

# **Greenville Breeder**

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My name is Dr. Amie Hargrove and on December 31, 3165 I became the first human to successfully travel through time in a machine of my own creation. And yet, my world-altering accomplishment went unrecorded – not because no one cared to bear witness, but because I kept my invention and trips to the past a secret from the world for fear it would either be stolen by the government, or by those that would use it in an attempt to change the past in unimaginable ways.

During my test flight, I travelled back more than 330,000 years and experienced life amongst our primitive cousins – learning their way of life and struggles for myself. Fascinating beings, primitive humans. Although I can appreciate what they did to keep the species alive and thriving, I'm glad I live in a more enlightened day and age where women are treated as equals and not just objects to mate with. Plus, I'll never again underestimate the awesomeness that is indoor plumbing. But after a month it was time to move on.

After primitive man, I travelled to ancient Rome to the time of Caligula and witnessed first-hand the insanity within the mad man's soul. I speak from personal experience and authority when I say the orgies he held are every bit as true as rumor and history tells us. Though vastly superior to primitive man, the women of ancient Rome were still treated as second-class citizens and I did things at that party I had only seen or heard of in the kinkiest of porn. Did I regret it? Not for a second.

Stepping into my TARDIS – named after the time machine used in the ancient earth program Doctor Who, I shut the door and turned my attention to the dials that would set the date, time and location of my choosing. I set the controls for the Château de Lacoste in Paris, July 15, 1764 and threw the lever.

“I thought the Marquis De Sade was too kinky for you?” the computer said with a snarky tone.

“That was before I went to Caligula's party,” I replied. “Nothing like a hard spanking and double fisting to open one's mind to kinkier things.”

“De Sade is not one to take lightly, Dr. Hargrove. He lived a very libertine lifestyle and did not hesitate to treat both men and women in brutally sexual ways.”

“Are you trying to talk me out of going?”

“We're already there,” the computer replied “but I advise you to pick someone else. You should know that he was not above poisoning those he abused, and would even make incisions on bound prostitutes and pour hot wax into the wounds. Do you really want to subject yourself to such tortures?”

“Well, since you put it that way, I suppose you're right,” I sighed. “Alright, whom do you suggest I visit?”

“I thought you made this time machine to learn about the past, not to go on sexual adventures?”

“Why can't I do both? You know what, forget the past, why don't we take a trip to the future instead?”

“I cannot tell you anything beyond the date we first left as the future has not been written yet.” the computer explained.

“Understood. How far do you think we can go?”

“As far as you wish, but why mess with the uncertainty of the future when there's so much to visit in the past?”

“It’s the uncertainty that intrigues me,” I replied as I reset the dials to the same date, but in the year 5437 – more than 2,000 years into my future.

“Then there’s the very likely chance that we’ll materialize in a billion trillion atoms,” the computer added just as I was about to throw the lever to get us underway again.

“Oh for the love of god!” I exclaimed.

“You’re the one that built this contraption so don’t go blaming me for its shortcomings! The future is unwritten which means it doesn’t exist yet. It’s possible we’ll arrive safely, but it’s equally likely that we won’t. Why are you seeking historical perverts anyways? You know you can go anywhere in the past and get your kink on without anyone being the wiser, right?”

“It’s not just about getting my kink on,” I said rolling my eyes. “It’s about meeting historical figures.”

“Right,” the computer said sarcastically. “Is that why you spent a month being bred by the Kinkari? Or why you participated in one of Caligula’s orgies?”

“A woman has needs, you know. That’s something a computer simply can’t understand.”

“There are men in your own time. And women since you like that sort of thing.”

“That sort of thing? You make it sound like I’m committing a sin. I’ll have you know there’s absolutely nothing wrong with being with someone of the same sex.”

“I never said there was. I was only stating since you like both sexes, you can find them in your own time period.”

“True, but that would defeat the purpose. I can have sex with people of my own time anytime I want, but I’m the only person in the history of the world that can have sex with anyone at any point in time. Just think of it. I could bare the children of history’s greatest heroes, or most infamous villains. I can see things scientists have only guessed at and learn the truth of how the universe works.”

“And yet you only go back to have sex. This feels more like a sex machine than a time machine.”

“No, you are a time machine. I’m the sex machine,” I said with a smirk. “Now, can we get underway already?”

“Just as soon as you input a time for me to travel to.”

Giving the chronometer a spin, I let it go for several seconds and then stopped it by slamming my hand down on the rapidly rotating dials. “There, we’re going to July 19, 2396. Is that good enough for you, or are you going to argue with me about that date as well?”

“No arguments from me.”

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When the TARDIS landed I turned on the view screen and looked out at a forest in bloom. “Where are we?”

“Exactly where we are supposed to be.”

“Then where is everyone? Where’s the city?”

“Apparently it doesn’t exist in this time period. Give me a moment to access local databases.” After several minutes the computer once again spoke. “We are currently three miles outside the city of Greeneville. The date is July 19, 2396 and it is currently 3:16pm and the temperature is 87 degrees Fahrenheit.”

“Anything of significance happen on this day in history?”

“Nothing of importance in this part of the world.”

“Can you synthesize an outfit for me please? I’d like to get into town before nightfall.”

“Job done,” the computer answered far too quickly for it to have actually done anything.

“Um, you didn’t make anything. Care to try again?”

“I made you exactly what the locals are wearing.”

“You didn’t make anything.”

“Exactly.”

“You mean to tell me that everyone is running around nude?”

“This is the end of the twenty-fourth century. Since your history is rusty I’ll remind you that this was the era of nudity that lasted from 2357 to 2419. All records indicate that the only people to wear clothes during the warmer months are menstruating women and since it is not your time of the month I did not make you any clothing.”