



# Changeling Encounters

*Custom Made*  
Terran Files #1  
*Echo Ishii*

**Encounter: Custom Made (Terran Files #1)**

**Echo Ishii**

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2019 Echo Ishii

**Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## **Custom Made (Terran Files #1)**

### **Echo Ishii**

Can space pirate Sarsa balance loyalty with lust? Or has she found both in an unexpected place?

## Custom Made

Sarsa was lying comfortable, half naked, on a towel across a sturdy table, getting the best massage of her life courtesy of XRX-23. His flexible fingers hardened and loosened in just the right places. Since her masseuse was an android, she felt certain he could keep this up all night. He could keep up a lot of things all night.

Sarsa let out a pleasant sigh.

They weren't alone. She had summoned several male captives for a critical examination. When you seized a vessel out in this remote sector of space, all the booty -- so to speak -- was yours.

The booty consisted of five tall, muscular males who now stood before her, glistening with sweat on skin that ranged from darkest black to brown to pale white. They wore only tight fitting workout briefs that left little to the imagination. Had their genetic breeding lines been stable, it was clear they would all be alphas. The proud set of the jaws, the hard eyes, and...

Sarsa took in a deep breath. The scent of an alpha. She felt it in her bones. The one with pale skin had flaming red hair with a thick blunt horn bursting out of the center of his forehead. One of the others entire head was bone, no hair at all. These men were considered laboratory mistakes, but Sarsa sensed a drive inside them.

Instinctively, she reached up, touched one of the horns springing out of her soft down of dark hair. Her delicate twists of horns were her pride -- the pride of all the genetically bred soldiers of the Terran Republic.

The Terran Republic which was now her sworn enemy.

"You have all done well," Sarsa said, resisting the urge to reach out and touch one of the muscular arms on display.

She'd always mated with the best, the powerful, the proven fighters. Sarsa sat up a little, expertly letting the towel slip and reveal one breast.

The mood in the room shifted. The males were all aware of her sex. All aware that one of them needed to gain favor over the others. The air was thick with sexual desire. "Dismissed," Sarsa said.

They left the room in a single file line, all stealing glances at her as they left. Good. Unfulfilled lust was the best form of control.

XRX-23 continued his ministrations on her body, working her back muscles, moving his liquid metal hands skillfully down her lower back, completely unaffected.

"Are you pleased with them, commander?" XRX-23 asked dispassionately.

"They have done well," Sarsa admitted. "The ship is up and running. We have evaded Terran Republic authorities."

"This sector of the galaxy is rarely policed."

She took in a sharp breath as XRX-23's translucent white synthetic hands reached around to cup her breasts.

"There are no rules to govern how we live our lives," XRX-23 said.

Sarsa gulped. There was a time when she would never have considered an android lover. But when she'd captured this ship, she found the previous captain's personal android and removed his compliance unit. In exchange for his gratitude, she had earned a few extras.

"What does my commander wish?"

"The full treatment," Sarsa said with a sly grin.

XRX-23 let go of her and stepped back. She turned to watch.

XRX-23 stretched out his arms and began to transform. The translucent skin filled with color, this time a deep, dark silver. The smooth, android face molded into arched cheekbones and a firm jaw. White hair sprouted out of his head and down until it reached his shoulders. The chest gained definition as his

abdomen shifted into well-defined ridges. The smooth android pelvis spread out into hips supported by strong legs and thighs. Sarsa bit her lip with excitement as a long, thick, ridged cock grew in front of her. She gave him an appreciative once over. Only the gold android eyes stayed the same.

He was Xerxes -- a custom made category five pleasure synth. Until she'd removed his compliance unit, she hadn't truly known what he was. Now only she knew the password for Xerxes' all access parts.

Xerxes approached her. Sarsa leaned her head back and sighed as he caressed the hard tips of her breasts. She let out a moan of pleasure. She bit down, loving the power of liquid metal fingers hardened and pinched her nipples. She gasped. It was one of the many unique experiences a pleasure synth offered. Different from the feel of skin on skin, but powerful on its own. She felt the wetness rise between her legs.

Xerxes pulled off the rest of her towel. He yanked down her panties as she lifted her legs. She lay back on the massage table, naked and willing. "I am ready to service you," Xerxes said.

Sarsa loved the sound of that.

Xerxes' firm hands spread her legs wide. He opened his mouth. A long, silver tongue snaked out of it, splitting in two. Sarsa squirmed in anticipation, but Xerxes held her fast. He knelt a bit lower, between her legs, and let the liquid metal tongues slip inside her womanhood. She gasped. The tongues thrashed inside her, tasting her. A brief flicker of shame at being taken this way passed through her. Sarsa tried to close her legs, but Xerxes forced them back wide.

His fingers pushed down deeper into her skin, gripping them like a vice. She squirmed, loving the harshness of his embrace. The silver tongues dancing inside her were pushing her towards her peak. She fisting the towel beneath her, instinctively jerked her hips up. No more shame. Only need.

Something grazed the side of her face. She saw threads of Xerxes' long white hair lengthen and harden into tendrils. Four tendrils moved across the

front of her breasts and down her stomach, leaving tiny sparks as they sent pulses deep into her skin. Sarsa cried out with pleasure. The tendrils struck against her with whiplike motions, deepening the pulses. She thrashed wildly as Xerxes' tendrils drifted across her body, a few lengthening to reach down to her thighs. Sarsa was so wet now it was almost unbearable. She was desperate to come, but knew Xerxes would never make it that easy. And she was hungry for him.

She felt another one of his tendrils lengthen, then harden, and snake around the top of her thigh. She struggled against the bed but she was held firm. She bit down on her lip, then sucked in a breath. "Please," she begged. Her ass clinched instinctively, even as she knew what was coming.

The tendril found the tiny, tender pucker. She whimpered as the tendril thrust in from behind. There was a brief moment of shock, a gasp so loud, her eyes teared up. She shook as the tendril expanded inside her. She was being sucked and teased simultaneously. Completely lost in the sensations.

Sex drowned out the nightmares. The accident that had shattered her body. The medics who had pretended to fix her but instead had altered her. Shaved her head. Given her a bar code. Used her as a lab rat.

She had slain them all.

Xerxes head was above her, looking down at her. The tendrils never stopped working her body and she was a sex driven mass of mewling and gasping.

"You are a true survivor, my captain," Xerxes said. He shifted his body above her. She was struck by the beauty of his artificial form, the silver skin and gold eyes that made her body race with desire. That gave her all this pleasure.

"I will never leave your side. We will find your enemies," he said with an electronic purr.

"And destroy them?" Sarsa whispered.

"Yes."

Xerxes pulled back all of his tendrils, one by one, leaving her body aching with lust. He was over her now, and she spread her legs in anticipation.

“A beautiful alpha female,” Xerxes said.

Sarsa felt a lump in her throat. She had endured so much. She’d become a pirate because she had to. Only Xerxes seemed to truly understand that.

“I was a fighter once. A legion commander. A leader,” she whispered, reaching up to run her hands across his face. The liquid metal skin dipped and shimmered under her touch.

“You are still a leader. And we will build our own legion.”

Xerxes ridged silver cock pushed inside her with such force she cried out. He settled into a rhythm of rough, hard strokes, letting her feel the ridges of his cock scrape against the wet walls of her pussy. It was pure ecstasy. Xerxes was relentless. He would never tire. He’d take her a dozen times if she needed. He might have been custom made for another, but deep inside, she knew he was custom made for her.

**Click here to preview more books by Echo Ishii:**

**<http://www.changelingpress.com/echo-ishii-a-201>**

**Use the code “EchoIshiiEncounters” for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from Echo Ishii!**