

Encounter: Pink Elephants on Mars
Mikala Ash

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Pink Elephants on Mars

The governor was apoplectic. "The last thing we want in this new republic of ours is a fucking cult!"

Professor Martha Madsen was a frail seventy year old. That is, frail of body, not of spirit. "We are not a 'fucking cult' as you so ignorantly describe us."

"Well, what would you call a bunch of ideological fanatics hell bent on some mad scheme any sane person would call a perverted throwback to eugenics?"

"We simply seek to create the opportunity for humans to have a natural life on this planet."

"Natural? How in God's heaven can you say this is natural? You're playing with our DNA for fucks sake!"

"We're not playing. We know exactly what we're doing!"

"Why? For fucks sake, why?"

"So we can breathe!"

For Martha Madsen, that meeting with the Governor could have gone better, but even I had not expected his strident refusal to recognize her plan in the forthcoming constitution. I couldn't understand his stubbornness, especially given that he'd undergone a longevity treatment which involved, of course, manipulating his DNA to give him another century of life.

The professor slammed the door on her way out. The governor raised an eyebrow at me. "What do you think?"

"They're not going away."

"How many are there?"

I shrugged. "No idea. The bureaucracy is a bit distracted at the moment." That was an understatement, of course. Tidying up the aftermath of our little war of independence was a massive undertaking. Keeping the damaged domes intact

was a hell of a job. Our atmosphere is 96% carbon dioxide, with atmospheric pressure below the Armstrong Limit which means even our cold tears would, as the saying goes, scald, and spit would boil in our mouths. And the domes were just one of our problems. Right at the end, the oxygen processors themselves had been targeted by a missile barrage. One had got through our defensive perimeter, half the units had been damaged, and we'd been only a meter away from mass asphyxiation.

Martha's mad scheme suddenly had some appeal.

The Governor slammed his fist onto the desk. "I won't have it, you know. I didn't lose my son in battle just to hand this planet over to those freaks."

"If she has her way," I speculated. "And gets her program running, the planet will belong to them in a generation or two."

His face blanched. "You're right. If they are able to breathe carbon dioxide, they'll..." He looked at me squarely with eyes that had stared down the military might of Earth. "Find out all you can. Quickly. We need to cut her movement off at the roots." He laughed suddenly. "No pun intended."

Martha had a small lab in the industrial sector. Its dome had escaped significant war damage, with only scorch marks from laser canon, but little else.

I was met at the airlock by a slim, long limbed woman of about twenty five. She was stunningly attractive. Her eyes were dark, her expression intelligent. She gave me the once over, studying me like I was a bacterium on a slide.

"I'm..."

"I recognize you. You're the spy."

"Hardly a very useful one," I replied. "Not if everyone knows me."

"You're here to observe, and report back."

I shrugged. "I'm a simple government employee."

"Hero of the revolution, that's what the holovids say."

"I don't watch that sort of stuff. They're far too sensational for my taste."

“They don’t do you justice.”

I’d already evaluated her and decided she was the most beautiful woman I’d ever met. There was something fresh and natural about her. After a year of war, that was something to admire.

Her gaze was unwavering. “Martha said you were a fine specimen. She was right.”

“I’m blushing.”

“No you’re not.”

Her heart shaped face underwent a subtle change, as if she’d come to some sort of decision. She leaned in and kissed me, and our lips sparked. That’s a common experience. I’d been outside and the environmental pressure suits often left you with a static charge. But the kiss itself was electric. Her lips were firm and insistent, and her tongue did nothing to disguise her intent. When she broke the kiss she lingered close, and I had the distinct impression she was tasting my breath.

I’d never been so instantly attracted to a woman before, and she couldn’t miss my body’s positive reaction to that kiss. She grasped the lapel of my coat. “Come with me.”

She led me into an office and, without ceremony, sat on the edge of the desk. She rucked up her skirt and spread her legs wide. With a provocative smile she drew me in. If the first kiss was electric, then this one was nuclear. I soon had her blouse open. Her small breasts hardly filled my palms.

I trailed my fingers down her flat stomach to the warmth between her thighs. She was wet, very wet. I pulled aside her panties and dropped to my knees. I buried my face in her sex, separated the lips of her pussy with my tongue, and plunged into the bitter-sweet warmth within. She held my head hard against her while she squirmed.

Suddenly she pushed me down to the floor and ripped my pants open. With single minded determination she climbed onto me, and guided my cock

into the soft pulpy flesh of her pussy. The rhythmic grinding of her pelvis brought me to climax way too quick. I couldn't help myself. It had been a long, long time.

She came as well. Her whole body convulsed and her pussy walls pulsed around my cock. She collapsed over me, her thudding heart close to mine. I buried my face in her neck. Her sweat was bitter to the taste, but somehow enticing, and I found myself licking her skin, as if her sweat was honey.

After a few minutes she adjusted her hips, which renewed my cock's interest.

"You're hard again," she said.

"That I am." I rolled her over onto her back, and this time, I took my time, varying the depth of my thrusts, lingering deep inside her before withdrawing to the tip, and then plunging in once again.

She pulled my head down and kissed me savagely as we fucked. It wasn't just me doing all the work, her hips rose to meet me, stroke for stroke.

I delayed as long as I could, but eventually the velvety softness of her skin took me to the edge, and her clenching pussy milked me dry. Dismissively she pushed me aside and climbed to her feet.

She adjusted her panties and held out her hand to help me up. "Come on, Martha is waiting for you." She glanced at my cock, slick with our mingling juices. "Don't forget to do up your fly."

It would be six years before I saw her again. Nothing came of Martha's scheme to engineer humans to exist out in the open. She died soon after and her group simply melted away, but not before her lab was ransacked and records stolen. The governor finally retired due to side effects from his DNA treatment, and that created an opportunity for me to leave the Security Secretariat and run for public office.

The campaign had taken me to the isolated mining outpost of Melas, perched halfway down the cliffs of Valles Marineris. After the speech and

obligatory pressing of the flesh with a hundred skeptical miners, I saw her at the window, gazing out across the valley. Her long dark hair and slim, long limbed figure was unmistakable. I tried to reach her, but the press of people was too great.

Eventually the crowd thinned and I caught a glimpse of her slipping away. I followed, and with every step I was more convinced it was her. Before I figured out what to say she entered a room marked *Crèche* and extracted a child - a little dark haired girl aged five or six, dressed in a bright yellow fluffy outfit with pink elephants all over it.

They saw me, and we all froze. A slight negative shake of the head and she whisked the child -- clearly her daughter -- away.

For the first time in my life I was indecisive. I didn't know what I should do, or rather what I wanted to do.

Eventually I followed. The corridor led straight to the airlock. I requisitioned an environmental suit, rushed through the oxygen check, and stepped outside. She wasn't far away, sitting on a rock, waiting for me. Through the faceplate of her helmet she gave me an odd little smile. Its poignancy told me all I needed to know.

In front of her was the little girl, playing in the red dirt.

She wasn't wearing a pressure suit, just that fluffy thing with pink elephants all over it, and, God help me, she was breathing...

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