



SUNRISE
EPILOGUE

A.YBER

Sunrise

EPILOGUE
A SHORT LOVE STORY & A LOOK TO THE FUTURE

By A. Yber

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Contents

Part 1	5
A Love Story	5
Chapter 1	7
Chapter 2.....	12
Chapter 3.....	17
Chapter 4.....	20
Chapter 5.....	26
Chapter 6.....	35
Chapter 7.....	42
Chapter 8.....	47
Chapter 9.....	51
Part 2	57
A Free World	57
Chapter 10.....	59
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	64



Part 1

A Love Story

...the year is 2050

...I have become a secret agent - a betrayer of my own people. But I had no idea that playing both sides would lead me to him...

Chapter 1

A

My story starts today. The first day I felt like I mattered. And the day I met my match.

“What do you mean she was traded?”

Paul looked helpless, as I demanded an answer from him about Nora.

“Her sister Melanie gave herself up in exchange. We let Nora go free.”

“You know we won’t stick to the deal.” I knew my people better than anyone, having been left to sit behind the scenes, with nothing to do but observe. Possessing no apparent useful skills myself, I was considered as “inactive” status. But being in the background meant I had learned the way of things around here. And sticking to our word was definitely not one of our strong points.

“Amber, I have no choice in this. And anyway, you shouldn’t be asking all these questions. You are not authorized to get involved.”

“Well like it or not, I am involved. Nora was my friend,” I crossed my arms in defiance, “I’m going after her.”

Paul dropped his head, shaking it side to side. Clearly exasperated with me.

"You can't."

"I have received no instructions saying otherwise. And you forget - I am overlooked. No one will notice I'm even gone."

"Stop talking like that or you will be sent for reprogramming. Or worse."

"What could be worse than that? Anyway Paul, she is in danger. And you have been ordered to stay away from her. So, I am the only option. I have to warn her."

"Amber..."

"And don't try to stop me."

I had never gone against what was expected of me. But something shifted inside, when I met Nora. A true friend, who had stood up for me. And I was going to do what she would have done - return the favor. All I had to do was learn to think like she would. *Make my own decisions*. The Hive had neglected to make one for me, so there was a loophole where I wasn't technically disobeying, and I was going to take it.

I walked away quickly, before he could protest anymore. Leaving Paul standing with his mouth open, an unspoken argument on his lips. Probably too taken aback to formulate a response, wondering who kidnapped his sister and left this stranger in her place.

We weren't really siblings by birth, as BioBorgs can't have children. But were created through the same DNA bloodline. So family nonetheless, just in a different way from humans.

Paul didn't follow, and I wondered if he was relieved that I was going to do something. That a small part of him wanted Nora to be okay.

I thought about the rulers of our hive and what their likely plan would be. Freeing Nora was probably a ruse to make a shady deal with Melanie. Get her to cooperate. I was sure of it. But even though they fully intended to bring Nora

back in, the Commander had ordered Paul off the case. Strange. My brother was the best tracker we had.

But I couldn't stand here wasting time wondering about things I had no answers for. It was time to take action.

My pocket practically burning with its stolen contents – Aerril's access card–stealing being a first for me. But I chose to look at it as *borrowing*. Aerril was The Head Supreme Commander of the ship, and my so-called "boyfriend". I was counting on him not noticing it was missing. Access cards weren't used anymore to get in and out of doors, being an archaic form of tech. But they were good as a back-up in power emergency circumstances.

The card had already worked once, allowing me access to the central server using Aerril's private connection. Where there were files of anything I ever wanted to know about Nora.

Now I just needed the card to work again, and get me off the ship.

So far I hadn't raised any alarms, and I hoped my luck would continue.

Slipping silently down yet another hallway, I headed toward a rarely used back-supply exit. It seemed the best place to make my escape.

Anxiety levels were pulsing so hard my head started to pound. I checked my surroundings. Willing myself to appear casual, as if I was merely out for a stroll and had taken a wrong turn.

I bit down on my fear. Nora would be brave in this situation.

Within minutes I would be outside.

On Earth.

I pushed myself to continue.

What would it be like? Similar to my home planet Jora? With fresh air continually pumped in to cover the smell of burning ash. Left over from the war. Sometimes I wondered if that smell would ever go away. Anyway, I was sure

that my previous studies of Earth in a simulation program were going to be way different than experiencing the real thing.

The exit appeared up ahead, with only a handful of workers manning the station. Staff had been reduced here, being that this landing pad wasn't used for much, other than bringing in ships. And they had all been called back last week.

Keeping a blank expression on my face I forced myself to walk toward a small metal side door. I ignored the warning sign, slipping Aerril's card into the slot, and requesting no equipment or breathing apparatus. We didn't need it on this planet. I also shut off the decontamination jets, as that would only make unnecessary noise.

I glanced around, before stepping through, but none of the workers had looked up or given me a second glance. They wouldn't be expecting anyone to leave the ship without direct orders to do so. And being a "non-essential" person of no importance, it was as if I was invisible.

The door structure changed slightly, the atoms moving at an accelerated frequency, allowing me to quietly pass right through.

Immediately I was hit with a blast of fresh air...and the scent of pine?

I jumped behind a copse of nearby trees.

This mission shouldn't be too hard, as I had learned a few tricks from Paul, on how to dodge trackers. All I had to do was find *him*.

But for the moment, I was distracted...

Ahh...fresh air!

I inhaled deeply. It had been so long.

It seemed much cleaner here on Earth. My lungs apparently starved for the scent of fir trees and wildflowers.

Birdsong was everywhere, with bright sunlight beaming through the tall trees, and for a moment it all was deafening and overwhelming.

After a few minutes, I adjusted to the cacophony of sights, sounds and smells.

It reminded me of Jora...my home world...only before the war.

Snapping myself out of this momentary rapture, I focused on my mission, reminding myself to stay alert.

The first thing I needed to do, was track down the man Nora had mentioned.

"X" – *Exetor* - he would know where to find her.

Chapter 2

X

Seemingly out of nowhere, a goddess appeared from a small grouping of trees. Like a mist or wisp of a breeze that had taken form - into a shape of perfection.

The vision halted me in my tracks, my mind ready to spout poetry - she was that beautiful.

As if a magnetic force was controlling me, my legs began to walk in her direction. The urge to get to her nearly overwhelming me.

When she noticed me, her eyes widened in terror.

My mind was screaming, "She's one of them...you need to run...hide."

But my body wouldn't listen.

And it was too late, anyway. She was coming towards me now, as well.

I watched her features becoming clearer, and they seemed to soften.

Strange.

Almost as if she recognized me.

Then she smiled, and I nearly lost my mind.

It was dazzling, mesmerizing and terrifying all at once.

My insides were turning to melted butter.

She is the enemy. Get your head together.

I managed to scowl at her, as a warning.

But she continued to advance toward me anyway.

With a small wave of her hand, she motioned to an area covered by thick vegetation, as if directing me there. An inspection of our surroundings confirmed it was out of sight of the surveillance monitors.

Curiosity, as much as fascination, had me following this mysterious enchantress into the shrubbery.

Why she hadn't called the guards? I should be on my way to a holding cell by now.

After we were fully concealed in the thicket of branches, she spoke.

"Exetor, I assume? Just the person I was looking for."

She was looking for me?

I couldn't hide my shock.

Had the BioBorgs assigned her to wait? Expecting me to show up - knowing I would attempt to intercept Melanie before she did something stupid.

Apparently, I was already too late.

"Are you going to turn me in?"

"Turn...what?"

She seemed confused.

“Shouldn’t you be sounding the alarm?”

“No! That is the last thing I want,” she said, looking behind her as if in fear of being caught, “as a matter of fact, I need your help.”

“My help?”

I laughed at that.

But I have to admit, I was growing even more confused. Why would a BioBorg – I was certain that she was one, as nobody would be this close to one of their ships other than a fool like me – ever need my assistance?

“You are my enemy.”

“I am a friend of Nora’s, and she needs my help. She is in danger.”

“You’re Nora’s friend. Uh-huh. Well, that doesn’t mean you and I are friends,” I said, pointing my finger from her to me. And sounding harsher than I intended.

She gave me an exasperated look, like I was a complete moron. Then raised her eyebrows, and crossed her arms, as if waiting.

“Okay, so let’s pretend that I believe you. Why would you need *my* help, specifically?”

She studied me, her large gold eyes scanning my face. Pale cheeks turning a deep shade of pink, making me envision the other pink areas of a woman’s body. With her mouth slightly open and biting into an overly plump lip...okay, maybe I was the one doing the studying.

In fact, I was practically drooling, so I shook myself.

Snap out of it, dumbass!

“They will be after her,” she warned, “like rabbits on the scent of a Hound Dog.”

“Wait...don’t you mean...?”

“Whatever - you get my meaning - you have to make Nora disappear.”

“You and I could disappear,” I said, making sure she got *my* meaning...

“Why would we disappear?”

My innuendo had gone completely over her head.

I laughed again - in disbelief this time, realizing she completely lacked awareness of her charms.

“Anyway, I can’t leave here,” she explained, her look earnest and a bit confused, “in fact, if they knew I was meeting you, they would forbid it.”

I straightened up, getting back to the matter at hand. Her beauty all but burning out my corneas, as I didn’t seem to be able to take my eyes off her.

“Hmm...so apparently they let Nora go as a ruse, fully intending to bring her back in,” I said, examining their plan, “not surprising.”

“So, can you do it?” she asked, her eyes pleading with mine.

“Do what?”

She rolled her eyes.

“Help Nora disappear.”

Her pleading expression was crumbling my resistance. I felt myself not wanting to let down this fair maiden with a face and body that should be illegal. This stranger. But then, if I didn’t help Nora, I would be letting Melanie down too. As if I hadn’t done enough already - it was my fault Nora had been caught in the first place.

I thought for a minute.

“Yes, there is somewhere I can take Nora. Off the grid, so to speak.”

“Yes, Yes!” she shouted, clapping her hands and jumping up and down.

Apparently, extremely pleased with me.

I fought to keep my eyes on her face, and not her bouncing breasts - threatening to slip free from a skin-tight bodysuit, that left nothing to my imagination.

Then she clamped a hand over her mouth, shushing herself.

"Sorry, I'm a bit giddy."

"Well, I'm glad I excite you," I drawled.

Oh, it's not you. It's just that this is my first time outside the ship, since we got here."

Ouch.

My ego took a hit, as I realized my slick come-back was lost on her, yet a second time. Or was that a third?

Okay Jerk-off - why don't you just try speaking with some respect to the lady.

But my body was sweating. And the more I looked at her, the harder I became. There was something about her. Pure, otherworldly - I laughed at my own joke - ethereal, even. And I wanted to be a part of it. Merge myself with her innocence and cleanse the darkness that had become me. Bury myself so deep inside her that I would forget all the horrible things I had done.

Well, that was one way of killing a boner...thinking about the past. And she didn't deserve my bit of baggage. To be saddled down with a loser, who had no prospects, no family - essentially a liar and a murderer.

I shook myself. Willing the sordid fantasies to disappear.

Disappear.

What had she been saying? Oh yes, she wanted me to make Nora disappear.

Chapter 3

A

As I stood there in our secret place, I realized he was undoubtedly the most beautiful man I had ever laid eyes on. And I lived amongst thousands of perfect men. Passing them daily in hallways. Never feeling a connection.

But Exetor...he was exciting. With a shrewdness in his eyes, that hid a vulnerable quality. I could see the darkness, but there was another side to him. He wanted to be different.

He *was* different.

If only I could read his mind...like in *The Hive*...if only I was the type of girl who could bring out that goodness in him. But I was a nothing. A background person. Afraid I would one day find out I wasn't good for anything.

And he...well...he had *lived* life. Experienced it all. I could sense it from him. His energy hitting me in waves. Making me yearn for something indefinable, yet real.

Making me feel like I would follow him anywhere.

"That would be wonderful if you could help Nora," I said instead, not wanting to reveal my feelings "and maybe I can help on my end to mislead or throw off our trackers."

He seemed to snap to attention, as if his thoughts were someplace else.

“How do I contact you, to update on the tracker’s whereabouts?” I asked, wondering if he had heard anything I said.

“Okay.”

Okay?

Confused, I looked at him expectantly

“Wait...sorry...I was distracted. What is your name, by the way?”

“Amber.”

He stared, and suddenly I felt like I wasn’t wearing any clothing. Strange.

“Uhh...I mean, yes...Amber. Give me your number, and I will let you know when Nora is safe.”

Loving the sound of my name on his lips, I smiled.

“Thank you, Exetor.”

“Call me X.”

“Does everyone call you X?”

“Pretty much.”

“I prefer Exetor, then.”

He seemed pleased by that.

“I will give you the mostly private connection to my personal server. By ‘mostly’, I mean that it is not monitored much at all.”

I relayed the numbers to him, continuing to explain, “No one expects me to be involved in anything out of the ordinary. Much less contacting someone on the outside. But just in case, keep any conversations to a minimum. Specific details can be delivered in person.”

He tipped his hand giving me a salute, followed by an awkward moment of silence.

I didn't want him to leave, and I wasn't sure why?

"Talk to you soon," I said, hurrying along the inevitable.

He didn't make a move to leave, so I gave a small wave, signaling it was time to go.

Exetor backed up, but kept his eyes fixed on mine. His face unreadable.

When he stumbled over something, I giggled.

Then he spun on his heel, heading in the opposite direction of the ship.

I watched as he disappeared into the woods. Waiting for him to turn back, but he never did.

Chapter 4

I slipped back inside the ship.

Slightly depressed that no one had noticed my absence, and the feeling weighed on me when it shouldn't have. I didn't want anyone to be sad, and I certainly did not want them aware of my plans to help Nora.

But it would have been nice to have been missed.

Still, I was grateful I had accomplished my mission, undetected.

And what a mission it had turned out to be.

Nora had neglected to mention that Exetor was devastatingly attractive. She had only intimated that he had betrayed her, so I guess I was expecting a hideous monster. But then, she had fallen for him too, so of course he was gorgeous.

Who wouldn't want to be with him?

For me that wasn't an option, but that didn't mean I couldn't *imagine* what it would be like. I knew I was playing a dangerous game, but if all I could ever have was a fantasy, I would take it.



“Where have you been?”

Aerril stood in my path, hands on his hips.

Oh boy, he knows.

Knows I stole his card. Snuck outside and met the man of my dreams...

My face flushed with guilt.

“Umm...,” I couldn’t even get words out.

“I’ve missed you,” he continued, in that flat tone of his.

Which meant he had accidentally run into me, and felt it was the obligatory thing to say. My body sagged with relief.

He had been making his presence scarce as of late - something didn’t ring true with him.

“I missed you too,” I forced out.

“See you later, okay?” he breezed, attempting to move past me.

“Sure,” I said, turning sideways to let him pass, and forcing a fake smile.

Fairly sure me seeing him anytime soon, was not going to happen. Not with the Soul Jumper finally in our possession. He was too busy, having acquired the golden egg. There was no time for me.

Aerril must have realized his awkwardness. He reached for a hug, then quickly skirted around me.

Duty calls.

I was alone again. Not that loneliness was a new feeling. Even when I was with Aerril, the emptiness was there, his mind always somewhere else.

But the strange thing was, I hadn't felt that way when I talked to Exetor. Instead, I felt a part of something. Like my life finally had purpose.

I hurried back to my private quarters. It was place just for me, decorated in light pinks and greens. The color of my favorite flower on Jora, similar to an Earth rose.

It was a beautiful feminine room. With a large walk-in closet packed full of gowns, jumpsuits and shoes of all colors.

Being here was usually enough to cheer me up. But today, my eyes didn't see any of it. The colors blurring together, as my mind worked over my conversation with Exetor. Remembering and memorizing every nuance. Every facial expression. Every word. I had it all catalogued, for private future reviewing and fantasizing. My body flushing with excitement, even now.

I hope he can save Nora in time.

For a moment, I wished I *was* Nora. She may be in trouble, but at least she was *living*. But that was an ungrateful thought. Of course, I shouldn't wish that. I wanted her to be safe.

As the hours ticked on, no reprimand came. Which meant no one had noticed my escapade, and I was in the clear to exit the ship again.

I wrapped my fingers around the access card – my ticket to freedom. Now that I had a taste of the outside, I was definitely going back.

But first, I needed more information, which meant it was time to spy on Aerril again.

It was nearing that particular time of day, when he had private meetings with our trackers. Sometimes he had conversations with the mysterious Ruler as well, which would be a bonus, as far as getting more information on their plans. I wasn't sure who this "ruler" person was, but had a theory that he was the one who controlled all of us.

Arriving before Aerril, I let myself into his private quarters to wait, hiding myself in the closet. It was stuffy, with little room behind all of his uniforms, but he

never went to the closet a second time, once he was dressed for the day. So, I was good.

He was due to arrive at any moment.

Like clockwork, the door opened, and Aerial went directly to his work station.

After a few moments, he began to speak.

I listened to the various conversations, mostly boring logistics stuff, and equipment that needed routine inspections or repair.

My ears perked up on full attention when Aerial asked if the search parties were having any success. One of the agents answered, but I was only catching snippets, as there was a lot of background noise.

"...was not at home when we arrived...have been spanning the 33rd quadrant. So far no sign of the subject."

The "subject" – Nora had to be the subject.

"Flush her out of hiding," it was Aerial speaking again.

"We are one step ahead of you Commander. The fires have already been started."

Fires. Not good.

"Do not fail me in this. The "one above" will not be pleased, if she is not found soon."

The "one above" must be referring to the mysterious BioBorg ruler.

"Understood."

I had to warn X.

While the conversation continued, I slipped out of my hiding place with Aerial none the wiser, and hurried off to my own quarters.

When I entered, there was an incoming message scrolling across my screen.

It was Exetor.

“I have her.”

That was all.

I let out a breath relaxing somewhat, and immediately responded.

“I’ve got more information for you.

It seemed forever before he finally responded.

“Understood. Calling this number relays a signal that leads you to me. Similar to a homing signal. Follow it to the meeting place, tonight.”

He then gave a time to call, and my body tingled in anticipation. The thought of seeing Exetor again making my heart pound. The fact that I had very little to report to him, other than the fires, was beside the point.

I was going. I needed to go...to see him.

And I needed to be ready when he called.

Ripping through my closet, I was determined to find something that would at least make him take notice.

After trying on several jumpsuits, I finally settled on a silky violet one, that set off lavender sparkles in my hair. The texture of the fabric, gossamer and weightless, like a second skin. Buttery smooth to the touch. I shuddered at the thought of Exetor touching me.

Next, I matched my eye color to the outfit, changing from my natural gold to dark purple, to give me an air of mystery.

Then came hair and makeup.

After an hour of trying on makeup, I finally settled on going with a more natural look, that gave a luminescent glow to my skin.

My hair flowed past my shoulders in white-gold waves, and I decided to lengthen it a bit more. Spritzing on the instant growth and thickening formula, the ends were now brushing against the small curve of my low back. Almost reaching the top of my butt - swaying when I moved.

I glanced at the time.

I was taking too long.

There was something I still needed to do, before meeting Exetor.

Melanie.

She needed to know what we had in store for her.

I hurried to meet her. Down into the bowels of the ship, where we held the dangerous prisoners.

Chapter 5

X

Nora was finally out.

Sound asleep.

I had put a sensor on her body rhythms, so I would be alerted when she was close to waking up.

I looked at the time, and sent the signal to Amber. Then went to wait at the "meeting place".

Knowing I probably shouldn't trust her. But something seemed to say she was being genuine, in her desire to help Nora.

I waited, hoping she would show up. For some reason, it seemed really important to me that she did.

The location was a halfway point. Easy to find - if you were looking for it, that is. And likely no one would be. Like Nora's hiding place, it was not on any map.

I made an effort to get my nerves under control. I was literally jumping at every noise, thinking it was her - Amber. Even though I could clearly see the blip on my S-Pod showing her exact location. Why I was nervous was beyond me.

She was getting close, though.

I positioned myself, leaning with one boot up against a light pole. Attempting to appear more casual than I felt.

Unaffected.

In a way, I was dreading seeing her again.

The blip was on top of me now, as her AV came down to park.

She exited the vehicle, yet seemed reluctant to come closer.

Even though I had been anticipating the impending impact of another visual of her, I have to say I was not prepared for the vision now standing before me. If she looked beautiful the last time, I don't know how you would describe her now.

Under the lights, I could swear her hair was longer – and seemed to have a life of its own. Wisps waving in the night breeze. The long flowing strands reaching her trim waist, which was cinched in by a belt. Only serving to emphasize the dramatic curve of her small midsection into fully rounded hips below. With perfect round breasts spilling over the edges of a low-cut collar.

Another bodysuit. Some purple color, and obviously designed to turn a man into the wearer's slave. Because, that is what I wanted to be right now - her slave.

Please make me your love slave.

"An AV?" I managed, clearing my throat. Not sounding anywhere near as cool as I had intended.

She smiled and started toward me.

Oh no.

"They are easy to steal. And I can travel undetected in the human world."

"Stealing, again? That sounds like it could become a habit, if you're not careful," I was joking, but she seemed to look ashamed.

"I will return it."

"Amber, I was kidding," her name slid off my tongue, in a tone of reverence.

Dammit, I was losing my cool. Her flowery smell floating over the breeze and driving my senses wild.

I loved the sound of her name.

She looked up at me through her lashes, giving a coy smile.

Then her expression turned sad.

"Sorry, I'm used to disappointing people."

"What idiot would be disappointed with you?" I growled, speaking without thinking first. Too pissed at the injustice of some undeserving sap, berating *her*, of all people. The epitome of perfection.

She seemed pleased with my response, grinning widely, then glancing from side to side.

"We are safe here?"

"Yes. No one can find us."

"I knew you were the one I could count on. The one who could get this done."

I felt strangely happy at her words. No one had ever "counted" on me before. I realized I was grinning now too, without even trying to grin.

She was a goddess.

No other word for it.

"You said you had news?" I forced myself to choke out the words. Wanting instead to just look at her.

“Yes. The trackers are in Quadrant 33. They have started a fire, most likely near Nora’s home. Since family threats are a good motivator - an attempt to lure her out of hiding.

And they will threaten to spread it further, if she doesn’t reveal her location soon.”

“I had been hearing about the fire on the news. Figures there’s a connection.”

“Yes.”

“Anything else?” I asked.

She shifted her weight between each foot, seeming like there was something else she wanted to say.

“It’s okay Amber, you can tell me anything.”

She looked me in the eye then, as if searching for something that would answer a question.

And time stopped, in that moment, with our eyes locked.

I don’t know for how long.

And I was cool with that. Just staring at her made me happy, somehow.

I tried to take all of her in. Memorize her features, in this moment, in case I never saw her again. And I probably wouldn’t. Unless she had more news, that is...

“I...I really just...” she seemed to be struggling with the words.

“It’s okay. Really. Just say it.”

“I mostly came here because I wanted to see you again.”

Her words hit me like a cannonball.

Not what I was expecting.

She had come because she wanted to see me.

But I wasn't worth coming to see. Didn't she realize that?

"Amber, I've done things...I'm no good for you..."

She stepped forward, taking both my hands in hers, and placing them on either side of her waist.

"I'll decide what is good for me," she snipped.

So, the girl did have some spunk, after all.

And she was breathtaking up close...smart...a deadly combination. I was no match for that level of game.

My wet hands on fire, where they connected with her hips. The jumpsuit a poor excuse for a covering, if ever there was one. I could feel every curve, lost in the fantasy.

Lost in her.

My nerves were humming like live wires through my body. Literal live wires...I was a Cy-Bot, after all.

I decided to just go with the moment. No way I could meet her again after this, and I wanted to make it last. She wouldn't ever learn the truth about me. Didn't seem to care.

Her hands were now resting on my shoulders, and she whispered, "Dance with me."

Not what I was expecting.

It was then that I heard the music, streaming softly from her tracker, attached to the back of her belt.

It was a soft, flowing melody. Wrapping itself around me.

Was she hypnotizing me?

I *felt* hypnotized.

Amber began to move.

Slowly, at first. Just turning her hips in a figure eight motion. Swaying to the music. Her face ecstatic.

Uplifted to mine.

And I moved with her. At first feeling like an idiot. Standing here dancing under a streetlight.

But then I became swept up in it. Like a slowly building windstorm.

And before long, we were dancing and whirling in circles. As if I knew all the steps of the dance.

When it ended, I lifted her up. Swinging her around before setting her back on her feet. My hands never leaving her hips.

And just as soon as the strain ended, another began. Much slower. A drugged lilting melody.

Instinctively, I pulled her closer. Until she was pressed fully against me. Aware of every luscious ounce of her flesh melding with mine.

Her head was close, our ears touching.

I was tall, but she seemed to fit somehow. Maybe it was the heels she was wearing. Or maybe this was just a fantasy, and I was about to wake up.

The haunting music eventually quieted, and we lifted pulled away to look at each other.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I was in the forest alone, with a lovely wood nymph.

Dancing.

It was better than any psychedelic drug trip I had ever been on...not that I still did drugs. Only experimented a few times, back when things had been really hard...

Hard.

She was pressing right against me.

Everything faded from my mind, except her piercing look.

Only her. Now. This.

With full lips parted. Inviting.

“Exetor...”

I leaned in...unable to stop myself.

The pull of this siren was too much for even me, a disillusioned and seasoned player.

I was going to kiss her.

No way I could stop it. Didn't want to stop it.

I leaned, and a sharp buzzing snapped me back to reality.

Nora.

She was waking up.

I quickly pulled away from Amber. Feeling like ripping away from fresh glue before it had time to stick. Before I could no longer get free.

“It's Nora. I have to go.”

“Tell me where you are, so I can find you again.”

I backed away from her, holding my hands up, as if to protect myself.

Still half-drunk from that dance.

“Please, Exetor.”

I couldn't say no to her, “We are at coordinate 75-105. Off highway 251.”

Then I turned and sprinted to my AV, hoping I would make it back in time.

Driving like a complete maniac, I heard her voice over and over in my head, “I'll decide what's good for me.”

But I *am* no good for her.

I can't see her again.

And what was I thinking, giving her our location? She could be a spy.

I felt like kicking myself. Had she tricked me into revealing it? I was certainly under her spell. Whatever drug she was using, I wasn't familiar with it.

I didn't sleep all night. Just sat, staring into space, listening to Nora's rhythmic breathing as she dozed peacefully. Visions of Amber haunting me. Not that I sleep anyway, but if I did, I wouldn't have slept.



A message came through in the middle of the night.

It was her.

“I think they picked up something on Nora. The trackers. Has she been talking to anyone?”

“Not that I know of.”

“You need to meet me in Sector 33. We will lure them to us and throw them off track. Make them think they were looking for her in the wrong place.”

“Won’t they recognize you?”

“I have that covered. Meet me as soon as you can.”

Coordinates showed up on my screen.

I feared I may be walking into a trap.

Chapter 6

When I arrived at the designated location, a woman with long black hair wearing jeans and a t-shirt was waiting.

I was about to ask her to identify herself, when I realized it was Amber wearing a dark wig. With heavy black eye makeup around her eyes.

“Do I look enough like her?”

“Like who?”

“Nora.”

The truth was, as attractive as Nora was, Amber was Amber.

“Enough to fool someone else, but never me.”

“Why not you?”

“Because I have your features memorized. I would know you anywhere.”

She didn't have an answer to that, and I felt like maybe I had revealed too many of my thoughts.

It was better we keep this business only, and get the job done.

I checked around us, looking for some type of trick. On guard and ready.

"I have a plan," I said, forcing my voice to normalcy.

"It's okay, I've got this one figured out. I "leaked" some information to them, so the trackers should be here shortly. We let them see us, from a distance, and assume I am Nora with a friend."

"Why will they assume you are Nora?"

"Because A – they are looking for her, and I hinted she may be here. And B – it's dark...even with BioBorg eyesight my features will not be that clear. And C - we are going to run as soon as they see us. Looking like we are guilty."

"You're starting to *sound* like Nora too, listing things off like that."

"We will be too far away for them to catch us. They will follow my trail back to the ship. You will remain here and hide, so there is only one trail to follow. It will confuse them, when it suddenly ends."

"Oookay...," I said, leery of how plan of hers was going to succeed.

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to find out. We were ambushed, as soon as we started in the general direction of the trackers.

Nora-Amber - went into immediate action, flinging kicks and punches in all directions. I didn't have a chance to even respond, as she took down three of her own people.

One dude was lying on the ground moaning. The other two were knocked out cold.

"Come on!" she yelled.

We ran back to our vehicles.

"What if there are more?"

“There are only three on this mission...and I just took them all down,” her voice was filled with wonder, “not exactly in the plan, but it will do.”

I was too stunned to speak.

“I have turned off all systems on my AV,” Amber continued, “it is on autopilot, returning to the person I stole – borrowed – it from. Which is on the other side of town by the way, as far away from Nora as possible.”

She directed her attention to me.

“Which means I now need a ride. You are taking me back to my ship.”

As we drove in silence, I suddenly had to ask, “How did you just kick the asses of three men – BioBorg men - in literally seconds?”

“I don’t know. All I can say it was pure reaction. I’m still a little shaken about it all.”

“Well, reaction or not, it was impressive!”

Her face lit up.

“At least they are off your trail, now. They would never dream I would be out in the woods. And will assume Nora – me - just defended herself, and is on the run.”

She pulled off the wig, and fluffed her long white hair.

I stole a glance at her, my heart clenching.

She was blinding.

I wanted to reach for her.

Keep your eyes on the road.

It was better not to look. I couldn’t seem to control my reactions to her.

When it was time to drop her off, and I gripped the steering wheel until my hands hurt.

Willing myself to let her go.

I could feel her eyes on the side of my face, but I remained facing forward.

“Okay well, goodbye then,” she said, getting out and shutting the door.

I sped off, not looking back.



“I’m coming to see you.”

It was Amber, again.

I had only been back a couple hours. It was still early enough in the morning, that the Sun had not come up yet.

Glancing at Nora, I could see she was still sound asleep.

I couldn’t let Amber come here. I needed to deflect this somehow.

So, I sent alternate instructions of where to meet.

“Where I let you off last time.”

Last time...just hours ago, but it already seemed like an eternity.

I hurried off, knowing Starkk would guard Nora. Although I wasn’t anticipating any unexpected visitors. Not with the wild good chase we had just sent them on.

My thoughts returned to Amber. Selflessly helping Nora. Amazing as she had handed them their asses...

Still...maybe she was playing me...pretending to be on my side.

I pulled up, my head swirling with doubt, as I watched her exit an AV.

My defenses crumbling like an avalanche by the mere sight of her.

Perfection.

All thoughts of her being a spy now forgotten.

If she was going to be my doom, then so be it.

With that thought, I couldn't get out of the vehicle fast enough. Bolting straight for her.

I was losing myself.

I knew it.

And I also knew I couldn't stop it.

She was in my arms, in seconds. And we held on tight, as if in danger of being swept away by a raging river. And maybe we already were.

But I didn't care.

And then I was kissing her.

Long drugging kisses.

My tongue dipping into the honey taste of her mouth. Hot. Swallowing her breaths into me, as she moved her mouth against mine.

"Amber..." I moaned between breaths.

"I want this," she sighed.

This.

Wait.

I pulled back, holding her at arm's length. Trying desperately to grasp onto some last shred of sanity.

I released her suddenly, as if my hands had been burned by the touch.

I struggled to catch my breath, my heart now pounding.

This couldn't continue.

I had to get hold of myself.

Turning my back to her I asked, "What is your news?"

I knew I sounded defensive. And maybe I was. Defending against something that was unstoppable.

She looked confused, at my sudden change in mood.

"There was no news. I just wanted to see you again. While there was still time."

And she had no idea how much I wanted the same.

"I feel alive with you," she continued, "like you actually see me."

"Amber, this has all happened way too quickly. We aren't thinking straight."

"Cinderella married her Prince after only one dance."

I turned back around, holding an iron grip on my control.

"That is a human fairy-tale. Cinderella is not real."

"Are you going to tell me this, between us, isn't real?"

"There is no us," I said. And seeing her face fall, I added, "There can't be. We are on opposite sides of a war. And you don't want a guy like me...the things I've done."

The words were ripped from me. Almost too painful to say.

“I don’t care what you have done in the past. I want who you are, now.”

“Amber, there is something you don’t know about me. About *what* I am.”

She looked confused.

“I am a Cy-Bot. Which is ten steps lower than a human or BioBorg. I have metal in me. Tech. I’m just a robot - not even real. And definitely not a Prince in a happily ever after.”

I felt more depressed now than ever. But it was the truth. She was too good for me.

“I don’t care what you *are*, either. Up until I met you, I have felt powerless. Like I had no value. But with you I come alive and see a future. I feel hope.”

And she was mine, as well – my hope. But it was a false hope. One that could never be.

“Amber, I can’t...I don’t deserve this...you...” the weight of the truth was crushing me down, like truckload of bricks unloading and burying me alive. Cutting into my skin and breaking bones with the force of impact. The truth splintering any remaining happiness she had ignited in me.

“I have to go. Don’t contact me anymore.”

I couldn’t look at her, as I ran like a coward to my vehicle. Leaving her behind. Like I had left Nora behind, that day.

I could never make up for all my sins. I was doomed to be an asshole.

Chapter 7

A

Exetor's rejection hit me hard. It felt like my life story, the constant rejections. Never feeling good enough.

I hung my head, knowing he must be seeing the lack in me, that everyone else did.

I didn't go right home. Instead I drove, needing to disappear for a while. Even though that meant risking the consequences for going outside. But maybe my luck would hold out. Or if they found out, Paul would cover for me. Not that I wanted to get my brother in trouble too, but I wasn't ready to face anyone just yet, and pretend everything was okay with me.

Finding a beautiful spot, I pulled over. A deserted area with a clear view of the mountains. But all I could do was think about my interactions with Exetor. And the constant rejections in my life. Always being seen as "less than".

Time passed as I waited for the bad feelings to disappear. I didn't have a clue how long I sat there, but I was sure it was long enough for someone to notice my absence.

I reached up, and touched the wetness on my cheeks. I must have been crying. Unsure of how to identify and process the feelings. I wasn't used to crying. But

the emotions that Exetor stirred in me wasn't anything like my feelings for Aerril. I was hardly upset, when my suspicions that he was using me were confirmed. I could see that Aerril was just infatuation. Exetor was something else altogether.

It was then I got pissed.

If Exetor doesn't want me for who I am, then so be it. That is his problem.

I didn't need Exetor here, in order to feel empowered.

I had kicked those guys butts all by myself.

Me - the one without any skills or value.

"You know what? I am a good person and have a purpose, just like everybody else," I said out loud, "and just because it doesn't fit with someone else's idea of worth, doesn't mean I don't have value."

That was it. I was not going to take it anymore. No more lying down like a rug for other people to walk on.

With a huge smile and a sigh of relief I stood and wiped the last of my tears from my face. Ready for whatever they wanted to throw at me.

No longer afraid of who I was.



When I arrived back to the ship, I noticed something had changed.

People were milling around outside, and no one seemed to care that I had just blatantly pulled up in an unauthorized AV.

Wow, I leave for five seconds, and everyone goes crazy.

I stopped a man I recognized as Jameson, and asked, "What is going on?"

Just then a buzzing sounded in my ear, which signaled there was an announcement for the hive. I heard a strange voice in my head.

"At last. The great Soul Jumper. So nice of you to visit us. I'm told you have information for me."

I looked to Jameson, as if to say, "Who is this? Do you know who is talking?"

He shrugged, admitting he was just as confused.

There was a pause, before the voice continued.

"As you will see, there is no other way out of this room. I can sense your resistance to communicate. You may be interested to know, that your sister Nora has come back to us, for another visit."

"You promised to let her go!"

Melanie's voice! It was Melanie talking to someone.

The Ruler? Did the trackers find Nora?

"I did no such thing. And promises are made to be broken. Especially when it serves my purposes."

I ran to my quarters, continuing to listen to the conversation as I went. Needing to sit down, when The Ruler got to the part that he was deceiving us by making the BioBorg people believe we would each get a soul. That he had led us on another pointless mission of killing and takeover for his own power. This time it was Earth.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. He had betrayed us from the beginning. By the end of the conversation, two of our guards had taken him into custody, on orders of Zach. That left us with a choice.

Aerril's voice rang clearly through the hive.

“My people...this human wants us to join her fight! Against other humans, and I say it is not our battle. Not our people. The Ruler is our creator! The one who made us. And he is one of us. The Ruler has our best interests at heart. He has brought us peace. You must choose now.”

The hive was going crazy now. We were to make our decision between Melanie, Zach and The Ruler. All having souls, and therefore able to rule us.

The hive quieted, as Melanie began to speak, giving a heartening speech. It nearly brought me to tears, and I knew that I had done the right thing. Going to her and helping Nora.

In the end, the citizens chose Melanie as Queen.

“We are free.”

Free.

It was a chant going through the hive. Freedom was something we had never been offered before.

“All citizens are called to gather in celebration, in the main reception hall this evening. Formal attire requested, with representative family crests.”



It appeared that there was hope on the horizon. Real hope for the first time.

I was excited to let Exetor know the good news. And I needed to warn him that Paul was on his way.

I typed a message, no longer needing to hide for fear of being discovered.

“Paul somehow knows where you are. He most likely broke into my communications with you, being worried about my absence. He believes

you are turning Nora over to The Order, as I did not have the opportunity to set him straight. He has already left.

Also, things here have changed. Melanie is free, and has defeated The Ruler. She is now the Queen, but is going after The Order. I continued to explain our present circumstances, keeping it brief. And ended with I'm sorry for any of my actions that may have caused upset. Thank you for your help with Nora. I will be forever grateful. I am ending this transmission now, and wish you well in life."

I pressed send, feeling heavy, despite the happy mood here on the ship.

Then I did what needed to be done. I blocked all future communication with him.

Chapter 8

X

Nora. Beautiful Nora. Any idiot with eyes could see that she was just as enticing as her sister Melanie.

And now with the rain...spattering against her transparent shirt...against those amazing...

Nora was all but naked from the waist up.

Get her back to safety, moron. Stop staring.

But then I felt her hand guiding mine. Pressing it against her. My hand now cupping the weight of one amazingly large and perfect globe.

My thumb seemed to have a mind of its own, tracing the rigid peak. The fabric pulled taut over its enormity. I wanted to pinch and nip and bite. My head now swimming with lust. I continued to thumb her exquisite nipples.

I immediately got a stiff one.

How could I not?

But this was wrong! She was not who I wanted...in fact I didn't want anyone.

I was supposed to be rescuing her, not assaulting her.

I forced my mind to focus, and got to my feet.

“We need to get you inside.”

She was sopping wet and freezing.

I wrapped her in a blanket, pulling her onto my lap. I needed to comfort her.
Make her see reason.

Hope that she could somehow forgive me.

But she dropped the blanket.

And suddenly Nora being on my lap was a mistake.

When she twisted around, I was instantly hard again. Getting a full view of her
large breasts still straining through wet fabric.

Then she moved on me, and the shot of pleasure was agony.

She moved again.

And again.

I closed my eyes to the rhythm, giving in to the sensations.

A vision swam behind my lids of golden eyes and flowing white hair.

No.

I shook my head, trying to squash the image.

Forget...

I wanted to drown myself in Nora. Prove that this white-haired witch, with eyes
like the Sun, hadn't ensnared me in her web.

Prove that she meant nothing.

My hands assisted her, gripping firmly, and raking Nora's hips across me. Her breathing increased. She was feeling it too.

"Oh...yes...X..."

Nora's voice...not...

My eyes popped open, and I was instantly on my feet.

Shaking my head, as if that would make the visions go away.

I pushed Nora into a nearby chair, needing to end the contact between us.

This wasn't working.

It was all wrong...needed to think.

Get my mind right.

But the images still swam before me. *Her* smile. Her face. Her eyes.

Amber.

Taunting. Tempting.

There was no denying it.

And I was kidding myself, if I thought anyone else was going to replace this.

This. What is *this*?

And then the next thought about knocked me off my feet.

I love her.



When Paul walked in, I knew it was time.

I had to go to her.

Make her see...*what*...I wasn't sure yet.

I just needed to go.

Then I would help Melanie with this mission she was planning.

I looked from Paul to Nora, knowing I had done the right thing. Stopping things before they had gotten out of hand with her. Giving Paul directions here.

Nora may be denying her feelings, but they were written all over her face, the minute she laid eyes on him.

She was still arguing with me, begging me not to leave. But time was running short. And we all had to face our feelings.

"See ya later, Crazy Pants," I said, and left before she could say anything more.

Chapter 9

A

There was a commotion out front. Everyone's voices buzzing with excitement, and many running toward the exits to investigate.

I decided to follow.

The cause of all the commotion was a male voice.

Someone outside yelling loudly.

A crowd of my people surrounded him, laughing.

Then I heard my name.

Or rather, my name being shouted.

"Ammbbeerr!"

Then a scuffle, as if someone was trying to stop the person from yelling.

"...just let me talk to her."

Oh no...it couldn't be...

I shoved my way through the rows of people, in order to get a better look. A bad feeling settling in my stomach.

Upon recognizing me, the crowd parted, as I was the one getting her name screamed.

Suddenly there he was, and it was like a brick had hit me square in the chest.

Exetor.

His eyes found mine, the second I broke through to the front.

"Amber."

He was no longer yelling.

I couldn't do this. I thought I was strong, but I could feel the tears, threatening to come.

He saw that I was upset.

"I'm sorry. It's the only way I could talk to you. You blocked all communication between us."

I turned, ready to flee.

"Amber, wait...don't go. Let me explain."

The crowd seemed to close in, pushing me forward. Not wanting the show to end.

I had no choice but to turn and face him.

He seemed to relax somewhat when he realized I wasn't going anywhere.

"Don't leave me again."

"I think it was you, that left."

“Yes, I know. I was an idiot,” he ran a hand through his hair, “I was afraid...”

I crossed my arms, not ready to let him in, but still forced to listen.

“...afraid to feel again. And I did...*I do*...feel something when I am with you.”

I glared, trying not to soften. Not wanting to become the weak and trusting Amber all over again.

But my glare wasn't stopping him.

“In fact, the thought of not seeing you again made me feel crazy. I tried to shut away those feelings. But I can't do it. It's impossible.”

“What are you saying?”

“I'm saying I love you.”

The crowd around me now literally buzzed with excitement. And then a hush fell over the crowd, as if holding their breath for my response.

When I didn't give one, Exetor hurried on.

“I understand if you don't believe me. Maybe I am incapable of feeling such emotion,” he stopped to think for a minute, “and I understand if you don't feel the same. I mean, I'm just a data stream of information. How could you love a bunch of metal and wires?”

My heart was soaring, and it sounded like the birds were suddenly singing louder than normal. Like the whole area around us had gotten brighter. Lit up with some type of crystalline light. I swore I was seeing rainbow colors.

And then I knew.

Even embarrassed, and having an audience, I decided I had better put him out of his misery.

“I love you too, you fool. And, anyway, everyone knows you are way more than just a data stream. Stop getting so wired up about it.”

The light around us now beamed from his face.

He took both of my hands in his.

“Did you just say *wired* up?”

I couldn't hold back a smile.

“I'm going to make you pay for that,” he grinned, looking slightly shocked that I had made a joke.

“I'm counting on it.”



I stepped into Exetor's AV, to get a little privacy from the ogling crowd.

“Are you allowed to be here with me?”

“Yes. Melanie has freed us. She is our Queen, now.”

“Yes, she freed me too. Something I didn't deserve. Look Amber...what I said about being no good for you...I meant it.”

“And I told you I don't care about the past. I've always been surrounded by perfect people. I never stood out. Was never good enough. No value, no special talent. But now I realize that is not true. It was what I was programmed to believe about myself. The Ruler must have had a purpose for making me think this way.”

“But you do have value. You are real. I am just a running stream of data.”

“No, you have independent thought. You've proven that time and again. You are a hero. And everything to me.”

His eyes darkened at my admission. As if he was going to show me just how deliciously naughty he could be.

“As much as I want to spend alone time with you, there is something I have to do first. Will you go with me?”

“Do you have to ask?”



Exetor and I walked past a highly perturbed woman, climbing the steps, to enter a bedroom.

There was a boy and girl about my age inside, standing next to a smashed computer.

Exetor spoke first, surprising them.

“Hey Nerdo, we need to get that hunk of junk up and running again. We’re going to need it.”

Part 2

A Free World

Chapter 10

A

June 1, 2050.

My story starts today. The day the people of the Earth became free. I always wanted to know what freedom was like. But this is not my story. This is the story of what happened after our Queen defeated The Ruler and the NWO government. A story of the future. A future where my home planet Jora, with Earth, have united as one system known as Jearth.

We are Jearthians now.

I will relate what happened after, for the reader. Beginning with the details immediately following the defeat of the NWO...

There was much rejoicing, all over the world, as an enslaved people woke up to that enslavement. Freed from a future unbeknownst to them. One in which they would have become robots for a space army.

But that reality was prevented.

Reporters had swarmed in on Melanie, finally getting their interview. And they continued to follow her wherever she went.

In that interview, she gave credit to the help she received from the BioBorg people – including mentioning Paul and myself, as well as Ned, Karla, Exetor and Nora. There was talk of X having cheated in previous high school football games, being a Cy-Bot, and therefore having an unfair advantage. But that argument was tossed out, in lieu of his incredible service to humankind.

All past deeds by Cy-Bot agents and military were forgiven.

Information was released to the public about the drug Slice, being deliberately infiltrated into society by the NWO. After ingestion, small nano receptors flooded into the body, that were able to receive a voice tech signal. Users were told to cut themselves, and those instructions were interpreted by the brain. The person assumed they were hearing their own thoughts. In essence, Slice was a mind program drug. Used to drastically reduce the human population, weeding out the weak from the strong. In order to man a strong Cy-Bot army.

The world's famous elites and celebrities - being puppets for the totalitarian government and helping to push drug use and many other agendas - were arrested for treason and crimes against humanity.. All were guilty of conspiring in mass genocide. Their fate was determined in a public tribunal. It was decided that The Ruler and The Reformer's souls, along with all other guilty parties, be put into Cy-Bot bodies. They were programmed never to harm anyone, and sent into space. The ship sent on a one-way trip, and controlled from Jora to monitor their location. The re-entry portal was closed for further protection of Earth, using the same technology that created a shield around Jora.

Melanie and Nora finished the high school year. Many students and teachers volunteered to help them catch up on their studies. The news media showed up on their first day back, for yet another interview. Camille Spencer was seen to be pushing her way to the front of the large gathering of students, waving to the cameras. She smiled, slinging an arm around Melanie's shoulders. One of the other students was seen stepping forward, and throwing what appeared to be an orange slushy into Camille's face. She was filmed immediately exiting the scene.

It was privately reported to me, by Nora, that everyone at school now ignores the former queen bee Camille. She is without friends. And Nora added, "In case she causes problems again, Melanie can now kick her ass."

A BioBorg ship was sent to my home planet Jora, to deliver the news of recent events on Earth. Our citizens there rejoiced at their new-found freedom, and

connection to a new planet and people. Jora had been a beautiful place once, but most of the land had been scorched from the war. There were only patches of fertile areas left. Repairing the charred surface could now begin. We wanted nothing more than to bring back her beauty, but had been forced into endless battles and wars under The Ruler. Now that was over. We could operate as defense instead of offense for a change.

Ned and Karla had become an “item”.

Melanie attended her high school graduation.

Exetor gave the kitten Rosie to Melanie as a graduation gift, and an attempt at further apology.



The Year 2051...

Nora forgave her father, realizing he wasn't to blame. And nothing could ruin her happiness, with a gorgeous husband and the birth of their baby girl. They were now officially a family...and I was an aunt. Something I never dreamed I could be, as there was no word for it in our language.

Melanie was elected “Queen of Jearth”, the news media hailing her as “The Unifier”. Having Cy-Bot programming - from when she merged with Zach (Z2D2) – and formerly living as a human who is now in a BioBorg body, she is the one to ultimately unite the races.

King Zachary rules by her side. Being a soul, he was able to jump into a new BioBorg body. Zach chose to look like Z2D2, as that was what was familiar to Melanie.

It was agreed by the BioBorgs to keep their technology under the sole control of their Queen, so it could not be misused in the future, and everything remained fair for all races.

A new government was formed, with representatives from each sector - human, BioBorg and Cy-Bot. Peace and sharing was encouraged, for a better world. With technology that benefitted all. No longer being under hive mind control, all BioBorgs and Cy-Bots were able to live out a normal life span. Both now recognized as citizens.

Most of the BioBorgs had decided to stay on Earth and have families and babies with humans. Now that it was possible to reproduce between the races. Women BioBorgs were able to get pregnant from male humans, and vice versa. Some BioBorgs and humans chose to live on Jora, while many living there came to Earth.

Cy-Bots had been reprogrammed to be free, no longer slaves to anyone. Removing any old programs that could cause harm to humanity or incite a rebellion amongst themselves. Having been souls that were forced into Cy-Bot bodies, many were welcomed back into their original human families. Some opted to create their own communities of Cy-Bots, inter-marrying and adopting human orphans.

Because Cy-Bots have souls, it was agreed that they would not be jumped into BioBorg bodies as a better alternative, because they would become capable of taking over the BioBorg hive mind. But because of their own hive mind disconnect from the central server, they could now die when they choose, and move on in the Universe, as an immortal soul.

And finally, Exetor disappeared from the public eye, with his new wife...me.

This was the story of the free world. Including two planets and three races respecting sovereignty for all peoples.



But it doesn't end there...

A peek into The Principality Series:

The year is 2069. Nora's eighteen year old daughter is competing against other royal females for a title. Unfortunately, she is the only child of a BioBorg and human born without a special gift. Wining the competition also includes a prince, but she only has eyes for one smoldering headstrong male – and he doesn't qualify. Her hopes are crushed when she discovers he is a dangerous threat to the safety of her world. As the "lover turned enemy" threatens to claim her, will she be forced into a life of bloodshed and ruin?

Meanwhile, a crew of Jearthians accompany Queen Melanie on a routine mission to Jora. They mysteriously never arrive. And our story continues...

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



A. Yber has always loved reading sci-fi, paranormal and metaphysical subjects since early childhood. In addition to her fiction series, she has authored several non-fiction works, and loves connecting with her readers.

In her spare time, she enjoys water skiing, playing golf, nature walks, conspiracy theories, reading books and petting her two kitties.

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