

Encounter: Winds of Venus
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Winds of Venus

The Goddess of Love was angry.

Above us, five hundred kilometer winds swept the jaundiced surface clean. We were safe, Todd and I, a hundred meters under the surface. We were happy and snug in our little habitat, insulated from the unbearably gusty heat above, and the pernicious bigotry and intolerance of distant Earth.

We were the only living things on the planet's surface -- overseers of a small army of robots. Our mission was to study geochemistry in preparation for the Company's plan to terra-form this hell hole into a livable world. Todd and I were so happy with our seclusion we'd signed on for a second tour.

The moment everything changed, when reality intruded on our little paradise, Todd's cock was snugly embedded in my ass. I was sitting on his lap, grinding away happily, with him nuzzling my neck. He'd encircled me with his strong arms, and was rhythmically stroking my cock with one hand, pinching a nipple with the other.

"I wish I could suck you at the same time," he whispered.

I twisted my face around so I could find his lips. Our tongues met, and wrestled together to find the haven of the other's mouth. We were both reaching that frenzy that heralded a mutual climax when the habitat's frantic and heart stopping alarm stabbed through our ears.

"What the fuck!"

We fell apart, and in thoughtless panic we ran into the control room.

"My uncle's blistered ass," Todd cursed in an incredulous voice.
"Someone has landed."

"Impossible," I yelled back. I'd been checking for a hull breach and didn't believe him. A moment later the elevator to the landing bay slid open.

I gaped in stunned silence at the woman who entered.

“Well, well,” she said.

She was pretty, with long blonde hair, a pixie like face, and the biggest and brightest green eyes I’d ever seen. She was petite but muscular, fashionably dressed in a figure hugging teal flight suit. She had one hand on her hip, and her helmet was tucked under the other arm. She glared at us with haughty disdain.

“So, this is what you two get up to with the cameras off.”

Her gaze alternated between Todd’s sizeable cock and mine. My face flushed with embarrassment. We’d turned off the cameras months ago so we could wander about naked and fuck whenever and wherever the mood took us without offending the prying eyes of our orbiting supervisors. If they knew they’d send us back to earth in chains.

“You woke us up,” I said lamely.

She laughed, and tossed her helmet to Todd. “Stow that somewhere and, for God’s sake, get dressed before I throw you on the floor and fuck the shit out of you myself.”

I was shocked, and Todd was so totally overwhelmed he rushed to obey.

“What’s going on?” I asked. “Who are you, and why are you here?”

“You can call me O’Hara. The reason I’ve invaded your little love nest is because the last samples you sent up were a tad too interesting.”

“In what way?”

“A living kinda way.”

“Holy shit!”

“Yeah, holy shit.”

Fuck me! Life on Venus. Who would have imagined it possible on a world of unbearable four hundred and fifty degree temperatures and clouds of sulfuric acid? The ramifications of that flooded through my brain, and the deadly consequences slapped me in the face.

“The samples are inconclusive,” she added.

“Doesn’t matter, does it? It’s a problem, and I’m guessing the Company wants it to go away.”

She cocked her head to the side. “I can’t possibly say.”

Todd returned from his errand. “Why is it a problem?”

“The terra-forming project will stall. Another ten years of research by the Commonwealth ethics Division to confirm the finding. In the meantime investors will lose heart, and maybe the project will not go through. Fortunes lost. There will be many unhappy people.”

She meant Company people.

Todd said, “But we can’t hide the findings.”

She eyed us carefully. “Perhaps the samples were,” she paused in a significant sort of way, “Contaminated?”

Todd shook his head in panic. “We had nothing to do with them. They are sealed on the surface by the robots, then shot into orbit.”

“The robots are clean?”

“What do you mean?”

“They are sterilized?”

“Of course. We followed procedures to the letter.”

“I want to see.”

“But they are already out there.”

“I’ve brought my own. I want the sterilization process documented.”

My turn to shake my head. “You want to blame us for fucking up, that the sample was contaminated by a robot which we failed to sterilize.”

She smiled reassuringly. “That is not the case.”

To me, she was unconvincing. To me she was evil and meant our deaths. Todd, however, was confused. “So, you want there to be life?”

“Think of it,” she said in a wistful sort of voice. “Actual life beyond Earth. It will mean we are not alone in the solar system. A wonderful discovery.”

I didn't believe her for a moment. She was a Company gal through and through, and she was here to clean up the mess -- in other words, Todd and me.

I had to think quickly. Our lives were in her hands. "Listen. We're downwind of Venera 13, the Russian probe that landed in 1982. Contaminates have had over a century to evolve in these conditions. A million generations."

She gave me a slight smile. "That would only be convincing if we show that the concentration of organisms at the landing site is greater than where your robot took the sample."

"That can be arranged."

I held her green eyed gaze for a long moment, and I sensed there was an understanding between us. I was relieved when her gaze dropped to my groin, and I remembered I was still naked. As her gaze lingered, I felt the warmth rise.

"Can we have a word?" Todd said, and dragged me into our bedroom. "What the fuck?"

"Listen, Todd. We're screwed."

"You think she'd kill us?"

"Soon as look at us. Or worse, send us back home. You know what they do to boys like us." I put my hand on his neck and drew him to me. "But if we're nice to her, do what she wants, maybe we can convince her not to open the airlock on us."

"What do you mean *nice*?"

"What do you think?"

"Fuck, fuck, and fuck!"

"I agree, but she's the only thing that stands between us and a short future."

I dragged him back outside. O'Hara was waiting, a smug expression on her face. "Well boys? What's it to be?"

“We’ll do as you suggest, sterilize your robot and send it to the Russian probe. We verify that the life forms are just contaminants from Earth, and there is no problem. Yes?”

“Good decision.”

It took an hour to put her robot, a shiny box like contraption on six legs, through the decontamination procedures. O’Hara documented the process. Todd programmed the machine’s navigation computer, and the robot set off on its hundred kilometer journey.

I was happy that the record would show us to be competent. The fate of the project relied on her robot finding that the Russian probe was the genesis of the organism. Of course, the company could always just sweep the whole thing under the carpet, meaning Todd and I were still dead. I hoped to persuade her to keep us alive.

O’Hara undid her flight suit to reveal a generous cleavage and settled back in her chair. “So, what do you boys do for entertainment?”

At least on one thing we were on the same wavelength. My cock was at full stand. Todd was shy and retired to the bathroom to wash up after our previous lovemaking. He returned to find me and O’Hara well and truly into it. I’d been caressing her cheek, kissing her, and fondling her breasts, which had easily escaped her flight suit.

“Okay,” she demanded. “Who wants mouth, and who wants pussy?” Before I could speak she added. “Todd, I bet, prefers asshole.”

Todd couldn’t help but smile.

“He’ll get there eventually,” she promised. She pounced on me, and in seconds we were a tangle of warm flesh, kissing, sucking, stroking, thrusting, and of course, moaning, grunting and groaning as we brought each other to a long sequence of climaxes. Todd even had his wish of fucking her ass.

Eventually the robot returned, and the sealed samples were shot into orbit for analysis. God only knows what they’ll find, and what our fate will be. I

hoped she really was a Company gal and had ensured her robot found something that would clear Todd and me, and keep the project going.

I wasn't convinced, though. There was something off about her.

"Fuck me," O'Hara said after the launch. "Fuck me like it's your very last time."

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