

Encounter: Love, I Perceive (A Tale from the Margin)
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Love, I Perceive (A Tale from the Margin)

It is a truth handed down through the centuries that beer, even in small quantities, can make the ugliest companion eminently shaggable.

The reporter, for that's what he said he was, found me drowning my bile at the spaceport saloon. I'd imbibed a not so small quantity by that stage, so anyone inside a ten meter radius was in danger of being fucked.

"You're Captain Bonny? The one who bravely rescued the prospector?" was his opening line. Not the wittiest come on I grant you, but it pricked my interest so to speak, and I gave him the once over with my beer goggles tuned to the max.

I perceived him to be, as I have alluded, eminently shaggable.

"They say he was near death when you found him."

"They say that, do they?"

"How did you find him out there in the wasteland? A stroke of astounding luck, wouldn't you say?"

"Buy me a drink, and I'll astound you."

He bought me a beer, and another, and another, as I told him the story of the ages. Some of it may have been true, who knows? I only wanted a fuck, and he seemed to hang off my every utterance, so I uttered. I uttered a lot.

Eventually I slurred, "Want to see my ship?" I must have promised to show him the sensor array that detected the glint of light in the sand dunes that led me to the dehydrated and unconscious prospector, because I have a hazy recollection of attempting to pull off his clothes while he asked technical questions.

At one point I excused myself to stagger to the head and swallowed a zeta-pill, an alcohol inhibitor among other things. This sobered me up enough to proceed to the next step while still in control of my bodily functions.

He was most appreciative.

"It must get lonely running a ship like this on your own."

"You could say that," I said as I playfully tweaked his nipples.

He weighed my breasts, which I had liberated a few moments before, and gave them a squeeze. "I'd have thought you'd need a crew of four, at least."

"I like my privacy," I said and relieved him of his shirt.

His trousers proved unaccountably difficult, and I sat on my haunches to apply myself more diligently. I had to slide them over the growing bulk of his hardening cock which impeded my efforts in a most arresting manner. Finally his cock sprang out and hit me in the eye. It was hard, and heavy like a truncheon.

I weighed it, like he'd done my breasts. "What the fuck is this!" I demanded, noticing the enhancement tucked in between the main shaft and his ball sack.

"Like it?"

I fingered the little protuberance. "What do you do with it?"

"It depends if you like it in the ass at the same time."

The little thing hardened under my touch and formed a miniature version of his cock. "I've never tried it."

"It's not my only enhancement."

I looked up at him past the throbbing length of his shaft. "It isn't?"

He pulled me to my feet and delivered a thoroughly deep kiss. His tongue snaked into my mouth, and kept going, till it coiled around my uvula and tonsils like a snake. A tingling sensation like a really juiced up battery filled my mouth, and radiated throughout my body, threatening a neural meltdown.

I felt myself swooning, and I pushed him away. The thing slithered back into his mouth more like an agile pink worm than a snake. My momentarily revulsion was tempered when he glanced down to my crotch. "Wait till you see what I can do down there."

I let him kiss me again, prepared this time, to focus of the soporific wave that cascaded through me. He lowered me to the deck, and without breaking contact fumbled at my shirt and trousers. Then his twelve inch tongue slithered down my flesh till he found my open legs.

He really knew how to eat pussy.

He soon had me convulsing like I'd been hit with a lectro-prod they use in maximum security prisons. I lost count of the explosive orgasms his tongue dragged out of my shuddering body.

At some point he climbed on top, pushed his cock into my sopping wet pussy. He rode me in a strangely rhythmic fashion, the movement of his cock inside me setting up a wave front of sensation that overlay the vibrations of my pulsating clit. At first I didn't feel his second little cock push itself into me. God help me, it was like his tongue. It grew, and grew, and the damn thing kept on growing. All my holes were occupied, and it seemed as if his appendages were taking root inside me. I was soon out of my head in paradise.

Truth be told, I didn't feel him climax, or know when he rolled off me. I lay there, an anesthetized lump. I was in a lovely state of relaxation, like my whole body had been to the dentist.

"Never fucked a ship's captain before."

"My pleasure," I slurred.

"Such a famous one too. Hero of the hour and all. It struck me though, the utter improbability that you would be flying over a nameless stretch of wasteland. The only people who fly out there are prospectors or smugglers. You don't look like the former, and the latter wouldn't have drawn attention to themselves. So why were you there?"

"Fuck me again," I murmured, reaching for his cock. "I love your enhancements."

"Everyone does, my dear, but first, tell me, what took you out there?"

"Ever the reporter, eh?"

“That’s it love.”

“Love,” I said. “That’s what sent me.”

“What?”

“Exactly! What is it? Madness, I say. But it is a powerful driver. Empires have fallen because of it. Great treasure has been squandered in search of it. So many lives pitifully surrendered to it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Simple. He is loved. Don’t you wish to be loved?”

“Let me get this straight. You love the prospector?”

“Never met him.”

He pondered that for a moment or two. “So, his lover sent you. Who is it?”

“He mumbled something about a Fair House, and that an angel lived there. He loves her.”

“He was delirious when you left him at the hospital, they say. Does she exist?”

I felt myself sinking further. I had to act. “Angels don’t exist.” There was just enough time for a quick, farewell kiss.

That’s when I killed him. He wasn’t the only one with enhancements.

The utter surprise on his face, when my wrist blade pierced his heart, was perversely satisfying. His tongue uncoiled and lolled out of his slack mouth. As the light in his eyes died the thing shriveled up like a dried pepper.

He was no reporter. His enhancements, high end items no reporter could afford, were ingenious interrogation tools, delivering truth drugs where you least expected them. The zeta-pill nullified most of their effect, allowing a residual and pleasing buzz to the body, but leaving the intellect mostly intact.

My enemies were more sophisticated than anticipated. Who they were and why they were interested in the prospector, I didn’t know. I stowed the body in the hold to drop later in the desert. I hoped no one would miss him.

Alcohol inhibitors have a way of catching up with you. The next afternoon Sly Jones, the prospector, found me nursing a hangover of galactic proportions. He was dressed in some outlandish leisure suit, and a broad brimmed hat.

“Can you take me to Hubton, Captain Bonny? I have a debt to repay, and this planet’s most beautiful and respectable woman to propose to.” He saw his error and backtracked. “Present company excepted, of course.”

I looked him up and down. I perceived him to be the biggest fool in the galaxy, and the woman in question, if she accepted his proposal, even a bigger one. “If I had any affection for others of my sex, it would be my duty to save her from the danger of matrimony, and deny you your request.”

He blinked a few times in what I took as astonishment. “But you won’t, will you Captain?”

“I don’t pretend to understand love, Mr. Jones, but I do know it to be a powerful force, one that clutches you in its monstrous grasp, shakes you till your insides bubble and froth, and then holds on to you forever, squeezing the breath out of you every now and again, just to remind you how pathetic you really are. You sir, I perceive, are in its fateful grip.”

“That I am. Surely you won’t deny me happiness, will you Captain?”

“No, Mr. Jones I won’t. So climb aboard, and we’ll transport a particular brand of misery to this poor woman’s door.”

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