

BRIDGET MIDWAY

C-A-I-N AND A-B-E-L

C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L

C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L

A novella of erotic sci-fi by

Bridget Midway

Phaze
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

eBook ISBN 1-59426-613-1

C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L © 2006 by Bridget Midway

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Cover art © 2006 by Kathryn Lively

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

www.Phaze.com

One

Dr. Sonjie Tuumlar stared at the two nude men pacing behind the two-way mirror. Such advancements in technology, and yet the secretive reflective glass to observe specimens worked the best. Watching experiment subjects on a monitor always took something away from getting the true data, from getting too close to the subjects.

Placing her hands on a table in front of the darkened mirror, she leaned forward to watch the distinctly different men. The cold, steel tabletop sent a shiver up her arms and down her spine that caused her to twitch slightly after contact.

One of the men had dark hair, almost as dark as her own jet black locks, shorn close to his scalp, as military regulations would dictate. His skin color matched the reddish-brown clay dirt that covered Mars. His black, thick eyebrows framed his wild, dark eyes as best it could, but containing the strength in his gaze proved to be an impossible feat.

The way the man stared at the mirror, Sonjie felt like he was staring at her right through the glass. Impossible. She hadn't given him that type of enhancement yet. That surgery would happen some time down the road, probably sometime after the war.

The second man, although he had a similar dark skin tone, had a lighter coloring to him, almost a cross between a morning sunrise with its light sandy hue and an evening sunset that contained rust and orange rays. His light brown eyes deserved attention. And although he didn't stare into the mirror like the first, he kept his gaze zipping around the room, constantly taking in his surroundings.

Aside from having similar facial features like a strong, pointed nose, full lips and a distinctive jawline, both men had muscular bodies.

The first one's broad shoulders and long arms framed his wide back. Both had rippling abdomens that came as a result of an intense exercise regimen the Federation Army conducted.

The second one's back had just enough muscles to still be impressive. His large hands looked like they could crush a leg of a Cerillion robot if he could get close enough. The only difference between his legs and the darker one's legs was that his weren't as thick with corded muscles. Years of running over different terrains made the first one's legs like solid columns.

Impressive.

Dr. Tuumlar had to rub the back of her neck and avert her gaze to keep from fantasizing about the man's nearly perfect body. She wouldn't know if he was truly perfect until she could touch him. However, touching patients in the way she imagined went beyond unethical.

She cleared her tightening throat. Before starting the experiment, Sonjie retrieved her prescription stick from her pocket. The slight throbbing in her head, especially around her temples and directly in the center of her forehead, signaled the onslaught of an intense migraine. She would be useless for the rest of the day if she allowed it take control of her.

Pressing the silver stick against her neck, she clicked once and felt a slight sting as the medicine pumped into her system. Although this new prescription didn't completely stop the intense headache, it had at least staved the pain off long enough for her to have a productive day.

Waiting for the medicine to take affect, Sonjie closed her eyes and took a deep

breath, hoping the wave of relief would hit her quickly. As soon as the subtle throbbing in her head stopped, she opened her eyes and focused on her test subjects again.

Clicking on a control panel button on the wall next to her head, she said, "Okay, do the heat test."

"Yes, Dr. Tuumlar," a voice from the control booth responded.

Even through the thick glass, Sonjie heard a slight buzzing sound of forced hot air being pumped into the small room equipped with two cots, two chairs, a table with a deck of cards sitting on top, and searing overhead lighting.

She grabbed her pocket recorder and punched in some data on the small screen.

"Ninety-four degrees. No sign of sweat or irritation," she said into the audio recording function of her recorder.

The first man brought his gaze down to the tiled floor, then glanced up and around the room like he was searching for something. When his gaze settled on his intended target he smiled, showing off an impressive set of straight white teeth, unusual for any human since drinking water on Mars hadn't been purified within the last fifty years, and it was no better on Earth.

Maybe him not being completely human had something to do with his condition. Then again, both men were the products of Dr. Lars Urlean's creation. Inexplicably Lars had chosen to ensure his teeth remained pristine although the rest of his body had become decrepit.

However, it wasn't his look that drew Sonjie to him in the first place. She'd been attracted to his mind and his forward-thinking ideas. The man was a genius. Too bad he couldn't use his gift for the betterment of Earth humans than for himself.

Returning her attention back to the test subject, Sonjie, wanting to know what had caught his attention, gazed up at what had struck him so funny.

An air duct. Most likely he'd figured out that they were pumping in hot air.

"First subject has discovered the air duct. Doesn't seem phased by the forced air. Second subject seems unaffected as well." She gazed up at the wall thermometer gauging the temperature inside of the room. "Temperature now up to one hundred-five degrees and rising."

Her gaze returned to the room. The temperature wasn't the only thing rising. To her surprise, the first one's penis, notable even in its flaccid state, now became engorged. His long, thick shaft swelled and made a steady pilgrimage upward, only making it high enough to be more evident.

Due to Federation rules and ease in doing multiple surgeries on the men, he had no pubic hair surrounding his erection, which made it look even more impressive.

Clicking on her recorder, Sonjie said, "First test subject has become sexually aroused during this exercise. Afterward I will have to interview him to figure out what he was thinking during this experiment. If heat causes this type of reaction, then sending him to combat missions that contain extreme heat will become an issue."

With his gaze still directed at the mirror, he wrapped his hand around his meaty shaft. Curiosity plagued Sonjie as her hand reached over for the room's audio button that would allow her to hear the two men while her stare remained on him. As soon as she clicked the button, sounds of his guttural moans filled her darkened observation room.

The man stroked himself with one long, smooth pass back and forth while the other looked on, staring at him in amazement, curiosity or arousal. Sonjie wasn't sure which was more apt of his response. Even she couldn't stop staring at his performance.

That's what it had to have been: a performance for her benefit. Wouldn't be the first time.

Once when she'd given them tests to see how long they could stay submerged underwater, he'd stayed down over two days, damaging the lining of his lungs deprived

of oxygen for so long. He'd even fought off her staff attempting to retrieve him from what could have been his watery grave, again trying to prove something to either her or himself.

To this day she still couldn't figure out his motive. She remembered how much accelerator they had to use for him to get him back up to speed. Had it not been for his physical conditioning, he would have been dead a long time ago.

No, not dead. He wasn't exactly human. He would have been obsolete, decommissioned, destroyed.

His fisted hand increased in speed. Stumbling forward, he slammed his hand against the wall by the mirror to brace himself as he continued to masturbate.

"Uhhhh! Ohhhh!" he moaned.

His closed eyes hid his increasing need. Then he snapped his eyelids open, making Sonjie jump since she, unbeknownst to her, had moved her face forward to the glass as soon as he came closer to the mirror. Her heated breath fogged the barrier as she watched him. His stare bored through her.

She thought touching the table chilled her. His intense stare not only frightened her, it excited her so much so that her nipples tightened against her unflattering, military-issue bra. She crossed her legs to halt the wetness flowing into equally unappealing panties that made her feel matronly. Even in her early forties, she was far from being an old maid.

Through the mirror, she watched his body tremble. His bottom lip quivered. And the taut muscles in his arm that braced against the wall shook.

She fully understood his feeling. Even without touching herself, Sonjie's knees knocked against each other. If she could, she wanted to join the men in the room, get a closer look, a better look.

She brought her recorder up to her lips. Before uttering a word, she licked them, then swallowed again down her moon-dry throat.

The habits of men were a mystery to her. The time she'd spent with the late Dr. Lars Urlean she wanted to keep as a distant memory.

How could she have let that man touch her the way he did, then convince her that having sex in front of their creation, in front of E-V-E, Emergency Violator Equalizer, would be beneficial to her?

Even though E-V-E found happiness with Adam, thanks in part to Sonjie, Sonjie couldn't forget the fact that Lars had used her. Hearing about his death didn't bother her one bit. Let him rot in hell.

She recorded her scientific findings. "The first male subject, even with his impromptu masturbation session, has not broken out in a sweat yet." She glanced at the thermometer. "Even at one hundred-forty degrees. Unbelievable. If I can figure out the glitch in his need to become sexually aroused during extreme temperatures, then I can—"

"Sonjie!" he growled.

She turned off the recorder. Her mouth hung open. To her knowledge, even throughout all of his interview sessions, he'd never called her by her name. It was always 'Doc', 'Tuumlar' or the one she really despised, 'Tuumie'. But never ever her first name.

Hearing him say it right before he climaxed, rushed a current from her aching vagina. Her clitoris throbbed along with her pounding heart. Crossing her arms over her chest, she allowed her thumb to brush against her pebbled nipple.

Sweat covered her forehead as she watched the display. Maybe she needed a break. Or maybe her reaction wasn't due to this man at all. Maybe the medicine increased her heart rate and caused her to sweat. So how could she explain her doused panties?

"Sonjie," he said again, this time with a wicked smile.

Could he see her or was he just toying with her?

From the ceiling-to-floor mirror, it was easy to see the eruption of semen from the

thick head of his penis, spilling onto the floor around his bare feet and splattering against the glass.

With his ejaculation came Sonjie's own relief. She let out a long breath and tried settling her electrified nerves.

He slumped his head down, rested his forehead against the mirror. His back and shoulders rose and fell with his deep panting.

He breathed so hard that the mirror clouded in front of his face. Bringing his hand up to the glass he wrote in the frosted glass 'Enjoy?'

Him more than the other enhanced man could always get to her. She didn't know what it was but he seemed to enjoy jangling her nerves. That was the reason for security to stand by whenever she had to interview him.

On more than one occasion the larger of the two men had more violent outbursts and aggressive tendencies than the other. He could be fine for one moment then snap the next. His intense nature remained focused, as though he knew how to control his rages. If only Sonjie knew that secret, she could help him harness it for battle against enemies than against those trying to help him. Other mysteries surrounding the men had her curious, worried, scared.

Bringing the recorder back up to her mouth, she finished her observation. "First subject has masturbated to climax at a max temperature of over one hundred-forty degrees. Temperature now is at one hundred-sixty. From their body temperature gauges, looks like their titanium skeletal system has clicked over to auto-cooling mode. Body temperature has regulated itself to a normal ninety-eight point six degrees. I'll get the outside temperature to reach one-seventy before halting the experiment."

She turned off the recorder. What she saw in the room made her mouth drop. Guess feeling unfulfilled with his sole satisfaction, the first test subject had to make sure he shared the wealth of pleasure he had just experienced. He stormed over to the other man and, without warning, grabbed that man's penis.

Like his body, the second man's cock was long and lean. The intimate handling excited Sonjie more than seeing him bring himself to orgasm. However the gesture didn't seem homosexual in tone.

Something about seeing these two strong, good-looking men touching each other excited her as though the men were handling her, caressing her, using their massive hands to bring her to an orgasm.

The first man stared at the second, then turned to the mirror without uttering a word. He did it over and over until the second man finally took notice of the mirror and kept his gaze there while the first stroked him.

His fist pulsed at the tip so that the second man's body jerked each time he did it. In an unspoken gesture, the first one wanted the second man to look into the mirror, perhaps to psyche Sonjie out into thinking he could actually see her just like the first one had done when he'd jerked off. Psychological maneuvers were a part of their training. They were supposed to be experts at mind games.

Mind games. That's all that was.

"Rats confined to a space over a period of time do the same thing," Dr. Zerlandt, her colleague, said from behind her.

She jumped, not realizing she hadn't been the only one to enjoy this show. Feeling guilty for touching herself earlier, Sonjie made sure to drop her hands by her sides and hoped to the gods that in the dark observation room that Dr. Zerlandt couldn't see her distended nipples.

Before this second subject could utter her name, she turned off the audio and brought her attention to Dr. Zerlandt.

Scratching his fingers into his salt-and-pepper colored beard, he stepped into the

room with a casual gait. Sonjie couldn't see his silver eyes behind his glasses and in the shadowy room. But she remembered them.

Although a few years younger than Lars, Zerlandt did manage to keep himself in good physical condition, as though he would be sent out to fight on the battle lines at any moment, too.

"Rats will eventually adopt homosexual tendencies when confined with other male rats over a period of time. Why should these guys be any different? Just because they're brothers?" He snickered.

"Point one, Doctor, I'm well aware of the reactions of sexually-functioning beings like rats when in a confined space. But these men aren't rats."

"You're right. They're mutts we saved from the streets on Earth. They're like prisoners. They're only set free when there's a war to be fought."

"They're not like prisoners. I give them their space whenever they have requested it."

He laughed at her statement.

She continued. "Point two, although these two subjects have grown up together in this test environment, they are not blood brothers."

She returned her gaze to the duo just as the second man's body convulsed and he shot a stream of milky semen over the first one's arm, hand, and stomach. Again, she let out a long breath, releasing her own pent-up sexual energy. If only it were that easy.

"Brothers or not, you need to let these guys go and report to their squadron unit. The High Commander is breathing down my neck to know when they'll be ready for combat."

It was Sonjie's turn to laugh. "She's breathing down *your* neck? Last I checked you're not associated with this project. You only hear what's going on with it when you listen in on the transmissions I get from her on a weekly basis. I'm the one whose neck is on the line. I'm the one who has to make sure these men—"

"Cyborgs," he said, cutting her off.

She ignored him. "—are equipped and ready for combat. They've gone through the tests very well." The word 'tests' reminded her of the one going on now that Zerlandt interrupted. She slammed her hand on the intercom button and said, "Stop the heat test. Give the room about twenty minutes to cool down before you all take the subjects back to the changing room."

"Yes, Dr. Tuumlar."

"Subjects. That's not what you call them. Knowing you, Sonjie, you've named these guys just like you did with that first cyborg, E-V-E."

Sonjie brought her gaze down to her recorder. Keeping her attention away from his prying eyes, she punched in statistical information on each man. She then linked her hand-held device into the main computer to get more data on their bodies' reactions.

"The only name I've given them is Combat Artillery Invasion Neutralizer."

"Which one is that one?" he asked.

"The larger one with dark hair and darker skin. He's the one used in the ground forces. The other I call Aerial Battle Executive Leader. I want to make him the pointman for any air attacks. From what I've seen of both, they're more than ready to assume those roles."

Knowing Zerlandt would ask why Sonjie kept the men there if they were ready to fight, she cut him off.

"But I need more time to perfect them both, and there are some other experimentations I would like to do."

"Whatever, Sonjie. It's just Earth's dime you're spending each minute those fighting machines aren't out working for us." Zerlandt turned to the door but stopped in the doorway before walking out. A huge grin covered his face as he turned back to her. "C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L. You named them Cain and Abel?"

She didn't think he would have figured it out this quickly. "It worked so well with E-V-E that I thought I would keep it up for these men. I like those names better than Cyborg One and Cyborg Two. Most of them are still human. They have a brain, a heart, lungs—"

"And a burning need to fuck."

Sonjie blinked at Zerlandt's candor. She would have thought working with the man side-by-side for over five years would have gotten her used to his crude remarks. Didn't help that she'd turned him down repeatedly for dates and other intimate activities first by using the excuse that she and Lars had had a relationship, then telling him that she'd desired no man after Lars' death by the hands of their own creation.

Both stories weren't exactly true. Although she and Lars had been having sex, they weren't an exclusive couple, especially on Lars' end. He bedded just about any woman who moved. Then, when he tired of real human women, he created his own sexbots that he openly admitted to having them service him sexually. His overwhelming need for sex from other people and other creations was part of the reason Sonjie ran to Mars for shelter and distance.

And she hadn't really desired many of the scientists she'd encountered since resuming her work on Mars. Her colleagues were either linked to another woman after an Earth commitment ceremony, or they were all like Zerlandt, just looking for a good time at any cost.

None of that interested her. Sonjie wanted a faithful man, one faithful man who would love her, appreciate her work and her dedication...and an intense orgasm now and then wouldn't be bad either.

"Learn to let go, Sonjie. Your heart is going to kill you." Zerlandt pointed to the duo behind the mirror. "That's work. Don't name them. Don't befriend them. Don't trust them. Just wind them up and let them go like the machines that they are."

When he stepped out of the door to leave he ran into the woman Sonjie had been thinking about for a long time.

"E-V-E!" Sonjie said.

Dr. Zerlandt said, "Speak of the devil and she arrives."

Two

"Dr. Zerlandt," E-V-E began. "You're still working here?"

"And your internal battery hasn't worn down yet?" he shot back at her. "Urlean was always surprised at your longevity."

"Guess my speed and precise shooting abilities escaped his notice, too."

Sonjie had to cover her mouth and snicker. She'd heard that E-V-E, once Sonjie remotely restored her systems when Lars shut her down, had shot the man in three places: the middle of his head, his heart, and his crotch. Hearing about the last shot still tickled her to this day.

Lars deserved that, and then some, for allowing his little head to make life decisions for him. If Dr. Zerlandt wasn't careful, E-V-E might do some damage to him, too. Sonjie could only hope.

With a smile, E-V-E extended her hand to Zerlandt. Sonjie watched the exchange. It didn't take her long to see that E-V-E crushed his hand in hers when she shook it. Zerlandt winced and jerked out of her grip.

As he shook his hand out to get some blood flowing into his digits, he turned to Sonjie. "Looks like you could have used more time training this one."

"No, I think she's doing just fine." Sonjie beamed at the woman she now thought of as her friend.

As soon as her colleague walked out of her observation room, Sonjie embraced her. Though she showed her strength with Zerlandt, E-V-E reserved her power when hugging her creator.

The welcoming hug comforted Sonjie so much so that the knot building in her stomach that came from thinking about C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L disappeared. And she didn't know if it was the medication or seeing E-V-E, but Sonjie's headache also vanished.

"How have you been?" Sonjie asked.

"Very well." E-V-E grinned from ear to ear.

Her smooth, porcelain-like alabaster skin still defied Sonjie's logic. In a world full of mutts, as Dr. Zerlandt had called them, everyone had a touch of natural dark pigmentation to their skin coloring. Even Sonjie's pale skin wasn't as light as E-V-E's.

"You look great for having just delivered a baby a year ago, E-V-E." Sonjie took her hand and brought her to a sofa.

"If you talk to Adam, he would say that I was back on my feet and fighting Cerillions as soon as Luke was born. But it was really more like a couple of weeks. A captain can't be away from her command for very long." She held Sonjie's hand as she spoke. "And Dr. Tuumlar, you can call me Eve. I don't think of myself as that unemotional robot from a few years ago."

Sonjie nodded. "Okay, only if you call me Sonjie. We're friends, right?"

Eve smiled. "Right." She glanced into the room where C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L were. "Are they—" she turned to Sonjie "—like me?"

Sonjie nodded.

"Why have I never seen them before when I was being trained?"

"Dr. Urlean had them here on Mars training them and operating on them right after

we sent you to the Federation Army on Earth. I found out about them a short time afterward when I discovered his other army of cyborg women he wanted to use as sex toys."

"The man was a god among gods, wasn't he?" her friend said sarcastically.

Sonjie couldn't help but laugh. "He thought he was."

Eve returned her attention to the men, who were now being escorted from the room. "So are they ready?"

"Close. There have been so many advancements since your day that I'm finding each day there's another gift I'm discovering in them. C-A-I-N has incredible strength. And A-B-E-L has the speed of a zip-jet. Both are highly intelligent, a little more street-smart and savvy than you, but then again we got you when you were a baby. They were kids running the streets when they were rescued."

Eve snickered. "You named them Cain and Abel? Feeling religious, good doctor?"

She patted Eve's hand. "Feeling hopeful. Cerillions are only one army that's attacked the Earth. There are at least two more opposing federations as equally as large as the Cerillions and just as lethal."

"Adam and I are more than willing to help you in any way we can. Adam supports the use of cyborgs in the Federation Army."

"I'm sure he does." After offering Eve something to eat or drink, both requests she turned down, Sonjie asked, "So what's my friend doing here on Mars today? As you said, you can't be away from your Army for very long."

The smile drifted off of Eve's face. "I wish I could say it was all for pleasure. You know I think the world of you, Doctor, uh, Sonjie."

She patted Eve's leg over her black pants. "Of course I do."

"You've saved my life twice. First from the streets when I was born into a poor family that had nothing. Then when Dr. Urlean overrode my systems when he was going to kill me and Adam almost two years ago. I don't know where I would be without you. I love you."

Sonjie put her hand to the side of Eve's face. She nearly gasped at the warmth of Eve's flesh considering its cold appearance. "I love you, too. But why do I have a feeling you're about to say something I'm not going to like?"

"The High Commander sent me here."

Hearing that, Sonjie bolted from the couch. "Not you, too."

"She figured since you and I have a close relationship that maybe you would share with me the progress of C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L. So when do you think they'll be ready?"

Keeping her back to Eve to shield her disappointed expression, Sonjie straightened out testing equipment on her desk. "It's not like I flip a switch and they're ready to go. You know that."

"Yes, I do. So when do you think they'll be ready?"

"I mean, I have to not only make sure they're physically ready but mentally ready. There are a lot of tests involved in doing that."

"I understand," Eve said, her voice still in that quiet, soothing tone that had an edge to it. "So when do you think—"

"I just can't send them out there to—"

This time Eve cut her off. "Dr. Tuumlar."

Sonjie turned around from the sound of Eve's forceful tone.

"This is the last time I'll ask you," Eve began and stood. Her fitted camouflage jacket moved with her body as she approached Sonjie. "When are C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L reporting to me once they're released? Tell me now and please don't make me ask again. When will they be ready to join the Army?"

Sonjie took in a deep breath. On the ragged exhale she replied, "Give me a week."

Eve smiled. "Good answer. We just got news that another larger wave of attacks from the Cerillion is headed our way. Our sources estimate they should hit Earth again in two weeks, maybe less."

Sonjie gasped.

"Don't worry. We'll be ready. Until then, Adam and I are making love like crazy."

"Trying for a second child?" Sonjie asked.

Eve shook her head. "Seeing if my satisfaction will still take down the Cerillions like before. At least that's what I tell Adam." She winked.

The reassuring smile Eve flashed still didn't calm Sonjie's pounding heart.

"I have to go." Eve enveloped Sonjie in her arms.

Sonjie didn't want to let the woman go. The ammonia scent from Earth lingered on Eve's clothing and made Sonjie remember the times back in the lab with Lars. She trembled.

Sonjie's best memories were of her alone times with Eve when they would talk about anything and everything. Back then, Eve was like a child, asking questions about things as basic as why Sonjie cried whenever Lars wasn't around, to complex questions like why were there armies wanting to fight the people on Earth. Sonjie found both questions difficult to answer then and now.

"Remember if you need anything, don't hesitate to ask," Eve said when she pulled back from her.

"And you know if you need me you can always reach me." Sonjie smiled at the subtle reference to Eve's internal alarm that Sonjie updated.

"Thank the gods. If you hadn't added that feature, I don't know what would have happened to me." Eve kissed Sonjie on her cheek then headed to the door, stopping briefly in the doorway. Turning back to Sonjie she asked, "Are you sure the remote for me is gone? I can't be overridden again?"

Sonjie smiled. "I'm positive. Your new chip I implanted doesn't even have the feature. You could go on forever if you wanted."

Eve shook her head. "Not without Adam. If he becomes sick or when he dies, I'll turn off my self-preservation enhancement and live like a mortal until I die. I couldn't go on without him."

The hurt and disappointment Sonjie felt must have shown on her face or in the way she cut her gaze down to the floor.

"And one day you will find your Adam," Eve concluded.

After bringing her attention back up to her friend, Sonjie grinned in response. "Until then I have my work, right?"

"And great friends who will always protect you."

With a wave, Sonjie saw her creation, her friend, leave. Heavy-hearted, she gathered her recorder and lab coat, slipping it on before exiting her observation room. Her hands shook as she reached for the doorknob to close the door behind her.

She should have told Eve the truth about C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L. Eve, above anyone else, would have understood the possible glitch that existed in both of them.

Sonjie's mind tripped over the possibilities of what Lars could have done to the men before Eve killed him. Would C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L turn on the troops in the middle of battle?

Praying that she was just being paranoid, Sonjie hoped Lars hadn't altered the men's computer programming as she'd done to E-V-E to protect her and the planet.

If Lars had tampered with their circuitry, Sonjie hoped she could decipher what the possible abnormality was before releasing them to work alongside with human soldiers.

* * *

Cain peeked through the square window into the bright, white interview room. From

where he stood, he saw the doctor's coal-black hair that reminded him of the color of deep space.

He thought about how good it would feel to run his hand through her shiny hair.

That ponytail did nothing to add to her sex appeal. Probably did it on purpose. She should have it down and draped over his naked body, using it to feather over his raging, hard cock. Damn, the things he wanted to do to her.

"You know the rules, Nute," one of the guards said.

Cain sneered at the nickname the guard chose to call him. Nute, short for Neutralizer. Not fucking imaginative like the name the doctor had given him, but Cain didn't want to spend any more time in The Hole by head-butting this jerk and sending him to the infirmary.

"Stay seated," the guard continued. "Answer all the doctor's questions like a good boy."

"And if I do, will you blow me?" Cain fluttered his eyelashes for affect.

Not pleased with his flippant response, the guard pushed against Cain's chest. "That reminds me. Time for your nicey-nicey medicine."

"Oh great. More drugs to make the evil man good," Cain said as he rolled his eyes.

Jabbing Cain in the stomach with his baton, Cain barely flinched at the hit. Cotton yanked down the side of Cain's collar and pulled out what was supposed to be an inoculation gun. As soon as Cain saw the barrel of it and its handle, he knew Cotton had grabbed the wrong thing.

Calmly he said, "Are you going to make me calm by shooting my head off? I'm sure the High Commander would love that."

Cotton looked at the weapon in his hand and without apology, holstered the gun. "My mistake. Good thing you were paying attention."

"Yeah, good thing."

This time the guard retrieved the right gun and placed it on the side of Cain's neck. "Say ouch."

He shot, sending what felt like a million pin pricks into his skin. Cain gritted his teeth but refused, as always, to let Cotton or any of the other guards see him wince or buckle in pain.

He imagined that the guards probably got off on hurting other people. Cotton, the sick fuck, probably whacked off in his room while cursing Cain's name.

After unlocking the door, Cotton shoved Cain into the room. "Take a seat, Meat."

Meat, another nickname Cain hated. "I would, Cotton, but these cuffs are chafing a bit." Cain looked at the good doctor. "Permission to have them removed." When the doctor paused, Cain said, "I'm not a prisoner, just misunderstood."

Staring at him for a while, Tuumlar finally glanced at the guard and gave him one solid nod, signaling him to remove the restraints.

Once off, Cain assumed the steel chair across the table from the woman who had been in his thoughts for the last few years. He rubbed his wrists.

"If I'm not a prisoner, Doc, why am I cuffed?" he asked.

She cleared her throat, then concentrated hard to stare into his eyes. Although she kept her gaze straight, she blinked so fast it looked like her eyelashes fluttered. Even her nervousness turned him on.

"You have unexplained rages. The cuffs are a precaution until I can regulate your emotional output," Dr. Tuumlar answered.

"Anger management?" He snickered. "I guess that's what all of the precautions are for, huh?" He glanced at the pudgy guard in his silver jumpsuit. "Must he stay in the room with us, Tuumie?" Cain asked. He watched her flinch at the sound of the nickname he knew she hated. "I have a feeling you're going to ask some personal questions this

session. I would much rather respond without an audience."

The guard stepped close to the table, laser gun in hand. "You know the fucking rules, Nute. I stay in the room. You keep the conversation clean, understood?"

Cain sat back in his chair and stared straight ahead. He knew how to play this game better than anyone. Not even on their best day could they break him.

Tuumlar clicked on her recorder. With a noticeable quivering in her hand, she set it on the table with a clank, then took in a deep inhalation. He wanted to tell her it was okay, that he wouldn't harm her. But the game had begun.

After announcing the date and time, she implanted a smile and began. "Subject C-A-I-N, as you are aware you just went through an extreme heat test. How did you feel throughout the test?"

Nothing. Cain continued to stare at her but never responded. If her work relied on him, then she and the asshole at the door needed to play ball a bit to get him to concede.

"C-A-I-N, did you understand the question?"

Not one muscle twitched on his body. Control. He had his body and this room under his control.

"Answer the question, Meat!" Cotton screamed.

"Officer Gerson, please, let me handle my patient." Tuumlar never turned to the dickhead. She kept those pretty coffee browns on him.

Her coming to his defense sent a warm feeling through his body.

She huffed but continued. "About when did your internal coolant kicked on?" she asked.

Sitting like a building with his hands pressed flat on the table, his elbows at the edge, Cain said nothing.

"Maybe you would like some time in The Hole," Cotton said and grabbed for Cain's arm.

On reflex, Cain flexed his sizable muscle but remained planted in his chair.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Cain said, threat lacing his voice.

"Or what?" Cotton snickered. "What are you going to—"

Before he finished his inquiry, Cain sprang from his seat, twisted the gun around so that the barrel rested under Cotton's chin, and pressed the man against the wall. Cain secured him with one hand around his neck and the other around Cotton's wrist of the hand at the trigger.

Cain barely acknowledged Tuumlar's scream as he stared intently into Cotton's bulging eyes.

"I wouldn't even have to touch the trigger, fuck face. All I have to do is squeeze your wrist and your hand will close around the trigger and blow off that peabrain you lovingly call a head," Cain said. "Isn't that right, Doc?"

"C-A-I-N, please," she said, her voice as shaky as her hands. "Just let him go and step back. No one needs to get hurt."

Without turning to her, Cain said, "Promise me I won't go to The Hole after this, and that this piece of wasted space will sit his fat ass outside of the room, and I'll behave."

"The Hole I can arrange. But I can't not have security in this room, especially after seeing this."

At that declaration, and still maintaining his hands in their positions, he turned to Tuumlar. "I would never hurt you."

The seriousness of his tone must have struck a chord. She did the flutter blink again, then took a step forward to the duo.

"Let him go, C-A-I-N. I'll interview you alone." Tuumlar put her hand on his arm.

This time when Cain flinched it was a good thing. Her touch was the first flesh-to-flesh contact he'd ever gotten from her. The sensation swelled his cock until it pressed

against his green camouflage pants. He wanted Sonjie to notice but she kept her gaze on his.

"Dr. Tuumlar," Cotton began under a strained voice, "you can't. He's dangerous."

Splitting her gaze between the two, she answered, "I have to take a chance."

Cain smiled. "No chances. Besides, it'll take you all of two seconds to get into the room if I were to do something, right? So Doc is still safe."

Grabbing his hand down by the trigger, Tuumlar tried pulling him back. To show he could be compliant, at least under her control, he obliged and removed his hand, then released his other from Cotton's throat.

Red marks streaked Cotton's neck. The guard doubled over and held his hand to his neck as he gasped for air. "You'll pay, freak."

"Officer, you will not touch my patient. I gave him my word he would be unharmed." Sonjie swallowed hard and waited for Cain to take his seat. "Blindfold him."

Cain snapped his attention to the duo. Sonjie, trying hard to appear official, kept her gaze down to the floor as she strolled back to her chair. Instead of taking her seat, she stood motionless.

"Kinky, Doc," Cain said, then sneered. "If I get the blindfold maybe you can wear the handcuffs."

"Shut up, Meat!" Cotton, still gasping for air, shoved the back of Cain's head.

"So will you at least tell me what the blindfold is for if it's not for a little thrill?" Cain asked.

Cotton snapped a gray strip of cloth next to Cain's head.

"Since I've allowed you to be without handcuffs, I need to cut down some of your senses. You won't be as potent without your sight."

Cain smirked. "At least you didn't take away my sense of touch."

Cotton covered Cain's eyes and roughly tied the blindfold behind Cain's head. Cain refrained from wincing, although the intensity of the tightened band definitely called for some reaction.

Tuumie must have noticed how tight the prick made the tie. She quickly said, "Don't hurt him, Officer. That's enough."

"Fine," Cotton said next to Cain.

Cain felt a hand on his shoulder then warm, if not putrid, breath by his face. "Get out of line once and I'll destroy you myself."

Cain turned to the noise and smell. "You'll have to catch me first."

"Freak," Cotton said between obvious gritted teeth.

Cain heard footsteps moving away from him. He caught Sonjie whispering something to him before closing the door.

Within seconds, Tuumlar returned to her seat, evident from the way her chair legs scraped across the floor. He heard her fumble with an apparatus, then set it on the table close to his hand. Cain tapped the side of the object.

"A recorder?" he asked.

"Yes." Tuumie cleared her throat.

"Thank you," Cain said sincerely.

He heard nothing. Perhaps she didn't believe that he could be honest and sincere. Or maybe he startled her and he left her speechless.

Cain thought about her. Despite not being able to see her, he wanted to kiss her long neck and stare into her soft brown eyes. She was perfect and probably didn't realize it. One thing was apparent: she was afraid of him.

"Ready to get started now?" she asked.

"At approximately one hundred-five point three degrees my auto-coolant kicked on," Cain said. "Since that triggered, I didn't have to sweat. I could have stayed in there longer

if you wanted me to. My heart rate remained steady. My vision was clear. I was reciting one of Shakespeare's sonnets in my head when you stopped the test so my mental faculties remained the same. I wasn't thirsty or hungry. I didn't have to remove waste from my bowels. I didn't need or want to urinate." He rattled off the needed info before getting down to the final frontier. "Now, let's get off of this boring stuff and you ask me what you really want to ask me."

Cain heard her rustle and fidget in her chair. He'd made her uncomfortable again. A part of him liked keeping her off balance. Another part wanted to calm her fears. He had no desire to hurt her.

How could he want to hurt this goddess? His memory bank recalled her attire before he was blindfolded. Wearing the regulation black T-shirt, Tuumlar's rounded tits sat above her flat stomach. When she'd gotten up earlier, Cain couldn't help but notice her long legs hiding underneath her below-the-knee blue skirt. He licked his lips.

"Okay." She cleared her throat. "Why did you masturbate?"

"Because I need a woman," he answered flatly. "I have been cooped up in this place since I could walk and I've never slid my dick inside of a warm pussy to know what that feels like."

"C-A-I-N, if sexual companionship is all you need then—"

"It's not all I need," he said, cutting her off. "I want it all. I need to hear a woman when she comes. I want to touch soft skin. I need to know what she tastes like. Doc, what do your pussy juices taste like? Is it sweet or is it salty?" He licked his tongue over his lips.

He imagined with such an inquiry that sweet, ol' Tuumie was turning every shade of red known in the solar system. She cleared her throat again.

"You're anxious. I can hear your breathing pattern. It's increased significantly. Don't act distressed, Doc. The guard might come back in and this time I won't be so nice."

After a gasp, she asked, "Would you hurt him?"

"If I had to."

"Kill him?"

He paused. "Possibly."

"Why?"

"Until he grows a pair of tits, I don't want him putting his hands on me."

"But you masturbated A-B-E-L. Why did you do that?"

He smirked. "I knew the real questions would come out as soon as we got rid of the unsavory elements in the room. But before I answer your question, let me ask you this. Did you like what you saw?"

She snickered. "Excuse me?"

"I know you were watching us. I even wrote a little note for you on the mirror. Did you like what you saw? Did you enjoy watching me stroke my cock and then do the same to Abel? See, I have this running bet with Abe. I said that you would like seeing us together, which is why I made him look into the mirror. I know you couldn't take your eyes off of us, could you?"

Tuumlar's face must have been Mars red by now.

"My reaction makes no difference in this discussion."

"I'm betting you did. I'm thinking you're imagining the whole thing over again and it's making you wet." He took in a deep breath, filling his nostrils with the sweet smell of her sex. The scent had to have been her pussy. He'd never smelled it before but the aroma drove him crazy. "I can smell you, just like back in the test room. I could smell you through the fucking walls. You took away my sight but heightened all of my other senses."

"C-A-I-N—"

"And stop calling me that. Call me Cain. I'm a man. I have needs and I need a woman." Sprawling back in his rigid chair, he let his hand rub against his hard dick straining against the zipper of his pants. "And from what I can tell, Doc, I suspect you need a man."

"My needs are irrelevant." From the direction of her voice, she remained seated. Why hasn't she bolted to her feet and stormed out of the room? Intrigued, or was she trying to prove something?

"To me, they're not. Don't you ever wonder about what could be? Urlean made his own sex cyborgs. I could be yours if you wa—"

"Dr. Urlean should have had his license removed a long time ago and placed in jail," Tuumlar said through gritted teeth. "I'm nothing like that man. I never will be."

"Touched on a sore spot. I could keep opening up that wound and talk about your relationship with him. Did he satisfy you at all, Tuumie?"

She answered, "That's none of your damn business."

He'd gotten to her. It was the first time he'd ever heard her curse. He liked pressing her buttons, not to make her angry, but to get her excited. He listened intently to her rapid heartbeats. With that kind of reaction, Tuumie's nipples must be nice and hard by now. He imagined what she would look like now. Even in her black top, Cain visualized seeing them protruding nicely through it.

Cain heard her moving her lab coat around. Was she about to leave him? He leaned forward.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" he asked.

"Nowhere. I got my medicine from my pocket. Something for headaches. I'm getting one now."

"I know something that would get rid of it." Cain twitched his finger forward, tapping her recorder. "I think you'll like it."

Time to get this party started. And to do that, Cain needed the perfect lighting.

Faster than a blink, he stripped off his blindfold, grabbed her recording device and tossed it into the one strip of overhead lighting, busting out the lights and cloaking them in darkness except for the bit of illumination that streamed through the window in the door.

While Tuumlar screamed, he jumped from his chair, grabbed her hand, and pulled her with him to the door, bracing his back against it. Cotton tried his best to get inside but with Cain's body pressed against it, Cain knew the guard wouldn't be gaining access any time soon. That didn't mean Cain had a lot of time.

"What are you doing?" Tuumlar exclaimed.

"Helping us both."

Even without lighting, Cain, with his arm around Tuumlar's waist, pulled her to him and kissed her on her lips. As soon as his mouth touched hers, he thought he would blow the circuit in his computer chip.

He never thought he would feel anything as soft as her lips. She tasted like the artificial strawberries manufactured on Earth and shipped to Mars. Forgoing sweetness and delicacy, he plunged his tongue inside of her mouth, taking possession.

Her small hands pushed him back at first, then ever so slowly her body became pliant and curved into his. She snaked her hand to the back of his head and actually held him closer to her.

"Mayday! Mayday! Need backup to the interview room," Cotton screamed. "C-A-I-N is attacking Dr. Tuumlar."

Cain broke from the kiss and peered out of the window.

"You should stand away from me so you don't get hurt when they come through the

door to get you," she said.

The concern she held in her voice swelled his heart. However, he had no time to enjoy the moment. Letting her go as soon as Cotton ran down the hall for help, Cain grabbed a chair and shoved it hard under the doorknob. That would buy him some time.

Moving his hands around in the darkened room, he found Tuumlar again, cowering in the corner. Pressing her back into it, he felt her shaking. Her breath came out in ragged pants.

"I told you I would never hurt you," Cain said. "I mean that. I just want to make you feel good." He took her hand and pressed it against his bulge. "This is what you do to me. Every time I see you or think about you, I get so fucking hard."

"Cain, I—" But the words caught in her throat.

He took advantage of her speechless condition to kiss her again, sliding his eager tongue into her hot mouth. To his surprise, when he let her hand go, she continued rubbing his cock through his pants.

He pulled back from her. "No time to love you the way I want to. But I've always wanted to taste you."

A loud bang sounded at the door as he lifted her skirt. Feebly she tried tugging it back down but eventually let him have his way. With one hard snatch, he yanked her cotton panties from her body, ripping it off. He parted her legs by kicking her feet apart. The aroma of her cunt wafted up to his nose and it made him even harder.

He rubbed the pads of his fingers against her slick nether lips. So what he'd read in books and magazines about how a woman reacted when sexually aroused was true.

"Ah, so not only do the soldiers have to be shaved smooth but the doctors as well? Or did you do that for me?"

She didn't answer, but instead attempted to push him away again.

"Tell me what you want, Doc, and I'll do it," he growled in her ear.

Another slam hit against the door but it didn't budge.

"You want me inside?" Cain asked.

Tuumlar mumbled something incoherent but from the motion of her head next to his face, he felt her nodding. Not wanting to give her a chance to change her mind, he opened her pussy lips, hearing the slight smacking sounds from her wetness, and slid his middle finger inside of her.

"Ohhhh!" she screamed. She raised one leg.

To oblige her, he hooked his hand underneath it to hold it up and parted her wider while he moved his finger in and out of her hot, thick walls. With each thrust inside of her, he felt her pussy clamp around his finger. The feeling played with his heart, making the organ do flip flops in his chest.

He imagined what his dick would feel like inside of her as the thick walls grabbed him, squeezed it, milked him of all of his come.

"One, two, three!" a collective scream came from the outside right before another slam hit the door.

Neither Tuumlar nor Cain spoke as he finger fucked her, she rubbing his shaft until he felt like he was going to explode at any moment.

"Oh, Cain!"

"Now, Tuumie, now!"

His rhythm increased. Her body convulsed while she gripped his shoulder with her free hand. He felt her hips gyrating, fucking his finger. Inside of the demure doctor was a hot sexbot waiting to be released.

With her body shaking and her fingernails embedded into his shoulder through his T-shirt, she let out a scream just as he pushed his finger deep inside of her and held it there. He waited for her to hit her peak and ease down a bit before he pulled his finger out

of her slowly, then gave her one last kiss before the doors crashed open.

Still hidden in the dark, Cain managed to move away from Tuumlar and stand with his hands in the air as soon as the flashlights found him.

"What the fuck happened in here?" Cotton asked. "Is that glass I'm stepping on? Where the hell is your blindfold?"

Cain heard the crunch under the troops' booted feet. He smiled.

"You think this is funny?" Cotton got right in Cain's face. "Another second longer and we would have called this a hostage situation."

"I'm fine," Tuumlar said, nearly out of breath. "No harm done. Just a freak accident with my recorder and the lights."

"Did this jerk damage your—"

"I'm fine," she said again. "Just fine."

"What about your interview with A-B-E-L? We're preparing him now."

"Leave him be in his living quarters and take Cain, um, C-A-I-N back to his."

"How's that headache, Doc? Doing any better with that?" Cain asked.

Sonjie wouldn't even look at him. Without further explanation, Tuumlar ran from the room. Her scent that lingered in the air wasn't enough for him. Cain sucked his middle finger and finally got a taste of her, and she was good. Good and tasty. A salty flavor met his tongue as soon as his finger hit it, but it was quickly followed by a subtle sweet taste.

"Good thing Dr. Tuumlar has a soft heart otherwise you would be spending some time in The Hole tonight." Cotton, with the aid of three other men, cuffed him again.

"Yeah, good thing."

The group pushed him out of the room and led him back to his quarters. When they got to his door, they pushed him inside and locked him in.

Sitting on his bed, he scanned his living quarters. Now that he had a taste of heaven, his room felt empty. He fished through his pocket and pulled out the panties he'd ripped from Tuumlar's body.

Yeah, it was a very good thing that she'd liked him. Now if he could get her to make an unplanned visit to his room, he would be even happier.

Three

Sonjie showered for the third time, using up a month's worth of her water rations just to get the smell of Cain from her body. No matter how hard she scrubbed, his scent, a mixture of sweat, red clay, and processed oxygen, stayed in her nostrils.

Hours later, she still felt his powerful grip holding her leg. As her hands coasted down her slick body, she stopped the trek at her vagina, throbbing an hour after he'd given her sublime pleasure from one digit.

How could she have let him do that? She should have fought him off, told him no, screamed louder for help. Instead her instincts had taken over and her body told a different story than her conscience.

What she couldn't say verbally, Sonjie felt in her heart, in her soul, in her gut: she wanted Cain, desired him as soon as she caught his pompous swagger stomping across the laboratory room floor when she'd first come back to Mars. Unnamed, both he and A-B-E-L, Sonjie decided then to give the two men monikers that would have meaning. She knew they weren't brothers. But they looked so much alike and they looked out for one another, too. C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L seemed to fit, just like with Eve's name since she was the very first of her kind.

Slipping one hand between her thighs, Sonjie brushed against her swollen and smooth labia, desperate for more attention.

C-A-I-N had noticed her shaved mound. A smile peeked through as her fingertips danced over her sensitive flesh.

Bringing one hand up, she cupped her breast, one area he missed in the brief moment he'd grabbed her, and given her the hottest two minutes she'd ever experienced. The danger of it all, first what she was doing with her patient, then hearing the guards trying to break into the room to get at him, made her skin tingle.

Even when she had been with Lars, she'd never done anything sexually risky like that...aside from having sex in front of a catatonic E-V-E. When the man suggested bringing E-V-E into their lovemaking sessions, Sonjie had to draw the line.

Sonjie cut off the water.

"Thinking about him is wrong. These thoughts are wrong. I should know better. What's wrong with me?" she said to herself.

Nonetheless she couldn't stop thinking about C-A-I-N. And A-B-E-L took up just as much of her thoughts as C-A-I-N. It didn't help that she'd gotten to know the men during intense interview sessions.

Secrets were revealed. Fears, if any, were shared. And on a couple of occasions, they had managed to make her laugh, something Lars could never do.

Scrubbing her skin as though that was the start of her punishment, she dried herself off. Stomping her foot on the heated dryer button on the floor, she stood under the bubbled dome to dry her hair.

She had no other alternative but to remove herself as the primary scientist on their case. She could ask Dr. Zerlandt and hoped the cretin didn't ask for anything in return, as usual. But not before telling him what she suspected about C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L.

Only way to know for sure would be through testing. If she could perform the right tests in the week's time she had, then she would know for sure. She had so little time. If

the suspected malfunction did exist she would have to work fast to correct them before shuttling them off to Earth to fight a war.

Wrapping a towel around her body, she sauntered into her one-room living quarters. Her feet smacked against the white cold tile floor.

"News," she bellowed.

A 3-D hologram of the local news appeared in the center of the room. She only had it on for noise nowadays, something to combat the loneliness of her spacious room.

Sonjie passed her bed and headed to her waist-high dresser. When she opened her top drawer, a twisted yet bland bunch of panties, bras and T-shirts popped out of the drawer and nearly spilled to the floor.

For as organized as she was in her normal life, dotting all I's and crossing every T, it always amazed her how cluttered she kept the items in her bureau.

"One day," she mumbled.

The veiled promise to clean the drawers would be forgotten as soon as she got dressed. Sonjie knew her limitations. Menial tasks like this wouldn't rate high on her chart of things to do.

Her hand hit the bottom of the drawer where she felt something unusual yet familiar. Grabbing the object, she pulled it out to view it.

A small bottle half full of clear personal lubricant. She'd bought it years ago when she was still with Lars. The passion for him died long before she'd left him to come to Mars.

"Son-of-a-bitch." She reared her hand back to toss the bottle of translucent gel into a trash receptacle but stopped.

Suddenly remembering a second item she kept for an emergency, she dove through the drawer, looking for that seven-inch flesh-like toy that had gotten her through many a long night.

"Come on. Where did I put it?"

Her breathing increased so much that she had to open her mouth to accommodate more air into her lungs. She couldn't tell if the beating in her head came from her drumming heart or if she was experiencing the onset of another headache.

"Not now," she mumbled.

Halting her search for a moment, she grabbed her prescription stick and endured the quick sting to ensure a good night. Once administered, she put the stick back on top of the bureau and continued her search.

After exploring the top three drawers and coming up empty, she dove into the last drawer. As she slid it open, the locked door to her living quarters whooshed open. Her body went cold immediately as though she'd taken three ice cold showers instead of hot ones.

Bringing herself upright and securing the towel around her body, she reached for her laser gun she kept by her bed. No one could access her room without the code. And she didn't hear an alarm so there wasn't a safety issue in the building.

By the time she turned around, holding the gun in front of her, she saw who the intruder was and lowered it.

"I know you weren't looking for your gun," A-B-E-L said with a smile. "What were you diving in your drawers for? What was it that you needed so badly?"

Ignoring his salacious inquiry, Sonjie said, "You know I almost shot you?"

"But you didn't." He took off his shirt and tossed it to the floor.

The sight of his bare chest made her lick her lips in an automatic response. She cleared her throat as a way to cover her obvious delight in seeing his body.

"You can't be here. You need to leave now." She pointed to the door but he kept coming toward her. "Get out!"

He stood directly in front of her with his bare chest against her gun, as though daring her to shoot.

"You missed our interview session," he said as he removed his boots. "I had so much to tell you."

"Why aren't you listening to me? I'm telling you to go."

After removing his footwear, he stopped before shedding his pants. "I have heard what you've said verbally." He jutted his head forward to stare at Sonjie more intently. "Your pupils are fully dilated and since I know you don't take recreational drugs, it has to be due to excitement. Your skin is flushed in a rosy, pink color. Temperature in here is normal so you can't be too warm." He unzipped his pants and pulled them down, revealing his erection. Then he took in a deep inhalation. "You've self-lubricated. I can smell it."

She almost blurted that Cain had said the same thing to her but she stopped herself. Didn't need A-B-E-L asking questions about that session.

She hoped for as close as the two were that Cain hadn't revealed what had happened just a couple of hours ago. From watching the two over the past couple of years, the competition she viewed between them became apparent each day they stayed together.

"The physical relationship I had with you was a mistake. I shouldn't have started it, but it needs to stop. It has to end today," Sonjie said and tightened her towel around her body.

Completely nude, A-B-E-L put his hands to his hips as he studied Sonjie's expression, gauging her seriousness.

When he must have deduced she meant every word, he said, "Okay. You're right, Sonjie."

Hearing A-B-E-L say her name released a flood from the apex of her thighs, an area that begged her to accept him in her bed just one last time. Her overwhelming need consumed her like a raging fire, unable to be extinguished.

She'd known the very moment she'd crossed the line with A-B-E-L that she'd made a mistake. Unlike with C-A-I-N, she had initiated the relationship. She had at first claimed their coupling was in the name of science.

"We'd made a mistake with E-V-E when we trained her, Dr. Urlean and I," Sonjie had explained to the cyborg with ropy muscles and an intense stare with dark, chocolate eyes. "We showed her how to make love but she never experienced it until it was almost too late."

Standing alone with her, A-B-E-L's face remained stoic, still. In a rigid military stance, he crossed his hands in front of his body, his feet were planted shoulder-length apart. Thinking about him now, Sonjie rubbed her legs together remembering how his black pants hugged his powerful thighs and firm backside.

"Will sex make me a better soldier?" he'd asked.

His voice hadn't sounded flat, not like E-V-E's voice whenever she had asked about sex before encountering Adam. When A-B-E-L asked, a seductive lilt came at the tail end, which with his deep, rolling voice sounded more like a dare than an inquiry.

"I don't want the same mistake that almost happened to E-V-E to happen to you...or C-A-I-N," she'd quickly followed.

"Have you requisitioned a sexbot for me?"

Keeping her back to him, she set her recorder on her desk. "No." Suddenly feeling too hot, she slid her jacket down her arms and laid it across her desk. "The inanimate touch will not suffice."

"No offense, Dr. Tuumlar, but with the advances made in technology, the sexbots are more lifelike than the ones from ten years ago."

A-B-E-L. He was the logical one of the two. Some days he sounded like a TV ad

than someone all-human.

Sonjie took the clip from her hair, freeing it from its bun prison. "None taken, A-B-E-L. And you're right about the sexbots. They are more lifelike than earlier models." She turned to him. "But they can't give you the emotional and physiological responses that you need."

"Like a real woman?"

"Yes."

"Like you?"

Sonjie folded her arms. "I'm here. Plus if you're going to do something harmful, I'd rather you do it to me than to hurt an unsuspecting woman."

"I would never harm anyone who has not threatened me. It's against my program."

"No, not program. Your nature." She wanted him to get in touch with his human side, especially now that she stood in the room with him and stared at his incredibly taut body.

The green T-shirt he wore accentuated his packed muscles.

By gods, what had she gotten herself into? Sure, when she'd initially thought of the idea after hearing E-V-E's story after the birth of her son, Sonjie thought about C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L in that same manner.

If Sonjie was able to program E-V-E so that her sexual satisfaction, her love, could countermand Dr. Urlean's Cerillion army, then what made her think Lars hadn't done the same?

Sonjie felt like it was her duty and responsibility to find out if Lars had altered their programs. Plus she wanted to get back at the man who had used her and made her feel worthless and cheap, unlovable. Now it was her turn to get back at the man.

"Will you do the same with C-A-I-N?" A-B-E-L cocked his head.

What had she gotten herself into? How could she answer that question?

"I'll have to see how you react first before proceeding with the second cyborg."

The mention of them both being cyborgs was meant to bring some sort of reality to the situation. This was a test. She needed to get a reaction. It had all been done in the name of science. Maybe if she repeated those excuses in her head enough she would be convinced of it herself.

"Would you like to do it here?" A-B-E-L had asked.

Scanning her dimly lit but small office space, she answered, "No. We would have more room and privacy in my quarters. Follow me."

Each step, executed with confidence, actually came about on quaking knees. Not only had staring at his bulging muscles made her nervous but she'd seen him naked on several occasions. She'd seen his impressive penis, long, sleek, with a thick tip.

Just as she slid her room card key through the reader at her door then punched in her code on the pad, a thought hit her: she would be taking his virginity.

When her door swished open, she turned and placed her hand on A-B-E-L's chest.

"Wait," she began. The thrumming of his heart pulsed against her palm and increased in speed the longer she touched him. She gazed into his eyes. "I don't think—"

"You're afraid of me?" he asked, cutting her off and filling his gaze with wonder mixed with pain.

"Um, no." Stammering had never been a part of Sonjie's nature but she felt at a lost for words in this situation.

"You appear worried. Your breathing rate has increased. Your pupils are dilated." He reached his hand out to her neck, making her flinch. With two fingers pressed firmly against the side of her neck, he proclaimed, "Your pulse is rapid. You should sit, Dr. Tuumlar."

Before she could protest, he took her hand and pulled her into her own living

quarters. Her door shut behind them but it didn't stop her stomach from knotting or her hands from sweating.

Why was it that Dr. Urlean had no problem being a perverted sexual predator? Why couldn't she have sex with someone to get back at what he'd done to her?

Once A-B-E-L had her seated and he stared into her eyes, Sonjie figured out the reason. She cared for A-B-E-L and C-A-I-N too much to use them.

"I'll get you some water," A-B-E-L said.

"I'm fine."

But he was already in her kitchen area, searching the cabinets for glasses and pouring her a glass of the rationed element. When he came back to her, instead of letting her hold the glass herself, he held it and tipped it into her mouth. His tenderness overwhelmed her. She hadn't taught A-B-E-L compassion and she knew Dr. Urlean couldn't have passed on this lesson.

"Better?" he asked as he set down the glass.

She nodded.

"I should be naked for this exercise, correct?"

She snickered at the clinical way he talked about their pending coupling. "A-B-E-L, we don't have to—"

He pressed his lips against her mouth. Rigid at first, like he was acting out what he'd seen on a movie or maybe what someone else had done in front of him, A-B-E-L's lips soon became soft, yielding against hers as hers molded against his.

Her hands rested on his arms as he held her waist. Coasting them up his muscled arms, she coiled one hand behind his head, feeling the prickly stubble of his shaved head. The other hand rested on his chest until her nimble fingers found his nipple. Hardened already, she petrified it further with her delicate handling, swirling her fingertips over the nub through his shirt.

A-B-E-L broke from the kiss to stare down at her hand touching his chest. Mirroring her movements, his massive hand cupped her breast through her shirt. He massaged it until he must have felt her stiff nipple brush against his palm. A smile curled at the corner of his delicious mouth.

Experimenting with him, Sonjie moved her hand over to his other nipple. He responded in kind, this time letting his thumb caress her sensitive bud to an aching degree. For a novice, he sure did know how to make her react.

Heat prickled her skin as her eyes closed, and she languished under his handling. When he broke from her, she popped her eyes open and directed her gaze to him.

Frustration must have plague him as he ripped off his shirt, revealing his bare chest. Before he touched her again, he removed her top. She didn't fight him.

In her skirt, bra, and military issue black pumps, Sonjie felt hot but yet underdressed, like she should cover up her body. A-B-E-L wouldn't allow her to hide herself.

Panting like wild dog, he sprang to his feet and brought her up onto hers. "I need to see your body."

In a flash he had removed her bra, skirt, panties and shoes so that she stood before him, naked and nervous. His gaze scanned her body, studying her with marvel in his eyes. He asked her not to move as he shed his clothes.

She stared at his form, perfect in every way. From his broad shoulders down to the planes of his chest, over his rippled abdominal muscles and his erect penis jutting forward. As a scientist, Sonjie's mind sighed in relief that he at least reacted to her the way he should...or rather the way she'd hoped.

Taking her hand, he wrapped it around his erection. Sonjie's breath hitched as she felt him throbbing in her hand.

"I like feeling you touch me," he'd said.

Feeling the need to take control of the situation, Sonjie set in her chin and said, "Good. Those are all good reactions to physical intimacy. Perhaps we should get started and—"

His mouth crushed against hers again, kissing her hungrily until she felt like she would lose her breath. When he pulled back, his eyes fluttered as though he had been standing in the middle of a sand storm.

"Are you okay? Your circuits aren't overheating, are they?" Sonjie tried getting a look into his eyes.

"I need you on the bed. Now."

Not waiting for her response, he scooped her into his arms and carried her to her flat bed that was a hair better than a cot. The itchy wool blankets under her body scratched against her skin as she lay motionless.

With eyes full of wonder, A-B-E-L surveyed her body from her eyes down over her breasts, to her stomach and her bare sex, then to her feet. So heavy his gaze that she felt like he hadn't just looked at her, but instead used his hand to caress her body. Her nipples tightened from his inspecting gaze.

Closing his eyes, he reached his hand over her face. Lightly touching her forehead, nose, and lips with his wide hand, he feathered his touch down her body. The tickling sensation raised goosebumps over her arms.

A-B-E-L was either a quick-study or he was playing her, tricking her into thinking he knew nothing about sex but was actually a master. Either way, she didn't want him to stop.

At her breasts, he orbited his fingertips around her nipples, not touching them, but instead teasing them without contacting to them.

Sonjie let out a long, ragged breath out of need, frustration and awe. She never thought he would catch on so quickly to the delicate intimacies of sex. Was this what it was like for Dr. Urlean?

No. She'd been with him. He was different, and that was putting it mildly. The man didn't treat her this delicately. A-B-E-L cherished her body, acting as though she was the last morsel of food on Mars.

A-B-E-L opened his eyes long enough to lower his face over her breast and lick her nipple. At the touch, she drew in a sharp intake of breath as her body writhed under him. She never had a lover treat her like this, give her this much attention, affection.

His hand moved down her body and over her stomach, which quivered as soon as he touched her. Down to her moistened and heated pussy, he slid his index and middle fingers over her shaved folds.

The sensation of his subtle touch made her heart explode. She opened her legs and arched her back to give him better access.

"I like what your body does for me, the way it reacts. It's amazing," he said, his gravelly voice sounding gruffer than usual.

"This is just the beginning," she said, trying to sound scientific without seeming too anxious.

"Your scent." He scooted down between her thighs and settled himself with his face inches away from her early morning shaving job. "Your smell does something to me. My heart. I've never felt it going this fast before, even after I run twenty miles a day."

Parting her nether lips with his fingers, A-B-E-L took in a deep breath, inhaling that intoxicating scent that captured him. With a slow swipe of his tongue, he licked her from her anus to her clit and back down again.

Sonjie's body no longer became her own. In an unspoken way, she'd given possession over to A-B-E-L, allowing him to please her the way he saw fit.

Forget about her being the teacher. He was teaching her the true pleasures of sex from his slow, methodical nature. Even as he talked about her in a scientific fashion, that made her wet just listening to him. He talked her language.

"You taste like roses dipped in saltwater. How is that possible?" he asked in between licking her overly-sensitive nub.

Sonjie could barely think let alone explain what the human body composed of to make her smell and taste the way she did. She curved her hips upward, pressing her aching sex into his mouth.

Holding her legs apart, he lapped her juices with such ease it was as though he liked driving her crazy with pleasure. When he discovered that dipping his tongue inside of her made her moan even louder and caused her body to jerk, he did the motion again and again until he forced her to scream in pleasure.

The wave of her orgasm came crashing down on her until she did lose her breath. Her legs twitched uncontrollably. What had this man, this being, done to her?

Crawling over her body, A-B-E-L positioned the bulbous tip of his erect penis at her opening. The slightest touch made the walls in her pussy constrict. She never wanted a man more than at that moment.

With the patience of a sniper, he inched his head inside of her and held himself there, a feat considering how much his body shook. She wrapped her legs around him and held onto his shoulders. Both of them gasping for breath, but neither wanting to stop this sweet torture.

A-B-E-L slid in another hot inch and with great control, held himself still. He did this motion of giving her a delectable inch until he was all the way inside of her for what seemed like an eternity.

Once inside the curve of his cock hit the right spot inside of her. His slow thrusting made her body hum with excitement. And he made love to her that way, ever so slowly while staring intently into her eyes, but never speaking a word.

He allowed her to cry out, moan and mewl as he watched her. Something about his deep, penetrating stare stirred excitement in her belly. He looked at her as though he knew just how to make her have an earth-shattering orgasm but wanted to wait until he felt she was ready for it.

His hard body carried a fine dusting of light brown hairs. She cupped his firm ass and held onto him, encouraging him to delve deeper inside of her even though he felt so good with his easy motions already.

Without warning, A-B-E-L increased his speed. Her fingernails embedded in his shoulders as she felt her slick inner walls squeezing him, not wanting to let him go. Not just yet.

She kissed his shoulder, then nibbled his tight flesh. A brine-like taste met her tongue when she pressed it against his skin. As intense as the session had become and as hard as he worked, A-B-E-L still did not break a sweat.

He released a low, rumbling growl, then squeezed his eyes shut. Rubbing his pubic bone against her clit, she saw bursts of light flash before her eyes.

"Ohhh, Abel! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

She hadn't meant to use his acronym as a real name but she couldn't help it. He'd given her a real emotion: pleasure. He'd made her feel for the first time in years.

Once she climaxed, A-B-E-L wasn't too far behind her. Grasping a handful of her wool blanket, he pushed himself into her as deep as he could and held himself there.

"Sonjie!" he screamed.

She felt a hot stream of his jism shoot inside of her. Her body shook. She had to hold him tighter to bring herself down.

Not pulling out of her, A-B-E-L stared down at her, a smile cocked at the side of his

mouth. "I like this exercise."

Nearly breathless, she replied, "It does beat watching you run on a treadmill for three hours."

"May we do this again? Right now?" he asked with so much enthusiasm the reaction was almost boyish.

"A-B-E-L, we only did this as an experiment, not to gain pleasure."

"Pleasure is good. I'll do anything you ask, Sonjie Tuumlar. You have my allegiance."

She smiled. "I know."

"And my heart."

Even now, Sonjie remembered how her smile had faded. Looking at A-B-E-L now, standing in front of her nude just like he had the first time they'd had sex, she felt conflicted about what she'd done.

As much as she'd admonished the late Dr. Urlean for his unorthodox practices, she could be lumped in his same category. The thought sickened her.

As great as the sex was, how could she have started something like that with A-B-E-L? And worse yet, how could she have kept it going and without C-A-I-N finding out?

"Before I go," A-B-E-L began, "I need for you to look me in the eyes and tell me you don't want me, don't want this. And you know I can tell if you're lying."

Four

"What I want and what should happen are two different things," Sonjie began.

"Why should it be?" A-B-E-L asked. "I'm a man, flesh and blood. Just because I'm enhanced doesn't mean I don't feel." He stepped closer to her. His erection hadn't died down, even with her laser gun in her hand. "I love you."

She shook her head, then moved away. "By gods, you can't. You can't love me."

"I can and I do. You saved me from a horrible life."

Sonjie shook her head. "Yes, by keeping you here and having you be treated like a prisoner. You're needed to fight wars and help humans on Earth. No one cares if you live or die."

"But you do." He reached his hand out and stroked her face.

The touch sent a shiver down her spine.

"Why is it that you assigned me to the aerial team and made Cain a ground fighter?" he asked.

"Because you have a more analytical mind. You think about consequences and that's important. Well, you did until you barged into my room and stripped down naked. What if I had a teleconference call from the High Commander? She would see you here."

"Heightens the excitement, doesn't it?" His eyes darkened at the implication.

Moving closer to her, he stalked her. She raised her gun again. This time he stayed in his position but left his long arms dangling at his sides.

"Not another step or I swear I'll shoot." She hoped he wouldn't be able to see her hand shaking.

"No, you won't."

"Ha! And what makes you think I won't?"

He loomed over her, his face next to her ear while the barrel of the gun pressed against his chest.

"Because you left the safety on," he whispered in her ear.

When he righted himself and showed off the ring on his chest where the gun opening had been pressed next to his nipple, Sonjie brought her gaze down to the gun and noticed that she had indeed left the gun in its safe mode. Not one to use it, she set the intimidating weapon on the nightstand and slumped down on her bed.

Tired of listening to the news, she said, "Off," and the TV transmission disappeared. If only A-B-E-L had the same type of switch where she could turn him on and off. Lars had made sure they didn't have an override switch after they had made E-V-E.

Sonjie needed to find out what other features Lars implanted in the men before the week was out. Even trickier, she had to do this without C-A-I-N or A-B-E-L knowing.

"I feel so out of control," she began.

A-B-E-L slipped down next to her. In a soothing rather than seductive move, he placed his large hand on her knee.

"How can you say that?" A-B-E-L began. "You have two men under your control and one willing to follow you to the ends of the solar system and back."

"And you're going to be leaving soon, and I may never see you again." Her voice got low. "And I do care about C-A-I-N. If he knew about us..."

"We've managed to keep it from him this long."

She gazed deep into his eyes. "You and C-A-I-N have to be shipped out by the end of the week."

Turning his gaze down, A-B-E-L looked forlorn before returning his attention to Sonjie again. "Then we'll have to take advantage of the limited time we have."

A-B-E-L kissed her neck. Before she realized it, he had her towel off and had her flat on the mattress. His kisses sent her mind soaring into outer space. His lips were both firm and full as he possessed her mouth. Once he slid his tongue into her mouth, he had her.

She sucked on his tongue like the organ was another penis. Her hand held the back of his head. His short hairs tickled the palm of her hand.

He pulled back from the kiss and stared down at her. Moving to the side, he hovered his hand over her face.

"Since you canceled our session," A-B-E-L began before he touched her, "I say we do our interview here and now."

He brought his fingertips down so that they touched areas around her eyes and nose. His touch was so light that it tickled her. She closed her eyes to immerse herself in just his touch and to listen to his voice.

"So tell me, Doctor Tuumlar. What did you want to know?"

His fingertips feathered down her neck and down one arm. Sonjie had to gather her wits before she could think up a question.

"How did you feel?" she asked. A basic question, but it was the only thing she could think of at the moment.

"Hot. Very hot." A-B-E-L caressed her arm and moved all the way down to her fingertips where he slid his fingers in between hers. "All I kept thinking about was you. Cain must have picked up on that. He kept wanting me to look in the mirror as though I was looking right at you when he helped relieve me."

"Why did you let C-A-I-N do what he did to you?" She kept her eyes closed, enjoying the light touch as he moved across her bare chest to give her other arm the same attention.

"What did I let Cain do to me? I want to hear you say it."

Sonjie swallowed hard and paused before she said anything.

"Sonjie, say it. For me."

After a long exhalation, Sonjie finally said, "Why did you let C-A-I-N masturbate you?"

When A-B-E-L didn't answer, she opened her eyes. Still moving his fingertips over her body, he smiled a mischievous smile.

"Why did you let him stroke your cock? Did you like him touching you, or did you like him touching you while I watched?" Sonjie finally understood that what A-B-E-L wanted was a bit of dirty talk in bed. It wasn't her forte, but she would try it.

"Growing up, it's always been me and Cain. We've been everything for each other. Best friends, confidantes—"

"Lovers?"

He snickered. "I don't think you can call what we do loving. More like exercise."

"Do you like being with C-A-I-N, I mean exercising and all?" Her curiosity got the better of her and she wanted to know more about their relationship.

"I like feeling good. Who does it for me doesn't matter."

And that mentality was a problem for Sonjie. Lars had felt that same way when they were together. Humans or sexbots. Didn't matter with Lars. He wanted to feel.

"So when you were thinking about me in the test lab, what were you thinking about?" Now Sonjie wanted to probe his brain, get a little dirty talking from him, too.

"I was thinking of your luscious breasts and how I wanted to suckle them." His large

hand whispered over her nipples, first circling them, making her writhe with pleasure, before moving down between them to her stomach and lower.

"What else?" Sonjie asked.

"Ah, I think you're liking this a little more than you thought you would." He snickered. "I thought about your pussy." At his declaration, his fingers danced over her bare mound. "I thought that there could be nothing hotter than this sweet box right here. And you know what?"

Sonjie flipped her head over to him. "What?"

"I was right. Your pussy is still the hottest thing in the galaxy. And I can't do without it." His nimble fingers parted her lips and his middle finger dove down between the folds, seeking her sensitive clit.

"So would your auto-coolant come on when you're inside of me?"

A-B-E-L ghosted his touch down her thigh. Goosebumps formed right away in the wake. When he got down to her toes he finally answered her.

"The only thing that's automatic with me when I'm around you is this." Taking her hand, he pressed it against his erection.

She wrapped her fingers around him and stroked him firmly, being sure to pulse at the tip just like she'd seen C-A-I-N do to him earlier.

A-B-E-L moved his hand over to her other leg and made a slow trek back up to her aching pussy. The touch, although wonderful, made her want to crawl out of her skin and drove her crazy.

"No more talking," she said breathlessly. "I need you now."

"What happened to not doing this anymore? You wanted me to leave."

She could tell he loved teasing her, taunting her. She couldn't explain her insatiable need to have him. Maybe it was his touch. Maybe it was what he'd said and how he said it. Maybe it was how he looked and smelled tonight. Whatever it was, Sonjie's body wouldn't accept not having him ravage her. Just like her migraine medicine, she needed him.

"I know I'm a bad doctor for doing this but I can't help it. I have to have you."

A-B-E-L placed his hand on Sonjie's chest. It was the hardest touch he'd given her since they'd gotten in bed. The forceful touch demanded that she direct her attention to him.

"Don't you ever say or think that you're a bad doctor. Lars didn't care one bit about us. You do. You care about our safety and well-being. You're thoughtful and kind and sweet."

"And I'm having sex with my patient." She covered her eyes with her hand.

"No. You're making love to a man, a man who needs you." He assumed his position over her body in between her legs. "I need you, Sonjie. I need you."

Sonjie let him have the last word on this. Even though A-B-E-L was fine with all aspects of their new relationship, she still couldn't wrap her mind around it. Although it felt so right, she knew deep down that this was wrong.

One thing she loved about A-B-E-L was his slow and easy way with her. In all other aspects of his life, especially with fighting and training, he could be meteor fast. With her he took his time like he wanted to savor her, her body, her touch, her sounds.

As hard as she had fought the feeling, she did love A-B-E-L. However, her heart tugged toward C-A-I-N, too. For as gruff as the other man was, with her he could be tender. Always honest, she never had to guess about his feelings.

Now it was Sonjie's turn to second guess herself.

* * *

Sonjie ignored the stares she got as she sauntered down the main corridor hallway with an old, stiff-legged sexbot trailing behind her.

Finding the relic shocked her anyway. When she'd searched the storage facility on the lower deck, she had suspected that the robots would have all been destroyed. Behind a few crates sat one with its dark, curly wig sitting askew on its head. She would have to do.

The squeaking sound the sexbot made whenever she bent her knees couldn't be ignored. Sonjie did her best to hold her head up high and march down the hallway. When the wobbly robot banged against the wall, causing the ogling crowd to laugh in hysterics, she lost her small bit of dignity.

Cursing under her breath, she turned to it and wrapped its rubbery arm around her shoulder. The bot smelled dank, like mildew and old plastic. She knew C-A-I-N wouldn't go for this substitute for a real woman, but she had to try. The only way her conscience would be clear would be to satisfy him. She'd made a mistake with A-B-E-L. She couldn't do the same with C-A-I-N.

At his door, Sonjie removed the thing's arm from around her and pressed his call button.

"Yeah!" he answered gruffly.

Not having sex really did raise his hostility level. Thankfully Sonjie had pumped herself with her medication so that if C-A-I-N upset her she wouldn't have to leave with a pounding headache.

"Dr. Tuumlar here. Please let me in." She waited but heard nothing.

"Tuumie?" he finally said.

She cringed. "Yes, Dr. Tuumlar here."

The door slid open but he wasn't standing on the other side waiting for her to run into his arms. Surprising. As much as he had been on top of her, she would have thought he would have anxious to see her.

Or maybe she was projecting. After a hot night with A-B-E-L the night before, she still felt her skin tingle as though she glowed. She wanted C-A-I-N to notice, too. There were a lot of things she wanted him to notice about her.

Finding him sitting on his bed, she took tentative steps into his room. Her gaze fell to his hands, then his large bare feet. Clad in only a pair of black shorts, his body looked even more incredible up front than behind a shadowed glass.

"Surprised to see you here, Doc," he said.

Sonjie scanned his living quarters. And she thought her space was barren. In the center of C-A-I-N's room sat his enormous bed, wide, low and flat. She imagined him lying naked on the center of it while he masturbated to whatever porn feed was going through the TV reception that day.

Black tiles covered his floors. In the corner she found a chest-high dresser. Fixed at the top of his bathroom doorframe was a silver bar. She was sure he did chin-ups on it. Probably installed it himself.

One thing she couldn't say about his room. She couldn't say he kept it cluttered and dirty. Just the opposite. She found not one thing out of place. The man lived as though he could be inspected by the High Commander at any moment. C-A-I-N truly was a soldier's soldier.

Sonjie slammed her knees together to stop the slow leak dripping between her legs.

What was it about this man that stirred her? He was nothing like A-B-E-L. A-B-E-L could send her skyrocketing to an orgasm with just his eyes and the gentle way he used his hands.

C-A-I-N epitomized rough-around-the-edges.

"You had mentioned something in our session yesterday," Sonjie began.

"What?" he asked. "Was it about the way you tasted?" He cocked a smile. "By the way, you're very, very good, Doc." He licked his tongue over his lips.

Sonjie had to look away before her embarrassment surfaced above her cool demeanor.

"Related to that," she continued. "You said that you've never had female interaction. I've brought you something."

C-A-I-N furrowed his eyebrows and peeked around her. As soon as Sonjie heard the squeak she knew the robot was on the move.

"My—my—my name is C-C-C-Candy," it stammered. "I will—will—will please you b-b-b-beyond your wildest d-rrrrreams."

"What the fuck?" C-A-I-N sprang from his bed and hustled to the sexbot. "You can't be serious." He stood next to it.

Candy's eyes rolled in her head, first going down to the floor, then slowly rising back up. The sound of C-A-I-N pacing next to it made its eyes roll over to him.

To make her more presentable, Sonjie straightened out her wig. Dust covered her tight dingy white T-shirt and her short metallic-blue skirt.

"She will satisfy your sexual urges," Sonjie said. "She is disease-free and the mechanic checked out her internal mechanisms. They seem to work fine."

His eyebrows shot up. "Oh really?" Turning back to her, he said, "Sit down in that chair, Candy."

The sexbot obliged.

C-A-I-N disappeared into his kitchen and returned with a two-inch wide and about seven-inch long meal-ready-to-eat tube of a red liquid, probably soup. Crouching down on the floor at her feet, he reached under her skirt and ripped off her panties.

Sonjie was immediately reminded of when C-A-I-N had done the exact same thing to her just a couple of days ago in the interview room. She still couldn't find her panties. She suspected he kept them as a souvenir. Maybe C-A-I-N was sentimental. Or maybe he was just that perverted.

Then C-A-I-N spread Candy's legs open with a hard jerk. The force sounded a cracking noise to echo in the room. Candy's wig flipped around to her face again but this time Sonjie felt no need to straighten it back out.

C-A-I-N had made it clear he wouldn't satisfy his sexual urges with this appliance. Sonjie watched to find out exactly why.

"Let's just test your theory." C-A-I-N parted Candy's manufactured labia. Squeezing the tail end of the tube to stiffen it, he slipped it inside of the mechanical woman, slowly, inch by inch.

Sonjie stood on her tiptoes to get a glimpse at what he was doing until she heard a loud smacking sound that sent the giant falling back onto the floor.

The red goo inside of the tube covered C-A-I-N's chest and arms. Between Candy's legs, her vagina clamped shut so tight and fast that it caused her to crush the MRE C-A-I-N used.

Now the robot couldn't stop. It was as though her pussy hadn't eaten a meal and was making up for lost time.

"By gods, I didn't know it would do that," Sonjie said, staring at the hideous display.

C-A-I-N stood and ran to the back of Candy's head. Tossing the wig off, he opened a small compartment at the top of her bald head and hit a switch, which caused her eyes to close and her body to stop moving.

"Why the hell do you think she was in the storage facility to begin with?" C-A-I-N asked. "You hadn't heard that one of these things nearly chopped off some poor guy's dick?"

"I thought it was just a joke."

He pointed to the dripping empty packet still stuck between the thing's legs. "Look funny to you?"

"I'm sorry."

Keeping her gaze away from his, Sonjie, with great trepidation, reached for the flaccid tube between the mechanical woman's legs. One slow tug caused it to clamp down on it again.

So Sonjie made one quick jerk, nearly toppling the sexbot onto the floor. C-A-I-N held onto its shoulders to keep it steady.

"I'll clean up this mess and take her out of here." Sonjie tossed the plastic wrap into a nearby trashcan.

"And then what?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"The purpose of your trip was to bring me some satisfaction. You've failed. Does that mean you're going to follow through or are you going to leave me high and dry?"

Her mouth moved but nothing came out of it. Being called a failure made her feel like he'd punched her in the gut and extracted all of her air. She would bet every moon and star in the galaxy that he'd chosen his words carefully to evoke a specific response.

"Lock doors," he bellowed.

Followed came the loud clanking sounds of the doors being secured with Sonjie locked inside with him.

"Let's finish this conversation in the bathroom." He padded by her without an explanation.

Of course Sonjie deduced that he would need to clean the mess from his chest that the sexbot had made.

"I'd rather stay out here and wait for you." She folded her arms. She made her place by Candy as though she'd planned on using the adult toy like a weapon.

"I'd rather you didn't make this more difficult than it already is. You brought me a dangerous man-eating toy, Dr. Tuumlar. The least you can do is carry on a conversation with me while I wash off this shit." He pointed to the red goo still dripping from his chest down to his shorts.

"Fine. I'll stand at the doorway." She conceded as she followed him, keeping at least ten paces behind him.

"Fine. I won't file a report that says you brought me a dick-eating robot that could have laid me up for months."

She tried soothing the constant itch at the back of her neck. C-A-I-N certainly liked to play dirty.

"It was an honest mistake."

He stepped into the bathroom. Sonjie continued keeping her distance, now standing at least five feet from the doorway. She caught the top of his head when he bent over, then got a glimpse of him fully nude as he strolled to the shower stall.

Her mouth watered from the brief sight but she had to hold it together. The man had already threatened a claim against her. The last thing she needed was to go before a review board from a complaint a cyborg made, one that the High Commander had been asking about for the last few weeks.

A loud rush of water sounded before C-A-I-N submerged himself. "Mistakes can be..."

His voice trailed off after he closed the stall door.

"What was that?" she asked, raising her voice above the loud spray.

He repeated himself but it still sounded garbled. Walking with slow, careful steps, she eased into the bright bathroom. Surrounded in nothing but white from the ceiling to the walls and down to the floors, the lights over the sink made the room even more blinding. One thing did catch Sonjie's attention: no mirrors.

And something else that grabbed her notice was his smell, his very masculine scent

that overpowered the air in his living quarters. The hot shower only intensified his musky scent.

Sonjie rubbed the back of her neck and tried not to imagine him standing naked in the stall.

"I didn't hear you, C-A-I-N," she began. "What did you say?"

In an instant, the water shut off and he whipped open the shower door, exposing his nude body. Droplets of water cascaded down his chest. Sonjie summoned every bit of strength inside of her to resist the urge to lick her lips as she wondered what it would be like to lave the water from his body.

"I said some mistakes can be fun," he said with a smirk.

Not liking the idea of being so close, Sonjie turned to leave.

"So what were you hoping you would accomplish with that Candy machine?" he asked when her back was turned.

Keeping her back to him while he dried himself, she answered, "What were you hoping to accomplish with your little stunt yesterday?"

Nothing. No answer. Then she felt heat, a smoldering heat when he pressed his body against hers as she stood in the doorway. His hands braced against the doorframe as he leaned over her, his head next to hers.

He whispered, "Which stunt? When I jerked off or when I made you come?"

Beyond her will, she let out a moan that she desperately covered up by feigning a gasp. She turned on her heel and backed from him. "I should have reported you to Officer Gerson. What you did was assault."

"And yet you didn't. Why is that?" Slow and methodical, he approached her, a towel wrapped around his waist and a lecherous intent gleaming in his eyes.

Damn, he looked good!

"I needed time to assess the situation, gather my thoughts for a comprehensive report, think about the ramifications of your incarceration would have on our mission."

Yes, those reasons all sounded good to her and plausible.

"I believe the word you're looking for, Doc, is orgasm. You didn't squeal to Cotton because I gave you what you've been dying for just using my hand."

"I'm plenty satisfied right now, thank you very much." And she wasn't saying that to get C-A-I-N to stop coming toward her. She meant it. Sex with A-B-E-L was unbelievable. He embodied everything she would want in a lover: kind, generous, caring, skilled.

Then there was C-A-I-N. Then again, she knew she couldn't continue with A-B-E-L. Not only was he her patient, but he was also government property. The latter proved to be more lethal than the former reason.

C-A-I-N caught her with her back against the wall. He took her hand, leaving the other free, and pressed it against the cold wall, holding her by her wrist over her head.

"Should I be jealous of your delicate hands or have you found another lover?" He cocked his head as he stared at her.

She didn't answer.

"Someone I know?" he pressed.

She didn't answer.

"If it's Cotton, I swear I'll kill him and shove his balls down his throat. He's not good enough for you."

The rage in his eyes both excited and frightened her. Her heart sped up with his harsh words.

"I'm not having an affair with Cotton," her mouth finally willed her to say.

"Good." With his free hand, he traced the neckline of her shirt with his finger. "I can't imagine anyone else touching you and giving you the type of pleasure you deserve,

you need."

She felt his need rising under his towel. His hard cock pressed against her stomach. Feeling him so hard, thick and long, made her pussy quiver.

Damn, Sonjie, fight it! Fight it! Don't make the same mistake twice.

"I should go." She tried pulling her hand from his grasp.

"Why?"

Before she could answer, he nuzzled his face into the side of her neck. He dragged his full lips over her heated flesh. The connection made her clitoris throb.

"People saw me coming in here with the sexbot."

"So?" He continued kissing her neck and the side of her face.

"They'll think that I'm in here watching you make love to that thing."

That's when he pulled his head back.

With an intense but mischievous stare, he said, "Good. Let them think that. Let them see that my Dr. Tuumlar is a sexy woman." He took in a deep inhalation. "I can smell you. You're excited." He took her other hand and pressed it against his raging hard-on again. "Every time. Every fucking time I'm around you."

She swallowed uneasily. "It's because I'm the only woman you interact with on a daily basis. Perhaps I can see to it that you're escorted to Sector G-P61 where you're able to find real human escorts."

"Don't deny what's between us, Sonjie."

And when he said her name this time, her nipples hardened to a painful extent. Relief would only come if he took that damn itchy bra off of her and caressed her breasts with his hands and mouth.

He engulfed her mouth with his, kissing her so hard and passionately that breath escaped her and she subsisted on the tiny morsels of air he provided.

She hadn't realized she had a firm grasp of his penis until she felt his towel had dropped from around his waist and her fisted hand held up the material.

When she mustered enough strength she pulled back from him, although he still had her hand trapped against the wall.

"I can't do this," she said.

A range of emotions ran through her. Guilt, excitement, fear, anger, lust, love. She couldn't want this, want this man, this cyborg, her patient.

"Hit me," he demanded.

She furrowed her eyebrows. Her blood ran cold at his request.

"You heard me." He let her go long enough to yank off her T-shirt and toss it to the floor. "I want you to hit me. Make this okay for you."

"Hitting you won't do that." She attempted to free herself by running to his door. Then what? She couldn't leave. He had her locked inside of his den, not to mention that he'd stripped her of her top.

With one hard pull, he broke the clasp on her skirt. It fell to the floor, pooling around her feet.

"Please, don't." Her pleas came out weak.

She wanted to stop him, stop this madness, but her body prevented her from accepting nothing less than his undivided attention.

"Damn it, Sonjie, feel something! Do it!"

She reared her hand back and slapped him across his face. The sound ricocheted throughout his small living space. Her hand stung from the contact with his hard cheek and chin. Seeing him look so stunned and the surge of power that went through her, Sonjie felt a wave of pent-up frustration and anger releasing through that one hit.

"What the hell was that, a love tap?" C-A-I-N said, goading her. He reached behind her and unclasped her bra with one quick hand motion. "You're one of the top scientists

in your field and you're treated like the office sexbot. Dr. Urlean used you. He laughed at your discoveries and your advancements. Whether you want to admit it or not, you need to be fucked." His large hand cupped her breast.

She slapped him again and again. The more she hit him the faster her heart pounded until she thought the organ would stop working.

"I'm not a joke," she began.

"I know." C-A-I-N pulled down her soaked panties.

"I helped create E-V-E."

"Great creation." Wrapping his arms around her waist, he stepped backwards toward his bed.

"And I helped develop A-B-E-L and you, C-A-I-N."

He stopped moving and flashed her a bone-chilling look. "Call me Cain." A twist of his body, he had her flat on her back on his bed with him on top. "And I'll call you Tuumie."

A barrage of slaps, punches, and scratches followed his cheeky statement.

"I hate it when you call me that. I'm a respected scientist."

"Yeah, with an incredible body." He never stopped her assaults, although with his strength he could have. "Tell me what you want. I need to hear it."

"Respect me."

"I do."

"Touch me."

"I will."

"Make me forget."

Cain didn't need her to explain that last line. Watching Sonjie be so constricted with fears and anger all of the time fueled his own anger. He'd seen the way Cotton stared at her perfect ass whenever she turned her back on him. He wanted to gouge out the cretin's eyes each time he gave her a dirty look.

This woman was a princess whether she believed it or not. He would make her feel good, forget the things that made her angry, and make her happy.

He kissed down her body, enjoying every succulent inch of her smooth skin. Like magnets, his hand gravitated to her full breast. The fleshy orb filled his hand while her pebbled nipple pressed against the center of his palm. His mouth latched onto the other.

To hear her response, hear her moaning and feel her body writhing underneath his, made his cock strain to an uncomfortable level. His tongue orbited around her rigid nipple. How in the world could she have allowed that old bastard Urlean to touch her exquisite body?

Cain lifted his head, stared down at this beautiful creature underneath him and said, "Remember me."

Five

How in the world could Sonjie ever forget about Cain, about this moment? Every part of him possessed her body until she felt like he had created her for himself.

His mouth seized her breasts, moving skillfully from one peaked nipple to the other until Sonjie barely recognized her inhuman moans in reaction.

His hands caressed her hair, down her neck and shoulders and over her stomach. She suspected Cain attempted to make memories of his own.

Easing his body down hers, he settled between her legs, his face directly at her pulsating vagina. Sonjie's haggard breathing had to have tipped him off that she more than wanted him to savor the flavor of her sexual juices first hand.

"I need to hear you say it, Doc," he growled.

If Sonjie wasn't so consumed with passion she would have laughed at how similar Cain and Abel were.

"Touch me. Lick me. Take me. Whatever you do, don't stop," she finally blurted. "I need this." She peered down at him. "I need you."

As much as she hated to admit it, both to herself and out loud, her body overrode her logical mind. Both men filled her needs. But how was that so? In a world where solo couplings were not only accepted it had been mandated, the reason Lars built himself an army of sexbots, how could Sonjie feel so strongly for both men?

The thought didn't plague her for long as soon as she felt Cain's tongue touch her protruding clit. The sensation caused her to arch her back, grasp one hand behind his head and the other clutched a handful of the blanket that covered his bed. Just like with A-B-E-L, Cain's short hair tickled her hand as she held onto his head, not wanting him to move from between her thighs until she fell back in exhaustion.

"Better," he uttered between licks. "So much better when I can get up close." He peered over her mound. "And personal."

She saw the twinkle in his eyes before he devoured her sex. His mouth covered her. The fate of the Earth remained in peril. Sonjie could lose her job if she didn't produce these men to the High Commander soon or even if they found out about her intimate connection to them. As her heart pounded and her body trembled from his touch, none of that mattered.

Cain continued licking her, his strong, long tongue tickling over her vulva before slipping between her folds and dipping inside of her.

"I need to feel," she muttered.

He continued his oral assault until Sonjie sat up and rolled away from him. Perplexed, Cain stared at her, his lips shiny from her juices and his eyelids heavy from want.

"On your back," she demanded.

He obliged, a first for the often combative patient. If she could only wield this power in the testing and interview rooms, things would go smoothly.

Cain positioned himself on his back with his head on his pillow. Without hesitation and with a greedy need that surprised her, she held his tight balls, grasped the base of his thick shaft in her hand, and slid her mouth all the way down his heated flesh.

"Fuck!" Cain's screams echoed off the walls of his room.

Not since she'd held Lars' limp cock in her mouth had Sonjie wanted to pleasure a man orally. With Cain, just like with Abel, she wanted to experience everything about him, how he tasted, the touch of his skin, his delicious smell.

He tasted salty just like A-B-E-L, but with Cain there existed a bitter flavor as well. The pre-cum that wept at the end of his penis tasted sweeter than his skin. Usually that would occur with a change in diet or if a man was on medication. Since she didn't authorize giving either men any medication, she suspected that the Army was getting him ready to fight.

Sonjie barely got her mouth down to the base. When she felt the base of her throat close and an upheaval occurring in her stomach, she pulled back but stroked the base to compensate. She never had the gag reflex problem when she was with Lars. His compact penis fit perfectly in her mouth.

Between A-B-E-L's long shaft and C-A-I-N's thick one, she had to be more creative on how she accepted them in her mouth. She didn't want to stop doing the act because hearing them moan made her even wetter. Something about holding a man's pleasure in her hands turned her on tremendously.

After four or five good passes with her mouth, the feeling proved to be too much for Cain. Not only had Cain moaned, Sonjie felt his body shaking under hers. She put her hand to his thick thigh and he jumped. His nerves must have been on edge.

"Not in your mouth," he began. "In you. I want to come inside of you. Let me, please."

She'd never heard this man beg. He'd made others beg to him. They begged for mercy. They pleaded for their lives. Now Sonjie held the power.

Climbing on top of his mountain of a body, positioning her legs around him while still maintaining her hold of his erection, she hovered over him and teased by sliding his helmet-like tip back and forth between her slit.

"Shit, Doc, you're a fucking sadist." Cain's body writhed as he anticipated the first feeling, that first plunge.

Every cell in Sonjie's body quivered until finally she dropped herself down, impaling herself on him and releasing a low, howling scream at the same time. He grabbed her hips, holding her down until she felt like he'd become a part of her.

He filled her, stretched her. Her hands rested on the massive planes of his chest until she could gather her wits and her strength to caress his dick with her pussy. Her first undulation sent a quick rush of an orgasm through her until she had to stop momentarily to catch her breath.

"You're good." Cain thrust his hips upward to get a deeper penetration.

She held on, pinched his small, pebbled nipple in response. "Just good?"

A cool sheen of sweat covered her body as she rode this man, her patient, the friend of her lover. Good or bad. Right or wrong. She needed Cain just as much as she needed Abel. Her body received sustenance from both like needed vitamins and nutrients. Without one she would become ill, wither away like a flower in the Mars soil.

"Ah, so the good doctor does feel." A sinister smile slithered across Cain's face. "Damn, you're so tight! I love the feeling of being inside of you. I don't want it to end." Leaving one hand on her hip, he used his other hand to hold one breast. "Tell me we can be together always. Tell me you want this as much as I do."

Conveniently, Sonjie used her impending orgasm to prevent herself from answering his inquiry. How could she say yes? Abel had asked the same of her.

"I—I—I—Oh, gods!" She clawed Cain's chest as wave upon wave of intense orgasm hit her, attacked her and wouldn't let her go until she let out her breath.

Just because she had come didn't mean Cain was ready. He pulled her down to his chest, turned over so that she rested on her back, and slid himself in and out of her with

increasing speed.

The friction shook his modest bed and started another fire between her legs. Cain showed her just how much of a machine he was with his never-ending rhythm, consistent, hard, damn good.

Sonjie kissed him. Her tongue found his and did a delicate play in his mouth. When he broke the kiss, Cain did three deep thrusts inside of her, his body shaking each time.

"Ohhhh!" he screamed. "Never in my dreams. Never."

A hot splash of come coated the inside of her womb and stoked another climax in Sonjie. Coming with him was just as explosive as when she came only moments before.

Amazing. She'd put this man through tests that pushed his limits on his speed, strength, and endurance. Each test he'd never broken a sweat, never faltered. Making love to her, Cain now panted. Sweat poured from his face.

She wiped her hand down his cheek. Once by his mouth, he held it and kissed the palm.

"Anything you want, Sonjie, I would do it for you," he said. "And if anyone ever hurt you or even touch you," he paused for effect, "I'll kill him."

Six

Sonjie couldn't wait for the end of the week to summon the High Commander. The last two days with A-B-E-L, then C-A-I-N, got to her. Used to be Sonjie's only dilemma was trying to get rid of a lover she didn't want.

Now she had two lovers she wanted equally and who wanted her, but neither one knew about the other. Scientists shouldn't be faced with problems like this. She should be helping to solve the world's problems and not trying to figure out how to get rid of two lovers.

She'd spent the entire day holed up in her office, avoiding the two men. She couldn't keep doing that forever. They would be gone but more tests needed to be conducted. She just wasn't sure she was the one to do them.

Sitting at her desk, Sonjie connected to the High Commander's office and waited for the powerful woman to respond. While she waited, she pressed her migraine medication to the side of her neck and gave herself a boost of the needed drug. Sonjie had a feeling she would develop a piercing headache after talking with the High Commander.

As soon as the sting subsided, the dull pounding that started in the center of her forehead dissipated. Sonjie took a deep breath and let the drug take its effects.

The thirty-inch monitor that sat on her desk went completely black before the image of the Earth's leader appeared.

As always, the commander appeared controlled. The sprig of gray hair that cascaded down the side of her face gave her a more stately appearance than her broad shoulders and set-in full lips.

"I sincerely hope you have some good news, Dr. Tuumlar," the High Commander began. "Waiting almost a year for these soldiers to be released to duty has been taxing for the people of Earth."

"I understand, Commander," Sonjie said. Her hand balled into a fist under the desk out of the range of the video camera trained on her. "I had concerns over the safety of C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L, which is why I'm calling upon you now instead of waiting until the end of the week."

"Concerns? What type of concerns?"

Sonjie cleared her throat. Embarrassing details would have to be shared in order to explain it all. But she had to do it.

"I'm sure you were briefed on the situation with E-V-E after the last large battle with the Cerillions had occurred."

"Yes, how Dr. Urlean, one of our contracted employees, had used his insider knowledge to try overthrowing the last few humans of Earth. Good job on detecting his devious nature to thwart his plans."

Sonjie released a long breath, feeling good that she had the High Commander at least on her side right now.

Relief swept over her when she recognized the fact that the High Commander assumed Sonjie adjusted E-V-E's internal sensor for the good of the planet instead of something to simply get back at the man who had used her and broken her heart.

"Thank you, ma'am. However, I feel like perhaps Lars, I mean Dr. Urlean, may have done something to C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L before he came to Earth during that last attack.

He knew what I had done to E-V-E and brought the remote to override her systems. So if he knew that then I suspect he did something to the two men as a fail-safe of his own."

The High Commander said nothing for a while. Her icy, brownish-gray eyes stared into the screen as though she wanted to come through it and sit next to Sonjie. Her walnut-colored skin looked cold through the monitor. Being in well over two hundred battles, always at the front lines, the woman looked amazing, strong.

"That is possible, Doctor, and I can see where you would be concerned. However, after a year, don't you think that something would have happened by now? You set up E-V-E to disable the Cerillion robots when she became sexually aroused."

Actually E-V-E could disable the robots after falling in love but Sonjie wouldn't correct the most powerful woman on the planet.

The High Commander continued. "Do you know if C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L have been sexually active recently? Do we need to get some sexbots to them and test the theory and see if Dr. Urlean did to us what you did to him?"

Sonjie coughed. "No, ma'am. Sexbots are not needed. The soldiers have been sexually active and I've gotten no reports back about the Cerillion forces."

Sonjie crossed her fingers under her desk and away from the monitor that the High Commander wouldn't ask Sonjie to prove that the men had had sex.

"I've got some distressing news, and I'm glad you called me today. I've just gotten word that two forces are heading our way now: the Cerillions and Starkeens. They've joined forces to not only take over the human population but also the world. Estimated arrival is in two days."

"Two days?" Sonjie slid a shaky hand over her hair. "But that doesn't give me any time to do the studies I need to do on—"

The High Commander pounded her fist on her desk. "Enough tests, Doctor!"

After jumping a good foot off of her chair, Sonjie settled herself, swallowed hard and paid close attention to her boss.

"You have run almost every type of tests on these men...twice! If Lars had done something to them, it would have happened by now, don't you think?"

Sonjie shook her head. "Not necessarily. If you can give me one more day, I can—"

"I want those cyborgs packed and ready to go to Earth by the end of the day tomorrow. Since you're so concerned, you will be heading to Earth with them. You will maintain their systems and be their personal doctor if anything happens to them."

"But High Commander—"

"Take plenty of accelerator and be careful. The world is counting on you."

At that last heavy line, the screen faded to black. Everything faded to black.

How the hell could Sonjie go back to the place where everything started between her and Lars...and where it all ended for Lars? How could she share her heart between these two men while she was there?

The answer was that she couldn't. No matter what the High Commander wanted, Sonjie couldn't go with C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L to Earth to help them fight and perhaps watch them die.

"Dr. Tuumlar?" a voice over her office intercom said.

"Yes?"

"The subjects are ready for the extreme cold test."

Sonjie peered down at her watch and cursed. She'd forgotten about setting up that test for them.

This would have to be it. Sex didn't seem to do anything as far as disabling the other federations' robotics or systems. Guess Lars didn't know how she'd done that little trick. It didn't mean he didn't have something else up his sleeve.

"I'm on my way," Sonjie announced.

She gathered her equipment and hoped for the worst.

* * *

Abel stared at Cain, who hadn't stopped smiling since yesterday. This was a man who scowled through breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Even though Cain seemed to excel through most of the tests they'd endured, he still looked like everything around him irritated him, especially Abel's sweet, demure Sonjie.

Abel wasn't sure why, and he'd never asked, but Cain had a hard spot for Dr. Tuumlar...until today.

Abel rotated his wrists behind his back, adjusting the cold steel of the handcuffs. Antiquated securing devices, but still effective. He glanced over at Cain as they stood outside of the testing room.

"What are you so happy about?" Abel finally asked.

After laughing with a couple of the guards once he finished a joke he'd told them, Cain turned his attention to Abel.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" Cain began. "Rumor has it we're going to start fighting Cerillions and Starkeens in a couple of days. This is it, man. We could be heroes."

"We aren't trained to be heroes. We're supposed to protect the humans. That's our job."

"Hold up, fellas," Cotton said. "Got to juice you two up so you don't get too angry."

With an inoculation gun in his hand, Cotton pulled down the collar on Cain, positioned the barrel of the gun at his neck and, without warning shot him with the drug that was supposed to make them calm.

Abel wanted to tell them that it wasn't working for Cain, but maybe they were hopeful that eventually it would work.

Cotton did the same procedure to Abel, pulling down his collar and shooting him on the side of his neck. The intense nip of the laser needle stung his skin. It felt like Cotton had seared a hole in his flesh.

No matter how many times they had used that device to administer the medication, Abel still felt the sting of pain with each hit. This would be the one thing he wouldn't miss when it was time to go to war. Sonjie, he would ache for her during the war.

Once the guards got the doors open, they ushered them both inside. The bright lights blinded Abel as he made his way to his usual spot.

"You know the drill, Meat," Cotton said to both, but focused on Cain.

"Stripped down to nothing. I know." Without hesitation, Cain stripped out of his black one-piece coveralls, revealing he wore nothing underneath.

As Abel began to disrobe he saw something on Cain that caught his attention. Four distinct angled scratches on just one side of Cain's chest marred his flesh.

Abel knew Cain hadn't been shuttled to Sector G-P61. Since they did everything as a duo, including relieve each other's tensions, sexual and otherwise, Abel knew the marks on Cain's body had to have come from someone on base. But who?

Cain gazed up at Abel who continued to stare at him.

"Getting undressed sometime today?" Cain asked and winked.

"Yeah, sure." With slow movements, Abel undressed and stared at his partner. "So what have you been up to these last couple of days? I haven't seen you."

"You know. This and that. Nothing major." Cain stood in his normal position on the left side of the room, facing the two-way mirror.

Abel deposited his suit on a chair next to him and stood naked on the opposite side of Cain.

"But I did finally do something I should have done a long, long time ago," Cain said with a sneaky grin on his smug face.

"Ready, gentlemen?" the voice of Dr. Tuumlar said as it came across the intercom

that filtered into the room.

When Abel answered, "Yes, Dr. Tuumlar," Cain said, "Yes, Sonjie."

Cain using Sonjie's first name made Abel whip his head around so that he pointedly stared at the man who used to call Sonjie 'Tuumie' and 'Doc'. So what changed all of the sudden?

"So what was it that you did that's made you a changed cyborg?" Abel asked, knowing that calling Cain a cyborg would get under his skin.

Instead the hothead snickered but kept his gaze straight ahead. "I finally made love to an angel. A long, dark haired, big beautiful eyed sexbot who is definitely all woman." Just talking about it made Cain's cock rise to attention. "And she has these hands that—"

"Let's get started," Dr. Tuumlar said cutting Cain off.

Cain's grin grew as he rubbed his hand over the scratches.

"Where did you get the scratches from?" Abel asked, unable to hold back his burning curiosity.

"Pump in the cold air," Sonjie announced.

A hiss sounded in the room just as Cain turned to Abel and said, "I got it from the little vixen I was with the other night. So tight and wet and—"

"Who was it?" Abel asked, cutting him off.

"Patience, patience, my boy. Haven't you ever heard of building suspense?"

Abel hated when Cain tried to be cute, especially when Abel wanted to know something at that moment. However, he knew his partner. Cain liked to be begged before he would give up any information. Although Abel wouldn't beg, he would play the waiting game. He would just act like he wasn't interested, and eventually Cain would want to burst. He'd been that way since he was a kid.

Cain paused for affect. "You really want to know?"

"Fifty-nine degrees," a computerized voice announced.

"Anyone I know?" Abel prodded.

The way Cain hitched up the corner of his mouth made Abel's stomach turn. "Maybe. Depends on your definition of how you know someone. I mean, do you mean it in the way that you walk by a person every day and know their name?" He glanced at the mirror, then turned back to Abel. "Or did you mean it in the way that you know the way a person tastes or how they call your name when they come?"

Even though cold air filled the room, chilling the reflective glass and making their breathing apparent, Abel felt heat surging through his body and over his skin. The way Cain reacted to Sonjie now, and how he kept looking at the mirror, clued Abel that the object of his lusty conquest was Sonjie, his Sonjie.

"Out with it," Abel said, wanting to know the truth.

Cain leaned in closer. "Sonjie," he said in a sing-song voice. Then he laughed and stood up straight.

Abel gritted his teeth so hard he thought he would crush them in his mouth. "You're a liar. Sonjie wouldn't have sex with you. She's a professional. And she doesn't like you."

"She liked me enough to ride me and leave these scratches on my chest." Cain laughed, blowing streams of frosted air from his mouth and nose. "Besides, what do you care, Mr. Straight-As-A-Laser. All you care about is this damn mission. There are other things in life than this fucking mission. After all this is said and done, Sonjie and I are going to make a life together. I haven't asked her yet or anything but I'm sure she would love to—"

"Your scratches," Abel began, butting into Cain's fantasy, "why are they still on your chest? Why hasn't your accelerator kicked in and healed them? They're surface wounds. They should have healed in a matter of seconds."

Cain looked down. This time a look of worry covered his expression. Gone was the

smug look from just moments ago.

"Fuck," Cain said between gritted teeth.

"You deactivated your own accelerator just to keep a memento of a night you made up?"

Cain turned to Abel, a mixture of fear and anger filled his dark eyes. "Shut the fuck up. I didn't make it up. We were together."

"Thirty degrees," now a computerized voice said.

After the announcement, it was then Abel noticed Cain's lips turning a light shade of blue along with his skin. Goosebumps covered his partner's body. His bottom lip wouldn't stop shaking.

Abel should have been sympathetic, worried. Instead hatred and contempt filled his eyes as he stared at the man he once called his brother. Now this traitor had taken the one thing that mattered most to him.

"How could I have forgotten to protect myself?" Cain said between gritted teeth.

"A mistake like this would keep you here on Mars with the rest of the trainees," Abel said. "You think Dr. Tuumlar would recommend that you go to Earth to save the humans when you can't even save yourself?"

"K-k-kiss my ass!" Cain tried hard not to rub his hands over his arms by clenching his fists and keeping them down to his sides.

To see Cain's smug ass unravel tickled Abel. He bit his bottom lip to keep from smiling.

"I can get through this," Cain said. "I'm always the best. I can make it."

"You can't make it. And if your stubborn ass stays in here too long and damage your systems again, you won't get sent to Earth. Think about it."

Cain turned to Abel. Looking into his eyes, Abel finally found fear.

"Give up the doctor and I'll help you," Abel said under his breath.

"W-w-why do you care?" Succumbing to the cold finally, Cain wrapped his arms around his body. Then his eyes grew wide as he glared at Abel. "No. You can't be."

"Months ago," Abel said, confirming Cain's revelation. "I'm sure the only reason why she had sex with you, if she did indeed have sex with you, was for the mission. She doesn't love you."

Cain shook his head. "She wanted me. She needs me."

"All we have is each other. I can help you, here and in battle. But you have to trust me. Do you trust me?"

"No."

"Then you'll die." Abel took a couple of steps toward him. "Or you can let me help you."

Cain said nothing even as frozen nose drippings clung to his upper lip and his eyes became sunken.

"C-A-I-N, we show your body temperature is dangerously low," Sonjie announced over the intercom system. "Activate your internal thermal unit and bring your body to normal temperature now."

With his head hung down, Cain didn't look like he could last for much longer. Something had to happen.

"C-A-I-N is shutting down," Abel said in the air knowing it would get picked up by Dr. Tuumlar. "Are you getting that in the readout?"

"What's happening? Why isn't his auto-thermal sensor not triggering? Get him out of there!" Sonjie screamed into the intercom.

"No! I can help. Let me try something."

With a rough shove, Abel pushed Cain against the table so that Cain's large hands landed flat on the steel surface. Holding onto Cain's hips, Abel pulled the man back, then

kicked his feet apart.

He knew this one act would be one way to help Cain. It would also show him that if Abel wanted to he could have let him die in that room. His sacrifice should speak volumes to the man he called his brother. Sonjie belonged to Abel and no one else.

Although the method would be unorthodox, Abel couldn't think of any other way to save Cain...and to show him who was the leader, who was the boss. Abel held his warm cock and stroked himself a few times to get it hard. He had to close his eyes and imagine Sonjie's naked body.

When Cain's image intruded on his fantasy, Abel's eyes shot open. Rage swirled in his belly and through his body until all he could see was red.

Holding the middle of his shaft, Abel slid the tip up and down between Cain's frigid ass cheeks.

"W-w-what the fuck?" Cain stammered.

"You need accelerator. A good concentration of it is in our semen. I don't know how else to give it to you now." He stroked the mushroom-shaped head of his shaft between Cain's tight cheeks, feeling him clenching with each pass. "And I don't know how else to prove to you that I'm the one who should be with Sonjie, not you," he ground out between gritted teeth into Cain's ear. "Hold still."

Abel could have been gentle. He should have been gentle. When he thought of Cain touching Sonjie, the blood boiled in his body. Anger overtook his rational senses. Thank the gods that the shot they were given before this test hadn't kicked in. Abel felt good being angry. Now he knew how Cain felt on a daily basis.

Abel positioned the head of his erect penis at Cain's tense anus and, without warning, thrust his full length inside of him.

Unbelievable iciness met Abel as soon as he got his full length inside of Cain. A normal human at this temperature would have been dead by now. And since Cain turned off his self-preservation mode, he was damn near human.

The string of curses Cain emitted bounced off the walls as he pounded his fists onto the table. Abel held the length of himself inside of Cain until he felt a bit of warmth starting to surround his shaft. It was working.

Gripping Cain's hips, Abel eased his hips back until just the tip rested at Cain's unyielding hole. As soon as he felt the big man's body relax, Abel slammed himself inside of him again.

"Fucker!" Cain spat.

"It's for your own good," Abel said, trying to sound convincing. "I could have left you in here to die."

"Yeah, this is so much better," Cain replied.

"What's wrong, buddy? Used to be this was all you needed to get by. Now it's not good enough for you anymore."

Abel's speed increased. The more he slid in and out of Cain's compressed channel the more he felt him relax. The power of controlling Cain while Sonjie looked on made Abel's dick throb inside of Cain.

"Maybe I've grown tired of you." Cain peered over his shoulder. "Sorry, pal. You just don't do it for me anymore."

Grabbing his shoulder, Abel shoved the man down so that his chest rested on the table. Then he pounded into him with a purpose.

"C-A-I-N's body temperature is rising to seventy-three degrees," Sonjie announced.

Although Abel could feel Cain's body temperature rise each time Abel moved in and out of his ass, he stopped caring about Cain's well-being. The feeling of being inside of him, especially now that his temperature was rising thanks to him, made him feel powerful.

"Eighty-nine degrees. Amazing. I can't believe this is actually working," Sonjie said. Abel caught the shock in her voice. He pushed even harder into him, finally feeling Cain's body tremble.

Abel's panting breaths came out in white puffs. Glancing at the gauge in the room, the temperature had dipped to below freezing. Both men should have been dead. Instead Abel had saved Cain. For that bit of heroism, one Abel was happy to claim now, he wanted to be rewarded.

Sonjie.

"C-A-I-N's body temperature has reached the normal range! Abel, you did it!" Sonjie screamed.

Cain brought his gaze up to the mirror. Judging by the reflection, Abel suspected that he must have caught that Dr. Tuumlar had called Abel by his real name instead of his cyborg acronym.

Hearing it made Abel's balls tighten. The orgasm swirling in his sac could no longer be held back, especially now since Sonjie recognized how valuable Abel had been.

"Ohhhh, yes!" Abel screamed as his jism shot into Cain, giving him the needed accelerator.

Not able to stop his body's reaction, Cain arched his back and moaned loud enough to rattle the walls.

As soon as Cain's body settled, he lifted his foot, planted it on Abel's knee, and kicked him back. The sound of Abel withdrawing from Cain echoed in the small room.

Before Abel could say anything in objection, Cain turned on him, grabbing Abel's shoulders and pinning him to the wall.

"Did that make you feel like a big man?" Cain asked, his eyes red with anger.

"I saved your life. A thank you would be nice."

"Thank you?"

"Yes, and if you can't say it, then demonstrate it." Abel leaned in closer. "Don't ever see Sonjie again. If I find out you are seeing her, I'll do something that I won't regret."

"You son of a bitch. You did all of that to show off to Sonjie."

The door to the exam room clicked, signaling the arrival of the guards. When they came into the room, they swaddled Cain in blankets and did without the handcuffs this time.

Just as they ushered him out of the room, Abel said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Seven

They knew. After watching the display just moments ago in the test lab, Sonjie's body still shook so much so that she had to sit behind her desk with her head down.

How the hell did they know? She thought she'd been discreet.

Once C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L had been removed from the room and taken back to their quarters, she decided to find out just how the secret of her tryst with both men became known to one another.

"Surveillance video," Sonjie called out to the computer.

The screen on her desk lit up and blinked. The frozen image on the screen was of Officer Gerson wrapping C-A-I-N in a blanket before hauling the cyborg back to his room.

"Five minutes before," she requested.

The screen blinked a couple of times before displaying the image of the two soldiers talking, whispering among themselves.

"Audio," she said and leaned in closer to the screen.

Sonjie blinked when she heard A-B-E-L say, "Give up the doctor and I'll help you." Her hand trembled over the control panel as she played that line over and over again.

Not only did A-B-E-L know, he'd risked C-A-I-N's life to have her.

"Oh, gods," she said silently to herself. "What have I done?"

She couldn't send these two men into battle together. Neither one would look out for the other. Soldiers with no loyalty to one another would hurt not only the mission but also each other.

"I have to talk to the High Commander. I can't send A-B-E-L in to battle. Not like this."

The video continued and when she heard the distinct sound of C-A-I-N grunting, her attention returned to the display.

As much as she didn't want to watch the two men, essentially, having sex to save a life, Sonjie couldn't turn away. Even now her gaze remained on the massive men as one thrust into the other.

Her nipples tightened in her bra the longer she watched the video. She crossed her legs, not to suppress the heat building between her thighs but to rub her clitoris, stimulate it while she watched the men in excitement.

Once her hand began massaging her breast over her shirt, she stopped herself and straightened up.

"I can't do this." Placing her hands on her desk, she moved herself forward. "Ten minutes before."

The scene froze and the screen blinked again. This time the image showed the two men standing side by side. She gasped when she heard A-B-E-L admonish C-A-I-N for deactivating his accelerator, which would have shut down his self-preservation enhancement.

She shook her head. "All because I love them both." And she did. No matter how hard she'd tried fighting it, the bottom line was that she loved both men.

A-B-E-L had offered her stability coupled with intense sex. C-A-I-N gave her raw sexuality and excitement. But caring for them both was going to get them killed, if not by

the enemy, then by each other.

"End," she said in a whisper.

The video screen image stopped again and flashed to the end of the segment. After seeing C-A-I-N look so horrible during the session she had to have him protected and get him out of the room. She knew Gerson hated having to swaddle the large man like a baby, but her heart wouldn't allow for any other treatment to be given.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" she heard A-B-E-L asking C-A-I-N.

Sonjie gasped again. "Brother's keeper? Just like Cain and Abel."

The screen blinked without her making a request. This time another image populated the screen. This image made her scream and push back from the desk as though the man on the screen could actually come through it and get her.

"Hopefully my plan worked. If you're looking at this diary entry right now, it means that sitting in front of me is my beloved Sonjie Tuumlar. Hi, honey," said the frightening video of Lars Urlean.

Covering her mouth with her hand, Sonjie's gaze refused to break from the screen. As much as she'd hated this man for what he'd done to her, she couldn't stop staring at him. Even now with only his image, he had her.

"If you haven't guessed, sweetheart, the secret password was 'brother's keeper'. Thought it was fitting since you did name these two men Cain and Abel." The elderly man snickered. "Not sure what your deal is with the Bible, but no god is going to be able to save you now."

Her body shook as she watched her former lover sit back in his chair. She knew where he'd set up to do this entry. From his cluttered desk to the row of naked cyborg women behind him, she recognized his lab right away.

As soon as Sonjie had gotten back to Mars once Lars had shuttled himself to Earth, she made quick work of deactivating the sexbots Lars had created. She thought she'd found all of his diary entries. She should have known he would have had one hidden, one just for her.

Lars wagged his finger at the camera. "If you're looking at this, that means I'm dead."

Sonjie's body went cold, as though she were the one standing in that testing room with C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L. She put her hand to her chest to try to steady her pounding heart.

"You're a very clever woman, Dr. Tuumlar. I taught you well. Never figured you for a softie, though." He laughed and it quickly turned into a coughing fit. "Make love, not war. Had I known that stupid little phrase would make its way into your work, I would have actually listened to you. But why listen when I had your body." He snaked his purplish tongue over his thin lips. "That exquisite body. If you didn't long for something more, we could have been really happy together, Sonjie."

"No, we couldn't," she said between gritted teeth as she stared at the screen.

"So since you used love against me, I'm going to pay you back. Hopefully by now you haven't figured out that the medicine you've been taking for your migraine headaches is actually an elixir to react with the shots that have been given to C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L."

Sonjie furrowed her eyebrows. Diving into her pocket, she retrieved her pharmacy stick. Passing her thumb over the identi-screen, it flashed the name of the drug she'd been taking for over a year. She'd trusted her pharmacist and never read all of the ingredients contained in the drug.

The standard ibuprofen and other blood reactors existed in the medicine. Then her hand quivered at the last ingredient: pheromones and estrogen.

Who the hell would authorize such a concoction to be given to her? Then something

else struck her. Who had been giving C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L shots? She never authorized that.

"The shots they've been given make you irresistible to them so they can't help but want you. You had more time to plan, pick a suitable partner for E-V-E. I had to use my resources." Lars clasped his hands together and set the union on his desk. "Knowing you, Sonjie, you fought the feelings you had for these two robots. But then you caved. Your body could no longer stand not having these men, both men. And I wanted you to want both because you criticized me for wanting other women. Monogamy is for the weak and simple. I wanted to prove that you were just like me." He chuckled an obscene laugh that froze her blood. "So tell me, honey, which one did you like more? Did you like A-B-E-L's long dick or C-A-I-N's thick one, that hit you in just the right spots?"

To hold back the feeling to vomit, Sonjie covered her mouth. It hurt her to know that her will had been taken away as far as her heart and her feelings were concerned. And without enhancement drugs, C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L didn't want her. Knowing that hurt her even more.

And she couldn't prove without a shadow of a doubt that even if the drugs were out of their systems that they would still feel the same way. Damn it. She hated Lars all over again. Bastard.

"I know and you know that these two fighting machines can take down the Cerillion Army. The Cerillions are a hard fighting bunch, but no real match against Earth's weaponry. Hopefully my associates have made connection with another army to battle for Earth's control. But even with the help of a second army, I still needed some assurance that even after my death, I could win. What better way to ensure my victory than to take out the enemy. So, by having C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L fall in love with you, I've created a competitive rift between them. No dog likes for another to piss on his tree."

Bastard.

Who would help this madman? Sonjie thought for a bit, then it hit her. Officer Cotton Gerson, the man who hated C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L with a passion.

Lars continued. "So as soon as the men find out that you've been fucking them both, because I know you have, my dear, I know you have, they'll want to claim you for themselves. So the shots they have been getting have some extra testosterone in it. Ever wonder why they were so much more prone to violence than E-V-E?"

Everything was starting to fall into place now. Sonjie knew deep down that neither one of these men were a danger to her. Now Lars had made it so that they were a danger to the Army.

"If my calculations are correct, they should have killed each other by now," Lars concluded.

Sonjie bolted to her feet. Now it was all making sense. He wanted to sabotage the Federation Army not by making C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L ineffectual to them, but by having them destroy each other.

All of those years of hard work and training would go down the drain. Adam and E-V-E with their armies wouldn't be able to hold off the two forces, not without both C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L.

"So go, rabbit. Go run and try to be the savior again," Lars said and plastered a toothy smile on his face. "With any luck, they'll take you out with them, too."

The screen went black just as Sonjie ran to the door. She had to make sure to keep C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L away from each other. Then she would have to come up with a drug to countermand the one Lars used in the two men. She couldn't do that in a day. Hell, she couldn't do that in a week.

"To the gods, I just need time and compassion," she said as she bolted down the long hallway toward the living quarters.

Time was running out. And Sonjie was running out of options.

* * *

A restless feeling overtook Cain's body as he paced in his room.

"Not Sonjie. Not my Sonjie," he kept muttering. "She couldn't be with Abel. How could she? Why wouldn't she say anything to me?"

He stared at the opened metal suitcases that sat on his bed. Next to them lay his guns. Laser guns, rifles, handguns.

No one could love Sonjie like he could. No one.

He snatched one of his handguns from the bed and stuffed it into an inside pocket in his jumpsuit. He only had one viable option. Take out the competition.

"Open door." Cain sprinted from his living quarters, whisking by the stationed guards, with one target in mind.

"Where are you going?" one guard asked.

"I need a walk." Cain also needed closure. He would get that soon.

* * *

Abel sat at the edge of his bed. Though he and Sonjie had never made love on his bed, he did imagine her body right now. He remembered every curve and the softness of her skin. He'd tasted her and never wanted to remove the flavor from his pallet.

How could she betray him like that? How could she have sex with another man, and not just any man but Cain, a man Abel considered his brother. Well, used to consider him that way.

This betrayal was too much for Abel to bear. If he couldn't trust Cain now, how the hell did he think he could trust him in battle? If it hadn't been for the desperate sound in Sonjie's voice when she realized Cain was in trouble, Abel wasn't sure he would have done anything to save him. He couldn't harm the man, not in front of the woman he loved.

Staring up at his surveillance monitor, he saw Cain marching toward his room. The intent in Cain's eyes was unmistakable. Abel reached into his weapons drawer and pulled out a snub-nosed laser handgun. He made sure the weapon was loaded before leaving his room. If he had to die for one woman, Sonjie would be the one.

Luckily he didn't plan on dying. Not today.

* * *

As soon as Cain had entered the main open area going to Abel's room his internal sensors made his body tingle, a feeling he knew meant danger was close. Instead of shrinking back, he charged ahead. And before him stood Abel.

"I thought you would have called before coming over," Abel said, not moving from his spot.

"I wanted my visit to be a surprise," Cain replied.

People milled around the open space, the center of home base. As soon as Cain produced his gun and Abel responded in kind, the people around them screamed and scurried away from the duo.

"So this is how this is going to end?" Cain asked as he stepped carefully to the side, making Abel circle around with him in a perverted dance.

"If you aren't willing to face facts that Sonjie loves me and only me, then yes, this is how this is going to end." Abel held his gun at Cain's face.

A current of emotions ran through him as he held the gun up to the man he'd once claimed as his brother. Images of the two of them as street kids, scurrying around like rats trying to find their next meal, popped into his head.

He shook his head to get rid of the thoughts. This man was traitor, not his friend. Traitors had to be destroyed.

"Let her go, man. Just walk away from this or you're going down." Cain's finger

pressed against the trigger, ready to squeeze if he needed to.

"I can't let her go. I love her. You just want her as a plaything."

"Bullshit! I love Sonjie. Always have. Always will." Then Cain snickered. "But you, you always have to have everything your way. Always the fucking favorite around here."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Abel held his gun steady by putting both hands to it.

"You got the air forces because you're the Federation darling. Meanwhile I'm on grunt work doing fucking foot patrol. You have everything. Let me have Sonjie."

"Are you kidding me?" Abel's voice rose to a booming octave. "The Federation loves you. You're the muscle between the two of us. That's why you have the ground patrol to control more of the armies. They see you as strong and me as tactical. I am nothing against you."

"That's the difference between you and me, Abe. You're willing to be that sacrificial lamb. I'm not. I need a reason to do things whereas you are content to follow orders. So follow this order: die!"

"No!" Sonjie ran into the room and stood in between the two men, hoping that she would keep them from killing each other. "Don't do this," she pleaded.

"Keep out of the way, Sonjie," Abel said while keeping his gaze on Cain.

"Or stay there. You know I can still shoot you with her standing here," Cain said. Although he didn't want to risk hurting Sonjie, he wouldn't go down without a fight.

"Listen to me. It's not you all or me. We've been drugged," Sonjie said with her hands in the air as though her open palms could stop the lasers if they decided to shoot.

"What are you talking about?" Abel asked.

"I found a secret diary entry from Dr. Urlean. He admitted that he had all three of us drugged so that we would want each other and you two would want to kill one another. Don't let him be right. He wants this. I don't."

The distressed tone in Sonjie's voice tugged on Cain's heart. He blinked, trying to avoid looking at her.

"I don't believe you," Cain said, still eyeing Abel who didn't drop his weapon either.

"Believe it. Apparently you two have been given shots that make you want me. I've been taking medicine that was supposed to be for migraines but instead made me want you two. Dr. Urlean wanted you two to find out and kill each other. Don't make that bastard win."

"Shots?" Abel asked.

Cain thought about the statement. He blinked again but this time when a moment of clarity struck him.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain said. "Yes, I am."

And he shot.

Eight

Sonjie screamed as soon as the laser zipped over her shoulder. She barely had time to blink when A-B-E-L's blast flew past her other shoulder. Facing C-A-I-N, she watched as the blast hit him in his shoulder, knocking him to the ground.

"Oh my gods!" Sonjie turned around to see what damage C-A-I-N had done to A-B-E-L. A-B-E-L remained standing. No visible wounds apparent on his body.

When Sonjie looked around him, she saw a man lying on the floor. She ran to the bystander who caught C-A-I-N's unfocused shot.

As soon as she crouched down, she saw it was Dr. Zerlandt. The blast left a charred, smoky hole in the center of his chest. Gasping for air as blood gushed from his mouth, he attempted to speak.

"So close," Dr. Zerlandt said.

"Don't talk. I'll get you some help," Sonjie said.

"If I hadn't w-w-waited, I could have just sh-sh-shot one of them and been d-d-done with it."

Sonjie fell back on her haunches and stared at her fallen colleague. "It wasn't Cotton. It was you. You were in on it. You set up my prescription and administered the shots to C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L, didn't you? You knew."

"Lars was a brilliant man. Who knew a c-c-cunt like you could take him down," Zerlandt said and gurgled a laugh that splattered blood over his face and onto Sonjie.

A-B-E-L snatched Sonjie away from Zerlandt and held his gun to the man. "Die, you sick son of a bitch." And with one shot in the center of his head, Zerlandt stopped moving. His eyes remained open.

Sonjie curved into A-B-E-L's chest, sobbing until she realized that she had someone else to care for right now. She pulled away from him and ran over to C-A-I-N's prone body.

"Please say you turned your self-preservation back on. Please," Sonjie said as she unzipped C-A-I-N's jumpsuit to look at his shoulder wound.

As soon as she opened his black garment and pushed it aside to look at his shoulder, she noticed the wound had already closed, and just a black stain remained on his flesh.

"I turned my self-preservation back on," C-A-I-N said and smiled.

Sonjie smiled and cried all at the same time. "I thought I had lost you both."

"Good thing I'm an expert shot," C-A-I-N said and peered up passed her.

She turned and found A-B-E-L standing behind her.

"I knew what you were doing. Why do you think I shot your shoulder?" A-B-E-L said.

"Liar," C-A-I-N replied and chuckled.

"I'm sorry, Cain. I couldn't hurt you. Ever," Abel said.

"How did you know I was telling the truth? How did you know Dr. Zerlandt was in on it?" Sonjie asked as she helped him sit up. "I suspected Cotton."

"As soon as you said the shots and you said you didn't know anything about them, I knew that that bastard had something to do with it. Then when I saw him coming through the shadows and I saw the heat from his laser gun, I knew he wasn't going to shoot you. He was looking for us." He stared pointedly at A-B-E-L. "And as much as I thought I

hated you, I didn't want him taking you down. There is something to that sheep mentality."

A-B-E-L held out his hand and helped C-A-I-N to his feet. "Welcome back to the fold, buddy."

The duo went to hug Sonjie but she moved away from them. "You two need to finish packing. We all do since I'm going on this mission with you tomorrow. And I have a report to make about this situation. Head back to your quarters before you get in trouble. I'll explain it to the High Commander."

The confused expressions on their faces were enough to wrench her heart. So instead of being asked a lot questions she didn't know she could answer right now, Sonjie took refuge by rushing to the military police and the rescue service workers that hovered by Dr. Zerlandt's dead body.

Dead bodies she could deal with. Her heart was another matter.

* * *

In a few hours Sonjie would be on a ship shuttling her and C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L to Earth to help fight a war that started way before she was born. She closed the last of her suitcases and set it by the door.

Explaining Dr. Zerlandt's death to the High Commander proved easier than Sonjie thought it would.

"Any more skeletons in your closet, Doctor?" the High Commander had asked and broke a smile in the inquiry.

The expression was the first time Sonjie had ever seen the stern leader show any emotion other than anger.

"No, ma'am," Sonjie had answered.

"Good. Good luck on your mission."

Luck. Luck wouldn't be all that Sonjie needed. How was she going to react having to deal with both men during the trip back to Earth? How could she look them in their eyes and act like everything was okay?

As much as she should have been bothered by her relationship with both men, Sonjie couldn't muster up that feeling. That bothered her more, loving two men at once. Maybe she was like Lars, wanting to love more than one person at one time.

It didn't matter how she felt. Once the drugs were out of C-A-I-N and A-B-E-L's systems they wouldn't want her, not in the way that they did before.

Sonjie turned to go to her bathroom to take a long, hot shower when her door to her living quarters opened. Swinging around back to the door, she saw A-B-E-L walk inside.

She should have changed the combination but a small part of her wanted him to use that code again and come back.

Her heart fluttered when she saw him. The organ nearly leapt from her chest when C-A-I-N sauntered in behind him.

"Lock door," C-A-I-N commanded.

The door closed with a thud and clanked when it locked.

"What are you two doing here? We leave in a few hours," Sonjie said.

"We know," A-B-E-L began. "But we couldn't leave until we got some things ironed out."

"First of all, we both need to know who you want to be with," C-A-I-N said and put his hands on his hips.

"Don't do this," Sonjie said, shaking her head and retreating from the duo. "I told you that we were drugged. Our reactions to one another were manufactured. There were no real feelings."

"You don't really believe that, do you? You think a drug made us want you?" A-B-E-L asked as he took a step closer to her.

"The drug only accelerated our feelings. We both wanted you. We both fell in love with you. Now we need to know who you want. Abel or me."

Sonjie volleyed her attention between the two men. "I can't."

She watched both of their chests deflate and their shoulders slumped down.

"I can't choose between the two of you because I love you both," she concluded. "I tried fighting it. I wanted to be nothing like Lars. He used sex like a toy. But with you two, I felt sexy and beautiful and loved. I love you both. You two are different but you complete each other very well. I just don't see how it'll be possible for all three of us to be together."

A-B-E-L smiled at C-A-I-N, who shot back a devilish smile to his partner.

"We don't think you should choose either," A-B-E-L began. "Which is why we propose for us to all be together."

Both men began undressing.

"You two both want me still?" Sonjie asked in disbelief.

"You sound surprised." C-A-I-N kicked his jumpsuit off to the side and stood in front of her naked with his cock slowly engorging to a delicious plumpness.

"I would have thought that you two wouldn't want to share."

"If you don't mind, we don't." A-B-E-L disrobed, tossing his garments to the side also. "I love you, Sonjie."

"I love you, too," C-A-I-N quickly added.

Tears pooled in Sonjie's eyes. "And I love you both, Cain and Abel." She liked saying their names not as robotic acronyms but as real names.

"So before we go to Earth and have to fight in a war, I'd say we get down to some loving. What do you think, brother?" Abel asked.

"Sounds like a mighty fine plan to me."

Without another word, the duo enveloped her. First Abel with his soft but persistent lips kissed her, while Cain, who stood next to her, let his hands rest, one on the swell above her buttocks and the other on her stomach right above her aching vagina. Cain lowered his head and kissed her neck, slowly dipping his kisses down to her chest.

The feeling of having both men love her at the same time swelled her heart until she felt like an outsider looking in at these three writhing bodies. Sonjie reached her hand back to cup Cain's head while her other hand held onto Abel's broad shoulders.

Her eyes closed, enjoying the feeling of their mouths on her lips and body. Tingles electrified her skin with each sultry connection.

Large hands cradled her breasts through her shirt. She assumed they belonged to Cain only because she felt him moving around behind her.

A face nuzzled into her hair behind her head.

"I love the way you smell," Cain growled. "It's sweet like manufactured fruit. I'll remember your scent always."

"You won't have to remember it," Sonjie whispered. "I'll be with you two always."

With a gentle tug, he managed to pull free her shirt from inside of her skirt and raise it above her head, breaking this kiss she shared with Abel. Cain's nimble fingers undid her bra with one snap. He slid the garment down her arms, letting his fingers coast down her bare flesh, causing her flesh to heat up in the wake of his touch.

Dropping down to his knees in front of her, Abel helped her out of her black military-issued pumps. Then his hands, with their long fingers, caressed her calves, moving oh so easily up her legs until he got under her skirt.

Sonjie swallowed hard as Abel teased her, coasting his finger over her panties, making her even wetter. When his thumb pressed against her clit through her panties, she gasped and quivered.

Cain responded by holding her around her waist with one of his muscled arms while

his other hand massaged her breast. His thumb swirled around her nipple, making it distend to a painful yet pleasurable hardness.

"Oh, Cain," she moaned.

"Sounds like I'm doing something right, buddy," Cain joked. "You need to catch up."

"Right behind you." At his response, Abel unzipped her skirt and pulled it down the floor.

Sonjie willingly stepped out of the garment and waited for Abel to remove her soaked panties. But he didn't. Not right away. Instead he made her suffer.

He inched her panties down until the sides met her hips and left them there. She wanted to look down to see what he would do next but the feeling of Cain kissing her neck and the side of her face prevented her from doing anything but tilting her head back and enjoying the feeling.

Just as she had with her hair, she felt a nose nuzzling against her hardened nub.

"You think her hair smells great," Abel began. "You need to smell her pussy."

"In time. You take your turn now," Cain said, then nibbled her sensitive flesh on her shoulder.

As though Cain had given Abel permission, Abel finally yanked her panties down, hoisted one of her legs up and rested it on his shoulder then parted her labia with his fingers. Good thing Cain continued holding her around her waist and Abel had her leg on his shoulder otherwise Sonjie would have crumbled to a quivering mass on the floor.

When the tip of Abel's tongue touched Sonjie's clitoris, she wailed in ecstasy. It was as though he had opened the door for her to feel free to feel, to be, to love. His able tongue explored her wetness between her folds, pressing against her pleasure spot until stars flashed in her eyes and dipping down into her opening.

"I can't get at her like I want," Abel said as he squeezed her clitoris in a slow, easy motion. "I need a better position."

"You got it." Cain stepped back with careful steps then sat on the bed, bringing Sonjie with him.

Sitting her on his lap with her legs positioned on the outside of his legs, Cain spread his steel thighs apart to open her up.

"Oh yeah! Much better," Abel commented.

Without hesitation, Abel covered her clit with his mouth and sucked on the sensitive spot. Electricity zipped through her body. She couldn't wait to reciprocate the act on both men.

Cain eased them both back on the bed. Now he played with her breasts with both hands while his counterpart licked and sucked her into bliss. Craning her head back, she kissed Cain, sliding her tongue into his mouth and letting hers play with his.

When Abel slid one of his thick digits inside of her, Sonjie moaned into Cain's mouth. She broke the kiss only to catch her breath. Her hips undulated into Abel's mouth, still sucking on her clit as he finger fucked her.

"Yeah, baby, does it feel good?" Cain asked.

Afraid her vocal chords would fail her, she nodded.

"Tell us what you want, Sonjie, and we'll do it," Cain whispered in her ear.

"All," she finally managed to say. "I want it all."

When Abel eased another finger inside of her, she arched her back. Small tremors quaked her body as she attempted to ground herself by clutching the itchy blanket covering her bed.

"Then you'll have it, Sonjie," Cain said.

His fingertips tickled over her body until all of the sensations proved to be too much for her. Bringing one hand down to hold Abel in place, Sonjie let out a long, low cry. Her

body tensed as she wrapped her legs around his head. Her pulsating clitoris felt like it would explode in his mouth as she rode the wave of this intense orgasm.

As soon as she settled her body back down so that her sweaty back rested on top of Cain's hot and massive chest, Cain took no time in getting her to come again.

Positioning himself with his head against her pillows, he turned Sonjie over so that she now faced him with her legs on either side of his hips.

"Ride me, baby, like you did before. I want to see you come again," Cain said.

Grabbing his thick erection, Sonjie held herself over him then slowly impaled herself with his shaft. He filled her, stretched her and she almost came again just from the entry. Instead she clawed his chest, squeezed her eyes shut and clamped her thighs around his body to hold off the feeling for now. She wanted to enjoy him.

Sonjie made slow movements up and down his length. Her heart pounded so hard she thought she would pass out before she could enjoy a second intense climax.

Sonjie stared down at Cain, who gave her his trademark smug smile, the same expression she'd loathed when he used to flash it before during testing. Now it prickled her skin. She leaned over and kissed the smile off of his face and transferred it to her own.

Cain wrapped his arms around her shoulders and held her down onto his chest. Looking into his face, she caught him making the same eye movements he did the day he masturbated Abel. He peered at her then looked over his shoulder, probably at Abel. Then he made the motion again, looking at her then over her shoulder.

Sonjie, not stopping her motions at all, felt the bed move under her. Abel's hands caressed her ass cheeks and it both shocked and titillated her. When she felt his hard tip moving up and down between her cheeks, her eyes widened.

"You okay?" Cain asked.

"I've never—" This time her voice did fail her.

He stroked his fingers over her cheek. "Remember what I told you before? I would never hurt you. Never. We both love you." He kissed her. "Enjoy it."

To get her prepared, Abel held her cheeks open, then licked his hot tongue over her tight, starred hole. The feeling made her stop her motions briefly to savor the feeling. No man, not even Lars who had no qualms about any sex act, had ever licked her anus like this.

Her body surprised her by reacting positively to it, her heart racing, her body sweating, her ass open and ready.

Abel circled his tongue around her hole, reacting to her moans and the way she continued to fuck Cain. He nibbled on her ass cheek and allowed the tip of his finger to play with her hole, dipping just the tip inside to tease her.

Then once she felt like she would lose her mind over all of these sensations, Abel slid his finger deep inside of her.

"Ohhh! Good! So good!" she mewled.

Abel moved his finger in and out of her hole as her body trembled erratically. Then he pulled his finger out of her. Again, he gripped her cheek with one hand.

Only sliding in the fat tip into her puckered hole, Sonjie's body compressed and for a moment she stopped her gyrations on Cain's cock again, finding it difficult to concentrate on the two men at the same time.

Abel's moans echoed off of her walls while he maintained just the head of his penis inside of her.

Control. Such great control.

The feeling of Cain inside of her pussy and Abel in her ass surged a new sensation throughout her body. Such incredible pleasure gripped her body and made her ache for more.

While keeping the connection with Cain inside of her, Sonjie pushed back to ease more of Abel into her hot, tight channel. He picked up her request loud and clear.

Inching a little more inside of her, but always in a slow and careful way, Abel had half of his cock in her ass.

"You okay?" he asked, his voice shaking more than her body.

"More. Don't stop," she begged.

This time when he pushed inside of her he didn't stop. Feeling his hips against her fleshy ass she knew he was all the way inside of her.

"Ohhhh, gods!" she screamed. "I've never felt anything like this before."

Sonjie crushed her lips against Cain's. Then she felt Abel brush her hair off of her shoulder and he kissed her bare back.

"So tight. Damn, you're hot!" Abel said through gritted teeth.

"And wet," Cain supplied.

All three bodies worked in one fluid motion like a well-oiled machine. Sonjie's stomach tightened into a ball as she felt a second orgasm building. Gazing down at Cain, she didn't see his cool demeanor anymore.

Now his face tensed as though he was denying his own pleasure, holding off for her. The muscles in his jaw flexed as he gripped her waist tighter.

"I can't hold out any longer," Sonjie cried.

The trembles that overtook her body burst once she screamed so that her body stiffened. Unlike the two men, sweat covered her body and cooled her down as soon as the pumped air blew through her ducts in her room.

Not far behind her orgasm, Cain fisted her hair and let out a long growl that the people on Earth probably heard. His cum jetted inside of her.

Abel continued pumping until Cain's body settled down after he came. Then Abel swore, smacked Sonjie on her ass and released his hot semen into her.

Lava-like heat consumed her body.

The trio, all panting if not sated, slowed to move for several moments. Then Abel slid out of Sonjie's taut hole and lay on the bed next to the two. Sonjie kissed Cain again before sliding off of him. Lying in between the two men, she leaned over and kissed Abel.

"That was incredible," she purred.

"You got that right," Cain said.

"And it's only the beginning," Abel said as he stroked her hair.

"Just do me a favor, you two."

"What?" both Cain and Abel said in unison.

"Don't get killed in battle. I don't know what I would do without you two."

The men cuddled against her. One of them stroked her hair, but she didn't know who it was. They both put their other hands on her stomach and chest. The connection made her feel safe, secure, like nothing could harm her.

"We'll look out for each other," Abel said. "Right, Cain?"

"Right, Abel. I am my brother's keeper."

"And I am the luckiest woman in the universe." And now Sonjie felt complete.