



Changeling Press

# Her Cyborg Captain

Terras Five

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*Changeling Press Encounters*

# Encounter: Her Cyborg Captain (Terras Five)

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## **Her Cyborg Captain (Terras Five)**

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**Keily wasn't looking for anything more than a one-night stand to take the edge off. What she found was the sexy Cyborg, Captain Ryker. Too bad she only had one night to spare, because Ryker was the kind of lover you could spend a lifetime getting to know.**

## Her Cyborg Captain

Keily let her gaze wander around the crowded bar. She felt restless, edgy, the way she usually felt just before she embarked on a new escapade. That's what her father called them. *Escapades*. As if standing up for the downtrodden of the universe was some sort of lark she'd get over when she got a little older. He couldn't understand how a daughter of a highly placed public official could flout the system just because a few thousand unfortunates had been abandoned to starve on a colony planet, or left without oxygen on a dying space habitat. To him, they were acceptable casualties.

To her, they were sentient beings with feelings, and hopes and dreams. They didn't deserve to die. Tomorrow, she would fight for them again. Tonight, she needed to get laid.

A tall man in a Terras Five Captain's uniform caught her eye. *Cyborg*. She licked her lips appreciatively. Cyborgs were said to be excellent lovers, and their breeding program guaranteed they were in amazing shape.

As if sensing her thoughts, the male turned his head, looking directly at her.

Bonus. A handsome Cyborg with an impressive six-pack straining beneath his uniform. She let her gaze slide lower, to the even more impressive bulge at his groin. *Oh, yeah*. Exactly what she needed tonight. She let an inviting smile play across her lips as she raised her glass to acknowledge him.

The Cyborg turned in her direction, making it clear she'd caught his attention.

Good. She only had tonight, she didn't have time to play games. She took a sip of her drink, then lowered the glass and ran her tongue around her lips in a blatantly seductive gesture.

The Cyborg put his drink down and strode toward her. Anticipation set a flight of butterflies loose in her belly. She took another sip of her drink to calm her nerves. This wasn't the first time she'd cruised a space station bar for a hookup, but it was the first time she'd set her sights on a Cyborg.

He could pass for human, no problem. So long as the human was in peak physical condition, on the large side, and had a sexy grin on his face that promised all sorts of naughty fun. Yeah. Sure he could.

Reaching her side, the Cyborg took the time to run his gaze slowly over her, from the tip of her head to the tips of her open-toed sandals. He obviously liked what he saw. "My name's Ryker. Can I buy you a drink?"

She picked up her glass and tossed the remaining liquid down in a single gulp. "You could. Or we could just skip the bullshit part. I have a room booked in the back."

His eyebrows shot upward. "Works for me, but I'm surprised. Usually, human females require more convincing."

She shrugged. "I ship out in the morning, so time is in short supply. I know what I want, and you look like you can deliver."

"Just to be clear, you wish to be pleased?"

She nodded. "That's putting it nicely. I want to get laid, and I expect it to be extremely pleasurable. For both of us."

"In that case..." Ryker gestured for her to precede him. "Let us retire to this room you have booked."

Keily hopped off the barstool and led the way to one of the many small cubicles in the back. They were designed for travelers needing a place to sleep before they caught a connecting flight, but they were perfect for her purpose.

Entering the passcode, she waiting for the door to slide open. Ryker crowded close behind her in the narrow hallway, and she could feel his hard cock pressing against her back. *Ready to go.* She liked that in a bed partner. No need to waste time getting him in the mood.

As soon as the door opened, Ryker scooped her up in his arms and crossed to the sleeping platform. Tossing her on the soft surface, he stepped back and stripped off his uniform. She stayed still for a moment, mesmerized as his perfect body emerged from the pile of clothing landing at his feet.

He turned his gaze on her, lust burning behind the deep blue of his eyes. "Strip!"

Right. Cyborg males were bossy. Oddly enough, that just made her hotter, especially with that delightfully hard cock pointing straight at her. She quickly complied, tossing her clothing to the floor.

Ryker tilted his head to study her. "Last chance to back out."

She shook her head slowly from side to side. "Not a chance." She wanted this. She wanted him.

"Good." He pounced on top of her with the supernatural speed of his kind. Lowering his head, he scored his teeth across one nipple, chuckling as she gasped at the sudden sensation. Sucking it into his mouth, he proceeded to feast on the sensitive skin.

Keily writhed under his attentions, arching her back to press her breasts up into his face while he laved them with his tongue. He knew just where to touch, where to lick, where to press to send darts of erotic heat lancing through her. Moving lower, he explored the curve of her hips, the slight swell of her tummy, and the smooth expanse of skin leading to her thighs.

Keily let out a soft moan when he ran his tongue over her bare mound, probing the soft folds of skin guarding her pussy. He used his fingers to part her labia, and then paused for a moment, turning his head to meet her gaze.

She tried to speak, to voice how amazingly aroused she was, but words escaped her. She let out a low whimper and watched the understanding on his face. He knew the effect he had on a female.

Lowering his head, he scraped his teeth across her clit, causing her to gasp and grab his head with both hands. He slid his hands beneath her curvaceous ass, tilting her to give himself better access while he fastened his mouth over her pussy and stabbed his tongue deep.

Keily bucked her hips, her fingers clenched tight in his hair as he proceeded to devour her. Soft mewling sounds escaping her as her lust spiraled out of control.

He slipped one finger inside her tight entrance, scoring it down the walls of her pussy. Keily rewarded him with a soft moan, her hips moving in a timeless rhythm as

he thrust the finger in and out of her slick depths. Just as she felt her climax building to a crescendo, he bit down gently on her clit, ramming two fingers deep.

The dual sensation sent her rocketing over the top, her climax more intense than any she'd ever felt before. Her pussy spasmed, clamping down on the invading fingers as if trying to keep them from leaving.

"Thatta girl, ride them." Ryker ran his tongue gently over her clit, causing her climax to crest again, sending more waves of intense pleasure washing through her. When she could finally focus, she opened her eyes and stared at him. She could feel a lazy smile tease the corner of her mouth. "Not bad, for a Cyborg. Not bad at all. You definitely live up to the hype."

Ryker pulled his fingers out of her sex and lifted them in front of his face, keeping eye contact. "What makes you think I'm finished?" Opening his mouth, he slowly licked her juices off each one. Darts of pure erotic desire washed through her, sending her body into overdrive as he deliberately teased her, flicking his tongue out to catch a stray drop.

Pulling himself up, he straddled her and fisted his hand around his cock. Keeping eye contact, he slowly stroked that massive shaft, pausing for a second and then doing it again.

Impatience and a raw hunger tinged her voice. "I want you inside me. *Now.*"

Ryker let a dark grin curve his lips. "I know. And I intend to ride you until you beg for mercy. Need to uphold the Cyborg reputation after all. " He aimed the swollen head of his cock at her pussy lips, nudging the soft folds aside.

She returned his grin with the most sensuous smile she could muster as she reached up to wrap her arms around his neck. She pulled his head down to whisper in his ear. "That could be a very, very long time."

With one powerful thrust of his hips, Ryker seated himself balls-deep inside her. An involuntary gasp escaped her lips at the invasion. The man knew exactly what she wanted, what she needed. No soft cloying whispers or featherlight caresses.

He settled into a slow, steady rhythm, shafting her time and again while she writhed and moaned beneath him, needing more. "Faster. Harder!"

She was insatiable, but Ryker was just as determined. He refused to pick up his pace. There was something dark and dangerous in his eyes as he stared down at her.

"Please," she gasped. He thrust harder, faster, until she felt another climax building where the last one had barely subsided. Her hips moved in sync with his, meeting him thrust for thrust until she felt her pussy clench tightly around him and a wordless scream tore from her lips.

Her gaze locked onto his as he rammed his cock deep one final time. Liquid heat raced through her as the mother of all orgasms washed over her -- wave after wave of pure primal pleasure that exploded in her and spread across every inch of her skin. Her pussy pulsed around him, milking his shaft for every last drop of his cum.

Ryker collapsed beside her, neither of them speaking as she struggled to draw ragged gulps of air into her lungs.

Damn, she'd never been so thoroughly, completely fucked before. If she were a settling down kind of girl, Ryker would be exactly the kind of guy she'd be willing to settle down with. Big. Strong. Capable. But more importantly, he'd taken the time to make sure she'd enjoyed their coupling as much as he had, if not more.

Unfortunately, she had an interplanetary shuttle to catch in the morning and by the time she finished her mission, Captain Ryker of Terras Five would be long gone.

**Author's note: Ryker and Keily meet again under very different circumstances in *Her Cyborg Captor* (Terras Five 7)**

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