

Encounter: Clockwork
Mikala Ash

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Clockwork

The last thing Lady Miranda Fessington-Smythe Jones, widow of the famous aeronaut Viscount Loftby, expected when she left her house in Bedford Square was an erotic encounter. During her year long period of mourning there had been only a few opportunities which she had been able to take advantage. Now that depressing ritual of black crepe, drawn curtains and social isolation was over she was keen to express her freedom in new and exciting ways.

But first there was a mystery to solve, a puzzle which had brought her to the home of the famously eccentric inventor and president of the Astronomical Society, Sir Cedric Rawlings.

She stood in the doorway of the esteemed scientist's study for a moment to allow her eyes to adjust to the gloom and wondered why he hadn't installed gaslights anywhere in the house. A desultory red glow from the fireplace was the only illumination, and the only sound was the ticking of an anniversary clock on the mantle. Across the room she discerned a thin shadow, a slither really, hunched over a cluttered table.

"Hello?" she ventured, her voice was immediately lost in the shadows as if soaked up by a sponge.

"You'll have to speak up."

The voice from close behind made her jump. She turned in alarm to find a shadowy figure looming over her.

"My father is rather hard of hearing, you see."

Lady Miranda was at once captivated by the man's dark eyes, where red catch lights from the fire danced and glowed. It was as if a volcano simmered somewhere behind, a powerful force that if roused would overwhelm all that fell before it.

She shook her head to dispel the strange imagining. "I'm sorry to intrude," she said finally, her voice thick and husky. "Your butler didn't return."

"It's alright now," he said. "Giles fetched me."

Unable to break their mutual gaze, Lady Miranda sought desperately for something to say.

"My name is Randolph," he said at last, grasping her hand in his massive palm, and squeezing it gently. He held it for longer than was appropriate in polite society. Miranda felt strangely thrilled by his breach of etiquette. She squeezed his palm in return, a sensual reflex which made her blush in surprise at her own forwardness. She found enough voice to introduce herself.

He recognized her name. "I am sorry to hear of your husband's death." His tone was genuine, which surprised her, as her husband had not been universally liked.

"You knew my husband?"

"Only through his dealings with my father."

"That is why I am here," she said. "To learn what those dealings involved."

"Then we should distract my father from his project."

Without releasing her hand he led her deeper into the room. The old man, she now discerned, was adjusting the spring mechanism of a brass orrery, a model of the solar system. The base appeared to be a hexagonal box upon which sat a framework supporting a complex arrangement of gears and springs. Above this was a large transparent globe, no doubt representing the sun. Around this, attached to the end of thin spokes were numerous balls of varying sizes representing the twelve planets of the solar system.

"Behold, the sun!" Sir Cedric flicked a switch and stood back as the model began to hum. Steam vented from the base and the whole model began to rotate. Then a burst of brilliance erupted from the central sphere.

Miranda fell back in surprise only to be caught by Randolph's arm which encircled her shoulders. "Don't be alarmed," he whispered to her, his breath hot upon her cheek. "My father has discovered a new chemical source of light and power."

"Oh, how wonderful," she murmured as she regained her footing. He did not remove his arm and she found his protective embrace more than comforting. The tingling ache of desire blossomed from her quim, filling her belly with lust and setting her heart aflutter.

"The movement is several hundred times faster than in nature, of course," said Sir Cedric. "But see how the orbit of our world is tilting?"

Indeed she could, but hardly noted the effect as her body was telling her far more immediate things.

"The combination of the tilt of our axis, and precession, that is the ever-changing orientation of our planet's axis of rotation, and orbital eccentricity gives us astronomical seasons over and above the normal six seasons we regularly experience. I believe we are fast approaching a turning point, where the descent into a glacial winter will accelerate."

Though her gaze followed the procession of worlds her awareness was focused on Randolph's nearness. She was acutely cognizant of the pressure of his hip against her skirts. She couldn't help but return the gentle force. She was rewarded by the touch of his hand in the small of her back.

Wordlessly he maneuvered her in front of him so she was pushed against the table which returned a pleasant pressure against her corseted belly.

"Wait now," Sir Cedric said portentously, "in just a few moments you will witness how Gargantua, the most massive planet in our system, approaches us, an event which occurs only every ten thousand years. That rare proximity is the instigator of our calamitous future."

She was holding her breath. Not because of the dire prediction Sir Cedric had announced with such solemnity, but by the fact that the back of her skirt and

petticoat had been lifted in one decisive movement. She was immediately thankful that she had invested in the new lightweight (helium filled) concertina bustle, but her self-congratulation was soon overtaken by carnal excitement as her split drawers were pulled open exposing her most private flesh to the air.

The touch of his manhood against her inner thigh sent jolts of electricity coursing through her belly and into her chest, accelerating her heartbeat to a rapidity she feared would make it burst. Her equally rapid breathing forced her nipples to rub against the lace of her décolletage setting off shivers of intense desire.

He pushed her forward so she was now bent over the table. To Sir Cedric's eye she was apparently absorbed in watching the little globes revolve around the sun, their orbits subtly changing. In reality all she could think about was the incredibly large and bulbous head of his son's prick as it separated the swollen and wet lips of her quim.

She gasped as he slid home. Through the constraints of her corset she could feel the strong grip of his hands which held her still while his cock moved inside her.

The excitement in her lower belly set a fire that filled her entire body. Her face she could feel was hot and flushed, sweat forming at her hairline. She bit her bottom lip to prevent a moan escaping into the study's silent space punctuated only by the ticking of that damn clock.

Laughter erupted from her throat when she realized that Randolph was keeping time with the clock, every second tick coinciding with a deep inward thrust.

"Yes, my dear," the scientist said, no doubt thinking her exclamation was a sign of youthful exuberance. "It is marvelous, isn't it?"

"Yes," she gasped as if in awe of his invention, rather than in the throes of a mighty climax. "It is!"

Her body erupted with a paroxysm of pleasure. Randolph maintained his deep thrusting, reaching to her very core. Her legs were shaking and she feared she would fall but for his firm grip on her waist.

As she descended from her second climax she noted a quickening of his thrusts and finally he pushed himself deep inside her and stayed quite still. The walls of her quim and the length of his shaft pulsed in unison, synchronized to the ticking of the clock, as that volcano she had imagined earlier erupted inside her.

"You see, my dear," his father was saying, "As our world moves further from the sun, I expect an ice age to befall us."

Slowly, ever so slowly Randolph withdrew. The sticky wetness of his spend dribbled down her thigh. He pushed down her dress, and a moment later resumed his former position beside her.

Miranda's face was afire, sweat running down her cheek. With great embarrassment she imagined the devastation it was wreaking on the rouge she had so delicately applied that morning.

"Are you not well, my dear?" Sir Cedric asked. "Please, sit down."

"I must go," she said, the purpose of her visit forgotten. "I don't know what has come over me."

"Randolph, you must escort the lady home."

"What a good idea," Randolph said.

"You must come back," the old man called.

As Randolph led her to the front door and her waiting steam carriage, Lady Miranda was glad she had decided against the little two-seater. She suspected she and Randolph would need a little extra room for the journey home.

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