

**Encounter: Silvery Moon**  
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## Silvery Moon

Despite the fact that we were both wearing the latest Series Six Luna suits, shaking hands was still not easy, and so we settled for the traditional lunarnaut's fist bump. "I'm very pleased to meet you, Governor. Thank you for coming."

Governor Rankin, an experienced lunar explorer herself, smiled at me from inside her helmet. "The honor is all mine, Professor Falconer."

"Brian, please."

"Then you must call me Helena."

"Gladly."

She had flown her personal skipper to my little outpost on the dark side of the moon. I hadn't expected her to answer my invitation, let alone come in person. That she came alone had been a relief, as now there was no need for me to be overly cautious.

She surveyed the vista before us, a wide shallow crater with a deep rift running diagonally across it, "So, what are we looking at here?"

I led her down the path to the drill site in the shadows at the bottom. I pointed to the control panel. "You are standing in what is probably the biggest deposit of Helium Three in the solar system."

She examined the readout for a long moment. "You said probably?"

"So far," I said, barely containing my joy. "I have high hopes for the beta site as well."

"You're telling me you have found two major deposits?"

"That I am."

"How come you've just found it?"

"I must be honest. I found both sites quite by accident. I was looking for crystallized water."

She was silent for several minutes, studying the projections on the screen.  
“Who knows about this?”

“You, me and the drill.”

“Why are you sharing this with me, and not your scientific colleagues?”

There was a hint of suspicion in her voice. I could understand that. I was sure she’d already processed the implications of my discovery. This would make me famous, and very, very rich. So why would I give all that up?

I took a deep breath. This was my moment of truth. “Like you, I want an independent Luna,” I said.

“You’re speaking treason.”

After losing Mars in a war of independence, Earth was ramping up their control over us. The Governor had been embarrassed at the latest “Devolution of Power” talks. She had fought for the conference aimed at giving us more independence, and a seat at the Commonwealth of Nations.

The negotiations had started well before the Martian war, when Earth was more interested in divesting themselves of an expensive colony. They no longer felt that way. Losing Mars had hurt their pride, and their grip was reflexively tightening. As a consequence of her failure her political career was nearing its end. Unless, that was, she had reason to think she could win the fight.

“Helena, this discovery will boost our energy resources a thousand fold. We can expand our ship building industry with our own power units. We’ll be financially independent in five years.”

She shook her head. “That’s naïve. This discovery will make us a valuable asset to Earth, maybe turn them a profit for once. They won’t want to let us go.”

“That’s why I haven’t told anyone.”

She didn’t answer, just turned away and returned to her skipper. She took off, and I returned to my work, wondering if I had been wise to put my life in her hands.

The Governor called me a week later, the day after the assassination attempt, and invited me to her office. Her popularity was soaring, and the inept assassin's employer, rumored to be from Earth, had only fueled the fire of rebellion.

Helena was more beautiful in person than on the holos. She was in her early forties, with curves in all the right places, and her traditional business suit didn't hide any of those. She was popular among male voters for a reason besides her sound politics. "Have you told anyone?"

"No. I've been too busy finding two more deposits. Both are bigger than Alpha."

"Sweet Jesus."

I studied her expressionless face, looking for some clue to her disposition. "Have you told anyone?"

"Brian, can I trust you?"

"I came to you first, remember?"

Her eyes narrowed. "That's what puzzles me. You can be..."

"Rich? I'm that already, at least as rich as I want, or need to be. Famous? That too. I'm incorruptible. I just believe in you, governor."

She laughed. "My bullshit detector is better than most, professor. Don't shovel crap like that."

"You already know where I stand on independence. I've been writing about it for years. That's why the University prefers me out on the dark side exploring. I'm too hot for them here at Clavius. I'm too much of an embarrassment."

The pink tip of her tongue caressed her bottom lip as she examined me for a long moment. "Do you have dinner plans?"

"Not yet."

"Then stay, we have much to talk about."

I won't bore you with the political small talk. You can get that anywhere. What intrigued me about her was that she was not anything like her PR would have you believe. She was a natural and delightful host. She'd dressed for dinner, not to seduce me, for her attire was, if anything prim and proper, but there was no denying those curves, and as a physicist, I have a respect for curves.

The wine helped to relax us both, and one thing led to another. So professional, so demure in public life, she was a tiger when it came to love making. Without preamble she pushed me down. Her lips were warm, and her tongue assertive. I couldn't believe my luck!

"I've wanted you so bad," I said. She laughed. "It's true," I assured her.

"Just shut up and fuck me."

However it was she who did the most fucking, and she accomplished it in a most meticulous and calculated manner. As a scientist I respected her methodical technique, and noted the single mindedness of her hands guiding my cock into the soft folds of her pussy. Deliberately, and unhurriedly, she took me to the edge of orgasm a dozen times before finally letting my cock erupt inside her.

With an economy of effort she flipped us over so that now I was on my back, with her straddling me in a most dominant fashion. She stared into my eyes, as if she was divining my nature, while she moved her hips in an undulating wavelike motion in the fashion of a belly dancer.

I massaged her full breasts, following her directions to pinch her nipples, "Harder. Harder! Harder!" until I thought I'd bruise those coral tips.

She bounced rhythmically on my cock, watching my face for a sign of the approaching second orgasm. Then she'd slow down then, stop, with me hovering on the edge.

"Eat me," she said, rolling off and opening her thighs.

I drenched myself in the wetness of her hot pussy, licking the hard bud of her clit, holding open the lips of her pussy while snaking my tongue deep inside. She came several times under my tongue, and then we fucked again.

The sensual bliss that seemed never-ending finally ceased. We were lying in post coital exhaustion when her phone buzzed. It obviously brought good news.

She turned to me. "What do you see the next step being?"

"Get investors from everywhere in the solar system bar Earth, and in five years we'll have our own Navy." Her body stiffened. "Trust me. It won't come to war. We just want an independent seat on the Commonwealth."

Her expression hardened. "Brian, it's time for some honesty. I know you are the head of the secessionist movement. You finance it. You even organized the assassination attempt. I wouldn't trust you as far as I can throw you."

So she knew. "It was a sham," I explained. "I didn't intend to hurt you. I respect you too much. It was designed to win back your popularity. And it worked!"

She pushed me away, and pulled a gun from under her pillow. She pointed it at my cock. "I'm glad you didn't tell anyone about your discovery. While we've been fucking my scientists have confirmed the deposits, and their worth. I and my partners from Earth, will, thanks to you, become very rich. The question is, what should I do with you?"

I should have seen it coming, of course. The Commonwealth is corrupt. All politicians are corrupt, even the ones with halos around their heads. She had me by the balls. As far as I could judge I only had two options, and only one kept me alive. "You'll need a chief scientist," I offered. "One who can keep a secret."

"A good chief scientist would know his place, and stay out of politics."

"He'd be a damned fool if he didn't."

Helena smiled, and returned her gun to under the pillow. "Now kiss my ass."

She meant it, literally.

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