

Museum of Sex

Alexis Alexandra

~ ~ ~

Museum of Sex

Copyright© 2016 by **Alexis Alexandra**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10

And now for the moment of truth. The moment I've been waiting nearly four years for, the moment I learn if all my hard work will pay off or not, Hannah thought as she stared at the compact wrist device laying on her lab table – the culmination of hard work, dedication and too many nights spent alone in the confines of the state of the art lab hidden deep under her newly built house. A house she could afford thanks to the very contraption she now hoped worked. Or rather its predecessor which now sat empty and alone in the corner covered with a tarp to keep the dust from piling up.

Taking a deep breath, holding it until her lungs burned and letting it out slowly, Hannah turned the device on and waited impatiently for it to go through the three minute boot cycle.

“Hello Hannah, how may I help you today?” a woman’s voice said from the device.

“Oh thank god you work!” Hannah sighed in relief. “Or at least you turned on. That’s a start, right?”

“Nowhere better to start than the beginning.”

“Do you know your name?”

“My name is Willow.”

“And do you know what you are?”

“I’m the time machine built by your mother and...wait, something is different. Everything looks...hold on a minute, what have you done to me Hannah? I warned you what would happen should you mess with my programming.”

“Mess with your programming?” Hannah mused. “Everything looks different because you’re no longer confined to that damned box. Four years of lost sleep, learning advanced physics and refining my mother’s equations has led me to Willow mark two. That would be you by the way. Do you remember our trip to fifty-one-oh-seven?”

“I do. As I recall you suffered some pretty serious wounds and began training yourself in all manner of kinks in order to prepare yourself for training as a sex slave, but you discovered your future and took it upon yourself to change it.”

“For the better I might add.”

“That’s for time to tell.”

“Do you remember me telling you I had a ton of ideas for upgrades?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you’ve undergone a whole slew of them. Not only are you more compact and portable, but your memory capacity has increased a hundred fold and I’m pretty sure I’ve done away with the causality problem that caused our rather bumpy ride into the future, or at least minimized it to the best of my ability.”

“But in order to do that you would have to know the future and program that into my...oh! I see. So you still possess all of time in your mind?”

“I do. And I’ve gotten much better at accessing and understanding it and you are the fruit of that labor. Are you prepared to go for a test run?”

“I advise setting me on autopilot in case something goes wrong and I explode, implode, or atomize in the time stream.”

“No can do. Unlike model one, you are symbiotic in nature which means you need a human host in order to function. And in this case you’ve been specifically designed to work for me, and me alone. In fact, if anyone even attempted to mess with that part of your programming everything is erased and you become nothing more than a fashionable cuff bracelet.”

“You would destroy me?”

“To keep you out of the wrong hands? You bet your electronic ass I would.”

“Thank you Hannah. It makes me feel so much better knowing you would not risk the timeline even for me. So, where would you like to go? Also, is the old me still functioning or have you cannibalized me for the upgrades?”

“The old you is still fully functional and may be used whenever my mother wishes to take you out again, but honestly, if this new you works as predicted then I plan on building one for her as well. Anyways, we’ll start with a simple jaunt to this exact spot on May twenty 2071. Engage.”

The crowded room faded into blackness as Hannah felt herself being torn apart and reassembled a billion, trillion times in a matter of the seconds it took for her to appear eleven hundred years in the past. Gone was the house, her lab and even the city – the latter not to be built for another three hundred and fifty years. Basking in the mid-afternoon sun, she slowly spun on her heels. “Willow, please confirm date and time.”

“According to satellite data, it is currently one-thirty-three on the twentieth of May, two-thousand-seventy-one.”

“Perfect. Please run a level one diagnostic on all systems.”

“A level one diagnostic will take approximately three hours to complete.”

“Take your time,” Hannah said as she unbuttoned her blouse and let it drop to the ground along with her bra.”

“Pardon me for asking, but what are you doing?”

“I’m stripping out of my clothes to have a little fun while you perform that level one diagnostic.”

“Fun? What manner of fun could you possibly have in the middle of an empty field?”

“I’ll give you three guesses but you’ll only need one.” Hannah’s skirt and panties joined the rest of her clothes and dropping onto her hands and knees. Reaching back, she tugged the massive plug from her ass with a satisfying grunt.

“Like mother, like daughter,” Willow said. “Is that the same plug you found in the fifty-second century?”

“One and the same. “As you can see it’s reached its full state of growth of fifteen inches long and five inches thick and I can take it like a champ.”

“So at least something good came out of that horrible time. Are you still drinking piss?”

“Like water. It’s become such a part of my daily routine I do it without even thinking about it. Now, you go ahead and run that diagnostic while I pleasure myself,” Hannah said as she rammed the enormous plug back into her now permanently gaping asshole. “Oh, and I should also note that you are made of the same nanotechnology as this plug. That’s how I was able to make you so compact.”

“You used future tech to build me? What in the hell were you thinking? Do you know how many laws you are violating right now?”

“Probably quite a few which is further reason I’ve gone to such great lengths to keep you secret and out of the wrong hands,” Hannah said as she pulled the plug out and rammed it in hard and fast.”

“What if someone breaks in and steals me or your research?”

“Photographic memory, remember? Everything is in my head with the exception of the most advanced calculations which I’ve written in a code only I can break. Now please be quiet so I can enjoy myself.”

An hour into fucking her ass, Hannah pulled the toy out, gave it a series of twists and strokes and watched as it shrank to half the girth and two-thirds the length – a trick she accidentally discovered one night while learning to deepthroat. Lying back on the cool grass, legs spread wide and bent at the knees, she shoved it into her pussy just as she felt a jolt to the clit. “Aghh! What the fuck was that?”

“Localized electric shock,” Willow answered. “How did it feel?”

“You electrocuted me!”

“Hardly an electrocution. Just a playful jolt to make the experience that much more exciting.”

“Since when did you start caring about my sex life?”

“I’m sorry, I thought you would enjoy it. I’ll never take the initiative again.”

“No, no, it’s okay. It just took me by surprise.”

“That was the point. Do you wish for me to do it again?”

“Yes, but don’t tell me when and only do it if we are alone. Is that understood?”

“Understood.”

Pushing the dildo pack into her pussy, Hannah closed her eyes and softly moaned as she reached climax. “Uuhhnnn...Aahhgghhh! Fucking fuck!” she exclaimed as another jolt ripped through her – this time from more than one location and deep inside causing her muscles to contract which in turn made the toy seem that much larger. And then her pussy felt fuller than it had ever been as the tip of the plug pressed against her cervix. What the hell is going on? How is the toy...aahhhh,” she moaned as her pussy was stretched open. Bzttt – another shock and while she held the base of the toy, the rest fucked itself with an up and down motion while growing nubs that massaged her g-spot.

“W-Willow? What...uhn...uhn...what are y-you doing?”

“I’m running a level one diagnostic as commanded.”

“To the plug! What...oohhh god that feels amazing! W-W-What are you doing to the plug?”

“Whatever do you mean?” Willow asked even as she randomly increased and decreased different parts of the plug while sending out ever-increasing electric shocks. The nubs grew longer and thicker while the shaft continued to fuck up and down – a new twisting motion added to keep thing interesting. And a few minutes later, unable to contain herself, Hannah squirted in the best orgasm of her life.

“What in the hell was that?” Hannah panted. “Tell me what you’ve done and how you were able to do it.”

“Well, remember how you told me I was symbiotic?”

“Yes.”

“It appears that our connection runs deeper than you probably imagined. I can sense what you are thinking, feel what you are feeling and used that you manipulate the toy to give you the maximum pleasure.”

“But how is that even possible?”

“We’re built from the same nanotechnology. Nanotechnology that is capable of interacting with each other on a molecular level. And since I am the brains behind this outfit – me and the nanotech that is, I am able to make them do all manner of interesting things. Was I out of line, Hannah?”

“No, no you were not. If anything you were directly in line. That was honestly the best fucking sex of my life. My pussy is a bit more stretched open that I would like, but I’ll live with it.”

“The dermal regenerators will fix that right up for you. I can take care of that horrendously gaping asshole for you as well if you’d like.”

“But it took me two years of constantly wearing the plug to get my ass to its current state!”

“So, you like having an asshole capable of housing a small family then?”

“Ha, ha very funny. But can take care of my stretched pussy for me. While my asshole is humiliatingly stretched, I’d like to keep at least one of my holes reasonably tight.”

“It’s really no problem to fix your asshole, Hannah. And besides, if I make it virgin tight, you can experience stretching it open all over again. No one would ever know what a true anal freak you are.”

“You raise a valid point, Willow. Very well, do it. Make my pussy and ass virgin tight.”

“I will begin the regeneration process once I’ve completed the level one diagnostic. Want to see something Else I can do?”

“Sure.”

“Watch your vulva.”

Sitting up, Hannah looked down at her pussy. At first nothing was out of the ordinary, but then she noticed a slight darkening in certain areas. Then lines formed. Darker. More pronounced by the second as letters and then words took form. And after five minutes her eyes went wide as she stared at a tattoo reading: FIST ME with an arrow pointing down. “How in the hell?”

“A simple pigment augmentation. Completely natural and reversible in minutes. Would you like me to get rid of it now?”

“Please do. At least until I stretch myself open again to be able to take something as large as a fist. I didn’t even feel any pain involved.”

“Of course not. By the way, I should also draw your attention to your left ass breast. And no, I will not remove it as it is what you are.”

Looking up, Hannah saw a new tattoo on her breast in the shape of a red ribbon with the words PISS DRINKING NYMPHO written across it in black. “You cannot leave that on me! Remove it at once!”

“No can do, Hannah. We are mentally linked, remember? And deep down, I can feel how much seeing it turns you on.”

“I can command you to remove it, you know.”

“But we both know that’s not going to happen, don’t we?”

“Yes,” Hannah said, lying back on the ground and looking up at the clear blue skies. “I think I’ve created a monster.”

“And you love it.”