



*Mikala
Ash*

THE TUTOR'S
SON

A STEAM AND SPELLS STEAMPUNK
ENCOUNTER

Changeling Press

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A Steam and Spells Steampunk Encounter
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The Tutor's Son
A Steam and Spells Steampunk Encounter
Mikala Ash

A Chance discovery of lewd literature inflames Miss Alexandra's artistic imagination, and compels her to seize the opportunity to turn fancy into fact.

**Miss Emily Durant
Government House
Sydney, Australia
December 15, 1867**

My dearest Emily,

I'm so relieved you and your parents have finally arrived safely in the Antipodes. It is so hard to believe you are at the bottom of the world.

I'm sorry that you suffered so. Ten days! I cannot comprehend an airship journey of that duration, and then to land in such oppressive heat must have been simply awful. It is little wonder your drawers were sopping wet.

Now to my news. I hardly know where to begin, so much has happened since we parted.

I suppose my adventure began with Papa's locked bookcase. You recall I showed it to you last summer? Well, I found a little key that had been dropped on the carpet, and you know me, I couldn't resist finding the appropriate hole to which it belonged. I did eventually, and I cannot adequately describe what I found!

For years Papa has been receiving brown paper packages from London which he took great lengths to hide from Mama's inquisitive eyes. He even instructed Gudgen never to leave them out in the open. Now I know why!

Emily, I have trouble putting to words the shock I experienced as I read the pages and studied the pictures of naked men and women doing all manner of things to each other. Living on a great estate I know the practicalities of 'country matters', as Shakespeare punned, but to see human beings rutting in such a graphic fashion took my breath away! My nips stood erect, and the heat emanating from between my thighs drew my fingers like a magnet. The more I read, the more pressing my fingers became.

After perusing several books, I became fearful of discovery. I locked the bookcase and replaced the key where I found it. I retired to the privacy of my room to think about what I'd discovered. The images in my head were so vivid and evocative I became

determined to draw them myself.

As my pencil flew across the paper, I touched myself with my free hand. At one point the growing excitement caused me to drop the pencil, and a moment later I was convulsing, gasping for breath as my tight cunny pulsed around my finger. I'd read in one of the books that this is what the French call, *la petite mort*; the little death.

Miss Skillet, my aged chaperone, knocked on my door to tell me my new drawing tutor was waiting in the conservatory.

"Very well," I replied, my voice catching in my throat.

Mr. Moore is just one of a troop of educators Mama has engaged. Now that small pox has condemned me to an unmarried future, and a life behind a veil whenever in public, she decided I should occupy my lonely hours with learning. I swear, by this time next year I'll be a match for any university professor.

I put the drawings in my portfolio, rearranged my dress, washed my hands and face, and hurried down to the conservatory. Mr. Moore is an older man, perhaps forty years of age, and quite handsome in a scholarly fashion, with sad grey eyes and pale eyebrows. He'd set up an orchid plant for a still life (you'll recall Papa's compulsive *orchidelerium*). Anyway, after an hour we'd finished, and as I put my rendering of the *Venus orchid* away, one of my explicit drawings fell onto the floor. I rushed to pick it up, but he was faster. Luckily, he could not see my pockmarked face, because I must have turned the shade of a beetroot.

He cleared his throat and shifted in his chair, and I could not help but notice the bulge that had grown in his trousers. My new found knowledge of male anatomy told me exactly what that meant.

He glanced at Miss Skillet, who had fallen asleep in the warm air of the conservatory. "You know about such things?" he asked.

"I've seen them in my father's books."

"Ah. You've not..."

"Heavens no!"

He gazed at me in a most direct manner. I admit my body stirred under his close

examination. My nips hardened, and my cunny tingled.

“Your father explained your affliction, and why you wear a veil.”

“Mr. Moore! I hardly need reminding of my condition.”

“I apologise, Miss Alexandra. I mention it only to explain about my son.”

“Your son?”

“Cedric. He is not my natural son, but my wife’s. From her first marriage. I love him as if he was my own, of course. Though he is a year younger than yourself, Cedric was a pilot in the war. His airship was shot down. It caught fire, and...”

Emily, the dear man commenced to weep. Unaccountably a motherly instinct took hold of me, and I put my arm about his quaking shoulders, and stroked his silver hair.

“Cedric was horribly burned about the face,” he continued after he’d collected himself. “He is so troubled by his appearance that I constructed a mask for him to wear.”

He gazed at me expectantly.

“Why are you telling me this?”

He tapped my drawing. “Cedric is so very lonely. Perhaps...”

I immediately grasped his intent, and wished to help. I suggested that Cedric and I should meet. The next day Cedric accompanied his father to the backdoor of the conservatory. He was allowed entry once Miss Skillet fell asleep.

Cedric is over six feet in height, with a wide chest, and strong arms. What is more impressive is the exquisitely wrought mask he wore. It was the face of Michelangelo’s David topped by thick curly black hair. His light blue eyes furtively watched me through the eyeholes.

“Hello, Cedric. I’m Alex.”

“Hello,” he replied.

“I’ll leave you two together to get acquainted,” Mr. Moore said encouragingly.

I reached out to touch Cedric’s mask, but he shied away.

“It’s been so long since someone has touched me,” he explained in a tremulous

voice.

“Let me be the first,” I told him.

I lifted my veil and exposed the lower part of my face. Slowly he did the same with his mask. Ignoring our respective disfigurements, we slowly brought our faces closer. Our lips touched, and then pressed together with sudden urgency. With trembling fingers, I undid his shirt buttons, and ran my hands down his hard chest. When I reached his trousers, I undid them and extracted his manhood. My breath caught in my throat. The rimmed head was domed shaped, and felt spongy under my fingers. The hard shaft was long and thick, yet the tightly stretched skin was tissue thin, and lightly veined in blue.

He reached inside my bodice for my breasts, squeezing each nipple in turn. Remembering one of the pictures I’d drawn, I lowered my head and gave the tip of his cock a kiss. Then I took the whole head into my mouth, sucking hard while swirling my tongue about the dome.

Cedric pulled me up onto the arm of the chair. He reached under my dress and stroked my soaking cunt. Emily, I could take no more. I quickly hitched up my petticoats and straddled his hips. I fed the engorged head of his cock between the moist lips of my cunny and lowered myself upon it. I felt a little resistance, then a sharp pain made me cry out. Cedric grasped my hips and dragged me fully down so that his shaft was embedded to the hilt. The pain was soon forgotten as a deliriously warm sensation overcame me.

I gyrated frantically over Cedric’s cock. This quickly brought me to a crisis and my climaxing cunt squeezed his shaft like a fist. I swooned, burying my face into his neck. His body tensed, and he groaned like a wounded bull. Inside my pulsating sheath his cock seemed to expand before a series of powerful contractions filled me with waves of liquid heat. We clung together, gasping for breath.

A discrete cough from Mr. Moore warned us Miss Skillet was stirring. I leapt off Cedric, and ignoring a spot of blood, rearranged my skirts. Cedric kissed me and hurried away.

“May Cedric return?” Mr. Moore asked.

“He must,” I said breathlessly.

Demonstrating sublime acting skills Mr. Moore continued my lesson for Miss Skillet’s sake. As he fussed around me, correcting my shaky pencil strokes, I couldn’t help but notice that persistently huge bulge in his pants. I contrived to brush against it.

My action startled him. He took my hand away, and sadly shook his head. “I am happily married, my dear Miss Alexandra. My poor Cedric needs your love more than I. *Au revoir.*”

What a dear, but frustratingly honourable man he is.

And that Emily, is where I’ll end this missive. I’ll write more soon.

Tell me. Did anything come of that flirtatious purser?

XXX
Your dearest friend
Alex
The Oaks
Hertfordshire

P.S.
Merry Christmas!

Beneath the Skin (Empire of the Sky 5)
A Steam and Spells Steampunk Adventure
Mikala Ash

Soulmates? Or simply lovers? Selena and Nancy hope their paramours can see beneath the skin.

Selena Whiteheart has her hands full. The malignant witch, Lady Neva, has kidnapped her lovers, Jacob McCleary and Captain Kit Colby. While keeping her Home Office handler, Harry Kincaid, satisfied in every way, Selena vows to rescue them, but first she must contend with a mesmerised assassin.

Meanwhile Nancy Lea, envoy in human form of the goblin king, Mon Ilson, Emperor of Space, has failed in her bid to secure peace. Queen Victoria has sent her packing with a flea in her ear. With her lover and protector, Captain Jaimee Dalgliesh, she returns to the moon to report. With three days to kill, Nancy teaches Jaimee the joys of weightless lovemaking. However, Jaimee comes face to face with a real goblin. Can he overcome his visceral disgust and love the soul beneath Nancy's stolen skin?

The soul of Agent Felicity Cressy, murdered by Lady Neva, finds a safe haven in Nancy's mind. Will Mon Ilson return her to her body, and what does he expect in return?

Beneath the Skin

Selena Whiteheart

1867 -- A Vixen in the Mist

I am a duplicitous witch.

Like Janus, the mythological god of beginnings and endings, I present different faces to the world. I began as Marjorie Fletcher, a naïve country virgin murdered for my body by hideous goblins. My homeless soul found refuge in the mind of Cressida Troy, with whom I fell in love. Inevitably I also lost my heart to her fiancé, Jacob McCleary, and I experienced lovemaking for the first time through Cressida. Now, as Selena Whiteheart, human agent of Mon Ilson, the goblin king and self-styled Emperor of Space, and owner of the empire's greatest airborne gambling and bawdy house, I love the handsome and brave Captain Kit Colby.

I stood at my fireplace staring at the likenesses of Jacob and Kit inside a gold locket. I'd drawn both myself, and think I captured their essential differences rather well. Jacob, the former schoolteacher, whose intelligent gaze signified his thoughtful and considerate nature both in and out of bed, had given me my first experience of lovemaking, albeit vicariously. He was now estranged from Cressida Troy after the murder of Fleur Cumberland, which I had orchestrated. Kit, on the other hand, was a lusty warrior, a decorated hero of the savage air war against Prussia and the Hungarian Empire. As befitting his martial nature, Kit was both forceful and deliberate in his lovemaking.

I was lost for a few moments in a warm memory of passionate kisses, entwined tongues, probing fingers and hard, thrusting cocks before a wave of fear coursed through me. Tears threatened to flow as I traced their images.

I was not alone in my office. I was dimly aware of the earnest little man jabbering about an invention of his. I didn't care about Mr. Frasier. I was immersed in a sea of despair, and the peril my charade placed not just Jacob and Kit in, but me also.

Both Jacob and Kit were captives of Lady Neva Talbot-Rhys, a powerful witch hell-bent on killing Queen Victoria. Lady Neva held the Queen responsible for her lover's death during England's devastating military reprisal against Prussia. I understood her wanting revenge. I felt the same about her.

I had to get them back. Lady Neva was a merciless malevolent maniac, capable of wholesale slaughter -- I'd witnessed that firsthand. My heart chilled at the thought of what horrors Jacob and Kit were suffering at her evil hands.

I wanted desperately to believe they still lived. Why else would Lady Neva kidnap them but to use them for some nefarious purpose?

Jacob had been sent by Mon Ilson to add weight to his envoy Nancy Lea's mission to arrange a demonstration of his ultimate weapon. Lady Neva had stumbled upon Jacob during her search for Kit, and being a skilled mind reader, she would have instantly known Jacob's value. That would have been a surprise to her, no doubt. But she was not one to miss an opportunity to cause the Queen even greater problems. She had intended to kidnap Nancy Lea as well, but fortunately she had escaped. I believed Lady Neva had probably gone to Europe to sell Jacob's knowledge to one of Britain's host of enemies. If that was the case, then Mon Ilson's carefully laid plans could be wrecked and chaos would ensue, resulting in the deaths of millions. Frustratingly, our overseas agents had not detected any sign of Lady Neva. She had disappeared like a vixen in the mist.

I shuddered and took in a ragged breath of despair at what she would do to Kit. Unlike Jacob, who had political value, poor Kit she could torture at her leisure. Kit had become the object of her revenge after thwarting her plan to use the Prince of Wales to kill the Queen.

For the time being, as Selena Whiteheart, I do the bidding of the goblin king, the most powerful witch in history. For the moment our goals aligned. He too wanted Lady Neva found, for her determination to kill Queen Victoria threatened to derail his own plans of conquest.

My service to Mon Ilson requires a significant amount of time and energy, for I

must hide my true intentions from him by burying them deep within my consciousness. I hate Mon Ilsen. His goblins had murdered me, and then stolen my body from the grave. While I obeyed his commands, I secretly supported his overthrow by Cressida Troy, now his empress, another human with another name: Nil Ilsen.

Cressida had saved my soul. Or rather my nascent magical abilities had led me to her, and her mind became my temporary safe haven. Then my magical powers were like a seed, waiting for water and heat. Unwittingly Mon Ilsen supplied those himself, for when he read Cressida's mind, he had detected me and recognised my potential as a servant. Like Pandora he opened the box of magic and let me absorb as much as I could hold.

To regain my body, I had enchanted both Cressida and Mon Ilsen into believing they loved each other and convinced her to prove her loyalty to him so he would return my soul to my body. As my puppet, Cressida killed the most powerful human witch, Fleur Cumberland. Mon Ilsen repaid me by returning my soul to my body and sending me to Earth to prepare the way for his conquest. I had confessed my perfidy to Cressida, hoping she would work with me to resist him. Cressida married Mon Ilsen, and adopted the name Nil Ilsen, and the title Empress of Space.

Mon Ilsen's plan to overthrow the British Empire required the co-opting of Queen Victoria. He meant to use the vast infrastructure of her empire to take over the world with hardly a fight. So, for the time being I'd be his enthusiastic cat's paw until I could help Nil Ilsen, Cressida, defeat him.

But first I have to find Jacob and Kit.

"Ahem. Er. Miss Whiteheart?"

The clearing throat and hesitant voice reminded me of Mr. Frasier's presence. I closed the locket and turned to face the untidily dressed, red-haired little man. Before I'd lost myself in my own thoughts, he'd been enthusiastically engaged in a technical monologue about his new invention.

"I'm so sorry," I said, returning the locket to my bosom. "Pray continue."

He cleared his throat again, and after taking a deep breath began to list the

benefits of his new gadget, a tamperproof roulette wheel.

“It will kill any accusation of fraudulence,” he had begun.

As if the honesty of my tables had ever been in question. The idea that I would be accused of cheating was insulting, but I continued to listen with feigned interest.

His name was David Frasier, a middle-aged inventor and factory owner from Edinburgh. He’d been introduced to me by Special Branch agent and my latest lover, Harry Kincaid. After making the introductions, Harry had excused himself, saying he had to send a message to his club.

That was a lie. The murky shade of Harry’s aura had given him away. I knew he was listening at the door. He’d asked me to be nice to Frasier as he was trying to recruit him as a spy. He visited the continent often, doing business with some prominent politicians and industrialists. The introduction to me would put Frasier in Harry’s debt.

It was for that reason I resigned myself to listen without objection to the fellow’s insulting proposition.

Frasier stopped in mid-sentence. He had been enthusiastically describing his contrivance, something to do with building a miniature mechanical computational device invented by Charles Babbage, when his face had become flushed, and beads of perspiration formed on his forehead. His hands started to tremble, and his final words ended in a slur. His aura had, in an instant, transformed into a seething pulsating muddy blob, the colours bubbling through each other in a roiling mass. A moment before it had been quite normal, nervous perhaps, and very excited, but that is not unusual in men meeting me for the first time, and after all, he was trying to make a sale. The transition had been so abrupt, so unnatural, I reached out to his mind to see the cause. I sensed despair, and most of all, mind-numbing fear. Hardly a coherent thought peeked through. The one that did was unmistakable.

“Mr. Frasier, don’t do this!” I put a suppression spell over him. “Whatever it is, I can help.”

My spell failed. His countenance became quite wild, with flecks of spit catching in his orange whiskers. He seemed to fight with himself. “My wife!” he screeched. “My

wife!”

He reached into his coat and began fumbling with something.

I gripped his shoulders. “What about your wife?”

He didn’t answer, his frantic attention was focussed on his coat.

“Don’t do this!”

He was beyond listening to me. In frustration he tore at the lining of his coat and pulled out a square of black material. Wires connected it to a small metal box. I recognised that as being a battery, and I suspected the square was an explosive of some kind. One of the wires had been pulled free by his fumbling. With trembling fingers, he reconnected it. Nothing happened.

“Why won’t it work? Damn it!”

His frustration was understandable. As far as I could tell his bomb was now fully functional. It was only my magic that prevented it from exploding. I slapped him across the face. He stared helplessly at me. It was as if he had completely forgotten me in his desperate need to detonate.

“Give it to me.”

His body seemed to collapse in on itself. Meekly he handed it over. It weighed next to nothing. One of those new explosives I’d heard about from the genius of Mr. Nobel. I glanced at it, but there were no marks or distinguishing features.

“Now sit down and tell me what this is all about.”

He was breathing quickly. His eyes narrowed, and his face contorted with concentration. He reached into the other side of his coat and pulled out a knife.

“Don’t be silly,” I chided.

He lunged. I grabbed his bony wrist, stopping the blade a mere inch from my breast. His desperation made him strong, and the blade edged inexorably closer. I squeezed harder, and he grimaced in pain. He looked at where I held him, perplexed at my strength. With a sudden twist, I snapped his wrist, and he howled in sickening agony.

My office door burst open, and Harry rushed in.

“Selena!”

Harry grabbed the sobbing assassin by the neck and wrenched him backwards. Frasier’s knees buckled and he tumbled to the floor. A moment later, Maurice, my security automaton, put his foot on Frasier’s chest, pinning him down.

“Selena, are you all right?” Harry asked.

“Perfectly fine,” I replied.

“What is that?” he said pointing to my hand.

“A bomb.”

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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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