

Adam and E-V-E

An romantic erotica novella by

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Chapter One

"Eve, at some point you're going to have to listen to me," Adam shouted over the whirring and whizzing sounds of his KN-47 weapon.

The over-forty-foot tall steel robot in front of them with its round body, solid titanium legs and modified claws for all four feet, raised another metallic shield over its exoskeleton. It showed no sign of stopping its assault.

E-V-E, or as she preferred to be called, Emergency Violator Equalizer, stood with her back to the thick steel door protecting the last few humans on planet Earth.

Although basically human, with tissues, organs, muscles and nerves, she thought of herself as a robot, a computer, no different than the thing in front of her that she wanted to take down. A sophisticated computer chip existed in her brain, implanted at conception and remaining until today, her twenty-fifth year.

She'd been trained to be a killing machine. With one hand-chop to the throat at the right angle, she could crush a man's windpipe and leave him gasping for air until he curled into a ball to die. With an upward thrust of her hand, she could shove the cartilage in any human attacker's nose into his brain, killing him within milliseconds. Endless hours of combat training had guaranteed that she would never need weapons. But in a case like this, where the attacker wasn't human, she'd be foolish to discard them in favor of fighting with her bare hands.

E-V-E squeezed her finger on the trigger of her assault rifle, firing off several rounds. The shots landed around what could be considered the knee joint on machine.

Nothing.

The physics of the contraption astounded E-V-E. The shot should have taken it down. She was an expert at spotting weakness, since it had filled her training schedule from the beginning.

Her regimented and practiced skills thrived while protecting those who couldn't fend for themselves—humans—against all outside forces determined to take over. The last thing she needed was to take advice—no, orders—from a man, especially one that made her question herself.

This was the gratitude E-V-E got for surviving beyond a few years. Leaders of the Federation offered her a role in their Army. She could have had her own troops to lead. But she'd chosen to work alone, at least that was what she'd wanted.

Peering over at Adam in his now tattered pants and opened jacket, she took in a long, haggard breath and jerked her attention back to the advancing monster. However, the image of his muscled thighs and the honey-colored skin of his thick neck and smooth, barrel chest invaded her thoughts until she had to swallow the saliva gathering in her mouth.

Her reactions didn't compute. Once she took this spherical giant down, E-V-E would have to defrag her computer chip. Seemed to be about that time anyway.

As soon as the Cerillions had entered the Earth's atmosphere three months ago, E-V-E's internal sensors had been on alert. Three rapid beeps every five minutes for the entire three months had given her a not-so-gentle reminder to remain alert until the attack. Sleep mattered little to her until she could ascertain the cause of her protective signal. When it had finally

stopped, the robot appeared.

Why Adam, this human, had to tag along, made no sense. She'd been told he was sent to assist her because he was the best in the squadron unit.

But E-V-E had been told *she* was the best. Period.

She recognized a babysitter when she saw one. But at least he offered a pleasant diversion from looking at the flat, rusty Earth all day.

"Adam, get inside," E-V-E demanded. "I'll stay here and hold off this thing until you can get the inhabitants to the tunnels."

"All twenty thousand of them? Not likely." He took a precise shot at the underside of the predator's carriage. Good to see that he remembered the basics of his robot-defense training. Go for the weakest spot.

The thing didn't falter. It took another step closer, shaking the ground until both E-V-E and Adam fell into one another. Adam put his arm around her shoulders to steady her.

As though he willed her to do so, E-V-E turned her attention to Adam when the robotic intruder stopped its attack, righting its clunky posture and lowering its rifles as if at ease.

"What's going on? A truce?" E-V-E asked.

She'd never known a Cerillion to give up. It had to have been a trick.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you." Adam held his gun at the being and managed to turn E-V-E around to face him. "I figured something out and I think it'll work."

E-V-E glanced at the robot, which started to hoist its guns back up for a second wave of attack. She asked quickly, "What? We don't have much time to—"

Before she could finish, Adam pressed his firm lips on hers. Keeping her eyes open, she glared at the lieutenant. Her pulse

quicken and that scared her more than the attacker. The loss of her senses reminded her of her training days when her programmers took over her body during exercises. When she felt herself lowering her gun, she pulled back.

"What are you doing?" she asked, holding on to his muscled arm.

He nodded toward the gatecrasher. "Take a look."

Turning her head, she noticed that not only had the robot lowered its weapons, it started to shake uncontrollably as though on a self-destruction mode. When she turned back to Adam, he kissed her again, passionately.

His hand pressed against the small of her back as he held her even closer. Sweat rolled down the side of her face, a first. She turned to break from the embrace. If Adam wasn't trying to pass secret documents from mouth to mouth, then this action proved futile. But her slight struggle caused him to hold her tighter.

E-V-E took in his masculine scent, a combination of red clay dust, salty sweat and ammonia, the last a permanent aroma that constantly wafted through the atmosphere. Her hand snaked up to the back of his neck as she took in the kiss, another first.

When Adam broke from her, he asked, "How was that?" He peered over at the robot, which still vibrated violently but struggled to hold its gun to them. "Say it now. Say it fast."

"What are you talking about?"

"Christ, Eve. For a computer, you sure aren't the fastest processor in the lot."

"I'll have you know that I'm able to compute multiple—"

A laser shot blasted over their heads, denting the door and burning a small hole in its wake.

"Don't argue with me," Adam said as he moved her over to avoid the molten steel pouring down the door as a result of the

gun blast. "It's reacting to conflict."

E-V-E blinked. "Which is why we need to continue our rifle assault."

"Not that kind of conflict." He waved his hand between the two of them. "*Us*. Our fighting is causing that thing to fire on us."

She didn't have a chance to ask why. Without warning and with no hesitation, Adam pressed her back against the door, the smoldering hole over their heads a reminder that they weren't doing a practice attack. He paused for a moment, then did something she'd never thought he would do as long as she'd known him: he dropped his weapon.

"What are you doing, Lieutenant?" she demanded. "We have an intruder in our midst!" Standing on the tips of her toes in her class five work boots, she peered over his shoulder to see the Cerillion attacker gearing up for another battering. "Pick up your weapon!"

"I can't hold it and do *this* at the same time." As though he'd done it before, he ripped open her moss-green government issued jacket, lifted her t-shirt and palmed her bare breasts.

Shock should have been the appropriate response. Perhaps E-V-E should have been appalled. She'd seen other women, non-enhanced women, get offended when a man leered at them in a manner that they must have found disgusting.

Instead E-V-E's body melted to Adam's touch. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back as he massaged her sensitive orbs. Her body felt like it belonged to him. He elicited responses she'd never felt. Aside from examinations from Army doctors, no man had ever touched her this way—in a manner that made her forget her self-defense training. Why didn't she want to twist his arm behind his back until he cried for mercy? Or jam the heel of her hand against his nose until it snapped?

Wetness pooled between her legs and she felt her clitoris throbbing. A moan flowed through her parted lips when her pebbled nipples brushed the calloused palms of his hands.

Her body reacted in a way that was unfamiliar to her. Not used to sweating, she now felt a trickle of it rolling down between her breasts. A few beads of the perspiration dotted her forehead. Wanting to feel more of his touch, a sensation so foreign to her she thought her chip would short circuit, she pressed her free hand on top of his.

"Eve, one of us is going to have to keep an eye on that thing," he said and chuckled.

E-V-E snapped her head up. The Cerillion invader. That's right. She did have a job to do. And what in the hell was Adam doing?

"I am an Emergency Violator Equalizer, Lieutenant." She hoped using her full title, and his, would snap him out of whatever crazed state that made him react this way. Maybe hearing her say it out loud would trigger *her* to react as she should as well—with force, with violence, without feeling.

"I know what you are, Eve." He said the name he liked calling her like a curse.

E-V-E had known Adam's reservations—no, hatred—for all things robotic. He'd expressed his feelings to anyone within earshot of how the robots were trying to take over human jobs in the Army. E-V-E still remembered his look of disgust the day he'd been told to pair with her.

For all she knew, Adam could have been trying to lull her into a false sense of security before he attacked her. Perhaps he wanted give her a head butt to attempt to damage her circuitry. Or maybe he wanted to get close enough to cram his large hand up her nose to shove *her* cartilage into her brain. The thought made her blink.

Although the Cerillion robot remained still, E-V-E was fully aware of a possum attack. She aimed her gun at the dormant giant but reserved her ammunition for when it started its next wave of attack.

"What the hell are you doing? I could have you charged with sexual assault on a fellow officer." She struggled, weakly, to close her jacket but her body craved more of Adam's touch, his attention.

What was wrong with her? How could her body react to a man who had been anything but welcoming to her?

"Yeah, and when home base gets a look at your computer response read-out they'll drop the charges." He dipped his head and let his tongue lave over her other nipple.

For that, he was rewarded with a moan that nearly matched the groaning sound from the robot behind them. He lowered himself to his knees. When he started unzipping her pants, he pushed his luck too far.

Moving her hand behind her back, she retrieved her small handgun that she kept tucked into her back holster and placed it at his temple. "Section 41B-12 of the Officers' Handbook states that an officer may not physically nor sexually violate another at any time," E-V-E stated matter-of-factly as her hand trembled. "A violation of any rules stated in the Handbook is subject to arrest, incarceration and punishment including execution. I hereby place you under arrest, Lieutenant Adam B'Luvén."

"Get down!"

He grabbed her wrist and yanked her to the ground. In one swift move, he covered her body with his, making sure to shield her face. The blast from the Cerillion's robot seared through the door where they had been standing.

"Are you trying to get us killed?" he yelled. He placed his hands on either side of her head as he loomed his face over hers.

"What did I just say about conflict? No more arguments between us, get it?"

"What are you doing? Turning the thing on and off?" She turned her gaze to the machine. Its smoking guns sank to the ground again.

He smirked. "No, but apparently I'm doing that to you." Snatching the handgun from her grip, he tossed it a couple of feet away from them. "Just keep your rifle aimed and concentrate on me."

"I don't understand."

Adam blinked. "You really don't get it, do you?"

She shook her head, feeling inadequate for the first time that she could remember.

"Who is the leader of the Cerillions?"

As E-V-E was about to answer, he kissed the side of her face, then circled his tongue around the shell of her ear. His warm breath sparked a fire in her abdomen that spread throughout her body.

"Dr. Lars Urlean," she answered in a moan.

Adam lifted his head. "Very good. Do you know what he's known for?"

Before she could respond, he bowed his head again and repeated the same kissing and licking process to the other side of her face. Her toes curled in her boots. War wasn't supposed to feel this good.

"Robotics," she answered. "Machinery. Artificial Intelligence."

"Sex," Adam said bluntly. "The man uses sex like the way humans take in oxygen."

"What does that have to do with me? With us?"

"Who is your creator?"

"You mean my biological parents?"

"No." Adam tapped his index finger on the center of her forehead. "The chip. Who made it? Who put it in you?"

"Dr. Sonjie Tuumlar."

"I'm thinking there's got to be a correlation between the two. Every time I protect you, that thing stops blasting at us. And when you throw this gorgeous body in front of mine, it sets its guns down. Why is that?"

"You think my body is gorgeous?" she asked.

"It gets my attention quite often." He winked.

"Does my appearance aid in combat?"

"Believe it or not, in this situation it really helps."

She put her hand to her cheek when her face felt oddly tight around her mouth. Was she actually smiling?

In a supine position, E-V-E gazed at the blue-black sky as though searching for answers. As she lay still, Adam managed to undo her pants and pull them down to her knees. This time she offered no protest.

As odd as it seemed, E-V-E was willing to concede that Adam's methods may be on the mark, even though every ounce in her logical being screamed that it didn't make sense. She balled her free hand into a fist as she struggled not to do the same with the other and shoot the Cerillion robot instead.

Rolling her head to the side, she gazed at the steel enemy.

Quiet. Unmoving.

"Seems like the trick to stopping this thing is making you happy," he said.

"Fine. Do what you need to do so that we can take this thing down. The inhabitants are relying on us." E-V-E's body stiffened.

"I need a little cooperation from you. All hands need to be on deck for this exercise."

Adam's firm lips pressed against her chest directly between

her breasts. But he didn't stop there. He allowed his mouth to make a pilgrimage down her body. His mouth became his compass, pulling him to her most sensitive spots. His able tongue licked down her waist to her hip. Then he moved across her stomach and dipped the tip into her navel.

She twitched a bit, but soon relaxed...well, as much as she could relax with a fellow Federation officer kissing down her half-naked body and a Cerillion robotic beast watching over them.

"For the people," she mumbled. "For the humans."

Adam must have heard her. Lifting his head, he responded, "For *you*. You live on this planet too. This is *our* war, not just the humans."

Our war. Our war. E-V-E rolled the phrase around in her head until a thought hit her. "Make love, not war."

Adam had been moving closer to her untouched sex when he stopped. "What?"

"Dr. Tuumlar used to tell me that all of the time. Make love, not war." She lifted her head to stare at him. "She said it was a phrase from many life cycles ago. A peace movement. Do you think it has something to do with this situation?"

A sneaky smile graced Adam's face. "Honey, this will be the best fight you've ever fought."

Adam never thought he could actually use sex as a weapon. But even as danger loomed, literally, a few feet away from them, he wanted to do so much more to this woman. But it wasn't for pure, hedonistic pleasure. The Federation wanted a whole fleet of soldiers like Eve. How fitting that he could prove she was just like a human, full of faults, and not very tactical at all, at least not as tactical as a real human.

His hand glided down the side of her body. For as gruff as she could be, she possessed the smoothest skin that reminded

him of the rare rose petals he'd touched once. To feel her tremble in response swelled his cock until it strained against the zipper of his pants.

He kissed his way down to her crotch and, once there, took a deep breath, inhaling her pungent, sweet sex. With only the light from the robot's lamp perched at the top and spotlighting down on the two of them, he took a good look at her pussy.

Unkempt brown tufts of curly hair tempted him to explore deeper. After a quick glance at the robot, still in its resting position, he parted her lips with his fingers. Thank the gods she was all woman.

Her pink lower lips glistened with moisture. Good sign. Meant she was into this as much as he was. Her clitoris extended gloriously from under her hood. Given more time, he would love to suck on it until she came over and over again and begged for more.

As much as he wanted to take his time, enjoy the taste, the flavor, the feel of her juicy pussy in his mouth, he knew they were working on borrowed time. He plunged his tongue inside of her and she wailed.

His cock strained uncomfortably against his pants but at the moment he didn't care. He deduced that the Cerillion was interested in Eve's pleasure for some reason. If that were the case, Adam would do his civic duty and oblige, fight the good fight as it were.

Adam didn't know what to expect but the sweetness he tasted did not jive with what he imagined. Actually her reaction to this plan wasn't what he expected. Logical Eve normally would have balked at the idea that human intimacy could be of any practical use, let alone could stop war—well at least this attack. Maybe Eve, or E-V-E as she thought of herself, had a soft side. Could it be possible for a robot to have feelings, to

care?

Eve thrashed her legs around but with her pants down around her ankles, she could only move but so much. He had to get them off, at least one leg. He wanted to taste more of her. He wanted to hear her scream again. But then he felt the cold steel of a gun barrel at his temple again.

Chapter Two

"Not funny, Eve. Put the gun down." He ignored the weapon and kept his gaze trained on her pussy.

With a stammer he'd never heard out of her, she said, "N-n-not m-m-me."

Adam halted his movements and turned a tentative glance toward the firearm. Although still in the same position it was when Adam had looked at it before, the Cerillion robot now had a laser gun barrel that extended from underneath its carriage and reached Adam's head.

Urlean certainly had a sense of humor when he made this thing. The barrel looked like a metallic cock aimed at his head.

"Oh shit," he said, the only thought that entered his mind for long moments. After the initial shock, however, logic returned. "What happened to you watching out for us?"

"I'm sorry. It felt so, um, well good that I—"

He cut her off. "Did you like what I was doing? Were you turned on or not?"

The questions, although straightforward, seemed odd hearing them asked. What could she say? Her body certainly liked the attention. But the kissing, the touching, the teasing, all of it seemed pointless aside from the fact that it seemed to be distracting the Cerillion. But she found she couldn't say that to Adam, to her great astonishment. Call it her conscience or the morality program in her chip, but she didn't want to say something that would hurt his feelings.

"Does that matter?" she asked, too afraid to answer honestly.

"Yes. No. I don't know. Maybe." He huffed. "I guess my theory was way off."

The frustration that marred his face made her think twice about his unorthodox procedure.

"No, it hasn't fired. Why is that?"

Adam swallowed hard, remembering the gun at his temple.

Like a snake, Eve slithered her half naked body out from under Adam's as he remained perfectly still.

"Eve, what are you doing?" Was she leaving him? Saving her own skin? No. Not this fighter. She wasn't programmed that way.

"Something I should have done from the start."

Oh no! She didn't think she could fight this thing without him, did she?

When he heard her struggling with her clothes, Adam tried to split his attention between her and the gun still pointed at his head. A gentle rumbling let him know that the invader was charging up the weapon to be used—and soon.

"Whatever you're planning, hurry it up!" Adam wanted to keep his voice calm but the fear that raged through his body caused him to sound jittery.

Eve slid back under him but this time she was completely naked, only her rifle in her hand.

"No more foreplay. Let's complete this mission."

He wanted to laugh at her command for sex, especially when she called it a mission. But this was no time for jokes.

"Need a little help here," he said instead, and careful not to make any sudden movements, undid his pants with Eve's assistance.

Once they got the material down past his ass, she wrapped

her small but strong hand around his shaft, attempting to stroke him back to his original erection, which had subsided significantly the second the gun rested at his temple.

Thankfully his cock didn't take long to return to full mast. As soon as he stared into her silvery-blue eyes, he fell head over heels for her again.

Placing his tip at her slick opening, he glanced quickly at the Cerillion, then decided if he had to look at one last thing before he died, he wanted it to be Eve. As much as he had been pissed off at her because of what she was, Eve could turn a head with her natural beauty.

He stared into her eyes. Although she asked for no pomp or circumstance to this anti-war tactic, Adam couldn't help but allow his fingers to caress her reddish-brown hair, feel the silkiness in his hands just once.

"Adam," she whispered almost breathlessly.

In one hard thrust, he was inside her...but not without some resistance first. His eyes widened and he stared at her in surprise. She had her lower lip in between her teeth to brace against the pain she must have felt.

"Eve? Why didn't you tell me?"

She put her hand to his shoulder, looped her legs around his hips to hold him closer and blinked away a tear.

"Don't stop." Her voice broke on the last word. "It's working."

Adam didn't have to see the beast to hear it rattling. The gun it held to Adam's head dropped to the ground with a thud and slid back.

Using slow, easy thrusts, Adam moved in and out of Eve's tight pussy. His entire body seemed to vibrate, as though he had been electrically charged, but his mind still contemplated her previously maiden state. "Had I known, I wouldn't have—"

"Shut up, Lieutenant," she barked and put her hand over his lips.

He kissed her soft palm. But the moment was shortened when a blazing heat tore through the heel of his boot, burning the underside of his foot in the process.

"Fuck!" He broke his gaze from Eve's to inspect the shot. A charred, smoky hole marred his footwear. "Piece of shit!" Without slowing the pace of his thrusting hips, he reached for Eve's rifle,

She moved it out of his reach. "No! Not yet." With one arm around his shoulders, she pulled him close.

He groaned, a mixture of pleasure and pain. "Can't tell if that was a warning or a bad shot but it hurts like hell," he said into her neck, then raised himself again as he broke his rhythm. "Bottom line, this isn't working. I thought maybe you two were programmed the same way. I guess I was wrong."

In a move that melted her heart, he lowered his head and gave her a tender kiss on her lips. It felt strangely like a goodbye-kiss.

Another shot landed a foot away from them and sprayed red clay dirt all over them.

In the tense situation, Eve suddenly smiled. "You're a genius, Lieutenant!" Pushing his shoulder, she managed to get him on his back. Then she secured her firearm in his hand and straddled him.

"Death a turn-on for you?" Adam asked facetiously as he held her hips.

"No... Intelligence."

Forget about taking it easy, she thought. Eve lowered herself onto his hardened rod and rode him as hard and as fast as she could.

Adam struggled to keep his eyes open, if only to watch her

tits bounce in concert with her gyrations. Her tight cunt squeezed his cock until Adam felt he wouldn't last very long. But if the robot predator continued shooting at them, it wouldn't matter anyway. He wouldn't even live long enough to light up a cigarette afterward. Good thing he didn't smoke or he might have to enter the afterworld with a serious nicotine craving.

She grasped his hands and moved them up to her perfect, orange-sized breasts. "I don't know how I could have forgotten this: Dr. Tuumlar and Dr. Urlean had an affair," she said breathlessly.

Not that he was in the mood for conversation, but Eve's revelation sparked his interest. "How do you know this?"

She gazed down at him. Sweat made her hair stick to her forehead and the sides of her face; dirt smeared across her chest and up her arms. She looked gorgeous.

"They used to copulate in front of me," she answered flatly, pausing only briefly in her efforts as she remembered. "With the chip in my head, my body can be overridden. When they wanted me to sleep, I would sleep. When they wanted me to fight, I would fight. Once, as a test, they made me stay awake for thirty days straight. By gods, your cock is magnificent!"

Not an appropriate way to end that exchange but he would take the compliment any way he could.

"There were times they would leave me catatonic," she went on. "Eyes open, breathing, hearing, smelling, sensing. Then they would have sex in front of me."

E-V-E thought about the scenes, about how the middle-aged doctor undressed Dr. Tuumlar in front of her and mounted her like a dog. "I think they wanted me to watch." She leaned over and whispered, "I believe initially they were trying to teach me about sex but then after a while it just turned them on." She stroked her tongue over his bottom lip.

Catching Adam's disgusted look—hopefully at her revelation—she decided it best to leave unspoken the fact that they used to undress her, too, so she would be nude as they fucked in front of her.

"And how did you feel?" Adam grunted. He now labored as hard as she did, raising his hips to meet her downward motions.

E-V-E undulated her hips in order to take Adam deeper. Had she known sex could be this intense, this glorious, she would have demanded it from him sooner.

"I felt nothing. I wasn't excited. But I felt sorry for Dr. Tuumlar."

"Why?"

The building of intense pleasure accumulated in her pussy until she felt it contracting around Adam's penis. It all felt foreign, frightening, but good.

"Because she never had this," she cried. "This pleasure...*ohhhh*...this great gratification."

She let out a moan that echoed through the night as her body tingled from her hair follicles to her toes. Hairs stood at attention on her arms and the back of her neck. She coughed once when as she panted she took in too much ammonia-rich oxygen. But for as long as she existed, she would never forget this moment, this incredible feeling that this...human...gave her.

Closing her eyes, she saw sparks and bursts of light. The circuitry in her chip was probably malfunctioning but she didn't care.

With her orgasm, the robot let out a screeching, metal-to-metal groaning sound.

Adam paused long enough to fire one last shot at the undercarriage of the Cerillion. This time he made a direct hit.

Sparks flew. Fire erupted from the top of the beast. Its legs wobbled like it could no longer support its bulky frame. Finally

it collapsed to the ground in a cacophony of groaning steel and grinding gears and landed in a chaotic heap.

E-V-E nearly jumped off of Adam to avoid flying debris, but he wasn't quite through with her yet. He squeezed her breasts then moved his hands down to palm her ass as his hips continued to pound into her.

"Fuck!" he roared just as he shot his jism inside her.

Sated, they held each other without speaking, each panting. Her heart pounded against her ribcage.

"It worked," she said when she had sufficiently recovered. "When you said you thought this thing and I had something in common because of our creators, I think you were right. How clever of Dr. Tuumlar. She created a being that could take down something her former lover made by the one thing he couldn't give her, an orgasm."

Adam laughed. "So you liked making love with me?"

She blinked and stared at him for a moment, contemplating her answer. "I've never been taught love, so I don't know how to answer that. It felt...pleasant."

His smile melted from his expression. "Don't worry about it, Emergency Violator Equalizer. What we did was enough to take this thing down." He brushed her hair away from her face.

She smiled. "Call me Eve." She'd grown to like his nickname for her. She never thought she would be disappointed not to hear him utter it.

"We're not out of the woods yet."

She furrowed her eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"As soon as Urlean figures out that the key to taking down his fleet of killing machines is your ultimate satisfaction, he's going to figure out a way to override your systems. We have to either stop him or remove that chip."

"Easier said than done."

Chapter Three

The cheers from the civilians when Adam and Eve had walked—or rather limped—back into the bio-dome didn't affect Adam much. He didn't risk his life for the adulation or glory. The citizens appreciated them saving their lives, their families, their freedom.

What bothered him was when the children that ran up to him and asked just how he and Eve had taken down 'the big monster.'

Adam cut furtive glances at his partner in crime but she kept her gaze straight, not wanting to be tempted to answer.

How could he look the kids in their eyes and say with conviction that he fucked for their freedom?

By gods, what was wrong with him? Was he getting soft? He wanted to kick himself every time he remembered feeling disappointed when Eve didn't respond emotionally to what they had done, to him.

Sure, she'd climaxed. But she could have achieved the same result with a vibrator, another robotic substitute for a human, or even another man.

Maybe she didn't care for him at all. To her, it was likely nothing more than a strategic maneuver to win a battle. And here he thought he could best her. In her own way, Eve had cut him to the quick.

But the war was far from over.

"The High Commander requests to see you two," a skittish

private said as the duo headed to their vehicles.

"Naturally," Adam grunted.

He hobbled next to Eve, who seemed to have slowed down her stride as though she wanted to keep pace with him.

At his all-terrain vehicle, he placed his weapons in the open back as Eve climbed into the driver's seat.

"I'll drive," Adam said as he shrugged off his tattered jacket.

"You're injured." Her hands gripped the steering wheel until white skin could be seen through the dirt and dust on her knuckles. "I'll take us back to headquarters and explain to the High Commander that you're in sickbay getting your wound dressed."

"No." He stood next to her door. "This is my vehicle. I'm the commanding officer on this trip. I order you to get your fanny out of the seat, move it over and buckle up, understand?"

If she wasn't going to admit any feelings for him, then he wouldn't treat her like a woman who had just stolen his heart. He would treat her like another officer, like one of the guys. Too bad the rest of the guys didn't have perfect tits and a sweet ass like Eve. It would have made the comparison a lot easier.

She tilted forward and in a low whisper said, "Your zipper is down."

So much for being like one of the guys.

Adam resisted the urge to look down and held his head high. His hands supported his body as he held onto the frame around the driver's side. When she flashed a self-satisfied and smug smile, he wanted to erase it from her face by kissing her so hard she trembled.

Instead, he cursed under his breath and ambled around the back of the truck to the other side. At the tail end, he brought his hands down to his pants without looking and fastened his zipper.

Hopping carefully into the passenger side, Adam folded his arms and kept his gaze from hers.

"As you said, buckle up." She revved up his engine.

When she took off, he nearly rolled out of his seat and onto the hard dirt ground. If he hadn't grabbed for the roll bar overhead, Eve would have succeeded in tossing him from his own vehicle.

With every bump and dip she hit on the way to the head office, the pain in his foot became more acute, until it throbbed. But he didn't want to show her that. He gritted his teeth and held his head high to give her the semblance that he, too, could be as unaffected as she.

The plan would have worked if every time a breeze drifted through the cab of the truck he didn't smell her scent—dangerous combination of her sex mixed with his scent and a hint of roses. Petal-soft skin and a rosy scent. Yep, a dangerous combination.

Maybe he was overanalyzing the whole situation. She was just a robot, right?

No. She was more than that. He'd proven it. And in front of the High Commander, he would blow Eve's cool countenance. Sure she was an expert marksman. And she knew hand-to-hand combat better than most of his squad. But she could not replace his troops. With the population dwindling, someone had to stand up for real people, for unaltered humans.

But then again, who stood up for Eve? Who defended her rights, her existence, her skills, her talents? No one.

He gazed at her. The woman knocked his boots off just in her military skills alone. And even though there were other female soldiers, there was only one Emergency Violator Equalizer. Only one Eve.

Although he balked at having her partner with him, Adam

felt safe with her watching his back. A lot of his openness to having her on his side revealed itself not in the way she shoot the eye out of a fly from a hundred yards away or the way she could spout detailed clauses in the Federation Handbook. It was in the little things...like the way she'd stopped walking whenever he'd stopped to take a break when the pain in his foot could not be tolerated.

What the hell was he thinking? He needed more soldiers like Eve in his troops. He needed a woman like Eve by his side.

E-V-E hopped out of the truck once she parked it at the dome shaped building. She hung back as much as she could to see if Adam would need any help getting around. It pained her to see him struggling to get a good footing as he took a step. His face winced each time he brought his foot up or down.

From the way he kept his distance from her after they had copulated, she knew something was wrong.

Copulated. Adam hadn't called it that. He said they had made love. Made love. Sounded like they created the emotion and packaged it for mass production.

He had also wanted to know if she'd loved the sex.

She wasn't sure how she felt about the whole thing. It all felt wonderful. His hands, his mouth, his thick cock. She hadn't been taught about a lot of emotions. Satisfaction from victory. Anger from war and incompetence. Never fear and certainly not love.

But thinking about what had occurred just moments ago brought back the fluttering feeling in her abdomen. Too bad Dr. Tuumlar wasn't still overseeing E-V-E's training. E-V-E could ask her about the sensation she felt in her stomach, the way her heart quickened whenever Adam looked at her or how she now started to sweat.

The glass doors to the screening room to communicate to

the High Commander swished open when the two of them approached. Standing at attention with her feet wide apart, shoulders back, hands clasped behind her, she was ready to greet their leader.

Slower to assume the same stance, Adam, in his hunched over appearance, rolled his head up as though it weighed a ton and his thick neck couldn't support it. When he brought his hands back behind his back, he groaned. And he planted one foot firmly down on the floor while the other rested on his tiptoe.

"I can give a briefing of the battle if you want to go to sickbay for your foot," E-V-E whispered before the screen populated with the High Commander's image.

He stared straight ahead. "No."

Her heart stuttered a bit like it, too, was shocked by his curt and fast response. She nodded and righted herself back to attention.

The twenty-foot wide and thirty-foot tall screen suddenly lit up and blazed the image of a stately older woman. As always, her hair, jet black with streaks of gray through it, was styled perfectly. Her eyes looked black—but not cold as some might think. Her pecan-colored skin looked ashen from age and the battles she'd fought and won.

With her hands clasped and resting on her desk, she spoke. "Good evening."

"Good evening, High Commander," E-V-E and Adam said in unison.

"I hear congratulations are in order. When that Cerillion robot landed on Earth, I must admit, I didn't see the possibility of us defeating the thing." Her face remained stoic, but her eyes sparkled. By the slight hitch up on the side of her mouth, E-V-E could detect the High Commander's appreciation.

"Anything for our planet," Adam said flatly.

So his actions, the kisses, the caressing, the way he looked at her when he realized he'd taken her virginity, that had been for the good of the planet?

His words felt like a knife in her chest, twisting and turning until it took all of her life force. Why did his words hurt her so much? They were colleagues. They were officers. Damn it! They were soldiers. And she had reasoned the same thing during the battle. *For the humans*, she'd said. But it had been much more.

"I am curious. How did you bring the Cerillion down?"

Heat singed E-V-E's cheeks. She cleared her throat and swallowed. How in the world would she be able to explain this to the ruler of Earth's last inhabitants? "We—"

"We utilized the robot defense training we learned in the academy," Adam said, cutting off her nearly embarrassing explanation. "We found a sensitive spot." He glanced at E-V-E.

She expected to see a smirk, but instead he looked pensive, almost mournful.

"We demolished the beast using our weapons," Adam concluded.

The High Commander nodded. "Good. Glad to hear that."

"However," he continued, "I fear that since we have taken this Cerillion weapon down, there will be more coming. We need to act quickly and be prepared."

"Of course, Lieutenant. What do you suggest?"

He glanced at E-V-E again. "We need to find a Dr. Sonjje Tuumlar and bring her here now. Modifications to E-V-E's systems need to be made before the second wave of attack."

"Dr. Tuumlar. She's the woman that created the chip in your head, correct?" The High Commander pointed a finger toward E-V-E as though she was sitting in the same room with them.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you feel your fighting methods and techniques were lacking in the field today?"

E-V-E glanced down briefly before answering. "In some respects, High Commander, I do feel I was not one hundred percent." This time it was her turn to gaze at Adam, staring at him until she had to look away. "I made errors in judgment and I questioned my reactions." She cleared her throat.

"If I may interject, High Commander," Adam began.

E-V-E balled her hands still positioned behind her back into fists. She could only imagine what Adam—superior Adam who'd said he didn't want or need a partner—would say about her in front of their superior.

"The situation with the Cerillion robot was extremely taxing. There was a lot of danger involved in facing that thing, something I don't want to do again for a while. But if it hadn't been for our Emergency Violator Equalizer, Eve, I wouldn't be standing her right now." He took a deep breath and puffed his chest out. "She's a hell of a soldier," he paused, "and a woman."

E-V-E's mouth dropped open from the compliment. Did Adam really mean that? She suspected when a look of disappointment crossed his face after they'd had sex that perhaps he saw her a little differently. To hear it now and in front of their High Commander, didn't make her happy though. The declaration should have.

Her heart slowed until she thought she would have to shock her system to jumpstart it again. Knowing Adam saw her as not only a great military fighter but also as a wonderful woman surprised her. But he would be even more shocked to know the real truth about her. If he knew, how would he feel then?

E-V-E said, "I fear my enhancements will cause more problems, other attacks. Lieutenant B'Luven is being diplomatic

and not saying why Dr. Tuumlar is needed. But I'll say it. Her chip is somehow interacting with the Cerillion's robotics. How I react affects their machinery."

"React? What do you mean?" The leader placed her hands flat on top of her desk.

E-V-E took a deep breath before answering. She'd been thinking about the situation since Adam shot and took down the robot. And there was really only one solution. "The only way to save the remaining humans is for me need to leave the bio-dome and get as far away as I can. Perhaps to another planet."

Adam sucked in a breath, but composed himself before E-V-E could catch his stunned reaction.

"The longer I stay, the more of a lure I create for the Cerillions. They want the whole package—me and the humans. So I need to leave, and make it impossible for them to accomplish their mission. With Lieutenant B'Luven remaining here, he is more than capable of defeating anything they try to send your way."

"And what do you think that will solve? I need my best soldiers here." The woman's voice boomed and she pounded her fist on the table.

"What choice do I have? The other alternative is for me to get the chip removed. The only person who can do that is Dr. Tuumlar and she's not here. Besides, I don't know what kind of fighter I'd be after that." E-V-E held back the entire truth. She wasn't sure she could survive the extraction. Being the only Equalizer in existence that she knew of, there were no models to go by to know what would happen to her. She shivered.

"You speak as though you have an option. I run this sector. I am the ruler of our armies, including you. In order to leave my sector you need permission from me, and I'm not granting it. You will stay here, Emergency Violator Equalizer, and you will

assist Lieutenant B'Luven and our troops against the Cerillions."

E-V-E sighed and hung her head. The Head Commander would know what she was thinking, what she had planned, if she looked into E-V-E's eyes.

Not one to defy orders, she didn't see an alternative to the situation. She could stay and watch thousands get slaughtered. Or she could go and fix what her creator had started. Plus she would be able to put some distance between herself and Adam. No pesky questions to answer.

"You two are dismissed. Lieutenant, go to sickbay. You'll be relieved of your watch duties starting this evening until you're one hundred percent."

"Yes, ma'am."

"That should take two days if they use the accelerator."

He bowed his head in allegiance.

The screen went black in an instant.

Before Adam could question her, E-V-E stomped back to her living quarters. She knew what needed to be done. The High Commander would have to learn to forgive E-V-E later.

Chapter Four

"Hot water!" E-V-E demanded again.

"Negative. Rations for two gallons of hot water have been supplied and used this week," E-V-E's in-room responder said in its male monotone voice. "An additional charge can be levied against your account if you would like to override your ration request."

"Fine. Do it." She placed her hands on the shower stall wall under the head and waited. She needed to do something to clear her mind. With an inch of red clay dirt on her body along with some of Adam's blood that spilled on her feet while they were entangled, a shower was more than necessary.

"Purchase has been made. Please prepare form TSW-11 to explain this transaction and give to your commanding supervisor."

"Fuck you," E-V-E said.

"That request does not compute."

As though wanting to shut her up, hot water streamed from the circular head just as she turned her face up to the microphone over the stall to give it another profane directive.

Certainly it wasn't the computer's fault that E-V-E suddenly developed—well, she didn't exactly know what she had developed. Feelings? Love? Lust? It had to be something. Every time she thought about Lieutenant B'Luven, Adam, her body became hot all over.

She closed her eyes under the stream of water. Smoothing

her hair back, she allowed her hands to slide down her shoulders to her breasts, which Adam had so lovingly suckled. Her nipples stood at attention with just the memory of how he'd used his tongue to toy with them. She brushed her fingertips against the hard tips, attempting to recreate the sensation. But it wasn't the same, although the touch felt good, relieving.

E-V-E squeezed her breasts, feeling the weight of them in her hands. Adam had done the same thing, except that they'd nearly disappeared in his large hands.

One hand slid down her stomach to her pussy. She smiled, remembering the way Adam had looked at it, admired it, tasted it. Her middle finger slid between her nether-lips and brushed against her swollen clit.

She leaned her head back and released a moan that she thought only Adam could extract. Placing one foot on top of the soap dish, she explored her sex for the first time.

Probably from years of being with Doctors Urlean and Tuumlar, she never saw herself as a sexual being. Sex was a human function. All of her life, E-V-E had been told she was not human. She was supposed to be better than humans and therefore not susceptible to wasted emotions like lust and love.

She let her middle finger explore inside of her vagina, just the tip initially, then gradually pressing further, just as Adam had done outside the gate on the hard cold ground. Once deep inside, she sighed heavily, the sound echoing off the walls of the shower stall. Her legs trembled as she squeezed her breast harder. Sensations. She wanted to feel it all. Her deprived body craved more touching, caressing, kissing.

The thick, smooth walls of her cunt constricted against her finger. What a sensation! Warmth surrounded her digit. Then she felt her body temperature rise. Her vagina felt tight yet forgiving at the same time. She trembled when she thought of

how Adam penetrated her.

Feeling a bit sore, her movements started slow. She spread her legs wider for better access. The heel of her hand rubbed against her clit, making her heart pound like the drills used to find water underground. Her skin tingled until she thought her chip would surely malfunction.

She moved her finger in and out of her vagina as her thoughts went to Adam. She couldn't get the sight of his golden skin out of her thoughts. Then she remembered his eyes. And his hands, the way he held her like she belonged to him.

"Adam," she whispered.

The water shut off on its own. Her rations were up but her passion remained. She continued standing in the stall, her finger thrusting in and out of her. Her other hand alternated between one breast and the other. She licked her lips, wanting so much to feel his on hers again.

Why did she have to turn him away? Why couldn't she open herself up to him?

The answer hit her like a rock.

She wasn't completely human. Knowing how Adam felt about robotics, E-V-E should steer clear of him. Despite Adam's earlier compliment of appreciating her as a fighter and as a woman, she couldn't envision herself as more than a machine with tissue.

Only her creators knew her secret—that her body contained robotic parts, mainly in her arms, spine and legs. The rest of her internal organs were flesh.

How could Adam love something half-human? All he knew about was the chip. Surely he would look at her differently if he knew she had robotic arms and titanium legs.

Most in the Federation believed her speed and accuracy was because of the chip, which was only partly true. She couldn't

tell Adam that the 'woman' he had pleased could bend a rifle in half with her bare hands.

What had started off as a means to take down an intruder had ended up sparking a maelstrom of feelings. E-V-E had to be honest with herself and admit that she'd wanted Adam's touch, craved his body. And when he opted not to embarrass her in front of the High Commander during their briefing, she felt a new emotion. It went beyond admiration and respect.

Her throat became scratchy and she put her hand to her eyes when they stung.

What was this emotion that made her feel weak and vulnerable?

Was it love?

With a deep plunge of the finger inside her, E-V-E let out a long wail as pleasure intensified through her body. She thanked the gods that the walls to her room were thick and no one could hear her exclamation of ecstasy, especially not Adam.

* * *

"You should stay in bed," the medic warned Adam when he jumped up as soon as his foot was dressed.

"That's a suggestion, right?" Adam asked.

"It's a strong recommendation."

Adam snorted. He'd made sure to get pumped up with enough accelerator to speed up the healing process of a man three times his size. The idea of being out of action for more than a day made him cringe. And his stomach fisted into a knot when he thought about being away from Eve that long.

Call it his gut instinct or a sixth sense, but he knew she was up to something. Eve was bull-headed and determined about everything she did. The idea that she might leave the planet struck him hard. That notion came out of nowhere. Knowing her, it wasn't just a suggestion. She would leave and go AWOL.

"Would you at least use the crutch?" the medic asked with a pleading tone.

Adam stared at the device. Designed to strap around his injured leg, the robotic crutch would be cumbersome to use.

"I'll manage," he snapped before hopping out of the door.

He didn't need someone who hadn't seen any combat action telling him to take it easy. That was one thing he did respect about Eve. She looked danger and resistance in the eye and never blinked. Then he thought about when he posed the question on how she felt about him. She blinked then.

He didn't know what it was about her. She was strength and integrity and passion, wrapped up in a riddle he wanted to figure out, wanted to solve.

He'd thought about her ever since he'd been introduced to her three months before, right when the Cerillions invaded their territory. Her milky white skin seemed odd in a planet full of mutts. Everyone had mixed heritages so everyone had a tint to their skin that made them all blend in...except for Eve. She stood out. With her reddish-brown hair and her alabaster skin, she looked like she would need protecting, like she was too delicate to even look at let alone touch.

But he had touched her. If his cock had a say so in the matter, he would be touching her *now*.

His penis must have had some control over his feet, for he now found himself walking—limping—toward her room. He bore his weight on just his toes as he made his way through the labyrinth-like living quarters.

Although she didn't have to work her way through the ranks because of her specialized training, Eve was considered to be on the same level as him, something that used to grate his nerves.

How could someone become an officer without going through each grueling rank of the Federation's Army? In his

eyes, she'd gotten over simply because of her chip. And although he'd given her a hard time at first, watching her in action made him change his mind but quick.

She'd proven she could more than handle herself in the field. Her knowledge of weaponry sometimes matched—if not on occasion *surpassed*—his vast insight. That bothered him.

Chauvinism was ancient and overly macho but he didn't like that she was on the same level as him. His only comforting thought had been that he was stronger than her. With just genetics on his side, he had the strength to keep her protected if needed.

But what could he possibly offer a woman who didn't need anything or anyone?

Love.

Adam now stood outside Eve's room.

"Lieutenant B'Luven requesting entry," he said to the door monitor.

After a minute, a male computerized voice responded, "Entry denied. Occupant non-responsive."

Adam huffed and paced briefly back and forth, then stopped in front of her door again. "Lieutenant Adam B'Luven, of the First Command in the Federation Army, requesting immediate entry into Emergency Violator Equalizer's quarters."

He hoped the computer caught the sternness in his voice. As it was, he hated having to repeat himself. And it would piss him off to no end if he knew Eve was on the other side of the door denying him access.

Another minute ticked by before it answered, "Access denied. Occupant is non-responsive."

"Shit!"

He pounded his fist to the steel door, then continued pacing. He stopped suddenly when he remembered the events of the past

few hours. The love making session. Their argument. The talk with the High Commander. What if Eve had left already? What if she wasn't responding because she'd already gone AWOL?

Adam thought of one last way to gain entry. It would be a risky move involving opening the doors to everyone's quarters and alerting the main deck of a possible problem, but he had to get into her room and make sure she wasn't making a huge mistake.

"Rank number 789382, Lieutenant Adam B'Luven suspects that the occupant in this room has gone AWOL. Demand that the quarters be open for inspection immediately and that the dome be in lockdown mode."

The computer waited a beat before red siren lights on the ceiling flashed and all of the room doors slid open, including Eve's.

"Request granted. All quarters are subject to inspection. Demand that the person in question be named and that name given to the High Commander."

"Fuck you," Adam muttered.

"That request does not compute."

Adam hopped into Eve's room. On her bed sat an open silver case filled with a few clothes and lots of rations.

"Damn it!" he said between gritted teeth. "Don't fucking do this, Eve."

He heard a noise coming from her bathroom. So she was still there. She was probably making a call to the destination planet she'd plan on heading to when she ran like a coward.

With quiet, careful steps, he headed to the bathroom and stood outside the door. He listened. The noises weren't of her talking to someone. They sounded more like moans, like sounds of passion. The woman couldn't wait until she at least left home base before she found another lover?

Adam balled his hands into fists. Whoever was enjoying Eve would get a taste of teeth when Adam punched them down the sorry bastard's throat.

He barged into the door preparing to confront a guilty Eve and the pitiful asshole. Instead he found Eve in her shower stall, her leg propped up and her finger inside of her pussy—the pussy he could smell and taste even now.

Just seeing her pleasuring herself woke his cock. It swelled and ached until all he wanted to do was join her in the stall and experience that tightness again.

After a few breathless seconds, Eve turned her head over in a languid manner and finally eyed Adam, who remained frozen in his spot. He knew she would scream. She would have had every right.

Instead she lowered her foot to the floor and turned to face him, her naked body glistening with water and perhaps sweat.

In the full light, her pert nipples held a dark pink hue. He watched her chest heaving up and down as she stared at him.

Adam heard the commotion outside her room.

He suddenly remembered he'd called for an AWOL inspection.

"No culprit. False alarm," he said to the computer. "Inspection over."

After a moment, her door closed and locked itself.

"Affirmative. The suspect will have to be named in your report, Lieutenant B'Luyen," the computer stated coldly.

Eve stepped out of the stall and moved to stand in front of him. No doubt she'd figured out how he'd gained access to her quarters. Adam thought for sure she would want to bite his head off for calling an AWOL search.

Instead she slid her hand up the back of his head and kissed him so hard he nearly fell over.

Chapter Five

"Whoa!" he managed to say between frantic kisses. "Slow down."

"No." She kissed him harder and backed him out of the bathroom, into the main room. "I need more. Doing it by myself isn't the same."

"I know what you mean." He laughed. If she knew about all of the masturbation sessions he'd had while thinking of her, she would probably call him a pervert, or worse, an unfit soldier.

"I need to feel you, taste you, experience you." She clawed his clothes off, ripping some in the process. She tossed his shirt to the floor.

"Damn, Eve. Slow down." But he didn't want her to slow down—he just wanted to take control.

She lowered herself to her knees. With frantic hands, she unfastened his pants and yanked them down, hitting his injured foot. He flinched and stumbled back before gaining composure.

"Sorry," she said as she gazed up at him.

"That's oooo—oh my!" She had wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and her tongue now licked over the head, rendering him speechless. Then her mouth slid down midway and held him there. The warmth of her lips around his penis shook him to his core until he thought he would come right then.

She eased her mouth back and kissed his tip. As though she'd done it before, she cradled his balls with her other hand. With one leg craned and the other leg now trembling, he stood

on shaky ground.

As much as he didn't want to separate from her hot mouth, Adam fell back on her bed, knocking his elbow against her hard traveling case. But he hardly noticed. He didn't think about the pain or about her leaving. It was all about *them*.

Eve's mouth descended all the way down to the hilt, taking all of him. Although she didn't need any encouragement, Adam put his hand to the back of her head and closed his eyes to enjoy the sensation. Her wet hair still felt silky in his hand. He braced his other hand on the bed as she sucked him faster and skillfully massaged his balls until he felt like he would explode.

He undulated his hips to fuck her mouth. She tightened her lips around his cock until the feel and the sight became too much for him.

"Eve, wait!"

He wanted to come inside her. He wasn't sure if he would be able to if he ejaculated in her mouth right now. But damn it, he would sure try.

When she brought her mouth to his bulbous tip, she stroked his cock. He felt the slow burning fire building in his belly until it became a roaring flame that couldn't be contained. As gently as he could he pushed the back of her head down until she took his whole shaft again.

She didn't need much more prompting than that. She let her tongue snake around him until the feeling became unbearable.

"Fuck, babe!"

The come that had been bubbling in his sac shot in a hot stream into her mouth. He heard her sucking more, extracting all his juices. A normal, healthy man probably would have been spent after that.

But he wanted Eve even more.

When she pulled her mouth off of him, he grabbed her

shoulders and pulled her up. She didn't need much direction. She straddled his lap and wrapped her legs around his waist.

With her hands on his shoulders to help him, he hoisted her up just enough to slide her down over his still-hard cock. His hands cradled her firm backside as she rocked herself on him.

"Can't get enough," she grunted in between grinds. "Want more. Want you. All the time."

He squeezed her ass. Her strong arms wrapped around his shoulders and held onto him like her life depended on it.

Eve smelled like sex and soap. He kissed her shoulder. She bit his. He smacked her ass cheek. She dug her fingernails into his skin. Ordinarily to be grabbed like that would have turned him on. But her nails dug deep into his flesh until he thought she would draw blood soon if she hadn't already.

Her arms squeezed him tighter until he found it hard to breathe. But he didn't want to stop. Her tight pussy made him ravenous for her until he didn't think about the stabbing pain in his back, his crushed shoulders or the idea that the Cerillions were gearing up for another attack. All that mattered was this woman.

The feel of her hard nipples against his chest made his toes curl. A mistake. He curled the toes of his injured foot and got a sharp, painful reminder of the shot that crippled him.

Eve squeezed her thighs around him and gyrated her hips up and down his cock. The tightening of her pussy walls alerted him that she was close.

He brought one hand up to the back of her head as he wrapped his other arm around her.

Her hungry mouth kissed his neck, his cheek, his eyes and nose. She kissed his lips. And when he slid his tongue inside of her mouth, she sucked it like she had with his cock.

Adam had never been with a woman this passionate before.

He wanted more of her. He had to have her—in his life, in his bed, by his side. Where had she been all of his life?

When he felt her contracting around his shaft, he dipped his finger down between the crack of her ass. The tip of his middle finger played with her puckered asshole until she let out a gravelly moan that didn't sound human.

Her body stiffened on her last gyration. For a moment they remained still. Neither one breathed until Adam felt the surge of his own orgasm, and lifted her up and down his cock, his release matching her powerful climax.

Huffing like a wild dog, she finally relaxed her hands and legs. Adam stroked her hair as he rested his head on her shoulder.

"Again," she said between breaths.

Adam laughed. "I need a little more time than that, babe."

"But I don't have time."

He sat up and glared at her. "What the hell does that mean?"

She glanced at her opened suitcase but quickly returned her gaze to him. "Nothing."

"You're not still planning on going AWOL, are you?"

She turned away. "It's the only way."

"No, it isn't. We stopped their one robot. We can do it again."

She shook her head. "No. We got lucky. You got in a good shot. The sex had nothing to do with it."

"Bullshit! It's all related. I can feel it. We just need Dr. Tuumlar here to—"

"We can't get her."

Adam scrunched his eyebrows. "And why is that?"

"Because she's taken refuge on a forbidden sector on Mars. After what she went through with Urlean, she didn't want to be

found. She said there was a way to contact her if I need her but she never told me how."

"Okay, so, we can't get her. Big deal. I'm not letting you go. I can't."

"The sex is good."

"It's fucking fantastic!"

She tried getting off of his lap but he didn't want to let her go. The cool air running through the room chilled her damp body down until she quivered.

"But I'm not good for you. I'm not who you think I am, Adam."

He stared at her for a moment, trying to decipher what she could possibly mean by her statement.

"I know you're pissed off at how robotics have taken over some human jobs and the army. I didn't ask for this chip to be put in my head just like I didn't ask for a lot of things to be done to me."

He put his hand to the side of her face. "Chip or not, you're a hell of a woman, Eve. We can deal with that chip after we fight these fuckers. I just don't want to lose you."

She nuzzled her face in his hand. "But what if I'm not everything you want me to be? I don't want you regretting anything. I should still go and save the humans."

He couldn't bear the thought. "You'd be killing me."

The statement came out faster than he could stop himself. But after years of shutting off his emotional side to be a perfect soldier, he found it refreshing—and somewhat ironic—that the one person, the one woman, who opened his eyes to new possibilities was a fellow soldier, and enhanced woman, Eve.

If she walked out of his life, jettisoned to an unknown planet, Adam knew his heart would stop beating. Wherever she would go, she would take his heart with him.

A tear rolled from her eye and onto his hand. He wanted to take her pain and blast it out of existence. What hurt her so much? To ease her mind, he decided to make some confessions.

"Eve, from the moment I saw you I have been head over heels in love with you. I tried to fight it. I tried to get transferred to a different unit so I wouldn't have to see you all of the time. But bottom line is that you mean the world to me. I want no one by my side in battle or in my bed but you. I love you."

She smiled. She caressed his face with her fingertips, tickling his senses and bringing them to life. Before she could respond, her eyes closed and her head slumped down as though she'd fallen asleep on the spot.

"Very funny, Eve. You're not getting out of saying it by pretending to be asleep."

But she didn't move. She didn't stir. Her arms hung down her sides and her body swayed as though she were boneless. When Adam lifted her chin to catch her expression, he swallowed hard when she didn't react.

Tilting her head back and placing his ear to her chest, he listened for a heartbeat or to hear her breathing. He heard both, but her breathing came out shallow and her heartbeat seemed sluggish. What the hell had happened to her?

"Eve! Wake up, baby." He shook her gently.

Maybe her chip finally shorted out. Right now he didn't care what she was hiding. Seeing her in this comatose state rattled his brain. He couldn't hear above the rush of blood going through his ears.

Setting her on the bed, he stood and pulled up his pants.

"Medic! I need medic in room CK-99 now!" he screamed in the air.

The computer didn't answer.

"Did you fucking hear me? Get a doctor to this room now or I swear to the gods I'll shoot a hole in the middle of your fucking motherboard!"

When the computer still didn't answer, he took a step toward the door to get a doctor in to help her when her door opened on its own.

Adam froze in his spot. Since the alarm wasn't going off he knew that someone of a higher authority hadn't called another AWOL inspection. So who the hell gained access to her room?

Adam saw the barrel of the laser gun first before he saw the man carrying it.

"Urlean," Adam said.

The elderly man gazed down at Eve and snickered. "Good. Looks like the old remote can still countermand her systems." He held up a black, slim remote next to his wrinkled face.

Adam would have thought that, being a man of science, the old doctor would have created a serum or pill to slow or reverse the aging process and become virile, younger. Instead the Urlean appeared feeble and decrepit. Seeming to be all of ninety pounds, he stood hunched over showing off his speckled bald head. Liver spots dotted his hands and arms, visible under his black knee-length coat. His thick glasses made his eyes look too large for his pruney face. What seemed odd was that he had straight, white perfect teeth. They didn't appear to be false either. Adam couldn't begin to fathom why Urlean would take such good care of his teeth and nothing else.

"I have to thank you, hot shot," Urlean said, his voice high-pitched yet gruff. "Thanks to your valiant attempt to fight my robot, I managed to break through your force field behind your home base to get in here. Nothing like a good decoy."

"Decoy or not, that thing would have destroyed our home. It had to be stopped."

"And you had to do it, eh?" He chuckled. "And how brave of you. Tell me, son, how many times did you make her climax before you decided to take the first shot?"

Adam clinched his jaw, flexing the muscles in it until his head ached. "Just give me that remote and we'll go quietly."

"You're all going anyway. I've taken over your systems here. My robotic troops are seizing the humans as I speak. I saw some nice, pretty young girls too." Urlean slithered his tongue over his purplish lips. "They'll be fun to play with."

Adam approached the cretin with his fists at the ready to knock him out. "You sick son-of-a—"

The doctor raised his weapon. "Oh I don't think you'll be wanting to take another step. This time I won't give you a warning shot. I'll shoot your foot off for real, then your knees, then the cock that bitch seems to love so much."

Urlean staggered toward the bed to get a closer look at Eve, but still managed to hold his gun steady on Adam.

"Look at her. Never thought she would last this long. I thought for sure after all of the surgeries she would have expired eventually." He coughed. "Women just aren't as strong as men. You know that."

Adam did...until he met Eve. If she were awake right now, she would have knocked this asshole out. Seeing her look so helpless on her bed tore at Adam's heart. All he needed was a distraction to get that remote away from this madman.

"Wake her up. Let her go." Adam made his request simple. He would give his life for her.

"As though it could be that simple." Urlean laughed and it turned into a coughing fit. "That damn Tuumlar. So fucking simple. Such a woman. Damn romantic. Only she would have implanted a chip that would reverse my work. Love." He snorted and shook his head. "I gave her research, knowledge,

my bed. None of it was enough for her. She wanted love." He glared at Adam. "And how fitting that she had the High Commander pair you up with E-V-E. Adam and Eve. How biblical."

So Tuumlar had a hand in getting the two of them together? But why? Adam had been very vocal about his stance on robotics. He made his opinions known and had vehemently refused to work with Eve when he first got the assignment. Wouldn't Tuumlar want someone who would be more accepting of Eve, making it easier for them to fall in love?

He had to keep this man talking. The more he talked the more time Adam would have to think of a plan to get the remote and get Eve out of there.

"So what's the forbidden fruit?" he asked, referring to the biblical story.

Urlean raised his overgrown salt-and-pepper eyebrows. "Why it's you, of course!"

Adam blinked, not quite understanding.

"You have type O-positive blood. Used to be the most common type of blood in all of humans. With the diminishing population, it's rare to find someone like you. Tuumlar knew this when she treated you once in the sickbay a few years ago. You're one in a million. And since there are less than a million inhabitants on earth, you're basically the only one with your blood type. Tuumlar made sure to fine-tune E-V-E's chip so that her sensors would make her overly sensitive to you. Basically she would get horny as a cat in heat when you're around. Neat trick, huh?"

Adam didn't answer. He wanted to think that Eve's attraction to him had more to do with *him* than his blood type.

"So when E-V-E takes a bite out of you, so to speak, everything becomes clear to her. She'll stop thinking she's a

robot and start believing she's human. Ha! Only sixty percent of her is."

Adam could have sworn his heart stopped at that moment. "What do you mean sixty percent?"

Dr. Urlean set the remote on the bed next to Eve's leg. Adam kept the device in his field of vision as he stared at the gun. Reaching in his pocket, Dr. Urlean retrieved a pocketknife. With a push of a side button, the knife flipped out revealing a two-inch blade.

Adam swallowed hard as he watched the man holding the knife.

In an instant, Urlean had sliced the blade down Eve's arm.

"By gods, man! What the hell are you doing?" Adam screamed. He stumbled to her but Urlean took a shot on the floor about a millimeter away from Adam's foot. Heat permeated through his work boot.

"Don't worry. E-V-E's blood is mixed with accelerator. She'll heal in no time." Urlean lifted her arm and dug his fingers into the open wound. "See. Metal. Most of her skeletal system is made up of steel and titanium. Didn't she tell you?"

Adam remained silent. That's what she meant when she said she wasn't what he thought she was? And since Eve knew his stance on robots, she figured he could never truly love her. But even knowing now what she was, what she was made of, what she had to endure by being trained by this man, he loved her even more.

"I guess she kept that a secret too." Urlean flopped her arm down, landing it in a pool of blood.

Come on, accelerator. Work faster. Don't let her bleed out.

"I'm feeling generous. So tell you what I'm going to do. You can join me and my robotic army. We'll take over this

planet and rule it like it should be ruled. Make it our Gomorrah. If you like the way E-V-E fucks, you're going to love the enhanced women I have in my lab."

Adam could only see red and feel rage swirling through his body. "Sure. When do we start?" he ground out through clenched teeth.

Dr. Urlean laughed. But his laughter soon stopped when Eve took in a gasp of air like she'd been under water for several minutes. Her upper body jackknifed upward.

Faster than the blink of an eye, she snatched the gun from Urlean's hand and shot him three times— three precise shots that landed between his eyes, on his chest at his heart and in his groin.

Seeing the last shot made Adam unconsciously cover his manhood.

With a blank stare, Urlean slid to the floor in a heap.

"Thank the gods, you're okay!" Adam rushed to Eve but she pointed the gun at him.

She tried to get her breathing under control but, like the rest of her body, everything was going out of whack. She was surprised she'd managed to shoot Urlean as fast and as accurately as she had. With her shaky grip, she should have missed him at least once.

"Were you really going to join Urlean in taking over the humans?" she asked.

Adam, his hands held in the air, released a long breath. "Of course not. I was trying to get to the remote."

E-V-E glanced down by her feet at the familiar small controller. She'd never thought she would be close to Urlean again for him to use that damn thing. Pointing the gun at the remote, she took another shot and blasted it to pieces. Shards landed on her legs and on the bed.

She slowed in lowering the gun. She wanted to believe Adam but the men in her life had been more than untrustworthy.

"I wouldn't dare hurt you, Eve. You know that. Listen to your heart."

"I—I—I'm not human."

Adam approached her with great caution. "Yes, you are."

She peered down at the blood on her arm. The deep gash Dr. Urlean had made had almost healed. But she still felt like a robot. Not human. No human would heal this quickly. Glancing at Adam, she knew he must think she was some sort of freak.

"I love you, Eve."

Gaining more control of her muscles, she raised the gun higher. "No, you don't. You can't love me. I'm a fucking robot."

"Babe, I would die without you. I love you so much. It killed me to see that prick slash your arm and treat you like a piece of meat. I meant what I said earlier about wanting you by my side in battle and in my bed."

Tears stung her eyes. Her hand trembled again but this time she surrendered to her emotions. "I don't know if I can have children," she said with a quaky voice.

"Then we'll find out together." He took another step closer.

"What if Urlean had another remote? I could be made ineffectual again."

"Then we'll find Tuumlar and get that thing out of your head."

"I don't know how long I'll live."

"No one knows for sure how long they're going to live. You just have to enjoy the time you have now." He got close enough to sit on the bed next to her. Cupping her face, he planted soft kisses around her mouth. "I love you." He kissed

her cheek. "I love you." He kissed the tip of her nose. "I love you."

"I love you too, Adam." She dropped the gun and kissed him fully on his lips.

In the distance they heard explosions, crashes, and general sounds of chaos. The building shook but it didn't stop them from sharing this tender moment.

When the dust settled and Adam pulled back, a smile as wide as the galaxy, he heard the High Commander's voice over the system.

"The Cerillion robots have been destroyed! They all exploded simultaneously. Anyone know how this happened?"

E-V-E snickered. "Should we tell her?"

Adam shook his head. "Later." He went in for another kiss but stopped. "How did you manage to get up from Urlean's control?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I could hear everything around me and I could sense things. I kept wishing in my head that I could get up and help you. I prayed over and over again. Someone must have heard my prayers. It was like someone turned on a light switch. I just got up."

Adam thought for a while, then smiled. "Tuumlar. She must have some sort of receiver to get your distress messages."

A smile slowly spread over Eve's face. "You're probably right. If she was smart enough to come up with a way to combat her lover's robots with love then she would have figured out a way to supersede his remote."

He stood from the bed. Scooping his arm under her legs and back, he picked her up and carried her to the door.

"Your foot," E-V-E said and gasped.

"Don't worry about me. The accelerator's kicking in."

Giggling, she asked, "Where are you taking me?"

"My room. I can't make love to you with a dead guy on the floor."

"I love you, Adam."

"Keep saying that all the way to my room and then some. I'll never get tired of hearing it."

And E-V-E would never tire of Adam. If she'd known it would be this wonderful to be so human, she would have done it years ago.

Epilogue

ONE YEAR LATER...

Adam kissed the shell of Eve's ear as she lay in bed with him, her back to his chest and his arm around her. His hand cupped her breast as he slowly entered her from behind.

Eve's body tingled from that initial feeling each time Adam slid his cock inside of her. She reached her hand back and stroked his hair while her other hand gripped a handful of the comforter.

"If you knew how good you feel you would let me make love to you forever," Adam growled in her ear.

"I do want you to make love to me forever, but I don't think I'm the one who tires easily," she said and laughed.

"Oh, is that a human joke?" He nipped at her ear, which made her laugh even more.

His thrusts increased in speed until they were both breathing heavily. She felt his pounding heart thumping against her back. All women should be lucky to find a man like Adam. Thank the gods she had him and no one else could touch him.

He smoothed his hand down the side of her body, over the valley where her waist dipped to the crest of her hips. He loved every curve.

She coiled her foot around his leg so that they intertwined. Sweat covered their bodies until that was the only thing separating them. Holding onto her hip, Adam made a deep thrust inside of her and held it.

"Oh, babe!"

She felt his hot come shoot inside of her and she could no longer hold back her building tension. She let out a scream as the orgasm shook her body.

Still inside of her, he held her. He kissed the side of her face but she wanted more. She craned her head around to kiss him fully.

"Call for Captain B'Luven," the monotone computer voice announced. "Will you accept?"

Adam pulled back. "What do you say, Eve?"

"Duty calls."

He slid out of her slowly then helped her sit up on the bed.

"Accept the call but leave the video monitor off," Eve responded. She turned to her husband. "I don't need anyone seeing your naked body."

He kissed her and put his hand on her protruding belly that held their baby. "Why? Aren't you proud of your man?"

She beamed. "Of course. But for once can we keep your penis out of view from the High Commander? I'm sure she's sick of seeing it. Now me? I could look at it all day and never get bored."

Adam cupped her full breast. "Never?"

She put her hand on top of his. "Hold the calls. I'll return the call later."

"Call on hold. You must do a PSY-63 report for delaying this call," the computer said.

"Fuck you," Adam and Eve said simultaneously.

"That command does not compute."

"Just give me the word and I'll do the command," he said and slid down on the bed to nestle his face between her legs.

"Fuck me," she said in a whisper. "Fuck me."

THE END

About the Author

Don't let the 1940's-sounding name fool you! Though she may sound sweet, **Bridget Midway** writes what everyone else fantasizes about. An avid writer for all things fun, unusual and passionate, she enjoys making her readers laugh as much as she likes seeing them fan themselves down after reading a hot, sexy scene. She writes long contemporary romance, single-title romance, some light paranormal romances, science fiction, historicals and erotica, all with multi-racial characters and/or with interracial romances (because when you have a box of chocolates, you have to taste each one and enjoy the differences).

Some of her short stories have been accepted for publication by *The Sun* magazine. She was a finalist for the title of Sexiest Fiction Writer sponsored by BetterSex.com.

After having her initial 850-word short story, *Adam and E.V.E.* rejected by *The Sun* because at the time they weren't accepting science fiction romances, Bridget decided to expand the short tale into a 14,000+ word novella and send it to Phaze. So Bridget's first rejected story from *The Sun* and her first attempt at writing a science fiction erotica won over the editor at Phaze.

Bridget is currently working on another story for Phaze called "Fascination Street" where good neighbors make great lovers.

For story excerpts and news on Bridget, please visit her website at www.BridgetMidway.com.