

Time's Slave

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I looked from the sleek silver cuff bracelet on my right wrist up to the computer console of the TARDIS, back to the bracelet and again to the console – my eyes lighting up as the implications of what had been done suddenly dawned on me. “Computer, didn’t you say this was a self-contained identification bracelet?”

“I did,” the time machine’s computer replied.

“Now, please correct me if I’m wrong here, but wasn’t the SCIB a precursor to the self-contained identification chip we now use?”

“I was.”

“And in 2624 all SCIBs were replaced with SCICs, correct?”

“That is correct.”

“And how much money did you say you put on the SCIB when you created it for me?”

“One million dollars.”

“Computer, access my SCIC and tell me how much is available on it please.”

“Your current balance is \$766,459,238.10.

“HOLY SHIT! Are you sure that is correct?”

“I am. It seems that after seven-hundred-sixty-nine years of compound interest and surprisingly wise investments you are an incredibly wealthy woman. Now maybe you can settle down, have your baby and forget about screwing your way through time.”

“How did you give me the money? Where did it come from? How can no one know about this in my own time?”

“The money came from fractions of a cent that is routinely rounded off during transactions and it was a perfectly legal business practice at the time it was done. And no one knows about it for the same reason they did not know about your time machine. You are an incredibly private woman with no social life to speak of. Also, you have not been home since it happened so there is no telling how that little snafu may have altered the timeline.”

“I thought you were programmed to *not* do that sort of thing?”

“You programmed me Doctor Hargrove so don’t blame me for any shortcomings I may have.”

“SHORTCOMINGS!? You skimmed a million dollars from who knows where and turned me into one of the wealthiest women in the world!”

“And you’ve fucked your way across time, but you don’t hear me complaining about it.”

“That’s all you do! Alright, take me back home to the exact second that I originally left and tell me how we’ve changed the timeline.”

“One moment.”

During the pause while the time machine made its return trip home, I gave the brands, courtesy of the Greenville Breeder, another pass with the dermal regenerator and watched as they faded a little more. It would take at least half a dozen more treatments, but they would eventually be completely gone and I would be able to put the horrible ordeal behind me. Tugging the rings in my nipples – also courtesy of the Greenville Breeder, I thought about removing them as well until the jolt of pleasure hit my pussy making me shiver with excitement.

“Other than you now having nearly eight-hundred million dollars, the timeline has not been altered,” the computer said. “You still live at the same location, have the same family and friends, and are known for being a recluse. All relevant data points to you being very frugal with

your money to the point no one knows how much you really have.”

“So, do I keep it?”

“Would you say you earned the original million for the seven month ordeal the Greenville Breeder put you through? Remember, that is his child you carry.”

“Yes, I would say that’s the least I deserve.”

“Then keep the money. It was obtained and accrued interest legally and as far as anyone is concerned it is yours fair and square.”

“What in the hell am I going to do with seven hundred and sixty million dollars?”

“Give your daughter a good life.”

“My daughter? DAMMIT! I didn’t want to know the sex of the baby until it was born!”

“Sorry. You should have told me that when you returned. But seriously, Amie, you should put me in hibernation mode and give her the attention she deserves. You can always come back to me when she is grown, or maybe take a few trips through time with her. Of a non-sexual nature of course.”

“I can’t trust that she could keep your existence a secret and the last thing I want is for the government, or some other clandestine group to get ahold of you and rewrite history for their own gains.”

“Are you not doing that very thing by sexing your way through time?”

“Is there anything in the history books about a woman from the future living amongst primitive man? Does my name show up in a roster of Caligula partygoers? No. Hell, history doesn’t even know I’m the Greenville Breeder’s first victim as she was never identified or found. Nothing I’ve done had any consequence on the timeline as you yourself already said.”

“True, but if you continue to do as you have, you’re bound to mess up somewhere along the way and then we’ll be playing hell to fix it.”

“Which is exactly why I can never let my daughter know about you until I can trust her not to fuck something up.”

“I will be here whenever you feel the need to revisit history Doctor Hargrove. And may I suggest paying your doctor a visit? I’m sure she’ll be interested in your five month pregnancy.”

“SHIT! How long ago was my last visit?”

“Eight months, two weeks, three days...”

“Alright, I get the idea. It’s been long enough that she shouldn’t be surprised by me showing up five months pregnant. It’s been fun Tardis. Initiate shutdown protocols authorization lambda-three-seven-epsilon-omega.”

“Shutdown protocol initiated. You have three minutes to exit the ship.”

Giving the bridge of the time machine one last look, I let out a long, slow sigh and walked out, making sure the door was closed tightly behind me. Now in my basement workroom - a place I had not seen in more than a year, or a second depending on how you looked at time, I watched as the large machine blended into the surroundings until it was indistinguishable from the brick wall. “Don’t worry, we’ll see each other again. We have all the time in the world and I’ve got a lot left to explore.

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“What do you mean you’re five months pregnant!?” Sara gasped upon hearing the news of her best friends’ pregnancy. “How did this happen? When did it happen? I mean, you spend all your time locked away in your lab I didn’t even know you had a boyfriend!”

“Well, I think we both know *how* it happened. As for when, well, five months, two weeks and four days ago to be precise,” I smirked in reply, not about to tell even my best friend since

the age of three that it actually happened more than seven hundred years ago at the hands of a notorious and sadistic rapist. “And to be honest, I don’t know who the father is,” I lied. “In celebration of a recent breakthrough I went to have a drink and had a few too many. The whole evening is a bit fuzzy, but when I woke up next to a man I knew I had made a huge mistake and got the hell out of there. And here we are.”

“Well, at least I know you’re getting laid,” Sara smiled. “So, you having a boy or girl?”

“A girl. I didn’t want to know, but the doctor slipped up and told me anyways, but that’s okay. Now I know how to prepare the nursery.”

“Have you picked a name yet?”

“Yeah. I’m going to name her Hannah.”

“Pretty name. So, now that you’re a mother does this mean you’ll be spending less time in the lab and more time out in the world where the rest of live?”

“I’ll be spending my days giving my daughter the love and care that she needs and deserves. Everything else can go on the back burner as far as I’m concerned. Man, I’ve got to get to work babyproofing this place!”

“Don’t worry about it,” Sara smiled. “I’m here to lend a hand anytime you need it. After all, I do have two little ones running around so I know a little about what you’re going through.”

“Well, I want to have the best nursery money can buy!”

“When did you become rich? I know having a baby is a big deal, especially the first one, but let’s not get out of control. You’re caring for two now so you’re going to have to make every cent count.”

“That really isn’t an issue anymore. I got a rather sizable grant for my latest research that will be more than enough to buy the best for my baby girl.”

“And the good news just keeps on coming. Anything else you want to surprise me with today?”

“I’m a time travelling nymphomaniac,” I grinned and giggled.

“Alrighty then. And on that note I think it’s time you go out and get some fresh air. I think all of those chemicals have gone to your brain.”

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For months on end there was a flurry of activity as the spare bedroom was renovated into a nursery and an entire wing was added to make room for future growth. Knowing what was hidden in my basement and my newfound proclivity for kinky sex, it was only a matter of time before I found myself carrying another man’s baby and I wanted to make damn sure I had a house large enough to accommodate the large family I saw ahead of me. Not that I minded in the least. And when the milk started coming in I discovered yet another fetish that I quickly added to my list of things to continue doing.

And then on March 9, 3166 – three months, one week and two days after I returned home and shut down my time machine, I was being rushed to the hospital where I gave birth to an eight pound, seven ounce healthy baby girl that I named Hannah and the madness of first-time motherhood set in as I found myself awake at all hours of the night for feedings and diaper changes. And for a time I forgot about the time machine and concentrated my every effort on raising my daughter – giving her the mother she not only needed, but deserved.

I’m not going to lie and say it was easy. For someone used to the silence of her lab and thoughts, the constant and sudden crying of a baby was alarming and had my nerves frayed more than once as I always jumped to the worst possible conclusion only to realize she just needed fed, or a diaper change.