



Trash Underground

The Misadventures of Trash Hardigann

Ayla Ruse

Changeling Press Encounters

Encounter: Trash Underground
The Misadventures of Trash Hardigann
Ayla Ruse

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2020 Ayla Ruse

Formats Available:
Adobe PDF, Epub
Mobi/PRC

Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
315 N. Centre St.
Martinsburg, WV 25404
www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Bill Riley
Cover Artist: Margaret Riley

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Trash Underground (The Misadventures of Trash Hardigann)

Ayla Ruse

In a dark and uncertain future, Trash Hardigann falls into a secret underground lab run by a mechanically enhanced professor. When the professor leaves her in a darkened cell, Trash discovers she's not alone...

The Misadventures of Trash Hardigann (Part One)

The brutal sun beat down on her neck, causing sweat to build up under her collar and trickle uncomfortably between her breasts. The leather leggings she wore molded tightly to her skin making it difficult to stride along the dusty roadway.

“Find anything yet?”

“Nah,” Trash responded, not even turning her head to answer her co-worker. It sucked big time, having to walk the five-mile stretch, back and forth, daily, looking for unfortunate Naturals.

“I’m sick of this rotation. Mind if I duck out?”

“Go right ahead.” Trash didn’t give a rat’s ass if anyone accompanied her on this God-forsaken shift. Heavy footfalls scuttled behind her and faded, letting Trash know her companion had indeed left. No skin off her neck.

She chuckled. She didn’t have much skin left there anyway. She ran a dusty hand over the leather band that covered the patchy skin she had remaining, while flesh colored and nerve enhanced silicon covered the rest, from jaw to shoulders.

Rounding a rocky bend, she stole a few selfish moments to lean against the boulders in a scant bit of shade. She breathed out hard and did her best not to think about her life, not to think about the useless entity she’d been forced to become. There was a time she’d had dreams and plans. But no more. Those days, that life, was over.

Trash shook herself and braced her hands against the boulder at her hips, pressing back to leverage herself forward. A faint click and whoosh was all she detected before the rock face behind her shifted inward at an astonishing speed, knocking her off balance and causing her to fall into the dark opening. “Fucking hell!” she cursed, landing hard on her ass.

“Hurry away from there,” a voice yelled, and as she’d been conditioned to respond immediately to commands, she rolled to the side just as the rock slammed back into place, leaving her in pitch black.

She rose cautiously to her feet, her tall, slender body unfolding carefully so as not to hit her head on rocks she couldn’t see. “Who are you?” she asked.

“Oh, I’m Professor Mixon. Hold on.”

A bright light flicked on, forcing Trash to shield her eyes. When her vision adjusted, she blinked at the descending cavern in front of her. The floor tilted down at a sharp angle before it tapered off to a level floor that stretched farther than her eye could see. Machines and their soft working noises filled the space. She couldn’t make out any walls as the light focused on the center of the cavern.

Professor Mixon, a stubbly little man, grabbed her elbow and tugged. She towered over him, but the fingers gripping her were metal. Half his bald head shone silver, as well, and curved metal legs extended from his hips, proving he’d be stronger than a Natural of his size.

Trash stumbled after the man as he walked to a dark area along the left wall. Without warning, he threw her forward and slammed something behind her with a loud clang.

She turned to find bars. The fucker had thrown her in a cell! “Let me out, you shithead,” she shouted to the asshole’s retreating back. “I don’t know who you think you are, but --”

Her rant cut short when two large hands fisted the bars next to the ones she gripped, and a hard, hot body crowded against her back.

Warm, sweet breath brushed her ear. “That man thinks he’s God, and we’re his lowly playthings.”

That voice. She couldn’t stop the tremble that ran up her spine. So dark. Deep. She tried to wet her lips, but her mouth had gone dry. No one, not in years, had been this close to her, had spoken so close to her, had --

The dark stranger ran his tongue up her neck, over the leather band, across the silicone to nibble at her ear.

"Please." It came from her on a wild breath. Did she mean please continue, or please stop? She couldn't say. She could hardly remember when she'd been touched by someone that wasn't trying to enhance her.

"I've lost count how long I've been here," the stranger informed her, his deep voice whisper soft against her ear. "I know it's been so long I've forgotten how a woman smells." He inhaled along her neck. "How a woman feels..." One of his large hands molded itself around her slender hip. "How a woman tastes." He set his lips against her hairline at the nape of her neck, right along that slender patch of real skin, and bit down.

Her knees crumpled, but he shifted his other arm around her body, right under her breasts, to hold her tightly against him. "We only have a few minutes before the Mole comes to collect data on you. I need to fuck you before he comes back."

Trash felt numb with an overload of sensation. Long ago, when she'd been a Natural, she would have protested loudly. Fought. Anything so she wouldn't be taken in the way this stranger obviously intended. Instead, a matching hunger rose inside her now, screaming to be taken, to be fucked by this unknown man.

He found and loosened the laces of her leggings so he could shove them down.

"Please," she cried out softly once more, this time setting her slender fingers over his larger ones, urging him to hurry.

"Grab the bars and bite your lip, unless you want an audience," he growled. She'd barely wrapped her fingers around the metal when the stranger grasped her hips in each hand, pulled back and up so her toes barely touched the ground, and fit one huge mother of a cock at her entrance.

“Oh, that pussy is wet,” he murmured, the gravel in his voice stroking though her like fire, making her arch against him. He stroked the thick crown of his cock against her pussy lips, rubbing her wetness along his length.

Finally, he stopped, tucked the head against her opening, and pushed hard, his body ramming into hers with a thrust so forceful her head slammed against the bars.

“Fuck, me,” she exhaled harshly. This stranger’s cock filled her empty pussy in a way nothing ever had. Stretched and burning, her flesh welcomed it all and begged for more.

“I plan to,” he told her. “Now hold on tight.”

He slid out slowly, but that was the last slow thing he did. He thrust into her, over and over again. He jostled her hips, his grip bruising, until her hands on the bars in front of her were the only thing keeping her up -- her feet were dangling now as he used her body ruthlessly.

Trash didn’t care. Her mind spun in pleasure and it was all she could do to keep quiet. She tasted blood, her own, from biting down to keep from crying out.

“Damn, but this is better than I remember,” he huffed behind her, the amazement in his voice making her smile. Yeah, it was better than anything she remembered, too.

“I’m going to come so hard up in you, woman, you’ll feel me for days.”

At his words, Trash’s eyes flew open. Did he mean real cum? Her thoughts cut off when he shifted just enough that her pleasure shot off, skyrocketing into an orgasm that had her throwing her head back and grunting low in an effort to keep quiet.

Meanwhile, the stranger pounded into her so hard she knew she wouldn’t be able to walk straight, then he tensed and damn, there it was. The tell-tell pumping of his cock as it emptied his cum into her.

She twisted her head to look at him, but he pulled out and away so quickly her knees gave out and she scrabbled against the bars to keep upright.

“Put yourself back together, woman. The Mole is coming back.”

“The Mole? Who are you? You’re a Natural!” Trash spoke in whispers as she hurriedly pulled up the tight leggings and tried to refasten the laces. Her hands shook. Hell, her whole body shook. Her mind was in a tailspin.

She couldn’t see the man as he’d disappeared into the darkness of the cell. She lifted away from the bars to confront him when those same bars rattled behind her.

She turned to see the professor there, a sloppy smile on his half-enhanced face and wild eyes looking every which way. “Come along. I put you in the wrong box.” His metal fingers wrapped tightly around her elbow once more and he tugged her out, throwing the door closed behind him.

The professor rattled on, something about where she should be, but Trash didn’t pay attention to him. She’d turned to look back at the dark cage, only to see a pair of pale blue eyes staring intently back at her.

Click here to preview more books by Ayla Ruse:

<https://www.changelingpress.com/ayla-ruse-a-156>

Use the code “AylaRuseEncounters” for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from Ayla Ruse!