moved his mouth to the second, repeating his attentions to it's twin. He alternated between little kisses and bites, just enough pain and pleasure to send electric surges through Beverly's body.

As her son suckled at her breasts, Beverly reached down and paced her hand on the hard mound between his legs. Even covered by the uniform material she could feel the outline of his hardness. She hadn't seen her son naked since he was a boy, having always let one of the other doctors give him his physical. But from the length of the outline she traced with her fingers, there was one more thing he had inherited from his father.

Smiling as his Mother cupped his balls, Wesley stepped back and began to strip, giving the Doctor time to rid herself of the rest of her uniform. She left only the thin blue panties, wanting to give Wes the pleasure of taking them off.

Wesley on the other hand wasted no time in ridding himself of all his clothing. Standing naked before her, he gently stroked his hard seven inches as it pointed to the ceiling. Beverly was pleased that her initial assessment had been correct.

In a moment, Beverly was on her knees and quickly took Wesley into her mouth. As she felt his hardness slide along her tongue, she savored the maleness which assaulted her nostrils. With quick motions, she covered her son's cock with a slippery coating of saliva, licking the sides as she ran her tongue up and down its length. After a few minutes she was rewarded with a drop of precious precum which appeared on the tip. Reaching out with the edge of her tongue, she slowly licked it clean.

Still stroking his erect member with her fingers, she turned her tongue to his balls. As with the rest of his body, they were almost hairless. Taking each globe in her mouth in turn, she sucked them as if they were candy.

Then the Doctor continued between his legs and moved her head up between the cheeks of his ass. Spreading the fleshy mounds with her hands, she reached inward with her tongue and caressed his anal entry. She felt him jump with excitement as she penetrated him with her tongue. One hand reached back in front as she continued to stroke his cock. Timing both her tongue's thrusts with the motions of her hand, she sent a double spark across the boy's body.

Moving her free hand down to between her own legs, Beverly found herself incredibly wet. With no effort she slid two fingers within herself and proceeded to masturbate. Even so she never skipped a beat as she continued to play with both his

cock and ass.

Wesley then reached down and picked Beverly up off the floor, placing her on top of the examination table. Spreading her legs, he quickly replaced her fingers with his tongue. A small layer of girlcum already coated the red haired mound and Wes quickly licked it clean. Beverly fingered her clit as Wes continued to lick away at the center of her sexuality, replacing the girljuice he had licked away with a fresh coat. Beverly was lost in ecstacy as she watched her son, or at least a computer created double go down on her. Never in all those forbidden dreams had she ever imagined it would feel this good.

"Oh God, Wesley!" She cried out as his tongue found a particularly sensitive spot. "Lick it.....Lick your Mother's pussy!"

Ten minutes passed as he did just that. Wave upon wave of girlcum erupted from Beverly, covering Wesley's face. Each new surge only drove him harder, determined to induce another eruption.

"I can't wait any more...." Beverly yelled as she held his head tight between her legs. "I need you inside me.....Now!"

With that, Wesley stood up and flipped Beverly onto her stomach across the diagnostic bed. Spreading her legs as wide as he could, his guided his rock hard cock to the tunnel entrance he had emerged from seventeen years before. In one quick motion he slid it inside, until his balls slapped against Beverly's ass. Heavily lubricated by the earlier streams of girljuice, Beverly's tunnel offered no resistance as he withdrew and then returned with twice the force.

Wes took a firm grip on Beverly's pelvis and repeated his withdrawal/reentry again and again. Each time his thrust carried a little more strength, each time it send another flush of heat throughout his Mother's body. As Beverly braced herself against the bed, Wes reached around and played with Beverly's clit, now that she was no longer able to do so. Beverly wished she had instructed the computer to give Wesley an inexhaustible stamina, so that the pounding could go on for hours. But since she hadn't, she knew her neo-son had to be near climax.

She felt his body start to stiffen and she quickly pulled her self from him and spun around. Before the first spurts of boy cum could shoot

forward, she was again on her knees and licking the head of his cock. As what seemed like pints of white boyjuice erupted from Wesley, Beverly caught it all with her face and hungry tongue. Finally the torrid abated and only a drop remained at the tip of his cock. Reaching out with her tongue, Beverly licked that away also.



Sitting naked on the floor, her face still covered with cum, Beverly was greatly satisfied. It had only been a computer simulation, but it was as close to the real thing as she would ever have the courage to try. She gazed up at the now motionless nude Wesley. If she ever wanted to use this program again, and she was sure she would. She was going to have to see about giving the Wesley hologram more personality. But for now, a hot shower seemed to be the first priority.

"Computer.....end program." She called out as she stood and wiped her face with the remnants of her uniform.

Her fantasy sickbay faded to the nothingness it had emerged from, to be replaced by the familiar yellow and black grid pattern. It was a few seconds before Beverly realized she wasn't alone. The Wesley hologram was still there.

"Wesley?" She asked in a quiet confused voice.

"Er.....Hi Mom." replied the naked cadet.

"Oh God, Wesley....." Beverly gasped as she realized that it had been Wesley all along. "How could you.....how did you....?"

"It wasn't too hard," He began. "Back when Captain Picard had Geordie put those safety locks on the holosystem so that only a senior officer could authorize the use of a crewman's image, I helped Geordie with the project. I put a sub-routine into the system that would notify me if anyone tried to use my image. I never imagined it would be you or for this."

"But all the security locks, my personal code. How did you get past them?"

"Crusher Delta One Five.....remember. The emergency override code you gave me in case of disaster. You never changed it after I left for the Academy."

"But why?" She finally asked. "Why did you do it?"

Wesley smiled and reached out and took his Mother's hand.

"Because you're not the only Crusher with this fantasy." He said softly. "Because I wanted you as much as you wanted me."

"Oh Wes...." She said as she embraced him. "I love you so."

"If you want, I'll punch up that program before I go back to the Academy." He said as he returned the embrace. "It needs a lot of work."

Beverly didn't answer, she just held his naked body tightly against her own.

"But first, how bout we head back to our quarters and do a little more research, just so I know exactly what to add onto the program."

Beverly looked up at him and smiled. Then she pulled him close and kissed him.

"Well, when could I ever stand in the way of your research?" She asked, a gleam in her eye.

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