



Changeling
Encounters

Hunter Reborn

A Steampunk Encounter

Mikala Ash

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The airship dropped out of the clouds, oily black smoke was streaming from the port engine.

Captain Orion. *The Hunter*. He was everything I dreamed a rebel would be -- tall, rugged, commanding, and wrapped in black leather, his face concealed by a mask with brass goggles for eyes. He was an itch I just had to scratch...

Hunter Reborn

I took the rebel captain to my bed on the fifth night of my imprisonment.

I did it for three reasons; first, to thank him for saving me from his murderous crew, second, it was a necessary step to get me off this frozen mountaintop, and lastly, because I'd had an undeniable ache between my thighs from the moment I saw him stride down the gangplank of his armoured aerostat.

He was everything I dreamed a rebel would be; tall, rugged, and commanding. He was wrapped in an ankle length fur-trimmed black leather coat, and his face was concealed by a leather mask with brass goggles for eyes, and a copper grill for a mouthpiece. In a threat laced artificial voice he introduced himself as Captain Orion. The Hunter. "My ship needs repairs and gas." His mechanical voice was menacing. "Is your father home?"

I hid my annoyance and lied. I told him father and his hunting party would return soon. He need not know they were two months deep in their icy graves. "I can start on your ship," I said. "I'm an expert mechanic."

In the busy days that followed those first words, I'd waited patiently for him to claim me. No doubt he had fucking me in mind from the moment he realised I had tits, and I wasn't just some ugly spanner-monkey. He played the chivalrous knight of the air, however, and showed me nothing but courtesy. If I was to satisfy that pulsing ache between my legs I had to take things into my own hands. So, when he locked the door to my room, I grabbed the front of his coat, swung him around and pushed him onto my bed. Before he could do anything but gasp in surprise, I quickly straddled his slim hips and undid his belt.

Patience is a virtue impossible to maintain when you are constantly wet, with that tingling feeling deep inside. It was an itch I had to scratch. All I wanted

was his meat inside me, which I guess was why I missed something really important.

He grimaced as I wiggled and pinned his arms with my knees. I undid the strap beneath his chin and pulled away the mask.

My turn to gasp.

He gazed at me with one pale grey eye, the other was unseeing white marble. His twisted lips, butchered by a sword stroke, parted in a scowl. The left side of his face was caved in, and the rest was fire-scarred, a bubbly red and white melt.

I touched the tortured skin. He twisted away from my fingers. "It's not the outside that matters," I whispered, remembering my mother's consoling words, after I caught a reflection of my misshapen face. "It is what we think, and do that counts. I think you're brave and handsome, and I'm going to fuck you till you cry out for mercy!"

He winced as I pulled open his leather trousers just enough to bring his cock to bear. It was hard, fat and heavy, and I judged a decent length, though to be truthful, I'd only handled one other in all my twenty six years.

We both sighed as I impatiently and inexpertly fed him to my hungry flesh. Hot and wet, my rapacious folds enveloped him.

It had been snowing when the rebels came to my lonely mountain. I'd been working on Little Bird, my escape from the snow, when the stuttering putter of their engine filtered through the heavy silence. Their airship had dropped out of the clouds that were scudding across the blue just above the icy grasp of the reaching peaks.

Rebels! Eagles of the resistance, untamed masters of their own existence, I thought excitedly. I laugh now at my naiveté.

Oily black smoke was streaming from the port engine, and the starboard rotors were feathered. They'd seen recent action, and my guess was they'd escaped into bad weather to be swept accidentally into my mountains. The ship's

forward envelope had partially collapsed, the metal shielding torn and jagged, the gasbag limp within. There were no ballast bags to be seen, so they'd jettisoned them and pumped gas aft to fill that envelope almost to bursting to keep aloft.

I quickly covered Little Bird with white canvas and pegged it down. I trudged through the junkyard and up the two hundred steps to the workshop.

I laughed at the rebel ship's name, written in southern script; Silent Hunter. I signalled them but they did not return as custom required.

As it neared I saw its hull was riddled with bullet holes. Perhaps the crew were dead. That thought heartened me. If it blew down close enough maybe I could salvage it, and gather enough parts to complete Little Bird. Hope quickly died as it glided to a bumpy but controlled touchdown on the landing ledge.

I spent the next five days repairing their engines, and envelopes, as well as teaching the crew how to do minor repairs. Orion -- Hunter to his crew -- bellowed at his men to keep up with me. His voice, like thunder through the grills of his mask, threw curses like arrows, pricking them into obedience. Orion was suitably impressed with my skills, however his crew devoured me with lusty looks, and uttered lurid suggestions of what they'd do to me.

His crew, I realised, were not rebels, but mercenaries. These were not like the swooping eagles which killed for survival, these were mangy dogs, which chased and killed for sport.

After they'd all had their filthy way with me, I was either going to be the ship's whore or end up a used carcass. Orion was not blind to their malevolent intentions, and at night he took me under his personal protection, locking us both in my room.

This night I rode his chivalrous cock as if possessed. A thunderbolt of unknown and unexpected pleasure swept through me. I was panting, inhaling great gulps of air, and my body vibrated with waves of sultry electricity. He

grasped my hips and groaned as my cunt pulsed around his shaft. Within me his cock strained and swelled, and filled me with his hot seed.

His moans of pleasure were quickly replaced by groans, and he pushed me away.

"You're hurt," I whispered, seeing the blood staining his shirt. "Why didn't you say?"

He shrugged and winced. I took off the shirt to wash, stitch, and bind the deep and bloody wound. He fell into a deep sleep from which I could not rouse him, no matter how I played with his manhood.

I laid back and talked, prattling on about how I was building my Little Bird to escape this lonely mountain. But Little Bird was taking ever so long to finish. I didn't have the parts, and winter was close. If he took me with him, as his wife and mechanic, I'd fuck his brains out every night after I'd tended the engines. God knows he needed a mechanic. His crew couldn't loosen a bolt, let alone repair a broken valve.

It was a ridiculously romantic vision.

The next morning I tried to wake him with my mouth, but something was wrong. He was cold, very cold. Colder than snow. His wound had claimed him.

I considered my options, such as they were. His crew would fight over me, have their way with me, and if I was lucky, they'd kill me. More than likely they'd keep me for their filthy pleasure.

Loud hammering on the door made me jump. "Hunter? Come see."

It was his first mate. My heart thudded in my chest, my empty stomach nauseous with fear.

"Hunter? Stop fucking that ugly bitch for a minute." The voice was panicky. "There's smoke on the horizon. They've tracked us."

Panic! What to do? *Think, damn it!* My gaze settled on his mask. A mad plan filled my head. Could it work? I put the mask over my face. "Power up the

ship!" The voice sounded muffled to me. I hoped with all my being that the mate would think it true.

There was a moment silence then, "Aye, aye."

It worked! But, what came next? I was as tall as Orion, and the translator would disguise my voice. I knew all their names, I'd heard all of his curses, and his manner of speaking around them.

It was worth a try.

"Power her up, you putrid cunts!" I yelled as I strode up the gangway. I was dressed as he was, my hand on the butt of his pistol.

"Where's the girl?"

My heart stopped.

"We need her to keep the engines running."

"Split in two."

He looked surprised.

"I fucked her too hard."

He grinned.

"Now get aboard, or I'll leave you to their gizzard loving swords."

There was time only for one quick glance at my old home before I closed the hatch. "Thank you, Orion."

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