



Changeling Press

A Merry Cyborg Christmas
Epilogue: Running from the Cyborg
Anne Kane

Encounter: A Merry Cyborg Christmas

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Epilogue: Running from the Cyborg (Terras Five 5)

Jakob knows that human rituals and celebrations are important to his bond mate Caitlyn, so he sets out to replicate a genuine old-fashioned Christmas holiday just for her. Of course, she'll have to do without that jolly old fellow in the red suit. No way he's bringing in another male to make his woman happy!

A Merry Cyborg Christmas

Jakob eyed up the potted plant he'd managed to coax out of the atrium attendant. It wasn't exactly a tree, but it was alive and green. If he understood the protocols correctly, that should make it an acceptable substitute for an actual Christmas tree. Not like there were forests full of greenery for him to choose from on an orbital station.

Now he just needed to find some decorations for the not-quite-a-tree. His research indicated they needed to be cheerful and shiny. The illustrations showed a lot of round objects as well as antique bells that made noise without any electronic components. Antique bells were out of the question. He doubted he could find one in this galaxy, let alone on the station. He wasn't sure how an inanimate object could be cheerful, but metal was shiny. Shiny he could work with. Round metal objects should be easy enough to acquire.

Whistling softly, he set about turning the greenery into an approximation of a human Christmas tree, complete with decorations.

Several intervals later he stepped back to evaluate his handywork. The winged alien perched on the top branches added a surprisingly whimsical touch to the creation. He thought it bore an amazing likeness to the "angel" creature described in his research.

Although he didn't understand the holiday, it appeared to be important to Caitlyn, so he was willing to attempt an approximation of the protocols involved in order to make her happy. Killing a tree and setting the carcass up in your living quarters struck him as a bizarre way to celebrate peace and goodwill, but it appeared to be one of the most important rituals involved.

There was also an inexplicable ceremony that involved an overweight human male with a scruffy, untrimmed beard and a fuzzy red suit. The

symbolism of that escaped him completely, and he had no intention of procuring another male for his bond mate, no matter how unappealing the guy looked.

The exchange of tokens of affection was another aspect of Christmas that his research indicated was important. At least that made sense. It was akin to the sealing of a contract. He understood the significance of the exchange. You give a person something of value, and in return they give you an equivalent something. Although why the humans felt it necessary to use footwear to deliver the items confused him. It seemed somewhat distasteful, if not downright unsanitary. Nevertheless, he had obtained two large stockings and attached them to the wall on either side of the tree-like sparkly potted plant.

It seemed he finished his preparations just in time. The door to their quarters opened with a soft swish and he turned. Caitlyn stood in the doorway, as beautiful as ever. The light from the corridor behind her spilled into the room, surrounding her with a soft glow.

The look of stunned disbelief on her face as she surveyed the results of his efforts launched a flight of uneasy butterflies in his gut. She didn't look happy at all. Had he mistaken some important part of the rituals?

He frowned. Maybe the not-quite-a-tree wasn't as obvious as he'd thought. "It's intended to resemble a Christmas tree. I apologize that it isn't a real tree. I couldn't find an actual tree on this station, so I reasoned that something alive and green would be an acceptable substitute."

Caitlyn let out a high-pitched squeal, a delighted grin stretching from ear to ear. Running across the room, she launched herself into his arms. He wasn't expecting that. Even with his enhanced reflexes, he damn near didn't catch her.

Would he ever get used to this adorable female human's illogical reactions?

"I love it! You made me a Christmas tree! I love you!" Taking his face between her hands, she kissed him with an exuberant enthusiasm that took his breath. Her enthusiasm for life and love never ceased to astound him. When

she'd stopped running from him and started running toward him his life had become complete.

He could have replied in the same sentimental vein, but he liked to think of himself as a man of action. Lowering her to her feet, he twined his fingers through her silky hair and tilted her head back to return her kiss.

Caitlyn melted into him, her warm curves fitting against him as if she'd been born just for him. He had no doubt that was the case. She was his bond mate. No one else would be so perfectly matched to him. "I'm glad you like it. I thought it might make you feel more at home."

"Mmm. Home. Yes. Definitely feeling like I'm at home." She managed to continue kissing him while wiggling out of her clothes.

He'd always admired her ability to go after what she wanted, and happily, she appeared to want him right now. She didn't waste any time getting naked, and neither did he. He had a feeling he wasn't quite as graceful as Caitlyn as he shed his garments. He lacked her innate grace and flexibility, but nevertheless they were soon both naked, skin to skin. His favorite condition with Caitlyn.

* * *

Caitlyn whimpered, arching her back to rub the sensitive tips of her breasts against Jakob's chest. She loved this big, beautiful hunk of a man, this cyborg, more than she'd ever believed she could care about anyone. Somehow, despite the gaping chasm between her world and his, they completed each other in a way she'd never dreamed possible. She ran her hands down his back, enjoying the feel of his taut muscles beneath her splayed fingertips.

Jakob growled his approval and scooped her up, striding over to the sofa and lowering her carefully to the padded surface. Straddling her body with his own, he nibbled his way from her mouth to the incredibly sensitive spot just behind her ear. Sometimes she thought he knew her body better than she did, and he used that knowledge to bring her desire to a fevered pitch.

She reached down, wrapping her fingers around his cock and stroking its length. A deep shudder ran through the big cyborg and he nipped her earlobe. She stroked him again, slowly, tightening her fingers just a tiny bit as her hand approached the massive tip. It amazed her to know just how much power she wielded over this commanding, incredibly sexy male.

Jakob wasn't wasting his time either. His hands roamed over her body with the knowledge of a longtime lover, setting every nerve on fire. He took his time, caressing her breasts, her hips, and the smooth skin of her stomach before his hand drifted lower, to the sensitive skin of her mound. She moaned softly as she writhed beneath his skillful hands.

A whimper escaped her lips, and she tensed as his fingers parted the soft folds of skin guarding her pussy. She held her breath in anticipation.

A ghost of a smile curved his lips as he slid a single finger inside her. Darts of erotic heat sizzled through her veins as she felt the tip scrape along the sensitized flesh, sending her lust spiraling out of control.

"Jakob! Please! I need you inside me." She gasped out the plea and watched his eyes darken as he pulled the finger out and positioned himself between her thighs.

"You are mine." He plunged himself deep, stretching her tight channel until every nerve ending went up in flames. She wrapped her legs around his waist, and time ceased to exist as he plunged into her.

In. Out. In. Her focus narrowed, nothing else existed but the two of them. Nothing mattered except the feel of her bond-mate worshipping her body with his own. She felt his body tensing, and her own tightened in anticipation. He reared above her one last time and plunged balls deep into her.

She clung to him, her anchor in the erotic storm, as her world spun out of control. Intense pleasure washed over her, searing every nerve in an endless cascade of sensual overload. Waves of soul-searing pleasure crashed over her and she let out inarticulate cries as Jakob lowered his head to take her lips.

“Bond-mates.” Caitlyn sighed happily, tiny aftershocks of pleasure still rippling through her body. “I never expected to find a male I would want to spend the rest of my life with, let alone a cyborg. I must admit, cyborgs outperform human males when it comes to sex. Your attention to detail is phenomenal.”

“Nor did I ever expect to forgo the system of controlled breeding practiced on my home planet and pledge my life to protect and honor one female. I promise I will do my best to make sure you are always satisfied with your choice.” Jakob tilted her chin up to stare into her eyes. “I don’t deserve you, but I have no intention of letting you go.”

Caitlyn laughed softly. “I’m not sure I agree with the not deserving part, but I’m going to hold you to that promise. I’ve never felt so content in my entire life. Merry Christmas, my big, loveable bond mate.”

Jakob chuckled and held her a little closer. “Merry Christmas.”

* * *

Dear Reader:

In this epilogue to *Running from the Cyborg*, you get a glimpse into how two very different cultures can combine to live happily ever after. All you need is love. If you enjoyed this peek into the lives of Jakob and Caitlyn, you can find their love story in the novella *Running from the Cyborg (Terras Five 5)*, available from Changeling Press LLC at Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Kobo/Walmart and iBooks.

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