

Encounter: The COMB
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The Comb

“Corporal,” he said by way of greeting, and floated by me into the main cabin.

“Corporal,” I said in reply, and shut the hatch behind him.

He wasn't anything like I expected, but then, what should have I been expecting? He was average height, same as me, but built with bulging muscles stretching his uniform. The stubble on his skull was blonde. His eyes were a pale, almost transparent blue. His complexion was darkly tanned; his teeth were even and white. His name was Reeves. He looked surprisingly normal, like every raw recruit I'd ever met.

I held out my hand. He took it, and held it firmly, but just for a moment. He had a shy, diffident manner. He glanced furtively around the cabin.

“First time?” I asked conversationally.

He shrugged. “Thirty hours in simulations.”

I laughed. “Put you through all the scenarios?”

He returned his gaze to me, but his eyes found my chest first. They lingered for a moment, and I got that little flutter in the heart when men ogle my tits. It happens a lot -- my boobs tend to stretch the buttons of my shirt -- so I should be used to it by now, even from the shy ones.

Reeves finally met my gaze. “They sure did.”

I knew the simulations well. They throw recruits every possible inbound trajectory, every possible time frame, and every possible malfunction. They tested them on anything and everything that could let a stray rock through the picket. Survive the tests and your reward was night watch on the Commonwealth Orbital Missile Barrier, the COMB, protecting the Earth from wayward asteroids. They called it “night watch” because our gaze was forever

directed into the infinite night. We were the first and last defense for eight billion people.

"The only thing they don't do is prepare you for the boredom."

"Huh?"

"How long is our watch?"

"A month."

"They would have shown you the stats. How many rocks have we shot out of space in the last six months?"

He raised a bushy blonde eyebrow. "None."

I gave him my cheeriest smile. "Welcome to thirty days of absolutely bloody nothing."

He studied my face for a moment, and smiled hesitantly. Then his gaze dropped to my chest again. I put my index finger into his line of sight, and curled it a couple of times to get his gaze back to my eyes. After he complied I gave him my most provocative smile.

"How we alleviate our boredom we can talk about later. But for starters, I need to have you explain the systems, just so I know that you know what you're doing. *Comprende?*"

He put on the headset, and for the next hour he ran through all twenty-five detection and missile activation protocols. Reeves ticked all the boxes. He knew his stuff, and even handled a couple of curly questions I slipped in. In fact he knew more than any recruit I'd ever met. Not entirely unexpected, I suppose.

"You'll do," I said, and patted his shoulder. "I'm getting some shut eye. The board is yours."

"Aye, aye, Corporal."

"Sheila. My name is Sheila."

"Jon."

"Okay, Jon. See you in three hours." I left him wired to the Board, wondering why a smoking hot young man like him would go down this path.

Proximity, I've heard, is the wellspring of lust, and during the next couple of days the sexual tension became impossible to ignore -- surreptitious glances, a careless touch, and graphic dreams that reached the point where my pussy ached for a touch other than my own.

I made my move on day three. I left the door to my sleeping cubicle open while I changed, and bingo, he cast a sly glance my way.

"You know," I offered, "what happens at COMB, stays on COMB."

He tilted his head like a curious puppy. I took that as acceptance, and I pushed my naked self towards him. He caught me easily enough, and our lips met with such force that our teeth clashed. In a moment I had my tongue down his throat, and my hands down his pants. We tumbled a bit as I undressed him, giving him reason to laugh himself out of any uncertainty.

Don't believe what you read about zero-g sex. It isn't poetry in motion, nor is it like fucking in water. Every little movement has its equal and opposite reaction. At least water offers some resistance. In space you have to cling to each other really tight, and one of you has to anchor part of their anatomy to the furniture -- hook a leg, or elbow around something, and then constantly strain to maintain position, otherwise you bounce around the cabin like two Ping-Pong balls with motion sickness.

"Lock your leg under the seat," I advised. "And I'll do all the work."

He did as instructed, and I planted myself in his lap. I was wet -- an understatement -- and he slid right in. His cock was big, and stretched my pussy walls in a very agreeable manner. I settled into a fast and easy rhythm, with my arms locked around his shoulders, and my lips firmly pressed against his.

"Got a girlfriend?" I asked when I came up for air.

He didn't answer. He put his hand behind my head, and brought my face back to his. The long but passionless kiss effectively shut me up.

I came fairly quickly, twice, and then we changed positions. I sat with my legs wide open, my arms hooked under the arms of the seat. He grasped my hips

and pushed his way into my pussy. His grip on my hips was firm, but his thrusts were half hearted, and I had to take up the slack there, using my pelvis to grind against him as hard as I could.

He eventually came, grunting out his orgasm as if he was working it out of duty rather than losing himself in unbridled bliss. I came again, regardless.

I patted him on the chest. "You have a good cock, Corporal."

He didn't answer, but he was breathing fast, so I figured I'd had some effect on him.

As time dragged on I found him to be a taciturn, boring little shit. He acted as if he was an automaton, mechanically going through the motions, keeping emotion out of everything. It was as if he had already switched off from life.

However, his performance both in and out of the sack was faultless. Exemplary, in fact, though even while I fucked him he stayed distant, like he wasn't completely committed to the act. Not that I cared, I just wanted an orgasm, and his was the only cock in town.

Unless we were fucking, we didn't interact very much, no matter how hard I tried. He kept to himself, secretive, and was slightly annoyed whenever I pressed him for any personal information. When he wasn't on duty he read messages from friends back on Earth, but always seemed disappointed with what they said.

Towards the end I sensed a change in his demeanor. He became edgy, impatient, as if waiting for something.

And then it came. "Who is that?" I asked. I'd been looking over his shoulder a moment before he slammed his personal data pad shut -- but not before I'd seen what I needed. "Who is Julie?"

His body tensed. "No one," he said angrily, the first real emotion I'd seen from him.

"It's okay," I said, putting him at ease. "We probably won't be on the same roster again. She'll never know. Are you married?"

"For fuck's sake! She's my girlfriend. Okay?"

He was lying, of course.

"My tour ends tomorrow," I said. "We can have one last fuck, can't we?"

Reeves gazed at me for a long moment before his baleful expression relaxed, going from hot to cold, and he gave a little nod. He'd made his decision, and my heart gave a flutter.

"All right, then," I said, pulling him away from the command console. I undid his uniform and took his cock into my mouth. His reluctance subsided, and he was soon shooting his load into my throat.

Before he could catch his breath I snapped the cuffs around his wrist, and secured him to a handy stanchion. He struggled against them for only a moment, surprise morphing into impotent rage as he realized their plot had failed.

"I am Captain Bannister of the Section Nine, Counter Terrorism. We've had you and your confederates under surveillance for several months. We just needed the message from your superior, codename Julie." Licking his cum off my lower lip, I said in my most officious tone, "Corporal Jonathan Reeves, I now arrest you for treason, the attempted sabotage of the Commonwealth Orbital Missile Barrier, and plotting mass destruction of life and property on Earth. Under military law you have the right to..."

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