

Soundwave's Submission

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Soundwave's Submission

Soundwave pulled down the short excuse for a skirt. As the fabric covered the top her thighs, cool air brushed against her ass. Fuck. With her hands tied together in front of her, there was no way to hide her exposed flesh.

She held her head down like all the other women chained to her. But unlike those mousy rebels, she took stock of everything they passed. This was the biggest ship she'd cataloged so far. From the way everyone saluted the guy on top of that raised platform, he had to be the leader of the invasion. Good to know.

"You there, stop."

The clone pulling them along halted. Soundwave crashed into the woman in front of her. Her feet slipped and she barely kept from falling on her ass. She righted herself quickly.

The guard saluted. All the clones looked identical. Muscular builds, bodies any woman would kill for, but no face. Each clone wore a metal mask that hid everything but his eyes. No lips, no hair, nothing to distinguish one man from another.

The platform lowered. Most of the women shuffled away. She didn't. Not an inch. She needed to get a good look at the guy in charge. Find something distinguishing about him. Later if she took him out the others would be disorientated, giving the rebels a chance at victory.

"Unhook that last one." The head clone pointed at her.

"General Pane. They have not been prepared. If you'll wait just an hour we can clean her for you."

The condemning tone to the guard's voice made her gnash her teeth. Clean? Clean? If she weren't undercover she blast him until his flesh ripped \$clean from his bones.

"I will clean this one myself."

Soundwave kept her head down. She knew anger would be blazing in her eyes. \$Avoid all eye contact. Keep looking at your feet.

Another clone unhooked her chains and pulled her down several corridors. He moved so quick she lost her sense of direction. Well, this mission would still be considered a success if she could confirm the identity of the person in charge. General Pane.

"That's all. You may leave," the general said to the guard.

The man dropped her wrists as if they were on fire and saluted before practically running from the room.

"You might as well quit pretending. I know you're not an average rebel."

Soundwave's head snapped up. How the hell could he know that?

Purple eyes were the first thing to strike her with him this close. She'd never seen eyes like that before.

"Not even close to normal." He took a couple of steps toward her, never dropping eye contact.

\$Fuck. He wasn't supposed to know about her this early. That would be a big blow to the resistance. She was supposed to be a surprise. A big blasting, death staring you in the face surprise.

The fingers on one hand elongated and thinned into a blade. She fought hard to keep her breathing even. Why had no one elected to tell her about this? Body morphing. Shit. Clones who could body morph. No wonder the damned rebels had eagerly accepted her outrageous fee.

"The majority of the rebels keep their heads down. They ignore their surroundings. And there is a slump to their shoulders that screams" he inhaled a deep breath and leaned in close to her, "surrender."

Surrender to him? Never.

"But you. You hold your shoulders up high. Your eyes are taking in everything." He backed her up against a metal chair with a tall back.

The metal seat bit into her leg. She sat down before she fell over the damn thing. The second he touched the chair, metal cuffs snapped around her arms and legs. The back of the chair slipped down laying her flat on her back. Son of a bitch.

"Now to clean you up."

She strained against the metal restraints. The man walked around to a chest at the foot of the bed and took out a jar full of amber colored liquid and a black towel. Soundwave thrashed about as he approached her.

"I would stop struggling if I were you."

"Fuck off," she gritted through clenched teeth.

"I really wouldn't move if I were you."

Soundwave instantly stopped struggling. She couldn't miss the small chuckle that escaped his lips. What she wouldn't give to blast him through the fucking wall. He dipped the knife down and ran the smooth blade along the outside of her thigh then up and underneath her skirt. With a quick flick the fabric split. He reached around and pulled it from underneath her. Her bra was next. "Beautiful."

A small piece of her treasured the compliment. The other ninety nine percent itched to knock that smile off his face.

"Don't move." He bent down and grabbed the jar then twisted the top off and poured some of the liquid onto her sex. He set the jar on the floor then rubbed the liquid into the hair covering her cunt. The smell of honeyed almonds shifted through the room.

Liquid pooled in her core. The need to clench her thighs together and squeeze her clit was almost overpowering. Whatever that shit was it was sending her over the

edge. Just as she started to get used to the heated sensation she felt his knife against her flesh.

The cool blade pressed against her skin and cut through the liquid and the hairs covering her pussy. A burning sensation ignited along the newly exposed skin. Like fire and gasoline. It burned. Not a painful burn but one that spiked the sensations flooding her pussy.

“Like that? Then you’ll love this.”

He proceeded to make several quick swipes that kept her teetering on the edge of the orgasm.

“You will not orgasm until I tell you.” He stopped moving against her flesh. His normal hand grabbed the towel and wiped the liquid from his blade and then wiped the concoction from her skin. His fingers touched the chair and it moved, sitting her upright. The restraints snapped open and she closed her legs. Bad idea. The heat of her clenched sex reactivated the liquid with a vengeance. It was hot. Too hot. She needed to wash that shit off, now.

“Where are you taking me?”

“To a bathing room.”

Fine. She was onboard for that. He marched her over to a wall, pressed his hand to a scanner, and walked her through a doorway. The bathroom was just as stark as the room they’d just left. He marched her over to a large shower, switched it on, and pushed her inside.

She used her hands to quickly wash the liquid off her smooth skin, but even that didn’t help. The remnants seemed to feed on the heat of the water. Damn it. She needed to come and come now. She slipped her fingers through the lips of her sex, tracing back and forth across the tip of her clit. A quick pinch of the sensitized nub sent a jolt racing through her.

The shower shut off and the steam slowly fell to the floor. The walls of the shower were transparent. The general was watching her. She didn’t miss his erection or

the downward slide to his lips. Fuck him. She wasn't into sexual frustration. Especially when she was so close and her fingers could get the job done.

Looking into the eyes behind the mask she continued to stroke herself. Up and down. A small pinch. A tug. And within a few short moments her body jerked with needed release. As the last tremor raked her, she slumped against the wall of the shower.

The general snatched the door open. "I told you not come without permission. You will be punished."

Punish her? Hell, he'd stood there and watched. If he'd wanted to stop her, he could've opened the door. But no. His fingers wrapped around her arm and he dragged her back to the other room.

Outside the window a triangle of Grivines, large bat like creatures, flew by. She was done here. There was no more she could learn from him. With a quick twist she broke his hold and raced to the window. She blasted it with a high-pitched scream, breaking the glass before she dove off the ship.

She called to the Grivines to save her. As one wrapped its talons around her, she looked to the ship. The general was bending out the broken window looking at her. She gave him a quick salute before directing the animal to her home base.

She wouldn't forget about this little episode. Oh no. She had no doubts she'd run into the general again. And when she did, he would be sorry. Really fucking sorry.

To Be Continued...

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