Jaed
The Cyborgs Reborn Series, Book 4

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Chapter One

Jaed struggled to keep his balance as he shot the Taucet in front of him. He had hurt the alien, but the Taucet still shot back. Right when the pilot turned the small vessel to one side knocking him off balance. The shot hit him right in his chest and stole his breath away for long enough for the Taucet to approach him and shoot him again, this time in the head making his world go black.

Hannah heard the roar of a vessel flying by at high speed and shuddered with dread. It wasn’t the first time she’d heard them, but she hated it every time she did. It reminded her that the world was at war and that even her small refuge could be destroyed. Hiding under the safety of the tall trees, she looked up to the sky, not really expecting to see anything, the vessels were faster than sound.

But this time, she did see something; a man falling from the sky and landing just a few yards from where she was standing. Letting out a loud cry, she ran towards the
man, sure of what she was going to find, but unable to stay still when there was a tiny chance he was still alive.

It only took her a seconds to reach him, and for a moment, she thought she was looking at a Taucet since all she could see was the grayish skin on his back. But when she looked closer, she was able to see dark gray human hair, and she knew for sure, he was human.

Or at least, part human, she corrected herself when she carefully turned him around to check his vitals. Though she had never seen one in the flesh, she was sure she had a cyborg in front of her.

That simple fact increased his possibilities of surviving the fall, but when she saw the wounds he had on his head and his chest, she doubted he was still alive.

Feeling powerless, she leaned over and checked for a pulse on his neck. Miraculously, she was able to sense a faint beat. She knew moving him wouldn’t only hurt him more, but leaving him there with the storm coming their way, would certainly kill him.

Without wasting another moment, she rushed to her camouflaged cabin to get something she could use to drag him inside.

Next, to the door, she spotted the sleigh she used to gather firewood from the woods around her home and grabbing a blanket from the sofa, she returned to where
she had left him. He hadn't moved. Worried, she put the blanket on the sleigh and tried to pull him onto the sled.

He was incredibly heavy, more than a regular man and it took her several minutes of heaving to pull him onto the sleigh. Once she managed to get him on it, she covered him with the blanket and started pulling him towards the house.

The house was just a few yards away, but he was so heavy, the task was almost impossible. At some point, she slipped and fell in the snow, cutting her hand on a hidden rock, ignoring her injury, and continuing with her task.

She had to make a few stops along the way to catch her breath before she could finally pull him into the house.

Closing the door behind them, she left him there, while she went looking for her first aid kit, in her bathroom. While grabbing it from the cabinet, she noticed the blood on her hand and cleaned it as best as she could before she returned to her patient.

She didn’t know much about cyborgs or their self-healing processes, so she was unsure if should take him to a hospital. But according to the meteorologists, a powerful snowstorm was heading their way, and she would be unable to communicate with the rest of the world. It would be impossible to send for help up here or
to even take him to the nearest hospital. They would never survive the trip.

She would have to do her best and pray he didn’t die on her.

When she returned to where she had left him, she checked his temperature, wishing she knew more about cyborgs. He wasn’t freezing cold but seemed to be colder than a person should be.

Letting out a deep sigh, she decided to remove his wet clothes and pull him closer to the fireplace she had lit in the middle of the living room. That should be enough to keep him warm during the night.

There was blood all over him, so she worked as fast as she could, eager to clean up his wounds and cover them. She could tell most of his injuries weren’t from the fall, so she guessed he had been in some sort of battle. He had a huge laceration on the left side of his head and another one on his chest. Both looked terrible, and she was sure no human would have survived such wounds.

She cleaned him as best as she could before she focused her attention on his wounds. She used everything had available to make sure they were as clean as possible before she wrapped a bandage around them. Curiously, while she was cleaning the blood oozing from one of his wounds, she felt a strange tickling in her skin, especially when his blood, inadvertently, reached the cut on her
hand. She cleaned it up rapidly, but the tickling sensation remained for a long while.

To her surprise, she hadn't noticed any broken bones, which considering he had fallen from the sky was incredible. She remembered having heard they had metallic skeletons, but she didn’t know a metal that wouldn’t at least, get twisted after a fall like that.

After she bandaged him, she prepared a bed near the fireplace, with blankets and comforters and dragged him there. It was a strenuous task, and when she finally managed to put him on the bed, she paused, to catch her breath.

For the first time, since she had found him, she had the time to take a good look at him. The man was incredible. Close to seven feet, with a powerful muscled body, he was an excellent specimen of his race, despite his grayish skin and hair.

Chuckling to herself for her crazy thoughts, in a moment like this, she covered him with a blanket and let him get some rest. She prayed he would get better, though she felt she was asking for the impossible. There wasn’t much more she could do.

She picked up his dirty clothes and the blanket she had used to bring him to the house and cleaned the entrance. Outside, night had fallen, and the storm was making itself known.
Hannah checked her firewood supplies and secured the windows, closing the shutters, before she went to the kitchen to prepare something for dinner. Doubting her guest would wake up, she made a sandwich for herself and some soup for him, hoping she would be able to make him drink it.

She decided to bathe before she tried to feed him. Her clothes were still wet, and she needed to change into warmer clothes. After checking on her patient, she headed to the bathroom, unbuttoning her clothes on her way there.

She took a quick shower, not wanting to leave the man alone for long. She had no idea what kind of internal damage he had, and the last thing she wanted was for him to die by choking on his own vomit, or something of the sort.

She was brushing her long blond hair when she remembered the wound she had in her hand. Putting down the brush, she looked at her palm, frowning. There was no sign of the injury. Puzzled, she checked both her hands, but there was no trace of the deep cut she had sustained to her hand.

“Well, I guess I’m losing my mind,” she mocked herself, as she finished combing her hair.

Back in the living room wearing her coziest pajamas, she collected the soup she had prepared for her patient
and took a seat next to him, carefully sliding a couple of pillows underneath his head.

She took a syringe from the first aid kit and filled it with soup, carefully pouring it in his mouth. Fortunately, he seemed to swallow it, and she managed to give him about a cupful of soup. She didn’t want to give him much, in case he threw up.

Apparently, the bleeding had stopped, since the bandages showed no blood, and she sighed in relief, caressing his forehead, gently.

“You better get well, big boy. I’d hate to be wasting my time,” she warned him with a smile.

For a moment, she could have sworn he had furrowed his eyebrows, but she dismissed the idea as ridiculous. He seemed too hurt for that.

She prepared a bed for herself next to him, unwilling to leave him alone. Opening her electronic reader, she pulled up the book she had been reading. It was going to be a long night.

He didn’t move during the night. Hannah checked every two hours, making sure he was still breathing and that he didn’t have a fever, but it was as if he was in a self-induced coma. Perhaps, it was his way of healing the severe injuries he had.
Chapter Two

The following morning, he looked exactly the same, so she decided to give him some more soup, figuring he would need something to keep him going. She wished she had the means to administer an IV to him to give him some fluids, but she didn’t have anything like that in the cabin. As she lived alone, she didn’t think she would ever need it.

He ate a bit more than he had the day before and that pleased her, but his stillness still worried her. Even his chest barely moved every time he breathed.

She dedicated her time to her chores inside the house, always keeping an eye on him and making sure he was alright. Outside the weather was getting worst, which meant she would be completely isolated for a couple of weeks, at least. Of course, she had no place to go, but it worried her not being able to call for help in case the cyborg got worse.

The strangest thing was that he hadn't displayed the need for any bodily urges. Though she was happy he hadn't, it worried her a bit. It wasn’t very normal.
That night, she decided to check on his wounds and change the bandages. He hadn't shown any sign of a fever, but she wanted to make sure he was well as possible.

She first removed the bandage on his chest, and she had to blink a few times to make sure she didn't imagine things. The wound was practically healed. The huge laceration he had the day before, was now half its side and seemed to be healing perfectly.

Amazed, she cleaned it anyway and covered it with clean bandages, before she checked the one on his head.

It showed the same amazing recovery. The parts where the skin was fully recovered were starting to grow hair. It was unbelievable. She couldn't understand why the technology used on the cyborgs to make them this remarkable wasn't being used on humans. It would save millions of lives, she was sure of it.

She cleaned the wound and wrapped a new bandage around his head. The moment she was securing it to his head, a strong hand came out of nowhere and grabbed her wrist.

Startled, she looked at his face. He was awake and staring at her with his disturbing metallic gray eyes.

“Who are you and what are you doing?” he asked, in a harsh tone.
“My name is Hannah and I rescued you when you fell out of the sky,” she replied, in a calm tone. He looked disoriented and lost.

“When did that happen?”

“Yesterday morning. I brought you inside and cleaned your wounds as best as I could,” she explained.

He went silent for a few moments before he slowly released her hand. “Where are we?”

“Somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. There’s a storm outside, and I wasn’t able to call for help.”

“I see, can you help me get up? I need to use your bathroom,” he asked, trying to get up.

“I really don’t think that’s a good idea. I don’t know how high your fall was, but there’s probably some internal damage. You shouldn’t get up, I can bring you something,” she warned him.

“I’m fine,” he grumbled and tried to get up again, to no use.

She stayed in silence, waiting for him to give up. It didn’t take him much.

“Alright, bring me the damn thing,” he muttered, falling back on the pillows, exhausted.

She nodded and went looking for the clinic kit she had stored away somewhere. She had bought it for her father,
but he had passed away before she had been able to bring him back home.

She found it in the bathroom cabinet and handed the urinal bottle to him. He pulled the blankets away and, shamelessly used it, right in front of her.

Blushing at the sight of his huge manhood, Hannah turned around and waited for him to finish.

“I’m done, thank you,” he informed her.

She turned to look at him and grabbed the bottle he was handing her. His urine was darker than it should be and she looked back at him concerned. “Is this its normal color?” she asked him, with a slight frown.

He looked at it and shook his head slowly. “No, it should be a very light shade of yellow. I guess my kidneys are still affected.”

“You should be in a hospital. But there’s no way of taking you to the nearest one,” she explained, furrowing her eyebrows, worry displayed in her blue eyes.

“No, I don’t need a hospital, my nanocybots will heal me,” he assured her. “I just need some time,” he concluded, closing his eyes.

She disposed of the contents of the bottle in the bathroom and returned to the living room. “Well, darling, take all the time you need. We’re not going anywhere for the next few weeks. We’re surrounded by snow,” she replied, with a tremulous smile.
Suddenly, the idea of being locked up in a cabin in the mountains with a total stranger took an entirely different twist.

“Snow wouldn’t stop me,” he assured her, his eyes still closed.

“Well, I’m sure of it, after what I’ve seen, but right now, you’re in no condition to go anywhere.”

He scowled but didn’t refute her words. “Thank you for helping me,” he said, after a few moments of silence.

“Well, you fell out of the sky, right in front of me. It was a bit hard to ignore that,” Hannah teased him.

He chuckled. “Yes, I guess,”

“Are you hungry? You haven’t eaten much.”

“We don’t need much food, but yes, I could use some,” he admitted.

“I prepared some stew, would you like some of that?” she offered.

“Yes, thank you, that would be great,” he accepted. “I’m Jaed, by the way.”

“A pleasure knowing you, Jaed, I’m Hannah.” She stretched her hand, and he took it keeping it for a bit longer than necessary. Hannah felt a strange tickling, rushing up her arm and spreading through her whole body.
She cleared her throat and walked straight to the kitchen to get him some food. She served him a generous plate with stew along with some rice and vegetables and took it to where he was.

“This smells delicious,” he said when she approached him. Again, he tried to sit up on the improvised bed she had made for him, but he wasn’t able to.

“Are you in pain?” she asked him, as she watched him struggle to get up.

He frowned but didn’t confess being in pain. “I guess my spine and legs were more damaged than my arms. I can’t sit up,” he admitted.

“Then stop trying. I have no idea how high you fell from, but it surely was over a thousand feet. A normal person would have died instantly,” she scolded him, taking a seat on the floor next to him. “I’ll help you.”

“I’m not an invalid,” he grumbled.

“I know you aren’t, you just need a bit more help than usual, that’s all,” she replied, not paying much attention to his grunts.

She filled a fork with some rice and meat and took it to his mouth. For a moment, she thought he was going to reject it, but at the last moment, he opened his mouth and ate the food.

“Mmmm, this tastes even better than it smells,” he moaned.
“You’re acting as if you had never had stew before,” she pointed out, sure he was overreacting.

“Well, I haven't. I was raised in a military camp, and our food had all the necessary nutrients to keep us fit, but it tastes like crap,” he assured her. “This is the first time I’ve had real food.”

“That’s unfair. Why can’t they give you real food? Everybody is entitled to enjoy a nice plate of delicious food whenever possible,” she protested, outraged by what she was hearing.

He scowled. “We’re not considered people, I believe they call us ‘the machines that are almost humans’” he said, referring to the government’s propaganda on cyborgs.

Her frown became even more profound. “You look pretty human to me.” She offered him another bite of food and this time he didn’t hesitate at taking it.

“Since we come from an egg and a spermatozoid like all humans, I would say that we are. But if the government admitted that we are humans, the rest of the world would realize how inhumanly we are treated, and they can’t afford that.”

“Judging by the way they feed you, I would say you’re right,” she said, offering him more food.

“Who else lives here?” he asked, curious.

“No one. I live here alone,” she explained.
There was no point lying to him, He would soon realize the truth. She didn’t even have any visitors. She was always alone, ever since her father died, and the fact was she didn’t miss having people around her.
Chapter Three

The world was a huge mess, and now with the alien invasion, it was even worse.

It was his turn to frown. “Isn't it dangerous?”

“The world is a dangerous place, Jaed, hadn't you noticed?” she asked, scowling.

He nodded in silence, looking at the woman in front of him. He hadn't seen many women in his life, but few had been as beautiful as the woman in front of him. She was probably five foot six, and her body was voluptuous and beautiful. Her long blonde mane made him wish to hide his face in it, and her eyes were bluer than the sky.

Men in Hannah’s life had to be either blind or dead. He could feel his body react to her presence, despite his injuries and the fact she would never allow him near her.

She finished feeding him and returned to the kitchen to wash the plate. “You should get some rest now. I would take you to the guest room, but I’m afraid you’re too heavy for me,” she said, with a faint smile.
“How did you manage to get me here?” he asked, realizing it couldn’t have been an easy task.

“It took a great deal of effort, believe me,” she replied, smiling, as she finished clearing the kitchen. It was time to get a shower and get off to bed. “I’ll be in my room, just a few feet away, so don’t hesitate to call me if you need any help,” she added, walking around the room, making sure all was locked up for the night.

“I’ll be fine, thank you,” he assured her.

“Very well.” She turned off all the lights, except for the table lamp she had set next to him the night before. “Sleep well,” she told him as she walked out of the room.

“Good night, Hannah and thank you for everything,” he said, watching her disappear down the hall.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The last thing he remembered was being on the Taucet vessel trying to get rid of the Taucets onboard, but he had been hurt and pushed out of the vessel with no consideration by the Taucets. He should be dead, especially after he had been shot, but somehow, he had survived the shots and the fall, for now.

He couldn’t feel his legs and moving his body was quite painful, much more than he would ever admit. He could feel his nanocybots working on his spinal column and legs, but the damage had been quite severe, from what he could see and feel.
Jaed let out a sigh and closed his eyes, feeling tired. He was sure the army would be looking for him so he wouldn’t be here for long. He sure would miss the cooking and the sight. Hannah was an exquisite woman, and his whole body reacted to her presence immediately. She had awakened a hunger he had never experienced before.

Like all cyborgs, he had never dated any woman or had what would be considered a typical social life. Cyborgs were created to fight, and their whole lives were focused on the battle. They started learning how to fight the minute they were able to walk.

He rubbed his face and sighed again. Life had to be more than just fighting, cyborgs deserved more than that. But humans refused to give them more, they even refused to recognize they were human. That’s why some cyborgs had escaped and made a new life for them on a new planet.

Like all the others, he too wanted to escape, but he hadn't been able to find the moment, until now. Being stranded in these mountains, away from the soldiers, would have been the perfect opportunity.

But he was too wounded, unable to walk away from there and even if he did, they would know he had been here, and they would definitely take Hannah into custody. They didn’t like people having contact with cyborgs because they would discover that cyborgs
weren’t the machines the government said they were. After all, she had done for him, she didn’t deserve that. He would have to protect her, somehow.

It wasn’t even worth changing the codes on his primary control system. The soldiers would probably arrive before he was totally healed. Altering the codes would only alert them to the fact cyborgs could change them and that wouldn’t help anyone.

His could tell his senses weren’t one hundred percent operative, but he was sure he would be able to sense their arrival. He would just have to persuade Hannah to leave the house, while they were in the area.

“You should be sleeping,” her soft tone startled him.

“I’m not sleepy,” he confessed, turning his head to look at her.

She was standing in the doorway, wearing cozy pajamas that weren’t meant to be sexy, but on her, they were hot as hell.

“Are you in pain?” she asked, with a slight frown, walking in the room.

“Nothing I can’t take,” he assured her. “My body is healing, and it hurts a bit,” he admitted.

“I have some painkillers I could give you. They would help you get some sleep,” she offered, kneeling in front of him.
“No, thank you, that won’t be necessary,” he refused, taking in the sweet floral scent coming from her.

“Are you sure?” she insisted.

“Yes, I am.”

“What about a hot cocoa? Sometimes it helps you relax and get some sleep,” she suggested.

“I wouldn’t know, but I’ll take your word for it,” he said, with a smile.

“You’ll love it, I’m sure.” She got up and walked straight to the kitchen.

A few minutes later, a sweet scent filled the room, and soon, she was walking back to where he was, with two steamy cups.

“I added whipped cream and chocolate syrup to it, but there’s more if you don’t like it that way,” she told him. Handing him one of the cups and resting the other one on the small table next to him, she returned to the kitchen to grab a small plate of chocolate chips cookies. “You have to try these, to complete the experience, I’m sure you’ll love it.”

He smiled and took a sip from the cup. It was delicious, sweet, creamy, and smooth. He could quickly get addicted to it.

She handed him a cookie and grabbed one for herself, dipping it into the hot cocoa, and eating it right away.
She moaned with delight, and the sound sent shivers of pleasure down his spine. Watching her eat the cookie became the most sensuous thing he had ever seen.

His body responded to it immediately, and he had to hold back the moan of pleasure begging to come out his lips.

He cleared his throat and copied her, dipping his cookie in the cocoa. Yes, it was quite incredible, but he was sure her red lips would taste a lot better, and for a moment he wished he could get rid of the cups and the cookies and claim them with a passionate kiss.

“Don’t you just love it? I never get tired of it, though I don’t have it all the time. Too many calories. But once in a while, it’s allowed,” she said, with a naughty grin.

“Well, I certainly could have it all the time. It’s delicious,” he said, smiling back at her.

“Yes, it is, but there are a lot of other things better than this. I’ll make sure you try some of them while you’re here,” she offered, finishing her cocoa.

He smiled and handed her his cup when he finished. “Thank you, I’m sure I’ll be able to get some sleep after this.”

“Great.” She got up and returned to the kitchen, quickly clearing what she had used. “Can I get you anything else? Perhaps, the bottle?”
“No, I’m fine, but you should leave it here, just in case I need it. I wouldn’t have to bother you again.”

She nodded and went to the bathroom to pick it up. She had washed it up after his first use. “Here you have it, but please don’t hesitate about calling me if you need me. I would hate seeing you make your injuries worse,” she assured him, setting the bottle next to his improvised bed.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be fine,” he said, with a smile, catching her hand and gently kissing the back of it. He simply couldn’t resist it. “Thank you for all your help.”

“Anyone would have done the same,” she said, with a shaky tone.

Each time he touched her, jolts of energy rushed through her body, and her heart jumped into a frantic pace. Good God, she was acting like a teenager around her first crush. She just hoped he couldn’t to tell just how aroused he made her. She would die of embarrassment.

She cleared her throat and slid her hand from his. “I’ll see you in the morning,” she said, quickly walking away, towards her room.

She threw herself over the bed hiding her face in the pillows, to muffle the moan of desire and sheer need coming from her lips. It reminded her that she had been without a man for far too long. Never had a caress, so simple had this effect on her. By the way, she was acting,
if he ever kissed her, she would melt in his arms and beg him to take her.

She had to get a grip of herself that was for sure.
Hannah woke up to a strange sound as if someone had dropped something on the floor. Startled, she jumped out of bed and rushed out of her room.

It was still dark outside, and Jaed was on the floor, face down, a few feet away from the improvised bed. “What the hell were you trying to do?” she scolded him.

“I’m slowly recovering the movement of my legs, and I wanted to try going to the bathroom,” he explained, without moving.

“You should have called me. Even if you’re feeling better, I’m sure you’re not ready to be moving around on your own,” she scolded him. “Your injuries were severe.”

“I know,” he accepted. “I’m used to pushing myself to the limit, all the time,” he explained, resting his forehead on the hardwood floor.

She kneeled next to him. “Come on, let me help you. Is it that urgent to get you to the bathroom?” she asked.
“No… no… I’m alright. Just give me a few minutes, and I’ll get back to the bed,” he assured her, moving away from her when she stretched her hand to touch him.

Puzzled with his attitude and even a bit hurt, she moved back. “Very well, if that’s what you want,” she said, starting to get up.

He grabbed her wrist and stopped her midway up. “I’m sorry, Hannah, I just didn’t want you to see me making a fool of myself,” he said, sounding a bit embarrassed.

“Hey, I just don’t want you getting hurt again, you’re still recovering from all the severe injuries you had,” she assured him, caressing his head, her fingers running through his hair.

“Damn,” he cursed, closing his eyes, breathing hard. Startled, she moved back, and he rolled until he was facing up. At first, she didn’t see anything out of the ordinary, but then, her eyes moved down his body, and she let out a small cry of surprise.

He was hard. Good God, he was really hard. His thick, big cock pointed up at the ceiling revealing a need as big as hers, in the most obvious way.

“I need a cold shower, urgently,” he grumbled, his eyes half-closed, as he looked at her. He knew he shouldn’t have shown her how excited he was. It wasn’t polite behavior, but her sweet touch almost made him lose his self-control. “I can’t have you touching me
again. I’ll just crawl to the bathroom, and we’ll forget this ever happened,” he suggested.

He had been dreaming of her ever since she had told him goodnight and he knew just how close he was from the edge. He needed release, or he might lose his mind.

She looked at him, still in shock, not because he was showing her how hard he was, but because he was hard for her. Her mouth dried up and she shook her head.

“You can’t have a cold shower, you would get a cold,” she mumbled, her eyes locked on his hard cock, amazed to see how it reacted to her look.

“No, I won’t,” he assured her, starting to turn around.

But she didn’t let him. “I’ll help you,” she said, all of a sudden before she lost the courage.

He looked at her, with a slight frown. “With what?” he asked, certain she wasn’t suggesting what his feverish mind had conjured.

“Giving you release,” she said, the tip of her tongue sliding over her lips as if she couldn’t wait.

He had to be dreaming, she hadn't just said that, had she? “You don’t have to do it,” he mumbled, his chest heaving even harder.

“I know. I want to,” she looked at him in the eyes. “Unless you don’t want me to,” she added, feeling self-conscious.
“Of course, I want you to,” he assured her, his cock moving on its own, showing her just how much he wanted her.

She sighed and got closer to him. “Let’s get you back in bed, the floor is too cold,” she said, helping him crawl back on top of the improvised bed.

He closed his eyes when his head fell back on the pillows, more aroused than ever, having her next to him, her small, caring hands caressing his body, rolling down his chest, towards his throbbing cock.

He leaned back, closed his eyes and sighed when her hands reached his hard shaft.

At first, shyly, she caressed him, loving the softness of his skin, covering his hard as rock shaft. A few of her caresses were enough to make him spurt out a pearly drop of precum, and without hesitation, she leaned in and claimed it with the tip of her tongue.

It wasn’t the first time she did this, but for some reason, it felt completely different. Even his precum tasted different, sweeter perhaps and it tickled. Yes, that felt a bit strange, but when she licked the next drop, the tickling feeling was also there. She loved it, and it encouraged her to continue with her task, eager to get more.

Using her hands and lips, she caressed his cock for a little while, before she took him in her mouth. His grunt
of pleasure sent shivers down her spine of sheer delight, and she continued sucking him, going faster and deeper, loving the way his shaft engorged inside her mouth.

At some point, he slid his fingers through her hair, in a gentle caress, before he took over and started guiding her, making her go even faster and deeper, while he moaned and grunted, lost in the pleasure she was giving him.

It didn’t take long for him to explode inside her mouth, pouring his bittersweet essence deep down her throat. She relished in its flavor and sucked him until she had taken every last drop of it, loving, even more, the tickling sensation. It was amazing.

He was still shuddering and groaning when she leaned back, wiping the remains of his cum from the corners of her mouth. “I’m sure you’ll be able to get some rest now,” she teased him, getting up.

He grunted and reaching out, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer to him, making her fall over his chest. “You’re an amazing woman,” he mumbled before he claimed her lips in a passionate kiss that blew her mind.

By the time he released her, she was heaving, and her heart was drumming in her chest. The need rushing through her body was so strong, she was unable to hold back the moan of protest that slipped out her lips.

“I’d better go back to bed, and you should get some sleep,” she mumbled, getting up.
“I will, thanks to you,” he assured her, cursing all the gods in the universe, for not being able to take her in his arms and make love to her for the rest of the night.

But he would. He had to get better as soon as possible so that he could take her to paradise, the way she had taken him.

He watched her going back to her room, still relishing on the wild waves of pleasure and bliss rushing through his body. He had never felt anything like it, and now that he had had a small taste of her, he wanted more, he wanted it all.

Hannah went back to bed and closed her eyes trying to ignore the fire burning inside her. She wanted him. More than she had ever wanted a man in her life, but he was too hurt to give her what she needed.

Groaning, she rolled in bed for a few minutes, until she gave up and went straight to the bathroom. It was too cold for a cold shower, but the warm water seemed to calm the fire burning inside her, and she was able to breathe normally again.

Knowing she wouldn’t be able to sleep again, she got dressed and went straight to her workroom, next to the kitchen. Jaed was sound asleep, and she smiled pleased when she walked by him.

At least, one of them was getting some rest.
She took a seat at her work table and sighed. Usually, working on her ragdolls gave her peace of mind, but that night, she was having trouble concentrating on her work.

Amazingly, in a world where people lived surrounded by high technology and the most sophisticated games for children, her dolls sold like hot cakes. She couldn’t cope with the orders she received daily.

But that was a good thing. She was always too busy to think about life and how lonely she was ever since her father died.

With a deep sigh, she forced herself to focus on her work, and after a few minutes, she was lost in her world. All of her dolls were different, and she even added different personalities to all of them. Parents often told her the dolls became the little girls’ best friends, and nothing pleased her more than that.
She was still working when she heard noises coming from the living room. Jaed was finally awake. Carefully leaving the doll she was working on over her table, she walked to the living room.

“Hi, how are you feeling?” she asked him, from the doorway.

“Much better,” he assured her looking at her with a smile. And he wasn’t lying.

His legs were feeling much better, and the pain in his spine was now a dull ache he could easily ignore. He was ready to get up, but he was sure his nurse wouldn’t let him, at least, not without help.

“I’m glad to hear that. Are you hungry? I’ll make us some breakfast,” she offered, smiling pleased.

“That would be great, but I would love to take a shower first.”

She frowned, closing the distance between them and kneeled next to him. “Are you sure you should be straining your spine so soon? I know your healing ability
is out of this world, but you really should take it slow, Jaed,” she told him, worried.

“Don’t you have a bathtub? I would only have to drag myself there and enjoy a long, warm bath. It would do wonders to my wounded body,” he said, with a persuasive smile.

“Yes, I do have a bathtub, though I doubt you’ll fit in it, but I guess a long bath would help you,” she admitted, sighing. “I’ll prepare your bath, and then I’ll help you get there.”

He nodded, pleased but the minute she disappeared down the hall, he sat up and tried his legs a couple of times, before he got up.

His legs trembled a bit, but a few moments later, he was able to stand still. Pleased, he walked towards the bathroom, to surprise Hannah. He wasn’t ready to win a marathon, but he was a lot better than he was when he woke up after the fall.

“I told you I would help you get here,” Hannah scolded him when she saw him in the bathroom.

“I needed to test my legs, as you can see, I’m much better,” he said, pointing at his naked body.

She gulped at the sight of his hard cock. Apparently, modesty wasn’t one of his virtues. She looked away, feeling the fire inside getting reignited. “Yes, I can see
that,” she tested the water. “Get in the tub and enjoy the bath. I’ll prepare breakfast in the meantime.”

She left the bathroom as fast as possible, blushing at the sound of his low chuckle. He knew exactly how she was feeling and that she was running away from him, running away from the passion sizzling between them.

Back in the kitchen, she had some cold water, trying to put out the fire burning inside her, but it wasn’t that easy. She forced herself to focus on the food, and despite the distractions, she was able to make a meal worthy of gods: eggs, bacon, croissants, ham, fried cheese, delicious coffee and even some orange juice.

She was finishing setting the table when he walked in, with a tiny towel wrapped around his hips.

She looked at him, realizing he didn’t have the bandages on. He no longer needed them. “Your wounds are healed,” she mumbled, surprised.

“Not completely, but almost, yes. My nanocybots seem to be working extra hard to get me back on my feet,” he explained with a smile.

“Those little fellows have all my respect. Your recovery is amazing,” she told him, smiling back.

“Yes, fortunately.”

He headed towards the kitchen area, and the room seemed to shrink due to his imposing presence. On his feet, there was no way of hiding his powerful body.
“I’ll get you some clothes. You can’t go around wearing just that,” she said, escaping towards the room that had belonged to her father.

She had to find him a shirt and some jogging pants. Her father had been a lot shorter than Jaed, but anything would be better than that towel.

She returned to the kitchen and handed him some clothes. “This should do it,” she said, with a faint smile.

He dropped the towel and slowly put on the pants, allowing her to see the bath hadn't done anything to get rid of his erection.

She flushed and looked the other way, pretending to be finishing setting the table. “Take a seat, food is ready,” she invited him.

He nodded and finished getting dressed. The clothes were too small for him, but it was better than nothing. He looked at the feast Hannah had put in front of him and his mouth watered. He would miss her food, along with everything about her.

She took a seat in front of him and soon they were enjoying the food.

“You should own a restaurant, your food is amazing,” he assured her.

She smiled but shook her head. “I love cooking, but I hate having too many people around me. As you can see from where I live, I’m a loner,” she explained.
“Isn't it dangerous to live alone up here?” he asked, with a slight frown.

“Not any more dangerous than living alone in a big city. Life isn’t safe anywhere in this world, at least, not anymore,” she pointed out. “I prefer living out here. It’s a lot more peaceful.”

“You have a point there, but in case of an emergency, you would be all alone up here.”

“I know, but it doesn’t worry me. We all have to die someday,” she said, shrugging, as she finished her cup of coffee. “The storm is still raging outside, so there isn’t much we can do. The Internet is down, but I can lend you my electronic reader. You might find something entertaining on it,” she suggested as she got up.

“What will you be doing?” he asked, getting up as well.

“I have work to do. Now that you’re up, we’ll move you to the guest’s room. You’ll be more comfortable there,” she said while clearing the kitchen. “I show it to you when I’m done here.”

“Thank you,” he said, helping her clean up the place.

Once they were done, she took him to the guest’s room and handed him the electronic reader. “Here, read some or just get some rest. I’ll call you when lunch is ready,” she told him turning around to leave the room.
Incredibly, being in the same room with him and a bed was enough to send her heartbeat into a frantic rhythm.

“I can help you with that if you show me how,” he suggested, picking her wrist and pulling her closer to him.

“There’s, there’s no need, I have everything under control,” she mumbled, trying to free herself from his gentle grip.

“It would be a pleasure for me, believe me,” he assured her, with a sensuous tone that sent shivers down her spine.

She cleared her throat trying to stay as calm as possible, but it was impossible. Even his scent was intoxicating, and her whole body craved for more.

“Sure, if that’s what you want,” she accepted, trying desperately to leave the room.

But he seemed to have other plans because he pulled her even closer and with his other hand, he lifted her chin, making her look at him. “I want a lot more,” he murmured before he leaned forward and claimed a kiss from her lips.

At first, his lips only grazed hers gently, but the sizzling passion ignited by such a simple caress, soon took over them and the kiss became deeper and breathtaking. His tongue slid into her mouth and explored
every inch of it, while his hands cradled her face, tilting it back, giving him more access to her.

Hannah moaned against his lips, pleasure rushing through her whole body. His tongue felt like no other she had ever kissed, especially when she realized she was feeling the same tickling sensation she had experienced with his essence.

He kissed her again and again until all coherent thought escaped their minds and all that mattered was the pleasure they were experiencing.

After a while, his lips finally left hers, to trace a trail of fire across her cheeks and down her neck. Meanwhile, his eager hands struggled to get her out of her clothes, impatiently unbuttoning her shirt and her jeans, getting her completely naked.

His clothes disappeared a lot faster, and soon they were standing in the middle of the room completely naked.

With a loud grunt, Jaed picked her in his arms and carried her to bed, crawling right after her, his hands and lips covering every inch of her silky skin, until he reached her mouth again. He kissed her a few more times until he made his way down to her breasts.

Aroused as she had never been before, her nipples were as hard as rocks, standing out, begging for attention. Jaed didn’t make her wait.
His hands cupped her breasts, kneading them gently, as his fingers played with her hard nipples. Just a few moments later his lips joined the party, ripping a loud moan of pleasure from her lips, the moment he swirled his tongue around her nipples. The tickling sensation enhanced the satisfaction she was already experiencing, and her whole body tensed up, so close to the edge she felt she would explode any moment now.

Sensing how close she was, Jaed slid one hand down her body and reached her pussy, cupping it for a few moments before he slid a couple of fingers into her wet pussy.

Letting out a loud cry of pleasure, Hannah felt her whole body fly over the edge. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, and when she was finally coming out of it, he crawled down her body and replaced his fingers with his tongue.

“Jaed, please,” she pleaded, not sure what she was begging for, as her hips rocked to meet his tongue, eager to experience more of the pleasure he had given her so far.

His tongue slid all over her pussy, poking her entrance and enjoying the unique flavor of her
essence, before he headed up to capture her clit between his lips, to tease it with the tip of his tongue.

Once more, her whole body trembled underneath the intense waves of another orgasm, while she cried out his name. She was still swirling on the overload of the last orgasm, when she felt him nesting between her legs, the tip of his huge cock already resting at her entrance.

“Are you ready for me, Hannah?” he murmured, gripping her hips as he slowly pushed his cock inside her.

“Yes, oh God, yes,” she cried out, wrapping her legs around his waist and pulling him closer, making him go deeper inside her, as her walls stretched to fit him.

The pleasure of feeling him going inside her was almost too much. She sobbed as waves of pleasure rushed through her body and she could feel her
walls clenching around him each time he thrust deep inside her.

In and out of her, he quickly guided her to ecstasy again until they both exploded in a mind-blowing orgasm.

Jaed collapsed next to her, while the waves slowly subsided.

He kissed her shoulder. “You’re an amazing woman,” he murmured.

Still lost in the haze of pleasure, she smiled. Her body was still shuddering, the tickling sensation from his cum spreading through her whole body and taking her to levels of bliss unknown to her.

“You’re not half bad yourself,” she assured him, tilting her head to look at him.

He chuckled. “I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

She let out a sigh. “I should get back to work,” she mumbled, but work was the last thing she wanted right now.
“Pretend it’s a day off, stay here with me,” he suggested, whispering in her ear, his tongue teasing her earlobe, sending chills down her spine.

She chuckled. “You’ve drained all the energy from my body. There’s nothing left,” she told him.

“Then, get some rest, right here, next to me,” he replied, with a sensuous grin on his handsome face.

“If I stay here, the last thing I’ll do is rest, and you know it,” she pointed out with a naughty grin.

He chuckled. “Then, let’s rest in the living room. Do you have a chess board? It’s the only game we were allowed to play, while we were growing up,” he suggested, doing all he could to keep her with him.

Hannah was a fantastic woman, and he wanted to know more about her, to spend all the time he could with her. If his suspicions were right, the minute the weather allowed it, soldiers would
come looking for him and his days of freedom would be over. The chances of ever getting another opportunity like this one were quite small, so he didn’t have much hope.

“That sounds great, I haven’t played chess since my father passed away,” she said, a sad shadow covering her eyes for a few moments.

“You miss him.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes, very much. We lived together for over ten years after mom died and we became closer than most. When we discovered he was ill, my whole life crumbled around me.”

“I’m so sorry,” he muttered, depositing tiny kisses all over her neck and shoulder, trying to appease the pain he knew she still felt.

“It’s been a while now, I’ve reconciled with life and the universe,” she assured him, turning to steal a kiss from his lips. “So, yes, I would love to play chess with you.”
He kissed her back, before he jumped out of bed, knowing that if he didn’t, he would make love to her again. He wanted more from her.

“Let’s go then,” he said, stretching his hand to help her out of bed.

“I need to use the bathroom, but I’ll meet you there in a few minutes,” she said, as she jumped out of bed with his help, picking up her clothes from the floor.

He nodded and watched her leave the room, wishing things were different.
Chapter Six

Hannah rapidly cleaned herself before she put her clothes back on. It felt so good to have Jaed with her she knew she was going to miss him like hell when he returned to his life as a warrior, fighting the aliens that wanted to destroy their planet.

He was becoming an important part of her life, and though she knew she shouldn’t let him, it didn’t seem to be much she could do about it. He would leave soon, and she would be all alone again.

Washing her face, she struggled to control her frantic heartbeat, dreading the simple thought of his departure, before she went to the living room.
He was already there waiting for her, so she pulled the board from one of the cabinets and invited him to take a seat, on an armchair in front of the small table where she put the board. She pulled a huge, comfortable pear-shaped cushion, closer to the table and took a seat on it.

“Let’s see if I still remember this,” she said, smiling as she set the shining stony pieces on the board, black ones on his side and the whites on her side.

“This is a fine board,” he said, picking one of the pieces and examining it up close.

“Yes, it’s been in the family for centuries.” She picked the white queen. “I used to imagine a million stories on the people that used this chessboard,” she added, with an amused smile.

“Yes, it must have passed through several hands. I guess it gives you a sense of belonging.”
“Yes, it does.” She raised her head to look at him and noticed the slight frown on his forehead. “I have to admit I don’t know much about cyborgs, but do you guys know who your parents are?” she asked, in a low tone.

“No, and there’s no way of knowing. They use samples from donors that have already passed away, and they keep no record of their identity,” he explained.

“That’s unfair. Everybody has the right to know where they come from,” she protested.

“I guess they do it this way to dehumanize us as much as possible. Remember they refer to us as machines that are almost human, emphasizing the machine part,” he explained, with a scorn tone.

“That’s terrible. You’re as human as me, a much enhanced, powerful human, but still human,” she pointed out, in a firm tone.
“They can’t afford to be treating us like humans. They would be in trouble for the brutal way we’re raised and the way our basic needs are ignored for the sake of what they call the ‘greater good,’” he replied. “That’s why many cyborgs have escaped, and many more will escape the moment they have a chance to do so.”

“Of course, that’s perfectly understandable,” she agreed. “Were you trying to escape when you fell from the vessel?” she asked, curious.

“No, I wasn’t. I chased a couple of Taucets onto one of their vessels, and they took off. We struggled inside the vessel, and one of them shot me in the chest. Before I was able to shoot back the vessel turned to one side and I fell. The Taucet shot me again and threw me out of the vessel.”

“Damn aliens, they must be some vicious creatures,”
“They’re just fighting for their survival,” he shrugged.

“Why don’t you escape now that you’re here, away from the army?” she asked, the chess board forgotten.

“We have tracking devices and a set of controls that stop us from escaping. I’m sure they are aware of where I am. If I escape now, they will know I was here, and they will come for you. They will know I was here,” he explained.

“That doesn’t matter, what can they do to me?” she asked, fearlessly.

“They would take you to one of their freedom camps and keep you there, under the excuse that it was for your own good,” he informed her, in a scornful tone.

“I won’t let them,”

“Hannah, you can’t fight an army of cyborgs. You can’t even escape them,” he assured her.
“There has to be a way,”

“Perhaps, but we’re here to play chess,” he changed the subject, making the first move, with a faint smile.

Hannah wasn’t very pleased. She didn’t want to drop the subject, she wanted to find a way to free him. But she respected his wish and looked at the board, ready to make the next move.

They spent the next couple of hours playing and chatting about a variety of things. He won, and she wasn’t surprised that he did. His brain was clearly superior, and if that wasn’t enough, his simple presence was enough to distract her and make her lose track of what she was doing.

When they finished the game, it was time to prepare lunch, and he offered to help, turning the meal’s preparation into a game; a mix of fun and sensuality. By the time they sat at the table, the
hunger rushing through her body had nothing to do with food.

But they managed to eat the pasta marinara they prepared with the garlic bread, along with the chocolate cake for dessert.

“If you keep feeding me like this I’ll certainly gain weight,” he grumbled after he finished another piece of cake.

“I’m sure your nanocybots will help you burn the extra calories,” she replied, with a teasing grin.

He got up and took his plate to the dishwasher. “I can think of a better way to burn those extra calories,” he murmured in her ear, standing right behind her, his powerful body glued to hers, allowing her to feel the full extent of his erection.

“You can?” she asked, quickly putting down the plates she was still carrying to the dishwasher.
“Oh, yes and I’m sure you would love it,” he murmured, nibbling her earlobes, sending chills down her spine.

“You do? Why don’t you show me your way?” she asked, her chest heaving and her heart drumming in a deafening rhythm as her arousal reached unbelievable levels.

Jaed didn’t wait for a second invitation. Grasping Hannah’s hips, he moved her from the kitchen counter, and before she could take another breath, he had her bending over the kitchen table.

It only took him a few minutes to pull her pants down her legs, but he was a lot slower on his way up, his hands caressing every inch of her skin along with the tip of his tongue, tracing a trail of fire and tickles, that made her whole body tremble with need.

When he reached her buttocks, he pushed her legs open, exposing her wet pussy to his craving
tongue and after a few seconds, she was moaning out loud while he penetrated her clenching pussy, mimicking the thrusts his shaft would perform in a few moments.

Hannah clenched her hands into fists, trying to control the waves of pleasure rushing through her body, but it was impossible. Her body answered to his like a well-tuned instrument in the hands of a musician. There was no way she could resist him or even control her reactions to his touch.

A few more thrusts of his tongue, along with a few caresses on her engorged clit and she was flying into the swirl of pleasure and bliss he had conjured within her.

Only then he got up and pulled out his hard cock from his pants, thrusting it deep inside her, taking her back to the path to paradise, making her come again and again with every one of his thrusts, savoring the way her walls clenched as she convulsed around him. Nothing felt like that, and
he was sure he would never tire of the pleasure she gave him.

When the waves finally subsided, he carried her to the bathroom and bathed her, taking all the time in the world to roam across every inch of her skin.

After that, she disappeared into her working room, and he finally used the electronic reader she had lent him.

At night, they cooked together, and after dinner, they went to bed together in Hannah’s bigger bed.

That day set the pace for the following ones. They lived in a bubble of passion, bliss, and pleasure, oblivious to the world outside, while the storm raged and covered their world with thick layers of snow.

“It stopped snowing,” he announced, looking out the kitchen window.

A few days had gone by, and that morning, right after breakfast, he had pulled aside the lace curtain
to look outside. He was completely recovered and was starting to feel restrained between the walls of the small house.

She closed the distance between them and looked outside. “Yes, the sun is finally shining. The roads will be open soon.”

“That means the soldiers will be here soon.” He pointed out, with a slight frown.
Chapter Seven

Though he didn’t talk much about his life fighting the Taucets, Hannah had learned he was little less than a slave. He had no freedom at all, not even to decide what he wanted to eat, nor did they get paid for all they did for the army. It was outrageous.

“Then, it’s time for you to leave,” she said, looking at him exuding determination through each word.

He turned to look at her. “Yes, I’ll walk to the nearest town and wait for them, there. I’ll do all I can to keep them away from you,” he assured her, trying to ignore the sharp pain in his chest. He hadn't expected for her to ask him to leave.
“No, you don’t understand. I want you to escape, Jaed. I can’t let you go back to that kind of life,” she stated. “Ancient Chinese said that once you saved a life, that life became your responsibility. I didn’t save you so that you could go back to a life of slavery,” she insisted.

“I already told you I can’t. It would put you in danger,” he refused, the pain rapidly disappearing, replaced by a warm feeling he wasn’t sure he had ever felt. She cared for him.

“No, it won’t. I can disappear for a while, go visit some friends on the other side of the country. They won’t have a way to prove I was here with you,” she assured him.

He shook his head. “And how do you plan to get there? Practically all roads are closed, and you can’t get very far.”

“Then, I’ll ask a friend to take me in, in the nearest town. I’ll tell them I knew a storm was
coming and I decided to stay in town, just in case,” she suggested. “I’m a good actress when I need to be,” she assured him, cupping his face. “You deserve a better life. You deserve to be free. Please, grant me this. I’ll be alright, I promise.”

“I can’t walk away without knowing if you’re safe,” he insisted.

“We’ll find a way to solve that. The most important thing now is to get rid of their control over you. How do we do that?” she asked, determined to end his slavery that same moment.

“I would need to get to my main control system and change the codes,” he explained, still not convinced.

“Can you do that?”

“Alone, no, I can’t. We’re programmed to never access that part of our body. Excruciating pain rushes through you if we even try,” he replied, with
a slight frown. Like all cyborgs, he had tried, sure he would bear the pain, but it was incapacitating.

“How can we do it then?”

“You would have to do it.”

“Tell me how. What do I have to do?”

“You need to cut the skin under my right armpit and input the codes I’ll give you,” he explained.

“Are you serious? Your main control system is under your skin? They have to cut you up each time they need to access it?” she was furious.

That was terrible. Why wasn’t there anyone fighting for cyborgs’ rights? Being at war, was no excuse to act like a damn barbarian.

“Yes, they had to put it in a place hard to access,” he said, with scorn.

“I think I have some local anesthesia in my first aid’s kit. I’ll get it, and we’ll do it,” she said, turning around to leave the kitchen.
“It’s not necessary. I can handle it,” he assured her.

“Perhaps you can, but I can’t. I won’t cause you any pain if I can help it.” She went to the bathroom and collected the kit from the cabinet.

As expected, there was some local anesthesia and even a scalpel she could use to cut open his skin. Her stomach lurched at the idea, but she would do anything to free him. Even if it meant she would lose him.

She returned to the kitchen and had him take a seat at the table. She laid out everything she would need and started by injecting the anesthesia all around the area.

“Let me know when you feel it numb,” she asked him.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked, in a stern tone.
He had been thinking about it, and if she really wanted to do it, then she would have to escape with him. He wouldn’t leave her behind exposed to being caught by the government for helping him.

Besides, he wasn’t ready to leave her. In fact, he was starting to think he would ever be.

“I told you, I am,” she assured him, looking straight at him, fearless and determined.

“Well, I’ll let you do this on one condition,” he said, as determined as she was.

“Let’s hear it,” she nodded. Nothing would make her change her mind.

“I want you to escape with me. I can’t leave you behind, not knowing if you’ll be safe or not,” he blurted out. “I’ll keep you safe for as long as needed.”

Hannah’s heart missed a beat. There seemed to be more than a normal concern over another
person’s wellbeing in his tone. Could it be possible he cared about her?

After all these days living with him, she had no doubt about her feelings for him. She loved him. She knew it was an impossible love, but hearts didn’t listen to logic, and she loved him more than she had ever thought possible to love someone else. Jaed had proven to be the man she had always dreamed of: passionate, kind, fearless, strong, with the highest principles she had ever seen in a man.

Their long chats in each other’s arms had allowed her to really get to know him and the kind of man he was, despite the harsh way he has brought up by the military, with all his emotional needs ignored and sometimes even mocked.

But he cared enough to make sure she was safe, and that was better than what she had expected.

“Where would we go?” she asked, trying to stay as serene as possible.
“There are underground organizations helping cyborgs to escape. I was told of one, right here in the Rocky Mountains.”

“Very well, I’ll go with you. Nothing is holding me back,” Hannah accepted.

“I know I’m asking too much of you, after all, you’ve done for me, but I swear I’ll make it up to you,” he said, with fervor.

“You don’t have to do anything. I want to help you, and I’ll do all in my power to see you free,” she assured him.

He looked at her with a strange expression on his face. “Why do you care so much?”

She chuckled and tried to disguise the truth as much as possible. “I guess your life is my responsibility now and I take these things very seriously.”

He let out a small laugh. “Alright, I can accept that, for now,” he said, with a tender look in his
eyes. “I’m ready, whenever you are,” he told her, raising his arm.

She took a deep breath and picking up the scalp, she started cutting the skin, following his instructions. Soon, she had the keyboard in sight. Fortunately, the blood loss was minimal, and she guessed it was due to his nanocybots.

He told her which codes to introduce and one by one, they started changing them all. But whenever they added one, the system alerted to a malfunction.

“What’s going on?” she asked, worried.

“I have no idea. I’ve never heard of this before.”

She tried a new one, and the message was the same. “Is there a way to run a full scan to your electronic parts?” she asked, with a frown. She wasn’t ready to give up. “Perhaps the shot to your head affected the connection to your main system.”
“Yes, there is. I might go unconscious while the scan is running,” he warned her.

“Let’s get you to the couch then. I don’t want you falling on the floor.”

He agreed, and when they were ready, he gave her the instructions. “Punch the following sequence.” He dictated the series of numbers and soon, his eyes shut down, and he didn’t say another word.

Hannah stayed there, next to him, worried sick, hating not being able to do anything. After what felt like centuries, he finally opened his eyes.

“You were right. Apparently, the shot destroyed the connections with the tracking systems and even some of the main control system,” he explained, sitting up.

“What does that mean?” she asked, not understanding the implications of his words.
“That it’s possible they haven’t been able to track me down from the moment I was shot,” he explained, with a faint smile.

“You told me the Taucet shot you before he threw you out of the vessel. They were traveling faster than sound speed, so that must have happened several miles away from here,” she said, thoughtful. “I wasn’t even able to see the ship, just hear it.”

“So, the last coordinates the army has on my position mustn’t be close to where we are,” he concluded.

“That’s my guess,” she agreed. “How can we be sure? I don’t like the idea of sitting here waiting to see if they will come knocking on my door,” she asked.

“Do you have a vehicle of any sort?” he asked, putting his skin back in place and holding it there
for a few minutes, allowing the nanocybots to do their job.

“Yes, I have a Motorstorm.”

“Good, I can work on that to make it faster and silent so that we can escape in case anyone comes near the cabin. I can sense their presence up to a few miles away,” he explained. “Or we could go and look for the people in the underground groups. They have people inside so they could give us more information on my current status.”

Hannah opened her mouth to answer, but she rapidly changed her mind. Did she want to go with him to these caves? According to what he had told her about them, these people helped cyborgs leave the planet and go to Arcadia, a planet inhabited by those that had escaped.

That would be the faster way to lose him. If things were as they seemed, they would be safe up here in the mountains, at least, for a while.
She knew he would soon grow tired of living up there, all alone with her, but she would have a few more months to enjoy his company. Going to the caves would be the end of it all.

She let out a deep sigh. “I think we can stay here for now. They won’t be able to find you, so there’s no rush to leave,” she suggested, with a weak smile.

He looked relieved. “Yes, I agree with you.” he leaned over and cradled her face. “I hope you’re willing to put up with me for a while longer,” he mumbled, against her mouth, before he claimed a passionate kiss from her full lips.

“All the time you want,” she assured him, breathless as her whole body responded to his touch.

“Good.” With a broad smile, he picked her in his arms and carried her to bed, determined to worship her body for the following hours.
Chapter Eight

When they emerged from the bedroom, the sun was up in the sky, and they decided to go for a walk in the snow. After so many days locked up in the house, they could use the fresh air.

“There’s a small river nearby. It’s probably frozen, but it’s a lovely place,” she suggested.

“Lead the way.”

Unlike her, he was only wearing the jeans she had modified for him, along with a sweater that had belonged to her father. Apparently, the temperature didn’t affect him the way it affected her.
“I’m starting to wish I had some of your little nanocybots inside me,” she said, wrapping the scarf around her neck and putting on a hat.

He chuckled. “Yes, I guess they have their good side,” he said, with a scowl.

“Is there a bad side?” she asked, as they walked out of the house.

“Yes, there is. They have a mind of their own, and there’s no way of changing it or even influencing it. That’s why the government hasn’t used them on humans. They have no way to predict what things they will change to keep the body functioning and fit,” he explained.

“I guess that could be a problem, but I still feel the advantages are too great,” she insisted.

“The world’s population would disappear in a few years,” he added. “Nanocybots consider a fertilized egg to be an alien and they destroy it. No cyborgs have been able to breed naturally. They
haven’t even been able to use women as surrogate mothers. The fetus drains all the nutrients from the host, and they can even die.”

“Oh, I see, that’s sad, I guess,” she said, not sure how she felt about that.

She had never thought about becoming a mother. Her former lovers hadn't been the kind of men to inspire that sort of feelings on a woman. But things were different now that she had found Jaed. Unfortunately, things had been decided for her.

It saddened her, but that didn’t make her love him less.

“The government has used the nanocybots on a human soldier, and the results weren’t the ones expected. He wasn’t as keen to follow orders as the rest of the cyborgs,” he explained, as they walked towards the river. The air was cold but quite refreshing. “In fact, he was the first cyborg to
escape, and he was also the one who found the way to help others escape.”

“How many of you have escaped?” she asked, curious.

“Hundreds of thousands. And many more will escape.”

“With luck, they will all escape,” she said, with a smile.

“That would leave the planet at the mercy of the Taucets.”

“Perhaps the government considered that when they decided to enslave the cyborgs and treat them as if they were just machines,” she stated, in a cold tone.

He chuckled. “You have a point there.”

They reached the river, but despite the freezing temperatures they had had during the past days, the water was still flowing normally. “I used to fish here with my father. We used to get some really
nice trout here. It was delicious,” she told him with a smile.

“You miss him a lot, don’t you?” he asked in a gentle tone.

She gave him a sad smile. “Yes, I do. He was the only family I had and losing him was very hard. I know he was tired of fighting the cancer that invaded his body, but I still needed him with me,”

“I can’t possibly know how you feel, but I’m sure it must be heartbreaking.”

“It’s the law of life, we all die someday,”

“I would love to fish here with you. I’m sure we could get some nice trout, too,” he said, with a smile, trying to cheer her up.

“Yes, that would be great,” she assured him.

They walked along the river banks for a while, appreciating the way the wood creatures seemed to come back to life, after the storm.
“We could also hunt some deer,” he suggested, watching the imposing animal strolling through the woods.

“If we were starving and there was no more food around, yes, I guess we could,” she replied, with a scowl. “I’m not very fond of venison,” she explained.

“We’ll let them live then,” he said, laughing.

A few minutes later, they decided to head back to the house. The sun was disappearing behind some dark clouds, and the breeze was getting too cold.

“We need to discuss a few practical things if I’m staying with you,” he said when they entered the house.

Intrigued, she turned to look at him. “Like what?”

“As cyborgs, we don’t get paid for what we do, so I’m afraid I have no money to share expenses with
you,” he explained. “So, perhaps, you could find something for me to do to pay for the food and shelter you’re providing for me.”

“I have more than enough money for the both of us, you don’t have to worry about that,” she assured him, hating the government for mistreating these men this way. It was unfair.

“Perhaps, but even so, I would feel better contributing somehow. You have a nice property here, I’m sure you could raise some cattle or even chickens,” he suggested.

“My father used to have some sheep, chickens and even a cow up here. I sold them all when he died. I didn’t have a clue on how to take care of them or the time to learn how to do it properly,” she explained. “I’ll show you the barn where he kept them, and if it’s still fit, we could have that. It would be nice to have fresh milk and eggs, instead of the processed ones,” she said, smiling.
It would require some investment, but she didn’t mind. She had more than enough money, and she would do anything to keep him happy.

“That sounds great. Do you think you could get the animals?”

“Yes, my father used to buy them from a rancher in the nearest town. I’m sure he’s still working with cattle,” she replied. “I’ll go talk to him next time I go to town.”

“How will you explain your sudden interest in cattle?”

“I’ll tell them I have way too much spare time, they won’t ask many questions.”

“Good, I wouldn’t like to cause you problems.”

“You won’t, don’t worry. It will still take us a few days for me to be able to go to town.”

“There’s no hurry. I just want to find a way to repay you for all you’ve done for me.”
“I don’t need you to repay me anything, but your idea of raising cattle is a good one, and if you want to work on that, then I’m more than willing to help you.”

He cradled her face and stole a sweet kiss from her lips. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Just watch for unwanted company. We don’t need any surprises,” she asked him, with a smile.

“Don’t worry, I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

She kissed him back. “Thank you.”
Chapter Nine

Life entered into a comfortable routine for the following days, until the weather cleared enough for her to go to the nearest town. Jaed had used the time to fix the barn for the arrival of the new animals.

“I want to go with you,” he said, leaning against the kitchen counter, watching her clear the table.

“It’s too dangerous. Someone could see you, and it’s not worth the risk,” she said, shaking her head. “I know you must feel like a prisoner here,” she started saying, but he didn’t allow her to continue.

“I never felt better in my life. I just don’t like the idea of you going all alone. You’ll be out of my
reach, and I won’t be able to help you if you need me,” he explained.

“I’ve done this so many times in my life I could do it with my eyes closed. I’ll be fine,” she assured him.

“I know, but that doesn’t change the way I feel,” he insisted. “What if you take me with you and drop me off a couple of miles away from town? I’ll be able to scan the city and be attentive to any kind of trouble,” he suggested.

She looked at him with a deep frown. “It’s still dangerous.”

“I know, and I’ll be extra careful. But I really need to be close, in case of an emergency.”

She looked at him, considering his request. She guessed she could drop him off near the bridge over the river. She was one of the very few people that still used that road so he would be safe there. The bridge was only a mile and a half away from
town. “Very well, you can come with me. But promise you won’t come into town.”

“If everything is alright, I won’t have any reason to go into town,” he assured her.

She snorted. “You’re not committing to anything.”

“Hannah, I need you to understand, for me, nothing matters more than your safety, not even my life,” he said, with a stern tone.

Hannah’s heart missed a beat, and her smile was full when she spoke again. “Thank you, but I’ll be fine.”

He kissed her lips and smiled. “I know, but I want to be there, just in case.”

She nodded, and they left for town a few minutes later. She had a long list of supplies she needed to get, so she decided to take the larger MotorStorm, with enough room for four people and luggage. She knew people would be surprised seeing her
buying so much food, but she planned on telling them she wanted to save herself from so many trips to town.

She had also considered buying in different towns, so people wouldn’t be suspicious of her actions.

The road to town was deserted, and Hannah dropped Jaed off at the bridge, urging him to stay out of sight. He had scanned the small city, and everything seemed to be normal, so he let her go.

Once in town, Hannah went shopping for the groceries she needed, evading questions from the neighbors she met on her way. When she was done, she headed to Mr. Johnson’s ranch. He received her with open arms.

“I haven’t seen you in a while, girl. How are you hanging in up there in the mountains?” the old man asked her, while they had a cup of coffee at his kitchen table.
“Everything is fine. Life goes on, and I have to get on with it,” she replied, with a smile. She still missed her father, and she would always miss him, but she no longer was alone.

“I know what you mean,” the man nodded. Mrs. Johnson had passed away a couple of years before her father. “How can I be of help?”

“I’m thinking about having a few animals at the farm. I have a lot of spare time, and it would be nice to have fresh eggs and milk again,” she explained.

“Yes, It’s always good to keep some animals. But are you sure you’ll be able to handle them on your own?” he asked, with a slight frown.

“I know it’s a lot of work, but I’m willing to try.” She explained what she had in mind, and a few minutes later, they had settled prices and the delivery of the animals.
“Let me know if you need help. I could have one of my boys going up there to help you out,” he offered.

“Thank you, but I’m sure I can manage it on my own.”

She said goodbye to the man and headed back to town, stopping at the drugstore to replace the items she had used from her first aid’s kit.

Chapter Nine

“Hannah, it’s been a long time,” a cold voice sounded behind her, and skin on her nape bristled with displeasure.

Slowly, she turned to look at Mark, a man she had dated long before her father died. It had been one of her worst mistakes, and she often asked herself what she had seen in him. “Mark,” she nodded and turned her attention to the employee behind the counter.
“Always the ice queen, aren’t you?” the man insisted.

“You’re entitled to have your opinion,” she replied, in a cold tone, wishing the employee would finish charging her for the supplies she was buying, so she could leave.

“You must feel alone, up there in those mountains,” he said, getting closer to her.

“Oh, no, not even a little bit. I have a lot of friends and family, and they always visit me, so, no, I’m never alone.” She finished paying her bills and turned to leave the store. “It was nice seeing you,” she said, with a fake smile, as she walked out of the store.

But Mark seemed to have other plans, because he followed her out, without buying a thing.

“You know, I don’t believe you, in times of war no one visits anyone, you just don’t want to admit you’re alone,” he insisted.
She let out a loud sigh of impatience. “I really don’t see how this concerns you, Mark. It’s my life, and I live it as I wish,” she stated, in a cold tone.

“I’m alone too, Hannah, and we could be together. There aren’t many other single men in town,” he warned her.

“I don’t need a man in my life, Mark. I’m happy the way I am.”

He towered over her, pushing her against her MotorStorm, his nauseating smell penetrating her nostrils and almost making her throw up. He had always loved to bathe in cologne and apparently, that hadn't changed.

“You can’t be happy alone, you need a man to take care of you,” he insisted, resting his hands on both sides of her.

“Even if that were right, I wouldn’t choose you, Mark. We’ve tried that once, and it didn’t work,” she said disdainfully, pushing him away. “I’m sure
you’ll find someone more suitable for you.” She walked around the vehicle and hopped in.

Mark stepped aside, and she drove away, relieved that he hadn't insisted. She left town as fast as possible, and when she was leaving the city behind, she was forced to stop all of a sudden. Jaed was standing in the middle of the road.

He hopped in the car, and his frown told her all she needed to know.

“Who was that guy and where do I find him? He seems to need an urgent a lesson of good manners,” he snarled, turning to look at her.

She let out a sigh, though, deep down she was rejoicing in his jealousy. “He’s just an insignificant jerk, not someone you should worry about,” she assured him. “You exposed yourself over something I was perfectly capable of handling by myself. Please, promise me you’ll be more careful,” she asked him, looking at him.
“Would you care if I got caught?” he asked, with a veiled look on his eyes.

“Of course I would care, you’ve become an important part of my life, and I would hate losing you,” she said, as she parked the vehicle in front of her house, struggling to keep her love for him at bay.

She was sure he wasn’t ready to hear her say those words, and the last thing she wanted was to scare him away.

“You’re aware I can’t stay here forever,” he said, following her into the house.

An iron band wrapped itself around her heart and squeezed hard, making it hard for her to breathe. She cleared her throat. “Yes, I am. You must dream of the moment you’ll leave for Arcadia.”

He shook his head. “I’m not talking about that. No matter how careful we are, someone is bound
to see me here, and I’ll have to escape. Going back to the army is not an option,” he explained.

She nodded, the pain getting worse by the second. “Yes, I understand that. But, we don’t have to worry about that, for now, unless you prefer to leave now,” she said, with a faint smile.

“No, I don’t. That’s why I have been working on your other MotorStorm, to have it ready in case we need to escape.”

“Of course, I know, and I totally support you… I…” she stopped and looked at him. “Did you say ‘we’?” she asked with a slight frown.

“Yes, I said ‘we.’ I would never leave you behind. I’ve stayed this long because I know you love this place and because of all the memories it holds for you, but I have no intention of leaving you behind when the time comes, Hannah,” he assured her. “I’ll kidnap you if I have to,” he added with a
teasing tone, but she could tell he meant every single word of it.

And the grip on her heart disappeared.

“I’ve never had love in my life, Hannah, except for the love of a few friends I’m not even sure I’ll ever see again. Knowing you is the best thing that ever happened to me, and not because you helped me find my freedom, but because you brought light into my life,” he continued, taking her hands in his and lightly squeezing them. “You showed me how amazing it feels to love someone and I won’t go back to the emptiness my life was. I love you, Hannah, more than these words can ever express.”

Tears started rolling down her eyes and by the time he confessed his love for her, she was sobbing out loud.

He frowned and his whole body stiffened. “Despite my words, I would never force you to accept my love or even put up with my presence,”
he started saying, flustered by her tears, not knowing how to act.

But she was shaking her head, and though she was still crying, she was also smiling. She struggled to get a grip on herself and wiping the tears from her face, she looked at him. “I love you so much I would die if you ever leave me. Women cry when they are happy beyond words,” she managed to explain, throwing herself into his arms.

He hugged her back, squeezing her tight against his chest. She loved him. He was having trouble believing in her words, not knowing what he had done to deserve the love of such a magnificent woman.

He was just a cyborg, a man with a doubtful future, with nothing but his love to offer her and yet, she loved him.

Happy as he had never been, he picked her up in his arms and took her to their bedroom, laying her
on the bed and crawling on, next to her, eager to have her in his arms again, to kiss her and to make love to her as if there was no tomorrow.

Between kisses and caresses, they got rid of their clothes, discarding them in the heat of their passion. Soon they were naked, kissing each other and enjoying the pleasure each caress gave them.

But that day, there was no time for many caresses. Their passion was raw, urgent and compelling and in just a few minutes, he was pushing himself deep inside her, taking her down the path to paradise, with each thrust. A few thrusts later, they were riding the wild waves of another mind-blowing orgasm, and when his seed filled her womb, the tickling sensation blasted through her whole body, and she came again and again until she collapsed in his arms.

“I love you,” he whispered in her ear. “I think I’ll never get tired of telling you this.”
She chuckled and turned to kiss the tip of his nose. “I’ll never get tired of listening to you. I love you too.”

He kissed her lips and rolled out of her, to lie next to her.

“Do you have any idea why your fluids produce a tickling sensation?” she asked him, after a while.

He looked at her surprised. “What do you mean by that?”

“When we kiss, when you lick my skin, and especially when you come, a tickling sensation rushes through my body, and it’s like my pleasure is multiplied a thousand times,” she tried to explain.

“I guess it could be the work of the nanocybots. They are present in all my fluids, but we were told they die the minute they leave my body,” he replied, furrowing his eyebrows.
“Well, I don’t know about that, but the feeling lasts for a while, she added.

“Could it be possible they are actually living inside you?” he asked, puzzled by her words.

“Well, I guess we won’t find out for now, but I guess I wouldn’t mind that much,” she assured him, with a naughty grin, rolling on top of him.

“Good, because I don’t intend to stop making love to you,” he assured her, rolling his hands up her body and cupping her full breasts.

“I wouldn’t let you.”

This time, they made love enjoying every caress, every kiss, the urgency of the last encounter satiated, at least, for the time being.

Hannah was so happy she couldn’t ask for more out of life. She knew things would change and that sooner or later, they would have to leave the planet, but none of that scared her.
She had Jaed by her side, and she didn’t need anything else.

Jaed jumped out of bed and walked straight to the bathroom. Hannah had fallen asleep, completely drained from all the lovemaking. He couldn’t get enough of her, and his instincts told him he never would.

He had found what he didn’t even know he was looking for: his soulmate, the person that completed him so perfectly he couldn’t imagine life without her.

He didn’t want a life without her, he had no doubt about that.

He remembered her telling him about the tickling sensation, and though he had never been in favor of using nanocybots on humans, he found himself praying for it to be true. Nanocybots would
prolong Hannah’s life and keep her safe and sane, and he couldn’t ask for more.

He finally had a life, and he wanted to live it as much as possible, with her by his side.

The end