



Changeling
Encounters

Bred for Pleasure

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Bred for Pleasure (Terras Five)

Anne Kane

More than machine. Not quite human.

Caitlyn knows what the say about cyborgs -- *bred for pleasure, not for keeps.*

Damn the prophecy. Damn the future. They're got tonight...

Bred for Pleasure

Caitlyn stopped dead in her tracks to ogle the heavily tattooed guy lounging alone at one of the many tables. She did so love a man with tats. As he turned his head to stare up at her, she caught sight of the tell-tale mark on the back of his neck. Interesting. A Cyborg. Definitely a man, and yet not.

She tilted her head and gave him a slow, sexy smile. "I could use a guy like you." Her eyes dropped to his groin, leaving little doubt about exactly what she planned to use him for.

"You can use me any way you want, darling."

The big cyborg reached out with one arm and pulled her down onto his lap. The bulge at his crotch pressed against her thigh. That was a big bulge. A really big bulge. A shiver of lustful anticipation washed through her. "Promise?"

"Cross my heart and hope to get hit by a flaming meteor if I'm lying." The cyborg's eyes twinkled with mischief.

Since when did cyborgs have a sense of humor? Then again, when they were this yummy, a sense of humor was just the icing on the delectable package. Caitlyn felt the corner of her mouth curve up in a grin as she slid her tongue across her bottom lip. "Well in that case, it looks like it's going to be an interesting night for both of us."

"Excellent." His eyes darkened with lust as his mouth swooped down to engulf hers.

She opened her mouth wide as he scorched a kiss across her lips. Why pretend? It was obvious they both wanted the same thing. Sex.

Hot, sweaty naked sex with no strings attached. He was a cyborg. She was human. There wouldn't be any awkward questions in the morning, and definitely no long term complications. Everyone knew cyborgs didn't do relationships. Not long term, not short term and certainly not forever. On their

home planet of Terras Five, mating was strictly regulated and partners were assigned by the Central Ruling Committee based on genetic compatibility. Love matches were practically unheard of.

The kiss deepened, escalated into the scorching red-hot zone. He explored every inch of her mouth with lips and tongue and teeth, all the while fondling her breasts through the thin fabric of her dress. The man knew how to kiss. She'd warrant he could make her orgasm by his kisses alone.

Not exactly what she had in mind, though.

She struggled to free her mouth. Definitely not an easy task, when all she wanted to do was melt against him and keep on doing exactly what he was doing. She finally managed to gasp out a full sentence. "I have a room on the upper level."

He raised his head, looking puzzled. "And?"

She glanced pointedly around the dimly lit bar.

"Ah." His arms loosened just the tiniest bit, although she could still feel every inch of him pressed up against her. Not that she was complaining. "You wish to continue where we are not visible to other humanoids."

"Yeah." Not exactly the most enticing way to word it, but accurate. If she planned to bed a cyborg she couldn't expect flowery phrases.

And she definitely planned to bed... she frowned. "What's your name?"

The man surged gracefully to his feet without letting go of her. "Jakob. Yours?"

"Caitlyn."

"Nice to meet you, Caitlyn. You wish to continue this in your quarters?" Without waiting for a reply, he urged her toward one of the anti-gravity tubes leading to the upper levels. The narrow space gave her the perfect excuse to press up against him, rubbing along that delicious bulge. Stretching up on her tiptoes, she whispered in his ear, "I'm not wearing anything under this outfit."

The anti-grav kicked in and they shot upward at breakneck speed.

“Soon you won’t be wearing that outfit, either.” Jakob growled the reply out between clenched teeth just as the lift spit them out on the upper level. Without bothering to ask permission, he scooped her up in his arms. “Which way?”

“Left. Second to last door.” She’d never made it down that hallway so fast.

Jakob stopped in front of the door to her cubicle, and she reached out to palm the door lock. It slid open with a loud screech. Right. She needed to report that to maintenance. The cyborg slapped the control and it shut with an equally ear-piercing squeal.

Jakob loosened his hold, and she slid down his body until her feet hit the floor. Her dress, on the other hand, stayed right where it was, leaving her naked from the waist down.

Well, that wasn’t fair. Jakob still had all his clothes on. She reached for the fastening on his station suit. Less than five seconds later, they were both gloriously naked. Definitely an improvement!

Jakob’s mouth swooped down to retake hers as they stumbled toward her sleeping platform in one intertwined muddle of body parts. He thrust his tongue deep, sending darts of liquid fire dancing down her spine.

Caitlyn wrapped her legs around his waist as they sprawled onto the padded platform. She could feel the hard length of his cock pushing against the soft folds of her sex, and she moaned softly.

He replied with a strangled growl that rumbled from somewhere deep within him. “You okay?”

She nodded. Damn right she was okay. More than okay. She needed this. Needed him. Needed that long thick cock of his buried deep inside her, and the cyborg looked ready and able to deliver. He dipped his head, licking his way down her body, his tongue leaving a burning trail in its wake.

Caitlyn closed her eyes and gave herself up to the desire coursing through her. Her breath came in short pants as desire morphed into burning lust. Jakob’s

mouth moved over the sensitive skin of her belly, and she parted her thighs, silently pleading for him to hurry up before she exploded from the sheer heat generated by his touch. How long had it been since she'd dared to let a man touch her? Two moon cycles? Three? She'd been so scared of the foretelling of the priestess at the Blood Moon ceremony she'd been afraid to even look at a man with more than a glancing interest.

Well, no more. She was definitely not cut out for a celibate lifestyle.

Jakob's mouth covered her sex, his tongue swiping across her clit with just the right amount of pressure to send curls of heat pulsating through her, and she moaned in eager anticipation.

The lust, the need, blazed out of control as he feasted on her sex. Licking. Sucking. Nibbling. His tongue, thrusting deep inside her, sent her spinning over the edge as wave after wave of pleasure rocked her to the core. She held him close, arching her hips up against his face as she screamed her pleasure.

Waves of pleasure died down to ripples, and Jakob raised himself up over her to claim her mouth. She could taste her essence on his lips, the sensation incredibly erotic. He was far from gentle, but she could feel him holding back as if he were afraid of harming her with his enhanced strength. He'd obviously bedded a human female before, and the thought sent an unexpected pang of jealousy through her.

The swollen head of his cock pushed against the wet entrance to her sex, banishing any lingering thoughts and sending her libido into overdrive.

Damn. Is he this good or has it just been too long?

He thrust into her, burying himself balls deep in one long slide and sending intense pleasure pulsing through her. She closed her eyes and gave herself up to the heat of the moment. *Damn the prophecy. Damn the future.* This was now, and it felt so very, very good.

He nibbled her shoulder as he slowly withdrew and then thrust back inside her. She arched up to meet him, greedily capturing every last inch of his massive cock.

It was true what she said about cyborgs. *Bred for pleasure, not for keeps.*

She dug her nails into his back as his thrusts got harder, faster. She could feel her body tighten, hovering on the edge of orgasm. She tried to hold back, not wanting this to end.

He thrust again, his cock filling her, stretching her to the limits and stealing the very breath from her body as he came. The orgasm burst over her then, blasting through every nerve with the speed and strength of a locomotive. Her sex clamped down hard, pulsing around his shaft and milking every last ounce of pleasure.

Jakob collapsed beside her, his arms wrapped around her, still inside her and holding her tight as they both gasped for air. She opened her eyes to find him staring down at her, his eyes still dark with desire. They lay like that for an endless second before he asked the one question she had no intention of answering.

“Why are you afraid of me?”

Find the answers in *Running from the Cyborg* ([Terras Five](#)) by Anne Kane at changelingpress.com/anne-kane-a-116. Use the code “AnneKaneEncounters” for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from Anne Kane!