

Pleasures of the Past

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Author's Note: All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.



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Chapter 1

Primitive Man

At precisely one second to midnight on December 31, 3165 the single greatest event in human history took place. It was such a momentous occasion that the entirety of mankind should have been celebrating its success. And yet, the only celebration taking place was the coming of the New Year. No one knew of the historic occasion because I did not tell them. Why should I? After all, it was my invention. It was the fruits of my labors - nearly thirty years toiling away in solitude to make it work. Thirty years of my life spent in my basement laboratory combing over every equation, discovering new laws of physics that were unknown to the world beyond the concrete walls of my home.

My name is Doctor Amie Hargrove and I've invented the time machine. I got the idea after watching an old British television show called Doctor Who. In this day and age where television was a thing of the past that only diehard antique collectors even cared about, I was an oddity. I actually watched the TV handed down to by my father. He had a vast collection of ancient movies and television programs from around the world, but Doctor Who was my favorite.

I watched every episode from the grainy black and whites of the 1960's that were nothing more than audio with a few images, to the last episode that aired one hundred and fifty years and twenty-eight incarnations of the Doctor later. It went down as the single longest running series in TV history, beating out its closest competition by more than a century.

My TARDIS - Time and Relative Dimensions in Space, was nothing compared to the Doctor's, but it was functional. And its chameleon circuit worked. Right now it was disguised as a fancy wardrobe sitting against the basement wall, but it could become anything I programmed it to be. It would blend in with the time and place of my choosing so as not to alarm the natives. Or at least that was the idea. I had tested out a few different designs that worked, but I had not taken it out for a spin yet.

Opening the door of the wardrobe I stepped into the control room. Sticking true to my favorite television show, I modeled it after the TARDIS of the 21st century - the one used by David Tennant to be precise, though mine did not need six people to operate it. I set the date for June 1, 338,000 BC and pulled the lever. While the rest of the world was counting down the seconds to the New Year, I was on my way through time.

I watched from the viewer as my basement gave way to dirt and rock as I moved backward through time. Faster and faster I went, the world around me changing quicker than I could follow. Thankfully I had plenty of onboard cameras and equipment to take care of that for me. Out of the entire history of time why did I pick that particular date? One, it was summer and the weather would at least be decent. And two, it was when the first true Homo sapiens walked the earth. Sure there were others far more ancient, but those of 338,000 years ago were the closest thing to the humans of today.

The TARDIS set down along a cliff face disguised as a boulder and I went about my initial scans for life. The environment was friendly as I knew it would be. My life-signs detector picked up two signals headed in my direction. Did someone see me arriving? I hoped not. In this primitive culture I would be as a goddess unto them. A compelling notion, but one I had to avoid at all costs. I had no idea if my even being here would disrupt the future or not and I certainly

wasn't going to find out by doing something stupid. At least no stupider than travelling back in time 341,000 years.

It did not take long for the sensors to pick up two men headed in my direction at a jog. They were tall, well-muscled with scraggly black hair and beards to match. The only thing sort of covering their modesty was a skirt made from animal hide, the front of which bounced up and down with every step giving me a spectacular view of what they were packing underneath. I smiled in spite of myself. Primitive man, it seemed, was a well-endowed species. The spears they carried were sharpened to a point at one end and stained with what I could only assume was the blood of countless meals.

Only guessing that the females covered their breasts, I quickly changed out of my normal clothes and into something similar to what the men were wearing. It wasn't exact, but it was close enough they shouldn't question it. I tussled my hair to give it the appearance of being unkempt and exited the time machine - giving the command for the doors to lock. The men would be on my location in minutes and I wanted to give the appearance that I got here first so I moved about a hundred feet away and crouched down low to the ground as if to watch the strange new boulder that appeared from nowhere.

The men jogged up to my left and stared. First at the rock and then at the cliff itself. They too crouched down, looking around as if on the hunt. Something moved along the cliff face and the men pounced. They were surprisingly fast as they scampered towards the cliff. One threw his spear. It struck a rock and fell to the ground. He grunted something unintelligible and ran to pick it up as the other gave him a toss. I spotted it then. A large cat - a cougar I think, slinking its way towards my ship. The spear struck it square in the side and it fell to the ground in a sickening thud. The men threw their arms in the air and declared victory.

I emerged from my hiding spot and slowly approached them. They paused, looking at me with confusion that turned to only what I could describe as lust as they looked me over from head to toe. There was some more grunting and pointing in my direction and I was suddenly very afraid of what they were thinking. I would have ran for the safety of my time machine, but they were standing ten feet in front of the door.

The two men pointed the spears at me and then to the ground several times before I got the idea. I dropped to my knees and put my hands up. That seemed to appease them for the moment and they cautiously approached me. They were grunting in their guttural language I did not understand and as my confusion grew, so too did their irritation. I think they were barking orders at me that I simply had no way of understanding. Unlike the Doctor's TARDIS, mine did not impart the ability to speak and understand every language. I learned a few dozen over the years, but primitive man was not one of them.

A spear tip pressed under my fur bra and lifted, exposing my breasts to the two men now smiling in triumph of another kind. My hands went instinctively to cover them, but the men were not having it and I was suddenly regretting not putting on panties. Not that it would have done any good. I was pushed over backwards and they were on me - their strong hands groping and squeezing me. I was flipped over and got an eyeful of erect cock as my fur skirt was lifted up and I was penetrated - taken as an animal by the two wild men.

I kicked and screamed at them, but my wails fell on deaf ears. I remember watching an ancient documentary on primitive man and taking women like this was what they did. There were no laws against rape, no rights of the women at all for that matter. In these primitive times it was take or be taken and as a woman it was my duty to be taken by as many men as possible in order to propagate the species. Well, not Well, not *my* duty per se, but that of women in general.

These brutes did not know anything else. I relaxed somewhat as the feeling of his large cock pushing ever deeper and harder into me began to feel rather pleasant. I expected the other man to ram his dick down my throat but he was content standing by watching. *Maybe blowjobs haven't been invented yet*, I thought as the man fucking me gripped my hips tight and grunted as he came inside of me.

I did not have long to wait to see what was going to happen next. One man pulled out and the other took his place. I decided to go with it in the spirit of research. It helped that it felt pretty damn good. Locked away in my basemen lab day and night gave me exactly no time for a social life. The last time I was laid was six months out of college so I was long overdue for some pleasure and these men were certainly giving it to me.

When the second man filled me with his load I thought it was over. I figured they would grab their kill and go back to whatever place they called home and leave me be. But that was not the case. The first man to take me picked up the dead cougar and slung it over his shoulder. The other man did the same to me and off we all went. While we walked, the man carrying me rubbed his calloused fingers along my dripping slit, pushing one or two in whenever it suited him. I moaned softly and enjoyed the ride.