

Changeling Press

The Joy of Airship Travel

A Steam and Spells Steampunk Encounter

Mikala Ash

ENCOUNTERS

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Captain Rathbone is in need of a wife with a title. As I am in need of a husband -- one with money -- I immediately book a first class cabin on the airship the *Maiden Fair*. However, since I find travel exceedingly tedious, I am also in need of a distraction. Fortunately, the staff of the *Maiden Fair* aims to fulfil her passengers every wish.

The Joy of Airship Travel

I've been told, by none other than John, my footman, that a man's passions are most easily inflamed by what he sees right in front of him -- a glimpse of stocking enclosing a well-turned ankle, a proud bosom with a hint of cleavage beneath the lace, or simply a coquettish smile beneath a twinkling eye. I believe him. How could I not, having found him stroking himself with his right hand while staring intently at a picture postcard held in his left.

Though I expressed shock, horror and disgust, the sight surprised me more than producing the revulsion it should have in a woman of my social standing. John had only been in my employ a week at that point. I had chosen him for his manly physique - - broad shoulders, slim waist, long legs, powerful thighs, a full head of wavy black hair, deep dark eyes, and perfect teeth -- with the intention of eventually luring him to my bed. Alas, he was well trained, aloof, and imperturbable, and I had wondered how I was to seduce him without compromising my authority. Catching him like this, in addition to setting my cunny atingle, opened the door to my boudoir most expeditiously. After expressing a suitable degree of indignation, I confiscated the said item. It depicted a buxom girl in a maid's costume, on her knees, her skirts hitched over her fleshy rump while the master of the house fed his cock into her wide-open cunny.

It didn't inflame my passions a tenth as much as the sight of John's prodigious cock still gripped in his fist. As punishment I made him stroke himself while I took tea and watched. I admit to being an avid voyeur, and watching him obey my salacious directions made my cheeks flush with desire, and the inside of my quim wet and hot.

That was months ago, and John had taken to his new duties with alacrity. My maid Hannah, who I'd taken to my bed a year or so before, assisted enthusiastically. She was delighted that we now had a man at our beck and call to augment our sapphic shenanigans with penetration by a good hard cock instead of the mechanical whirrings of my "Lady's Helper."

Not long after, I receiving a coded missive from my friend Caroline Dawson informing me that a certain Captain Adam Rathbone was in search of a wife with a title. As this complimented my search for a husband with money, I immediately had a first class cabin booked on the air going liner, the *Maiden Fair*.

I find travel exceedingly tedious, and Hannah and John were pleased to entertain me. Watching the pair go at it certainly raised my temperature, hardened my nipples, and moistened my sheath. I diddled my sensitive nub, which set my heart a gallop, and my breath was fast and ragged like a thoroughbred at Newmarket. I was fast approaching my peak of excitement, nearing the finish line as it were, as was Hannah. Her loud yelps and disgraceful invocations of our Lord's name encouraged John's lusty thrusts.

I was at that moment of exquisite tension that preceded the detonation of every nerve in my body when a loud *ratatat* sounded on our cabin door. John paused mid-thrust and Hannah, with a frown of frustration, rolled out from beneath him, straightened her skirts, adjusted her white cap, and answered the door.

"It's the Purser, my lady."

A red-faced fellow entered. He was resplendent in his gold buttoned aviator uniform that displayed his wide shoulders, thick chest and muscular forearms most excellently. His caramel eyes were large, made larger I fear by his sight of me lying across my bed in shameless dishabille.

He began to speak, stopped, cleared his throat, and tried again. "I'm sorry to disturb you, madam."

"Not at all, sir. Hannah. Close the door."

"Yes, my lady."

He jumped like a timid rabbit as the click of the lock sounded like the discharge of a duelling pistol.

"Now," I said as I decorously rearranged myself on the bed. Unfortunately, and quite accidentally, my nightgown fell completely open exposing my prodigious charms. The poor fellow swallowed, most audibly, and his Adams apple bounced like a ball in

his throat. "What may I do for you?"

"The neighbouring cabins have com... err... mentioned... noises emanating from here... and have asked me to... investigate."

John, who by this time had returned his cock to where it belonged - in his trousers - and had buttoned up, took Hannah's hand. They lingered by the door. "Shall I see about breakfast, my lady?"

Keeping my gaze firmly fixed on the young officer, I waved them away, and the two discreetly left the cabin. If the purser had not been uneasy before, he certainly was now. "Come closer," I said. "I wish to make a complaint, and apparently the walls of these cabins are so dreadfully thin I risk causing embarrassment to my neighbours."

I motioned with my forefinger for him to approach. He obediently complied, his smooth cheeks reddening to a delightful shade of claret. "Mrs. Hughenden-Fyne snores most abhorrently, and Sir Michael on the other side, well let's just say the intermittent bursts from what sounded like a clogged trumpet were not conducive to sleep. But in the spirit of neighbourliness, I'll endeavour to keep as quiet as a mouse."

"I'm sorry to hear that you had a bad night, madam."

"And this morning, my attempt to gain obtain solace was frustrated by the ill-timed appearance of an exceedingly handsome young purser. What is your name?"

His blush deepened. "Peter, madam."

"Well, Peter." I smiled coquettishly. "What do you suggest?"

"Suggest, madam?"

"To alleviate my frustration."

"I... I... "

I beckoned again with my finger, and like a well-trained puppy he leaned closer. Our first kiss was electric -- literally so. A spark jumped between our lips. I squealed with girlish pleasure, and hooking my finger in his tie I pulled him down on top of me. He fell willingly, and thoughtfully applied his strong arms to the mattress to prevent his gorgeous bulk from knocking the wind out of my lungs.

Our kiss deepened, and the action of his tongue in my mouth proved Peter the

Purser was not an innocent when it came to the ways of the flesh. He smelt and tasted deliciously fresh, and my brazen nipples became even harder when forced against the crisp material of his uniform.

I admit in my haste to have his bare flesh against mine, one or two gold buttons shot like bullets across the room. "Hannah will find them, and sew them back on," I breathed into his neck, and he at once abandoned any concern for the creases in his trousers.

Naked and between my thighs, he proved adroit in parting my nether lips with his tongue, and his nimble fingers touched, caressed and flicked the little boatman he found nestled above them. As tempting as it was to lay back and receive his selfless attentions, I could not ignore the rock-hard shaft that had sprung up like the mast of a whaler.

Wrapping my fist about it I brought the thick head to my lips. My kiss was followed by a delicate lick with the tip of my tongue, and then I bent my neck to take his whole length into my mouth. I cannot account for the pleasure I derive from sucking a well-formed cock; velvety flesh covering a shaft of steel, but enjoy it I do. Though not as much as having that very same organ nudging apart the lips of my quim and plundering its sultry depths.

Peter the Purser ploughed my furrow like a farmer eager to plant his seed. Each thrust took me to a higher plane of excitement, and I raked his bare back with bestial glee. At the limits of my awareness, and a tone above my moans of ecstasy, a klaxon sounded.

"Drat!" Peter exclaimed. "We'll be docking soon. I must return to duty."

I pouted. "I'm so close. Fill me, my darling boy."

He renewed his thrusts with vigour, and swiftly returned me to the edge of the precipice. With a shower of mental sparks that would shame a Guy Faulks fireworks display, I was propelled into the abyss of orgasmic release.

The pulsing muscles of my sheath encouraged him to join me in a mutual climax, and he indeed filled me with a glut of manly essence. Once the powerful gushes

concluded he kissed me, apologized again, dressed, and in a flash was gone, minus a few buttons, which I still treasure as a reminder of the joys of airship travel.

Later, as Hannah flushed my cunny of the purser's seed, I focussed on the mission -- to meet with Caroline and her lusty husband Charles and plan my assault on the carnal and financial assets of one Captain Adam Rathbone, late of the East India Company.

Mikala Ash

Aussie Mikala Ash used to be a mild-mannered training & development consultant by day, and a wild sci-fi and paranormal adventure writer by night. Now she is a brazen full-time writer and nature photographer who is concentrating on having among other things, "... bags, and bags of fun!"

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