

Changeling Press

# WIDOW OF THE PARISH

*A Steam and Spells Steampunk Encounter*

ENCOUNTERS

**Widow of the Parish**  
*A Steam and Spells Steampunk Encounter*  
**Mikala Ash**

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**It is said, no matter her age, appearance, or character, a widow with even a modest income is never short of suitors, but Philomena du Bois has been cheated out of her husband's fortune. To reclaim it, she must employ the only weapon she has -- her womanly wiles.**

## Widow of the Parish

It is said, no matter her age, appearance, or character, a widow with even a modest income is never short of suitors. They buzz about her honey pot like a swarm of frenzied bees, elbowing each other out of the way in their haste to stuff the pollen between their bandy little legs and carry great wads of it away. One hardly ever sees the true worker who with quiet and unrelenting industry do their duty with honour and propriety. No, the widow with a spare guinea or two is quickly surrounded by the lazy representatives of the species, as well as the occasional hornet.

My name is Philomena du Bois, aged two and twenty, with tolerable looks and figure, who -- I overheard my maid Tilly say to her handsome young beau -- "always conducts herself like a lady should."

It stings the pride that I must sacrifice my good reputation to catch my husband's killer, but it must be done, for my fortune was taken from me as well as William's life.

Though forty years my senior, William du Bois offered me a platonic marriage to save me from the perfidy of my father, who advertised me for sale to negate an enormous gambling debt. I accepted Williams's gesture to save my long-suffering Mama and my five sisters from the workhouse.

"Upon my death you will be a rich woman," William told me. "Promise me you'll rescue your Mama, for in my youth we were close."

I swore to avenge the dear sweet man, and would use those eager bees to do it. One cold November day Mr. Calthrop, the sly solicitor's clerk, took tea with me in my tiny sitting room. He was just handsome enough not to be repulsive, though his thick black hair shone with excess of brilliantine, and his sharply pointed moustache was quite ridiculous as it protruded at least six inches beyond his sallow cheeks.

He'd been most attentive after the shock presentation by William's estranged nephew of a supposed new will which reduced William's bequest to this small cottage, and a monthly pittance that barely allowed Tilly and I to eat. Forgive me William, for I

resolved to use Mr. Calthrop's carnal interest to my advantage.

"I was most happy to receive your note," I said after Tilly had poured the tea. "I think you are my only friend."

He stroked his moustache like a music hall villain. "I am honoured."

"It has been so very difficult since William passed," I murmured as I dabbed beneath my eyes with the edge of my handkerchief. "I have so few acquaintances in the parish."

He leaned towards me. "I hope the bank has honoured your allowance? I delivered the instructions myself."

"It has, for which I thank you most profusely." I fluttered my eyelids, and he couldn't suppress the triumphant smile that formed beneath his silly moustache. "I hope you'll allow me to show my appreciation in some manner," I said as seductively as I could.

His eyes flared lasciviously. "If I may be so bold to offer some advice about how you might invest your income."

I took a deep trembling breath, and released a long sigh. "I would welcome it." I joined him on the sofa. "You see, I don't have a head for money. Mr. Calthrop, I miss the knowledge, wisdom and... comfort... of a man."

He smiled and clasped my hands. He must have thought me so very easy. "There is a metallurgical company being formed in Australia, to supply the new airship industry with much needed materials. My dear lady, if... "

I put a finger to his lips to silence him. "Philomena," I said with a hesitant smile. "Or Phil, if you prefer."

He brought my hands to his lips, and kissed each finger. "Oh, Phil. Oh, how I have dreamt of this moment."

"I too have thought about you. Your kind words after the church service touched my heart."

"I wanted to say -- no, *do* -- more for you, but did not wish to appear forward."

"Oh, what an honourable man you are."

He beamed at me.

“But I don’t see how my allowance can amount to very much. You see it is hardly sufficient for me and Tilly.”

He leaned back, drawing my hand, binging me ever closer. “One of the ways of economising,” he declared. “Is to dispense with unnecessary costs, like live in servants. The extra fifteen pounds a year could be invested for a substantial return.”

The hide of the man. “You may call me a silly female, but I’d have trouble dispensing with Tilly.”

I edged closer so that my skirts brushed against his trousers. “If only I had money for you to invest.” A noticeable bulge was growing in his crotch. “I was disappointed by that new will Nigel produced so dramatically. I thought it strange that William would write one the day of his death, and not tell me about it. You see, he had had left everything to me, and not Nigel.”

He was momentarily shocked, but then a shrewd calculating expression crossed his face. “Oh. I wasn’t aware of a previous will. Do you have proof?”

“I was there when William wrote it, and had Tilly and Mrs. Sole, our cook, witness it.”

“When was this?”

“The week after our marriage. He said he was so very happy that he had married me, and that he should make certain of my future.”

“And who drew up the will?”

“Your employer.”

He released my hand. “How odd.”

I fluttered my eyelids and squeezed out a tear. “I feel that William’s real wishes have been traduced most foully.”

“You suspect Nigel of forging the new will?”

I nodded. “William was in fine health that afternoon. We had... marital relations, you see. I can attest he was ever so fit for a man his age.” I took up Mr. Calthrop’s hand, and clasped it to my heaving breast. “I would do anything to have justice for William.”

His cheeks reddened. "I... I would do anything to help you."

"Oh, Mr. Calthrop." I kissed his fingers. "Will you?"

"Oh Mrs... . I mean Phil. You have bewitched me. I would do anything." A shadow of doubt then crossed his adoring countenance. "But it will be difficult," he said cautiously. "And not without risk."

I sighed pitifully. "Of course." I put his hand back in his lap and patted it. "I understand if you cannot help me."

"I didn't mean I wouldn't," he said urgently. He grasped my hand again and squeezed it tightly.

I kissed his inflamed cheek. "I knew I could rely on you. May I demonstrate my appreciation?"

"What... what do you mean?"

I pressed my hand against his crotch. The lump there was hard, and substantial. In the short time we had been together, and at my behest, William had taught me much about pleasing a man. I had been young and lusty, but wholly ignorant of the joys of the flesh.

"Oh, my dear lady," he sighed, and covered my face in kisses.

I soon had the Calthrop's cock out of his pants. It was smaller than Williams, both in length and girth, and his ball sack was tighter, no doubt due to his youth.

"Will you do it, Mr. Calthrop? Will you search for the other will?"

"Oh, yes, dear lady. Depend upon it."

I bestowed its swollen head with a kiss, and in his exuberance, Mr. Calthrop pushed my head down so that the full length speared its way down my throat. I gagged, which urged him to further extreme actions. I suffered a few moments of frantic thrusting before I lifted my head away. In one flowing motion I hitched my skirts around my waist and sat on his lap. He had the presence of mind to insert himself into my shamefully wet cunt.

I rode him like a jockey for only a few moments before he groaned as if in pain, and erupted inside me.

William, please forgive me, but I'd not gained the pleasure you had so often given me, so I continued my gyrations with renewed vigour until his cock hardened, and he gave one great upwards thrust. That was enough to break that exquisite tension. My climax was breathtaking.

I won't dwell on our mutual embarrassment. Suffice to say he left after I promised more of the same, and he ardently swore to search for William's lost will, and prove Nigel's was a forgery.

Tilley gave me a disapproving frown. "Will he do it, ma'am?"

I shrugged. "If Mr. Calthrop fails, then the lusty Inspector Knightly may yet come to our deliverance."

The handsome young inspector has been another of the buzzing bees, and with his help I'll see Nigel hang.

Forgive me, William, but if I must seduce everyone in the parish to avenge you, then I will.



**Cressida's Betrayal (Empire of the Sky 2)**  
*A Steam and Spells Steampunk Adventure*  
**Cressida's Betrayal (Empire of the Sky 2)**  
**Mikala Ash**

Things are going well for Cressida. Egged on by Marjorie, the spirit who has taken shelter in her mind, Jacob proposes marriage as they flee the moon and its goblin king. However bigger things are at stake, and their mission to save all of humanity is jeopardized by mistrust and magical chicanery. Sexual energy flares as the danger to the empire overflows in an orgy of lust and violence. Can Jacob and Cressida's love survive?

## Cressida's Betrayal

**Mikala Ash**

**An Authorized Excerpt**

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**December 1865 -- Earthbound**

Making love in the absence of gravity is a pleasure experienced by few. In this regard my beloved fiancé Jacob and I, and of course Marjorie, made full use of the three-day journey from the moon. Whenever the mood to clicket like a pair of foxes took us -- as it often did -- we'd strap ourselves into our cocoon -- the Lunarians' term for the soft woollen bag designed to keep slumbering space travellers from drifting about -- and had at it with unbridled enthusiasm.

We were not the only ones. The dozen or so "marionettes" -- as Jacob termed the human bodies possessed by the spirits of goblins -- also took every opportunity to experience the joy of sex. In their natural form, the small leathery-winged creatures, which resembled the ugly statues of gargoyles, were denied by their nervous systems the ability to derive pleasure from copulation. For them, the act of coitus was simply a procreational chore, and so the ecstasy of sexual intercourse that the human body provided was to them as addictive as laudanum is to opium eaters.

Thus, the mid-section of the ship presented a scene straight from a nightmare. Cocoons bolted to the metal wall jostled their neighbours as they twisted and bucked like angry caterpillars. The contortions were accompanied by a discordant symphony of grunts, groans, and ultimate cries of climactic release.

I blush to recall that Jacob and I were no different. I was in seventh heaven with his cock relentlessly sliding, piston-like, in and out of my accommodating quim, causing my heart to gallop and my breathing to quicken into ragged gasps. I wasn't alone, of course. Marjorie was enjoying it as well, albeit deep inside my head.

Oh, his cock is so very hard, she bellowed.

She didn't have to tell me that. I could feel every inch of his rigid shaft stretch my tight fleshly sheath. Having a ghost possess me had added a new dimension to the constant monologue people conduct with themselves in their heads. Marjorie knew my thoughts before I could even express them to myself, and she had access to all my memories as well. The most amazing fact of her residency in my mind was that she could "feel" everything I did, from stubbing my toe to the ecstasy of sexual climax, and everything in-between.

Marjorie could also massage my body from the inside, as it were, stimulating my nipples and nub, and creating the sensations that Jacob would make with lips, tongue, fingers, and cock. She was thoroughly enjoying her demise, making liberal use of this ability, and wasn't a passive member of our unconventional ménage which united the living and the dead.

I'm not dead, she would protest. Just misplaced, and very grateful I found you.

Murdered while she was a virgin, Marjorie's spirit had, for some unknown reason, been irresistibly drawn to me, and had possessed my body to alert Jacob and I that her corpse had been stolen from her grave. Marjorie's body was now possessed by a goblin who named herself Esther. One of our goals once on Earth was to return Marjorie to her rightful home. We were confident that I could perform the swap, as I had successfully done the same for Jacob in the chamber of the dead on the moon.

That Esther was writhing in ecstasy in the cocoon next to us, being ploughed enthusiastically by her so-called husband Warrick, both angered and intrigued her. He's fucking her now, she said bitterly. I wonder what his cock feels like.

"Ugh!" I groaned, as much in disgust on her behalf as from the jolt of Jacob's thrust. A half dozen followed, and my rising excitement was reflected in the increasing cadence of my whimpers and moans.

Jacob paused, his body tensed, but not from imminent climax.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Something's changed. I'll have a look."

Now that we were not wholly engaged in pleasure, I noticed that the previously

muffled grunts and groans were no longer stifled, but clear as a bell. I lifted Jacob's arm so I could see out of our woollen shell. The agitated caterpillars, not content to remain in their cocoons, had erupted like butterflies from their chrysalides. With no gravity to keep them to the floor they twisted and tumbled through the air until the space became a mass of undulating human flesh. Jacob and I remained inside our woollen bag. The thought of intimacy with stolen bodies repelled us.

I shuddered at the memory of fucking the king of the Lunarians, Mon Ison, and his concubine Gloria, but that had been in the cause of buying time and favour till our escape. I had only suffered the act by imagining I was making love to Jacob and Marjorie.

My memory of that awkward situation was suddenly interrupted by our cocoon being ripped open, and before I could react, Jacob and I were separated by gentle but insistent hands. In an instant Esther was kissing Jacob full on the mouth.

[Buy Link -- Cressida's Betrayal](#)

## 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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