

**Encounter: Safe Haven**  
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## Safe Haven

Firstly, in my defense, I was five sheets to the wind. I'd been drinking battery acid for ten hours straight. Second; when I'm drunk I play to win, and third; I held a Royal Flush.

Given these parameters, what followed was beyond my conscious control.

My opponent, the last man standing in this station house rules, was a vacuum welder with a smart mouth and bad breath. We'd been needling each other for hours, and in the thrall of my own alcohol fueled belligerence I was going to kick his fat ass, or my name wasn't Dyson Paine.

"Well?" I demanded.

The hubbub around us died, and every eye in the bar turned in our direction. I may have offered my challenge a little louder than was prudent.

Welderman licked his lower lip, and perspiration bubbled across his forehead. He'd already thrown in his father's gem encrusted gold watch, and was clearly regretting it.

"Well?" I repeated.

"I got nothing else," he grumbled.

I reached over as if to sweep the pot towards me.

"Wait."

He extracted a grimy data card from an inside pocket of his filthy coveralls. "This is worth five thousand. Everything I've made in five years out here in this godforsaken hell."

I raised an eyebrow in what I intended to be a look of supreme indifference, but who knows what it actually looked like, as I was, as you will recall, quite drunk.

He threw the data card into the zero-g stasis pot, and called.

I laid them out, and that's when it all turned to crap. He only had a straight flush, so he was somewhat disappointed. His face contorted in fury -- he'd hoped I'd been bluffing -- and pulled a rivet gun from his utility belt.

I caught a rivet in the arm just as I launched myself across the table. Had I stayed put I would have copped it between the eyes. The only weapon I had -- a zero-g surveyor's stylus -- I embedded in his throat before he could fire a second shot.

What happened next is a little blurry, but I awoke to find myself floating in the cells, with a black eye and an egg sized lump on my cheekbone. My arm ached, and I noted it had been bandaged while I'd slept.

"You're lucky he lived." It was the Colonial Marshal. He opened the cell door, and threw a bundle at me.

"Huh?" I managed to catch it, and memories of a royal flush and a gem encrusted watch flooded back.

"Otherwise he couldn't have signed over the... um... package."

"What are you talking about?"

"He bet a contract card. The bar tapes confirmed the bet. I forced him to sign it over to you. Sorry about the mess, but he was bleeding pretty bad."

I looked at the card. It beeped.

"It's waiting for you down at the dock. It's been there for the last hour."

"What is it?"

The marshal laughed. "You better hurry."

I'd better explain something. You see, I'm not a bad guy. Okay, I'm rough around the edges, but I do have principles. I have to have; otherwise working in the asteroid belt, surrounded by the dregs of the solar system, would consume me. If I didn't have some sort of moral compass I'd end up like the welderman; lost beyond redemption. I believe in personal freedom, which is why I was surveying the interior of an asteroid named Haven, creating a home for the oppressed.

So what happened next was not my fault.

I found the dock master and showed him the data card. "I understand you have a package for me?"

He scowled as he wiped the blood off it, and passed it over his scanner before throwing it back. "It's in my office. I can't guarantee it being there, or being intact, if you know what I mean. Some of my men can't be trusted."

He pointed the way. Wondering what the hell I'd won, I entered the office to find a semi-circle of dockworkers floating with their backs to me. "Guys, I'm here to collect a package," I said.

The nearest one, seven feet tall and just as wide, turned to face me. I glimpsed a woman with jet black hair edged into the corner. Maybe in her mid twenties, she was really something. The orange uniform didn't disguise her feminine attributes. In fact the shapeless garb hinted at a sort of feral sexuality. Tall, slim, wide of shoulder, she had impressive biceps, tattooed, of course. She brandished a lamp in her shackled hands.

The truth of the matter dawned on me. She was contract pussy. A criminal who'd agreed to work off her sentence as a personal slave. Bile rose in my throat. That bastard welderman had bought himself a woman. What a creep!

Women were scarce on this tiny world, and easy prey to sex starved morons. I pushed my way through the gawking bags of testosterone.

"Are you my new owner?" she hissed through tight lips.

"I guess. I mean, I won you in a poker game." She shot me a baleful glare. "I mean I didn't know it was a contract. I thought it was just a data card."

"Shit!"

"A bankcard..."

Her expression, if anything, darkened. I was digging myself a hole, better to focus on the immediate problem.

"You're not a very good fighter, are you?" she commented, obviously noting my mashed up face.

"You should see the other guy."

She rolled her eyes, and I turned my attention to the dockers. "Guys, the marshal knows I'm down here."

"We haven't seen you since you both left," the giant said.

"But we haven't left."

"Funny that," the giant grinned an evil grin. The others began to advance. It took me a moment to catch on. They meant to kill me, and do unthinkable things to her, and the marshal was simply a non issue.

I pulled the stylus out of my pocket. The girl laughed.

"It's more lethal than it looks," I explained. But we were outnumbered, and I needed a diversion. I almost suggested she flash her tits, but instead I slit open the bundle of my winnings, and threw the money and gem encrusted gold watch at them.

A few took the bait, and in the confusion the Amazon at my side made short work of the giant. I had to pull her off lest she strangle him with her chains.

I dragged her to my room, swiped the manacles with the card and released her.

"You're not bad in a crisis," she said provocatively. "Fighting turns me on. What about you?"

I was thinking of a witty repost when she took the initiative, and pushed me against the wall. She ripped off my trousers and grunted in satisfaction when she hefted my package. "I haven't had a fuck in two years. Think you can handle me?"

I've always thought deeds were more eloquent than words, so I pushed back, ripped off her prison orange, and gave her breasts a good squeeze.

"That's it, nice and hard," she cooed, well maybe growled better described her tone. She wasn't inclined to foreplay, and immediately directed my erection to the puffy lips of her wet pussy. She grabbed my ass and pulled me in until my cock was deep inside her tight sheath. My chest flattened her firm breasts.

"I don't know you're name," I grunted as she wrapped her legs around my hips.

"Does it matter at this precise moment?"

"Ummmm..."

"I thought not."

She made up for her two years of abstinence with intensely rough sex. I'd never been so thoroughly fucked. She ground against me hard, so that her clit rubbed against my pelvic bone.

I knew when she was coming because her legs nearly cut me in two. Her second climax took me to the edge, and her third finished me.

"I need to tell you I don't believe in slavery," I told her once my breath returned.

"Good to know. I need food," she said, and made her way to the fridge. "Fucking makes me hungry."

"I mean, I can't carry on this contract thing."

"Then return me to jail," was her challenging response, her mouth full of apple.

I was admiring her tight butt when the door buzzed. Caught in post fuck fuzziness I stupidly opened the door. A flaring oxy-cutter was jabbed towards my face. I dodged it, just, and backed away as the welderman followed me. "Where's my bitch!"

Before I could respond, her fist crushed his throat and sent him spinning into the corridor.

Call me a hypocrite, but after that I couldn't let her go. Seriously, how could I return her to jail? She'd only take on another contract, and end up in the clutches of some other bastard like the welderman. Who else in this godforsaken hell would treat her right but me? Right?

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