

**Encounter: Sprocket and Son**  
**Mikala Ash**

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## Sprocket and Son

I was underneath a '27 Hudson Roadster Steam Carriage, a bastard of a machine to work on, covered head to ass in oil when someone kicked my boot.

"Fuck off! I'm busy."

"I'm here to see Sprocket. Fetch him for me, lad."

"What the fuck!"

I'm not usually so articulate, but I'd been wasting the whole morning on this particular piece of crap some brain challenged idiots call an engine, and my tolerance for shite was lower than usual.

I rolled out and the wheels of my creeper scuffed a highly polished riding boot, and the sleeve of my oily overall brushed the finely tailored trouser leg of my harasser. He stepped back, damning me for an "empty bottle head."

I got quickly to my feet, one fist curled around the neck of my king dick wrench while I took off my brass goggles with the other. He was a tall well built stooge not much older than me with pale blue peepers and a black pencil-thin moustache. Nothing would have felt better than belting him across the chops with my wrench, but he was clearly a stooge, and as father always said, "the sweetest bread comes from the vilest customer."

I fixed him with a baleful glare. "You're looking at 'im."

He gave me the once over. "I mean you're father, boy."

"Worm food these past six weeks. This is my shop now."

Momentary surprise was replaced by disappointment. "I'm very sorry to hear that."

Bread or no bread I wanted him gone. "State your business and leave me to my work."

He glanced at the roadster. "If I'm not mistaken this belongs to Tommy Jessop. I warned him about wasting dosh on it. What is it? Water corroding the bearings?"

"Fucking centrifuge is dodgy," I said, impressed I had to admit. Coming across a stooge who knows anything about engines is rare.

"It's a Mintessori 109 if I'm not mistaken."

Now he was just showing off. "My customer wants it steaming by five, so if you'll get to the point."

He reached inside his coat and produced an oilskin packet. "I heard your father was the best engineer in the city. "

"That he was. Taught me everything he knew."

"He had something of a reputation for designing and building some revolutionary equipment." He gazed at me intensely, making me squirm a little, but not in a bad way. He went on. "I wanted him to build me something. Something completely new."

A flare of excitement filled my belly. I love engines, but repairing pieces of crap like this roadster for idiot stooges, while lucrative, was as boring as bat shit and as frustrating as scraping it off your boot.

He opened the packet and unfolded some blueprints. "Can you read these?"

I wiped my hands with a rag and took one of the sheets by the corner. I'd never seen anything like it. "What is this? A joke?"

"Certainly not." He snatched the sheet from my fingers and turned away. "If you're not interested I'll be on my way."

"Not so fast. You know it's against the law to build military kit without a permit."

He stopped and turned back to me. I blushed at his admiring expression. "You discerned its purpose at a single glance?"

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not an idiot. But it's a neck stretching offence to work without a permit."

"I have one."

I held out my hand. "Show me."

I took a minute to study the first sheet again. He stood close by me, protective of his blueprints. I was feverishly aware of his presence and had to take a deep breath to focus my attention on the intricately drawn schematic.

"Well lad? Can you build it?"

"I don't like the positioning of the gyroscopes, but aye, I can build it."

I looked up to find him staring at me in a questioning fashion.

"What?"

"Nothing."

I handed him back his sheaf of papers. "Come back tomorrow," I said, feeling very warm under his gaze. "I have work to finish."

"I want to talk about this now." His tone was adamant, pushy even.

"I said I'm busy. Your friend expects to pick up this pile of crap this evening."

He returned the oilskin packet to his inside pocket, shook his head, then took off his coat.

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like? I'm rolling up my sleeves because I'm going to help you finish Jessop's heap of excrement so we can talk business."

"I work alone."

"Not now. Time is pressing, yes?"

"Suit yourself." I don't know why I let him stay, but I got back on the creeper and slid under the roadster.

For the next hour he directed light to the engine's shadowy recesses, passed me tools, cleaned up the parts I handed him, and in the process got

himself quite filthy. He even climbed underneath the vehicle with me, tearing his fine silk shirt and soiling his fine duds beyond repair.

I was tightening the last bolt when I became aware of his breath hot on my neck. I turned my head and saw he was staring at me again.

“How old are you?”

“Eighteen, what’s it to you?”

“You’re a woman. Aren’t you?”

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! For over fifteen years I’d passed as a boy. It had been father’s idea when he noticed my facility with engines, a ruse that ensured his only child could inherit the shop when he finally passed.

“Here,” I said, putting on the best bluster I could. “What you on about?”

“Don’t deny it. It’s quite obvious really. I won’t tell, I promise.”

I glared at him but he returned my gaze steadily. I knew with certainty that the game was finally up. “What gave me away?”

“Though your hair is shorn, and your chest is flat, and you’re covered in grease, you undoubtedly have the features of a female.”

I shook my head. “Rubbish, that’s not enough. No one has found me out, ever.”

“Well, if you must know,” he said, grasping my hand and shoving it onto his groin. “Boys don’t give me a stand.”

Though I’d never touched one before, I knew what a cock was. I’d heard other lads brag about how they’d ploughed some poor girl’s quim with their “truncheon,” “weapon,” “whore-pipe” and a dozen other names they gave it.

Inside his pants was an eight or nine inch tool, and it was quite hard.

I cleared my throat. “Never?”

“Never.”

I was about to tell him he was mad, and that I’d report him to the plods as a bum enthusiast when he covered my mouth with his.

He was so quick I had no time to react, except open wide and let my tongue wrestle with his as it swirled around the inside of my mouth. He pulled apart my overalls sending the buttons bouncing off the roadster's undercarriage. My undershirt posed no barrier and his palms were soon rubbing across the taut nubs of my nipples.

While technically a virgin, I'd already lost my maidenhood to a wide variety of bench tools with the right dimensions and suitable lubrication, his cock found no impediment when he finally pushed himself into me.

We'd moved to a work bench by then which he'd cleared with a sweep of one muscular arm, before hoisting me effortlessly into position with legs spread wide.

I clung tightly to him as he ploughed me long and deep. My thighs were straining under him, his mouth on my breast working away teasing my nips to hard little buttons. I'd pulled up his silk shirt, tearing it some more, raking my fingers from his shoulder blades to his buttocks.

He ploughed my notch with relentless power, like a piston in a cylinder responding to a full head of steam. The explosion inside me rattled my boiler like it had never been rattled before. I guess that's what the lads meant when they said their conquests felt the "sting of pleasure" from their pile driving.

My cunny was pulsing in tune with his shaft as I felt a flood of warmth within me. He groaned and fell over me, burying his face in the hollow of my neck.

I pushed him away and buttoned up my overalls. "Come on, we better test this heap of crap."

Later, with his friend's roaster purring like a kitten I put down my wrench and pointed to the workshop clock. "Finished just in time."

"Now we can start on my project."

I shook my head. "I'm bushed. Your friend can give you a ride home." I threw a fresh set of overalls to him. "These should kill any questions he might have."

"Let me stay," he said, with his lips adopting a lascivious curl. "And I'll let you reposition my gyroscope."

For a stooge he certainly had my measure.

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