

Encounter: The San Yung Affair

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The San Yung Affair

“San Yung. You called?”

I melted under his gray eyed gaze. Looking up at his handsome face which projected supreme confidence, dependability and compassion I marveled at the perfectly symmetrical features; the straight nose, very kissable lips and the strong, square jaw that sported a dimpled chin which I loved to kiss. My heart was thudding in my chest, my face was flushed and I swear my nipples wanted to jump off my tits they were so hard. Between my thighs my pussy liquefied and pulsed in time with my pounding heart.

This was, I knew, completely ridiculous. Falling in love is not an option for someone in my line of work.

I had met Fyche Barberossa, Breaking News reporter for the Adana Observer when I worked at *Homage to Priapis*, at that time Spaceport Adana’s newest pleasure house. It was after poor Nova Meridian had been murdered and I’d helped Fyche solve the case which had since become known as The Adana Affair. He had bedded me and literally taken my breath away.

“San? Are you alright?” His serious, concerned voice was warm and flowed through my senses like honey.

“Yes,” I managed to whisper. “Yes I am.”

I gathered myself enough to grasp his hand and drag him inside my apartment. I shut the door behind us and before I had a chance to chicken out I launched myself at him. I locked my arms behind his neck and, hoisting myself upwards, planted my lips against his firm mouth as I wrapped my legs around his waist.

He returned the kiss, his lips working against mine, his tongue exploring territory he knew so well. I melted all over again and, as a warm wet flood filled my pussy, my clit gave a tingle. In my belly a squadron of butterflies took flight.

After a minute I came up for air. “I wanted to tell you I have left the brothel to move here.”

His concerned and perceptive gaze swept over my face. “You felt unsafe?”

“Yes,” I simpered and kissed him quick, hoping to forestall any further questions.

“The threat from the criminals Ginka and Jyker has been removed. They will not trouble you again.”

“Maybe so,” I said hesitantly. “But staying there gave me the heebie jeebies.”

He cocked his head in that surprisingly endearing way. “You felt uneasy?”

“I couldn’t sleep,” I answered. “I have dreams.”

I didn’t tell him the dreams were of him, kissing and fucking me like I’d never been fucked before. Molten wet dreams of being enveloped by his warm arms, helpless beneath his tender caresses and sweet kisses. Sweat drenched dreams of how he played my body like a musical instrument and made my flesh sing. He was the most adept lover I’ve ever had, and let’s face it, that’s saying something. In my career I’ve fucked a thousand guys, literally a thousand, and none knew a woman’s body, my body, as well as Fyche and none had ever given me so many orgasms that I’d fallen unconscious. Never!

I kissed his neck, feeling his pulse beneath his tanned flesh. “Hold me, please?”

His arms tightened about me. He knew what I wanted. His lips sought mine and his kiss sent my body into overdrive.

I was dimly aware of him carrying me to my bedroom, lowering me gently to the bed and opening my dressing gown. Without breaking the kiss he undressed himself, pulling off his leather suit with ease. Then his hands were on my breasts, gently cupping them, his fingers finding the hard nubs of my nipples, squeezing them perfectly, sending jolts of electricity straight to my clit.

My pussy gave an aching pulse. "Fuck me," I pleaded into his mouth.

Fyche knew better than to give in to me so quickly. His lips left my mouth, his tongue lingering on my lips, gently caressing the sensitive corner, a hot spot for me that no other man had ever found. Then his lips were at my neck, just beneath my ear lobe, his hot breath searing my flesh.

"Oh, Fyche," I gasped.

As his lips made their way to my cleavage I sent my hands sliding down his firm flanks to his hip and thighs. His cock, as I expected, was gloriously hard.

He brushed his lips against a nipple making me gasp in anticipation. Then he took it between his teeth and, exerting just the right amount of pressure, he raised my arousal one more notch. I caressed his cock with my fingertips and urged him to swing about and straddle my head so I could take his beautiful manhood into my mouth.

Oh, how I loved his cock.

After teasing my nipple with deliriously pleasurable flicks of his agile tongue he complied and, as he swung about, he trailed his lips down the quivering flesh of my belly until he found my dampening thighs.

I drew him slowly between my lips and flicked my tongue around the swollen head. He moaned in appreciation, his hot breath caressing my swollen pussy lips. He gently pushed open my thighs to give him full access to my damp slit. He avoided touching my clit, instead running his tongue on the outside of my pussy lips and then gently opening my cunt and exploring the wetness within.

I reciprocated by taking his silken soft cock deep into my mouth and down my throat. Years of practice had eliminated my gag reflex and I took him all the way until

his ball sack covered my nose. I tightened my lips against his shaft and with my hands on his hips urged him to fuck my throat as if it was my pussy.

He read my intention beautifully and as he made love to my mouth, his tongue delved deep into my aching pussy. He teased me exquisitely, running the flat of his tongue along my pussy lips, his fingers probing just inside, finding each and every nerve ending within my hot damp walls. Before I knew it his finger was knuckle deep inside me, massaging my interior with expert pressure.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned around his cock on the outstroke.

With marvelous athleticism he changed positions in an instant and with the head of his cock nudging my pussy lips gently apart he kissed my lips so I could taste myself on him and he could do likewise.

“Fuck me!” I cried.

I whimpered in sheer pleasure as he sank that glorious shaft of steel into my body. He didn't drive into me mindlessly like so many, but slowly, firmly and with each deliberate thrust he changed the angle of his hips minutely so that the swollen head of his cock struck all those sensitive nerve endings that lined the inside of my cunt. He seemed to know where each one was and he hit them all perfectly.

My first orgasm crashed over me like an unexpected ocean wave, then the second rolled in and then the third. With each stroke explosions ripped through my belly. I clung to him like I'd held no other man. I wanted to dissolve my body into his and lose myself completely in his beautiful body.

Multiple orgasms are one thing, but when every touch -- lips, tongue, fingers, cock sets off another bombshell of pleasure -- my body ascended to such a high state of arousal that each explosion of the synapses in my brain added to the one that preceded it, forming a spirally mass of sensation rotating, it seemed, like a spiral galaxy, accelerating with each new orgasm, turning into a maelstrom of pleasure.

I was a helpless planet swept along that rushing whirlpool towards the center, a dark abyss amidst the glare of ten thousand suns. Each explosion took me deeper and deeper, my poor body buzzing with heavenly sensation.

The last thing I remember, before the whirlpool of sensation took me deeper under, was the glut of warmth exploding within me. My cunt blossomed into one last supernova of pleasure and I fell into the abyss.

Sometime later, I don't know how long, I came to myself with a start. "I did it again, didn't I? Pass out I mean."

"You are fine," he whispered into my lips.

"You literally take my breath away." I tried to giggle but couldn't. "No one has ever done that to me before."

"Did you feel me come?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Then trust that you have the same effect on me."

I almost spoiled his gesture by pointing out he didn't lose consciousness when I made him come, but I caught myself and kissed his beautifully expert lips instead.

Inside me, his cock stirred itself into wanton hardness and he made love to me again, slowly this time, softly and lovingly taking me to another series of delicious orgasms. I didn't lose consciousness, but I managed to spoil the moment anyway. A girl of my experience should have known better.

"I love you," I gasped into his mouth as I came.

He came too, at the same moment, his cock pulsing powerfully inside me, filling me with wonderfully hot come. We lay in breathless silence for a few minutes. Softly he said, "I am leaving Adana in a few hours. With Peri."

My belly, so full of contentment a moment before, suddenly became a cold void. "Oh."

"You will be alright?"

"Of course." Hot tears stung my eyes. I should have known this was too good to be true. Love was not for me. "Do you love her?" The question, or rather the accusation, was out before I could stop it.

His gray eyes became sad. "San, there is something I should tell you. I must be honest with you, as you have been honest with me."

Uh-oh. "What?"

"San, I am an artificial intelligence. I am not a real person. I am Peri Barberossa's AI."

Of all the excuses to avoid a relationship that had to be the weakest I'd ever heard. I searched his face and instead of a hopeless lie I saw absolute sincerity. An AI? Could it be true? Could this beautiful body be artificial? It explained a lot, in fact. Why he was so good in bed, for one thing. Despite that, I didn't, couldn't, believe him.

We gazed at each other for an eternity. I tried to suppress the anger and disappointment that was welling up inside my chest. It was then that I noticed he had stopped breathing. That delightful pulse at his neck that I had kissed so tenderly an hour before had stopped. He was showing me it was true, showing me that he was not real.

Damn me to hell!

I stared into those beautiful gray eyes, so full of compassion and understanding. Fuck it! What is a pulse anyway? What is a breath? Artificial or not, Fyche had more humanity in his little finger than all the men and most of the women I'd ever met.

"I don't care," I said, a little too loudly, a little too angrily. *"You care like no one else in my life."*

"You are correct. I do care, and so should you."

"But you don't love me," I whispered, defeated. *"Do you?"*

"I belong to another," he said hesitantly, the first indecisive thing I've ever seen him do. *"I can never be completely yours."* He kissed away those damned fucking tears that came from nowhere. *"I do care for you. You have taught me so much about what it is to be human, and that I can never adequately repay. Be assured, that whenever you need me, I will come."*

"Not if you are on the other side of the galaxy," I said petulantly.

"I do have my limitations," he admitted, a twinkle in his eye.

“Well, thank Phong this is not one of them,” I said and kissed him before straddling his thighs. With cathartic enthusiasm I rode him to another erection and another mutual orgasm.

Later, after he’d left, I placed an advertisement on the net promoting my erotic services.

What else could I do? A girl’s gotta live between calls to the remarkable and breath taking Fyche Barberossa.

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