



# Linked to the Rogue Cyborg (Kindred Tales Spicy Shorts #6)

**Author:** *Evangeline Anderson*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** A curvy human scientist. A deadly alien cyborg. One forbidden touch that changes everything.

After losing her friend—and her career—Dr. Corinne Virelle has been demoted to scrubbing floors on the deep-space station she once helped run. But when a Rogue Cyborg awakens in a violent fury, she's the only one who can calm him... by Linking to him in the most intimate, forbidden way. Now, she belongs to him—body, mind, and soul.

K-lx isn't just any cyborg. He's the first of his kind—an alpha male hybrid of alien tech and Kindred DNA, programmed for war and wired for obsession. The moment he hears Corinne's voice, something primal awakens inside him: possessiveness, desire... hunger. He doesn't remember his past, but he knows one thing—she is his future. And no force in the galaxy will keep him from claiming her.

But falling for a Rogue Cyborg breaks every rule. Their bond is illegal, dangerous... and unstoppable. Especially when touching her is the only thing that keeps him sane—and keeping him sane may be the only thing that keeps her alive.

If you love possessive alien heroes, forbidden fated mates, protective cyborgs, forced proximity, curvy heroines, steamy sci-fi romance, and spicy Beauty and the Beast retellings with a dark twist... Linked to the Rogue Cyborg is your next obsession.

**Total Pages (Source):** 38

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

The Rogue Alert came in the middle of the night but Dr . Corinne Virelle was still up. She hadn't been able to sleep well for the past six months—ever since her demotion.

She was watching multiple screens displaying the science station—most of it was underground since the terraforming efforts had been halted due to lack of Company funding.

Supposedly she was supervising the flock of cleaner-bots that were swarming over the station while most people slept.

But it was a job the lowest AI could do—an insult to her intelligence.

She had two advanced degrees in Robotics and Cyber -biology specializing in cybernetic organisms.

Corinne tried to push the bad memory away.

The Handler had been Isla —her protégé and one of the few female scientists aboard the station.

Her death left a hole both in the Cybernetics Division of the Company , and in Corinne's heart.

She had mentored the other woman for years and had been proud to see her rise to the position of Cyborg - Handler .

Cyborgs were necessary for the protection of the far-flung colonies the Company financed to expand scientific exploration...but they were also dangerously unpredictable and sometimes deadly. It was their human DNA that made them so difficult to deal with.

Some scientists wanted to return to pure robotics for deep-space protection, but since the AI uprising of the early 2030s back on Old Earth , that had been forbidden.

By law, any free-ranging robotic organism had to have a biological component to balance its mechanical side.

It was thought that the emotional element would temper the pure logic of the mechanism.

But all too often, it was emotion that caused a Cyborg to go Rogue .

It was Corinne's firm belief that this was why female Handlers were better than male Handlers .

When it came to dealing with big emotions, women were simply better at it than men.

And since Cyborgs were invariably male, they often responded to a woman's touch.

It was one reason she had mentored Isla and tried to bring other women scientists into the Cybernetics Division of the Company .

But all her work was being destroyed now.

The new Head of the Cybernetics Division was trying to get around the Cyborgs ' emotions instead of dealing with them head-on.

The last Corinne had heard, he was advocating for growing the biological components in flesh tanks and artificial wombs instead of using wounded and dying veterans and adding mechanical components, which was the usual practice.

Currently half of the station's defense force was guarded by these soulless monsters but they were too stupid to comprehend orders half the time. At least, that was what Dr . Jose Herrera , one of her few remaining contacts in the Division , told her.

It was Jose who was calling her now.

“Rogue Alert ! Rogue Alert !” His voice sounded panicked over her intercom. “ Dr . Virelle , please respond!”

She leaned forward and waved a hand over the interface to allow his holo-image to form. He looked as panicked as he sounded—his thinning hair was sticking up like he'd been running his fingers through it and his eyes were wide under the thick oculars he wore.

“Corinne, can you hear me?” he demanded.

“Loud and clear,” she assured him. “ What's wrong? Which Unit went Rogue ? Is it C -17 again?”

The killer Cyborg was much too expensive to be scrapped—even though it had “caused a loss of human life” as the Company euphemistically put it.

But once a Cyborg went Rogue , it was twice as likely to happen again.

Even with reprogramming, memory wipes, and reconditioning, it simply wasn't safe.

Not that the Company would listen to any kind of reason on the subject—they

weren't going to retire an asset they'd poured millions of credits into just because it had killed a human or two.

But to her surprise, Jose shook his head.

“No, it's a new Unit —or rather, an old one.”

“Explain.” Corinne frowned and pushed a sheaf of wavy, reddish-brown hair behind one ear.

“The exploration team found a Stasis tube on a crashed ship, drifting in from the Outer Rings ,” Jose explained.

They brought it in because the organism inside was still alive.

We believe it's one of the old K -units—the ones that used Kindred warriors as the biological components for their Cyborgs .”

Corinne frowned.

“That would have to be hundreds of years old. The Kindred protected Earth back before the AI Uprising .”

“Exactly. And those things were built like tanks because the Kindred were so much bigger than humans. The team thought it would have valuable knowledge stored in its memory unit but when they opened the Stasis tube, it went berserk. Look !”

Jose pointed the com-unit he was using at the main lab and Corinne sucked in her breath.

Past the glass barrier that enclosed the lab, an absolutely huge Cyborg was going

berserk.

His mechanical arms were working as he grabbed equipment that would be much too heavy for a human or even another Cyborg to lift and threw it over his head.

Already there was a spiderweb of cracks in the supposedly unbreakable safety glass—she wondered how much longer it could hold out.

From the look of things, not much longer.

“You see?” Jose demanded, turning the com-link back towards his own face, which was creased with worry. “ We’re in big trouble down here!”

“Yeah, I see—he’s really trashing the place,” Corinne said flatly. “ Why are you calling me about it? I don’t work in Cybernetics anymore—remember?”

“I’m calling because the K -class Cyborgs have a special glitch—they won’t hurt a woman under any circumstances. It has to do with their Kindred DNA ,” Jose told her. “ And you’re the only female Handler left on the station. It’s already killed two male technicians who tried to stop it.”

“Right— I’m the only one left after Silas cleaned house.” Corinne couldn’t keep the bitterness out of her voice.

Dr. Silas Drex had led the inquest that had ousted her from her position as the head of the Cybernetics Division and had then taken her place.

He was a misogynistic pig—always joking that the only good place for a woman was on her back or in the food-prep area.

Sexist , stupid remarks that had no place in the twenty-second century.

Yet males like Silas persisted and their hatred and disdain of women did as well, even after the Equality Act , which had been passed hundreds of years ago.

“Actually, Silas is trapped in the lab with that thing,” Jose informed her. “ He’s hiding under a desk, I think. Just imagine how much he’ll hate it if you’re the one who saves his ass.”

Corinne considered. There would be a certain satisfaction in proving her successor wrong about his loud and proud beliefs that “women have no place in the lab” and “female Handlers are useless.”

But it might be even more satisfying to watch him get body-slammed by the Rogue Cyborg .

“Give me one good reason I should save him,” she said to Jose . “ He made his bed—got rid of all the female Handlers as soon as he took over the Division . Now let him lie in it.”

“Don’t you see? This could get you reinstated!” Jose exclaimed. “ If you can get this K - Unit under control, you can get back into the lab. Maybe not as the Director , but at least it’s better than being stuck on Cleaning detail!”

Corinne had to reluctantly agree he was right.

“True,” she said. “ But I don’t know if I can get him under control. Just because the K - Units won’t hurt women, doesn’t mean he’ll obey my commands.”

“Just try ,” Jose pleaded. “ He’s trashing millions of credits worth of equipment in there! The Company will shut down the whole station and drag us all back to Old Earth if we can’t make good on their investment. And you know what a shithole that is!”

Corinne knew it firsthand. She'd been born and raised on one of the moon colonies but she'd visited the dying planet often and she had no wish to go back.

The station might be boring and monotonous but at least it was safe.

Back on Old Earth you couldn't go ten feet without someone trying to mug you, rape you, or cut you up for illegal cloning. Or all three.

"All right," she said, making a decision. "I'm on my way."

"Hurry!" Jose pleaded. "The only other option is to send in several of our own Units, but this Rogue is so strong you know he'll destroy them—the Company won't like that!"

He was right—the only thing the Company liked less than the destruction of property and equipment was the destruction of one or more of their multi-million credit Cyborgs.

"Coming," Corinne told him and waved to end the interface. She was already on her feet and striding down the corridor before the holo of her colleague faded.

She just hoped she could stop the Rogue unit in his tracks. Otherwise, they were all going to pay the consequences.



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

The main lab was even more of a mess by the time Corinne got there and the spiderweb of cracks in the safety glass had grown substantially.

Peering between the widening cracks, she could see her successor, Dr .

Silas Drex , shivering under a desk. The look of abject fear on his narrow face was quite satisfying.

However , her satisfaction faded when she considered that she was going to have to go into the lab with the Rogue Unit which was currently going crazy.

“He’s having some kind of a neural meltdown,” she said, watching the muscular mechanical arms move in a jerky, chaotic pattern. “ Probably has something to do with the extreme difference between his environment when he was put into Stasis and what he found when he was brought out of it.”

“Do you think you can stop him? Calm him down?” Jose was running his hands through his thinning hair in agitation.

“I’ll try. Give me a Neural Linking set,” Corinne ordered.

His eyes went wide behind his oculars.

“Corinne, no! You can’t Link with him! You’re not really his Handler !”

“I’ll do what I have to in order to calm him down,” she snapped. “ Do you want my help or not?”

“Fine.” Jose ran to a free-standing metal cupboard and dug out the set. It consisted of two linking stars in a small box.

It wasn’t lost on Corinne that in order to use them, she would have to get within reach of the Rogue Unit’s massive, muscular arms and huge, dangerous hands.

He could rip her head off with the same effort it took a regular male to tear a piece of paper in half.

But if there was no other way to get through to him, she would have to risk it.

“Be careful,” Jose said, his voice shaking as he watched her approach the lab door.

“I’ll try.” Corinne couldn’t promise any more than that. Her throat was dry as she contemplated entering the enclosed lab with the Rogue K - Unit . What if the old information Jose had dug up was wrong? What if he would be more than happy to harm a female, Kindred DNA or not?

But she was committed now. She looked at Jose .

“On my word, open the doors. Then lock them again once I get inside.”

“Lock you in with him?” He shook his head. “ I can’t! Corinne? —”

“We can’t risk him getting loose in the rest of the station!” she snapped. “ Just do it, Jose !”

“All right.” He swallowed hard and nodded.

“Good—now!”

There was a buzzing sound as the locking mechanism disengaged. Corinne rushed forward as soon as the doors slid apart...then came to an abrupt halt as they closed behind her. Her heart was pounding and adrenaline was coursing through her body.

The Rogue Unit still hadn't noticed her presence.

He was bent over an industrial-sized spectrometer, attempting to tear it up from the floor, no doubt so he could fling it at the cracked window.

The thing was as big as a small air car, but he was definitely making progress in unmooring it from the metal floor it was bolted to.

Silas was huddled under a desk beside the spectrometer—presumably the Rogue hadn't noticed him yet or he would probably be dead, like the two technicians whose bodies lay broken in the wreckage of the lab. Corinne tried not to look at them.

Taking a deep breath, she shouted as loudly as she could,

“K- Unit , stand down!”

At first it seemed that the Rogue didn't hear her. He was too busy straining to lift the heavy piece of equipment. The muscles under his mechanical overlays writhed and bulged—he was the biggest specimen she'd ever seen. But despite his size and obvious strength, Corinne wasn't about to give up.

“Do you hear me? I said stand down!” she shouted again, putting as much authority into her voice as she could.

At last, the Rogue Cyborg seemed to hear her.

He stopped straining to lift the spectroscoper and turned to face her.

His broad, bare chest was heaving and his pale blue eyes were wild, Corinne saw.

Yes , he was clearly having a Neural break.

Obviously the idiots who had brought him out of Stasis hadn't bothered to link with his interface and bring him out gradually.

They probably just hit the kill-switch on the Stasis tube and brought him out all at once, Corinne thought. Which was the exact wrong way to do it.

The K - Unit had almost certainly been flooded with new input, which had undoubtedly caused the overload.

Any Handler worth their salt knew you had to bring a Cyborg out of Stasis gradually and the longer they'd been under, the longer the process should take.

For a Unit as old as this one, she would have let him have at least twenty-four hours to slowly process his new environment and surroundings.

If Silas had given the order to bring him out of Stasis immediately instead of gradually, he was certainly getting what he'd asked for.

But it wasn't the shivering scientist under the desk she was looking at.

All her attention was focused on the Rogue K - Unit .

He was just standing there, glaring down at her with those pale blue eyes.

Though he had to be hundreds of years old, he certainly didn't show it.

His shaggy, dark hair didn't have any silver in it and there was no salt and pepper in his beard.

Corinne frowned—that was one difference between him and the newer units. Most modern Cyborgs had no facial or body hair at all. This K -unit had a wild, unkempt appearance—clearly his hair and beard had kept growing, even in the Stasis unit. Maybe there had been a time leak?

But it was his eyes she kept returning to.

They were filled with horror and fury, but she could tell it was the kind of fury that consumes someone when their flight/fight/or freeze instinct is activated.

This K - Unit wasn't going crazy because he wanted to maim or kill or destroy—he was trying to protect himself from what he perceived as a threat to his very existence.

Have to calm him down, she thought. Let him know he's okay.

“Hey, big guy,” she said, taking a step towards him. She kept her hands up and open, letting him know she didn't have any weapons. The box with the two Linking Stars was in the pocket of her lab coat.

The Rogue Unit took a step towards her. He narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brow in a mixture of aggression and confusion. Clearly he was sizing her up—trying to see if she might be a threat.

“I'm not here to hurt you” she said, making her voice soft but firm. “ I need you to calm down, okay? Everything is all right— I'm here now. I'll take care of you.”

His brow furrowed even more and his throat worked as he spoke.

His voice was low and rumbling and the guttural language that came from his lips was some dialect too old for even the lab's translation software to handle.

Corinne shook her head.

“We don't understand each other right now. But that's okay— I can fix that. See ?”

Slowly, she withdrew the box from her pocket and opened it for him to see.

Inside , the two Linking Stars blinked softly.

Lifting one, Corinne placed it on her right temple.

There was a slight pricking sensation as the arms of the star sank in and she felt them elongate into tendrils that would reach all the way to her brain.

It wasn't extremely painful but she still wasn't sure how he would tolerate it.

He might go berserk again and try to kill her.

Still , she had to try— Linking was the only way to communicate with him.

“Come here.” She beckoned for him—making what she wanted clear with her gestures, even though he couldn't understand her words.

His eyes narrowed and he took a step towards her.

“That's right, big guy. Come on— I won't hurt you. I just want to talk to you.” Corinne beckoned to him again and pointed to the spot in front of her.

The Rogue Unit finally seemed to make a decision.

He came over to her, his boots clanking against the lab's metal floor.

Corinne looked up at him as he approached her.

Gods , he was an absolute monster! He must be seven feet tall, she estimated and his shoulders were at least twice as broad as her own.

His body was heavily muscled everywhere—there wasn't a spare inch of fat anywhere on his huge frame.

Both his arms and his hands were cybernetic and she could see some wiring in the chords and back of his neck, leading up into the base of his skull. His bare chest and abs were fully human—or fully Kindred , she supposed. His muscular upper body was a sight to behold.

Below the belt, he had more cybernetics but he was also wearing some kind of uniform trousers, so it was difficult to tell what was artificial and what was organic.

There was a long bulge in his crotch that made her think the old Cybertronic inventors had believed that it was important to keep the male part of their subject intact.

That was another difference between this unit and the modern ones.

The Cyborgs the Company built were never allowed to keep either their sexual equipment or their sex drive.

It would have made them much too chaotic to deal with.

Comparing the two would be an interesting study for later... if there was a later for her.

Her heart was still pounding, but she did her best not to show her agitation.

“Come here—come down here,” she said firmly, motioning for him. He towered over her—there was no way she could reach him to put the second Linking star on his temple unless he came to her.

The Rogue K - Unit examined her for a long moment as though gauging whether he could trust her or not. Corinne didn't blame him. Just because she was female, didn't automatically mean she was trustworthy.

“Hey, come here, big guy.” She made her voice soft and coaxing. “Come here and let me put this on your temple. Then we can talk.” She tapped the star on her own temple and pointed at him.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

At last, he nodded, as though understanding her.

Corinne expected him to lean down to her.

Instead , he surprised her by dropping to one knee.

He was so much taller that they were still almost eye-to-eye, even with her standing and him kneeling.

He was still giving her that skeptical look, though, as if he was saying, Look , lady—I'll give you a chance but you'd better not fuck it up.

Which was exactly what she was trying not to do.

“All right—good.”

Corinne nodded encouragingly and lifted the Linking star so he could see it more closely. The outer rays were made of pure, conductive gold and the inner jewel was still dark. It wouldn't light up until it was attached to him.

“Now, I'm going to put this on you? All right?” she said to the Cyborg .

She tapped his temple with her free hand and raised her eyebrows.

Many of the male Handlers treated the Cyborgs as though they were stupid or children.

But Corinne had never believed in acting like that.

Good Handling skills were ninety-nine percent communication.

She never talked down to the Units she worked with.

Her gentle but firm approach seemed to work. The Rogue Unit studied her for a long moment, his eyes holding hers. There was still fear and anger in them—uncertainty and loss fighting with confusion. Corinne returned his gaze steadily.

“I’m not going to hurt you— I just want to talk to you,” she said clearly. Even if he couldn’t understand her words, she hoped her meaning would come through.

At last, it seemed to work. He nodded his head and then turned it so she could easily access his temple.

“Good. That’s good.”

Carefully, Corinne pressed the second Linking star into place. He flinched slightly—probably when he felt the points of the star piercing his skin—but she cupped his jaw and looked into his eyes.

“It’s all right, big guy—it’s going to be all right,” she reassured him. “ In just a minute we’ll be able to understand each other.”

But it wasn’t just language they would share.

With the Linking Stars in place and a Neural Link established, Corinne would be able to feel his emotions and even occasionally catch glimpses of his thoughts.

Though of course, that would only happen if they had an exceptionally strong Link .

She didn't know if that was possible with such an old Unit .

Of course, the connection went both ways, but most Cyborgs were too mind-wiped to care about digging into their Handler's personal thoughts and feelings.

The Neural Link simply made them easier to control because calming emotions and thoughts could be poured into their empty minds like clear water filling a glass.

But when the Link established itself, Corinne was surprised—she didn't find an empty void. Instead , there was another mind there—an alive, engaged one. An angry one.

She'd been right—the K - Unit thought he was in danger. He'd been fighting for his life—trying to escape and get back to his ship, which he seemed to think was waiting somewhere for him.

“There's no ship and you're in no danger here,” she said and thought at him at the same time. “ It's all right now—everything is going to be all right.”

She felt a sense of skepticism from him—as though he wasn't sure he believed her.

“I won't lie to you.” She looked steadily into his eyes. “ You've been in Stasis for a long time—hundreds of years. There's no ship waiting. The people you knew in the past are gone. I'm sorry— I know that's hard to hear.”

She hoped he was understanding her—and believing her.

He searched her eyes with his own and she could feel him pushing on the Link , as though he was looking for verification.

Oh yes, he was completely different from the modern Cyborgs she was used to

working with.

She'd never met a Unit who tried anything like this.

Still, he needed to know she was telling the truth. Reluctantly , she dropped her carefully cultivated mental barriers long enough to let him in...just a little. She felt him probing again and then his eyes widened.

“You...speak the truth.” This time his deep, hoarse voice came out in Standard —the universal language spoken all across the system. Good , the Link was doing its job.

“I do.” Corinne nodded gravely. Through the Link , she could feel his skepticism melting. But there was still a stubborn core of anger and distrust in him.

I need to comfort him—to calm him down.

Gingerly, she put a hand on one of his broad shoulders. His whole big body was trembling with tension—the Neural Overload he'd experienced had traumatized him, even if he didn't want to admit it. She felt a rush of pity that overcame any fear she might have had of the huge, deadly K -unit.

“It's all right now—there's no danger here,” she reassured him. “ Calm ...be calm.” She pushed calming emotions at him through the Link , trying to project a feeling of home and safety. “ You're going to be okay. I won't leave you. I promise.”

Her words seemed to have an effect because some of his anger and suspicion seemed to melt.

“I am calm,” he stated in that deep voice of his.

“I feel that you are. Good .”

She found herself staring into his pale blue eyes. The irises were ringed in black, giving his gaze an intensity she'd never seen before. His cheekbones were high and he had a knife-blade nose and full, lush lips. His eyelashes were surprisingly long for a male's.

He was quite handsome, she thought, in an old-fashioned kind of way. These days most people had body-mods or permanent facial tattoos or cloned parts—whatever was the latest fashion. The K - Unit's features were classic and despite his cybernetic parts, he looked mostly unmodified.

“There is...no danger here?” He lifted his eyebrows.

“No danger,” Corinne assured him. She took a chance and stroked the shaggy dark hair away from his face gently, surprised at how much she wanted to touch him. She'd never had a Linking like this, but then, she had been a supervisor, not a Handler , for years.

The K - Unit allowed her touch without complaint. He cleared his throat.

“What...is this place?”

“You're on a science station located in an asteroid orbiting the Inner Rings of Saturn ,” she told him.

“ We're a research facility. Nobody's going to hurt you here.

I won't let them.” She pushed peace and calm and protection through their Neural Link .

“ It's all right, K - Unit . You're safe—you can relax. ”

He didn't relax fully but his broad shoulders lowered a few inches and the furrows in his forehead smoothed out. He remained kneeling in front of her and put one of his massive hands over hers. It was surprisingly warm despite the metal overlay.

"You are...very kind. And very beautiful... Mistress ," he rumbled. " You are an Elite —the Goddess must have sent you to guide me."

Corinne's eyebrows shot up in surprise. She'd never gotten a compliment from a Cyborg before...

and she'd never had one stare at her with such intensity either.

He was looking at her like she was the only person in the whole universe.

It made her a little uncomfortable but she continued to meet his gaze.

"Well, um..." She cleared her throat. " That's very kind of you to say, K - Unit ."

"I am K - L -one- X ," he told her. He pointed at a tattoo she hadn't noticed before, high on his right pectoral. Sure enough it read " K - L1X ."

"I see. And what does that stand for?" Corinne asked him.

His brow furrowed for a moment and she could feel him searching for the answer through their Link .

"Kindred... Lethality One ... Experimental ," he said at last. " I was...the first one of my kind." He looked around. " Unless there are others now?"

"We do have other Cyborg Units here, but none of them are quite like you," Corinne assured him. " Look , K - L -one- X is kind of a mouthful. How about if I call you K -

lx for short?” She pronounced it “ Kay -lex,” hoping he would like the new name.

The Rogue K - Unit seemed to think for a minute, then nodded.

“Very well. I will accept this designation from you, Mistress . I am K -lx.”

“You don’t have to call me ‘ Mistress ’—my name is Corinne ,” she said. “ Dr . Corinne Virelle . I’m a scientist here on the station. I? —”

“You’re nothing but a cleaning tech!”

Dr. Silas Drex chose this moment to come scrambling out from under the desk he’d been cowering under. His narrow face was drawn and pinched and his nostrils were flared as he glared at Corinne and the K - Unit .

“Silas. So nice of you to join us,” she said dryly. “ And you’re welcome— I’m sure you were about to thank me for saving your life.”

“Look at you—what do you think you’re doing?” he demanded. “ Fondling that thing. It trashed the lab and killed two techs and you’re petting it like it’s your new cyber-puppy!”

“I think I’m saving your ass,” Corrine snapped, but she pulled her hand away from the Cyborg’s face, feeling a rush of guilt.

It was true—the first rule of being a Cyborg Handler was not to get too close physically with the Unit you were Handling .

It was dangerous and could also lead to abuse.

She didn’t know why she felt the urge to touch the big K - Unit .

“That thing is a killer!” Silas snarled, glaring at K -lx.

“K-lx wouldn’t have gone Rogue if you’d brought him out of Stasis properly and gradually. You’re the reason he trashed the lab and those two deaths can be laid at your door!” She nodded at the dead techs.

Silas puffed himself up, his face going red with rage.

“How dare you speak that way to me, Virelle ? I outrank you—or have you forgotten? I’ll have you arrested and thrown in the brig! I’ll? —”

In a flash, K -lx was on his feet and glaring down at the angry scientist.

“Are you threatening my Mistress ?” he growled, his eyes narrowing. “ She is mine to protect! If you come near her, you will die!”

Silas paled and took a step back, nearly stumbling over the body of one of the dead techs.

Clearly he had thought the big K - Unit was completely docile or he wouldn’t have dared to speak so rudely to Corinne .

He hadn’t expected this flash of self-will from a Linked Cyborg . To be honest, neither had Corinne .

“I...you...you can’t keep him!” Silas snarled at her. “ I’ll speak to the Company —the Chairman will have him destroyed!”

“You and I both know the Company never destroys anything of value!” she shot back. Taking a step forward, she put herself between the huge Cyborg and the angry scientist. “ No doubt K -lx has a wealth of knowledge from the dawn of Cybernetics



in his memories. They won't let you touch him!"

"You can't just have him!" Silas argued. " You're not a Handler !"

"Now I am," Corinne said calmly. " K -lx is under my protection. And if you have something to say about that, you can send a report to the Company Chairman . That's what I'll be doing," she added.

Then she looked up at the huge Cyborg , who was watching the back-and-forth between her and Silas with a tense expression on his face.

" Come , K -lx—let's get you cleaned up. "

The big K - Unit seemed willing to go with her, but he wasn't quite finished with Silas yet. He pointed one metal finger at the scientist's narrow face.

"Don't ever threaten my Mistress again," he rumbled. " Or you're going to be fucking sorry!"

Then, to her surprise, he bent and swept Corinne into his arms.

"Oh!" she gasped, as he lifted her like she weighed no more than a pillow. " K -lx, you don't have to do this. Put me down!"

"Negative. The human male poses a threat. I will keep you safe in my arms," was his implacable reply.

Corinne thought about protesting further...but that would only make her look weak and Silas was watching them with his weasely little eyes.

"Fine," she said at last. " You can carry me to my quarters. They're at the end of the

hall and down two flights.”

“Very well, Mistress .” K -lx carried her to the door of the lab. Jose must have been following their exchange, because it slid open smoothly to let them out.

Despite the fact that she was being carried like a child by the huge K - Unit , Corinne kept her head held high—it was important to project confidence, especially in a lab full of male scientists with big egos. But inside, her stomach was churning.

She had just acquired a new and very dangerous Cyborg Unit and she wasn’t quite sure what she was going to do with him.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

K-lx could feel his new Mistress's trepidation and he had a flash of remorse for the damage he had done to her lab. But those fuckers had been coming for him—he'd had to protect himself! And besides, this new world he found himself in was very different from the one he'd gone to sleep in.

The last thing he remembered was a lab down on Earth with large glass windows. Through them, he could see the rolling grasslands and beautiful green trees.

Here everything was sterile and barren. He had woken with strange humans prodding him and trying to dig into his memories.

The feeling of being under attack by a hostile force had been too strong to deny and he had gone into action—trying to break free and get back to his ship...

only there was no ship, he reminded himself.

The humans had reacted by trying to stun him into submission—which only made him fight harder.

Nothing they shouted at him made any sense, either.

It was as though the translation bacteria in his system couldn't process their words.

It wasn't until he had allowed his new Mistress — Corinne , (which he grudgingly acknowledged was a lovely name)—to give him the communication jewel, that he

could understand anything.

Thank the Goddess she had come to him. K -lx had known at once she was kind and trustworthy.

He could smell it in her scent—which was muted, as though by sorrow, but still warm and arousing.

He admired her long, wavy hair that looked dark brown until they passed under one of the overhead glows—then it lit up deep, wine red.

And her curvy, Elite figure was incredibly fucking attractive.

He enjoyed holding her in his arms as he walked down the long metal corridor.

Meanwhile, she was doing her best to pretend that being carried was her idea.

As they passed other people in the halls—mostly males—she gave them a cool, disinterested look as though she was used to riding around in his arms. K -lx approved of her attitude.

It was good that she wasn't struggling since he would have refused to put her down until he was certain they were someplace safe.

Since she was looking outwards, he felt free to study her face.

She had sweet features—a heart-shaped face with a small nose and lush, kissable lips.

But it was her eyes that really held him.

They were a soft, chocolate brown that seemed to touch something inside K -lx the

moment he looked into them.

He was still thinking of how she'd cupped his jaw and brushed his hair back to look into his face.

Her touch was so gentle and he knew instinctively that he wanted her to touch him again...

almost as much as he wanted to touch her.

But his new Mistress wasn't the only thing on his mind.

His eyes shifted from side to side, taking in the space station as they moved through it.

When he'd been put into Stasis , the humans hadn't had this kind of technology.

They had barely made it to their own moon.

And now, here they were, among the rings of the planet they called " Saturn ." Well , they were still stuck in their own solar system but it was a leap forward, he thought.

He wished he could remember more about the time he had come from. It must be hundreds of years in the past. Which meant that anyone he ever knew would be dead now.

He had a feeling he ought to care about that but he'd had his memories wiped when he entered the Program ...and that was pretty much all he remembered. He didn't know why they had wiped him or how, but it was probably just as well they had. What if he'd had a mate he loved and she was gone now?

This thought seemed to bring an echo of pain with it—which he pushed away. There was no point in trying to drag up the past, especially when there was no way to get back to it. He was here now and he had a new Mistress to protect.

And to pleasure, whispered a little voice in his head. K -lx felt his shaft harden at the thought. Gods , yes! He would be more than happy to pleasure her when she wanted him to. But for now, he would be content to protect her—especially from that skinny little asshole who had threatened her!

Just the thought of that male coming anywhere his new female made a possessive growl rise in his throat.

No one would hurt her while he was there to watch over her, he swore to himself.

She had rescued him when he was lost in terror and fury—he was in her debt and he was going to keep her safe from now on.

Mine, a dark voice growled in his head. The Link they shared wasn't quite like a Soul - Bond , but it was close. Close enough for him to feel both possessive and protective of the curvy little Elite scientist in his arms.

She was his now and he would fight or die to protect her.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

The minute she got back to her rooms, K -lx set her down on her feet, much to Corinne's relief.

She wasn't sure what she would do if he had refused to put her down.

She directed the big K - Unit to sit on her bed—which he did—and began composing a quick communication to the Chairman of the Company .

In reality, it would doubtless go through countless channels before it got to him— if it got to him.

But she had to detail what had gone on in the lab and give him her professional opinion on why K -lx must be allowed to continue to exist.

She honestly wasn't too worried about the big Cyborg .

She knew how the Company thought—how it functioned.

Everything was about profit, profit, and more profit.

There was no way they would junk a valuable piece of antique Cybernetic property just because it had run amok and killed a few people.

Human lives were nothing compared to credits—at least to the ones who owned the station and all the people inside it.

Corinne herself had another year left to go on her contract. She'd been planning to stay on at the station and sign another contract after it elapsed...but that was before she'd been demoted. Now she wasn't sure what she'd do.

For all intents and purposes, she was now a Handler . The Neural Link she had with K -1x already felt deeper than any she'd ever experienced and she knew it wouldn't be possible to break it. Once a Handler linked with a Cyborg , the linking was generally for life unless one of them died.

She'd had another Cyborg , a long time ago, before she was promoted to Director of Cybernetics .

But L -5 had died on a rescue mission, through no fault of hers.

Corinne still mourned him. He had been a simple soul but gentle and dependable.

After his death and decommission, she'd chosen to climb the corporate ladder rather than taking on another Unit .

In fact, she'd believed she would never be a Handler again.

Guess I was wrong about that, she thought, cutting her eyes to the side to study K -1x.

The huge K - Unit was taking up most of her bed and it occurred to her to wonder where she was going to put him tonight.

Most Cyborgs “slept” in their charging stations but she had no station for K -1x—hell, she didn't even know if he needed one.

She'd read once that the old Units had a self-recharging power source located inside their torso—somewhere near the solar plexus.



The secret of that had been lost to modern Cybertronics .

But if it was true, he might not need to dock and charge at all.

Curious to see what she could find, she did a more comprehensive search.

After a few tries at narrowing her search results and adding in his full Unit name and number, she came up with something surprising—it appeared to be a Handler’s manual specifically for dealing with Kindred Cyborgs .

It was hundreds of years old but her computer was able to translate it into Standard .

Intrigued , she pulled it up and began to read.

Many mistake the new K - Unit Cyborg for the Dark Kindred —which are a branch of the Kindred family tree which have sworn to forego emotions and augment themselves with mechanical “enhancements,” one section read.

And though we did work with the same Tolleg surgeons who help to grow and build the Dark Kindred , the K - Units are altogether different.

K- Units are built from Kindred soldiers who were wounded in battle too badly to live without intervention.

They still have emotions, even though their memories have—from necessity—been wiped, the manual went on.

They have very specific mental, emotional, and physical needs which can only be met by the right Handler .

It is recommended that the Handler be an unmarried and unattached female as the K -

Unit Cyborg can become extremely possessive and protective of his Handler and will feel extreme jealousy if she is in a romantic relationship with another male.

Corinne frowned. Huh —well, it was a good thing she was single, she supposed.

She hadn't had a romantic relationship in the past three years.

Not since her ex, Artie , had moved from the station and taken a post on Iepetus .

He'd wanted her to come along, but that would have meant a demotion and Corrine had refused to follow him.

Why should his career be more important than hers?

She had never regretted the decision, though she had spent some lonely nights, wishing she had someone to warm her bed.

Artie hadn't been the best lover, but at least he'd been a warm body and that was worth a lot in the chilly station.

The Company didn't like to pay to heat it to a comfortable temperature and it got even colder at night.

Corinne cast another sidelong glance at K -lx and found, to her surprise and unease, that the big K - Unit was studying her. When she met his eyes, he held her gaze as if to say, What ?

Well, at least he wasn't probing at their Link , she thought uneasily.

“Just give me another minute or two and I'll be with you,” she said aloud, though she had never felt the need to explain herself to a Cyborg before. Mostly they just stood

or sat like a living piece of meat until you activated them. She'd never had one stare at her and study her like K -lx was.

"I will wait until you are ready to interact," he rumbled.

"All right. Er ...why are you staring at me?" Corinne asked him.

He shrugged, his broad, bare shoulders rolling with the motion.

"I like looking at you, Mistress . You are beautiful—an Elite ."

It was the second time he'd called her beautiful and 'an Elite ' whatever that meant. Again , she was disconcerted by how different he was from other Units she'd worked with.

"Thank you, K -lx, but you don't have to say that," she said, thinking maybe he had a flattery protocol somewhere in his programming.

He shrugged again.

"I speak only the truth."

"Okay, well..." Corinne wasn't sure what to say to that. With a last look at him, she turned back to the manual. It was too long for her to read it all through right now, but she tried to at least skim the intro and the " Getting to Know Your New Cyborg " section.

The first thing you must do when you Link with your new Cyborg is to get him used to your dominance by handling his body, the manual advised.

He needs to feel your hands on him everywhere—this will help to meet his extensive

physical, sexual and emotional needs.

Also , the more you handle him, the closer he will grow to you and the more willing he will be to follow commands.

Corinne frowned. What ? Was K -1x really that different from a modern Cyborg ?

The Units she had worked with in the past hadn't required much physical handling at all.

In fact, a Handler getting too physical with his or her Cyborg was frowned upon and could be sanctioned if anything sexual was suspected.

But apparently, it was different with the old K - Units .

The next paragraph she read seemed to emphasize that point.

The best way to get your Cyborg used to you is by bathing him nightly, the manual advised. Take him into the shower unit with you and scrub him thoroughly, handling every part of his body to show him your ownership of him.

During this time, a sexual release will generally be in order—if the male parts are engorged, be sure to ease his tension.

Most Units are sexually intact and will welcome your touch.

Do NOT neglect this step—giving a sexual release is a VERY important part of establishing your dominance.

Nightly bathing time together will help deepen your link with your new Cyborg .

He will come to crave your touch, which will make him much more compliant.

There was more, but Corinne needed time to digest what she'd already read.

A sexual release? Really ? Was she supposed to jerk the big K - Unit off in the shower?

But that was against the Handler code of conduct in every way!

Sexual interaction with a Cybernetic Unit was grounds for dismissal—it was considered dangerous and unethical in the extreme.

She cut her eyes towards K -lx and saw that he was still staring at her.

Was she really going to have to shower with him and touch him every night?

It was so odd—she'd never had to have such intimate interaction with any other Unit she worked with before.

She wondered if that part could be skipped.

But another glance at the manual disabused her of that idea quickly.

Some Handlers may object to these practices, but they are fully necessary in order to keep your new K - Unit Cyborg emotionally, physically, and sexually content.

In fact, they are the bare minimum . If you do not follow the instructions in this manual to keep your Link with your new Cyborg strong, there is a high likelihood of depressive or aggressive episodes.

The scene at the lab with the dead techs and the trashed equipment leaped to

Corinne's mind. Depressive and aggressive episodes indeed.

Remember, these Units are new and still unstable, she read.

Though we are working with experts and Tolleg surgeons to perfect the interface and we hope to come up with a patch to help with emotional stability in the near future, for now the best way to keep control of your Unit is to meet his physical, emotional, and sexual needs and keep him content.

There was of course, much more to the manual, but Corinne couldn't deal with it right now. It was already late and she was tired. The adrenaline rush of talking K -lx down and Linking with him was wearing off.

She supposed she ought to do as the manual suggested and give him a shower. Or no—it had recommended that she shower with him. That was certainly going to be interesting. But she wasn't one to ignore the instructions and she knew how dangerous an unhappy Cyborg could be.

As awkward as it was, she intended to follow the manual.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

Corinne minimized the manual and turned once more to K -lx.

The Cyborg was sitting on the edge of her bed with his legs spread and his elbows on his knees. He was quiet, as though awaiting orders and she wondered what he was thinking.

Of course, she could have pushed through their Link to find out and she would have with an ordinary Cyborg , but she felt reluctant to invade his privacy. He clearly had more going on mentally than any other Unit she'd worked with before. It would be better to draw him out verbally, she decided.

But first she had to get him cleaned up.

She walked over to the bed and put a hand on his broad, bare shoulder. He looked up at once, his pale blue eyes searching hers.

“Yes, Mistress ? What do you require of me? Is there a battle you wish me to fight? Something heavy you need me to lift?”

Corinne smiled despite herself.

“No, K -lx—nothing like that,” she said. “ I just want to get you cleaned up and examine you. Come with me to the bathing chamber, all right?”

“Yes, Mistress .”

He rose at once, moving smoothly for such a huge male.

Corinne led him to the bathing chamber, in the corner of her room.

Despite being demoted, she had been allowed to keep her room and her lab equipment.

Mainly because of her contract, which stated that she couldn't be moved to new quarters or stripped of her belongings without her permission no matter what occurred.

She'd had that clause put in especially when she'd signed up with the Company five years before, knowing how cutthroat things could be in the far-flung stations.

Under the brighter luminescence of the bathing chamber's glow-tubes, she could get an even better idea of how huge her new Cyborg was. K -lx really was enormous...and she was going to wash every inch of him. But first, if she was really going to do this, they had to set some ground rules.

"Listen to me, K -lx," she said, tilting her head to look up at him. " We're going to take a shower together now and I'm going to bathe you. Are you able to protect your cybernetic parts from water?"

"My Cybernetics and Cybertronics are fully waterproof up until one thousand meters of liquid immersion," he rumbled. " A shower will not hurt them, Mistress ."

"All right." She nodded. " That's good to know. And K -lx, you really don't have to call me ' Mistress .' Just call me Dr . Virelle or Corinne ."

She knew other Handlers who insisted that their Units call them by some variation of " Master " or " Mistress " but she had always believed that such titles put distance



between a Handler and her Cyborg . It was better to establish dominance in other ways—actions speak louder than words, after all.

K-lx frowned, as though considering her words.

“Cor-rinn,” he said at last, slowly, as though he was tasting her name. “ Little Corinne .”

“Well, I don’t know about ‘little,’” Corinne said, frowning. There did have to be some limits. “ I’m not really considered little among my people,” she added.

Which was true—she was full-figured and curvy and had been that way all her adult life. She preferred her natural shape to the wasp-waisted, anorexically thin look which was currently popular and achievable only through extreme body-modification.

Most of the time when women underwent the modification surgery, their abdominal organs were put into their pelvis to achieve the impossibly narrow waistline current fashion demanded.

This often led to complications later in life—complications Corinne preferred to avoid, even if she did get a lot of unsolicited criticism, mostly from males who felt entitled to comment on her body.

So “little” she definitely was not.

But K -lx was undeterred.

“You are quite little compared to me,” he pointed out. Which was true—though at 5 foot 9, Corinne wasn’t short, the top of her head didn’t even reach his shoulder.

“That doesn’t matter,” she said firmly. “ You will call me ‘ Corinne .’ Not ‘little

Corinne ' or any other nickname. Understood ?”

The big K - Unit frowned.

“I will consider your words,” he said at last. Which wasn’t exactly a promise to do as she said, Corinne thought.

She wasn’t sure what to say in return. None of the other Units she’d ever worked with would disobey a direct order unless they had gone Rogue . She’d never heard of one refusing to obey just because he was stubborn. Still , K -lx hadn’t said “no,” he had just said he would consider her words.

Pick your battles, Corinne , she told herself and decided to move on.

“Okay, strip for me,” she commanded. “ Let’s see what we’re working with here.”

For a moment he just stood there. Then , slowly, he took off his boots.

Corinne was surprised that the boots were removable.

Modern Cyborgs were almost all metal with just the head and spine left intact to interact with the Cybernetic parts of their new body.

However , it appeared that while K -lx’s arms and legs were mostly Cybertronic , his face, torso, and feet were still human. Or rather, still Kindred .

“Let me see your hands,” she told him.

Obligingly, the big K - Unit held out his hands to her. Corinne took one in hers—noticing that it was twice as big as her own—and turned it over. Sure enough, his palm and wrist were intact. She frowned as she examined the healthy flesh.

“This must mean that your Cybernetic and Cybertronic parts are overlays rather than actual replacements,” she remarked, running her fingers up and down his palm and watching as his long fingers twitched reflexively.

“The Tolleg surgeons said my enhancements would fit over my arms and legs and work with my body to make me stronger and faster,” he rumbled. “ They added a lot but they didn’t take any part of me...except for my memories.”

Again, Corinne found herself surprised. So much knowledge in her field had been lost in the battles for Old Earth before the Companies formed and started shipping people off-world. K -lx almost certainly had a wealth of stored information somewhere in his programming.

“Do you know why they wiped your memories?” she asked, looking up at him. Most Units didn’t even know they’d been wiped. She wondered if any knowledge of his past life had been left to him.

But the big K - Unit shook his head.

“No. The Tollegs thought it was for the best. They said my past would only give me pain.” He shrugged. “ I believed them.”

Well that was one thing that hadn’t changed from the early days of Cybernetics to the present, Corinne thought. It was much better to try and wipe out the trauma and pain of the past. If memories were left intact, most Cyborgs went Rogue within hours of being activated.

“All right,” she said. “ That’s interesting to know. Now finish stripping—we need to get you into the shower.”

His big hands went to the waistband of his trousers but he paused, lifting an eyebrow

at her.

“Are you taking a shower with me, Corinne ?”

It was the first time he had used her name and she found she liked hearing it in his deep, rumbling voice. But his question was a little too pointed.

“Yes, I am,” she said briskly. “ I’m going to clean you up and make you presentable. I’m your Handler now, so you’ll need to get used to me handling you— all of you,” she added sternly.

K-lx didn’t object to this. He only nodded and began to pull down his trousers.

Corinne turned her back to him and began to strip as well. She tried to ignore the way her stomach clenched nervously at the idea of being nude with the big Cyborg .

He’s just a Cyborg , that’s all. Not human. Mostly machine, she reminded herself. There’s no shame in doing what has to be done—you have to follow the manual!

But despite her little self pep talk, she couldn’t quite hide a gasp when she finished hanging up her clothes and turned to see K -lx without his trousers.

Naked, the big Cyborg was even more imposing than he had been clothed. The metal overlays covering his long legs couldn’t hide the heavy muscles of his thighs and calves. But it was what was between his legs that really drew her attention.

Merciful Stars ! I’ve never seen one that size before!

The big Cyborg’s massive cock hung down almost to his knees and there was a strange knot at the base of the long shaft.

As she watched, the enormous cock twitched...and then began to grow. It got longer and thicker, standing upright until the broad crown almost reached his navel. Corinne estimated that it was thicker than her wrist and that wasn't counting the swelling at its base, which was bigger than her fist.

“Like what you see, Mistress ?”

His deep rumbling voice made her realize she'd been staring. When she yanked her eyes back up, she saw a half-smirk on his face which was definitely most un- Cyborg-like.

K-lx met her eyes for a long moment, then dropped his gaze to look up and down her naked body in a way that made her blush. She wanted to cover herself but that was ridiculous. He was just a Cyborg —she didn't need to be embarrassed around him!

Then she had a sudden realization—he was getting hard because he was looking at her!

She wondered if this shower was a mistake.

But then, the manual had warned if she didn't shower with her new K - Unit and get him used to having her handle him, depressive and aggressive episodes would occur.

She was just going to have to deal with this, she decided.

“All right—enough of that,” she said sharply, snapping her fingers in front of his face. “My eyes are here, K-lx. There's no need to look lower.”

“I don't agree, Mistress ,” he rumbled. “ You're a fucking gorgeous Elite and you're standing there naked. I've never gotten to see an Elite naked before.” He frowned. “ Or maybe I have—can't remember. But how can I resist looking at your luscious

curves?”

“You can resist because I told you to resist,” Corinne said sternly but she couldn’t help noticing that lust she felt coming through their Link had made him much more articulate. “What’s an ‘Elite’ anyway?” she asked.

“A woman the Goddess has blessed with extra-full curves,” he rumbled. To her surprise, he made a motion with both hands, sketching out an over-full hourglass shape in the air.

“I...see,” she said at last. “And ...do Kindred , er, like ‘Elites’?”

“We fucking love them.”

His voice came out in a low, hungry growl and Corinne was reminded again that the manual had said her new K - Unit would have “physical and sexual needs.”

“I might not remember much of my past, but I know that much,” he added.

“Well...there’s no need to stare,” she said again, pointedly. “Come on, let’s get into the shower so I can wash you off.”

“Can I wash you, too?” was his immediate question.

Corinne frowned at him.

“No! Absolutely not. I am your Handler , K -lx. That means I get to handle you —not the other way around. You are not to touch me. Am I understood?”

He shrugged his broad shoulders.

“Doesn’t hurt to ask. All right, Mistress — I’ll keep my hands to myself.”

“Good.” Corinne turned to start the water running. Luckily , the showerhead was located along the top of the entire ceiling of the shower unit, so the water rained down. Meaning they wouldn’t have to share the warm spray since there would be plenty for both of them.

She thought she could feel K -lx’s eyes on her ass as she adjusted the temperature. He was really coming alive and becoming more verbal by the minute.

God, she’d never had a Cyborg act like this before!

Such open displays of lust and his naked admiration of her bare body were two things a modern Unit would be wholly incapable of.

But it was clear that the Cybernetics experts of the past had decided to leave much more of their Cyborg’s personality intact.

Well, she would have to be extra stern and keep control of the situation, she decided firmly.

“All right, it’s ready now,” she said, turning to K -lx. She was very aware of the way her bare breasts swayed as she moved and the way his pale blue eyes were tracking her every motion.

He made a motion with one metal-covered hand.

“After you, Mistress .”

Well, it seemed like she wasn’t going to be able to break him of that, Corinne thought with an internal sigh. But she could at least be sure he knew who was the boss.

“No, after you . Get in when I tell you to,” she ordered.

His eyes widened but he shrugged again.

“As you wish, Mistress .” Then he climbed into the shower unit.

Feeling a surge of trepidation, Corinne followed.

What was she in for? She had no idea...



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

K-lx couldn't believe he was naked in the shower with his new Mistress —though she preferred to call herself his “ Handler .” Goddess , but she was even more beautiful wet than she was dry!

Her long hair hung down her back in a sleek waterfall and the water droplets gathered on the tips of her ripe nipples, making his cock ache.

Since she had ordered him not to look at her, he tried not to.

But somehow his eyes kept returning to her full, luscious curves.

He loved how broad her hips were and her thighs were deliciously thick.

He could just imagine kneeling at her feet and pressing his mouth between them.

There was a neatly trimmed patch of curls there that he longed to part with his tongue so he could taste her sweet pussy honey...

Just the thought of tasting her made his throat feel dry and his shaft throb. Gods , he had to control himself! She had given him orders to keep his hands to himself and looking at her while imagining the taste of her pussy was making it very hard to keep from touching her.

He closed his eyes and turned his face up into the spray of water. The ceiling of the shower unit was only about a foot above his head, so the needles of warm water

against his face helped him take his mind off the beautiful naked woman beside him.

Corinne was busy doing something with a set of nozzles mounted on the opposite wall. After a moment, she spoke.

“All right, K -lx—kneel in front of me so I can wash your hair,” she commanded.

This was an order K -lx was more than happy to obey. Kneeling put his face right on the level of her full breasts, which he was already longing to suck. Gods , his cock was so hard it hurt!

As soon as he was kneeling for her, his new Mistress began rubbing sweet-smelling shampoo into his hair. She was thorough too—she had sharp little nails that felt amazing when she scratched and massaged his scalp and K -lx couldn't help groaning with pleasure as she washed him.

Also, though he kept his hands at his sides and didn't try to touch her, she didn't seem to mind too much when she touched him —specifically, when her full breasts brushed against his face or cheeks.

These light, gentle brushes were as erotic to K -lx as though she'd reached between his legs and grabbed his cock.

They spoke of intimacy and trust and he could feel their Link deepening and his mind coming more alive with every touch.

He wondered if Corinne could feel it too. She must, he thought—if the way she was acting was any indication.

“There—that feels good, doesn't it?” she murmured as she stepped closer. His face was practically between her breasts as she worked her fingertips into his scalp for a

deep massage. “ And you’re being very obedient, holding so still and letting me wash your hair without touching me,” she added.

K-lx thought about telling her the baby talk wasn’t necessary...

except he kind of liked it. Every minute that passed, he felt more comfortable with her.

He still wasn’t sure about this strange new future world he found himself in.

So far everyone he’d seen was human and he wondered where the rest of the Kindred were.

But as long as he was with Corinne , he thought he would be able to adjust.

At last she rinsed his hair and then motioned for him to stand.

“All right,” she said, looking up at him with her hands on her hips. “ Now I’m going to wash the rest of you— all of you.” She nodded down at his cock, which was still aching hard. “ Do you understand?”

K-lx felt a growl of pure lust building in his throat.

“Fuck yes, Mistress ,” he rumbled. “ You can wash me anywhere you want to. I’m yours to command.”

She nodded, apparently satisfied with his answer.

“Very good, K -lx. Let me get some more soap and we’ll tackle the rest of you.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

### CORINNE

Corinne couldn't help herself—she was enjoying this shower much more than she knew she ought to.

She'd been uncertain and uncomfortable at first, but the more she felt K -lx's desire and admiration for her flowing through their Link , the more confident and beautiful she felt... and the more she enjoyed bathing him.

Washing his hair had been satisfying because she'd felt his pleasure when she scratched and massaged his scalp and scrubbed his long hair. She would need to give him a haircut while it was still wet, she decided. And probably she should trim his beard, too.

But first she had to wash the rest of him—which was a big job.

Turning to the soap nozzle, she got a double handful and began rubbing it all over his broad, bare chest. His muscles felt hard under her fingertips—a sensation she'd seldom experienced. She hadn't had many lovers before Artie and none of them had been built like her new Cyborg .

K-lx stood still and let her wash him, never moving, even when she stood on tiptoes and leaned forward to wash his shoulders, which caused her belly to rub against his bare cock.

Corinne felt the broad head and thick shaft branding her just above her pussy...

but she didn't move away. The manual had said he needed physical contact in order for her to assert her dominance, she reminded herself.

Besides, it was kind of a rush knowing she was the reason he was so hard.

She leaned closer and a low rumbling sound that was almost a groan came from his chest. Looking up, she saw he was staring down at her with hooded eyes.

“Gods, Mistress —you don't make it easy not to touch you when you're rubbing your sweet, curvy body all over me,” he growled.

Corinne saw that his huge hands were balled into fists at his sides. She felt a surge of unease. Was he about to snap and do something he shouldn't?

But when she probed gently at the Link between them, she didn't feel him having any desire to rape or take what wasn't offered by force.

There was an immense physical and sexual need building inside him, however.

Just as the manual had predicted, he was going to need a sexual release.

Still , he was doing a good job of holding himself back.

This was undoubtedly an excellent test of his will and a good way to deepen their Link and assert her dominance.

“I know you're in need, K -lx,” she told him. Reaching between them, she took his throbbing cock in one soapy hand and stroked gently up and down.

He threw back his head and groaned. His entire big body was tight with tension.

“Gods, Mistress —your soft little hand feels so good on me!”

“I’m going to help you with this in a minute,” Corinne told him, still stroking. “ But first, I need to finish washing you. All right?”

“Yes, Mistress ,” he gritted out. She felt the lust surge in him, but again he held himself still.

“Good.” She finished washing his torso and hips and even made sure to kneel and scrub the flesh parts of his long legs. Then she made him turn around so she could wash the rest of him.

K-lx groaned in pleasure as she ran her fingernails down his broad, wet back.

Corinne had always kept them slightly long—her nails and her hair were the only two vanities she had, living here in the barren station.

Now she was glad she hadn’t cut her nails short.

Her new Cyborg seemed to really enjoy them.

She got some more soap and began working on his muscular buttocks. They were firm and hard with muscle and she liked the feel of them in her hands. However , she also wanted to perform a test. Gently , she slipped her fingers between them, probing inward.

K-lx jumped and turned his head to look over his shoulder at her.

“Mistress?” he asked, his voice coming out hoarse. “ What are you doing?”

“Washing you.” Corinne gave him a stern look. “ I told you I was going to wash you

everywhere, didn't I ?”

“Well...yes. You did.” He still had some uncertainty in his tone but he wasn't resisting her.

It occurred to Corinne that with every minute they spent together, he sounded more human—or rather, more Kindred , she supposed—and less Cybernetic .

It was like his mind was fully waking up from Stasis .

That was probably a good thing, she decided.

“When I say everywhere, I mean everywhere,” she told him seriously. “ Open yourself for me, K -lx. You must get used to submitting to my orders.”

A low sound somewhere between a growl and a groan rumbled through him and for a moment his whole massive, muscular body tightened up.

Corinne felt the internal struggle going on in him through their Link .

He had doubtless been a proud and dominant warrior in his former life—she supposed no one had ever ordered him to open for them before.

At last, his programming won over his reluctance. Or maybe he just decided he wanted to open for her. At any rate, his big body relaxed and he even spread his thighs for her.

“As you wish, Mistress ,” he growled hoarsely. “ I'll submit to you...this time.”

“You must always submit,” Corinne lectured as she slipped her fingers further inward. Her middle finger had the shortest nail—it had broken and she'd cut it down

a day before. So this was the one she used when she found his rosebud and began to circle it.

K-lx growled again and shifted from foot to foot. He reminded her of a big, dangerous animal that was barely in control. But he must learn to trust her and submit to her—otherwise the Handler / Cyborg relationship between them would be skewed in the wrong direction.

“Easy, K -lx,” she murmured as she pushed calming feelings through their Link and slowly slipped her finger inward. “ Easy now. Just open for me and let me wash you.”

“I’m...trying... Mistress .” His voice came out ragged and hoarse. “ Goddess ! I can feel your little finger inside me!”

“That’s because I’m cleaning you,” Corinne murmured.

Honestly , she could hardly believe she was doing this.

And she wouldn’t have been doing it if she felt serious resistance or distaste through their Link .

But though she felt her new Cyborg’s reluctance, it was laced with desire and lust as well.

He wanted this, he just wasn’t quite sure how to take it.

“Good, K -lx. You’re being so good to let me in,” she murmured again as she reached deeper into him.

He was tight and hot inside and she felt for the little spot she knew was there from her extensive study of male anatomy.



( It had been a required course in the Cybernetics academic track since all Cyborgs were male.)

“Gods!” K -lx groaned, shifting again as she found the spot and started rubbing. “ Mistress , if you’re not careful, you’ll make me come!” he warned.

“That’s exactly what I’m going to do,” Corinne told him. “ Didn’t I tell you I’d take care of you?”

“Yes, but I thought you were going to jerk me off—not finger-fuck my ass,” he growled, looking over his shoulder.

“I’ll make you come however I want to— I am your Handler ,” she reminded him sternly. “ Now I want you to lean forward and brace your hands against the shower wall.”

He gave her another look, but obeyed at once, leaning forward and placing his hands on the wet tiles. This caused his legs to open even more and gave her easy access to his cock, which was exactly what Corinne wanted.

Reaching around with her left hand, she grasped his thickness in her palm and began to stroke.

“Oh Goddess ! Mistress !” His hips bucked and his metal fingers pressed so hard against the tiles they began to crack.

“Easy, K -lx,” she murmured soothingly. “ Just let the pleasure take you. Relax and let me make you come. I want you to shoot for me— I want to see your seed.”

Her words seemed to have a profound effect on the big Cyborg . He groaned and began pumping his hips, fucking her hand as she gripped him. At the same time,

Corinne kept rubbing the spot inside him, massaging it to bring him closer to the edge.

Through their Link , she felt his pleasure growing.

He had been in Stasis for hundreds of years—that was a lot of pent-up tension.

He needed this orgasm, Corrine thought. And for some reason, she felt she needed to give it to him—even though she'd never done this for any other Unit she'd worked with.

She could feel her nipples tingling and her pussy getting hot and wet as she worked him.

The intense pleasure he felt was washing back to her, through their Link .

This was certainly something that had never happened to her before, but Corinne decided to go with it.

She probably shouldn't let herself come when he did...

but she was no longer sure she could help it.

“Gods, Mistress ...so...fucking... close!” he growled out as he pumped into her hand.

“Good— I want you close. I want to feel you coming,” Corinne told him. “ Shoot for me, K -lx. I want to watch you come for me!”

Her words seemed to push him over the edge and she went with him—a whipcrack orgasm rushing through her as, with a final groan, the big Cyborg pressed forward

and she felt his thick shaft grow even thicker in her hand.

Then the first jet of thick white cream spurted from the tip of his cock, painting the dark blue tiles of the shower. Another jet followed...and another and another and another.

Corinne panted as pleasure twisted in her belly and watched in awe.

She'd never been with any man who produced this kind of volume!

She wondered if it was because he'd been in Stasis for so long...

or was this normal for a Kindred ? Since the space-faring race had left Earth hundreds of years ago, she had no idea.

At last the spurts of cum stopped and K -lx stood there panting, leaning against the shower wall as he caught his breath.

"That was very good, K -lx," Corinne praised him gently. She slipped her finger out of his rosebud and released his cock. " You came for me very well," she added.

"Didn't have much fucking choice with you fucking me and stroking me at the same time," he growled, but she didn't feel any ire through their Link . What she did feel was profound tiredness. Which made sense.

Though Cyborgs were made to keep going, even under the most difficult conditions, the stress K -lx had gone through tonight was more mental and emotional. Corinne knew from experience that it could be even more draining than physical exertion.

She felt a surprising surge of tenderness towards the big Cyborg . She had claimed him just now. He was hers—utterly hers as far as she was concerned. And it was time

to let him rest.

“Come on,” she said, turning off the water. “ Let’s get you dried off and we’ll get settled for the night.”

K-LX

K-lx felt almost dazed as he allowed his new Mistress to shepherd him out of the shower stall. His memory had been wiped before he submitted to becoming a Cybernetic Unit , but even so, he doubted that any woman had ever made him come that hard—or in that way—before.

At first he had wanted to resist her. But the genuine emotion he felt coming from her through their Link convinced him not to go against his programming.

Though he definitely could if he had to.

The Tollegs had been careful to leave him a sense of free will.

So though he was programmed to obey his Handler , he didn't have to follow orders that disgusted him or caused harm or self-loathing.

So he had submitted willingly— K -lx wasn't sure what that said about him.

What kind of a male was he, really? He didn't know.

So much of his past had been erased. He only knew that he wanted to be close to his new Mistress and give her what she wanted.

And if what she wanted was to make him come, who was he to deny her?

She dried him all over and then put the towel across the closed lid of the toilet and

had him sit for her.

K-lx watched as she toweled herself dry too.

Gods , even though he'd just come so hard, watching her still made him throb.

Kindred were multi-orgasmic, so he wasn't soft despite his recent orgasm.

He frowned. It was funny that he knew that fact about himself, yet he still couldn't remember his name—the name he'd had before he was a Cyborg . Well , maybe it would come to him in time.

Corinne wrapped herself in a short robe made of pink, stretchy material which clearly showed the points of her nipples. Somehow this made her body even more alluring than when she was nude—or maybe she was just always alluring, he thought, admiring her curvy form.

His throat felt dry as he watched her full breasts and tight tips rubbing against the thin fabric and he wished he could suck them. He felt he needed to for some reason. But she had ordered him not to touch her, so he sat and watched instead.

His new Mistress spent a moment drying her hair. Then she dug around in a drawer under her sink and came out holding a pair of scissors and a comb.

“I'm going to trim that hair of yours,” she told him as she wrapped a towel around his shoulders. “ You're pretty shaggy—there must have been a minor time leak in your tube that allowed your hair and beard to grow, even though you were in Stasis .”

K-lx frowned.

“Does that mean I'm much older than I was when I went in?” He frowned. “ I don't

remember how old I was to start with, though.”

“You’re probably about a year older biologically than you were when you went in—judging from the length of your hair and beard,” she said. “ Nothing to get worried about. Now hold still— I don’t want to give you a crooked cut.”

K-lx did as she said. Obeying her orders was easy—especially when it came to staying still while she tended to him. The way she treated him seemed to nudge something inside him—some long-buried memory...maybe of another female he had known once?

But no—all his memories had been wiped, he reminded himself. The Tollegs had said it was for the best. The furry little creatures—who looked like a cross between a Basset Hound and a Chimpanzee —were some of the best surgeons in the galaxy.

He closed his eyes and listened to the snip-snip-snip of the scissors and allowed himself to breathe in his new Mistress’s scent, which was even sweeter and more fragrant following their shower.

She had come when he did—he’d felt it through their Link .

The shared orgasm made him feel even closer to her and he wished again that he could take her in his arms and suck her breasts.

But her orders had been firm—he couldn’t touch her. Sighing internally,

K-lx kept his hands to himself.

CORINNE

Corinne finished the haircut and then trimmed his beard with a laser shaver.

Then she took a step back and nodded in satisfaction.

She'd taken a beauty course when she learned that she was going to be stationed by the Company in a distant station.

Being able to cut hair was a skill that others were happy to barter for—it was also a good way of making friends.

She'd always cut Isla's hair and she often practiced male hair cuts on the Cyborgs .

K-lx looked much more presentable, she decided. Now she just had to replicate some sleep trousers for him...and decide where to put him for the night.

“Er...did you have a docking station. Back home, I mean?” she asked. She hadn't seen a docking port at the back of his neck, but she still wasn't quite sure how to recharge this kind of Unit .

He frowned.

“A what?”

“A place where you could hook up to a power source and recharge your Cybernetics and Cybertronics ,” she explained.



But K -lx shook his head.

“No, Mistress . My parts are self charging—thanks to the implant in here.” He patted his well-defined abs.

“Hmm—you must have a power source in your abdomen,” Corinne murmured.

Which was exactly what she’d read about the older units from the dawn of Cybernetics .

The Company would probably like to know exactly how that worked—it would save them hundreds of billions of credits if they didn’t have to build expensive docking stations to charge their Cyborgs .

But what if they wanted to cut K -lx open to examine him? What if they hurt or killed him? The thought gave her a cold chill. Maybe she wouldn’t mention his self-charging mechanism in any further reports to the Chairman , she decided.

Her thoughts surprised her a little. She had never felt so protective of any Unit she’d been working with before—not eve L -5. And the feelings had come very quickly. She hadn’t even known K -lx for a whole day yet.

Well, maybe it had to do with the strength of their Neural Link , which did seem to be extraordinarily strong. Also , K -lx was sentient and aware in a way that no other Cyborg she’d worked with had been. He was more human, or rather, more Kindred , she supposed.

But where was she supposed to put him for the night?

She mulled over the problem as she punched an order into the simple replicator she usually used for cups of caffeine brew and spare parts for her lab.

At first she thought about having the big K - Unit sleep on a blanket on the floor. But she didn't like that idea. It got really cold in the station at night—it was chilly already and the temperature was going to drop more as the night went on.

She supposed she had no other choice than to let him sleep with her. Luckily she had a double bed...but it was still going to be too small for two, especially when one of them was as big as the massive Cyborg .

Corinne sighed. Maybe tomorrow she could find a spare cot somewhere. In the meantime, they would just have to make do.

“You're sleeping with me tonight,” she told him, as she handed him the sleep trousers she'd printed for him. “ Put these on.”

“Sleeping with you?” His eyebrows shot up in apparent surprise.

“You do need to sleep, don't you?” Corinne asked. She knew that some other Company scientists were trying to eliminate the need for sleep or physical rest in Cybernetic units. But so far, as long as there was a biological component involved, sleep seemed to be a nonnegotiable necessity.

“Yes, Mistress . I need to sleep.” He yawned hugely, as if to prove it. “ I need to eat too,” he added. “ But right now I'm more tired than hungry.”

“That's not surprising—you had quite a day,” Corinne remarked.

“I did.” He frowned, looking troubled. “ I ...killed those human men, didn't I ? The bodies I saw on the floor when you first came for me— I did that.”

“Yes, you did.” Corinne put a hand on his broad shoulder.

Once again she was astounded—she'd never met a Cyborg who could feel regret for any of his actions.

It was one reason why mind-wiping and reconditioning were next to useless when it came to dealing with Rogue Units .

Yet it was clear from the look on his face and the emotions she felt coming through their Link that K -lx was, indeed, feeling remorse.

He shook his head.

“I didn’t mean to kill them, Mistress . I thought I was in danger and I wasn’t fully awake. I don’t think I woke up completely until you put me in the shower and made me come.”

“I understand.” Corinne cupped his cheek. “ I don’t blame you, K -lx. You weren’t brought out of Stasis the right way. It’s not surprising you reacted badly to a sudden waking and the overload of neural input.”

He frowned.

“I don’t mind killing to protect those I care for or love...but I don’t like random violence. That’s not who I am.” His brow furrowed. “ At least, I don’t think that’s who I am.”

“You’ll learn more about yourself tomorrow,” Corinne promised him. “ I’m going to run some tests on your software and find out more about your programming. It should be enlightening for both of us.”

“Will it hurt?” There was sudden vulnerability on his face, followed quickly by a frown. “ I mean, not that I care—whatever you can dish out, I can fucking take. I just

like to know ahead of time.”

Corinne felt another flash of affection for him.

“No,” she said. “ No , it shouldn’t hurt.”

“Oh—all right.” He shrugged as though it didn’t matter to him, though she could tell that it did. Then he looked at the bed, which was pushed against the far wall of her room. “ So ...how do you want to do this?”

“You sleep on the inside and I’ll sleep on the outside,” Corinne decided. “ I’m afraid it’s going to be a little bit cramped, though.”

“I’ll sleep on my side,” K -lx rumbled. “ I’ll take up less space that way.”

Well, he was probably right about that. He was so broad that if he slept on his back, she’d be hanging off the edge.

Corinne nodded.

“Good idea. Go ahead and get in.”

The big Cyborg climbed into her bed, which creaked alarmingly. It was a good thing its metal frame was sturdy, she thought. She waited until he turned on his side, facing the wall, and then she climbed in beside him and called,

“Lights off!”

The lights dimmed—all except the dim glow from the bathing chamber which she kept lit in case she needed to pee in the middle of the night. And then there was nothing but the sound of deep, quiet breathing.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

It felt strange, at first, to share a bed.

She'd been sleeping on her own since Artie left, three years ago and she'd gotten used to sprawling out in the middle.

But K -lx was sleeping on his side and was being relatively quiet—he wasn't a snorer, which was good.

Also , his big body radiated heat which Corinne was glad to have.

She settled herself on her side with her back to him and just about an inch of space between them.

This close, she could smell him—but not in a bad way.

In fact, he had a warm, spicy, masculine scent that put any synthetic men's cologne to shame.

It was so good that she wished she could smell more of it—more of him .

She had the urge to turn and put an arm around his waist and press her nose to his skin, but she suppressed it firmly. It was bad enough that she was letting her new Cyborg sleep in the bed with her—she didn't need to snuggle with him too, she told herself.

At last her eyelids drifted closed and she allowed sleep to take her...only to be woken about an hour later by thrashing and a growling cry for help.

K-LX

K-lx wanted desperately to turn and hold his new Mistress . He knew that they hadn't known each other for long—hell, not even a whole Solar day yet. But he just felt drawn to her—felt connected in a way he couldn't explain.

It was probably the Linking stars they were wearing, he thought.

They allowed the constant exchange of emotions, which made him feel close to Corinne .

Also the way she had touched him in the shower—the way she had handled his body and taken care of him—not to mention the way she had made him come so fucking hard, had made him want her.

She's your Mistress —your Handler — not your lover or your mate, he told himself as he kept his face to the wall and refused to let himself turn over to face her. She's allowed to touch you, but you can't touch her—not unless she rescinds her order.

This was one area where he was unable to override his programming.

If his Mistress told him not to lay hands on her, he couldn't do it.

No matter how much he longed to touch her sweet, curvy body and return some of the pleasure she'd given to him so freely in the shower.

No matter how he craved to suck her full breasts and lick her soft little pussy until she

moaned and tugged his hair and begged him to make her come...

He was exhausted but the arousal these thoughts caused made it difficult to go to sleep—especially once Corinne climbed into bed beside him.

They were lying there, back-to-back, and he could tell that she thought he was asleep.

Instead, he was lying there with a raging hard-on, wishing he could turn and take her in his arms.

But since that was impossible, he concentrated on shutting down his functions and powering down his internal sensors. At last, when everything was dark, he was finally able to drift off to sleep...and that was when the dream came.

K-lx saw a woman...a beautiful, curvy Elite with black hair. She was speaking to him, but he couldn't hear what she was saying. She was talking and laughing but for some reason, he had a feeling of dread.

Be careful! he tried to tell her, but the words wouldn't come out of his mouth. And the more she talked and laughed so carelessly, the more the feeling of impending doom grew inside him.

Then suddenly, she disappeared. K -lx looked everywhere for her, but she was gone—vanished. But somehow he knew she wasn't just gone...she was dead. She'd been killed and he hadn't done anything to stop it—he hadn't protected her as he should have. Why hadn't he stopped it? Why couldn't he save her?

Why—

“Hey...hey, K -lx. Come on, wake up. Wake up—it's a bad dream. Wake up.”



Someone was shaking his shoulder. K -lx's eyes popped open and he stared up to see a beautiful female face hovering over his in the dark.

At first he thought it was the woman in his dream...but no, the features were different. Her hair was longer too. Who was she?

“K-lx, it's me—your new Handler . It's Corinne ,” she said urgently, answering his question.

At first the name didn't register. But then his memory circuits booted up fully and things came into focus. He was now aboard a space station located on an asteroid orbiting inside the rings of Saturn . And the lovely Elite woman leaning over him was his new Mistress .

“For...forgive me,” he rasped. Gods , why was his throat so dry? “ Had ...a bad dream, I think,” he added.

“You definitely did.” She still looked worried about him. “ Do you remember if this has happened before? I've never worked with a Cyborg who could dream—it's very concerning.”

K-lx shook his head.

“I don't know. I don't remember dreaming before but so much of my memory is gone.” He shrugged apologetically. “ Sorry , Mistress . I didn't hurt you, did I ?”

“No, nothing like that.” She shook her head. “ You never got violent—you were just thrashing and groaning. Had me worried for a while.” She put a hand on his shoulder. “ You need anything?”

K-lx started to say he was fine, but he wasn't. He had an idea of what he needed...but

he knew she wouldn't give it to him.

"I'm just really thirsty," he said. "Let me get up and get a drink of water and I'll try to get back to sleep."

"Stay here—I'll get it."

She left the bed and went into the bathing chamber for a minute. She came back with a big glass of cool water which K -lx gulped thirstily.

Corinne took the empty glass back from him and placed it on the night table beside her.

"There now—feeling better?" she asked.

His throat was still dry but somehow K -lx knew that more water wasn't going to solve his problem. His eyes kept returning to her full breasts and tight nipples, barely contained by the short, silky robe she still wore.

"I feel better, Mistress ," he said, which wasn't exactly true, but he didn't want to bother her anymore. She'd already had a full night taking care of him and here he was, interrupting what little sleep she was going to get. He felt ashamed for disrupting her rest.

Corinne frowned.

"I can tell that's not true, K -lx." She tapped her temple, where the Linking star glimmered faintly. "I can tell that you're not happy and you're not feeling good. Tell me what would make you feel better."

"Well..." K'lix shifted and the bed creaked under his weight. He swore under his

breath. What he wanted made him feel fucking needy .

“What is it?” Corinne insisted. “ I’m ordering you to tell me what you want—what’s going to make you feel more comfortable so we can both get back to sleep?”

The direct order unlocked his tongue.

“What I need is to suck your nipples, Mistress ,” he said hoarsely. “ And then I want to hold you while we go to sleep.”

“You want to suck my...” She trailed off, frowning at him.

“You ordered me to tell you what I wanted—what I needed,” K -lx growled, frowning at her. “ I don’t know why I need that— I only know that my throat feels dry and I’m fucking aching to hold you. That’s all the physical information I can give you right now.”

She shook her head, looking bemused.

“I’ve never dealt with a Unit like you. Very well—you’re not sucking my nipples but I will let you hold me if you think it will help you sleep.”

“I do.” K -lx nodded. “ I don’t know why but I feel the need to be close to you, Mistress — very close.”

“All right then. Scoot over some.” She motioned and K -lx scooted closer to the wall. He started to turn on his side again, but Corinne stopped him. “ Lie on your back and I’ll lay against your side,” she directed.

Again, K -lx did as she asked. Corinne scooted into bed beside him.

He was sure she would probably lay on her side with her back pressed against him.

He was surprised when instead of turning away from him, she turned towards him and slipped an arm around his waist. She pillowed her head on his chest and her long, lovely hair spread over his bare torso like silk.

Feeling her soft, curvy body pressed against his own did something to K -lx.

It seemed as though having her near him—touching him—somehow slowed the toxic mixture of anxiety, fear, and anger that churned under the surface of his brain.

She shut down his worry circuits and, as her sweet scent filled his senses, he felt himself relaxing fully.

“ Mmm , thank you, Mistress ,” he murmured as he settled an arm around her shoulders and pulled her a little closer. “ This is exactly what I needed.”

“So glad it makes you feel better.” Corinne already sounded sleepy again. She nuzzled closer, her full breasts pressing against his side. “ Now go back to sleep. We still have to get up in the morning and face breakfast with the crew.”

Then her breathing evened out and she fell back to sleep. K -lx was tired too, but he made an effort to stay awake a little while longer.

He wanted to savor the feeling of the soft, sweet little Elite in his arms and breathe in her scent while he could because he had no idea what tomorrow might bring.

### CORINNE

Corinne woke up slowly and was surprised to find she wasn't shivering. Usually she was freezing every morning because the station's internal temperature dropped so low during the night. But this morning, she was toasty warm—almost hot, in fact. Why was that?

“Good morning, Mistress ,” a deep voice said.

Frowning, Corinne opened her eyes and looked up to see who was speaking. A man's face was looking down at her—pale blue eyes that looked sleepy but affectionate.

She frowned—who in the world...?

Then it came back to her. The Rogue Cyborg ...the way she had Linked with him in the Lab and then showered with him and slept with him. She really was breaking every rule in the book with this new Unit ...yet it seemed to be exactly what he needed.

And speaking of the rulebook, she wanted to get up and read more of the ancient manual she'd found online the night before. Only she hated to leave the warmth of the bed.

It was surprising how comfortable she felt with him, she thought. Even back when she'd been with her ex, it had taken some time to get used to sharing a bed. But with K -lx it just felt...right.

“Good morning,” she murmured, cuddling closer to the big Cyborg’s side for a moment. God , he was so warm. And he smelled so good too. That spicy, masculine scent seemed to invade her senses and make her want to do more than just cuddle—which would be completely inappropriate, of course.

But as nice as it felt to snuggle with her new Cyborg , Corinne knew she had a full day today—lying around in bed wasn’t going to make a dent in her workload. Reluctantly , she sat up and went to pull on some clothes.

K-lx lay there, watching her with half-lidded eyes.

“You’re beautiful today, Mistress ,” he rumbled.

For some silly reason, Corinne felt herself blushing.

“Thank you, K -lx but you don’t have to say that,” she said, as she pulled on a new undershirt and panties and then grabbed a coverall to go over them. “ I realize one of your programmers must have put a flattery protocol somewhere in your programming but?—”

“There’s no ‘flattery protocol.’” K -lx frowned. “ I just like the way you look. I love your shape and the way your hair falls over your shoulders and the way you move. You’re fucking gorgeous, Mistress — I can’t help noticing.”

“Oh, well...”

Corinne cleared her throat. She had never been looked at or spoken to the way the big K - Unit was looking and speaking her—not by another Cyborg and not by a human male—not even one she was dating.

She found herself flustered all over again...

but it was a good kind of flustered. Her heart was pounding and her cheeks were hot with another blush.

“K-lx really, you shouldn’t talk like that. It’s inappropriate,” she said.

“You’re beautiful,” he rumbled again. “ I might be a Cyborg but I’m a male first— I can’t help looking at you and seeing what I see.”

“All right, K -lx. Thank you,” she said firmly, trying to cover the way his comments flustered her.

“ But for now, we need to get some work done. Er , you can put back on your uniform trousers and boots and I guess I can replicate you a shirt.” Her little replicator was getting quite a work-out lately.

“All right, Mistress .”

He got up and then—to her surprise—neatly made the bed. That was certainly something no male she’d ever slept with had done voluntarily.

Not that I actually slept with him, she reminded herself. We just slept in the same bed.

She would never actually have sex with a Cyborg —even if one was sexually functional like K -lx. It would be going so far outside the bounds of professional propriety, the very idea was unthinkable.

Yet, she couldn’t help returning in her mind to the way he had come so hard for her in the shower and the pleasure she took in touching his big, hard, muscular body.

Also , the comfort of sleeping in his arms. For some reason even the metal overlays

on his big body were warm to the touch—not cold as they were with any other Cyborg .

My, my—for someone who would never, ever sleep with a Cyborg , you certainly are thinking of your new K - Unit a lot...and not in a scientific way, a critical little voice whispered in her head. And you didn't mind jerking him off last night or sleeping in his arms either.

I had to do that—the manual said to! Corinne argued with the voice. Then she pushed it away. She was too busy to deal with this silly, misplaced guilt right now. She was doing what she had to in order to keep her new Cyborg in line—she refused to feel bad about that.

To take her mind off the events of yesterday, Corinne quickly replicated a shirt in her new Cyborg's size and ordered K -1x to do some silent, internal reviews to set his responses in order.

Then , since they still had thirty minutes until it was time to assemble for breakfast in the canteen, she sat down to read more of the manual.

She scrolled through it until she found a section called Necessary Care and Maintenance of your Cyborg and began to read.

Please be aware that while all your Cyborg's memories have been wiped, there is the possibility of some of the more troubling or traumatic reminiscences bleeding back into his consciousness, most often in the form of dreams while he sleeps, the manual warned.

If this begins to happen or if he complains of a dry throat or feeling thirsty all the time, you must take action at once.



Allowing these “bad memory dreams” to continue can lead to aggressive or deadly outbursts and degradation of his programming.

Essentially , he will lose himself in his own past and may become violent and dangerous.

Corinne’s eyes widened as she read. Crap ! She hoped it wasn’t too late to reverse this process—she ought to have read the whole manual before. Quickly , she read on.

Luckily, there is an easy fix for this problem. When your Cyborg has a bad memory dream, he simply needs a dose of DEE or Dream Elimination Elixir which you can produce yourself.

Oh good! Corinne felt a rush of relief. There was an easy fix—the manual even said so!

“Okay, how do I make it?” she muttered, scrolling down some more.

She was looking for a list of chemicals or ingredients, and soon enough she found them.

There were four or five easily sourced or replicated herbs and compounds.

Soon she saw that the DDE drink should be no problem to make.

She sent the list from her interface to the replicator at once and a moment later, she had a small cup of milky, pale blue liquid in her hand.

Corinne almost called K -lx—who was standing quietly in the corner of her room—out of his internal review to drink the liquid at once.

But then she realized she hadn't read the dosing instructions yet.

What if he had to drink some in the morning and some at night?

Or what if the stuff was meant to be injected instead of taken internally?

She went back to her monitor and continued reading the manual. What she saw, made her turn as pale as the liquid in the small metal cup.

As soon as you have synthesized the DEE , you must drink it immediately, the manual read.

“What—me? I have to drink it?” Corinne muttered, her brow furrowing. “ That can't be right—can it?”

She read on.

Roughly ten to twelve hours after you ingest the Dream Elimination Elixir , your breasts will fill with Nectar , the manual continued.

DO NOT simply give the DEE liquid to your Cyborg to drink—it will not help and may do actual harm.

The DEE must be processed through the Handler's body in order to work as it should.

Corinne stared at the screen blankly. Well , it was a good thing she hadn't given K -lx the liquid to drink right away, but she still couldn't believe what she was supposed to do.

What could the early Cybernetics scientists have been thinking?

What if she didn't want to fill her breasts with "nectar" and let her new K - Unit suck it out of her?

Feeling blindsided by the whole thing, she read more of the manual.

Some Handlers may object to this method of treating their Cyborg , it read.

"Yeah—no shit," Corinne muttered.

"But do not fear—the DEE will only cause nectar production as long as you keep drinking it every morning or every night. It will take only a week for your breasts to cease production after you stop drinking the formula," the manual assured her.

The DEE is harmless to you and extremely beneficial to your new Cyborg .

We considered other ways of helping to suppress traumatic memories, but ultimately settled on this method for two reasons.

First , when the Handler's body processes the compounds her Cyborg needs, he becomes more physically attuned and mentally attentive to her.

And second, allowing your Cyborg to suck the Dream Elimination Nectar from your breasts deepens the emotional connection essential between Cyborg and Handler .

Once a Kindred male is attuned to you and he sees you as his Mistress , he will be much more likely to obey commands.

There was more, but none of it looked important. It was mostly the writer's justification for this odd and inexplicable method of memory control—which in Modern Cyborgs was regulated by partial mind-wipes if a Unit started showing signs of distress.

However, Corinne didn't want to wipe her new Cyborg's mind—not even on a limited basis.

She didn't know enough about his circuitry and internal mechanisms to be sure she wouldn't break something beyond repair.

K -lx was unique—a treasure to be slowly unpacked—not a random piece of space trash to rip apart so she could see what made him tick.

Reluctantly, she decided she would have to drink the DEE .

It made sense now—the way he'd complained of being thirsty and his request to suck her nipples.

At the time, she'd thought he was just horny.

She had noticed how he didn't get soft, even after she had jerked him off.

Apparently the Kindred didn't have a refractory period or at least his kind of Kindred didn't.

She wondered what kind of Kindred he was.

The huge Aliens had left Earth hundreds of years ago, taking most of their knowledge with them after a world war had erupted.

They had tried to mediate the conflict but when the nations of the Earth started bombing each other, they had decided that humanity was a lost cause.

Later she might ask K -lx about his branch of the Kindred family tree or try to look up his characteristics, but for now it was almost time for breakfast.

She rose from her desk chair...and saw the small metal cup of milky, pale blue DEE sitting by her interface. She had almost forgotten to drink it. Well , crap—she was just going to have to do it. At least none of the ingredients were harmful so she didn't have to worry about getting poisoned.

No, all you have to worry about is your breasts swelling up with that “nectar” stuff—whatever it is, she thought to herself. But there was no help for it—she was now the Handler to a massive, incredibly deadly, seven-foot-tall Cyborg . She absolutely could not neglect him.

K-lx had already caused massive damage and killed two people—it was her job to keep him in control so nothing like that ever happened again. Corinne knew she would do whatever she had to in order to rein her new K - Unit in.

Even this.

Closing her eyes, she tossed back the milky liquid, expecting it to be bitter and disgusting. Instead , a sweet, slightly fruity flavor filled her mouth. The taste wasn't bad at all. In fact, if she'd been offered a drink at a party that tasted like the DEE , she would have asked for seconds.

Corinne drained every last drop and then put the cup into the recycling bin, where it was whisked away to be used in further replicator requests.

“Well—that's that,” she muttered to herself. She waited to see if she felt any different...was there a faint tingling in her nipples? Then she looked at the chronometer on the wall. Damn it—they were going to be late for breakfast if she didn't hurry!

Going to K -lx, she touched him on the arm to wake him from his internal review.

“Come, K -lx—we need to get going,” she told him.

His pale blue eyes fluttered open and he looked down at her. A flow of deep emotion—mostly caring and devotion—suddenly came through their Link . But Corinne also felt possessiveness, protectiveness, and sheer lust as the huge K - Unit knelt before her.

“Mistress, I am yours,” he growled softly, his eyes half-lidded as he looked at her. “Do what you want with me. Use me in any way you see fit.”

“Oh, um...” Corinne frowned. “ Are you all right, K -lx?”

He blinked rapidly and seemed to come back to himself.

“Yes, sorry. My subroutines were rerouting themselves with you as the focus,” he replied. “ You are my Handler ...my Mistress . I am attuned to you now.”

“That’s good, I guess, but it’s time to go now,” Corinne told him. “ Aren’t you hungry? We don’t want to miss breakfast.”

“I am hungry.” He rose to tower over her again. “ But do you think the other humans will be happy to have me eat with them after the death and destruction I caused last night?”

Corinne lifted her chin.

“You’re Linked to me now— I’m your Handler and I’ll vouch for you. I don’t feel any fear or anger or any of the other emotions you were having last night coming through our Link , so I’d say you’re safe to go out among the general population of the station.”

In fact what she did feel through the Link was more lust and desire—which was ridiculous. She had on a baggy coverall and no make-up at all—there was nothing about her that would inspire the emotions she felt coming from K -lx.

She tried to ignore his desire for her, even though it made her feel slightly hot and bothered just as his comments had earlier.

At least he was obeying her order to keep his hands to himself.

She would have to consult the manual and see if it was normal for a Kindred Cyborg to have such strong sexual feelings for his Handler .

But for now, they both needed breakfast.

“Come on,” she said and led the way out of her room.

K-LX

“That thing is not welcome at this table!” The angry human male from the night before pointed a trembling finger at K -lx as he settled himself at the end of the long table beside his Mistress .

The rest of the seats at the table were also filled with humans who stared uneasily at him. Some of them looked almost ready to run.

K-lx supposed he couldn’t blame them. He had ruined many pieces of equipment and killed two of their personnel the night before. They had a right not to trust him now.

Luckily, Corinne stuck up for him.

“Enough, Silas ,” she snapped at the other scientist, who had a narrow face, thin shoulders, and eyes that were set too close together. “ K -lx is fine.”

“He’s not fine! He went Rogue last night!” the human male protested.

“He did not go Rogue ,” Corinne said firmly. “ He was disturbed because you brought him out of Stasis too quickly—he had a Neural Interface Overload which brought on a panicked flight or fight response. Now that I’ve Linked with him, he’s completely regulated— I’d stake my reputation on it.”

“Your reputation is already in shreds, Virelle ,” the human male sneered. “ After you allowed poor Isla to Link with a Rogue Unit? —”



“We both know that C -17 was perfectly fine when Isla Linked with him,” Corinne interrupted him. “ Neither she nor I had anything to do with him going Rogue . Just because you leveraged her death into a new position for yourself, doesn’t mean you’re suddenly the expert on Rogue Cyborgs .”

“I know a Rogue when I see one!” the male snarled.

“ And that Unit went Rogue last night no matter what you say! You haven’t had time to mind-wipe him or reprogram him and yet you bring him here, into the middle of a crowded dining canteen and expect us all to eat with him as though he didn’t kill two of our team last night! ”

K-lx had to admit, the other male’s words made him sound like a crazed killer who might snap at any moment and kill again. But what bothered him the most wasn’t how the human male was making him look—it was the slight to his Mistress’s reputation.

Part of him—a large part—wanted to stand up and threaten the human male. To tell him he’d better keep Corinne’s name out of his filthy mouth and leave her alone from now on...or he was going to be fucking sorry. If he lived long enough to be sorry, that was.

However, he recognized that acting in a threatening manner was only going to reinforce the view these humans now had of him.

He needed to act rationally and reassure them that he wasn’t there to harm them.

Just the way they were whispering among themselves and casting sidelong, fearful glances at him was enough to let him know how frightened they were of him already.

“Excuse me,” he said, speaking up above the murmuring of the others at the table and

everyone abruptly fell silent.

“Yes, K -lx? You have something you want to say?” Corinne looked up at him calmly.

K -lx couldn't help admiring her courage.

She had faced him down when he was at his worst the night before and now she was backing him calmly despite the negative opinions of her peers. Truly , she was an extraordinary woman.

“I want to apologize for what happened last night,” K -lx said clearly.

There were wide eyes and surprised looks all around the table. Even the people at the other tables around them were watching and it seemed like the whole canteen was holding its breath.

“I was awoken suddenly from Stasis and the rush of neural input was too much for my circuits to process. I realize that I caused death and destruction and I want to express my sincere remorse for that,” he continued.

“ And I want to promise that it will not happen again. I am Linked to Dr . Virelle now.” He nodded at Corinne , who was still watching him calmly.

“ She has regulated my emotions. It would be impossible for me to hurt anyone. In fact, if I could be allowed, I'd like to help clean up some of the mess I made in your lab last night,” he finished.

For a moment, no one spoke. Then the whole table—and in fact, the whole canteen—erupted in speech.

“How did you teach him to talk like that?” one of the scientists across the table from them demanded. “ I’ve never heard a Cyborg articulate or advocate for itself so clearly!”

“Forget about that—he seems to feel genuine remorse!” another scientist exclaimed. “ No other Cybernetic Unit is capable of such deep emotions!”

“K-lx is unique,” Corinne said firmly, answering both men at once.

“ I believe he’s one of the earliest Cyborgs ever made—possibly even the very first. He’s capable of things no other Unit I’ve ever worked with and his cognition is on par with any one of ours.

His immense size is because his biological component is Kindred —not human.

But the most important thing is that I firmly believe he can be trusted not to go Rouge .”

“Your word is good enough for me,” a scientist with thinning hair and thick oculars said to her. He looked up at K -lx. “ You’re welcome to help clean up the lab, if you really want to. We have some pieces of equipment that are too heavy to lift and put back into place.”

K-lx felt guilt and let it show on his face.

“I’m so sorry about that, Doctor ...”

“Doctor Herrera , but you can call me Jose .” The human extended a hand across the table and K -lx shook it carefully.

“Thank you for your trust, Jose . I’ll be happy to help,” he informed the scientist. “

I'm just sorry there's nothing I can do for the technicians I killed last night," he added. " Especially since the other human male is suggesting I went Rogue when I killed them."

"You were on Overload ," Jose informed him.

" That's not the same as going Rogue . We know what caused your episode.

When a Cyborg truly goes Rogue , there's almost never any indication of why it happens.

Sometimes its faulty circuitry but more often it happens when past trauma comes to the surface. "

K-lx nodded and listened but part of him was always attuned to the Link between himself and Corinne . He could feel her pride in the way he had handled the situation and it warmed him like the Sun .

Just then, however, the human male she'd called " Silas " spoke up again.

"I don't care how articulate that thing is, I don't trust it!" he announced, glaring at K -lx. " And I don't believe you have it under control, either, Virelle !"

Corinne opened her mouth to answer, but K -lx was already in motion. He rose from his seat beside her—which caused a murmur of uncertainty and fear to rush through the canteen. But K -lx ignored the rest of the humans—he was fixated wholly on his Mistress .

As Corinne turned to face him, he dropped to his knees before her.

"Mistress," he rumbled. " Dr . Virelle — I am Linked to you and attuned to you— I

will obey your orders.”

Corinne’s eyes widened slightly, but she answered in a calm voice.

“Very good, K -lx. I am ordering you not to hurt any of the personnel here aboard the station.”

“Understood.” K -lx nodded seriously. “ But I also want it understood that you are under my protection,” he went on, shooting a glance at the angry human scientist called “ Silas .” “ I will not allow anyone here to hurt or humiliate you. As my Mistress and my Handler , I will keep you safe and defend you in any and every situation.” He looked into her eyes.

“ You are mine to protect, Corinne —just as I am yours to command.”

Her eyes widened and for a long moment, it seemed the whole canteen was holding its breath again. Then one of the human women sitting at a nearby table sighed and put a hand to her heart.

“Oh my, Dr . Virelle —do you have any other Cyborgs like that one?”

“Yeah— I’ll take one too!” another woman called.

There was a ripple of laughter and the tension seemed to be broken.

The human male named Silas was still glaring at them, but K -lx ignored him.

Corinne was his Sun —the center of his universe.

Now that he was fully attuned to her, he would never leave her or, through his actions or deeds, expose her to harm or ridicule.

“That was lovely, K -lx,” she murmured. “ But come have a seat again.” She patted the chair beside her.

K-lx rose obediently and sat where she’d indicated.

He was fairly certain that his public display of devotion had convinced the other humans that he wasn’t harmful as long as Corinne was around, so this had been a successful social interaction.

They had a busy day ahead of them today and he was going to do his best to make up for the mayhem and destruction of the night before.

He just wished his throat wasn’t so dry. He took another sip of the simulated orange juice and tried to forget about it...and to stop imagining himself sucking his Mistress’s ripe nipples while she moaned for him and ran her hands through his hair...

CORINNE

“You did a lot of hard work today, K -Ix. I think the Cybernetics lab is almost back to normal,” Corinne remarked. She’d spent time with him, “supervising” though really her only reason to be in the lab was to reassure everyone there that the huge Cyborg wasn’t a threat.

K-Ix had done his part. He’d been nothing but helpful and remorseful about the techs he’d killed.

He was also charming and incredibly likable when he made the effort to be.

After a while, it was clear that most of the people he was working with had almost forgotten that he was basically a seven-foot-tall killing machine.

Corinne was proud of him...though she really couldn’t take any credit.

Unlike modern Cyborgs , the big K - Unit had a personality of his own.

He was helpful and kind and attentive. In fact, the only time he was less than one hundred percent pleasant was during a moment when Corinne had stepped outside the lab to take a bathroom break and get a drink of water.

This was sometime after lunch. She’d been extra thirsty all day and her breasts had begun to feel fuller and achy. She supposed that meant the DEE concoction she’d ingested was probably starting to work on her, which worried her a little.

Since K -lx has been doing so well, she wasn't concerned about leaving him.

She slipped into a bathroom and locked the door.

Pulling open her coverall, she tugged up her t-shirt and examined her breasts.

Sure enough, they looked larger than normal and her nipples were much darker than they had been that morning.

Corinne had brushed her fingertips over one of her tight peaks and sucked in a breath.

Her nipple was much more sensitive than was normal for her—so tender that even the lightest touch sent a wave of sensation through her.

And as she watched, a droplet of clear amber liquid formed on her nipple, as though in reaction to the light stimulation.

Corinne stared at herself in the image viewer uncertainly.

This must be the “nectar” she was supposed to start producing.

Crap —what was she going to do about it?

She supposed she could have K -lx come into the bathroom and suck the nectar out now, but if anyone caught them in the bathroom together, rumors of impropriety would surge through the station in no time.

Because it was a small, enclosed world with only about a hundred workers, the station was a terrible place for gossip. Corinne didn't want to be the subject of any speculation—or to give Silas Drex any reason to report her to the Company .



Reluctantly, she decided she would have to wait until after dinner, when she and K -lx were alone together in her room. In the meantime, she was thirsty.

After washing her hands, she stepped out of the bathroom to get some water...only to find Silas standing there. His beady eyes were narrowed and his hands were squeezed into fists as his sides. Clearly he'd been waiting for a chance to get her alone without K -lx.

“Listen to me, Virelle ,” he snarled. “ Just because you’ve Linked with that antique hunk of junk doesn’t make you his Handler or any part of the Cybernetics Division again!”

Corinne decided to play it cool.

“Oh, so you’ve come up with a new name for ‘ Handler ,’ then?” she asked, looking down her nose at him. This was easy since Silas was about an inch shorter than her.

“Don’t get smart with me!” he snapped, shoving a finger in her face. “ I’ll be watching you! I’ve already written to the Chairman telling him what a mess that walking trash receptacle made of our lab and how he ought to be destroyed immediately!”

“And I wrote a communication letting him know what a wealth of historical knowledge we can gain from working with K -lx and how the only reason he had an Overload incident was because you brought him out of Stasis too quickly,” Corinne said coolly. “ Let’s see who he believes.”

Silas’s face turned red as a synthetic tomato and his eyes narrowed to slits.

“Why, you bitch! You wouldn’t?—”

“Wouldn’t what? Wouldn’t tolerate your verbal abuse?”

Suddenly K -lx was there, looming over Silas in a menacing way, though he made no move to touch the much smaller male.

“You...he...” Silas’s eyes went wide as he stared up at the enormous Cyborg .

“Forgive me for interrupting your conversation, Mistress ,” K -lx rumbled, speaking to Corinne but keeping his eyes locked with Silas ’. “ But I felt a spike in your emotions through our link and I came to make sure you weren’t being hurt or threatened in any way. Are you all right?”

“Yes, K -lx, I’m fine,” she said, lifting her chin. “ Dr . Drex and I were having a conversation but I believe we’re finished now.”

“Yes, I believe you are.” K -lx leaned down to glare directly at Silas . “ I’d better not hear you talking that way to my Mistress again or you’re going to be fucking sorry, little man! I mean it.” His big metal hands curled into fists and his pale blue eyes flashed red as he spoke.

Silas turned pale and took a step back.

“You...you can’t threaten me like that! Get your Unit under control, Virelle !”

“Oh, I’m perfectly under control,” K -lx promised him, straightening up before Corinne could say a word. “ I just won’t tolerate you disrespecting my Mistress . Now get the fuck out of here!”

Silas looked like he wanted to say something else—he wasn’t nearly done swearing at her and threatening her yet, Corinne guessed. But one look at K -lx, who was towering over him with a face like a thundercloud, and he scurried away.

The sight was extremely satisfying...but extremely problematic at the same time.

“Are you all right, Mistress ?” the big Cyborg asked again, once Silas left. “ What did he say to you? Do you want me to punish him?”

“No, K -lx—you know you can’t do that,” she said reprovably. “ And you can’t talk to him like that either,” she added.

“Why not? He talked to you like that. He called you a ‘bitch’— I fucking heard him!” His eyes flashed red again.

Corinne sighed.

“Silas is not my biggest fan, I’m afraid.”

“Well, I’m not his either—that little asshole had better keep your name out of his mouth and his hands off you,” he growled. “ He’ll stay away from you if he knows what’s fucking good for him!”

“Now, K -lx—you know I gave you a direct order not to harm anyone in the station,” Corinne reminded him, frowning. It really was worrisome how close he seemed to disobeying his programming!

A low growl rose in his thick throat.

“I remember, Mistress . I’ll be a good little Cyborg and keep away from Silas as long as he keeps away from you. But the minute he tries anything physical, there’s no order in the world you could give me that will stop me from ripping his head off!”

He looked so menacing when he said it that Corinne felt her heart skip a beat for a minute.

She was really going to have to work on making sure he acknowledged and obeyed orders.

No one who heard the big Cyborg talking this way would believe that she had complete control of him.

In fact, she was beginning to have doubts herself!

“Not so loud, K -lx!” she hissed, yanking him down by his shirt to speak in his ear. “You’re doing an excellent job of rehabbing your reputation today—don’t ruin it by going feral on me!”

“I just don’t want him touching you.” His voice dipped to an even lower register as he looked into her eyes. “You’re mine.”

Corinne was taken aback. The dark, possessive emotions she felt coming from the big K - Unit were beyond what any Cyborg was supposed to feel for his Handler . But then she remembered that his manual had said he would feel extremely possessive and protective of her. She needed to talk him down.

“All right, K -lx. It’s all right.” Reaching up, she cupped his bristly cheeks in her hands and looked into his eyes, trying to bring him down from the emotional spike she could feel through their Link .

“I hear you. But you can’t hurt anyone just for being nasty to me.

You have to leave them alone, especially Silas —that’s an order. ”

Instead of agreeing at once, he just looked at her.

“I hear you, Mistress ,” he said at last. Which was not the same as agreeing to obey

her explicit order, Corinne thought, frowning. They really were going to have to work on this.

“K-lx—” she began.

“Mistress...why do you smell so good?” he asked, interrupting her.

Leaning down, he pressed his face to the side of her neck and inhaled deeply, sending shivers down her spine.

“ So fucking sweet . Like sex and sugar,” he rumbled and when he pulled back, his pale blue eyes were half-lidded. “ Fuck , you smell amazing.”

“I don’t know why I smell...the way I smell.

But it’s not appropriate for you to say that.

” Corinne found herself breathless for some reason.

She couldn’t help noticing that K -lx smelled extra good too.

She had no idea why, but his wild, spicy scent seemed to have intensified.

It drew her to him, almost like some kind of olfactory magnet and made her overfull breasts ache. What the hell was going on?

She had no answers and no time to search for them. At that moment, Jose had poked his head out of the lab and asked if they were coming back to work. Which effectively broke the awkward moment.

Corinne had been relieved at the interruption.

The intense interlude between herself and her new Cyborg felt dangerous somehow, though not in a way that made her feel threatened.

It was more like something completely inappropriate had been narrowly avoided when her colleague called her name and diverted both of them.

The rest of the day had passed without incident and now they were back in her room, getting ready for a shower. Corinne was trying not to think of how tender her breasts had become. The DEE compound was really doing a number on her!

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

She could still smell the big Cyborg —his enticing, masculine scent wafted across the room to her and it seemed to make her breasts ache even more. If she didn't know any better, she would have sworn he was putting out some kind of sex pheromones—why else would he smell so good?

She was trying to get up the nerve to strip for the shower but somehow she couldn't quite do it.

The night before she had stripped off and showered with him and handled his big body without hesitation.

But then she had been treating him like she would treat any other Cyborg , who wouldn't have cared no matter what she did.

Now she knew the big K - Unit more intimately and it was abundantly clear he was nothing like the robotic Modern Cyborgs she was used to working with.

He was sitting on the bed, watching her, his eyes half-lidded.

Also , she could feel the desire he was feeling for her coming through their Link .

She'd never felt that from any other Unit she'd worked with.

And she'd never had the desire to respond in kind either...

God—what was wrong with her? She had to get control of herself—and this whole situation.

But how could she stay fully in command when she had to give him a sexual release and also let him suck the nectar from her breasts?

It felt like too much, especially when she was already on edge from the way he'd threatened Silas earlier.

The image of the big Cyborg sucking her nipples while she rubbed against him entered her mind and wouldn't leave. She could almost feel how hot his mouth would be as he eased the pressure in her breasts and touched her all over...

No, stop! I have to stop thinking this way—what's wrong with me? Is the DEE compound compromising my thinking somehow? Is it acting like some kind of aphrodisiac?

K-lx seemed to sense her ragged emotions—he was no doubt feeling them through their Link .

“Is there something the matter, Mistress ?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

“No, nothing's the matter,” Corrine denied hastily.

“Are we going to take another shower together?” was his next question. “ Are you going to make me come for you...or would you like it better if I made you come?” His pale blue eyes roved over her body. “ I'd love to taste you, Mistress ...love to feel you coming on my tongue...”

All right—this is too much! I can't put up with this kind of insolence or I'll lose all control of him.

It was a dangerous situation for a Handler to be in, when their Cyborg had taken the upper hand.



Without a firm reminder of who was in charge, it could easily lead to a Rogue situation.

Not that Corinne really thought the big K - Unit would go crazy and start killing people...

but she wasn't going to take any chances.

Lifting her chin, she gave him a stern look.

"That's enough of that kind of talk," she said sternly.

"I won't tolerate insolence, K -lx." Before he could protest, she pointed a finger at him.

"I want you to strip and sit back against the headboard with your hands by your sides. Stay there and don't move unless I tell you to. Do you understand?"

His eyes widened but he nodded obediently.

"Yes, Mistress . I understand."

"Good—now do as you were told."

Immediately he rose and began stripping off his boots, shirt, and uniform trousers. When he was nude, it was clear to Corinne that, though he was surprised by her sudden dominance, he was by no means put off by it. His massive cock was aching erect, the broad head brushing his chiseled abs.

Rather than deterring her, his obvious lust seemed to tighten a wire inside her. She would show him who was boss—who was the Handler ...the Mistress . She would

teach him a lesson he wouldn't soon forget, she decided.

She went into the bathroom without another word and changed into a nightgown she'd been keeping for a special occasion. She'd bought it for when her ex, Artie , was still aboard the station but hadn't gotten a chance to wear it. Now she put it on and looked at herself in the viewer.

The nightgown was made of red, see-through, synthetic silk material which clearly showed her tight nipples and swollen breasts.

It tied in the middle with a single bow and would spread open easily if she decided to untie it.

There were a tiny pair of red see-through panties that went with it which showed her pussy—which was getting extremely wet for some reason.

Corinne told herself her arousal was not a big deal—what mattered now was establishing dominance over a dangerous Cyborg in the only way she could. She brushed out her hair and stalked back through to the bedroom.

K-lx was sitting back against the headboard, just as she had ordered, with his hands at his sides. When he saw her, they curled into massive metal fists and his eyes went dark.

“Mistress,” he growled. “ You look like a fucking goddess!”

“That's enough out of you,” she said smoothly. Walking over, she climbed onto the bed and straddled him. Standing over him, she looked down and gave him a stern look. “ You're going to sit still and do what I say and keep your hands to yourself,” she said, looking into his eyes. “ Am I understood?”

A low rumble of desire rose from his throat but he didn't move.

"Gods, yes, Mistress . You're understood," he growled.

"Good." Corinne ran her hands down her body. " You like what you see, don't you?" she purred, running her fingers over her breasts to show him how full they were. The nectar inside was making them incredibly sensitive, but somehow that only made her hotter.

"Fuck yes!" He was breathing hard now.

"And what would you like to do to me?" Corinne demanded.

"Like to fucking rip that little red dress off to start with. Those panties too." He inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring. " I can smell how hot you're getting, Mistress . " Your little pussy is all wet for me, isn't it?"

Corinne's heart was pounding, but she wasn't about to let him get the upper hand verbally.

"See for yourself," she said and slipped the panties off. Then she pressed the damp fabric to his nose. " Go on," she taunted. " Breath me in, K -lx. But don't touch," she added, because his hands were twitching at his sides, as though he was aching to grab her.

The big Cyborg inhaled deeply, his pale eyes going hooded with desire.

"Gods, Mistress , this is fucking torture!" he groaned.

"No, this is torture," Corinne told him.

Then she lowered herself and began to grind against his thick shaft.

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

K-lx couldn't hold back a groan of pure frustrated pleasure when he felt his Mistress's hot, wet pussy gliding across his aching shaft.

Gods , her panties smelled so good and her long, wavy, wine-colored hair was wild around her shoulders!

Her full breasts were swaying with every move as she stroked against him, torturing him with her soft, curvy body.

He supposed she was making a point about who was the boss in this situation, but the way she was doing it was driving him insane!

His fingers itched to grip her hips and thrust up into her tight, wet sheath, but she had given him a direct order to sit still and keep his hands to himself and he found himself compelled to obey her.

K-lx wasn't sure what kind of a male he'd been before he was turned into a Cyborg , but he didn't think he was the kind who would have allowed a female to boss him around in the bedroom.

However , he found that he was enjoying this.

There was something so primal about watching her grind on him and knowing he couldn't do anything about it!

She was in control and she was acting on him while he was forced to sit still and take it. It was fucking hot .

As she moved, Corinne held eye-contact with him. Gods , she was so wet and warm inside! She was sliding up and down the length of his shaft and every once in a while the head of his cock would lodge just inside the mouth of her sweet, tight pussy before it slipped out again and she kept sliding.

K-lx was sure this wasn't by accident—she was teasing him, taunting him because she could. Acting like she might slide his cock deep in her soft little channel at any time...and then denying him the pleasure she had offered.

Gods, she was making him crazy!

Internally, he felt his desire warring with his programming. He was programmed to obey direct orders from his Handler as long as they didn't cause harm or self loathing...but his cock was aching from her sweet torture. Surely he could be allowed to take charge of this situation...right?

Wrong, apparently. His arms remained by his sides.

Corinne paused in mid-stroke with her hands braced on his shoulders and her eyes fixed on his.

“You’re doing a good job holding still and obeying orders, K -lx,” she purred, a little smile curving the corner of her luscious mouth. “ Are you wishing you could break your programming right now? Go on, answer me—you can speak,” she added.

K-lx felt a growl building in his throat.

“Fuck yes, I want to break programming, Mistress ,” he told her.

Her eyes widened, but she held his gaze.

“And tell me, what would you do if you could?” she demanded.

K-lx wasn't going to hold back.

“The first thing I'd do would be to grab your hips and pull you up to my mouth so I could taste that sweet, wet pussy you're rubbing against me,” he told her. “ I'd put my tongue deep inside you and believe me, Mistress — I have a long tongue. I'd eat your pussy until you moaned my name!”

His answer seemed to surprise her because her eyes widened and he felt a surge of emotion go through their Link —a mixture of trepidation and desire.

“That's the first thing you'd do?” she asked, clearly skeptical.

K-lx raised an eyebrow at her.

“You thought I was going to say I'd fuck you, didn't you, Mistress ?” he asked her. “ But that's not the Kindred way. We want to taste our women first. Tongue before cock, every fucking time.”

She frowned.

“I don't believe you. You're just saying that to try and throw me off balance.”

K-lx gave her a grin.

“I see the problem—you've never been with a male who knows how to eat you right, have you?

Never made love with a male who wants to taste your pussy more than he wants his next breath.

” He looked her in the eye. “ If I had a chance, I’d show you how it can be, Mistress .

I’d go down on you until you cried and moaned and begged me to stop because it felt too good...

and then I’d hold you by the hips and go down some more until you came all over my face. ”

Corinne’s eyes went even wider and her breath came in short little pants. He could feel her sexual desire surging through their Link .

But then her eyes narrowed and she lifted her chin.

“Well it doesn’t matter what you want to do because you’re not breaking your programming.

In fact, we’re going to reinforce it tonight, so you remember who’s in charge.

” She got off his lap and gripped his shaft in her soft little hand instead.

As she looked into his eyes, she began to stroke him up and down.

K-lx groaned and his hips bucked involuntarily. Fuck but she was good with her hands!

“Mistress, what the fuck are you doing to me?” he growled.

“Making you come... my way,” she purred. “ Now listen to me, K -lx—who do you



belong to?”

He knew when he was beaten.

“You, Mistress ,” he growled, pumping into her hand as she stroked him.

“That’s right. And who is in charge in this situation?” She raised an eyebrow as she continued to stroke. “ Go on—tell me.”

“You’re in charge, Mistress !” he groaned. Fuck , but the woman was driving him to the brink! Only his programming kept him from snapping and rolling her under him for an extremely thorough tongue bath, followed by a long, deep fucking where he knotted her and filled her pussy with his cream.

“And when I give you an order, you’re going to obey me—right?” she demanded.

“Yes, Mistress !” Gods , he was getting so fucking close ...

“And if I tell you not to hurt anyone in the station—even if they say rude things to me—you’re going to obey, right? Tell me the truth!”

K-lx growled in frustration but he couldn’t hold back from telling what he really thought.

“No! That Silas fucker had better keep his distance or I’ll fucking end him!” he snarled. “ I don’t want him anywhere near you, Mistress ! If he messes with you I’m going to fuck him up!”

And that was when she stopped stroking him and took her hand away.

“Mistress, what the fuck?” K -lx groaned and pumped up into empty air. His cock

was aching and she was just sitting there!

“The way you’re talking is making me wonder about your programming, K -lx,” she said frowning, just as if she hadn’t brought him right to the brink and then abandoned him.

“ You can’t talk about ‘fucking up’ Silas or anyone else in the station.

Not even if they’re rude to me. Cybernetics is a male dominated profession—there is always going to be a male somewhere who’s talking disrespectfully. ”

K-lx’s entire body was tight with frustration.

“Nobody is going to get away with disrespecting you or hurting you while I’m here, Mistress . You’re mine!” His voice came out in a primitive roar.

“You can’t say that!” she admonished. “ You’re my Cyborg and I’m your Handler—you don’t own me, K -lx. I own you.”

“Yes, you fucking do and I’ll fucking acknowledge your dominance all day long if you want me to,” he growled. “ But you belong to me too, Mistress . You’re mine to protect...and mine to pleasure, if you’ll only fucking let me!”

Corinne frowned.

“No more of that. Come on—we’re going to the shower.”

“What, now?” K -lx couldn’t keep up with her. “ Are you going to fucking leave me hanging?”

“Enough questions—come to the shower,” she ordered again.

And since it was a direct order, he had to obey.

But that didn't mean he had to fucking like it.

### CORINNE

Corinne wasn't going to leave him in such an intense state of arousal—that would be dangerous. The manual had said K - Unit Cyborgs needed a sexual release every night and she intended to give him one. But not the way he wanted.

She wasn't pleased with the way their session had gone.

She'd been trying to strengthen his programming, but she wasn't at all sure she'd succeeded.

No matter how she tried to make him promise not to hurt any of the male scientists who were rude to her—and it wasn't an uncommon occurrence—he refused and insisted he would hurt anyone who disrespected her.

This response was unacceptable, as far as Corinne was concerned. Not that she liked being disrespected—she didn't. But nobody deserved to die or get mangled by an angry Cyborg for being rude.

And then there was the matter of the big K - Unit's extreme possessiveness.

They had barely known each other twenty-four hours and yet he was insisting she was his.

That was a dangerous trait in a Cyborg—it made her wonder if that was why more of the K - Units hadn't been made.

Maybe their Kindred DNA made them too territorial to be obedient.

She took K -lx into the bathroom and turned on the shower. The minute it was hot, she ordered him inside. Then she slipped off her nightgown and followed him in.

“Hands to yourself, K -lx,” she ordered, when he raised them to cup her breasts. They still felt heavy with nectar, but Corinne barely noticed anymore. She was too invested in driving her lesson home.

“Mistress...” K -lx looked angry and rebellious but she could still feel how much he wanted her. “ Mistress , please,” he growled, ducking his head to come down from his great height and meet her gaze. “ Let’s just talk about this—can’t we?”

His words gave Corinne pause...but only for a moment. This had gone too far—she still had to establish dominance.

“Face the wall, hands on the tiles,” she directed. “ And spread your legs for me.”

But to her surprise, the big Cyborg didn’t move. He just stood there while the warm water rained down on both of them, a grim look on his face.

“Why? You going to finger my ass and make me shoot for you again like last night?” he demanded.

In fact, that was exactly what Corinne had been going to do. A prostate massage should be a quick and effective way to make him orgasm and it would also show him who was boss.

“I’m going to make you come my way,” she answered, lifting her chin. “ So assume the position and spread for me!”

“No,” he growled, his hands squeezing into fists.

“What?” Corinne looked up at him uncertainly. “ You’re disobeying a direct order?” She felt a flash of fear—was he about to go Rogue and kill her?

K-lx must have felt her fear because he shook his head.

“I’m not going fucking Rogue , Mistress ,” he growled. “ The Tolleg surgeons who made me built in some free will. Not a lot, but enough to ensure that I don’t have to follow orders that cause harm or self-loathing.”

“But—” Corinne began, but he didn’t let her finish.

“I let you finger-fuck me last night because it gave you pleasure and I wanted to please you.” His eyes were blazing as he spoke.

“ It got me off and I could feel you coming too—that was fucking hot. But I won’t let you do it just because you’re fucking angry at me!

” He thumped his broad chest with one big, metal fist. “ I may belong to you, but I belong to myself too. At least a little.”

Corinne had no idea what to say to him. She felt guilty all of a sudden because K -lx was right—she had been going to get him off that way because she was angry. She’d been treating him like less than a person.

But he is less than a person, a little voice argued in her head. He’s a Cyborg !

If anyone had ever asked her before, she would have denied that she thought the Units she worked with had been completely stripped of their personhood and humanity. She always tried to treat them with respect—even though most of them had

been pared down to barely thinking pieces of meat.

But K -lx was different. He might not be fully human—or fully Kindred—but he was a person with thoughts and feelings and emotions. The longer she worked with him, the more clear that became.

However, he was also a seven-foot-tall killing machine who had already murdered two innocent techs when he had gone into Overload . If she couldn't control him and keep him in check, he became a dangerous liability to everyone aboard the station!

“Fine,” she said at last, taking a step back from him.

“ I won't give you a prostate massage tonight.

But you're not going to bed until you orgasm!

According to your manual, you have to come at least once a night.

” She pointed a stiff finger at his cock, which was still defiantly erect.

“ Jerk yourself off for me right here, right now.”

“Yes, Mistress .” K -lx bit out her title like it was a curse.

His eyes were smoldering as he took his thick shaft in one massive metal hand and began to stroke.

Corinne thought about leaving the shower...but that would be showing weakness. She intended to stay here and see this through to the bitter end, she told herself, even though it gave her no pleasure at all.

But if that was true, why was her heart still pounding and why did her pussy feel so wet as she watched the big Cyborg slowly stroke himself? He kept his eyes locked with hers as he pleased himself, fisting the angry red club between his legs like it was some kind of weapon.

Though she tried not to, Corinne could feel his emotions loud and clear through their Link . Frustration ...anger...and ravening lust raced between them like lightning. She had to squeeze her thighs together because she was feeling his pleasure and it was making her pussy ache with need.

She kept remembering what he'd said about how he wanted to eat her pussy until she cried for him.

What the hell was wrong with him, saying something like that?

She'd never been with a man who wanted to do that to her.

Artie had tried a few times, but she could feel how much he didn't like it and she'd stopped him before very long.

But somehow when K -lx talked about how badly he wanted to taste her, she believed him.

K-lx's deep voice broke her train of thought.

"Fucking you in my mind right now, Mistress ," he growled as his hand went faster and his hips pumped. " Fucking your soft little pussy until you moan my name."

His words sent a shiver through her, despite the warm water raining down on them both.



“You...you can’t say that to me!” she protested breathlessly.

“Too fucking late.” His hips pumped harder. “ If it wasn’t for my programming, I’d have you pinned up against the wall right now. I know you want it—even if you don’t admit it. I can smell the lust on you.” His nostrils flared. “ I’d split you wide open with my cock until I got my knot inside you.”

“You...your...” Corinne didn’t know what to say.

“My knot.” His big metal hand stroked the swollen mass of flesh at the base of his massive shaft.

“ Once I get my knot in you, you’re not going anywhere, Mistress .

Nothing you can do but spread your soft little pussy for me and let me breed you.

Let me pump your hot little cunt full of my cum and plant my baby inside you. ”

His words were so beyond the pale...so completely different from anything any other Cyborg—or any other man for that matter—had ever said to her that Corinne found herself speechless.

“You...how dare you say these things to me?” she got out at last.

“Because it’s how I feel—and how you feel too, if you’d fucking admit it!

” he growled. “ How long has it been since you’ve been fucked, Mistress ?

How long since you had your pussy plowed good and hard?

So hard you were walking funny the next day and maybe it hurt to sit down?

When's the last time a male put you on your knees, spread your legs, and fucked you until you moaned for him? ”

“That's enough!” Corinne exclaimed. But since she didn't phrase her words in the form of a direct order, he kept on talking.

“That's what you need,” he told her, his eyes blazing. “ You need to get bred—hard and often. Your curvy little body is begging for it. But first you need your pussy licked.”

“I do not!” Corinne denied weakly, but her head was suddenly filled with a mental image—the huge Cyborg on his knees before her with one of her legs over his broad shoulder while he pressed her back against the shower tiles and tongued her pussy open eagerly.

Was he sending her this picture through their Link ?

“Yes you fucking do,” he growled. “ You'd better be careful, Mistress or I might give you exactly what you need.”

And then, with a low, animalistic roar, he started to come.

Corinne watched as jet after jet shot from his massive cock to paint the dark blue tiles of the shower.

She'd thought the night before that he only made a lot of seed because he'd been in Stasis for so long.

But the display he was putting on now proved her wrong.

Obviously it was a Kindred trait to make massive volumes of seed.

Or else, maybe it was just a K -lx trait.

Either way, he kept his eyes locked with hers as he shot his load and she could feel him wishing he was shooting inside her—filling her up with his cock and his cum...knotting her and breeding her, just as he had threatened to do.

It was shocking and frightening...but why did it also make her feel weak in the knees? Why was her pussy still so wet and swollen? And why did her breasts ache and her nipples feel so tender and sensitive?

Corinne didn't have the presence of mind to answer any of those questions. She only knew she had to get away. Turning , she stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel to wrap around herself. She wasn't going to be subjected to this one more minute, she told herself.

Without another word, she left him in the shower and went back to her room alone.

K-LX

Fuck! Now you did it—you really fucked up royally, K -lx!

He wanted to groan in frustration as he watched Corinne leave.

He'd offended her, he was sure of that—how could he not, talking about breeding her like he had?

But even worse, he had frightened her. He'd felt the surge of fear mixed with desire rushing through their Link when he talked about planting his baby inside her.

She was scared of him now—scared that she'd lost control of him and of the whole situation.

Now that his lust was spent, K -lx wanted to talk to her more calmly. He wanted to explain that despite his anger and frustration, he wasn't about to break the programming that mattered. He wasn't about to go Rogue .

But how could she believe him after the way he'd acted the night before? Hell , he'd killed two humans! Of course, he'd been out of his mind with Overload at the time, but still—he was a killer in her mind and there was no way to change that.

Sighing, he towed himself off and slipped back on the long sleep trousers she'd made for him. There was nothing to do but try to apologize, he supposed. He doubted she would listen to him after what he'd said, but he had to at least try.

But when he walked back into the bedroom, she was already curled up in the middle of the bed with her back to him. She wasn't asleep though—he could feel her apprehension mixed with fear and anger through their Link .

“Mistress,” he began. “ Corinne ...”

“You can sleep on the floor tonight,” she said. Her voice came out somewhat muffled by the blanket she had wrapped around her and she didn't turn to look at him as she spoke. “ There's a blanket and a pillow there for you already.”

K-lx looked and saw that—sure enough—there was a blanket and pillow on the floor at the foot of her bed. So she wasn't even going to let him sleep beside her. Fuck .

He felt a surge of anger but also of remorse. He had fucked this up himself—had gotten himself into this situation. And he couldn't blame her for not wanting to let him into her bed—not even to sleep—after the things he'd said.

“Can I at least move the blanket along side the bed instead of at the end of it?” he asked.

“No.” Her answer was clipped. “ I'd put you out in the hall if I didn't worry about the safety of the rest of the station. But like it or not, you're my responsibility so you're staying here in my room tonight. At least until I can find someplace else safe to put you.”

“Fuck,” he groaned in a low voice. “ I know what I said, Mistress , but I'm not going to hurt you! I'd rather fucking die than hurt you!”

“No, you just want to breed me.” She turned her head briefly to look at him and he could see how upset she was. “ I've never had a Cybernetic Unit threaten me like that before!”

“I didn’t mean to threaten you. My programming would never allow me to breed you unless you wanted me to!” he protested. “ You have to believe me.”

“I don’t have to do anything but try and get some sleep,” she snapped. “ You need rest too. Put yourself into sleep mode and don’t let me hear anything else out of you until morning.”

She was phrasing it as a direct order and while he knew he could fight against it, he doubted he would win. Going into sleep mode wasn’t going to hurt him or make him hate himself. Not anymore than he already hated himself for threatening her, that was.

With a sigh, K -lx lay down on the floor—which was fucking hard and cold.

He might have metal overlays on his arms and legs, but they had just as many nerve receptors as the flesh underneath them—more in some cases.

So lying on the floor wasn’t comfortable—especially when he compared it with the comfort of having his Mistress cuddle with him in bed the night before.

But there was nothing he could do about it.

He lay on his back on half the blanket and draped the other half over himself.

Predictably , it was too short and his feet and legs stuck out.

There was no way this was going to be comfortable in any way so K -lx did the only thing he could do—he activated his sleep mode, which he normally only used when he couldn’t get to sleep naturally—and allowed blackness to swallow the world.

### CORINNE

Corinne lay there, shivering and miserable, wondering how everything had gone so wrong. Her breasts, still filled with nectar, ached mercilessly and she was still hot and wet between her thighs but her mind was in an even bigger turmoil than her body.

What was she going to do with K -1x? She could no longer pretend to herself that she had complete control of him.

He'd admitted that his makers—the Tolleg surgeons—had allowed him some free will, which was unheard of in the Cybernetics world of today.

Either a Handler had complete control of a Cybernetic Unit ... or she had none.

Corinne knew where she fell in that equation.

The big K - Unit was dangerous—he'd proved that the night before. And he was able to disobey a direct order, which made him a menace to the whole station. By the ethical standards of Modern Cybernetics , she ought to have him decommissioned and scrapped.

But she didn't want to do that! Even though she'd known him such a short time, she was already disturbingly attached to the big Cyborg , she admitted to herself.

He woke things in her that no human man ever had.

The raw intensity of his emotions for her was frightening...

but also strangely intriguing. No man had ever felt so deeply for her.

And she'd never worked with a Cybernetic Unit that had so much passion and intention and personality.

K-lx was unique and the secrets of making a Cyborg like him had been lost to the sands of time. Destroying him would be like smashing a stained-glass window or slashing the canvas of a priceless painting. It would be wrong— Corinne felt it in every fiber of her being.

That's not the only reason you want to keep from junking him, whispered an accusing little voice in her head. You're catching feelings for him, Corinne . You like him—admit it!

She flipped over to her other side in bed, trying to deny the accusation. But she couldn't—it was true. How could she help liking someone who was so clearly enamored with her—who wanted to protect her so badly he would go against his own programming? Who? —

Her thoughts were interrupted by a low groan from the floor at the foot of her bed. Corinne froze. Was it happening? Was the big K - Unit going Rogue ?

But then she heard the groan again...and this time there were words.

“Cynthia? Why did you go?” K -lx's deep voice sounded anguished and it was clear he was talking in his sleep.

Quickly, Corinne scrambled down to the foot of the bed and looked over the edge. The big Cyborg was still laying there but his body was twitching and his face was contorted into a mask of grief.



“Why did you leave me? Why did you have to fucking die?” he moaned, thrashing in his sleep. “ I fucking loved you—you were my life! How could you leave me?”

Corinne’s anger and worry melted to be replaced by compassion. He sounded so heartbroken...so alone. Cynthia must have been a woman he loved hundreds of years ago, back before he’d been made into a Cyborg . Clearly his past was seeping into his sleep and memories that had been wiped were resurfacing.

Which was a bad thing—very bad. The professional part of her suddenly woke up and she knew she had to stop this. She had to wake him before the past trauma grew too great and tipped him over into going Rogue .

“K-lx, wake up!” she exclaimed. Leaping out of bed, she went to shake him by the shoulder. “ Wake up—you’re having a bad dream!”

His eyelids fluttered, revealing the pale blue of his eyes.

“Cynthia?” he asked groggily.

“No, it’s me—it’s Corinne .”

“Oh Gods ! I thought...” He put a hand to his face which was wet with tears. He shook his head. “ She’s gone. She left me.”

“I know she did. I’m so sorry, K -lx. Come on—why don’t you come into bed with me?” Corinne tugged at his arm, shivering. It was too damn cold in the station at night!

There was no way she could have dragged him to his feet if he didn’t want to come. But at last, with her urging, the big Cyborg got up and got into bed with her.

“Good, that’s good.” Corinne pressed down on his broad shoulders, urging him to surrender down to the mattress. “ I’m here now—you’re okay. Everything is going to be okay,” she soothed him.

“But she’s dead!” He half sat up again, his eyes filled with grief. “ She was my mate—my life!”

“I know... I know...” In desperation, she climbed on top of him, pressing him down with her whole body. But the press of her overfull breasts against his broad chest made her wince.

The sharp pain made her think.

The nectar— I was supposed to give it to him!

But she’d been so angry and upset she hadn’t thought about it earlier. Now she saw where letting her emotions get in the way of her scientific reasoning got her. She needed to give him what the manual had recommended.

“Here,” she murmured and untied the bow that held her little red nighty together to bare her breasts. “ Let me help you.”

At first the big Cyborg didn’t seem to understand her.

“What are you doing?” he asked hoarsely when she rubbed the sensitive tip of one nipple against his lips.

“Giving you what you need—what I need too,” Corinne admitted. “ God , my breasts are aching. Suck them for me, K -lx.” She stroked his hair. “ Suck them and make us both feel better.”

That seemed to be all he needed to hear. With a low groan, he sucked her nipple into his hot mouth. His eyes widened in surprise as the nectar began to flow...but then they went hooded with desire and he sucked even harder, drawing deep to pull the sticky liquid out of her breast.

Corinne couldn't help moaning as a rush of pleasure ran through her. Her pussy was instantly hot and wet with desire and her clit was throbbing with need.

Speaking of her clit, it seemed that the DEE compound had made both her nipples just as sensitive as her little pleasure button.

As K -lx sucked first one and then the other she felt sparks of sensation that seemed to run straight from her tender peaks down to her pussy and back again.

She could feel her orgasm building as he drank from her.

She was getting close...so close . She just needed a little more stimulation to get her there...

K-lx seemed to feel it too, because he pulled back from her, panting.

“Gods, Mistress —you’re getting so fucking close!” he growled, his eyes burning with lust. “ I can feel it—you’re going to come for me soon.”

“Then don’t stop!” Corinne begged raggedly. “ I’m almost there, K -lx! Please — I need to come.”

“Want to feel you coming against my cock,” he rumbled, and she felt the lust raging through him.

Corinne did her best to drag herself back from the edge of sexual oblivion.

“I’m not going to...to fuck you,” she said, her voice coming out breathless. “ I can’t—it would be a severe breach of ethics and protocol!”

“I don’t have to be inside you—my cock doesn’t have to be, anyway,” he growled.

Corinne frowned.

“Then what are you talking about?”

“This.” One big metal hand was suddenly cupping her bare pussy. It was surprisingly warm, she thought...and it felt surprisingly good when she rubbed against the broad palm. But should she be doing this?

“K-lx...” she began, but he cut her off.

“Just let me pleasure you, Mistress ,” he murmured as one long finger slid into her slippery folds and began circling her aching clit. “ Let me stroke your soft little pussy while I suck your sweet nipples.”

Corinne couldn’t help moaning. Oh God , it felt so good!

Her ex, Artie , hadn’t been able to find her clit with both hands and a map, but the big Cyborg seemed to know exactly how and where to touch her.

His fingertip was circling around and around her pleasure button, making her weak in the knees with the intense sensations.

And then it began to vibrate.

“See, Mistress ?” he growled softly. “ I have special features especially to make you feel good. Let me make you come. I want to feel you coming for me.”

Corinne couldn't hold out any longer. The vibrating fingertip was teasing her in just the right way and she could feel her orgasm overtaking her.

"All...all right!" she moaned as she moved her hips in time with his stroking. "Do it, K-lx—make me come!"

"Yes, Mistress !" he growled and then he started sucking her nipple again as his buzzing fingertip circled relentlessly, pushing her closer and closer to the edge.

When her orgasm hit, it was one of the most intense she'd ever felt. Corinne cried out and her back arched as she writhed against the big, warm body under hers.

"K-lx—my God !" she gasped. "Oh , don't stop! Right there—right there!"

To give the big Cyborg credit, he continued to stroke her, guiding her through her orgasm as it wracked her body with pleasure. Corinne moaned helplessly and gripped his broad shoulders, trying to breathe as the intense sensations rushed through her.

Oh God , oh God , oh God it was too much— too much!

And then, just as she was beginning to shy away from the vibrations, he moved his hand lower and two long fingers slipped up into her pussy.

"Oh!" Corinne's eyes went wide as the metal fingers fucked deeply into her. "Oh , God — K-lx!" she cried as he began rubbing her G-spot with his vibrating fingertips. "You're going to make me come again!"

He let her nipple slip from his lips as he continued to finger her.

"That's what I want, Mistress ," he growled, looking into her eyes as he stroked inside her. "Want to feel you coming for me again—coming on my fingers, the way I

came on yours.”

Corinne couldn't protest or deny him—she was already more than halfway into her next orgasm...

which was even deeper than the first. The world spun around her and she felt her toes curling as flashes of light burst in front of her eyes.

Her heart was pounding as she gripped his shoulders and writhed against him.

This was going too far...too much...and yet she couldn't stop coming.

And then his other big hand pulled her down and he was kissing her—kissing her as though his life depended on it.

She could taste the sweetness of the nectar on his lips and still his fingers moved inside her.

Corinne could feel her inner walls trembling, gripping the metal digits as they massaged her.

And then the broad pad of his thumb slid over her clit and started vibrating too.

Yet another orgasm claimed her and she lost herself completely.

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

K-lx made her come over and over, using every technique he knew and a few he'd just invented.

He used the warmth and vibration settings on his Cybernetic hand to the best advantage, sliding his fingers deep in her tight, wet pussy to rub her G -spot while he caressed her little Goddess pearl with his thumb.

He loved watching her come—loved feeling her quiver with need and desperation and hearing her broken moans and cries, all the while knowing he was the one giving her pleasure—so much pleasure she could barely stand it!

After she finally finished coming and begged him to stop, he still wasn't done with her. He rolled them both over so that she was lying on her back and her head was pillowed on his left biceps, but he kept his fingers firmly inside her.

“K-lx, please!” she moaned breathlessly as he slowly stroked inside her. “ Please ...can't take much more!”

“Shhh, all right baby. I'll take it easy on you.” He turned off the vibration function but kept the warming on and he kept his fingers deep in her pussy. “ Is that better?” he asked.

“Ohhh...” She half sighed/half moaned. “ Oh God , I don't think I've ever come that hard in my life!”

“Did your last man not know how to take care of you?” K -lx asked. He could believe that was true. She didn’t seem used to being taken care of sexually.

Corinne’s cheeks went pink.

“That...that’s none of your business,” she protested weakly.

“Well, I’m making it my business, baby.” He stroked gently inside her. “ I can feel how tight you are. How long has it been since you’ve been with anyone?”

Her cheeks went even pinker and he could feel embarrassment through their Link .

“You don’t need to know that!”

“I just want to know how to make you happy,” K -lx growled softly.

“ You’re so tight . From what I’m feeling, I’d have to go down on you a nice long time before this soft little pussy could take my cock.

” Being a Beast Kindred , he had compounds in his saliva that would help her to open for him, but they needed to be applied liberally.

Her eyes widened.

“I told you— I’m not fucking you! I can’t even believe we’re having this conversation— I’ve never had a Cybernetic Unit speak to me this way before!”

“Bet you’ve never had one make you come, either have you?” He raised an eyebrow.

“ Or any other male, I’m guessing. Was your last lover not any good in bed?”

“Artie was fine,” she said defensively. “ At least...he tried his best.”



“That’s not good enough for a woman like you,” K -lx told her. “ You’re a goddess, baby—he should have been on his knees worshiping you with his tongue and then filling you with his cock every night. Anything less is sacrilege.”

Her eyes went wide again.

“K-lx—you really can’t talk to me like that! It’s completely inappropriate.”

“So is fingerfucking your little pussy, baby,” he growled.

Sliding his fingers out of her, he brought them to his mouth.

They were shiny with her juices and he sucked them, savoring her sweet and salty flavor as he held her eyes with his own.

“ But that isn’t stopping me,” he added, when he finished cleaning away her honey.

“K-lx!” she began...but then she didn’t seem to know what else to say.

“I’m sorry about earlier, in the shower,” he said, switching topics. It was better to talk about this now, when she was still open and soft from coming, he thought.

He felt her struggle internally through their Link .

“It’s just...you have to obey orders or you’re a danger to the whole station,” she said at last.

“I know that, Mistress . I fucking know it.” He sighed and looked earnestly down into her eyes. “ But listen, I can’t say I won’t defend you if someone tries to hurt you or disrespects you. My instinct to keep you safe goes deeper than my programming—it’s part of my fucking DNA !”

“Your DNA ?” She frowned.

K-lx ran a hand through his hair.

“How much do you know about my people? About the Kindred ?”

“Not much,” she admitted. “ I know they protected the Earth for a time—hundreds of years ago. But then a world war started and the leaders of the different countries refused to let them mediate it. Much of the Earth’s surface was getting bombed and ruined by contamination so they decided to leave.”

“They did?” K -lx felt a surge of surprise. “ Back in my day, we were completely committed to staying. The Earth was the best place to call brides we’d found in centuries.”

“Well, I guess the Kindred couldn’t take the endless war.” She shrugged. “ From what the history vids say, they took as many willing Earth women as they could with them and went looking for a new planet to protect.”

“Fuck.” He shook his head. “ I wonder where they are now?”

Corinne shrugged.

“Somewhere in the Andromeda galaxy, maybe. That’s what the old vids say. But they didn’t leave us their Space Folding technology, so it’s too far away for anyone to check and be for sure.”

“You could use wormholes to get to them, though,” K -lx suggested. “ We could go find them.”

“No, we couldn’t,” she said firmly. “ I still have a year left on my contract to the

Company . I'm staying right here on the station and you're staying with me."

"Are you still going to kick me out of your room?" K -lx asked her. " I can't help how I feel about you, baby. It's my Kindred DNA —you're my woman now. I'll protect you with my life if I have to. Even if it breaks the rules," he added.

"Oh, K -lx..." Her eyes softened and she reached up to stroke his cheek. K -lx nuzzled against her soft little hand and pressed a kiss to her palm.

"You're mine now," he murmured and kissed her palm again. " Mine to protect...mine to pleasure. You own me completely."

Corinne looked troubled.

"This isn't the way it's supposed to go," she pointed out. " This ...intense emotion between a Handler and Cyborg isn't right."

"Don't care." K -lx looked into her eyes. " I can't help how I feel and you can't either. I can feel it through our Link —you're having emotions for me, the same way I am for you."

She reached to the Linking star at her temple which glimmered faintly in the darkness.

"We have to find a way to bring this relationship down some," she murmured. " If anyone found out I'd be brought up on charges and you'd be decommissioned and junked!"

"No one's going to find out," K -lx promised. " I can behave in public, I promise. Just let me love you here, in private."

Leaning down, he kissed her again. She felt so fragile in his metal arms—so tiny and delicate. A wave of protective possessiveness surged through him. Gods , he wanted so badly to protect her and keep her safe...keep her all for himself!

Corinne kissed him back for a long time...but finally drew away.

“We have to get to the bottom of these deep emotions,” she murmured. “ It’s not natural for you to feel so intensely for me, K -lx.”

“It’s the Kindred way.” He shrugged. “ We get fucking obsessed with our mates. And yes, I know—you’re my Mistress , not my mate,” he added quickly.

“ But the Link we share—it’s almost like a Soul Bond .

Like what I had with... with...” He frowned.

There was a name on the tip of his tongue—who was he thinking of?

“Like Cynthia ?” she asked softly.

“Yes!” A fragment of memory rose in his mind—a human woman with long, black hair smiling at him...and then it was swallowed in the mists before he could grab it.

“Who was she?” Corinne asked.

“I think she was my mate.” He frowned down at her. “ How did you know about her?”

“You were calling out for her when I woke you. You were in a lot of distress.”

K-lx remembered a flash of his dream and shook his head.

“Goddess. All I remember is a deep feeling of loss.” He frowned. “ Is that why you gave me your nipples to suck?”

Her cheeks went pink again but she nodded.

“I found a manual online that tells how to deal with your kind of Cyborg —with K -units. It gives a formula for Dream Eradication Elixir which I’m supposed to drink daily so I can make the Dream Eradication Nectar for you to drink.

” She touched her breast. “ I should have given it to you earlier but I was so upset...”

“You had a right to be,” K -lx told her. “ I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that—shouldn’t have threatened to breed you without your consent.”

She shivered and he felt a rush of desire go through her but it was clear she was trying to stay in control.

“Cybernetic Units do not breed their Handlers ,” she said primly. “ You and I have already gone a lot further than we ought to. I think from now on we should keep things to a bare minimum.”

“Meaning what?”

K-lx frowned. He didn’t like losing ground. If she’d been absolutely opposed to any kind of romance between them, he would have backed off. The Kindred weren’t rapists and consent was sacred to them. But he could feel the need inside her—the aching loneliness he knew he could fill.

And he could feel her desire too. She wanted him as badly as he wanted her. It felt like the Goddess had brought them together for a reason.

But Corinne was shaking her head.

“You’ll keep sucking the nectar from my breasts, because otherwise your past trauma might make you go Rogue ,” she told him.

“ And you’ll keep jerking off nightly—you need a sexual release.

But we can’t do...this again.” She motioned with one hand, indicating the way they were entwined naked in bed.

“ It’s going too far. We have to be careful. ”

“Can I at least keep holding you?” K -lx pulled her closer to his chest. “ I think that helps keep the bad memories at bay too,” he told her.

Which was partially true, but mostly he couldn’t bear the thought of not being able to cuddle her soft, curvy body against his own at night while he heard her sweet, soft voice in his ear.

“Well...” Corinne sighed and he could feel her mentally giving in. Not just to keep him happy though—she was lonely too and she liked being held. He could feel that clearly through their Link .

“Come on, baby. Let’s get some sleep,” he suggested, settling down on his back and drawing her against his side.

“All right.” She sighed again and pillowed her head on his chest. “ We can sleep together tonight...but we might have to revisit this later. Especially if you can’t behave.”

“I’ll behave,” K -lx growled and dropped a kiss on her forehead. But inside he was

vowing to keep her safe, no matter what she said.

And if that fucking Silas threatened her...well, he was going to be fucking sorry.

### CORINNE

After that night, things fell into a kind of routine. Well , if anything could be considered routine with a huge, seven-foot-tall Cyborg trailing her everywhere like a menacing bodyguard, Corinne thought.

She still wasn't certain if she was doing the right thing, allowing K -lx to get so close to her.

But there were some things she couldn't avoid, if she wanted to take care of him properly.

She had to keep drinking the DEE compound to give him her nectar.

And she had to make sure he got off at least once a day or night, to keep his emotional and sexual needs met.

Corinne tried to keep things clinical—she felt guilty about letting herself catch feelings for her Cybernetic Unit .

It wasn't ethical or right and it certainly wasn't professional.

But somehow, at the end of every day when she straddled the big K - Unit and gave him her breasts to suck, she couldn't help feeling for him.

K-lx felt for her, too. She experienced waves of intense emotion from him...caring, longing, possessiveness, protectiveness, and the deep desire to pleasure her.



Corinne tried not to let herself be affected by this...but she couldn't help herself. She'd never been with a man who adored her before—who worshiped the ground she walked on and wanted to make her come like he wanted his next breath. It was a heady experience, feeling like his personal goddess.

She was determined not to go too far with K -lx, though.

She didn't let him touch her anymore...even though she secretly wished she could.

Instead , she stroked his thick cock while he sucked her breasts each night until he shot his hot cum all over both their bellies.

That took care of both his needs at once... though it didn't take care of hers.

Unfortunately, K -lx could feel through their Link that she wasn't coming when he did, and it made him extremely unhappy. Just getting pleasure himself wasn't enough for the big K - Unit . He loved sucking her breasts, but he wanted to make her come and he said so frequently.

“Mistress, I don't like this,” he complained one night after he'd finished showering and cleaning up following his nightly orgasm. He was wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his muscular waist and there were beads of water on his broad, bare shoulders.

“You don't like what?” Corinne asked guardedly. “ Our arrangement?”

“What kind of fucking ‘arrangement’ is it where you give me pleasure but I give you none?” he growled, frowning.

“You give me pleasure,” Corinne protested. “ When you suck my nipples?—”

“It’s not enough,” he cut her off. “ It’s not enough for me...and it’s sure as all the Seven Hells not enough for you.”

“What do you mean?” Corinne asked, frowning. “ Are you having bad dreams again?”

In fact, he had been rather restless during their last few nights together. He’d been thrashing in his sleep and she’d heard him calling for “ Cynthia ” more than once. It had her worried.

But he wasn’t talking about the dreams.

“I mean, you need to come,” he growled softly.

“ I can feel it through our Link . You get pleasure from me sucking your nipples, but it’s not enough to push you over the edge.

” He dropped to one knee suddenly before her.

“ Please , baby—let me make you come,” he pleaded softly.

“ Let me taste your sweet pussy or at least use my fingers on you. I don’t have to breed you— I just want to bring you pleasure. ”

Corinne bit her lip, feeling worried and turned on at the same time. Was he having bad dreams again because she wasn’t giving him enough pleasure? Or was it because he wasn’t allowed to give her pleasure?

“K-lx, I really don’t think it would be appropriate—” she began.

His eyes flashed.

“Fuck appropriate. I fucking need to taste you, baby. And I think you need to be tasted.”

His words made her think of a passage she’d glimpsed in his manual but hadn’t really read. She ought to go back and study it, she thought. For now, though, she had to remain firm.

“K-lx, we can’t do that,” she said, trying to sound stern. “ Now get into bed and I’ll be there in a minute.”

He rose smoothly, but his eyes were still smoldering.

“Yes, Mistress ,” he rumbled. “ But let me know if you change your mind.”

He climbed into bed and Corinne went to sit at her desk. She waved a hand over the interface and called up the manual.

Now where was that part? she thought to herself as she scrolled through the ancient document. Where could it be?

Then, at last she found it, under a section entitled,

K- Unit Cyborgs Special Needs and Considerations .

It is important to remember that all K - Unit Cyborgs are made using Kindred DNA , which means they have the same special needs that a regular Kindred warrior does, the section started out.

What all Handlers must be aware of is that Kindred males have a biological imperative to “taste” their females, as they put it.

In other words, they cannot thrive if they are not allowed to give their chosen mates oral pleasure.

In the case of a K - Unit and his Handler , this may also become the case.

If the K - Unit becomes fixated on his Handler and sees her as his mate, she may need to allow him to “taste” her.

The “honey” she produces—especially if she is drinking the DEE solution we recommend to help produce nectar—should be sufficient to quiet any recurring memories or bad dreams that are leaking through his mental shields.

We realize this may feel invasive without the necessary emotional attachment many human women need to feel before making themselves vulnerable to a male in this way.

This is why all Handlers are carefully matched with their particular K - Unit during training at our facility located under the HKR building in Boston , Massachusetts . In fact ? —

It went on about the lab where the Cybernetics division of the Kindred had apparently been located, but Corinne couldn't pay any more attention. Her head was filled mental images—images of K -lx on his knees before her, tasting her pussy.

The desire that flowed through her was tangled up in guilt and uncertainty. Now at least she understood why K -lx wanted to taste her so badly but she still felt wrong for wanting him to do it.

To be completely honest, having a guy “go down” on her had always been a disappointing experience.

Artie hadn't liked it and the few other guys she'd been with who had been willing to try hadn't been any good.

One that she remembered from her younger days had spent thirty minutes licking her left outer lip.

When she'd tried to redirect him, he'd refused to listen to her and even said,

"I know what I'm doing. Just let me do it."

Corinne had eventually had to fake an orgasm just to get him to stop—she was getting really raw from all that licking in the wrong place!

Afterwards, he had been extremely proud of himself and kept asking her if he was the best she'd ever had.

She'd nearly pulled a muscle keeping her eyes from rolling.

So she hadn't had very good experiences with being "tasted" as the manual called it, in the past. The idea of it was hot—the mental image she had of K -lx between her legs was too. But the reality was almost always disappointing.

Still, I wouldn't be doing it for pleasure so it wouldn't matter if it was disappointing or not, she told herself. She would only allow the big Cyborg between her thighs to prevent his intrusive and traumatic memories from coming back.

Thinking that made her feel a little better...a little less guilty. She wouldn't be letting him lick her to make her come—she would just be letting him taste her "honey"—which presumably carried an even stronger dose of the Dream Eradication compounds than the nectar her breasts were producing.

The problem was, the DEE acted on her almost like an aphrodisiac.

Ever since she'd started drinking it and making nectar, it had been much, much harder to keep her hands off the big K - Unit .

He just smelled so good all the time! And it felt like her body was hungry for his.

Keeping their sexual interactions to the bare minimum of letting him suck her nipples while she jerked him off had become increasingly difficult.

What if I let him lick me and for the first time ever it's really good and I lose control? she asked herself nervously. What if I start begging him to breed me?

There were no answers to those questions...and no way she was trying this tonight, Corinne told herself. She waved at her interface to turn off the monitor and went to bed. She would sleep on the problem and see how she felt in the morning.

CORINNE

Only she didn't get much sleep.

Corinne was woken a few hours later by K -lx thrashing beside her and moaning his mate's name again.

"K-lx? Come on—wake up!" She shook him awake and was distressed to see the pure agony in his eyes when he opened them.

"Gods!" He put a hand to his face and shook his head. "I was dreaming of her again. I don't know how she died, but I can still feel the pain of her loss."

"I'm so sorry." Corinne felt guilty. She hadn't been doing enough to help him keep the trauma at bay. It was heartbreaking to see how these dreams affected him...but also dangerous. The more his past trauma seeped into his conscious mind, the greater the chances of him going Rogue .

"It's not your fault." K -lx shook his head stoically. "We must have been Bonded very closely. I'm surprised I lived when she died. A lot of Kindred warriors follow their mates into the afterlife when they lose them."

"Maybe that's why you became a Cyborg in the first place?" Corinne suggested. "To erase the pain of losing her when the Tolleg surgeons wiped your mind."

"Maybe." He sighed deeply. "Sorry I woke you up again. These damn dreams just won't leave me alone."

“It’s all right.” Corinne untied the front of her nightgown and pulled it open, baring her breasts for him. “Do you want some more nectar?”

His eyes were suddenly half-lidded as he looked at her naked breasts and nipples, tight from the cold and tipped with beads of nectar.

Corinne didn’t usually have a problem with it leaking out since it was much thicker than milk would be so that it had to be sucked out.

But it seemed her body knew when the big Cyborg needed her.

“Gods, you’re so fucking beautiful, baby,” K’lix murmured, cupping one breast and thumbing the nipple lightly, which caused her to swallow a moan. “You know I’ll never turn down sucking your sweet nipples.”

He ducked his head and took one tight point in his mouth, drawing long and hard in a way that sent sparks of pleasure straight from her nipple to her clit.

Corinne stifled a moan and pressed her thighs together. She had been trying so hard not to come during these sessions—it felt so wrong to let herself get pleasure from doing something so unprofessional. But sometimes it felt so good she was right on the edge...

But it doesn’t matter how professional you try to be—the nectar isn’t enough anymore, whispered a little voice in her head. He needs more to keep the dreams at bay—to keep the bad memories from creeping back into his conscious mind. You know what he needs...

Corinne felt a shiver go through her. Yes, she knew what the big Cyborg needed. And she knew she couldn’t put off giving it to him any longer.



“K-lx...” she murmured, stroking her fingers through his hair as he sucked her other nipple.

“Mmm?” He let her tight point slip from his lips and looked up. “ Yes , baby?”

Corinne had tried to get him to stop calling her that, but she couldn’t seem to break the big Cyborg of it. And to be honest, she rather liked the sweet nickname.

“Do you...remember what you were talking about before we went to bed?” she asked. Her heart was starting to pound but she did her best to keep her voice calm.

“You mean when I was asking to taste your sweet little pussy?” His eyes were suddenly dark with desire. “ Hell yes, baby— I remember that.”

“Well... I’m going to let you do it,” Corinne said. “ But , not to give me pleasure or to make me come,” she added quickly.

“What?” His brow furrowed. “ Why else would I want to do it?”

“Because Kindred have a biological imperative to taste their females,” Corinne said.

“Yes, I know— I am Kindred ,” he said patiently. “ We fucking love to eat pussy. But a big part of that is making our mate come.”

“Yes, but I don’t want you to make me come—that would make this whole thing...unprofessional,” Corinne argued. “ This is just so you can have some of my, er, ‘honey.’ Because according to the manual, the Dream Elimination compounds are even stronger there than they are in the nectar my breasts make.”

He frowned and nodded.

“Oh, I see. So you only want me to taste you for my benefit—not yours.”

“Well, yes...” Corinne stroked his cheek. “ I see how upset these dreams make you, K-lx. And the more you have them, the greater the chance you might go Rogue .”

“So really, it’s a safety issue,” he concluded. “ I mean, I could be a danger to you and everyone on the station if I don’t lick your sweet little pussy.”

Corinne shifted, pressing her thighs together as she had another vivid mental image of the big Cyborg between her thighs.

“Well, yes—if you put it that way,” she said, nodding.

“But you don’t want me to make you come, because that would make it unprofessional. We’ll only be doing this to keep me from getting out of control,” he rumbled.

“Yes—that’s it.” She nodded again. “ Exactly .”

K-lx sighed.

“All right, Mistress . If that’s really what you want, we can try it.”

“Only if you want to,” Corinne said quickly. “ If you think it would help you...”

“Oh, I know it’s going to help me to finally taste your sweet pussy.” His deep voice had dropped to a growl and his pale blue eyes were burning. “ Been wanting to do that from the moment we first Linked , baby.”

Corinne could feel the desire flowing through their Link but tried to ignore it.

“Good then. Do ...do you want to do it now?” she offered. “ And then maybe we can get back to sleep.”

“Now is good,” he rumbled, cupping her breast and thumbing one tight peak lightly. “ You’re already warmed up from letting me suck your nipples so your pussy ought to be nice and wet for me.”

Corinne felt another surge of sexual need...though she wasn’t quite sure which of them it came from this time.

“Well...good,” she said, striving to keep her voice level and professional. “ Then if you feel ready to do this, maybe we should go ahead and...and just do it.”

“My pleasure, Mistress ,” he growled. And then he got out of bed and knelt on the floor beside it. He made a motion with one big metal hand. “ Come down here and open yourself for me,” he growled softly. “ Spread that soft little pussy and let me taste you.”

Corinne felt a flush of embarrassed desire rush from her breasts all the way up to her face but she tried not to show it. This was only about giving K -lx what he needed—nothing else, she told herself firmly.

She scooted to the edge of the bed and gasped when the big Cyborg put his hands on her knees and spread her legs— wide .

“Oh! But I still...still have my, er, panties on,” she protested.

“That’s all right. Going to kiss you with them on first,” he told her. “ Lean back and relax, baby.”

“But...why?” She shook her head even as she leaned back and propped herself up on

her elbows.

“Because you’re not used to this and you don’t think you like it,” K -lx said. He stroked her legs, running his big, warm hands up and down her thighs as he spoke.

Corinne felt a shiver go through her. God , if she hadn’t known that his hands were part metal, she never would have believed it. They felt so warm on her skin. So gentle and teasing.

“I... I don’t know what you mean,” she protested breathlessly.

“Yes, you do.” K -lx leaned down and pressed a hot, openmouthed kiss to the inside of one knee. Then he rubbed his scratchy cheek lightly against her inner thigh making Corinne gasp. “ You as much as admitted to me that you’ve never had a guy go down on you right before.”

“My ex, Artie —he tried,” she pointed out weakly.

“Yeah, ‘tried’ is just a nice way to say he sucked at it,” K -lx growled.

“He...it just wasn’t his thing. He didn’t like it very much.”

Corinne didn’t know why she felt the need to defend her ex.

Artie hadn’t been a very exciting lover, but he hadn’t been mean to her either.

He was just kind of there ...until he left and he wasn’t anymore.

And to be honest, other than missing his body heat in bed at night, she really hadn’t minded him leaving.

“A male who doesn’t like eating pussy doesn’t deserve to fuck one either,” K -lx said dismissively. “ You have to enjoy it with your mouth before you get anywhere near it with your cock.”

As he spoke, he leaned down and kissed her again—this time placing a gentle, lingering kiss to the top of her mound.

Corrine could feel his hot breath through the thin fabric of her panties and she did her best to bite back a moan.

This isn’t for me—it’s for him! I’m not supposed to be getting pleasure from this, she reminded herself. It would be wrong as a Handler to get off on letting her Cyborg taste her.

“K-lx, please...” she said weakly, as he continued to place soft, hot kisses all over her pussy.

She could feel herself getting warm and wet between her thighs and he had her all spread open, so that her outer pussy lips were parting under the thin fabric of her panties.

She was afraid that a wet spot was going to form from her juices leaking out.

In fact, she thought she could see it happening now!

God, this was so embarrassing. Reflexively , she started to close her legs, but K -lx stopped her, his hands on her knees.

“Problems, baby?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

“No, I just... I think you should get on with it.” Corinne’s words came out in a rush. “

I mean, I ... I'm getting really wet down there, you know?" she added, feeling her face getting hot with another blush.

"I know you are, baby. But I've waited a long time for this and I want to take my time with you."

Slowly, he let one fingertip slide up and down the little vertical furrow in her panties that showed where her pussy lips were spread. He was using his vibration function and she moaned and bucked her hips when she felt the buzzing fingertip pass over the sensitive bud of her clit.

"K-lx!" she moaned in protest, which only prompted him to do it again.

"Mmm—there we go." He gave her a lazy smile of pure lust as the wet spot spread. "Just want to be sure you're all warmed up for me, baby."

"I... I don't have to be warmed up for you to taste me!" she protested breathlessly.

"Oh, yes you do." He frowned. "The more turned on you are, the more honey you'll make for me. And isn't that the point of this whole thing—for me to taste your honey?"

"Well... yes," she admitted reluctantly.

"Good, then let me do this my way. You just spread your legs like a good girl and let me lick this sweet little pussy."

Corinne wanted to protest that he couldn't talk to her like that—"good girl" indeed!

But her train of thought was cut off by the way he slid his vibrating finger over her clit again—which was now clearly visible because of the wet spot spreading on the

front of her white panties, rendering them nearly invisible.

Oh God , I shouldn't have said I'd let him do this. What was I thinking?

But then K -lx leaned down and pressed another hot, open mouthed kiss to the slit of her pussy and she felt his tongue pressing inward, teasing her clit through the thin fabric.

A bolt of pleasure rushed through her and everything else flew out of her mind.

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

K-lx might have forgotten a lot—his memoirs had been wiped, after all—but he hadn't forgotten how to please a woman with his mouth.

That instinct was hardwired into every Kindred warrior and he was no exception.

And as far as he was concerned, the number one rule of going down was to take it slow.

Unless the woman in question was already so hot and sexually needy she grabbed you by the ears and dragged you in, you had to do things gradually .

That went double for a woman who was uncertain about being tasted, either because she'd had a bad experience in the past or—like Corinne —was carrying some guilt about allowing you to taste her in the first place.

So K -lx took his time, savoring the experience.

He loved the feel of her silky skin against his cheeks, the soft hitch of her breath when he pressed a kiss to her panties, right over her clit.

The warmth of her soft little pussy and the scent of her feminine desire drew him in like a magnet and he let her know it.

“Gods, baby, your pussy smells so good ,” he groaned softly, kissing her clit again through her panties.



Corinne shifted and moaned softly.

“You...you really think that?” she asked and when he glanced up at her, her lovely eyes were wide with uncertainty.

“Fuck yes, baby,” K-lx growled. Pressing his face on her panties, he inhaled deeply.

He remembered vaguely from his past life that human women were self-conscious about their scent for some reason. But he knew that reassuring his partner that he loved the way she looked, smelled, and tasted was one of the quickest ways to get her to relax and enjoy this.

Of course, the problem was Corinne didn't think she ought to enjoy this. She thought it was unprofessional for them to have a relationship because she was his Handler—which seemed to mean something completely different now than it had back in his day.

K-lx intended to teach her a little lesson—he was going to lick her as long as he could before making her come. He was going to edge her until she went out of her mind.

And he was going to enjoy every fucking minute of it.

He went on rubbing his cheeks against her inner thighs and kissing her pussy through her panties until the thin white fabric was practically see-through and clinging to her swollen pussy lips.

He used his vibrating fingertip lightly, never quite lingering long enough to give her any satisfaction, until Corinne was panting and moaning and shifting around on the bed restlessly.

At last it seemed she couldn't take any more.

“K-lx, please!” she moaned. “ I ... I’m sure I’m wet enough for you now.”

“Hmm, do you think so, baby?” He looked up and gave her a lazy grin. Gods , his cock was rock hard in his sleep trousers and he was leaking precum like crazy but it was worth it— completely worth it to see her in such a state.

“ Yes , I think so!” she exclaimed. “ Please , if you’re going to lick me just...just lick me!”

“All right. Can’t wait any longer to taste your honey, baby,” he told her.

Reaching up, he hooked his fingers in the sides of her panties and drew them down her legs. He pressed them briefly to his nose— Gods , he fucking loved her scent—and then turned to examine his prize.

What he saw made his cock surge. Her soft little pussy was swollen with need and shiny with her juices.

The outer lips were parting, revealing the little pearl of her clit which looked like it was aching for attention.

K -lx estimated that he could probably make her come in a bare minute or two if he used his vibrating fingertip just right.

But he wasn’t ready for that yet.

“Gods, baby,” he rumbled, placing his hands on her inner thighs to keep her spread. “ Look at how wet and open you are for me! Look at how your soft little pussy is so hot and ready. She needs to be licked.”

“I... I don’t know what she needs!” Corinne panted. “ But please, K -lx... don’t stop

.”

Hmm, so she was getting needy enough to admit she wanted him to lick her—that was a very good sign, he thought. But he still intended to take things slowly.

Leaning forward, he dragged his tongue over the crease of her thigh, right where her leg met her body.

Her juices were all over the place and her flavor exploded in his mouth, salty and sweet and delicious.

He groaned and licked her again, this time bathing one of her outer pussy lips while being careful to avoid the aching button of her clit.

Corinne shifted on the bed and a noise of pure frustration broke from her mouth.

“No, not there!” she exclaimed. “ That’s not the right spot at all!”

K-lx looked up at her innocently.

“But Mistress , I’m just cleaning away your pussy honey right now. I thought that was the point of this? For me to taste your honey.”

Corinne’s cheeks went pink and he felt a rush of embarrassment from her through their Link .

“Yes, you’re right.” She nodded. “ I’m sorry, I was just... I don’t know what I was thinking. Go on.”

“Yes, Mistress .” Deliberately , he licked the other side, giving her inner thigh and the other outer lip a thorough tongue bath while still avoiding her clit. He wanted to tease

her—to make her crazy. And one look at her told him he was succeeding.

Corinne was biting her lush bottom lip and wiggling all over the bed. K -lx could tell how badly she needed his tongue on her clit...but he still wasn't ready to give it to her yet.

“Mistress,” he said gravely, looking up at her. “ I need to taste your honey right from the source. Can I put my tongue inside you?”

Corinne moaned and shifted her hips restlessly.

“Yes, you...you can do that.” She nodded. “ If ...if that's what you need.”

“It is,” K -lx growled, holding her eyes with his own. “ It's exactly what I need.” Then he bent to his task again—which he was fucking loving.

Pressing his lips to the mouth of her pussy, he slipped his tongue deep inside her.

He was mostly Beast Kindred , but way back in his ancestry, he also had DNA from another branch of the Kindred family tree.

This enabled him to what he did next...which was to cause his tongue to lengthen and swell until it was filling her soft little pussy almost like a cock would.

Corinne let out a surprised moan and her hips rolled.

“Oh! Oh , what are you doing?” she gasped. “ Oh my God , your tongue is so...so big.”

Of course, this was nothing compared to the size of his cock, but K -lx took it as a compliment.

He couldn't answer with words, but he moved slowly, rocking his head back and forth to fuck her gently with his tongue.

He could feel her inner walls opening for him and taste her honey flowing freely as she moaned and moved her luscious, thick bottom all over the bed.

At this point he knew if he just rubbed her little clit the right way with a single fingertip, she would come for him—come hard . But no—he still wasn't done.

He tongue fucked her a while longer, making sure to tease her clit occasionally with the tip of his nose as he did so, and then finally withdrew.

Corinne was a quivering, moaning mess by this time. Her whole curvy body was tight as a wire. K-lx wondered if she was ready to admit she needed to come yet.

“ Mmm , Mistress —you taste so good,” he growled softly, licking his lips. “ Your soft little pussy makes so much honey.”

“Are...are you finished, then?” she asked faintly and he could feel her disappointment through their Link .

K-lx raised his eyebrows at her.

“Do you want me to be finished?” he asked.

Corinne got a stubborn look on her face.

“It...it doesn't matter to me,” she said defiantly. “ You can stop now if...if you've had enough.”

K-lx frowned. His Mistress was tough—clearly she didn't like admitting she needed

anyone or anything. But he was determined to make her beg before he ended this.

“Well, I haven’t fucking had enough,” he growled. “ I need more, Mistress . But since I’ve licked up all your honey, I need to stimulate you to make some more for me.”

“How are you going to— ohhhh ,” she moaned because K -lx had leaned forward again and was dragging his flattened tongue from the bottom of her pussy all the way up her slit.

He didn’t pay special attention to her clit, but he didn’t avoid it either this time. He just let his tongue glide lightly over the little bump, well aware of how much pleasure he was causing with the gentle pressure.

Then he did it again...and again and again and again .

“Oh... oh!” Corinne was moaning steadily now and every time his tongue slid over her Goddess pearl she was arching her back and tilting her hips to give him more access. Her mute plea for more was making K -lx so hard he was afraid he might come in his fucking trousers!

He took a break to slide his tongue inside her again and then looked up to see her panting and nearly wild with need.

“ Mmm , Mistress —your honey is so sweet,” he growled hoarsely when he finished tongue-fucking her for the second time. “ But are you getting over stimulated? Do you want me to stop now?”

“Stop? You want to stop? ” She looked like she wanted to moan with frustration and he felt a surge of sexual need come through their Link .

“Or should I maybe keep stimulating you...keep your honey flowing a little longer?”

he asked, raising his eyebrows.

“Yes!” Corinne nodded desperately. “ Yes , I think you should...should keep going. We want to be sure you get enough, after all.”

“Of course.” K -lx nodded thoughtfully and leaned down to lick her again, in a leisurely way.

He knew by now that she needed firm pressure or vibration to come, so his gentle licks—while they were driving her wild—weren’t going to push her over the edge.

Then he looked up at her again to gauge her reaction.

Corinne was really looking desperate now and he could feel her deep need through their Link .

“Well?” she demanded. “ Are ...are you going to...to lick me some more?”

“I could but I wonder if maybe you need different stimulation to make more honey?” he remarked. “ I mean, maybe you could guide me to the right spot—the place that feels the best—so I can really help you make a lot.”

Her eyes widened and she nodded.

“God, yes— I can show you.”

“ Guide me.” K -lx leaned forward and reached for her hands. He placed them firmly on his head and looked up at her. “ Now , Mistress ,” he growled softly. “ Show me where you need me. Guide me to the right spot.”

With a moan of pure need, Corinne gripped his hair and tugged him down again. Her

little fingers were strong and her grip was so tight it hurt, but K -lx didn't fucking care.

He just wanted to make her come...in due time.



### CORINNE

Corinne felt like she was going crazy. The big Cyborg had brought her to the edge of desire and held her there for so long she felt like she was losing her mind.

Need to come! So close...so close! whispered a needy little voice in her head.

Part of her was still insisting that she shouldn't come—that it was unprofessional.

But she couldn't stand it anymore! It felt like K -1x had been teasing her for hours and she was so on edge she was afraid she might scream and wake up the whole station!

“There!” she heard herself saying as she gripped his hair and pulled him so his mouth was centered over her clit. “ There —right there, K -1x!”

He looked up briefly, his eyes lazy with lust, and then he sucked her aching clit into his mouth and began bathing it firmly with his tongue.

Corinne cried out and rolled her hips involuntarily.

Oh God , he was finally giving her some direct attention to the place she needed him the most!

As her pleasure rose and rose, she gripped the big Cyborg's hair even tighter and ground her pussy against his mouth shamelessly.

God , she was getting so close...so close...

Then he pulled away.

Corinne wanted to cry with frustration.

“Wha...what are you doing?” She exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, baby— I’ll get back where you need me,” he growled. “ But first I want to hear you say it.”

“Say what?” Corinne demanded. She was throbbing with need and so frustrated she felt like she was coming out of her skin!

“Say you need to come,” he growled softly. “ Admit it—let me know this isn’t just for me—it’s for both of us.”

For a moment, Corinne couldn’t do it. It was wrong—unprofessional.

If anyone else found out what she was doing with her Cyborg , she’d be stripped of all her credentials.

There were laws in place that mandated the humane treatment of all Cybernetic Units and she was pretty much breaking all of them.

But then K -lx pursed his lips and blew lightly on her aching clit. The teasing breath was too much.

“Yes!” she moaned. “ Yes , all right? I need to come— please make me come, K -lx!”

His eyes went half-lidded with lust and a low animalistic growl rose in his throat.

“It would be my pleasure, Mistress .”

Then he dipped his head to suck her clit into his mouth and slipped two long, vibrating fingers inside her at the same time...and Corinne completely lost it.

“There!” she cried as he rubbed and sucked and licked all at the same time. “ There , right there! Don’t stop! Don’t you dare stop!”

Her words seemed to penetrate because K -lx obeyed. If the way she was grinding against him and pulling his hair bothered him, he certainly didn’t show it. In fact, he growled with pure hunger and pressed forward, spreading her legs even wider as he tortured her sweetly with his tongue.

Corinne couldn’t hold back any longer—she didn’t want to hold back. At that moment, she didn’t care if it was unprofessional or a breach of ethics to allow her Cyborg to make her come. She just knew that she wanted him with a primal need she’d never felt with any other lover before.

With a moan of pure desire, she came to a back-arching, toe-curling orgasm unlike any she’d ever had. As the pleasure washed through her, she felt like she was flying.

K-LX

Goddess damn it—when she came, she really came. K -lx felt his cock throbbing angrily in his sleep trousers as he rode it out, keeping his mouth locked on her soft little pussy and aching clit despite her bucking hips.

Corinne’s moaning and crying was music to his ears.

He fucking loved making a woman lose control.

She was shaking and trembling and arching her back while every muscle in her body tensed up.

Her grip on his hair was so tight it was painful—and he reveled in the pain.

It let him know how intense her pleasure was—which he could also feel surging through their Link .

“K-lx!” she moaned, still riding his face. “ Oh God , K -lx, yes... yes!”

When she started chanting his name like a prayer, he couldn’t stand it anymore.

Reaching down with his free hand, he ripped down his trousers and wrapped his fingers around his cock.

He fisted himself once...twice...three times and then he was shooting—making a mess on the side of the bed as he came because her pleasure combined with his own

was too much to bear and he was fucking overflowing with it.

At last, Corinne's curvy body—which had been so tight and tense—sagged back against the mattress.

“ Ohhhh ...” she groaned and K -lx felt her go limp. “ Oh my God ...oh God ...”

And then she started to cry.

All right—that wasn't in the playbook.

K-lx got up hastily and leaned over the bed. She had curled on her side and was sobbing as though her heart was breaking.

Had he hurt her in some way?

Feeling through their Link , he didn't detect any physical pain. But he did feel emotional distress and guilt. A whole lot of guilt.

“Oh, baby...” He settled beside her on the bed and gently took her in his arms.

Corinne resisted at first but then she curled against his chest.

“Shouldn't...shouldn't have done that,” she choked out, between sobs. “ It was wrong .”

“It wasn't wrong, baby,” K -lx argued softly. “ How could it be wrong to let yourself take pleasure?”

“Because I'm breaking all the laws of Cybernetic ethics with you!

” She looked up at him with wet eyes—her long eyelashes spiky with tears.

“ Do you know what they would do to us if anyone found out? I’d lose my job and probably be put in prison for the sexual abuse of a Cybernetic Unit but it would be even worse for you—you’d be scrapped!

Or else mind-wiped so you couldn’t remember me or what I’d done to you. ”

K-lx felt a cold finger of fear run down his spine.

She’d said such things before, but he’d never really believed there could be such severe consequences just for the two of them doing what came naturally.

However , the pure distress he felt coming through their link and her sobs of remorse had him much more worried than he had been previously.

Somehow, he had to make her feel better about what they had done—but how?

“Hey, baby, it’s okay—it’s going to be okay,” he murmured, stroking her hair out of her eyes. Leaning down, he kissed her wet cheeks gently. “ Everything is going to be okay, Corinne —no one is going to find out,” he promised.

She shook her head.

“I just... I don’t know what to do. We can’t keep doing this. And it’s not that I don’t want to be close to you, K -lx,” she added, looking at him earnestly. “ I do want to be close— too close. That’s the problem.”

“Look, baby, when they made those laws about not ‘abusing’ Cybernetic organisms, they weren’t talking about me,” he argued softly.

“I’m different from the kind of Cyborgs you have now.

Those things barely even have brains. Of course they can’t think or defend themselves if someone was to try something with them.

You know if I didn’t want it, I’d let you know.”

“I know.” She sniffed and swiped at her eyes. “And the thing is you need it. You need all the, uh, contact we’ve been having.”

“Well, that’s what the manual says, but we don’t have to follow it,” K -lx pointed out. “If what we’re doing is making you feel this bad, then I don’t want to do it anymore.”

“But, K -lx... I don’t want to stop.” Her eyes went wide and he felt the conflicting emotions warring inside her. Guilt and remorse were fighting with desire and...could that be love? If not that, then at least affection. His heart swelled when he realized how much she cared for him.

“It’s okay, baby. I don’t want to stop either,” he murmured. “But we can’t go on like this—it’s tearing you up inside.”

She shook her head and swiped at her eyes again.

“There must be some other way to help you suppress your memories. But ... I don’t want to stop touching you.” She reached up and cupped his cheek and K -lx felt like his heart might melt. “I don’t want to stop sleeping with you or being close to you.”

“I don’t want that either, baby,” he said gently. He frowned, as a sudden thought hit him. “I wonder if there’s anything in the old lab that could help with this? With my old memories, I mean.”

“The old lab?” Corinne furrowed her brow. “ Actually , there was a mention of the lab in your manual. But wouldn’t it be gone by now? Bombed or looted or torn down?”

“I don’t think so.” He shook his head. “ The main part of it was located underground— deep underground. And we Kindred are second to none at building protected structures with plenty of power backups. I wouldn’t be surprised if it’s still intact.”

Corinne looked thoughtful.

“Maybe we could take a little trip to Old Earth . I’m sure Silas would be glad to get rid of us for a while.”

“You think he’d let you go?” K -lx raised his eyebrows skeptically.

“Probably.” She sighed. “ If that little snake hadn’t stolen my job, I wouldn’t have to ask him for permission— I’d just go.”

K-lx frowned.

“Wait—he stole your job? What do you mean?”

“Oh... I used to be the Director of the Cybernetics Division here on the station,” she explained.

“ But then my protégé—a good friend I loved very much named Isla —was killed when her Cyborg went Rogue . Silas used her death as leverage and claimed I was incompetent or I never would have allowed her to be matched with C -17 as his Handler in the first place.” She shook her head.



“ I was so upset about her death, I wasn’t paying attention to what was going on.

Before I knew it, Silas was the new Director and I was stuck in a Cleaning Detail .

That’s one reason he was so mad when I Linked with you—it gave me Handler status and got me back into the lab when he wants to keep me out. ”

“That fucker!” K -lx growled, feeling a surge of anger and fierce protectiveness. “ Stabbing you in the back while you were grieving—that’s fucking low!”

“That’s Silas ,” she said matter-of-factly. “ He hates women and thinks we all belong ‘in the kitchen or in the bed.’ Not that he can find a woman who’s willing to sleep with him,” she added dryly. “ He couldn’t stand that there was an ‘inferior female’ in a position of authority over him.”

K-lx shook his head.

“I’ve never understood the attitude that human men have towards human women. Always trying to put women down and make them feel weak and inferior. What the fuck is wrong with them? Males and females should be equals.”

She looked at him in surprise.

“Is that how the Kindred feel or is it just you?”

“That’s all of us, baby,” K -lx told her. “ I might have forgotten a lot, but that I remember. We Kindred believe that every woman has a little piece of the Goddess inside her—a little spark of divinity. And every woman is worthy of love and respect and equal treatment.”

“I like that.” She sighed and snuggled against him. “ I wish the Kindred hadn’t left

the Earth , though I can't say I blame them. We really fucked things up, I'm afraid."

"We could still go find them," K -lx remarked. " I bet if we found the old lab and got into their database we'd find some wormhole charts and star maps too. They might have even left some coordinates we could follow to get to them."

He felt a surge of interest from her...followed by guilt again.

"I really can't, K -lx! I've still got a year left on my contract. And if the Company caught us..."

"They wouldn't catch us if we went through a wormhole," he pointed out.

She shook her head, regretfully but firmly.

"No, we can't. It just wouldn't be right...and it wouldn't be safe. Let's just try to ride out the year and then maybe I can get us reassigned to a different post."

K-lx wanted to get off the station and away from the shadow of the all-powerful Company that owned it. But he wasn't going anywhere without his Mistress .

"Whatever makes you happy, baby," he murmured and leaned down to press a kiss to her forehead. " Go or stay, I don't care as long as we're together."

And he really meant it...but he had no idea what was about to happen.

CORINNE

“Sorry, Virelle , I can’t spare a long-distance hopper for a trip to Earth right now.”

“What?” Corinne frowned at him. Silas was sitting in his office—which used to be her office—with a self-satisfied smirk on his narrow face.

“ We don’t have any long-range missions going on right now,” she pointed out.

“ The next supply run isn’t scheduled for two months. The hoppers are just sitting there.”

“And that’s where they’ll stay. Because I said so.” He leaned forward, hands flat on the desk that used to be hers. “ I’m the head of the Division , not you and I do not give you permission to leave the station.”

“I need to get more information on K -lx,” she argued, trying to keep her temper. “ I need to visit the lab back on Earth where he was first assembled and activated to avoid future problems.”

“No you don’t, because none of us will be having any problems with your new Cyborg in the future.

” He leaned back and gave her an evil smirk.

“ Because , as Director of the Cybernetics Division , I have decided that it’s in the best interest of everyone aboard the station to decommission and dismantle K -lx, as

you call it, for research purposes. ”

“What?” Corinne felt as though she’d swallowed a fist-sized lump of ice. “ You can’t be serious! K -lix isn’t like an ordinary Modern Cybernetic Unit . He’s a person. He has a personality and cognitive functions just like any human member of the station.”

“It’s nice that you think that,” Silas said loftily. “ But I think that hunk of junk will be of more value to the Company if we take him apart and see how he works. We might gain some valuable scientific insights.”

“I’ll give you a ‘valuable insight’—taking K -lx apart would be murder!

” Corinne was so angry now she couldn’t keep her voice from rising.

“ You can’t order him disassembled anyway,” she added, trying to regain her calm.

“ You might be the Director of the Division but I’m his Handler .

I have the final say over him and you know it. ”

“Not if I get the Company to agree with me,” he snapped. “ Tell me, what kind of power source does it use? It spends every night in your room and seems to charge up there but we never found a Docking Station in its Stasis tube. How is it charging at night?”

Corinne felt herself go cold all over again.

If Silas could make the case to the Company that the big K - Unit was more valuable taken to pieces than kept alive, he really would be able to have K -lx killed—with or without her permission.

And if he had figured out that the Kindred Cyborg had an internal power source, which was something the Company had been trying to develop for years...

“I’m done talking about this,” she said, rising from her chair. “ You’re not dismantling my Cyborg and that’s the end of this discussion.”

Silas’s close-set eyes narrowed.

“We’ll see about that. I’m expecting a communication from the Chairman soon. I’m sure he’ll be interested in knowing what makes that big Cybernetic brute of yours tick, Virelle .”

“Fuck you,” Corinne snapped, but inside she was worried—really and truly worried. There was a good possibility that Silas would get his way—better than good, actually. Whenever the Company smelled profit, it was ruthless in pursuing it.

But she couldn’t let the big K -unit be killed. She cared about him too much.

You love him, whispered a little voice in her head...but Corinne pushed it aside. She couldn’t be in love with her Cyborg —that was completely wrong. But she cared for him and she wasn’t going to let him be hurt or disassembled.

She left Silas’s office without another word but a plan was already forming in her mind.

K-LX

“Keep it quiet—we need to be long-gone before they realize we left,” Corinne whispered. She didn’t have to tell K -lx twice. He had even removed his boots, to be sure they wouldn’t clank against the metal floor.

It was the middle of the night and hopefully no one was up. They were making the trip to the lab on Old Earth after all—only without that asshole, Silas’s permission.

Corinne hadn’t told him much about why she was choosing to break the rules in this way but K -lx could feel her desperation and fear through their Link .

Something must have happened during her meeting with Silas ...

but she refused to tell him what. She just said they had to get away and prove that he wasn’t a danger to anyone... which meant a trip to the lab.

K-lx wasn’t worried about finding it—he remembered the location. The Tollegs had wanted him to be able to find his way home in case of emergencies. He just hoped that the lab was still functional after all these years.

They got into the hopper with no problems and Corinne slid into the pilot’s chair and began examining the autopilot controls. After a moment, she let out a frustrated sigh.

“What is it?” K -lx bent over her shoulder to see what was wrong. There didn’t seem to be anything the matter with the ship’s navigational system so he wasn’t sure why she was upset.

“Oh, it’s just that the ship is physically connected to the station and it looks like the minute I fire the engines, an alert is going to go straight to Station Control .

It’s going to wake up the Chief Engineer and he’s going to want to know why one of the hoppers is being taken without permission.

” She ran a hand through her hair. “ So much for sneaking out of here—they’re going to come after us right away, I’m afraid. ”

“Why not just do a controlled drift?” K -lx asked reasonably.

“A controlled drift? What’s that?” She furrowed her brow in confusion.

“Just undock from the station and use some of the outside vents to release enough air to push us into space without starting the hopper,” K -lx explained. “ Once we get far enough from the station to not send a signal, you start the engines and we’re out of here, baby.”

“Oh, well...that sounds like a good idea, but I’m not sure exactly how to do it.” She looked up at him uncertainly. “ Are you?”

“Sure.” K -lx nodded. “ Can I take over? I’m a trained pilot,” he added.

“You are?” Her eyebrows shot up. “ But you’ve never flown a ship like the hopper, have you? I mean, you were in stasis for hundreds of years.”

“A hundred years or a thousand, doesn’t matter.” He shrugged. “ Kindred are good at three things—languages, machines, and women.”

“Yes, but you didn’t understand Standard until I Linked with you,” she pointed out.

“No, but I would have picked it up in a matter of hours,” K -lx assured her. “ We’re genetic traders—we go all over the universe.”

“Well...if you really think you can fly the hopper...”

“I can,” he assured her. “ The controls look extremely simple.”

“All right.” She slid out of the pilot’s chair and K -lix slid in—and then adjusted it for his much larger size and longer legs.

“There,” he grunted. “ We’re set to go. Strap in, Mistress and let’s get the fuck out of here.”

She strapped into the seat beside his and in no time K -lix had found the release lever which turned off the magnetic field holding the hopper to the station.

With a few jets of expelled air, he pushed the small ship away from the metal side of the main launch tower and they drifted silently into space.

Once they’d reached the minimum safe distance, he started the engines and input the coordinates for Earth .

They were on their way to the lab...but K -lx had no idea what they would find when they got there.



CORINNE

“Fuck—the Earth has changed!” K -lx looked around at the ruined buildings and rubble that littered the long-deserted streets. “ All this was green and growing the last time I was here.”

“It was the wars,” Corinne said sadly. “ Greedy , incompetent people who only cared about wealth seized power and started conflicts that couldn’t be de-escalated.” She shook her head. “ The whole world paid the price.”

K-lx slipped an arm around her shoulders.

“Fuck, baby— I’m sorry. It must hurt to see your home planet so broken.”

Corinne sighed.

“Not really. I’ve been here several times but I actually grew up on one of the Moon colonies. It’s sad though—especially when you see the pictures of how it looked before the wars.”

She looked up and down the deserted streets, saddened by the destruction but grateful that there didn’t seem to be any Cloners or Skin -thieves lurking in the shadows.

If anyone was watching them, seeing K -lx probably gave them second thoughts about attacking.

The Earth was a dangerous place now but having a seven-foot-tall Cyborg at her side

certainly made it a little safer.

K-lx was looking around alertly. He kept one arm protectively around her shoulders as they walked.

“Is the lab entrance around here?” she asked him. “ I don’t see anything that isn’t destroyed.”

“It should be right here.” They had come to a pile of rubble that clearly used to be a building. Huge chunks of concrete lay in a tumbled pile. “ The entrance to the lab was right inside this place,” K -lx said.

Corinne stared at the rubble in consternation. Had they come all this way for nothing?

“How in the world are we supposed to get in? There’s no way to get past this mess!” she exclaimed.

“Sure there is.” K -lx didn’t sound a bit upset. “ Stand back and let me get to work.”

Corinne stepped back, putting a healthy distance between them, and the big Cyborg got to work. She watched, astounded, as he lifted the huge chunks of concrete like they weighed no more than pebbles and moved them aside, clearing a path through the rubble.

“My God !” she whispered, as he moved a chunk the size of an elephant—which were all now extinct. She’d never seen a Cybernetic Unit with this kind of power. Truly K -lx was unique. How had the Kindred managed to make their Cyborgs so strong?

She hoped the lab was still functional so she could get some answers. Clearly a lot of the secrets of Cybernetics had been lost when the Kindred left the Earth hundreds of

years ago.

In no time, he had cleared a path through the rubble. It led into the depths of what once was a building.

“Come on—here we go.” K -lx came back out to take her hand and then led her through the path he had made. “ There it is.” He pointed and Corinne looked.

There, standing under a reinforced titanium cage, was the door to an elevator. Even when the building had collapsed around it, the metal cage had kept the elevator from being destroyed. And when she pushed the down button, a green light blinked on.

“Oh—it’s still working!” Corinne exclaimed when she heard a soft humming sound and the doors slid open smoothly.

“Kindred tech—you can’t beat it.” K -lx nodded in satisfaction. “ Come on, baby—let’s go see what we can find out.”

CORINNE

They stepped into the elevator which was in perfect order—it gave Corinne hope that the rest of the lab might still be functional too.

She had no idea what power source the Kindred had used to keep their tech working smoothly for so long but it was clearly superior to anything that humans had today.

The elevator seemed to go down a long, long way and she was beginning to get nervous when it finally came to a stop. They must be hundreds of feet below the surface of the Earth, she thought. Whatever was down here, the Kindred had felt the need to keep it extremely secret and secure.

There was a faint ding and the elevator door slid open, allowing them to step out. But Corinne hesitated at first—the forgotten Kindred lab was a pit of pitch blackness.

K-lx, however, had no problem at all.

“Come on, baby—it’s okay,” he urged her.

“But...it’s so dark. What if there’s something down here?” Corinne’s imagination conjured all kinds of horrors from the black pit before them.

But again, the big Cyborg wasn’t worried.

“Lights on!” he shouted.

Suddenly the whole place was flooded with golden radiance.

Corinne blinked and winced, trying to get her eyes used to the sudden brilliance. She took a step out of the elevator, tripped, and nearly fell.

K-lx caught her and put his arm around her again.

“Sorry, Mistress — I should have warned you. Are you all right? Do you want me to turn the lights down a little?”

“Maybe just a little.” She shaded her eyes with her hand and blinked.

“Lights low,” he growled and the brilliance dimmed to a much more manageable level.

“Thanks, K -lx.” She smiled up at him gratefully.

“Anything for you, baby.” He squeezed her gently and smiled. “ Come on— I remember this place. I know where we need to go.”

He led her through a maze of metal corridors until they came to a control room filled with computers—the old-fashioned kind with solid screens instead of air-interfaces.

It was surprisingly clean with just a thin layer of dust on the surfaces.

Clearly the air circulation and cleaning protocols were still working.

Corinne sat at one of the monitors and began typing...but she came up against a password screen almost at once.

“Can you get past this?” she asked, looking up at the big Cyborg . “ I have no idea

what they might have used as their password.”

“Sure. Here .” K -lx made a fist with his right hand and a metal spike extended from the middle knuckle. He plugged the spike into a spot on the keyboard and the password screen dissolved.

“Welcome, Dr . Jippy ,” a feminine voice purred. “ Your signature is recognized—how may I help you?”

“Oh—how did you do that?” Corinne exclaimed.

K-lx winked.

“I stored some of the head Tolleg’s information when he wasn’t looking. I figured it might come in handy someday.” He shrugged. “ Just didn’t expect that someday would be centuries in the future.”

“Well I’m glad you did it.” Corinne began to type. “ I’m going to look up your specs and see what I can find out.”

“While you do that, I’ll be looking for star charts and maps,” K -lx rumbled. He was already heading for a computer at the other end of the room. “ Just in case we’re leaving the station for good,” he added.

Corinne hadn’t really made up her mind about that.

There were heavy penalties for defaulting on a contract with the Company .

If they caught her defecting, she could be jailed indefinitely or even put on trial for treason to the Company and sentenced to death.

But she didn't like the idea of going back to a place where Silas Drex was in charge.

He already thought he had the right to decommission K -lx and cut him up for research.

What Corinne wanted to do was find evidence that the big Cyborg was worth more alive than dead.

She also needed to find more information about keeping him from going Rogue .

She had studied the manual she'd found online from front to back by now, but unfortunately, the end of it had turned out to be missing.

So there were definitely some gaps in her knowledge.

It didn't take her long to pull up the specs on K -lix's model—which was the first one they had ever created, apparently. He was, as she had suspected, unique. He apparently had some kind of tragedy in his past and had volunteered to be the first Kindred Cyborg .

There were no details, but Corinne could read between the lines.

He had lost his mate, Cynthia , and hadn't wanted to go on.

He had welcomed the memory wipe, at least according to his files, but the Tolleg surgeon who designed his Cybertronics had noted that such tragic memories could be difficult to permanently wipe forever.

It is recommended that K - L1X should be paired with a single, unattached female as his Handler , Dr . Jippy had written in his file. That way if traumatic memories come forward and pose the threat of going Rogue , she can—as a last resort— Bond with

him to stabilize his mental and emotional state.

Bond with him? Corinne frowned. What did that mean? She'd heard K -lx talking about a “ Soul - Bond ” that the Kindred shared with their chosen mates once or twice, but he had never really explained what it was, except to say it was a little like their Neural Link .

She read further into the file and found some other interesting information.

There had been some concern that traveling by Folding Space might damage a new Cyborg in some way.

That was why K -lx had been put into a Stasis tube for his journey to a distant planet.

He'd been on his way to the Handler who had been chosen for him when an asteroid hit his ship.

Since the rest of the crew were killed and the Stasis tube was never found, he had been presumed dead—a casualty of the crash.

So that's how he came to be drifting around not far from the station, she thought. It was amazing his tube hadn't collided with anything else. He had drifted from the site of the crash—which was on the outer orbit of Mars —all the way to the rings of Saturn . It really was remarkable.

She learned a few other things too, but she was still mystified about “ Bonding ” which appeared to be the best way to keep him from going Rogue . According to the Tolleg surgeon's notes, it was foolproof because—once tied to a female mate—a Kindred warrior was much more stable and secure.

But we're already Linked , she thought. How much closer can we be?



She would just have to figure it out, Corinne decided. And then she would need to Bond with the big Cyborg . Once she did that, she could prove that he was completely safe from ever going Rogue and Silas couldn't claim that leaving K -lx functional was a safety issue.

She also downloaded the specs for the internal power source onto a portable drive she'd brought. That was to appease the Company . They could make their own internal power sources now if they wanted to—they didn't need to cut K -lx open to find the secret of his limitless energy.

Finally, when she felt like she'd gotten enough to keep the big Cyborg safe, she closed down the computer she'd been working on and turned to him.

“All right— I think I have everything I need. What about you?”

K-lix had been busy scanning a rapidly flickering screen. Charts and maps and graphs and tables were passing over it so quickly she barely had time to make one out before the next one arrived on screen.

“Huh? Oh sure, Mistress ,” he said when she asked him again if he was ready to go. “ Yeah , I got it— I know where the Kindred went and how to get to them. Let's get back to the station.” He raised an eyebrow. “ If that's really where we're going?”

“Yes, it is,” Corinne said firmly. “ I have enough to keep the Company happy now and to keep Silas from trying anything too. He can't refute the facts.” She put the portable drive in her pocket and patted it with satisfaction. “ Come on, K -lx—let's go home.”

“Home to me is wherever you are,” he told her as he put an arm around her shoulders. “ Do you think we'll get into trouble for stealing a hopper to take this little field trip, though?”

“I doubt it,” Corinne said. “ I have enough information on the Kindred Cybernetics program now to keep the Company happy. They won’t care about me taking a hopper for the trip back and forth to get it. As for Silas , he won’t have a leg to stand on when I explain what I’ve found.”

K-lx looked uncertain but then he shrugged.

“Well, if you’re sure.”

“I am,” Corinne said with certainty, as they stepped into the elevator for the ride up. “ Everything is going to be fine now.”

And she honestly believed it was true...until they got back to the ship.

CORINNE

“There it is.” Corinne couldn’t keep the relief out of her voice.

She’d been worried that the hopper might have been stolen or broken into, despite the locking mechanism.

But the squat, silver vehicle was still where they had landed it—in a clear space which might have been a park before all the buildings had been destroyed.

“Let’s go— I’ll pilot,” K -lx offered.

“Sure—you’re definitely better at it than I am.” Corinne smiled at him. “ As long as you don’t?—”

But the words died in her throat as someone stepped out from behind the hopper. Several someones, in fact, she saw. It was Silas and he had a whole security force with him from the station.

“I thought I might find you here, Virelle ,” he sneered at her.

K-lx stepped forward, a growl rising in his throat but she put a hand on his arm and shook her head.

“No, stand down, K -lx,” she ordered. “ Let me deal with this.”

Since it was a direct order, the big Cyborg did as he was told, but he didn’t look

happy about it.

Corinne took a step forward, eyeing Silas warily. He was armed and so were the rest of the guards he'd brought with him.

“Look, I can explain,” she said, raising her hands.

“Explain what?” Silas sneered. “Explain how you decided to steal a hopper and then make off with millions of credits worth of Company property?” He nodded at K -lx and Corinne understood, with a sinking heart, that he was going to try and frame her for theft.

“I didn't steal K -lx— I just brought him with me for security,” she explained evenly.

“ I wanted to get more insight into his specs—which I did. I also learned some valuable information the Company is going to love. I doubt they'll care that I had to take a hopper to get it once they find out what it is. It's all right here.”

She reached into her pocket and held up the drive as proof.

Silas's eyes widened...then narrowed greedily.

“Very good, Virelle . That's an excellent find—probably worthy of a bounty fee,” he remarked. He stepped forward, holding out his free hand—the one not gripping a blaster. “ Hand it over now so I can collect it.”

“What? I don't think so!” Corinne put the drive back in her pocket as K -lx, who had been standing silently and watching the confrontation, stepped up.

“Just let us go back to the station in the hopper,” he growled. “ And don't threaten my Mistress with any of your bullshit or you're going to be fucking sorry—all of you.”

“Well, that sounds like a threat to me,” Silas remarked, raising his blaster. Only it wasn’t a regular blaster, Corinne saw with horror. It was an EMP hand-cannon!

“K-lx no—stand back—get away!” she cried.

But it was too late. Silas squeezed the trigger and a silent but deadly pulse of electromagnetic energy surged from the muzzle of the hand cannon and hit the big Cyborg right in the solar plexus.

It didn’t damage his body—it didn’t have to.

It wiped his programming and cut his power in a single instant.

“No!” Corinne gasped as the big K - Unit crumpled to the ground. She rushed to him but K -lx was out. Gathering his head into her lap she glared angrily at Silas . “ Do you know what you’ve done? You might have just fried all his circuits beyond repair! You probably wiped his memories too!”

She couldn’t believe this—using an EMP weapon on a Cybernetic Unit was strictly against Company policy. The likelihood of permanent damage to expensive equipment was much too high to risk it.

But Silas only sneered at her.

“It’s a good thing if I wiped his memories—he was getting entirely too attached to you. You know, what a Cyborg of this size and strength needs is a Handler who understands him. One who can control him completely and competently.”

Corinne stared at him in surprise.

“You think you can be his new Handler if you can get rid of his memories of me?

Forget it, Silas —a K - Unit can't function without a female Handler .”

“We'll just see about that.” And reaching down, he grabbed the Linking Star from her temple and ripped it off.

Corinne gasped and put a hand to the side of her head. It felt like someone had just cut off one of her limbs. The shock of severing the Link was so painful she couldn't think. She could only feel the loss of where the big Cyborg had been in her mind for so long.

As she was still reeling, trying to deal with the mental shock of the abrupt severing, Silas ripped off K -1x's Linking Star as well and then the guards—with the help of an anti-gravity hammock—hailed the big Cyborg away.

Corinne tried to protest, but she was still in shock. De - Linking was supposed to be a gradual process which took place over several days under controlled settings—if it took place at all. The feeling of overwhelming loss she was experiencing made her feel like K -1x had died.

And maybe he did, she thought bleakly. If the electromagnetic pulse had wiped her completely out of his memory, it would be the same as a kind of death because he wouldn't know her anymore.

While she was still trying to process the cruelty of the abrupt loss, Silas hauled her to her feet and shoved a blaster—a regular one this time—into her ribs.

“Come on, Virelle —we're going back to the station,” he snarled. “ And then I'll decide what to do with you.”

CORINNE

The ride back to the station and the next two weeks were miserable.

Corinne was locked in her room, unable to see K -lx or to find out if he was all right.

Her interface had been taken away so there was no way to call for help or to plead her case to the Company .

She was just stuck there in her room with the door locked.

If it hadn't been for her replicator, which was able to make very simple food and drinks, she would have starved to death.

Not that she felt like eating—she was too distraught. She paced back and forth endlessly, feeling like someone she loved had died suddenly. The horrible sensation of grief never left her and in fact, as the days went on, it grew.

I did love him, she admitted to herself, at last. And he loved me. I let myself be blinded by the fact that he's part metal— I thought we could never really be together. But I was wrong. If only I could have another chance I'd tell him how I feel.

Her mind went in circles, dissecting what had happened. If only they could have gotten away! Maybe if they had left the lab an hour earlier they could have gotten into the hopper and made a run for it...

But it was too late for regrets now. The worst had happened and she was stuck

waiting to hear if there was any news at all. No one came to her locked door to tell her anything. Even Jose seemed to have forgotten her.

Silas had taken the drive with the lab information and had presumably presented it to the Company as his own, but she barely cared about that. She was too upset...grieving the loss of the male she hadn't known she loved until it was too late.

Then at last, one night after she'd been pacing restlessly for hours, the door to her room slid open and Silas stepped inside...followed by K-lx.

"K-lx! Are you all right?" She rushed up to him eagerly, bypassing Silas .

"You can save your breath—he's useless." Silas sounded disgruntled. " His memories have been wiped and he doesn't do anything but stand there, no matter what you tell him."

"You're lying—he's still in there somewhere. He must be!" Corinne snapped.

But one look at the big Cyborg's emotionless face revealed that Silas was telling the truth and all her worst fears were true.

The big K - Unit looked at her with no recognition at all, just a blank look in his pale blue eyes.

She wished she was still Linked with him so she could tell what he was feeling.

But from the blank stare he was giving her, that was absolutely nothing.

"He's useless!" Silas complained again. " Not good for anything but spare parts."

"No, don't decommission him!" Corinne exclaimed. Even if the big Cyborg didn't



know her anymore, she couldn't bear to see him junked.

“Oh, I'm not. Not right away, anyway.” A wicked smile curved the corners of his thin lips.

“ I still have a use for him—one more use before I junk him.” He patted K -lx on one massive metal shoulder.

“ You see, even though he's not much use as a Cyborg , he's still a perfectly good garbage disposal unit. ”

“What? What are you talking about?” Corinne shook her head in confusion. Nothing he was saying was making sense.

“I'm saying, Virelle , that you've been a pain in my ass from the minute you stepped aboard the station!” Silas hissed. “ Then the Company made you Director of the Cybernetics Division —they gave my rightful place to a stupid female!”

Corinne took a step back.

“What do you care? You got the position you wanted, didn't you? You're Director now. You got me out of the way.”

“Yes, but you continue to be a thorn in my side,” he snapped. “ First you Link with a massive priceless Cyborg and then you report me to the Company for not handling his return from Stasis properly.”

“Well, you didn't!” Corinne put a hand on her hip. “ You should have brought him out gradually!”

“Yes, yes—whatever you say,” he snarled.

“ So then you insert yourself into my department again as a Handler . Then you go running off to Earth to find priceless secrets of Cybernetics that the Kindred left behind. I of course, reported you for stealing a hopper, so the Company knows you went to Earth and you’re the one who found the Kindred’s lab. ”

Corinne’s heart sank even lower.

“So I guess now they want to put me on trial?”

“No! They intend to give you a commendation, a finder’s bonus, and a promotion. They want you to take my job!” Silas snapped. “ The Chairman himself sent a hologram congratulating you on your ‘amazing find.’”

Corinne glared at him.

“In that case, you’d better let me out of here! Or the Company’s going to wonder why the Director of the Cybernetics Division has been locked away for the last two weeks like an animal in a cage.”

Silas’s weasely eyes narrowed.

“You’re not going anywhere. You’re going to stay right here with your little pet Cyborg until he does his duty.”

“Does his duty? What do you mean?” Corinne demanded.

“I mean until he kills you, of course.” Silas held up one hand. In it was a gleaming metallic red chip, about the size and shape of a food cube. “ See this?” he asked. “ Can you guess what it is? I’ll give you a hint— C -17 was wearing one when he went Rogue and attacked Isla .”

Corinne suddenly felt cold all over.

“Oh my God . Is that...that can't be...”

“It's a Kill Chip ,” he snarled, giving her an angry grin. “ Once I attach it, your pet Cyborg is going to go fucking crazy. And you're going to be right here—easy prey.”

“You...you can't do this!” Corinne's voice shook though she tried to keep it steady. Kill Chips were supposed to be illegal. They drove the Cybernetic Unit they were attached into a crazy, destructive frenzy. As evil as Silas was, she never would have believed he would stoop so low.

“Why not? I did it to Isla's Cyborg . And once he killed her, I was able to take your job.

” Silas gave her an evil grin. “ Once I put this on K -lx, I'll leave you two together for the night.

When I come to check on you tomorrow morning to ‘tell you about your promotion and your bonus,’ what do you think I'll find? ”

“You—”

“I'll tell you what I'll find,” he snarled, giving her that hateful grin again that had no humor in it.

“ I'll find a no-good lazy whore who tried to steal my position twice in pieces.

And of course, then your beloved Cyrborg will have to be scrapped.

He's much too dangerous to go on existing and since he's useless now, we might as

well take him apart and see what we can learn from him. ”

“No! You bastard!” Corinne threw herself at him, but he was already out the door and she heard it locking behind him. “ Let me out! Come back here and let me out!” she shouted, banging on the door, but no one came. Instead , she heard the sound of heavy footsteps behind her.

A feeling of dread filled her. Turning , she saw K -lx had come to life and was now tracking her motion with narrowed eyes.

The red cube-shaped kill chip had come to life also.

It was stuck to one of his broad metal shoulders, near the top of his arm, and blinking slowly.

The light inside it pulsed like an evil heartbeat and the glow from it made the big Cyborg’s eyes look as though they were filled with flames.

Slowly, Corinne backed away from him. Her heart was pounding and her body had broken out in a cold sweat. Oh she was in trouble now— so much trouble. If she wasn’t careful she was going to die.

And she had no idea of how to save herself.

“Oh please,” she begged under her breath as she slowly backed further away. “ Oh please, stop him—don’t let it end like this! It will kill him if he ever comes back and realizes what he did to me. Please —don’t let this happen!”

The words flowing from her mouth felt like a desperate prayer, though she had no idea who she was praying to and no hope of her prayers being answered.

K-lx was coming faster now, tracking her every movement. He had his hands outstretched to grab for her and Corinne knew if he got those deadly metal fingers wrapped around her throat, he would squeeze until he crushed her trachea and choked the life out of her.

Can't let him catch me—but where can I go?

She thought about locking herself in the bathroom, but what good would that do? He could break down the door in no time and then she would be cornered in the tiny room with no exit. But how long could she keep circling her larger living area until he caught her?

“Please!” she breathed again. “Please —someone help me!”

To her surprise, someone answered.

“You are not alone, daughter,” a warm, feminine voice said in her ear.

“Huh?” Corinne looked wildly around as she dodged the big Cyborg , but there was no one there—just a comforting presence as though someone invisible was standing beside her.

“The warrior is not himself but he has not forgotten you entirely,” the voice went on. “ I will begin the process of retrieving his memories, but it will be up to you to help him regain them fully.”

“I don't understand—who are you?” Corinne looked around again as she skipped away from K -lx's reaching hand. Was she going crazy? Was her fear so extreme she was losing her mind?

“Fear not—your sanity is intact. I am the Mother of All Life and the Kindred are my

children. This male was meant for you but it is up to you to take him,” the invisible person who must be the Kindred Goddess K -lx sometimes talked about informed her.

Then the voice stopped talking as mysteriously as it had started, leaving Corinne to wonder what in the hell was going on.

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

K-LX

The enemy—there was an enemy in the room with him. The blinking red light was telling him so. K -lx reached for the evil one, but she kept eluding him. Frustration brought a growl to his lips. She had to die! He must kill the evil one!

He reached for her again... but again and again she dodged away just at the right moment. She seemed to be talking to someone but he wasn't sure who. There was no one else in the room—just him and the evil one he was supposed to kill. She? —

“Warrior! Return to yourself!”

The words were deafening in his ears and K -lx felt as though someone had slapped him across both cheeks, hard.

He blinked and shook his head, his eyes watering with the force of the blows. The red light was still flashing in his field of vision, but it no longer seemed to mean as much. The woman in front of him wasn't evil. In fact, she seemed familiar. Her name...what was her name?

“You... I know you,” he said slowly. “ Who are you?”

“Corinne.” The fear faded from her eyes somewhat, replaced by a desperate hope. “ I'm Corinne —your Handler .”

“My... Handler ?” Memories began to come back to him. This was the woman who had come to him when he was upset and in a killing rage. She had soothed

him...calmed him.

She bathed me in the shower and gave me pleasure.

Memories of her hands on him...of her full breasts making nectar just for him to suck...and most of all the sweet, salty taste of her honey began to fill his head.

His shaft began to grow hard as he noticed the way her breasts swayed when she moved. She was wearing a thin shirt and he could see her ripe nipples poking at the fabric. He wanted to suck them again...and he wanted to taste her.

“Want to taste you,” he growled, letting her know his needs. “ Need to taste your honey.”

Her cheeks went pink and she stared at him uncertainly.

“Now? K -lx, do you know what you’re saying?”

“I know.” He stared at her, trying to bring back more memories.

He had the feeling if he could just get closer to her—just taste her—that he would remember more.

“ Please , I need to taste you.” His voice came out sounding hoarse and almost desperate.

“ I almost know you...if I could just taste your honey...”

Her eyes went wide and she nodded slowly.

“Your Goddess said it was up to me to take you...to help you retrieve your



memories,” she said softly. “ Is ...do you think that’s what you need to help you remember, K -lx?”

“Yes.” He nodded. Yes , that was absolutely what he needed.

Seeing her wasn’t enough—even touching her wouldn’t be enough.

He needed to taste her—to feel her honey on his tongue as she moaned for him.

That was the deep, visceral sensation he needed to bring back his knowledge of this woman who he somehow knew meant a great deal to him.

Nothing else would work.

CORINNE

“Can’t believe I’m doing this,” Corinne muttered to herself. But she was doing it nonetheless.

Quickly she stripped off the loose t-shirt and the baggy sweatpants she was wearing, which left her in nothing but a pair of thin panties.

Her nipples went tight at once as the cool air hit them.

Her breasts felt heavy and full—despite the fact that she’d stopped drinking the DEE compound, they still kept producing nectar.

It had been an annoyance before—now she was glad.

“Come here, K -lx,” she said, motioning the big Cyborg over to the bed. “ Come up here and I’ll give you a taste if you want.”

He seemed to vaguely remember her and she hoped that letting him “taste” her would bring back more memories of the two of them together. But first she wanted to get rid of the kill chip.

As soon as he arranged himself on the bed, with his back to the headboard, she made a quick grab and snatched the cube, which was still pulsing with blood-red light, from his shoulder.

At first she wasn’t sure she could get it off—it was magnetized and its field was

strong. But desperation gave her strength and she wrenched it off and threw it away in one quick motion.

At once, K -lx seemed to relax. He looked up at her expectantly and there was hunger in his pale blue eyes.

“Corinne?” he asked and her name was a question on his lips, as though he was unsure of himself.

“Yes, it’s me,” she assured him. Climbing on the bed, she straddled him and stroked her fingers through his hair. Earnestly , she looked into his face, searching his eyes with her own. “ Don’t you know me, K -lx? I know you.”

He frowned—not an angry look but one of concentration.

“I almost know you,” he rumbled at last. “ I have some memories of you.”

“Good—that’s good,” Corinne said, feeling hopeful. “ Tell me what you remember.”

He lifted his hands and cupped her breasts. He tugged gently on her nipples, making her moan and shift in his lap.

“I remember you let me suck these,” he growled softly. “ And sweetness came out. Do you still have sweetness for me?”

“Why don’t you see for yourself?” Corinne’s voice was breathless.

“Yes— I want to see.” Leaning forward, he sucked one tight tip into his hot, wet mouth.

Corinne gave a soft moan as he sucked hard, drawing deep to pull the sweet, sticky

nectar from her breast. Oh God , she'd forgotten how good it felt to let him do this—how it sent tingles of pleasure straight from her aching nipples to her pussy every time he drank from her.

“Good...that’s good,” she murmured, stroking her fingers through his hair. “ Take as much as you want, K -lx. Take what you want from me.”

The big Cyborg did as she asked. He sucked until he'd gotten every last drop of nectar from her right breast and then switched to the left. Every hard pull of his mouth as he drank from her made Corinne's pussy wetter until she was throbbing between her thighs with need.

It felt incredible—but was it working? After he'd been sucking her nipples for twenty minutes, she pulled gently away and looked into his eyes again.

“K-lx, do you know me?” she asked, hoping against hope.

He frowned again and slowly nodded.

“I think so. I called you something—a title that was important. Didn't I ?”

“You called me ‘ Mistress ,’” Corinne reminded him. “ And sometimes, ‘baby.’”

His brow furrowed.

“I did? I don't remember that.”

“You did,” Corinne assured him. “ Mostly when you were feeling protective or possessive of me.”

“Possessive...” He seemed to be tasting the word. He looked up at her. “ Because

...you're mine?"

His words spread more hope in her heart.

"I could be," Corinne said carefully. "I used to be yours and you were mine. But I need you to remember me before we can be that to each other again."

"Then let me taste you." One of his metal hands dipped between her legs to cup her pussy through her panties. Corinne gasped as she felt one warm metal fingertip push the fabric aside to slip into her wet depths.

"Oh, K -lx!" she exclaimed.

"Let me taste you, Mistress ," he rumbled again and the fingertip began to vibrate as he circled the aching bud of her clit. "Let me eat your sweet pussy. I'm sure it would help me to remember you."

"Well...if you're sure," she said breathlessly. But she was already rising to stand over him. She started to slide her panties down, but K -lx beat her to it. His metal fingertips hooked into the thin fabric and jerked.

Corinne gasped as he ripped the panties right off her, baring her pussy for him.

She was about to say something but one look at the naked hunger in his eyes stopped her.

This was K -lx at his most primal. It seemed that he was trying to remember her through the taste and feel of her body and she didn't want to stop him.

I want him back! she thought desperately. Oh please, I just want him back!

And then his long, metal fingers curled around her hips and he was dragging her forward.

Corinne gave a little moan as his hot mouth met her aching pussy.

She'd expected the big K - Unit to lay her down on the bed as he had before when he tasted her, but apparently he couldn't wait.

Since he was sitting and she was standing, they were at just the right level and he took full advantage of that.

She slipped her fingers into his thick hair, gripping tightly as his tongue invaded her. Oh God , that felt so good! How did he always know just how to lick her—just how to suck her to make her lose control?

Then she felt his tongue sliding inside her and beginning to swell—how did he do that? It felt almost like a cock as he slipped it in and out of her, fucking her as he tasted her and making her moan his name.

“K-lx... K -lx!” she cried and found she was grinding against his face shamelessly. His hot wet tongue felt so good inside her but she needed more in order to come—just a little more...

But just as she felt like she was getting close to the edge, he withdrew, his tongue sliding out and leaving her feeling empty inside. She was about to complain as soon as she caught her breath but then he looked up at her and growled,

“Now I remember. You are MINE .”

“I... I am,” Corinne panted. “ Do you remember me completely now?”

“Almost.” He narrowed his eyes. “ I need more to know you fully.”

“What? But how? What do you need?” she panted.

He licked his lips, chasing the last traces of her honey. At last he looked into her eyes.

“I need to Bond with you, Mistress .”

His words jogged Corinne’s memory and the words she’d read on the old-fashioned computer screen at the Kindred lab came back to her.

Hadn’t the Tolleg surgeon who had helped make him spoken of Bonding ?

Wasn’t it the last resort to keep a Kindred Cyborg from going Rogue because it tied him more tightly to his Handler ?

Yes—that’s what we need. To Bond .

But how?

“I want to Bond with you, K -lx,” she told him, stroking his hair. “ But , I don’t know how.”

“I will show you.”

His long metal fingers wrapped around her waist and he was lowering her down onto his lap.

K-LX

K-lx almost knew the beautiful Elite whose name was Corinne .

He had a feeling that they had known each other well, in the past. He had memories of her stroking his cock and sleeping with him at night, her soft curves pressed to his hard muscles and shiny metal.

She was his, he was sure of it. He just needed to Claim her—to Bond her to him to make it permanent.

He lowered her down until he could feel the slick heat of her pussy rubbing against the head of his cock.

While he was tasting her, he'd pulled down his trousers, freeing the part of him that ached for her.

Now , with his fingers wrapped around her full hips and waist, he was able to bring her even lower until at last he felt the crown of his shaft breaching the tight, wet entrance of her pussy.

“Oh, K -lx—careful!” she moaned softly as he began entering her. “ You’re so big.”

“Easy, Mistress ,” he rumbled. “ Easy now, you can take it. I licked your sweet little pussy nice and deep—you’ll be able to open for me.”

“I... I will?” Her eyes were wide and uncertain as he lowered her further. K -lx could



feel her inner walls parting for him— Gods , she was so fucking tight. But she would have to open up—would have to take all of him, including his knot—if he was going to make her his completely.

“You will,” he assured her. “ I may not remember much, but I remember that I’m a Beast Kindred . Licking your pussy should help you open for me.” He licked his lips, tasting the remains of her sweet honey. “ I had my tongue all the way inside you...which means my cock will fit in you too.”

“I... I’m trying to be open enough...” She moaned and he felt her soft fingers squeezing his shoulders, just above where the metal enhancements of his upper arms met his neck.

At the same time, her pussy was squeezing him below.

As he worked his way inside her, he could feel her opening... stretching to take him.

“Gods, look at how wet you are...how you’re taking me so deep,” he growled, looking between them to where he was piercing her. “ Look at how your soft little pussy is opening for my cock, baby.”

“Baby?” Her voice sounded both breathless and hopeful. “ Did you just call me ‘baby?’”

K-lx frowned.

“Yeah... I guess I did.” Of course, she’d told him that he used to call her that, but he hadn’t been thinking about that.

Somehow the sweet little nickname just rose to his lips.

And the closer he got to her, the more memories filled his mind.

He remembered the two of them sneaking away in a spaceship of some kind—and then entering the old lab. What had they been looking for?

K-lx didn't know—he only knew he had to be deep inside her, breeding her long and hard to Bond her to him.

She was his—he just had to Claim her.

## Page 36

*Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:23 pm*

CORINNE

Corinne moaned softly as the huge, thick cock slid deeper and deeper into her tightly stretched pussy.

Oh God , he was huge! But as big as his equipment was, it seemed that K -lx was right—she was able to take him.

She didn't know if it had to do with the way he'd tongue-fucked her earlier or just the fact that she wanted to be with him so badly, but for whatever reason, so far her body was opening to accommodate his immense length.

She just wasn't sure about the knot.

But it was too late to be uncertain now.

The big Cyborg had her firmly by the waist and he was lowering her down onto him.

Both of them watched as the thick club of flesh between his legs slid deeper and deeper into her pussy.

Corinne moaned and struggled weakly but she wasn't really trying to get away—she was trying to be open enough to take him—to take the thick cock that was filling her so completely.

It hurt, but only a little and it was a good, stretching pain she felt as he pulled her lower and lower until she was almost settled on his lap.

She was expecting him to fill her with his knot too—he'd talked about that before. But instead, he gave her a moment to rest before drawing out of her and the thrusting in again.

“Oh!” Corinne gasped as the thick pole of flesh filled her, sliding in and out of her as he gripped her hips. “ Oh , K -lx—you're in me so deep!”

“Not as deep as I'm going to be.” His voice was a hungry growl. “ Have to get deeper into you, baby. Have to get my knot in you. But first I want to fuck you and make you come.”

As he spoke, one metal hand moved around until the pad of his thumb was sliding into her wet folds and rubbing against her aching clit. Corinne moaned helplessly as it began to vibrate, sending sparks of tingling pleasure through her entire body as he fucked her.

“Good girl, you can take it,” K -lx growled, thrusting deeper. “ Want to feel you come for me, baby—come on my cock while I fuck you!”

Corinne couldn't have held off if she wanted to. Her pleasure spiked and she felt her inner walls clenching around him as he stroked into her and caressed her clit.

“K-lx!” she moaned as she pressed down onto him. “ Oh God , that feels so good—fill me up. Breed me!”

She didn't know where the words came from but they seemed to have a drastic effect on the big Cyborg . With a low growl of pure lust, he gripped her hip even tighter and pulled her down hard onto his cock.

Corinne gasped as she felt something huge enter the mouth of her pussy. Looking down, she realized it was his knot—it was sliding inside her and she was somehow

opening to take it.

K-lx was watching too, his eyes burning with lust.

“That’s right, baby—take it all,” he growled thrusting up into her. “ Take my knot—going to fill you with my cream in a minute. Going to breed you and Bond you to me forever.”

Forever? Corinne wasn’t sure about that but the next minute her doubts were swept away when she felt the thick knot swelling inside her and tying the two of them together.

“Ohhhh!” she moaned as she rocked against him, rolling her hips to get him even deeper. She could feel the broad head of his cock pressing against the end of her channel and she knew if he came in her, he would be shooting his cream directly into her womb.

“Good girl,” he growled again. “ Gods , look at you taking my knot. Going to cream in you now, baby. Going to make you mine and Bond you to me.”

“Yes, K -lx—do it!” she begged.

And then she felt it—his knot swelled even more and something hot and wet was pumping inside her.

Corinne moaned and squeezed his shoulders tight.

Somehow feeling him come inside her was making her come again too, though she didn’t know why.

Her pussy gripped his thickness over and over as she felt herself falling over the edge

of pleasure yet again.

Feels so good! Oh God , I love him...love him so much! she thought...and was surprised when a deep voice answered her.

“Love you too, baby.”

What was surprising was the voice was coming from inside her head. And with it came a deep feeling of Bonding ...of two souls intertwining to form a knot that could never be severed except by death.

“K-lx?” She looked down at him, eyes wide. “ Is ...is that you? In my head, I mean?”

He nodded.

“Yeah, baby—it’s me. We’re Bonded now. That means we can communicate with our thoughts. Try it.”

“I’m trying,” she sent and felt a flash of joy when she saw him smile. “ Oh —it’s like being Linked again but so much more.”

There’s nothing as deep or as lasting as a Soul Bond —it’s for life,” he told her. “ Hope you’re ready for that, baby because we’re stuck together now.”

“That’s all right— I want to be stuck with you. I swore to myself if I got another chance, I’d tell you how much I love you. Which is so much— I love you so much , K -lx!”

She leaned forward to kiss him again but when she pulled back, he had a thoughtful look on his face.

“Karnex,” he said aloud.

“What?” She frowned.

“Karnex—that’s my name. My real name.” He looked at her with wonder in his eyes...and some sadness too. “ I remember everything . I remember how I lost my first mate—it was a house fire. I wasn’t home so I wasn’t there to save her. She died in the flames without me.”

“Oh, K -lx... I mean, Karnex — I’m so sorry!” She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tight, pouring love and sympathy through their new Bond .

“It’s all right.” His voice was muffled since she was pressing his face to her chest.

“No, it’s not—you must have been devastated.” She stroked his hair.

“I was,” he sent through their Bond . “ Completely devastated. It’s why I asked to be made into a Cyborg —so they could wipe my memories.”

“And now?” she asked. “ Are you going to be okay?”

“I will as long as you’re with me.” He hugged her back, his long arms wrapping around her body to squeeze with fierce devotion. “ You’re my everything, Corinne . I lost Cynthia a lifetime ago. You’re the one I want to share my life with now.”

“I feel the same way.” She kissed the top of his head and then his forehead until he looked up so she could kiss his lips. Being cradled in his lap with his shaft still inside her and his warmth surrounding her, she couldn’t imagine being more happy.

And it was all because she’d taken a chance and allowed herself to be...

Linked to the Rogue Cyborg .



CORINNE

“Well, well—where’s the body? I know you must have killed her by now.”

Silas stood in the doorway, smirking up at Karnex , who was standing silently in the center of the room.

They had agreed that he would play dumb at first while Corinne hid in the bathroom until it was the right time to come out.

She was watching the two of them through a crack in the door, getting ready to make her move.

“Well? Where is she? Answer me, you hunk of junk!” Silas kicked at the big Cyborg’s metal boot but Karnex still didn’t answer. Silas gave an exasperated sigh. “All right, I’ll find her myself.”

He strolled into Corinne’s room, looking around. It made her blood run cold to see him searching for her body so casually. What an evil bastard!

But he was going to get what was coming to him, she promised herself. She and Karnex had already discussed exactly what to do. The big Cyborg had wanted to kill him, of course—especially when he remembered that Silas had tried to make him kill her. But Corinne had a better idea.

As soon as Silas was fully into the room, Karnex stepped forward and shut the door. Then he locked it and turned to face Silas , with his back to the door, blocking the

exit.

“Hey—what the hell do you think you’re doing?” Silas whirled around to stare up at the big Cyborg .

“Keeping you from going anywhere,” Karnex rumbled. He crossed his arms over his broad chest. “ We have some unfinished business.”

Silas went pale and took a step back.

“What...how are you talking? Did your memories return?”

“Yes— all of them,” Karnex growled, taking a step towards him. “ Including the one about how you tried to make me kill my Handler !”

“I never did! I wouldn’t!” Silas’s voice had gone high and frightened and his eyes were darting around, looking for an escape. But Karnex was blocking the only exit—there was no other way out of the room.

Corinne took this as her cue to come out of the bathing chamber.

“Oh yes you did. With this.” She held out the still-blinking kill cube in one palm. “ You slapped this on his arm and locked me in with him,” she snapped.

Silas’s face twisted, going from frightened to angry.

“So what if I did?” he demanded. “ You deserved it! You tried to steal my job and my bonus. Fucking female! ” He spat the word as though it was a curse, glaring at her with hatred he couldn’t hide. “ I don’t know how you reprogrammed him, but you ought to be dead right now!”

Corinne didn't answer him. Instead she turned to Karnex .

“Did you get all that?”

“Every bit of it.” He nodded and tapped the small node in the hardware of his neck.

“Good.” Corinne stepped up to the still-fuming Silas . “ I'll take this, thank you,” she said and slipped the Long - Distance Communication Interface off the cord that hung around his neck.

“Hey—what are you doing? Stop that!” Silas made a snatch for the small black box, but a growl from Karnex made him take a step back.

“Just relax, Silas . I need to make a call,” Corinne told him.

The LDCI blinked when she pressed the right buttons, placing a call directly to the Company .

She knew how to use it because all Department Heads got one, so she'd had one for quite a while before Silas stole her job.

Of course, it was meant to be used only in the most dire emergency, but Corinne felt like this situation warranted a call.

There was a moment of silence, then a beeping. A holographic image of a woman appeared, hovering over the LDCI . She'd clearly had the latest in surgical enhancements—her waist was impossibly narrow and her lips looked like inflated balloons.

“Yes?” she asked politely. “ What seems to be the nature of your call?”

“I’d like to speak to the Chairman , please,” Corinne said calmly. “ Please tell him this is Dr . Corinne Virelle calling him about the promotion and the bonus he offered me for my discovery of the Kindred Cybernetics lab on Old Earth .”

The woman’s eyes widened and her three-inch-long eyelashes fluttered dramatically.

“Oh my— Dr . Virelle ! You’re all we’ve been talking about for weeks. I’m sure the Chairman will be pleased to take your call.”

“Thank you.” Corinne waited.

“You can’t do this!” Silas muttered in a furious undertone. “ You don’t dare say anything about me when he comes on the line!”

“Oh, I’m not going to say a thing,” Corinne said sweetly. “ I’ll let you do all the talking.”

Silas puffed up his narrow chest.

“That’s good, because?—”

Before he could finish, a hologram of an important-looking older man with graying hair and deep-set eyes appeared above the LDCI . His eyes brightened when he saw Corinne .

“Ah, Dr . Virelle ! I was wondering when you were going to call me back. We’re all so pleased with your discovery of the ancient Kindred lab.

They had so much wisdom we can learn from.

And I’m waiting to hear if you’re going to take the promotion we’ve offered you.

You've certainly taken enough time thinking about it. ”

“Pardon me, Sir , but I wasn't able to answer you before because I was locked in my room by Dr . Drex , here.” Corinne nodded at Silas , who at once began to protest.

“She's lying! I never?—”

“Shut...the fuck... up.” Karnex's low, menacing growl and the glare he leveled at the much smaller male made Silas go pale.

“Dr. Drex locked me in my room and then tried to have me killed by my own Cyborg ,” Corinne continued.

The Chairman looked startled.

“Well, this is...quite an accusation, Dr . Virelle .”

“I don't expect you to believe me right away,” Corinne said calmly. “ I think you should hear it from Dr . Drex himself.”

“Dr. Drex ?” The Chairman looked at him, eyebrows raised, waiting for an explanation.

“She's lying! She's just a stupid, lying female!” Silas exclaimed. “ She never?—”

“Enough!” The Chairman raised one hand and looked back at Corinne . “ Do you have any other proof of your accusations, Dr . Virelle ?”

“I do. Please watch this recording made a few minutes ago.” She nodded at Karnex .  
“ Play it.”

Reaching up, he pressed a node in his throat and a holographic image of Silas started playing. The entire conversation where he'd admitted to trying to kill her was on display.

“Hey! That’s not right—that’s a lie!” Silas shouted but the Chairman made an angry gesture at him.

“If you please, Dr . Drex —you and I both know that holograms can’t be faked. Dr . Virelle , please have your Cyborg rewind the holo— I need to see what I missed.”

So Silas had to stand there, fuming, as the entire conversation played out again. When it was over, Corinne turned to the Chairman .

“He also admitted to me that he used a kill chip on C -17—a Cybernetic Unit that was Linked to my good friend and protégé, Isla Farrington . After her Cyborg killed her, Drex leveraged her death to take my job.”

“My!” The Chairman’s eyes widened again. He looked at Silas with distaste. “ There is no excuse for such reprehensible behavior.”

“It’s all lies!” Silas whined again, but it was clear the Chairman didn’t believe him.

“Dr. Drex , you are going to be brought up on charges of treason against the Company as well as murder and attempted murder and whatever else we can think of,” he snapped. He turned to Corinne . “ Please have him locked in the brig until I can send some agents to take care of him.”

“I will.” Corinne nodded.

“Very well then.” The Chairman rubbed his hands together. “ Now for you, my dear Dr . Virelle . Are you prepared to take his place and accept the generous bonus we

have for you?”

Corinne took a deep breath—here was where things got tricky.

“Actually, I’m not,” she said carefully. “ In fact, in lieu of the bonus, I’d like to be allowed out of my contract.”

“You would?” The Chairman’s eyebrows shot up. “ Have you received a better offer from a competing Company ?”

“No.” She shook her head. “ But Karnex — I mean K -lx—thinks we can find the Kindred Mother Ship . I’d like to take him with me and go search for it.”

The Chairman frowned.

“So...you want to quit your job and go looking for a lost alien civilization?”

What she wanted was to get away from the station, the Company , and greedy, stupid humans in general, Corinne thought. What she wanted was to get away from a place where the people in charge might decide to decommission Karnex and take him apart to study him any time they chose.

But of course she couldn’t say any of that.

“Yes—if we can find the Kindred Mother Ship , think of all the new technology I can bring back to the Company ,” she said brightly.

“Oh, well...” The Chairman frowned and tapped his chin thoughtfully with one long finger.

Corinne waited, her breath clenched tight, for his answer.

At last, he nodded.

“Well, that is certainly a unique proposition, Dr . Virelle . Do you really think you can find them?”

“I do.” Corinne nodded firmly. “ My Kindred Cyborg thinks they haven’t gone as far as we believed they had. All I need is one of the station’s long-range hoppers with a replicator.”

“And you want to take the new Cyborg , K - L -1- X with you?” he asked.

“If I find the Kindred Mother Ship , I’ll need him with me in order to be granted entry,” Corinne said quickly. “ I’ll send back regular reports,” she added.

“Well...” At last the Chairman nodded. “ Very good. I’m going to personally authorize your use of a hopper. And please let us know how it goes.”

“Of course.” Corinne nodded, trying to contain her joy. “ Thank you, Chairman .”

“Thank you, Dr . Virelle .” He cleared his throat. “ Did you know that we’re on the verge of making a whole new Cybernetic prototype, thanks to your findings?”

“I would expect nothing less, Sir .” Corinne nodded her head.

“I’d like you to take charge of the program, once you come back,” he went on.

“I would be honored,” Corinne said, knowing she would do no such thing.

She wasn’t planning on sending reports or any Kindred tech back either—even if she and Karnex did find the Kindred Mother Ship . She just wanted the two of them to get away, but she knew if they just tried to sneak off, the Company would be after them



at once.

This way, at least, they would get a head start before the Company realized what they had done, which was to leave forever.

The Chairman nodded again.

“Happy hunting, Dr . Virelle ,” he said to her. “ There will be a place waiting for both you and your Kindred Cybernetic Unit when you get back.”

“Thank you, Sir .” Corinne nodded.

“You’re welcome. Now please have your Cyborg escort Dr . Drex to the brig. I’ll send agents to pick him up for trial at once.”

And then the hologram faded from above the LDCI and she nodded at Karnex .

“All right—take him away.”

### KARNEX

Silas had to be dragged, shouting and complaining, all the way to the brig but once he was locked up, Corinne and Karnex loaded a hopper right away.

“We’d better not wait—you never can tell if they’ll change their minds,” she said to Karnex as he slid into the pilot’s seat and she slid in beside him. “Are you sure you can find your way to the Mother Ship.”

He nodded, already firing up the engines.

“One hundred percent. One of the last things they put in the lab files before everyone left was the coordinates of where they were going.”

“But that was hundreds of years ago. What if they’ve moved on?” Corinne asked anxiously.

“Then we’ll keep looking for them.” Karnex put an arm around her for a quick hug before he gripped the steering yolk. “Don’t worry, baby,” he sent through their Bond. “The Goddess will guide us.”

This seemed to satisfy his new mate—he felt her warmth and happiness and it made him warm and happy too. They were going on a new adventure together—one they hoped never to return from.

Because they weren’t just running away from the station and the Company ...they were going home.