

**Encounter: Will-o'-The-Wisp**  
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## Will-o'-The-Wisp

Gloriana Pascall. You've all heard of her. The Ghost of the Oort Cloud, Queen of the Heliopause, Will-o'-The-Wisp, Eldorado Angel, Prospector Extraordinaire.

She's a legend out there on the edge of the solar system. Rarely seen, a mere dot against the blackness of interstellar space, a fleeting blip on radar screens, skipping in-between the rocks that litter the outer system. Her wealth is legendary, a fourth generation asteroid hunter, worth trillions.

And she was here, orbiting Earth, waiting for me.

Odd, because I'm a nobody. You wouldn't have heard of me. Well, not unless you've boosted up to Station One alone, bored and horny. If you were in that unenviable state you'd have found my working name on the adult services directory -- Mr. Darcy of Pemberly.

Don't laugh. I have a fondness for the classics.

That's where she found me, scrolling through the holovids of studs who strutted their stuff and promised the universe at the end of their dicks. When I got the call I flattered myself it was the 3D shots of my equipment, but that was a mistake.

I was honored, of course, by the invitation. Not that I recognized her name at first, but when she instructed me to catch her shuttle that would deliver me to her ship, the Pequod, I figured out who she was.

The shuttle was no more than an automated lifeboat, and the famous ship was quite small and nondescript. Hardly what I expected for one rumored to be the wealthiest woman in the solar system.

The hatch was opened by a little fan powered robot and I tumbled inside. Zero-G was never a friend of mine.

“Sorry,” I muttered as I stabilized, with the help of the robot which gripped me with the claws at the end of its tubular arms. “I don’t spend a lot of time in zero-G.” My voice faded into a stunned silence.

I’d never seen anyone so beautiful. She was ethereal, angelic, and so very perfect. I guessed her age to be twenty. She was petite, wearing a diaphanous wisp of a robe that revealed the contours of her body in luscious detail. Her eyes were cobalt blue, her hair platinum blonde with curly ringlets that framed her face and reached down to her breasts. Her skin was flawless alabaster; no sunlight out where she lived. She was very slim, not unhealthily so, but I had the distinct impression that she was physically fragile, that she’d shatter like crystal if touched. I guessed that she’d never known a gravity field, and to return to Earth would crush her.

She kept her distance. Her expression was watchful, studying me as if I was a dangerous animal. “Your name?” she said hesitantly. “It is from *Pride & Prejudice*?” Her voice was arresting, soft, and with a childlike quality.

I nodded, surprised to have met someone who’d actually read it. “I’m a hopeless romantic.”

“It is my favorite book.”

Her gaze had wandered down to my groin. “I sometimes wish I could meet a Mr. Darcy of my own.”

“He would surely find you tolerable.”

Her gaze snapped back to my eyes. I held my breath, afraid I’d overdone it, but after a moment her lips curled in the most bewitching manner, and my heart skipped. That was unnerving. Clients never affected me like this.

“Is this your first visit to Earth, madam?” I asked quickly.

She propelled herself towards the hatch that led deeper into her ship. Unlike me she was at perfect ease without gravity, and she glided with no apparent effort. Her robot, grasping my sleeve, towed me in her wake.

“My parents died three years ago, and I thought it time I came to put some affairs in order before returning to work.”

“I’m sorry for your loss,” I said.

She took a deep breath. “I try not to dwell on it. We were close, as you can imagine.”

I felt a great sympathy for her, and wanted to hold her in my arms in some sort of mad paternal gesture. What was I thinking? I’d been in her presence only a few minutes and I was losing myself, feeling emotions I had never felt for anyone before.

I was suddenly scared.

I suspected some sort of hallucinogen in the air, but the thought dissolved immediately. What foolishness. She didn’t need to drug me to have me, money was enough, and she had no shortage of that.

“Do you have siblings? Friends? Employees?”

She shook her head. “Just the three of us for all those years.”

“It must be lonely out there,” I said. “With only your robots as crew.”

“I love the solitude. I find it peaceful.”

“Is that enough?”

A careless shrug. “I’ve never felt the need for human company.”

“Until now?”

She shook her head slightly, which caused the ringlets of her hair to fall away from her breasts. “My business interests entail some responsibilities that require a physical presence.”

Including getting laid, I thought, and with that I could oblige.

Suddenly the robot left me and took up station behind her. It deftly removed her robe. Just like that she was naked. She floated to me, extending an exploratory hand to my chest. Her touch was tentative, and at that moment I realized with horror she could well be a virgin. I asked myself; what would Mr. Darcy do?

“Madam,” I said. “It would not be honorable for me to take advantage. Direct me, what is it you would have me do?”

She considered me for a moment, reading my thoughts from my tone. “I know the rudiments of the activity,” she said. “Take me like you would any of your female clients.”

“I must first observe, and forgive me for my presumption, you have spent all your life in zero-g, and because of this, your bones are fragile?”

Her forehead creased in a frown. “I hadn’t thought of that.”

“I am somewhat clumsy without gravity, and I have no wish to harm you in any way. “

“Perhaps it would be better if I take the initiative then?”

“So much like Lizzie Bennet,” I offered. “Assertive and practical.”

She smiled at the comparison. “You make a good Mr. Darcy.”

She insisted on undressing me, and the slowness with which she undertook the task was the most erotic experience I’d ever had. Usually I was the one in control. Not this time, and the turnabout fuelled a throbbing erection.

She cooed when she saw me. I assumed it was her first penis, and she was reluctant to take the next step. I took her hand, and folded her fingers around my cock.

I buried my face in her hair. It smelt of vanilla. I nuzzled her neck. Her flesh was feverishly warm, and tasted of something I couldn’t identify, but I was sure it was natural, not cosmetic.

She seemed to gain confidence with every moment, and she parted her pussy lips with the head of my cock. Then, in a deft move she wrapped her legs around my hips, and slowly drew us together.

She watched intently as my cock disappeared inside her. It seemed to me that my whole psyche was drawn into her as well. She’d been holding her breath, and when she could take no more of me she exhaled, and I sensed that a lifetime of loneliness had found its release.

That was presumptuous of me, I know. How could I even believe that, but that is what I felt.

She clung tightly as she moved her hips around my cock, and proved the most adept lover I'd ever had. She climaxed quickly, and as I emptied myself deep inside her, God help me, I cried.

She kept me for a week, and between bouts of fucking my brains out, we talked. She stole my heart during those pleasant conversations, revealing a person so wise yet so naïve of human society.

And then, suddenly our time was over.

"I must leave now," she said, after yet another session of teasing and fucking had reached its inevitable climax. "You'll never see me again." With glistening eyes she kissed me. "Thank you."

It ended just like that.

I felt like she had scooped out my insides, leaving me empty forever more.

That was twenty five years ago, and like a Will-o'-The-Wisp she has haunted my thoughts ever since. She paid me handsomely, twenty times what a week was worth, enough to start my own agency, and with the exclusive business of a couple of big Earth companies, I've become reasonably well off.

Those memories came flooding back to me today. I received a call, from an Elizabeth Bennet, no less.

"I've retired," I told her. "What are you looking for? I'll send one of my boys."

"No." She declined my suggestion firmly. "I have a message to deliver, to your hand. A message from my mother."

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