



TRICKED
BY THE
ESCAPEE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

JADE WALTZ

TRICKED BY THE ESCAPEE

JADE WALTZ

Copyright © 2023

Jade Waltz

Tricked by the Escapee is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, brands, media, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

All rights reserved.

Published by: Jade Waltz

PreOrder Edition: April 1st, 2023

E-Book ISBN: 978-1-952420-36-8

Paperback Print ISBN: 978-1-952420-43-6

Cover Artist:

PreMade Book Covers by Atlantis Book Design

<http://https://www.atlantisbookdesign.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/ABDpremakes/>

*This book is dedicated to Eva Delaney, the Queen of Dildos,
with the belief that “Everything is a dildo if you’re brave
enough.”*

I’m waiting for your show to become a Tiktok series. 😊

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Epilogue](#)

ONE



ASHLEY

L as Vegas, May 4th, Morning:

“We’re celebrating Alien Appreciation Day in Sin City. The streets are bustling with cosplayers, events, and parties. There isn’t a single person in sight who isn’t wearing something interstellar to celebrate.”

“May the fourth be with you!”

“Beam me up!”

“Aliens! Aliens! We must save the aliens!”

“Give us aliens! Reclaim Area 51!”

Ashley grabbed the remote and muted the television.

“Of course they want out. Who wants to be trapped underneath some dirt pile for the rest of their lives? I know I

want out of this piece of shit hellhole,” she grumbled as she shoved a spoonful of cereal into her mouth.

Today was the big day.

It had all started as a social media event. Some joke about rescuing the aliens the U.S. Government had been hiding from the world. It was a global phenomenon. People from all over the world had traveled to Las Vegas to celebrate Alien Appreciation Day, May the Fourth Be With You, or the day enthusiasts wanted to free the rumored aliens who were captured and hidden beneath Area 51.

Now Vegas was filled with alien lovers, people curious about the shit show that would happen, and locals who just wanted everything to go away. Sure, business increased due to the rage, but the believers were becoming too much for those who weren't used to the freaky.

Ashley chuckled as she glanced at her UFO digital clock, surrounded by the alien posters plastered all over her wall. It read 06:00, the end of the event's gathering stage.

“Alien dick is the best dick. They don't know what they're missing.” She giggled to herself as her eyes roamed over all the nude alien glamor shots posted on the wall.

“Damn straight,” Dia agreed, walking into the room holding two bubble teas. “I hope the mob floods the place and gives us what we all have been looking for,” she said, placing the colorful pearled tea next to Ashley's hunched form. “Are you sure you don't want to go bar crawling? Lots of single hot guys lookin' for a good time. Plus, all the cosplayers! Have you seen how realistic some of them are?”

“Yeah, I'm planning on fucking one tonight.” Ashley smirked as she lifted the bowl to her mouth, drinking the

leftover milk.

Dia shoved Ashley's shoulder. "That's right. You're havin' that hot cosplayer over. The one you met while you were workin' at the casino, right?"

"Yep, that's the one," Ashley said as she placed the bowl into the dishwasher.

"Damn, I'm jealous. I wish I had worked my shift instead of having you cover me. It could be me getting lucky with a guaranteed hottie." Dia jumped onto the counter and took a large sip of her bubble tea, kicking her feet lazily. "What if he's *the* one?"

Ashley rolled her eyes.

It had taken her some time to get used to her best friend's personality. While Ashley refused to settle for another male, Dia was a hopeless romantic. She always saw the potential in every person she met, hoping they could be the one.

Ashley's history proved it didn't matter if an attractive person had an amazing personality; while living in the Sin City, there was always a high pool of singles—or soon to be hitched—only wanting a one-night stand, not a serious relationship. Being thirty-five, surrounded by the young and the talented, made finding any type of stable companionship hard unless she counted the creepers and desperate.

That was why Ashley had given up on them. She would rather keep close friendships with the friends she had and just enjoy herself whenever she met someone decent. If he was a decent guy and called back, she would entertain him for a while but make sure they always made the first move and protected herself from falling in love.

What was love in the City of Sin?

“You know how I feel about finding love. I just want to stay inside and celebrate today, my own way.” Ashley grabbed her bubble tea as she made her way around the counter into the living room. “It’s about time to watch the fuck fest at Area 51,” she said as she plopped down onto the couch.

“You really think the government will do something?” Dia asked, sitting down next to her. “I mean, there are one million going and another two million interested. Every city and town within a five-hour radius of Area 51 has been flooded with people coming for the celebration and the raid. Between the party goers and the truth seekers demanding evidence, no matter what, this area is fucked.” Dia gasped and smacked Ashley’s shoulder. “Ash, look! Look! What the fuck is that!”

The TV showed a helicopter view of the huge cluster of raiders gathered a short distance from the base’s border. The sky darkened, causing the crowd to lower their signs and objects as they looked up. The helicopter jerked suddenly as the cameraman tried to point the camera at the commotion.

The sky was filled with locusts as they flew in from all directions.

People screamed as they dropped their signs, taking off toward the thousands of parked cars and buses, hoping to get shelter. Others stood stunned, frozen in wonder as the swarm made its way to the base.

“Oh my God! The locusts are invading the base! What the fuck is this?” Dia shouted.

“It looks like something attracted them,” Ashley explained. “You know they were drawn to all the lights here. There must be something there that grabbed their attention.”

“Yeah, but what?”

Both women watched the locusts attack the base, attaching to everything they could. Guards ran around, trying to swipe off the insects, screaming in horror. Surprisingly, a few seemed untouched as they walked through the yard.

The camera panned over what little was left of the original Area 51 invaders. Only about a fifth of the crowd remained, yet the number of signs and trash on the ground was disastrous.

“What a shitshow indeed.”

Two



XIZI

“Wake up, brother.”

Sounds of screams assaulted his ears, jolting him awake from his deep slumber.

Xizi grudgingly opened his eyes, breathing in the familiar scent of his crew member. The dimmed lights of his holding cell highlighted a human stiletto removing his restraints. He could see the faint sapphire glow radiate from his skin, signaling he was a fellow Rkekh in a borrowed enemy form.

“Fybl?” Xizi asked, confused, rubbing his wrists.

“Yes, it is me,” Fybl’s rough deep voice rumbled.

“What’s happening? Why now?”

“I don’t know, but a ship with Verya is here to rescue everyone. It’s up to us to use their distraction to escape,” Fybl said as he offered his hand.

Xizi grabbed it and winced from his stiff limbs as his body refused to move. Hissing, he stepped down from the ledge, his muscles sending jolts of pain through them.

“What’s the date?”

“May fourth, two thousand and something. Why?”

“My memory is foggy. The humans and their fishing experiments.” Xizi groaned. “It’s been about twenty Earth years since we were captured. Why did it take anyone this long to come get us?”

“I don’t have the answers. All I know is, we have to get the Stars out of here. You were the last one to be found,” Fybl said, wrapping an arm around Xizi’s waist.

“How many survived?” Xizi asked, needing to know who was left from their crew.

“Only you, me, and Rylyx. The others are gone,” Fybl replied sadly.

The blow almost knocked him off his feet as he stumbled back in his weakened state—their crew of twelve reduced to only three.

“Confirmed?” He didn’t want to have any false hopes or what-ifs.

Fybl shook his head and looked away.

Assisting Xizi down the hallway to the emergency exit in silence, Fybl dodged the fallen human bodies along the way and kicked the door open. Xizi threw his arm up as the sudden brightness from the desert sun assaulted his eyes. A loud hum drowned out the shouts and screams.

“Why didn’t they come at night?” Xizi asked, trying to piece together what was happening. A swarm of locusts was attacking the humans, attaching themselves to everything as they created havoc. “And why an insect attack?”

“Only the Fates know why. The Varya said they created a distraction, we just need to use it to escape and gather whatever we want to take with us.” Fybl surveyed the yard. “Do you think you’re capable of cloaking out of here? We’re supposed to make our way to the nearby human city named Las Vegas and hide out. They will port us up during the fireworks celebration tonight. Something about tricking the humans into forming a mob of maniacs and believers to raid

this base to find proof of aliens. Now, the area is filled with a large influx of people who want to do nothing other than party. The humans are without the means to handle them.” He chuckled, watching the humans being attacked by the mob of insects. “Who knows if the Verya had a contingency plan in case the humans were too afraid to take the base. The undercover agent who let me out said we only needed to go unnoticed for a few hours and stand outside during the fireworks display. They’ll track our soul signature and teleport us to safety.”

Xizi breathed in deeply, tasting the dryness of the fresh air. The quality had suffered greatly since he was captured.

“Las Vegas?” he asked as he shook out his stiff limbs.

“Correct. It should be an easy journey for us.” Fybl released his hold on Xizi and studied him. “We can travel at a slow pace and still be able to make it on time.”

“You trust this Verya?”

“More than the humans,” he breathed. “He said the Yaarkins were coming, and they are our only way off of this planet.” He turned and pointed to the distance. “Las Vegas is straight that way. I don’t know about you, but I would rather take my chances with the Verya than them. Earth is doomed to fall.”

“You think we can do this?” Xizi asked, following Fybl’s gaze.

“Who knows?” Fybl shrugged. “Just need to blend in until it’s time.”

“We don’t have much time.”



Something told him to keep going once they reached the city's border.

“What is it?” Fybl hissed as they stood beneath some trees next to a pair of ponds. Even though he was still cloaked, Xizi could make out the faint outline of the familiar sapphire aura that radiated from him. “What do you see?”

“I sense a pull.” In frustration, Xizi whipped his tail. “Something I’ve never felt before, urging me to keep going.”

“What do you mean a pull?”

Xizi scratched his scales and touched the center of his chest, between his hearts, as he considered how to explain it to his clutchmate. “The end of my tail—my *nolu*—my strands throb, as if they want to blossom and become more. My scales are alive, with an itchy sensation along their edges, as if I were about to shed my first skin. None of this makes sense.”

“Your *enax* is close,” Fybl muttered. “Our *cloutc* explained what would happen if we ever found the one the Stars and Fates decided was ours... However, it does not make sense. Why is your *enax* on Earth? Why didn’t they come and rescue you—rescue us—if they’d been here all along?”

“There weren’t any other Rkekh at the base besides us three, right?” He looked at his brother, hoping for an explanation of what was going on. “I would have felt them if they were there. Could they be a part of the Verya rescue team?”

“No, sadly, there were only three of us left.” Fybl grabbed his shoulder and squeezed it. “Either they came with the Verya or your *enax* is human.”

“A human?” Xizi hissed. “I understand it’s possible, but why a human? Why now?”

“What are your plans?” Fybl let go of him and knelt down to observe the wildlife in the pond. “Will you leave knowing that your *enax* may not be joining us?”

“Do I have enough time to investigate?” Xizi covered his eyes and peered off into the distance toward the cityscape, where his senses called him to go. “The sun hasn’t set yet, and if they’re human, this may be my only chance to meet them.”

A group of four golfers in matching green outfits with bobble eye headbands laughed as they rode by in a golf cart.

They paused their conversation and stood motionless as they watched the golfers take turns starting the hole.

Fybl turned to him as soon as the group rode away. “You should have plenty of time. Just make sure you are outside when the fireworks start.”

“What about Rylyx? Should we be worried about him?”

“You know him.” Fybl sighed, stood up, and glanced over his shoulder. “He feels responsible for our missing clutchmates.”

“It wasn’t his fault.”

“No, it isn’t, but he insisted on searching the base for any signs of what happened to them. He promised to be cautious and to meet us on the ship.”

“What will you do if I leave?” When it came to the *Verya* rescuing them, Xizi knew it would be easier if they stayed together, but he couldn’t leave Earth without seeing his *enax* at least once.

“Stay here, hidden.” He raised his hands, as if imitating how humans shrugged and twisted around, peering at their surroundings. “It’s the least I can do to avoid being caught, and to make it easier to find me in such a wide open space.”

“Knowing that you’ll be here while I look for my *enax* will put my mind at ease.” He pressed his palm against Fybl’s chest, his gaze fixed on his remaining sapphire tainted clutchmate. “I promise to stay safe and hidden, which should be easy on a day like today.”

Fybl chuckled softly, sounding like stones rolling down a rocky hill. “Happy Alien Appreciation Day!”

THREE



ASHLEY

L as Vegas, May 4th 20:30:

Dressed in her shimmery-silver space mini-dress, Ashley threw her cell phone on her bean bag chair and screamed angrily.

“Where are you?!?!”

The hot cosplayer was late and not picking up her calls or answering her texts.

“I should have known he would do this. I bet he’s picking up some hot tourist at some gig,” she growled. “I could be partying with Dia right now, but instead, I’m inside on a night that has been described as the largest celebration other than New Year’s. Damn it!”

It was too late to travel downtown since the roads and public transportation would be packed.

The government grounded all the planes and closed off all travel to and from Las Vegas. Now, its occupants decided to continue with their pre-planned celebrations—and those who were trying to escape the madness couldn’t.

The media repeated the same recorded Area 51 footage, made earlier in the morning, all day long, the government preventing any new footage from being broadcasted.

Something was up.

Most news anchors and their interviewees believed secret technology and weapons were stolen. A few believed aliens really did escape, and now, the government was trying to trap and capture them. All of them laughed at the insanity of those who gathered but didn't actually raid the base—no special run, no overpowering the guards, or what Ashley thought would happen, no massacre streamed live for the world to see.

Ashley secretly hoped the aliens were real and had escaped—there was no way Earth was the only planet capable of producing intelligent life. They had to be more intelligent than humans since they traveled to Earth, but somehow, they couldn't leave.

Perhaps they crashed, or maybe they were caught leaving.

In the end, no one deserved to be trapped underground and have whatever done to them.

Whatever the truth was, she couldn't wait to see what would happen in the days to come.

Ashley grabbed her laptop and a hard lemonade then plopped onto the couch. An alien invasion movie marathon was on low volume, playing on her television, filling the small condo with background noise.

Two matching unopened boxes next to a bowl of alien themed candy sat on the end table. A smile broke Ashley's face.

“If that cosplayer wants nothing to do with me, at least I have Eva's Monthly Dildo Mystery Box to open.” She glanced up at the time. “Eva's Area 51 Party should be happening right now.”

She opened her laptop and clicked on her bookmarked tab. Instantly, a live stream of Dildo Queen Eva played.

Ashley laughed as Eva described her favorite alien and monster dildos, ranking them according to their purpose. She owned the entire collection, including the limited editions, as one of her VIP fans.

Placing her laptop on the ottoman, Ashley grabbed the box addressed to her and opened it, purring loudly. Enclosed in a resealable plastic case was a long, black, scaly dildo. Its head flared to twice the width of the shaft and had multiple thorn-like points along the rim. The shaft was fully covered with bumps, from underneath the head to the ball sacks at the end.

Ashley pulled out the information pamphlet and ignored the basic care-taking instructions.

In big, bold lettering were the words “Torhk: The Thunder Lizardman” next to the words “Limited Area 51 Edition.” The dildo’s bumps vibrated, and it was capable of glowing in the dark for late-night sessions.

“What a cock...”

A loud splash sounded outside.

Ashley glanced over her shoulder toward the sliding glass door, unable to see the pool from her position on the couch. Placing the pamphlet on top of the dildo and setting the opened box next to her laptop, she quietly got off the couch and muted the television as she sneaked her way to the curtains.

Small splashes continued.

Who in their right mind would trespass on private property for a quick swim? Just because almost everyone in the city was celebrating didn’t mean people could do whatever they wanted and get away with it.

Slowly, she peeked around the curtains to see who or what was in her backyard.

On the edge of her pool was a tall and lean lizard humanoid, equipped with claws and a long tail. He had beautiful black beaded skin that was iridescent as it reflected sea green in the pool light, with spines along his back down to the tip of his tail and forearms. A set of four spine-like ears sat like a crown on top of his head and moved slightly as they framed long thick strands of black hair that trailed down to the base of his tail.

Damn, this cosplayer was good. He looked so realistic—no wonder it took so long for him to get here.

Ashley watched his costume's wide hips budge as he squatted down and scooped up pool water with his taloned hands. It was obvious his tail was helping him keep balanced.

He moaned as he stood up, drinking from his hands.

She tilted her head, her eyebrows scrunched in confusion, wondering why he was drinking from her pool, especially when she had a hose for him to use—and she would've offered him a glass of water, as she always did when someone first arrived.

Ashley pushed away the doubts about why the cosplayer had decided to enter her backyard to drink from her swimming pool, reasoning that he was most likely trying to play the part of a recently escaped alien looking for a safe place to hide.

The cosplayer must be a true professional, as he claimed when she first hired him. The high quality of his alien costume demonstrated his seriousness in his craft.

He even created three-toed feet!

He boasted about his stilt-walking abilities, but she didn't believe he was such a natural and wondered if he had worked with one of the local circus troupes.

Ashley laughed at the thought of what he had packed beneath it all, and she wondered if he would be willing to use one of her unopened cock sheaths, or if he had brought his own.

It didn't matter if he refused; she knew some guys had hard limits and weren't as freaky as she was; if he didn't want to be that adventurous, he could use one of her many dildos.

All that mattered was that he was finally here, and she was about to get lucky—and judging by his appearance, it had been well worth the wait.

FOUR



XIZI

Rylyx was the one who wanted to land on Earth—to fulfill his need to always be remembered for generations to come.

Their *cloutc* always told them how humans were dull savages and easy to manipulate. It was a rite of passage for each clutch in every generation to take a journey to Earth to do something to the humans that would either confuse, excel their growth, or alter how they went about their business. Whichever clutch of their generation left the strongest impact were claimed the winners.

What was the reward?

Nothing.

The Rkekh were a minor species in their galaxy, with only one tiny home planet—basically non-existent compared to all the other space-faring species. They were nomadic and kept to themselves—always traveling as a clutch until members broke off to create their own clans. Their stories were passed down, generation to generation—only those who toyed with the humans the best were remembered amongst his species.

Until now, it was assumed that the Euph galaxy was a safe haven, and Earth was a playground where they could freely mess around without being detected, especially since the other species in their galaxy had no idea what they were capable of.

Now, Xizi only had two clutchmates left.

It was the price they paid—all because they wanted to be the clutch to be remembered for generations to come.

The end of his tail throbbed, its *nolu* threatening to glow, making it more difficult for him to remain hidden as it signaled he was getting closer to the one the Stars had destined him to be with.

His *enax* was near.

It had been ages since he expanded his tail end, using his cluster of shimmering threads to gather the basic molecular information of a species to store for later use. Each spine along his back held the data collected for each individual species they scanned. The more spines they had, the more species they had the pleasure of meeting. The larger the spines, the greater number of scans they had on that species. It was a sign of power and maturity amongst the Rkekh.

Humans? They were the easiest species to scam. Their mistrust of one another made them paranoid, and their society considered those who believed in aliens delusional.

Their blood banks were the best way to collect all the data needed without alerting them... such exploitable creatures.

However, the majority of the time, they probed humans, and in exchange, the participants were always healed of any abnormalities in their bodies as payment.

It was the ones who were afraid of what it meant if they enjoyed it a little too much—never having had their anus played with—who always caused them problems.

All was well until that one fateful night when they tried to scan their first celebrity.

It was his fault he didn't stop the crew from going after the president, wanting to collect the data of all the leaders of Earth's most powerful nations—something about making a game of it and collecting them all.

Earth was always an easy target, and it should have been easy. Humans hadn't explored their star system yet. They had developed quite a defense, but not enough to protect them from the Yaarkins or any other species with a fleet.

Rylyx walked down the crowded streets of downtown Las Vegas, feeling out of place among the costumed humans. He tried to keep his head down and blend in, but it was difficult with his large scaled body and long, whip-like tail.

Unfortunately, his body lacked the energy to keep him cloaked after years of being trapped underground, given only enough nutrients to survive while humans experimented on them. His abilities were limited until he was given enough substance and a few nights' rest.

As he walked, people kept reaching out to touch him, fascinated by his unusual appearance. He tried to move away from them, but the crowds were too thick.

At first, he had been amused by it all, but now he was starting to feel suffocated by the crowds and the constant attention he was getting.

Everywhere he went, people wanted to touch him, to ask him questions, to take pictures with him.

Xizi's hearts pounded in his chest, and he could feel his scales flushing with embarrassment. He didn't like being the center of attention, especially not when he was supposed to be on the run.

Even after all of his years in captivity, he was used to blending in with the other species on space stations, where his out-of-the-ordinary appearance was the norm. Even in the midst of an alien celebration, he couldn't hide, and he felt a growing sense of panic.

Xizi tried to move away from the people, but they continued to follow him, trying to get a closer look at his scales and the intricate patterns that adorned his skin. He could feel their eyes on him, and it made him feel exposed and vulnerable.

As he walked, Xizi tried to focus on the sights and sounds of the city, hoping to distract himself from the uncomfortable sensation of being touched. But it was difficult to concentrate with so many people around him, all vying for his attention.

It was overwhelming, and it brought back memories of the labs where he had been studied and poked and prodded. He felt exposed, vulnerable, like he was on display for the whole world to see.

Finally, Xizi couldn't take it anymore. He stopped in the middle of the street and turned to face the crowd.

“Please,” he growled, his voice shaking slightly. “Stop it! I don't want to be touched.”

The people around him seemed to finally take notice of his discomfort, and they backed away, giving him some much-needed space. Xizi took a deep breath and continued on his way, feeling relieved that he could finally breathe again.

He wandered away from the noisy crowds of downtown and tried to calm his racing hearts, to let go of the fear and anxiety that had been building up inside him.

The further he walked, the more he became aware of the strange sensation in his chest, the throbbing sensation between his two hearts.

He looked around, taking in his surroundings.

He had wandered into a quiet, residential neighborhood filled with neat rows of condos. It was a stark contrast to the

flashy, bustling downtown area he had just left moments ago.

But something drew him forward, like he was being guided by an unseen force.

He followed his instincts, turning down a side street lined with trees and well-manicured lawns.

Xizi couldn't explain it, but he felt like he was being drawn towards the house at the end of the cul-de-sac. His steps quickened as he approached, his curiosity growing with each passing moment.

Xizi sampled the air with his tongue, his tail swaying restlessly as he tried to gather as much information about his *enax* from the surrounding aromas.

This was his *enax's* dwelling, and based on the scents surrounding it, she was a female human and shared it with at least one other.

If she had a clan, he wouldn't take her away from them and would pray to the Stars and Fates that the Verya was wrong about the Yaarkins coming this way.

He couldn't guarantee her a reliable or safe life away from her home planet, so he figured she should spend her final years among her own kind, hoping the Yaarkins wouldn't come to the nearly defenseless planet.

He cursed the galactic government for abandoning such a species so close to their requirement for space travel outside their sol system, making them a target for pirates and now a potential invasion.

Whatever their reason for everything that had happened to him, the Stars had led him to her in order for him to meet his *enax* before his departure.

Without thinking, he jumped on top of her fence, his tail helping him balance on the narrow surface.

From his vantage point on the fence, he surveyed the backyard.

It was compact, with a small body of water filling most of the space. There was little room for grass, but there were a few potted plants scattered around the edges.

Xizi felt a sense of calm wash over him as he looked out over the water. It was peaceful, with only the sounds of the wind and the occasional bird breaking the silence.

The sun was setting, casting long shadows across the yard and bathing everything in a warm, orange glow. Xizi couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder at the beauty of the moment after being trapped for so many years.

He watched as a woman passed by the curtain, her shadow flickering on it in the dim light.

His *enax* was home.

Xizi couldn't take his eyes off her, even though he knew he shouldn't be spying on her like this. He wondered how he should introduce himself. He had never been good at making first impressions, especially since most feared being touched by his kind.

Should he take his stored human samples and try to combine a set of genes that would appear attractive to her?

Humans didn't have a set standard of beauty, and time was running out.

A part of him wanted to do what some humans thought was romantic in their movies and request entrance to her dwelling after stating his undying love to her.

But he couldn't sing.

And lacked flowers.

He sighed and looked away from the window that taunted him so.

His gaze fell on the body of water that glowed in the darkness, illuminated by its floor lights, enticing him to dive right in.

It had been a long time since he had been allowed water, and he wasn't getting anywhere with his plan on how to introduce himself to her.

Xizi leaped off the fence, landing on the water's edge. He dipped the end of his tail into the water, its temperature warmer than the crisp desert night air. His tail sensed chemicals, but nothing that would harm him if he indulged himself.

He pulled his tail from the water and bent down to take a sip. The water felt amazing as it traveled down his parched throat.

One sip became another and another.

He moaned as he finally quenched his thirst after a long day of traveling through the hot desert land. While he should have used the environment, in his poor condition, there wasn't much his body could tolerate until it could heal itself.

A high-pitched giggle filled the air.

"Here you are! You're late!" a light feminine voice called. "I've been waiting for you!"

FIVE



ASHLEY

The cosplayer looked up at her, shock covering his masked face. Now that she could see his front, she liked him even more. The scaled bodysuit showed off his ten pack, making his pecs and abdominal V stand out, asking to be licked.

“Want to come in?” she asked, grabbing the hem of her dress.

The cosplayer cocked his head to the side. “Yesssss.”

Ashley eyed him, confused by the deepness of his voice. She shook her head, deciding he must be playing in character, which was exactly what she had hoped for when she planned the night.

“If you don’t hurry, the government will find you to take you back,” she joked over her shoulder as she entered her condo.

The lizardman cosplayer came to a halt in the middle of her stride, as if she’d smacked him, and looked up at the helicopters circling around. Their search lights filled the night sky, moving around as if battling the light projectors, which were beaming bright colors and alien shapes into the sky.

“They’ve been doing it all day.” She frowned, puzzled as to why he was so interested in something that should be regular practice. “They’ve already searched this area and were unable to find whatever they were looking for, so you don’t have to worry about them disturbing our night.”

“Exxx-cccellent,” he hissed, bobbing his head as he peered at her, his tail flicking back and forth like a pleased cat. “Let’s go inside. I don’t like the noise or their bright lights.”

As Ashley led Xizi inside her house, she couldn’t help but feel nervous.

Hiring someone she’d just met to come over dressed as an alien for the city’s unique holiday was something she’d never done before. Ashley wasn’t sure what to expect for the rest of the night, but she knew what she wanted to do—him.

Excitement coursed through her as she thought about how he might have a surprise for her. If he was late because he was trying to make himself look as realistic as he could, he might have something freaky to use later.

She hoped so.

It was a night to remember, anyway.

How many people had sex with someone dressed up as a true alien? Not many. She was fine paying him to ravish her—to fulfill her fantasy of being taken by an alien on this historic day.

Ashley glanced at the clock and wondered if they should have their fun in her bedroom or the living room.

Dia would most likely be crashing at some lucky guy’s place—so she didn’t have to deal with the awkwardness of kicking a clinger out after a one-night stand. Jillian had decided to take a week of vacation from her hotel job to travel to Toronto to visit a cousin—she was afraid what shit would go down if the raid actually took place.

This meant the living room was free to do whatever—which was good because she was starting to get worried about his tail and the lack of space in her cramped bedroom.

As he walked, sounds of nails tapping on the kitchen tile floor filled the silent living room where she had everything ready for the night.

Her alien cosplayer looked around the room with curiosity, his glowing eyes taking in every detail. Ashley couldn't help but notice how big and muscular he was, able to carry such a large costume, and how much space he seemed to take up.

Ashley couldn't help but feel self-conscious.

She was aware that her interest in the paranormal, monsters, and aliens was unusual, and she was concerned that he would regard her and her roommate as overly extreme.

In the past, she had dates who were intimidated by her massive collection of abnormal dildos and the sexy boudoir shots of creatures and aliens that adorned her walls.

It wasn't her fault she knew what she was attracted to—if they could enjoy their anime girls, why couldn't she enjoy her paranormal monsters?

His gaze landed on her laptop, which was still playing Eva's celebration stream.

“What'sss that?” he asked, his deep voice tinged with confusion.

“Oh, that's one of my favorite suppliers.” Ashley dashed over to her laptop and shut it down, then placed it next to her open box. “I was waiting to hear about her new products, hoping for an exclusive deal.”

If she was lucky, she could persuade him to use her new dildo on her later.

As she sat down on the couch, she gestured for him to join her. “Come sit down and make yourself comfortable.”

She couldn't help but feel a little starstruck as he sat on the far side of the couch, his tail draped over the armrest, his gaze wandering around the room.

His costume was unlike anything she'd ever seen before, with glowing eyes, scales, and a tail that moved all the time, reminding her of a cat.

But she pushed her nerves aside and took a deep breath. She knew that she had to take charge of the moment, to break the awkward silence between them.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, gesturing to the posters and memorabilia that covered the walls. "I've always been fascinated by aliens and monsters, ever since I was a kid. I think it's so amazing that there could be other life forms out there in the universe."

He peered at her, his glowing green eyes seeming to take in every detail of her and the room. "You started your interest when you were an adolescent?" he asked warily. "When did you build such a collection?"

Ashley felt a surge of happiness. Here was someone who actually appreciated her interests, who didn't think she was weird or silly. She smiled at her alien, feeling a sense of connection with him that she couldn't explain.

"Yes, my parents were believers as well, and our house was filled with everything paranormal," she explained, her voice laced with excitement. "From exotic international memorabilia of dragons and other mythical creatures to books about legends and other media containing their favorite aliens and monsters. They welcomed my paranormal interest and love with open arms, and here I am, flying my freak flag with my roommate and bestie."

He snapped his head toward her. “You have a partner?”

Ashley shook her head while raising her hands and waving them. “No, no, no, no. Dia and I are just childhood friends. We met in elementary school and have been attached at the hip ever since. She and I have similar interests, and our parents believe we are soul sisters, having shared the same bond in a previous life.”

“There are two of you?”

“Not tonight.” Ashley pressed her lips together. She and Dia had both had previous dates ask if they were available for a threesome, only to be rejected and thrown out shortly after. She hoped her alien date didn’t share their interests. “She’s gone out to celebrate, so it’s just you and me.”

He seemed to relax hearing the news, his grip on the couch loosening as his gaze flicked to the television, which was now playing the classic Independence Day.

“What’s your favorite alien?” she asked, trying to keep the conversation going. “Mine is probably the Predator from *Alien vs Predator* franchise.”

He looked at her with confusion. “Predator?” he said. “I’m not familiar with that species. What do they look like?”

Ashley couldn’t believe it. She had assumed that he was a cosplayer, someone who was just really into the sci-fi and monster scene. But it was clear now that he didn’t know anything about the fictional creatures she loved so much.

“They’re from a movie series,” she said, feeling a little bit embarrassed. “I guess you’re not really into that kind of thing.”

He looked at her with intensity, his glowing eyes seeming to search her soul. “No, I’m not,” he said. “But I am interested

in other worlds, in other life forms. That's why I'm here, actually."

"What's your name and species?" Ashley licked her lips nervously as she tried to steer the conversation back to what he was here for. "What should I call you?"

"Your kind never cared about knowing my name," he hedged, blanking heavily as his tail stilled. "But you can call me Xizi."

"You aren't going to tell me what you are, Xizi?" she teased, frowning. "That's no fun."

Xizi hesitated for a moment, as if deciding how to answer her. "I'm not from here," he said finally. "I'm from another planet, another world."

Show time.

She wasn't going to waste any more time with pleasantries when it was clear that the male was only interested in what she hired him to do—her.

Ashley turned to face the alien of her dreams—who was leaning against the armrest of the couch with his arms crossed—feasting on his physique. She couldn't help but notice Xizi's attractiveness. His gleaming scales reflected the light, creating rainbow patterns across the room.

"Are you an alien? Because I think you abducted my heart," Ashley said seductively. "And I want you to probe me and take me away from here in your spaceship, wherever you hid it."

The alien leaned closer, giving her a better view of his face.

His mask had a slightly extended snout with two slits for nostrils and no lips. What impressed her the most was his bright green eyes, the mask making them almond shaped as his contacts gave a slitted look.

Perhaps if tonight went well, she would rehire him again for her thirty-sixth birthday bash.

“I have ssssearched the galaxy ffffor you, thinking you didn’t exist,” he growled. “And now you’re sitting in front of me. I want you with all of my hearts—”

“Does this close encounter require pants?” she purred, dragging her hands down his bare chest, feeling the smoothness of his cool scaled skin. “It looks like you already skipped that step,” she trailed off, biting her lip as her hands rested on his abdominal V.

Ashley almost missed the slit in the front of his bodysuit, happy the cosplayer wouldn’t have to remove his costume later to fuck her. The longer he could stay in it, the better.

“Your eyesss glow just like the twin moonsss of my home planet,” he murmured, his voice dark and husky. “I can’t believe you want me.”

“And you have a body out of this world,” Ashley said, slightly annoyed. “Look. Are we going to fuck or talk all night?”

His face scrunched in confusion. “If you want me to probe you and—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, dude,” Ashley mumbled as she took off her silver space dress in one fluid motion, discarding it haphazardly onto the floor. “Are you going to let me ride your spaceship or not?”

Xizi glanced out the window and relaxed, his tail slithering back and forth behind him.

“Ifff that issss what you want...”

“You wouldn’t be here if that wasn’t what I wanted.”

SIX



XIZI

The words she spoke confused him. Had the human tongue changed so much since his last probing? When did female humans become so... direct?

His *enax* wanted to bond at that very moment—forever aligning his body to her.

It was a Rkekh curse—one that aligned their body to whatever species and gender needed to mate with their *enax*—giving the bonded couple the best opportunity to reproduce. The Rkekh would still be able to move between forms, but would never be able to match another. Their only chance to reproduce would be if they found another Rkekh from an unrelated clutchship, willing to leave their clutchmates to travel with them.

That rarely happened.

Not since the Yaarkins started hunting them for their abilities, to study and use in their battle against the Vhalxt conquering their home galaxy—and the Verya who were trying to save it.

He hoped the Euph Galaxy would be spared—but the Stars had other plans.

Xizi closed his eyes and breathed in her celestial scent.

There wasn't much time.

If he was going to bond with her and make it to the ship, he needed to stop acting like a hatchling and conquer what the Fates had given him.

A moment like this should be cherished, not rushed, but he wasn't given that luxury.

His body was weak from the Earth years he spent trapped, and he had used what little energy he had escaping. Now, he couldn't afford to pass out from exhaustion—not when the human government was searching for him and the others. Soon, he would be needed outside when the fireworks started.

He hissed as he opened his eyes, locking his gaze with hers.

“I will worssship you... marking every part off your body wiss my tongue ffor the ressst of our livesss,” he purred. “Once you've become mine, there'sss no going back.”

“Prove it.” She crossed her arms, standing naked before him. “Take me as yours.”

Some instinctual part of him snapped—triggering a great need to fulfill her wish. She wanted to be ravished—to be claimed by him—and for him to be hers.

“Yessss,” he purred and grabbed onto her lush waist. He gently lifted her up onto the back of the couch, making sure his talons didn't slice into her fragile skin as she gasped, clinging to him.

Dropping to the floor, his hands trailed down her thighs as he kneeled before his *enax*, ready to feast on her essence and prepare her for their bonding.

He thrust her legs open, hooking them on his shoulders as he buried his face into her folds. Not wasting any of the precious time he had left, he kept one ear trained for the fireworks outside as he flicked his forked tongue on her clit.

She groaned, her tiny hands latching onto his frontal ears as he dove in.

His long tongue flicked up and down her sensitive lips, making her gasp as she bucked against his muzzle. Xizi cupped her firm, plump ass to support her as she rode his tongue and ground against him, preventing her from falling backward.

He thrust his tongue into her core, instantly tasting her pooling nectar as her sweet perfume filled his nostrils. His tongue vibrated as it moved rapidly along her walls, flicking and curling against every part as he tried to map out her inner tunnel and burn it into memory for the rest of his life.

Ashley screamed when his tongue's tip found the end, yanking on his ears, sending a sharp pain down his spine.

Xizi withdrew his tongue and looked up at his *enax* as her head pointed to the ceiling, her long dark hair draped behind her.

“Ffffemale,” he hissed against her folds.

She released his ears, startled.

“Pleaseeee,” she pleaded, jerking in his hands as she tried to grind her center closer to him. “Don't stop!”

Xizi chuckled and slipped his tongue back inside her, slowly dragging it along her wall. He felt a slight lump on her inner wall and pressed his tongue's tip against it, investigating its abnormality.

“Yes!” Ashley shrieked as she gripped his hair, her fingers digging into his scalp.

Her inner walls squeezed his tongue, refusing to let go as a burst of flavor surrounded it. Her body shook with pleasure in his hands as her knees on his shoulders held him tighter to her. He wrapped his tail around her torso to help support and keep her from hurting him as she tried not to fall backward. Its end

throbbled, wanting to change into its clear *nolu* form and sample her.

Xizi kept attacking the spot, sucking in her flowing essence as she screamed for more, her screams triggering his own arousal as her release fueled his need to unite with her. He groaned as his sheath split and his manhood emerged—its flared head bursting from its restraints.

Slowly, her grip on him weakened, allowing him to pull his tongue out. He tightened his tail around his *enax* as he pulled a hand away to coax his length out farther.

Xizi noticed her swollen bud and wanted to know if the stories were true—if a female’s clit triggered her climax—or in his case, lengthened it. He gripped his member tighter, spreading his natural lubricant along his shaft, and lightly flicked his split tongue on the nub.

She screamed and pulled his hair, his tail preventing her from falling backward from his unexpected interest. Xizi pulled his head back, removing his tongue from torturing her.

“Have I proven myssself, female?”

His *enax* replied something unintelligible.

Xizi chuckled.

“I haven’t probed you yet.”

SEVEN



ASHLEY

“**N**o, you haven’t,” she sighed, eyes closed. “But I’m scared about—”

“You have nothing to fffear.” He unwrapped his tail as he grabbed her waist and flipped her around, draping her on the back of the couch.

Ashley gasped, confused by the sudden change of direction. She tried to lift her head to see what he was doing, but failed, weakened by the orgasmic aftereffects.

He carefully ran his cool hands up and down her back, his talons lightly dragging along her skin—too light to do harm, but enough to make her shiver. She closed her eyes and whimpered from the gentle touches.

No one had ever been so... focused on her. It was always about them in the end.

Something long and hard pressed between her nether lips, opening them up, then paused.

“I am going to take care of you,” he whispered, dragging his thick—and to her surprise—bumpy cock along her folds.

She gasped, still sensitive from his earlier actions, and clawed at the couch’s cushion. He gripped her hips and pulled away, replacing it with the head of his cock at her entrance. It felt weird—different from all the men she had ever been with.

It was as if...

She chuckled at the realization he must be using one of those wearables, taking his job seriously to the final detail.

His flared head pressed on, the soft thorn-like nubs dragging against her. If she wasn't already wet and aroused from him feasting on her, Ashley knew it would have stung. She was glad he took the time to make sure she was fully prepared because she wasn't into pain.

She groaned as her body finally opened, taking in his abnormal head.

“The worssst issss over,” he murmured. “I have you.”

The thorny nubs dragged along her walls, lightly scraping as the bumps of his shaft rubbed away any sign of the slight pain. It felt strange, yet incredibly good, as she got used to it the deeper he went.

Each bump of his shaft flicked against her swollen clit as he pressed in, sending small shocks through her. She gasped when the nubby head pressed against the same spot he attacked earlier, but instead of staying, he pressed on.

His pelvis met her ass cheeks, his beady bodysuit cool against her. He stilled as his hands tightened, and a loud hiss escaped him, sending a shiver down her spine.

Suddenly, his cock started buzzing, shocking her with its ability.

“Wha—”

He pulled out and pushed back in, each vibrating bump massaging her walls as her clit was attacked as they passed by.

Her eyes widened as words failed to form.

He fucked her slowly and carefully at first, allowing her pussy to adjust to the strangeness of the odd shape of his wearable.

She closed her eyes and imagined him as a real alien, fucking the first female he encountered after escaping Area 51 earlier that day.

Her arousal spiked as she gave in to her fantasy.

The wet sounds of the alien's cock gliding in and out of her at intergalactic speed, paired with her moans and his grunts, filled the room. Her body rocked with each thrust, dragging her hardened nipples against the couch's rough fabric.

“Probe me! Probe me!” she shouted.

He paused and gripped her tight.

“Your wisssh iss my command.”

Something cold flicked against her rosebud, slowly tracing along its entrance, teasing it to open. She bucked her body wildly and whined as she tried to rush him to resume fucking her.

She needed—wanted—to climax, and he was taking his time.

A warm liquid ejected into her ass, followed by a cool plug. After a few inches were submerged, it split into thousands of little threads.

Ashley was too gone to care as they traveled deeper into her and stopped. Goosebumps formed all over her body as she convulsed in orgasm. She let out a scream of delight as he slowly drove his cock in.

“Mine. Mine. Mine,” he chanted with each thrust as the threaded thing in her ass continued to shock her.

She felt his cock thicken, driving the vibrating bumps harder against her walls. His talons gripped her lush thighs

harder, cutting into her sides as he halted, and thick, hot fluids flooded her.

A wave of euphoria passed through her as stars filled her closed eyes, and she fell into oblivion.

EIGHT



XIZI

It was done.

His body was now aligned with hers—forever set to be her perfect match, her perfect mate. There would be no other—outside his species—which his body would adjust to and be capable of mating with.

Which he was fine with because, until today, he didn't believe he'd ever be able to escape and would spend the rest of his life trapped underground. The scent his *enax* gave off was as addicting as if it were a personal drug only for him, and he couldn't believe he'd thought he'd be able to leave her behind, only needing a glimpse of her.

And now, he was hers.

He willed his tail to stop sending pleasing sensations through her system and detach itself from her walls, dropping its *nolu* form to its default protective state. Now that he had her, it no longer throbbed, sedated from the new bond with his *enax* and the intake of data he stored from her.

Xizi wondered how fast his body would grow her *enax* spine on him—to show the universe he was a claimed Rkekh. Her body twitched as his cock deflated and returned to its sheath.

Slowly, he pulled his tail from her ass and lifted her from the back of the couch.

The fireworks hadn't started, but he knew he was too spent to make the trip to the golf course. He hoped Fybl was right

about the Verya being able to know where they were by their soul signature and pick him up as long as he was outside.

Her body felt small and fragile as she slept soundlessly in his hands. Xizi laid his *enax* gently on the couch to allow her to rest. The scent of their releases filled the room, yet somehow, he felt content.

He needed to clean her and make her presentable before the Verya showed up. Mating disgusted them, and he didn't need to offend his only ride off this doomed planet.

Steps sounded outside her residence, stopping as her dwelling's door opened, jerking him into full alertness.

"You are here to be invaded," a masculine voice called out. "My rocket ship is ready to launch into your black hole."

Xizi stood in front of the couch in a defensive position, ready to attack this intruder who dared to try to take his *enax* from him.

"Are you prepared to be probed?" the male asked as he walked into the room. "Wah! What the fuck?!" he yelled, stopping in his tracks. "Who the fuck are you? What are you doing here, buddy? This is my gig."

The intruder smelled human, yet he was dressed in a gray bodysuit with a large head and black eyes.

"She is mine," Xizi growled. "You can't have her."

Xizi stepped toward the weird-smelling male, ready to fight the intruder who dared try to take what was his.

How dare he invade his *enax's* dwelling while she was the most vulnerable, especially at such a late hour? Hadn't he heard her cries of pleasure? Couldn't he detect the odor of their mating?

“Dude. I don’t know who you are—”

Sirens blared as red and blue flashing lights flooded the windows.

“Fuck! The cops!” the gray male yelled, searching the room in panic.

Xizi needed to think fast. The police may not know what he looked like. He needed to relax and shift into a borrowed human form.

He let the frightened male jet past him in the direction of the sliding glass doors as he blocked his view of his *enax*’s sleeping form. The gray male escaped and scrambled to climb over her bushes, getting stuck between them and the fence.

Xizi chuckled as he watched the big-headed male fail, then changed into a form he believed would be best received if the police decided to stop.

Xizi locked his gaze on Ashley, his heart pounding in his chest. He knew what he was about to do was dangerous because of his limited energy sources, but he needed to remain hidden—at least until the *Verya* arrived. He couldn’t leave her behind now that he’d discovered his *enax* and caved in to her wishes by binding himself to her.

She was it.

Closing his eyes, he focused all of his energy on the transformation. It was a process that he had gone through many times before, but it was never easy. He felt his scales retracting, his muscles shifting, his bones rearranging. It was a painful process, but he knew that it was necessary.

His tail deflated and rolled up slowly into his body as his legs thinned and straightened. His nozzle, talons, and spines shrunk until they were no more. He felt his skin itch as his

scales smoothed out and lightened to the fragile human version. Closing his eyes, he breathed deeply, trying to keep himself calm as the painful final parts transformed.

He hoped that his choice of a muscular, tanned male with long flowy blonde hair as his borrowed form was the right one—what he'd seen in all the romance novels he'd read with the male holding a fainting female before being apprehended.

Loud bangs sounded on the front door.

“This is the Las Vegas Police!”

Xizi shook his head and opened his eyes, seeing the world in a dimmer and duller state as he clumsily walked to and opened the door.

Lights beamed down on him, blinding him, as loud noises deafened his weak ears.

“Sir! It's been reported an alien has been seen near your house. Have you seen any aliens?”

“Yes. An alien tried to break into my house while I was with my... woman. I scared him, and now he's in the backyard. He was stuck on my border before you came,” Xizi explained, hoping his body choice looked trustworthy enough for the authorities to believe.

When his species shifted to a form their bodies weren't used to when they were low on energy, the transformation would appear incorrect, as if they had been glitched—mutated—in an abnormal color or equipped with the wrong body parts. He hadn't had time to check his reflection in one of her metallic objects or mirrors before answering the door.

“Stay inside and step away from any doors or windows while we get rid of the alien for you.”

“It’s best you take your missus and hide while we take the alien in.”

“Will do. Thank you, officers,” Xizi said calmly, nodding as he shut the door, hurrying to the nearest window overlooking her backyard.

The gray male was still struggling with the bushes, unable to get himself unstuck and climb over the fence. A swarm of police officers surrounded him as a pair of beams from above covered the backyard. The police force had their weapons drawn as the gray male struggled to cooperate.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, officers rescued the male and dragged him to the ground, pinning him as they restrained his limbs. The head officer knocked on the sliding glass door, disappointment on his face.

Not caring about his nudity, Xizi answered, sliding the door partly open, screams and a constant hum of grunts coming from the captured male.

The head officer glanced at Xizi’s state as he entered the doorway in full raid uniform, gun in hand. He paused and signaled his squad to continue their assigned jobs. A few peered at him as they passed by, either chuckling at him as they shook their heads or jumping back, startled.

“Sir, sorry for the interruption,” the head officer said, coughing as he eyed Xizi’s crotch. “Is that the alien who tried to break into your house?”

“Yes. He ruined my special night with my lady.”

“Do you wish to press charges?”

“No. I would like to try to rectify what is left of the night and return to my female,” Xizi said, hoping to get rid of

everyone quickly. “The night is still young, and the fireworks display has yet to begin.”

“I will leave you to... do whatever you had plans to do,” he replied. “I know you were in the middle of... I won’t write you up this time and leave you with a warning after everything that has happened today, but next time, answer the door decent.”

Xizi looked down at his body of choice and shrugged. “It won’t happen again.”

“Good.” The officer nodded and turned away. “Good night,” he said, his attention on the commotion outside.

“Good luck, Officer.” Xizi slowly closed the glass door and locked it, breathing deeply. That was too close, but somehow, his plan worked.

Xizi went to the front of the dwelling to watch the police officers pack up their things to leave. He cracked the window, hoping to catch any news of his clutchmates.

“I am not an alien! I am a U.S. citizen,” the arrested male shouted. Xizi was shocked to see him without his big black eyes and gray head. After all, he was human, dressed strangely like the others he’d encountered in the city. “There was an alien in there! Didn’t you see it?”

“The only thing alien was the size of that guy’s cock,” muttered a random officer. “I’m going to work really hard to get it out of my head.”

“This is what you get for carrying narcotics, dressed up as an alien while taking them,” the officer said. “You should have thought your plan through first before trying to get away with it on a night like tonight.”

The officer shoved the arrested male into the car and slammed the door.

Xizi didn't hear anything else as he watched the cops leave and close the window.

Now that the danger was over, he could relax. The fireworks hadn't started, and his *enax* wasn't awake yet.

Xizi closed his eyes and dropped his borrowed form, ignoring the abnormal feeling and slight pain that came with it. As the transformation completed, Xizi opened his eyes and tasted the room with his forked tongue.

This was his *enax*'s private quarters.

NINE



XIZI

Xizi studied her quarters and was shocked by what he saw.

His *enax* had an obsession with space. Everything fit the theme well—from the galaxy bedspread to the glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling. Pictures of nebulas, shooting stars, and creatures unknown to Xizi filled the walls.

The room was small and cozy, but she clearly was an organized person, using every available surface to place each item in a certain order.

Xizi's confused gaze landed on the display on the far wall.

Shelves filled with multiple phallic shaped items in clear containers completely covered the wall, from the ceiling to the floor. Under each member was the manhood's name and a picture of the creature it came from.

His *enax* was a bounty hunter who collected her partner's appendages as prizes and displayed them for all to see.

He knew humans like to hunt game on Earth and display their heads, horns or stuffed bodies, the rarer, the better, but he'd never heard of any species collecting the manhood of whoever they conquered.

Xizi shook his head in denial as he went over each one. There were multiple pictures and appendages that matched those species he met before, but their names were all wrong—Myslik: The Rainbow Twesta. Bleqz: The Fiery Vedli. Jixe: The Icy Xeivn.

Xizi's eyes roamed over the alien memorabilia that adorned Ashley's walls and shelves. His mind was reeling with confusion and fear, wondering if she was sent to recapture him and return him.

He couldn't believe that he had been so foolish, so trusting. How could he have let himself be lured into her home, surrounded by images of the very creatures that she probably collected or wanted the bounty for?

He needed to take her with him, no matter what and let the Varya serve her justice—there was no other option.

Xizi's mind was reeling with confusion and hurt. He couldn't believe that the person he had been drawn to, the one he had believed he was destined to be with, was a member of the very government that had trapped and experimented on him all those years ago.

His *enax* must have used her access to the aliens they captured to study their reproductive systems. It was the only thing he could come up with to explain how she had so many trophies. This explained why she wasn't afraid of him and was so willing to bond.

Xizi stepped away from the wall, disgusted, and went to where his *enax* lay sleeping peacefully, studying everything about the dwelling along the way. He didn't know how he missed the obsession with aliens and space.

It was everywhere.

The light from the television reflected off something shiny that was partially hidden beneath a piece of paper and caught his eye. Underneath the folded paper was one of those clear containers with something inside. He lifted it up to inspect it and then dropped it in shock.

It was a Rkekh cock in its basic form.

She already knew what he was and had claimed one before him, maybe even one of his missing clutchmates.

Loud booms sounded outside, signaling the beginning of the fireworks display.

Xizi grabbed the evidence of her misdeeds with his tail and threw a blanket on top of his *enax*, wrapping her tightly before picking her up.

The once joyful moment was now ruined.

Having her in his arms felt wrong. He felt... used... lost. His body was aligned with her, and now, there would be no other for him.

Should he leave her on Earth and allow whatever the Fates had planned between the Yaarkins and the humans? Or should he bring her along to question and let the Verya deal with her?

He growled, angry at himself for not questioning everything, for being led into such a trap, and for being betrayed by the very being who was supposed to be his everything.

Something told him to take her with him—whether it was his bond, curiosity, or the sliver of hope that she had an explanation for all the male appendages.

Was this what humans called being a hopeless romantic?

He wanted to believe his *enax* was innocent in all of this, and they could start anew—somehow—together away from the Yaarkins and Earth.

Xizi shook his head and cleared his mind as he lifted his unconscious *enax* from her couch.

It was time for him to get off this cursed planet.

Stepping outside, he looked up at the fireworks highlighting the clear night sky. He hissed, pinning back his ears.

What was the point of making so much noise? Couldn't they just make a light show without trying to deafen everyone?

Off in the distance, away from the city, a blip caught his eye.

It was a ship—his freedom.

Xizi purred and watched as it flew closer, pausing a few times along the way, his heart pounding with excitement as the ship came to a stop above him.

“Thank the Stars.”

Suddenly, he was surrounded by a bright light, his body tingling with energy. As his vision blurred, he felt a warm sensation, as if he were being lifted off the ground.

TEN



XIZI

When the light faded, he found himself standing on the deck of the ship, surrounded by a group of aliens—not humans—for once after all of these years. A sudden sense of familiarity, a sense of belonging, washed over him at the sight.

He was finally safe.

“You are free, clutchbrother,” a familiar voice, Rylyx’s clutchbrother, said in their native tongue, his voice low and rumbling. “I am delighted to be able to see you again.”

Xizi’s eyes welled up with tears as he took in the sights of the ship, the crew, and the stars beyond.

They’d been through so much together, faced so many challenges and dangers. For the first time in many years, they were reunited, and he felt a sense of freedom and hope for their future.

“I can’t believe it,” Xizi said, his voice barely above a whisper. “I never thought I’d see space or my people again.”

Xizi felt his heart swell with emotion as he reunited with his brothers Fybl and Xarl. They hugged each other tightly, their bodies trembling with joy and relief. His clutchbrothers Fybl and Rylyx looked at him with the same intensity, their eyes glowing with emotion.

“We’ve been gone, locked away, for too long,” Fybl said. “But now that we are free, we will be able to travel the stars once more.”

“Are there any others?” Xizi scanned the surrounding faces but couldn’t find any other Rkekh amongst the room.

A pair of Verya were talking to each other off to the side, away from the others. The rest of the receiving room was crowded with emerald Swynewi, Alazqi, and a few Ezzaska. A few unconscious humans, both male and female, were scattered along the walls, all dressed up for their celebration.

“I’m sorry, Xizi,” Rylyx choked, gripping his shoulder and making a grunting-gasping noise in the back of his throat. “I stayed behind because I needed to make the confirmation myself. Unfortunately, my findings confirmed what I’d originally overheard: the three of us are the only survivors of our clutch.”

Xizi refused to believe it. “Everyone else?”

Rylyx couldn’t meet his gaze as he shook his head and peered at the floor. “All gone.”

“Were you able to find how?” Fybl asked, urgently, stepping closer to the two of them as he peered at their clutch leader. “What did the records say?”

“They are all gone,” Rylyx muttered. “Either tortured or died from starvation. We’re the only ones that remain.”

“It’s not your fault, brother,” Xizi said, his voice shaking with emotion. “We’d been playing the wrong game for too long and got caught. Someday, they will be reborn.”

“They will be ingrained in my memory until my last dying breath, because it is my fault for not stopping it,” Rylyx countered. “I will spend the rest of my life making amends to them, attempting to reclaim what we lost in their names.”

“And how are you going to do that?” Fybl inquired, motioning to the other individuals present in the room. “We’re

no longer a crew of twelve with our own vessel.”

“By swearing allegiance to the Verya commanders’ cause.” Rylyx opened his eyes, his ruby red glow dimming. “These are the types of leaders I aspire to be.”

“What commanders?”

“Your clutchbrother is talking about us,” a proud male voice said behind him.

As his clutchbrothers kneeled to the floor, Xizi spun around to find a pair of long blonde haired Verya twins standing before him, one with cyan runes and the other with emerald. Their calculating gazes matched their runes, glowing along their skin, proof of their hidden powers’ extreme level.

Twins were feared in Verya culture for what they would become when they matured. The fact that they were both aboard the vessel, with their skin covered in runes, was enough for Xizi to know that they weren’t to be trifled with.

He feared for those who dared to oppose them in a stand-off.

“Who are you?” Xizi inquired, bowing his head slightly in respect. “And what took you so long to save us?”

“My name is Xenak,” the cyan runed Verya said, flipping his blonde hair over his shoulder as he glanced at his twin. “And this is Ryzen. We are co-commanders of this vessel and leaders of the secret department in charge of rescuing the abducted, captured, and those sold in the illegal sales of sentient species.”

“The human population as a whole is starting to realize that they aren’t the only ones in the universe,” the emerald runed Ryzen explained, frowning. “Unfortunately for us, this meant that we had to be more cautious. We couldn’t raid a

base because we were afraid it would force others around the world to relocate—or worse, kill those they had. We had to slowly gather all the necessary information before releasing everyone all at once.”

“Thus, Alien Appreciation Day,” Fybl muttered as he stood. “However, why wait twenty years?”

“Because you aren’t the only ones who have been apprehended. We have rescued many people from pirates. We needed to be cautious because the Vhalxt and Yaarkins were becoming more active and raiding Earth and other species from nearby habitable planets along the border more frequently,” Ryzen replied. “With such a large influx of refugees, we needed to pool our resources and construct a new base to accommodate everyone.”

“Twenty years was too long,” snarled Rylyx. “Especially since you knew there was a clutch with twelve of us captured. Who knows what knowledge—or products—they’ve created as a result of all their experiments on us. We had nine clutchmates die. That’s a lot of losses to suffer all at once.”

“We know,” Xenak snapped. “We know all too well what we failed to do, and to be honest, we thought we had more time. It was better in the hands of humans, whose technology is inferior to that of this galaxy’s Aldawi and Quaww, or our own Yaarkins. While I don’t dismiss what happened to you and your clutch, I am aware of the dangers your species can pose if placed in the hands of the wrong government.”

“I have no doubt you do,” Rylyx replied, his ears pinned back and his tail swaying angrily behind him. “What are your plans for us?”

“We have plans, but I assume you have a different idea of what you want to do,” Ryzen replied, narrowing his eyes as his

emerald runes flared to life. “Tell us what you want us to do to ensure that the rest of your clutch survives.”

“It’s up to my clutchbrothers what they do, because I know they both brought a female human with them when they were ported,” Rylyx quipped. “I want to make sure my species doesn’t get captured again.”

“You want to find your own *enax*,” Ryzen corrected himself, chuckling. “I didn’t overlook the way you gazed at your clutchmates when they appeared on the telepad. You believe they’ve found theirs and don’t want to be left behind.”

“That’s where you’re wrong... I am no longer a leader but a traveling healer, trained by every medic we encountered on our journey before we arrived on Earth over twenty years ago,” Rylyx corrected, taking a step beside Xizi with his head held high. “My clutch is no longer, and it is now my duty to prevent another clutch from suffering the same fate as mine.”

“Who said we’re recruiting?” Xenak smirked. “We just risked our lives rescuing everyone in this room in order to bring you to our hidden base.”

“Brother,” Ryzen huffed, his arms crossed. “Everyone is aware that we are constantly in need of medics and pilots. We’d be fools to deny him his request if he’s willing and capable.”

“We can talk about it more once we get everyone registered in our system and settled.” Rylyx glared at his brother and rolled his eyes. “Right now, we need to figure out what to do about the humans who were brought aboard. I did not believe we intended to bring any along, especially since they were not abducted.”

“I can explain myself,” Xizi said, instantly drawing the attention of the four males around him. “After we got away, I felt something pulling me toward the city. I eventually found my *enax*, the one who the Stars and Fates had chosen for me. Unfortunately, I was so eager to seal my fate that I ignored the warnings I should have heeded.”

“What warnings?” Xenak inquired, casting a glance at his twin. “Do we need to be concerned?”

“My *enax* was eager to mate with me because...” Xizi cast a glance at his *enax*, who was swaddled in the blanket he’d wrapped her in and lying along the wall with the rest of the unconscious humans. “She’s a bounty hunter who enjoys collecting her victims’ cocks after photographing them in vulnerable positions.”

“You brought a bounty hunter aboard our rescue vessel?” Xenak snarled, his head snapping in her direction. “Why didn’t you leave her behind?”

“I don’t know.”

ELEVEN



ASHLEY

Different faces and places blurred into one another, making it hard to decipher if what she saw was a dream or reality. It was as if there was a movie playing in her head she couldn't turn off—or wake from.

She saw eleven black reptilian humanoid aliens that resembled Xizi but had different color tints to their scales.

As his family traveled through space, their ship hurtling through the stars at incredible speeds, they appeared to live on a ship together, each with their own responsibilities to help it function.

As she watched them soar through the galaxy, exploring new worlds and discovering new wonders, she was filled with awe and wonder.

They traveled through space as explorers in search of adventure, only to crash-land on Earth in the ocean, in a location known as the Bermuda Triangle. They swam to shore and traveled the world, taking in everything humans had to offer.

But then, something changed as a sense of dread washed over her.

Ashley watched as the crew tried to take the President of the United States but, somehow, got caught.

She saw the humans who had kidnapped them and dragged them into the secret underground base beneath Area 51 where they were being held captive.

She felt a sense of shock and horror as she watched Xizi being subjected to cruel experiments and tests, his body poked and prodded by heartless scientists who seemed to care nothing for his well-being.

She felt Xizi's fear and pain, as he was experimented on and tormented by his captors. She knew that he had been through so much, that he had suffered so greatly.

Despite his feelings of despair, Ashley sensed determination and resilience in him as he fought to survive and escape.

She was in awe of his strength and perseverance, and she had a deep admiration for him as darkness took over her vision.



Ashley slowly opened her eyes, feeling disoriented and confused. She sat up, looking around her position, trying to make sense of what was happening.

She found herself on an alien ship, surrounded by a bizarre and diverse array of creatures. Green space fairies flew around her, their wings beating softly in the air. Scaled blue aliens stood nearby, their eyes glowing with a strange, intense

energy. Nāgas slithered across the floor, their tails swishing back and forth.

Then she noticed them—a line of unconscious humans lying beside her on the floor. She felt a surge of fear and confusion for a brief moment, wondering what had happened to them.

She was naked and wrapped in a blanket like a cocoon from home.

Her body felt raw and totally spent, as if she'd had the best sex of her life, only to be told something horrific.

Where was she? How did she get here? And why were there others?

Ashley looked around the room, her eyes taking in the strange and otherworldly scene before her.

She noticed her cosplayer, who was standing with two other black reptilian-humanoids dressed similarly to him, deep in conversation with a couple of long blond-haired guys. They appeared to have come straight from some Vegas night show, with their brightly colored paint on their skin and exotic outfits.

A wave of confusion and disbelief washed over her as she rapidly closed and reopened her eyes while shaking her head, trying to figure out if this was her new reality or a dream.

Was this really happening? Was she really on an alien ship, surrounded by creatures from beyond her wildest dreams?

She needed answers, and she assumed, based on the strange dream she'd had and the current situation, that she'd fucked a real alien, and he'd Tarzan-ed her away on his ship.

Even though she'd always fantasized about being swept away by a book boyfriend or her favorite creature, living it as her new reality was a completely different experience.

Perhaps it was the mind-blowing sex or the fact she was thirty-five with nothing going for her, apart from a couple of good friends, but for some reason, she was okay with this outcome.

As long as she wasn't tripping on something he'd given her, she'd be pissed if that was the cause of her strange documentary-like dream.

She paused for a moment, unsure whether she should approach her cosplayer, try to make sense of what was going on, or stay where she was to communicate with the humans as they woke around her.

Her familiar emerald tinted alien stood off to the side, hissing at a pair of similar aliens—one sapphire tinted, the other ruby.

For some reason, it felt like she knew all three of them...

She laughed at that ridiculousness.

Needing answers, Ashley stood and wrapped her blanket around her like a toga.

“When in Rome...” she muttered as she walked past the room filled with aliens, feeling a sense of awe and wonder as she looked at the strange and bizarre creatures around her.

As she approached the group, she saw that they were engaged in a heated discussion, their voices rising and falling with intensity.

Two hot looking males stood next to them—they were something, eye candy for sure. They appeared human, but

there was an odd aura about them that seemed... off.

Ashley would call them twins as they both had the same body structure with blonde hair, dressed in black pants and a vest. What she thought was skin paint was actually some expensive tattoos that shimmered under the room's lights. One had cyan tattoos all over his body and streaks in his hair—the other's were emerald.

Xizi looked up, his eyes meeting hers. For a moment, they locked gazes, and his eyes narrowed, filled with an intensity.

She came to a halt in front of him and crossed her arms.

“I guess you aren't a cosplayer, huh?”

The offending male jerked away as if she just attacked him.

Ashley noticed something familiar in his hand and gasped.

“How dare you take my collectible out of its protective container! Do you have any idea how rare that is?” There in his hand was her brand-new Limited Area 51 Edition Torhk dildo. “Why do you have it?”

Now, all its value was gone. That was why she always bought two—one to use and one to have on display.

Who didn't like looking at the pretty alien dildos when they weren't being used? All that glitter and color—and not to forget the shape. That alone turned Ashley on. Paired with the collector's mini poster of the naked alien that came with it? It was a wonder she ever got anything done.

Xizi kept looking between her and her dildo, licking his lips in confusion. His tail swayed back and forth before curling around his feet, as if to form a barrier between them.

How did she miss his forked tongue, thin, black, and long? Was she that blind with trust and wanting to get laid, she missed this alien male and all his real detail?

The twins laughed, their tenor voices ringing for all to hear. She didn't understand what was funny.

Ashley had no idea what was funny. She was the one who was currently naked and abducted, while they were here having a normal locker room bro conversation with a bunch of humans who were currently unconscious on the floor.

“You brought a human woman's pleasure toy as your proof your female works for the human government and collects... the cocks from the males she conquers?” the cyan-colored male barked, smacking the emerald male's chest. His accent was thick, yet understandable. “Do you really believe she's some sort of bounty hunter? Hunting, what? Pleasure toys?”

“They're not just ‘pleasure toys,’ but limited-edition dildos with companion swag,” Ashley clarified with a jerk of her head. “How dare you steal my newest collectable item! And took it out of the box, reducing its value.”

The emerald tattooed male rolled his icy-blue eyes. “He didn't know, Brother... Let him be. You know humans drugged him, along with the others.”

The cyan male chuckled. “I understand that, but you have to admit that having all these refugees mix with the hitchhiking humans will bring some humor to our ship for a change.”

“So I was correct. You're all aliens, and I somehow ended up on your ship.” Ashley studied the small group, taking in their outward appearances for what they truly were. “Would you mind explaining what's going on?”

“You are saying female humans make pleasure... toys of other species to use on themselves?” He looked up at her, his bright green slitted eyes confused. “Why?”

“Because alien dick is the best dick,” Dia said, wrapping an arm around the sapphire-tinted male. “Hey, Ashley. I don’t think you have met Fybl. He said I smelled good at a club, took me to some golf course, we fucked on the green, and the rest is history.”

Ashley looked at her best friend, stunned.

Where did she come from?

Dia was pressed against Fybl—her sapphire tinted male—with a wide smile. Her long light brown hair was messed up, and her silver mini space dress, an exact match to Ashley’s, was wrinkled, but she stood there in one piece.

“I should be surprised, but with everything that’s happened, I’m not.” Ashley walked up to Dia and gave her a hug. “Of course, you somehow found a real alien in the midst of cosplayers and found yourself here.”

Ashley felt a sense of relief wash over her, as Dia, her best friend and roommate, placed her arms on her shoulders, studying her carefully to make sure she was okay.

“Are you okay?” Dia asked, her voice filled with worry. “I take it Mr. Hottie-Cosplayer didn’t show up and your guy did instead?”

For a moment, Ashley felt overwhelmed, trying to make sense of everything that had happened. She had been taken from her home, transported to an alien ship, and surrounded by creatures beyond anything she had ever imagined.

But as Dia looked at her, with concern etched on her face, Ashley knew that she was not alone. She had someone she

could turn to, someone who cared about her.

And so, Ashley took a deep breath, feeling a sense of gratitude and appreciation. She knew that she had been given a gift, the chance to explore a world beyond anything she had ever imagined, to experience something truly incredible and transformative.

Ashley nodded, feeling a sense of comfort and familiarity in Dia's presence. "I'm okay," she said, her voice soft and steady. "It's just...a lot to take in."

Dia smiled, her face filled with warmth and reassurance. "I know you are," she said. "You're one of the strongest people I know. And I know that whatever happens, you'll be able to handle it."

"Yep, and somehow, I am an alien slayer and cock collector or something." Ashley looked over her shoulder at the dildo thief and shook her head. "Who knew my dildo collection would give me such a label?"

"Ashley, the Paranormal Cock Collector," Dia said, her voice deepening to sound like an announcer. "Slayer of unsuspecting males in the bedroom."

"Yeah, that's me. You got me read, all right," Ashley mumbled, rolling her eyes at her roommate's ridiculousness. "I had no idea I had such a title."

"Don't worry," Dia said with a wink and a throaty laugh. "I can be your sidekick. After all, I have the same collection as you, just not on full display."

"It looks like I'll need one," Ashley grumbled, her gaze drawn to the circle of aliens surrounding them. "Because we don't appear to be returning home anytime soon."

“At least we have each other.” Dia flicked her gaze to Fybl—her sapphire tinted lizardman—and shot him a quick grin. “They’ve prepared cabins for us. Eva is here too. These guys picked her up, along with a few others from around the world. It turns out Vegas was the last stop on their Earth tour.”

“I’d like to ask Eva how she came up with such realistic alien dildos.” Ashley looked around the room and saw no one who resembled their favorite streamer. “Especially since they were easily mistaken for genuine trophies.”

“I’m sure we’ll find time once everything is in order.” Dia shoved her shoulder, refocusing Ashley’s attention on her. “From what I’ve overheard, I guess Eva had some underground alien sex dungeon where she based all her dildos on her mate and his friends.”

“No shit?”

“It’s true, Ash.” Her eyes softened. “There’s no going back, you know?”

She glanced at the gathered group—they all looked away, as if to give them the illusion of privacy. What little privacy there was.

“Honestly? Sure, I’ll miss my family and my few friends, but there was nothing left for me—or for us, Dia.” Ashley tightly wrapped her arms around her closest friend. The heaviness of their current unknown situation—their new future—set in the pits of her stomach, but she pushed it away, ignoring it for now and focusing on being the solid foundation for both of them. “We both dropped out of college due to financial constraints, and we only lived in Jillian’s condo in exchange for its cleanliness and upkeep. It’s a shame we have to dump her after everything she’s done for us, but we both

know that once she finds a man and marries, we won't be able to live at her place any longer."

Tears filled Dia's eyes, soaking her shoulder. "It's true." She sniffled.

"Your *enax* made my *enax* cry, Brother," Fybl rumbled as he yanked Dia from their embrace, tucking her under his arm and wrapping his tail around her. Wherever the edges of his black scales touched, they glowed sapphire. "You must take action to correct the situation."

"She did nothing wrong, Fybl. Let her be," Dia scolded, rubbing her eyes. "She is my closest friend. We're practically sisters. There's nothing you need to be concerned about between us."

Ashley turned to her dildo thief. "Want to explain what this *enax* business is?"

"That's our cue to leave you two alone, but before we leave, I'd like to introduce ourselves because we'll be spending a lot of time together from now on..." The male with the teal tattoo snickered, crossing his arms and nodding to his emerald tattooed twin. "My name is Xenak, and this is Ryzen, my twin brother. We are the ship's Co-Commanders and the only Verya on board. This trio of Rhehk clutchbrothers—"

"Clutchmates," the ruby-tinted Rhehk corrected. "I haven't found my *enax* yet... The Stars must have punished me for my foolishness."

"You know it wasn't your fault, Zyxel," Fybl growled, flaring his ears back. "At the very least, let the commanders who saved us speak before you spiral into self-hatred and regret."

Zyxel sighed as his fiery slitted eyes dimmed. “But that doesn’t mean I found someone to share my life with like you both.”

While staring at the phallic object in his hand, Xizi mumbled, “No, but I am sure you will find the one for you, and when you do, they will make everything all right.” He then looked up at Ashley, and his yellow-green eyes met hers, stunning her in place. “Fate works in strange ways.”

TWELVE



XIZI

As Xizi looked around the room as Commanders Ryzen and Xenak gave their instructions on how to prepare for the journey ahead, he noticed a problem. The majority of the humans, including his enax, were naked and desperate for clothing.

“Pardon me.” Xizi took a step forward, his voice strong and clear as he addressed the commanders. “What are we supposed to do about the humans? They have no clothes, and we need to find something for them to wear.”

Both Ryzen and Xenak gave each other thoughtful looks as if they were considering his question, perhaps even having the telepathic conversation that was possible between their species.

“Ah, yes. We have some clothing available,” Ryzen spoke up. “It isn’t much, but it should get them through our journey. We’ll have it delivered to your cabins as soon as possible. Your cabins, meanwhile, are ready for you. Everything else you require will be found there.”

Xizi nodded, a wave of relief washing over him. It felt good to know they’d be taken care of and that they’d have everything they needed to make the journey.

He was concerned about how they would spend the time traveling to their new destination: the new sanctuary built by the commanders.

“Thank you,” he said quietly, his voice soft and grateful. “I appreciate everything you’ve done for my clutchmates and the

rest of us who have been stranded, trapped, and captured by humans.”

Ryzen and Xenak exchanged glances and nodded, as if they understood the gravity of his words.

“It is our duty to help those in need, especially since they are citizens of our galaxy. We scout between this one and ours to take down pirates and free those who have been captured or stranded,” Ryzen explained, as his emerald runes covering his skin pulsed with each of his words. “We are here to protect and serve, to help those who need our assistance.”

Xenak nodded, his expression turning serious and focused. “And we will do everything in our power to ensure your safety, to make sure that you are comfortable and secure for the journey ahead. We want to heal any problems you may have, and to take you to our sanctuary, where you will be protected from harm as you have a chance to rebuild your life.”

As he realized they were in good hands, Xizi felt a wave of relief wash over him. These commanders had come to assist them, to guide them through the changes that had occurred in the universe while they were imprisoned.

He’d be naive to believe that after spending over twenty Earth years trapped underground, everything had paused, frozen in time, only to resume now that he’d been rescued.

Xizi looked around at his clutchbrothers, seeing the fear and uncertainty in their eyes. But he also saw a sense of hope, a sense of possibility.

We were free, and despite the fact that they had lost their other clutchmates, it was up to them to decide how they would

manage their future. He'd see to it that those who'd died were remembered.

Things would be fine as long as they stayed together, with their enax by their sides.

Xizi watched how Fybl held his enax, Dia, and how she seemed to accept his clutchmate's touch, and pushed the claws of jealousy away. Flicking his gaze to their old leader, Rylyx, he saw that their display of affection had affected him as well.

They were the only survivors, but it appeared that only one of them emerged victorious—Fybl.

Even though their new Verya commanders had no concern for his enax, Ashley, or the rest of the abducted humans, something felt off about their relationship.

Had the Stars misled him? Was she really the Fates' choice for him?

In the grand scheme of things, he should be grateful to have met his *enax*, but now he was in the position of already aligning his body to her, binding himself forever.

It was up to him to take the time they had on their journey to get to know his enax, hoping she would continue to view him with an open mind and forgive him for mislabeling her as a bounty hunter.

He spun the phallic sex toy in his hand, unable to believe how accurate it was to the cocks of his species.

Xizi was willing to look past her special acquisition, hoping that she would accept him as an alien—something she had only heard about in their media... and to contribute to her phallic trophy collection.

Xizi watched as Ashley approached the twin commanders, Xenak and Ryzen, her face filled with uncertainty.

“Excuse me,” she said, her voice soft and hesitant as she peered between the two of them as if she was unable to determine who she should address. “I was just curious if I was expected to share sleeping quarters with Xizi. I’m hoping to be able to share a room with my best friend, Dia.”

Xenak and Ryzen looked at each other, seeming to consider her question.

“We can certainly arrange for you to room with Dia,” Ryzen said. “But we would encourage you to get to know Xizi as well. This is a new future for all of you, and it’s important that we build strong relationships with one another.”

“It’s up to you,” Xenak added. “We can assign you to the same cabin, or we can place you elsewhere if you prefer.”

Xizi felt a wave of disappointment wash over him as he realized Ashley did not want to be with him. He had hoped that they could continue their connection, that they could explore each other on the journey to determine their future.

Ashley hesitated, seeming to weigh her options. And then she turned to Dia, her best friend and roommate.

“Can I room with you?” she asked, her voice hopeful.

But Dia shook her head, her face filled with determination. “No,” she said. “I want to get to know Fybl. And you should get to know Xizi. This is our new future, and we must embrace it by establishing trust and understanding with them.”

Xizi felt a sense of appreciation wash over him, as he realized that Dia was right. They were all in this together, and they needed to work as a team, to support each other through this strange and unfamiliar time.

They needed a strong relationship if they were to survive and thrive at the new sanctuary.

While what the Verya commanders had said seemed too good to be true, he needed to concentrate on keeping those who meant something to him close, to ensure that they would remain together as a unit whatever happened to them in the future.

Their future was unknown, but as long as he had his remaining clutchmates and their *enaxs* by his side, he was willing to face whatever else the Fates had in store for them.

The Stars had led them here for a reason, and he needed to reconcile with his fated one—Ashley.

And so, he smiled at Ashley, his face filled with warmth and reassurance. “I look forward to getting to know you,” he said, his voice calm and steady. “We’re all in this together, and we need to make the best of it.”

Ashley smiled back at him, seeming to relax a bit.

“Okay,” she said, her voice hesitant but willing. “I think I can handle that.”

“We will send clothing and food for your humans,” Ryzen explained, readdressing what he had said earlier. “And each cabin is equipped with a beverage dispenser, so you can have something to drink while you wait.”

“And when can we explore the ship?” Rylyx asked, his voice eager and curious.

“I understand you want to keep busy to distract yourself from your guilt over what happened,” Ryzen explained, nodding to his unmated clutchbrother. “It’s critical that we don’t bring any unwanted illnesses with us and spread them

like a solar flare across the ship. Once everyone is clear, we'll let you roam until we arrive."

"We'll let you know when it's safe to do so," Xenak added, his teal runes flaring in time with his annoyance. "In the meantime, please remain in your cabins and make yourselves at home. We will keep you updated on any developments, and we will do everything we can to make this journey as easy and comfortable as possible."

Xizi nodded, grateful and appreciative of what the twin commanders were doing and having set up for everyone they'd rescued.

He had the impression they were in good hands, and that these commanders would do everything in their power to assist them.

The Verya were known for being the justice bringers of their galaxy, and being here on their vessel was a nebula of a difference than being trapped underground, being tested, and awaiting death or the arrival of the Yaarkins for Earth.

Xizi turned to face his companions, a sense of determination and optimism filling him. "Let's go to our cabins and get settled."

THIRTEEN



ASHLEY

“Here we are,” Dia said, stopping in front of one of many closed metal doors. “They already had our handprints when they ported us into the ship. You can use it to open your newly assigned quarters.” She walked to the door across the hall and placed her hand on its scanner, a green light turning on as the door opened. “This is Fybl and my quarters. Before you woke up, I had the opportunity to check out the accommodations they made for us. If you need anything, we’re just across the hall.”

“We’re?” Ashley couldn’t believe her lifelong best friend and longtime roommate was leaving her for some alien male she’d just met and had a one-night stand with.

Dia bit her lip and looked at the two males standing a short distance down the hall, heads together, murmuring to each other.

“Look, Ash, I’m not saying it is love,” she chuckled. “It’s foolish to say something like that, but I feel something I’ve never felt before with him. It’s like some pull...”

Ashley raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms. “Uh-huh.”

“Don’t give me that!” Dia laughed and shoved her shoulder. “I am not that bad!”

“Whatever you say, Dia, to help you sleep better at night.” Ashley rolled her eyes, disappointed by Dia’s behavior. “I understand. You tried him out, and now you’re hooked on the real thing—alien cock.”

“Whatever, Ash.” She sighed. “Just let him explain everything to you before you judge me.”

Ashley hugged Dia, unable to remain angry at her. “I promise.”

“Promise you will open your heart and give him a chance?”

Ashley pulled away, giving Dia a pointed look as she held her by her shoulders.

“Am I that bad?”

Dia rolled her eyes. “You’re worse than me.”

“Fine,” she agreed, releasing her grip and taking a step back. “Just don’t forget about me after you’ve been stuck in your cabin with him. I’ve been by your side since the beginning, and our passion for the paranormal is what got us here...”

“Are you both okay?” Fybl asked, worried as he stepped closer to Dia.

Dia gave him a bright smile and kissed him on the cheek.

“We’re fine, Fy. Just some girl talk, nothing to worry about.”

“Are you ready to retire for the night or...” He glanced at Ashley. “Do you need to be alone ssssome more with your friend?”

Dia looked at Ashley and gave her a double thumbs up. Ashley returned the gesture with a nod.

“I believe we’re done,” Dia said as she stepped farther into her doorway, with Fybl close behind.

“Hey, Fybl!” Ashley shouted.

Fybl's ears pinned back as he glanced over his shoulder. "Yes, Asssshley?"

"If you break her heart, I will cut your cock off and feed it to you. There will be no other warning."

His eyes widened, and he hissed. "There will be no need."

Ashley smiled. "Good."

Fybl returned the smile. "May the Stars look over your dreams, Asssshley."

Ashley sighed, watching as the happy pair's cabin door slid closed.

"You have a lot of explaining to do, Dildo-Thief."

"It isssss Xizi," he grumbled. "Not Dildo-ttthiefff."

Ashley placed her hand on the scanner, feeling the warmth of the pad as it read her hand, the light glowing green as the door opened. Ashley stepped into the doorway and stopped.

"I'm assuming they weren't lying and this is also your cabin?"

She sensed Xizi step behind her. "Ifff you will allow it..." he breathed, his tongue tickling the back of her neck.

"Logically, we already had sex, and you already abducted me, and by what the fucking Wonder Twins said, we're stuck here on this ship until we arrive at some secret base, hidden from everyone. There isn't anything I can do. I can't go back to Earth, and I have no means to fight against you." She glanced over her shoulder and caught him scenting her. "Plus, I have a feeling you don't want to leave me—even after you explain whatever this *enax* business is."

"I would never hurt you."

“That’s what everyone says.” She chuckled. “But in the end, that’s what guys do. They use you to get what they want, then abandon you in search of an upgrade, a shiny new toy to chase.”

FOURTEEN



XIZI

Xizi stilled.

“I am not everyone. Don’t compare me to your malessss and their tiny cocksss.”

“You are right about that.” Ashley laughed and entered the cabin. “I really can’t.”

Xizi walked into his cabin, feeling a sense of awe and wonder as he looked around. The space cruise ship was equipped with the most luxurious cabins he had ever seen, and he felt a sense of gratitude and appreciation for what the commanders had provided them.

He walked over to the seating area, marveling at the drink replicator that sat beside it. With just the touch of a button, he could have any drink he desired, from exotic fruit juices to rich, creamy cocktails.

He ran his hand on the arm rest of the comfortable couch, feeling the plush cushions against his scales. As he looked around, he noticed the large bed with its headboard against a massive window, offering a breathtaking view of space shooting by as they flew through the galaxy.

And then, he noticed the door off to the side, leading to the cleansing unit. It was a sleek and modern space, filled with high-tech features and luxurious amenities. He knew that he would be able to relax and unwind here, to rest and rejuvenate after everything he’d been through.

Ashley dropped her blanket as she eyed the bed and stood in all her glory before him, unconcerned about the fact that

they were still strangers.

Xizi couldn't help but drink Ashley in, taking in her lush curves, long brown hair, and smooth, tan skin.

His *enax* was perfect in every way for him—the Stars made her for him, and the Fates willed their paths to cross during such a dire time.

He felt a surge of desire and longing wash over him, a feeling he had never experienced before. He knew that he was meant to be with her, that they were destined to be together.

She climbed onto the bed and lay down.

“I don't know about you, but I feel like lying down since this will probably be a long chat.”

“What do you want to know first?” Xizi asked as he placed her phallic trophy on the side table and climbed onto the bed, lying on his side to face her. His tail wouldn't allow him to be on his back like her—like he wanted.

“What is an *enax*?” she asked, locking her green eyes with his. He could see the golden speckles shine in the room's dimmed lights.

“You went to the root.”

“That's how you kill weeds.” Ashley shrugged. “Anyway, could you explain everything that's going on now that it's just the two of us and we're stuck together for the time being?”

Xizi was too distracted by her body and his incredulity that he was finally in the presence of his *enax* after all his years of life and captivity to understand a word she said.

He couldn't take his gaze away from her chest and how her breasts jiggled as she breathed, mesmerized by them. Most species didn't have such large—

“Ouch!” he hissed, rubbing his front ear. “What wasss that for?”

“Keep your eyes up here, buddy.” She put two fingers to her eyes, then to his, gesticulating between them. “I don’t care if you’re a supposed alien; if you’re going to talk to me, you look up here.”

“What do weeds have to do with ussss?” he asked, shaking his head in confusion. “Unless, after all these years, they’ve evolved into some kind of human delicacy... What are you craving? Dandelions?”

“Who said anything about eating weeds?” Ashley opened her mouth in surprise and tilted her head, her eyes narrowed as she studied him. “I’m not some sort of vegan. I like my meat, cheese, and potatoes.”

“I don’t think you’ll be able to get any of that anymore,” Xizi admitted, frowning. He didn’t want to be the bearer of bad news and get even more on her bad side than he already was, but she needed to know the truth. “There will be plenty of meat, but it will be different from what you’re used to. The sssame is true for everything else. We’re not going back to Earth, and this is a one-way ticket to wherever their secret sanctuary base isss.”

“I figured that out.” She waved her hand in the air toward the window. “It’s something I have to come to terms with, but first I need to know who you are and why my best friend, who is almost like a sister to me, decided to ditch rooming with me in this cabin for her alien man.

“She said that he referred to her as his *enax*, and you have stated multiple times that I am yours, so what is it? Why are we here? And what will happen to us now that we’re here?”

“I have so much to tell you, but I don’t know where to begin.” He sighed and closed his eyes, not knowing what to do. “The events of today have been so fast-paced, I’m having a hard time keeping up with them all.

“If you had told me I was going to find you while I was on my way to being rescued, I would have assumed they were too far gone and their minds had left them after all the years of being imprisoned.”

“Then let’s start at the beginning,” Ashley said softly, carefully grabbing his arm and lightly squeezing it. He blinked his eyes open and turned to see her worried expression. “I don’t need all the answers tonight. The essentials are fine.”

“The beginning?” he inquired, unsure where she wanted him to begin. “How did you start?”

“I’ve grasped the basics of who you are and how you got here,” she replied, staring down at where her hand held his arm as she rubbed it along his skin, as if she was taking in the texture of his scales. “But could you please explain to me what this *enax* business is all about and what its implications are for me?”

Xizi looked at Ashley, his hearts beating fast with excitement and anticipation. He knew that he needed to tell her the truth, that he needed to explain why he felt such a strong connection to her.

He knew it would be foolish to expect her to feel the same way about him. Humans believed in soul mates, but Xizi could never accept that it was the same as his species’ *enax*.

Human bodies did not adapt to their soul mates—they were not biologically aligned with each other, as he was now with Ashley.

“Asssshley,” he said, his voice thick and filled with the raw emotion that coursed through him. “I need to tell you something. Ssssomething that might be hard to believe, but it’s the truth.”

Ashley looked at him, her eyes searching his face for some kind of clue or hint. “What is it?” she asked, her voice soft and gentle.

Xizi took a deep breath, gathering his courage. “As you know, you’re my *enax*,” he said, his voice filled with conviction. “You’re my fated mate, the one that the Stars have led me to. As soon as I escaped from Area 51, I felt a pull that led me to your home. And when I saw you, I knew that you were mine.”

Ashley looked at him, her eyes wide with surprise and wonder. “What do you mean?” she asked, her voice filled with curiosity. “What led you to me?”

““I mean that we were meant to be together,” he said, his voice filled with conviction. “That the Stars have brought us together for a reason, to share our lives and our love. I don’t know what the future holds, but I do know that we’re in this together, and that nothing can ever tear us apart.”

“That is what an *enax* is for my species.” Xizi nodded, feeling a sense of nervousness and excitement. “It’s a word from my planet, a word that means fated mate. It’s the highest honor that one can have, to find their *enax* and be bonded for life.”

“Bonded for life?” she repeated, her voice soft and hesitant.

Xizi took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts. “In our culture, we believe that each of us has a fated mate, someone

who is destined to be with us. And when I saw you, I felt a connection to you, a bond that I knew was unbreakable. I knew that you were the one I had been searching for, the one I had been waiting for my whole life.”

Ashley looked at him for a long moment, her eyes searching his face for some kind of explanation or sign. And then she smiled, a soft and gentle expression that filled him with hope and joy.

“I believe you,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “I believe that we were meant to be together, that we were destined to find each other. And I’m willing to see where this journey takes us—together.”

Xizi looked at Ashley with a sense of seriousness and intensity, feeling the weight of his words as he spoke. “Ashley, now that we have been together, our bodies are aligned. There will be no other for me, no other mate or partner. You are my *enax*, my fated mate, and I am yours.”

Ashley looked at him with a sense of confusion and uncertainty, clearly unsure of what he meant. “What do you mean, aligned?” she asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

Xizi took a deep breath, trying to find the words to explain. “In our culture, when two fated mates come together, their bodies align in a way that makes them unable to mate with anyone else. It’s a bond that can never be broken, a connection that lasts a lifetime.”

Ashley stared at him for a long time, her gaze searching his face for some kind of explanation or sign. “So you’re saying your body will never align with another? That what I thought was a one-night stand with a hired cosplayer was actually me marrying a real alien?”

“That is correct. You are it for me.” He dared to lean forward and cup her cheek. “Unless I find another Rkekh outside my clutchmates, I wouldn’t be able to reproduce outside our coupling.”

“What if I don’t want kids? What happens then?” she murmured, unable to meet his gaze.

“Then we will not have any clutchesss.”

“It’s that easy?” she said, snapping her fingers.

”What good will it be for me to force sssomething like that on you?” Xizi hissed. “We don’t even know what life will be like on this ssecret base the Verya and the Ezzaska have. It would be wrong for me even to think that.” He sighed. “I didn’t have any hope before today to ever be fffree...”

“And now you are.”

He brushed her hair back gently off her face. “And now, I am.”

“What about the visions? The dreams I had?”

“When we scan different speciesss, collecting their data for the first time, we absorb their basic knowledge—language and anatomy. The more of the sssame speciesss we absorb, the more we learn.” Xizi paused as he wrapped his tail around him, resting it between them. “Humansss are complicated creaturesss. So many languagesss... It was hard to discover everything, which is why we stayed on Earth sso long—until we were captured doing something so foolish,” he hissed. “But those dreams... when I probed you for the first time? I gave you my basic knowledge—my memories, language, and history.”

Ashley grabbed his tail, feeling the coolness of the scales between her hands. Slowly, the edges of his obsidian scales

glowed emerald.

“Pretty.”

“More proof that you are my *enax*,” he explained.

“How do I know this isn’t a dream?” She sighed, leaning into him for both an answer and comfort. “What if I wake up on my couch, surrounded by my paranormal belongings, and the television is playing alien-monster movie mania?”

“You won’t,” he swore, wrapping his arm around her and chuckling deeply. “If anyone should be dreaming, it’s me.”

“We really messed things up, huh?”

Xizi looked at Ashley with a sense of surprise, wondering what she meant by that. “What do you mean?”

Ashley laughed, a soft and gentle sound that filled him with joy. “I mean that we were doing it wrong, Xizi,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “We were working backward in our relationship. We should have started with the getting-to-know-each-other part, the dating, the courtship. But instead, we jumped right into the physical.”

Xizi looked at her for a long moment, his mind racing as he tried to understand what she was saying. He knew that Ashley was right, that their relationship had started with a physical connection, but now they had to work on building something deeper, something more meaningful.

“I see what you mean,” he said, a smile forming on his face. “But I don’t think we’re working backward. I think we’re just taking things in the order that they happen. And I’m grateful for every moment that we have together, no matter what order they come in. Our physical connection, our intimacy, it’s given me so much joy and fulfillment. And I

know that we can build a strong foundation, a deep connection based on trust and respect, going forward.”

“I know we can, Xizi.” Ashley smiled, a soft and gentle expression that filled him with hope and joy. “I’m ready too, Xizi. I can’t wait to see what the future holds for us.”

“I’m glad that I was able to study humans for a long time, and collect information about social norms and dating,” he said, his voice filled with confidence. “It will help me with courting you, Ashley.”

Ashley stared at him, confused. “What?”

“All those magazines and romance movies. Once we landed, we studied human dating culture, trying to figure out human social and mating practices.”

“You researched how to date human females through women’s magazines and romcoms?” Ashley gasped, shoving his shoulder.

“They had articles about *How to get your man to find your G-Spot*, and those guides showed what works and what doesn’t,” he hissed. “We collected everything we could get our hands on. Who knew they were readily available for anyone to purchase.”

“But I need to let you know, I can’t sing or play an instrument.” He glanced around. “There are no flowers available either.”

“What?”

“I am sorry I failed you,” he sighed. “I didn’t know I was escaping today and didn’t have any time to prepare. If I had known, I would have researched and practiced a song for you, as well as found a way to buy you a gift.”

“Prepare for what?”

“To court you,” he said seriously. “Isn’t that how this works with humans?”

Ashley laughed and rolled her eyes.

“Maybe when you’re young and naive, but I’m thirty-five and know what I want.”

“And what issss that?”

“Alien cock.” She giggled as her eyes filled with merriment. “But seriously, don’t take everything you studied to heart. I’m a lot more open-minded about things than most people.”

“Like what?”

“I’m not running around a sobbing mess, am I? It would be a waste of time, but that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t go down fighting if you wanted to force me to do something. Fuck that.” She pulled a strand of his hair away from his ears and examined it. “But, getting back to the point, now that you’ve explained what an *enax* is to your species, I believe I should do as Dia advised and give you a chance.”

Xizi studied her as he hesitated to respond, unsure if she was truly looking for an answer. Dia, according to Fybl, took the news about everything well, and they were friends. Ashley appeared to be the more level-headed of the two, but he was still afraid of rejection for some reason.

Was it because she was a human, the very species that had captured and tortured him and his clutchmates? Even though she was his *enax*, he didn’t trust Fates’ choice for him.

If Ashley didn’t want anything to do with him by the end of the journey to the secret base, he’d join his last clutchmate

and travel with Rylyx. He refused to keep her by his side because he would have become the very thing he had just escaped.

But deep down in his hearts, as he stared at his *enax*, he felt as if he were the answers to her dreams as she was for him.

FIFTEEN



ASHLEY

Ashley opened her eyes slowly, taking in her surroundings. She was wrapped up in a soft blanket, cocooned in warmth and comfort. She felt strong arms wrapped around her, holding her close to a solid and powerful body. And then it all came flooding back to her: the alien, the abduction, and the sex that led to their unconventional alien marriage.

Ashley turned to face Xizi, who was sleeping peacefully beside her. She examined his face, noting every detail: his scaled skin, sharp features, and his long black tail wrapped around them both, pulsing a red glow. She couldn't believe this was her new life, that she was married to an alien, and that she was so far removed from everything she had ever known.

“Good morning, my enax,” Xizi murmured, his voice still husky with sleep. “How did you sssleep?”

Ashley smiled at him, a wave of happiness washing over her from being so warmly welcomed. No one other than Dia had cared about her in a long time. “I slept well, Xizi,” she said quietly, her cheeks burning. “And what about you?”

“I ssslept well too,” he said, his expression softening. “I can't believe that you're really here in my armsss, and that we're really bonded now, Ashley. Yesterday wasn't a dream for either of us, after all.”

Ashley nodded. “I know, Xizi,” she muttered, her voice filled with understanding. “But we'll make it work, won't we? We'll figure this out together.”

Xizi smiled at her, his mouth pulled back into a wide grin, that somehow fit him. “Yes, Ashley,” he said, his voice filled with determination. “We’ll figure this out together. And I promise you, I’ll never leave you.”

Ashley’s heart raced as she thought about the reality of her situation. She was married to an alien and flying through space with him to some unknown destination. It was all happening so fast, and she didn’t know what to expect next.

“Xizi, I... I appreciate your love and commitment to me, but I need to be honest with you,” Ashley said, her voice shaky with emotion. “I’m scared. I’m scared of the unknown, and I’m scared of what’s going to happen to us.”

Xizi took her hand in his, squeezing it gently. “I understand, Ashley,” he said, his voice soothing. “But you don’t have to be ssscared. I’ll protect you, and I’ll make sure nothing happens to you. We’ll figure out our new life together, and we’ll make the best of it.”

Ashley looked into his eyes, feeling a sense of comfort and security wash over her. Somehow, she knew that he was sincere in his words, and that he would do anything to keep her safe.

Was it their shared bond, with her being his fated mate, his *enax*? Or was it because they sealed their fate last night with their mind-blowing sex, binding him to her? She couldn’t believe his alien species’ bodies aligned with those they mated.

Something about that information prompted her to wonder about the reason why...

“Okay, Xizi, you were awake before I was and know more about what’s out there, in space,” she said, her voice still

uncertain. “But can you at least tell me where we’re going? And why are there so many other humans here with us?”

Xizi nodded, his hand gently rubbing her back. “Yes, I believe the sanctuary is a place where all of us will be safe and protected. It’s a place where we can start over, where we can create a new home and a new life. I know it’s a lot to take in, but I promise you, I will be with you every step of the way.”

Ashley looked up at him, her eyes shining with uncertainty. “But what if we don’t fit in there? What if we don’t belong?”

Xizi smiled softly at her, his eyes filled with love and reassurance. “We will find our place, Ashley. We will make a new family, and we will make it work. Trust me.”

Ashley nodded, still feeling uneasy about the situation. “What about our families and friends back on Earth? What will happen to them?”

Xizi’s expression turned serious, and he leaned in to place a gentle kiss on her forehead. “I don’t know, Ashley. But I do know that we can’t go back. It’s not safe for us there.”

Ashley sighed, feeling a knot form in her stomach. She knew he was right, but it didn’t make the situation any easier. “I just wish we had more answers. I don’t even know what’s going to happen to us now.”

Xizi pulled her closer, holding her tightly. “We’ll figure it out together, Ashley. I promise.”

She leaned into his embrace, feeling a sense of comfort from his words.

Ashley shifted in the blanket cocoon, her gaze meeting Xizi's as he spoke. "There should be many other aliens in the same situation as us at the sanctuary, as well as humans who were rescued, accidentally taken, or perhaps willingly went with us," he explained.

Ashley's eyebrows furrowed. "What do you mean by willingly went with you?"

"I thought you were a huge paranormal fan with the large collection you had?" Xizi chuckled deeply, shaking both of them. "There are humans who have long been aware of our existence and wish to join our community. The commanders mentioned already having humans at their base, both those who were rescued and others, like your favorite sstreamer, Eva, willingly wanting to leave Earth behind for good."

Ashley shook her head, trying to process all of this information. "So, you're telling me that there are humans out there who wanted to leave Earth and were able to join your alien community?"

Xizi nodded. "Yes, some of those humans have found a place among our people."

"How many humans at this sanctuary are we talking about?" she asked, wanting to know more.

"Many, according to what I've heard." While his gaze was fixed on her, he brushed her hair back and tucked it behind her ear. "And they are ssafe and well cared for. The sanctuary is a ssafe haven where we can all coexist without fear of persecution or harm, both from within and outside forces."

Ashley's mind was spinning. The idea of willingly leaving her life on Earth behind was both terrifying and exhilarating. She couldn't even begin to imagine what her future would

hold now that she was among the stars. But one thing was certain: with Xizi by her side, she was ready for anything.

“Will they all be like you?” she asked, glancing up at him.

Xizi smiled down at her. “No, they will not all look like me. But they will all have their own unique qualities and strengths.”

Ashley chewed on her bottom lip, considering his words. “So what happens once we get to this sanctuary?”

“We’ll be greeted by the council and given a tour of the facilities,” Xizi explained. “They’ll assign us to our living quarters and provide us with any necessary resources. From there, we can explore the sanctuary and get to know our new home, and everyone there.”

Ashley nodded slowly, feeling a mix of apprehension and excitement. She was still processing the fact that she was now a part of this alien world, but she couldn’t deny the sense of adventure that came with it. “And what about... us?” she asked, gesturing between them.

Xizi’s expression softened as he gazed at her. “We will continue to get to know each other, my *enax*. And if you’ll still allow me, I will court you properly and show you how much I care for you.”

Ashley’s heart fluttered at his words, but she couldn’t help the twinge of doubt that lingered in the back of her mind. Could she really trust him? Could she really trust any of these aliens?

As if sensing her thoughts, Xizi leaned in closer and cupped her cheek. “I know this is all new and scary, but I promise to protect you and keep you safe. You have nothing to fear with me by your side.”

“I’d be foolish to mess with you,” she teased, biting her bottom lip. “You’re a huge, terrifying monster alien... and a delicious one at that.”

Ashley’s teasing remark made Xizi’s lips curve into a grin. He let out a deep chuckle and pulled her closer to him.

Xizi chuckled, his amusement lighting up his features as he leaned in closer to Ashley, his warm breath tickling her skin. “I’m not ssscary,” he protested, but his eyes glinted with amusement. “And it seems like my large scary monster alien sself is pretty sexy to you, my *enax*.”

Ashley giggled and playfully pushed him away. “Oh, shut up. You know what I mean,” she said, still grinning.

Xizi’s expression softened as he looked at her. “I do know what you mean, Ashley. And I feel the sssame way about you. You are the most beautiful and fascinating creature I have ever laid eyes on,” he said, his voice low and husky.

Ashley felt her cheeks warm at his words. She was starting to believe that maybe they were meant to be together. She snuggled closer to him, feeling safe and loved in his arms.

Xizi shrugged, a playful smirk tugging at his lips. “I suppose I can sssee how that might be intimidating to some. But I promise you, my dear, I’m anything but ssscary. In fact, I’m quite charming.”

Ashley rolled her eyes but couldn’t help the small smile that tugged at her own lips. “Charming, huh? I guess I’ll just have to take your word for it.”

Xizi leaned closer to her, his breath hot against her cheek. “Or I could ssshow you,” he murmured, his voice low and seductive. “I can ssshow you how much of a monster I am compared to humans... But I promise, I won’t hurt you.”

Ashley smiled back at him, feeling a sense of ease around him. “I know you won’t,” she replied. “You’re too sweet to hurt anyone.”

Xizi leaned in and brushed his lips against hers, causing her heart to flutter. “I’m glad you think sso,” he whispered.

As they held each other close, Ashley couldn’t shake the feeling that she was falling hard for Xizi. It was like something deep inside of her had been awakened, and she couldn’t deny the intense attraction she felt for him.

She tried to push the feeling away, telling herself that it was crazy to feel this way so soon. They had just met, and yet here she was, wanting to be with him in ways that she never thought possible.

But there was something preventing her from doing so...

Why should she deny herself the opportunity to finally live out her wildest fantasies? And now, here she was, safe in the arms and tail of an alien male who had sworn eternal love to her.

Why shouldn’t she enjoy having all of her fantasies come true?

Xizi must have sensed her hesitation, because he pulled back slightly to look at her, his piercing blue eyes searching her face.

“Ashley, iss everything all right?” he asked, concern etched on his handsome features.

Ashley took a deep breath and met his gaze, unable to hide her emotions any longer. “Xizi, I know this might sound crazy, but I can’t deny the way I feel about you. I know we’ve only just met, but there’s something about you that just draws me in.”

Xizi's expression softened as he cupped her cheek in his hand. "I feel it too, Ashley," he said, his voice filled with tenderness. "I know it's fast, but sssometimes the heart knows what it wantsss. The Stars led me to you for reason, because we were made for each other."

Ashley felt a surge of warmth fill her chest at his words, and she knew that he was right. Maybe it was crazy to feel this way so soon, but she couldn't deny the strong connection she felt with him.

Ashley felt a rush of desire and pulled him closer as she pressed her lips to his, feeling a rush of passion pulse through her.

The kiss was soft at first, but soon grew more passionate as they both gave in to their desires. Ashley felt Xizi's arms wrap tightly around her as they deepened the kiss, her heart racing with excitement and nerves.

Everything else faded away, and all she could think about was the alien male in bed with her.

As they pulled away from each other, Ashley knew that their connection was only just beginning, and she couldn't wait to see where it would lead them.

SIXTEEN



XIZI

Xizi felt his hearts race as the cabin door buzzed, causing him to tense up. His instincts told him that danger could be lurking, and he needed to be ready to protect Ashley at all costs.

He carefully climbed out of bed, whispering to Ashley to remain there while he investigated. Slowly and cautiously, he made his way to the door, bracing himself for whatever might be on the other side.

Xizi's hearts thumped rapidly in his chest as he saw two male emerald Swynemi crewmembers outside their cabin. He felt a sense of urgency and apprehension, wondering what they could possibly want from them.

"Is everything all right?" He stepped completely through the doorway, hoping to block their view of his enax while she was at her most valuable. "What can I do for you?"

One of the Swynemi crew members smiled at them with their pointed teeth, their wings fluttering in excitement. "Greetings, Xizi," he said. "We have come to deliver your requested clothing and morning meal for you and your human mate."

"Yes, everything is fine," the taller crew member assured him. "It's nothing more than a routine check-up to ensure your health and well-being. We take all of our passengers' safety and health very ssseriously, and it's important that we don't bring any unwanted diseases or illnesses with us to where we are going."

Xizi nodded, relieved that it was nothing more than a delivery. “Thank you, I appreciate it. Come on in.”

Xizi moved away from the door, agreeing with their reasoning. He turned to face his enax, who was still in bed and watching him with wide eyes.

“They want to check our health,” Xizi explained, gesturing to the clothes and meal tray in their hands. “Just a routine check-up.”

The workers made their way over to the table, putting the clothing on the chair and placing the tray of food on the counter. They nodded respectfully before fluttering back out of the room.

Xizi stood back, his heart pounding with fear as the crew members began their examination of Ashley and him.

Xizi felt a twinge of worry as the Swynemi workers scanned their bodies with their medical devices. He kept a watchful eye on Ashley, making sure they didn’t do anything to hurt her.

Xizi watched as the workers attempted to remove Ashley’s blanket, his growl warning them to back off. He felt fiercely protective of her and didn’t want her to feel uncomfortable. “Leave her,” he ordered, his voice low and menacing.

The workers paused and looked at him, startled by the intensity in his voice. “But, sir, we need to check on her condition,” one of them protested. “It’s ordered by the commanders.”

“She can stay wrapped up,” Xizi said firmly, daring them to go against his command. “Humans are not comfortable with nudity like we are. Respect her wishesss.”

Xizi's eyes flashed with annoyance as the workers continued to fuss over Ashley. He couldn't help but feel protective of her, especially when it came to her modesty. He growled at the workers, his tone commanding, "I said leave her be. Let her keep herself wrapped up in the blankets. I know you are fully capable of scanning her through fabric."

The emerald workers looked at him with surprise, their wings buzzing with agitation. "But sir, we must ensure that she's properly healed," one of them protested.

Xizi took a step forward, his towering stature making the workers back up in fear. "I told you to leave her alone. She's my *enax*, and if you disregard her wishes, I'll have to do something about it."

The workers glanced at each other nervously before bowing their heads in submission. "Yes, sir. Our apologies."

He watched as they checked her vitals, making sure she was okay after their journey through space. As they worked, Xizi felt a strong urge to protect Ashley, to shield her from them and throw them out of their cabin.

He didn't like how they ignored her when she tried to keep the blanket wrapped around her body. If he had his way, he would rip off their buzzing wings and offer them to his *enax* as proof of how serious he was about protecting her from the universe.

When they finished with her, they moved on to Xizi, using their advanced medical technology to assess his condition and make sure he was free of any lingering effects from his escape.

Xizi looked over at Ashley, still nestled in the bed, and felt a surge of affection for her.

“Everything looks good,” one of the workers said, giving them a smile. “You both seem to be in perfect health.

Xizi breathed a sigh of relief, grateful that they were both okay. He thanked the workers and they left the cabin, leaving him alone with Ashley once again.

He could feel his body relaxing now that the workers had left. He looked at Ashley, his face softening as he watched her. “Are you feeling better, *enax*?”

Ashley nodded, a small smile gracing her lips. “Yes, thank you. And thank you for standing up for me,” she said, gratitude evident in her voice.

He climbed back into bed with her, pulling her close and holding her tightly. “I’m glad you’re okay,” he whispered, his voice filled with emotion. “I’ll always protect you.”

Ashley smiled up at him, running her fingers through his hair. “I’m fine, Xizi. You don’t have to worry about me.”

“I can’t help it,” he said, kissing her forehead. “You are everything to me. It’s instinctual for me to be protective of you and whatever children we may have.”

“I’m not sure about you, but I’m hungry.” Ashley closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. “Whatever they brought us smells fantastic!”

Xizi watched as Ashley sat up in bed, pulling the blanket closer around her body.

“*Enax*, may I sserve you our morning meal?”

Xizi took out two trays of food, one with a variety of fruits and the other with what appeared to be a type of bread, and placed them on the table. He gestured for Ashley to take a seat and then handed her one of the trays.

Ashley sat up, pulling the blanket around her. Xizi could see the blush on her cheeks as she realized she was practically naked in front of him. He resisted the urge to touch her, knowing it would only make her more uncomfortable.

“Would you like me to ssshow you how to use this?” he asked as he walked over to the drink dispenser beside their table.

“I’d be delighted,” she said, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear. “In case I have to do it myself while you’re not here.”

“I would love to.”

Xizi explained to her how to use the drink dispenser, which was located beside the seating area within the living space. He showed her how to select different types of drinks and adjust the temperature, all by pressing a few buttons.

Ashley watched him intently, her eyes filled with curiosity and interest.

They watched a creamy pale blue beverage top off a glass, filling the cabin with a peaceful trickle.

As Xizi brought over the drinks, Ashley thanked him and took a sip, savoring the sweet and refreshing taste. Xizi watched her, a small smile on his lips, clearly pleased that she enjoyed the beverage, one of his favorites.

“Thank you,” she said softly, her eyes never leaving his. “That’s very kind of you to think about how all of this is new for me.”

He cursed himself for failing to recognize that humans were not accustomed to traveling in spaceships, especially ones as advanced as the one they were in. Using the basic

utilities would be completely new to her and the rest of the humans on this journey.

He needed to make sure she was equipped with a universal communicator, and hopefully, the linguists and engineers had advanced the device during the years of his entrapment so she would be able to read all the vidscreens aboard the ship and at the sanctuary.

Xizi sat across the small table from Ashley and watched as she tentatively took a bite of the colorful food that had been delivered to them. Her eyes searched his face, and her brow furrowed. She poked at the unfamiliar meat in front of her, then brought it to her mouth and cautiously bit down.

A sense of amusement flooded him as he watched her expression change from skepticism to surprise.

A pleased smile spread slowly over her lips. “This is fantastic! What is it?”

“It’s a delicacy from Ezzaska’s home planet,” Xizi replied, a hint of pride in his voice. “It’s often served on trips like this because of its nutritional value.”

Ashley took another bite, chewing slowly as she tried to identify the various flavors. Xizi watched her intently, studying her reactions to the foreign dish.

“It’s different,” she said, looking up at him with a smile. “It’s not what I’m used to, but it’s not bad.”

Xizi nodded, glad to see her enjoying the food.

Xizi felt a surge of relief at her response. He had been worried that she wouldn’t like the food, and he would have to find something else for her to eat.

He knew that it might take some time for her to get used to the cuisine of his people, but he was determined to make sure that she was comfortable and happy during their journey.

“I’m glad you like it. I know how picky humans can be sssometimes,” he said, reaching out to take her hand. “I want you to be happy here, with me.”

Ashley squeezed his hand, her expression softening as she looked at him. “I am happy,” she said. “We will get through this.”

Xizi felt a surge of warmth in his chest at her words. There was something about her that drew him in, that made him want to be close to her, to protect her.

“I’m glad,” he said softly. “I want to make sssure that you’re always happy.”

They sat in comfortable silence for a few moments, enjoying each other’s company and the strange alien food. Even though it wasn’t the best thing he’d ever eaten, it tasted like something gourmet compared to what he’d been given in order to survive.

Xizi leaned back in his chair, studying her as she took another bite. He felt a sense of contentment wash over him, knowing that he’d found his enax and she was real.

Xizi feared if he looked away, she would disappear.

“When do you think we’ll be able to leave our cabins now that they’ve given us a check-up?” Ashley inquired, stabbing a piece of meat with her utensil. “Do you think it’ll be anytime soon?”

Xizi studied her, his eyes gleaming with a mischievous light. “Are you getting bored being cooped up in here with me already?” he teased, a hint of playfulness in his voice.

Ashley rolled her eyes but couldn't help the small smile that tugged at the corners of her lips. "Maybe just a little," she admitted, leaning back against the pillows. "I mean, I love spending time with you, but I'm getting antsy. I want to explore this ship and see what's out there."

"I don't know, *enax*." He sighed as he placed his utensil on the table. "The commanders haven't given us a timeline yet. But I promise you, we will be able to explore the ship and see the other aliens soon."

Ashley nodded, taking another bite of the purple goo on her plate. "I just don't want to be stuck in this cabin forever," she said, a hint of frustration in her voice. "And I want to talk to Dia, and meet Eva, since I've been her fan for a long time."

Xizi understood her restlessness. He had spent so long trapped in his lab cell, he knew how it felt to want freedom. "I know, *enax*. But we have to trust the commanders. They rescued everyone from Earth and deserve our patience."

Ashley sighed, placing her fork down. "I know you're right. It's just hard to sit and wait when we don't know what's going on."

Xizi leaned over and placed a hand on her knee. "I promise you, my *enax*, we will be able to leave our cabin sssoon enough. But for now, let's enjoy each other's company and rest. We have a long journey ahead of uss."

SEVENTEEN



ASHLEY

Ashley nodded and sat up, still feeling a bit groggy from the medpack's effects. She looked at the clothes in front of her curiously, wondering what they might look like once she put them on. "I guess I should try them on," she said, glancing over at Xizi who was watching her intently.

Xizi nodded back at her, his eyes filled with pride as he watched her move toward the clothes.

Ashley began to change, feeling a bit self-conscious as she did. She wasn't used to being watched by anyone, let alone an alien. But she knew that Xizi meant no harm, and that he only wanted what was best for her.

She quickly changed into the outfit, admiring herself in the mirror. It hugged her curves in all the right places, and the bright red color made her feel daring and adventurous.

Xizi's eyes lit up when he saw her, and he couldn't resist wrapping his arms around her and kissing her passionately.

Ashley melted into the kiss, feeling a rush of desire and excitement. She knew it was crazy to feel this way about an alien she barely knew, but something about Xizi drew her in, and she couldn't resist him.

As they pulled away from each other, Xizi's eyes sparkled with a mischievous glint. "I think we need to celebrate your newfound sexiness," he said, winking at her.

Ashley laughed, feeling a warmth spreading through her body. For the first time in a long time, she felt truly alive, and

she knew it was all because of Xizi.

She pushed him away, her gaze never leaving his.

Ashley strutted back and forth in the cabin's living space, feeling bold and confident. She could feel Xizi's gaze on her as she moved, and it only made her feel more powerful. She spun around to face him, giving him a playful grin.

"What do you think?" she asked, gesturing to her outfit.

Xizi's eyes roamed over her form, taking in the tight-fitting leggings and form-fitting top. "You look incredible," he said, his voice low and husky.

Ashley felt a shiver run down her spine at the sound of his voice.

Blushing at the compliment, Ashley felt her heart race as she looked at Xizi.

She couldn't deny the attraction she felt towards him, even if their situation was completely insane. But for now, she was content to revel in the moment, feeling like a goddess in her own right.

Ashley took her glass with the remaining creamy beverage and walked over to the bed to peer out the window; now that she was dressed and her hunger was satisfied, she was able to take in everything about their cabin.

They were going to be stuck in their cabin for a long time, so they might as well explore their room... and each other.

As Ashley sipped her creamy drink, she gazed out the large window beside the bed. The view of space was mesmerizing, the vast expanse of stars and planets stretching out before her. She felt a sense of wonder and awe, imagining

all the secrets and mysteries hidden in the depths of the universe.

The vast expanse of space stretched out before her, stars twinkling in the distance like a million diamonds scattered across the black canvas of the universe.

Turning back to the bed, she saw Xizi lying there, his muscular form stretched out in relaxation. She smiled to herself, admiring his rugged beauty and the way his otherworldly features blended so perfectly with his human form.

“You look so peaceful,” she said softly, setting down her glass and crawling onto the bed beside him. “What are you thinking about?”

His gaze snapped to hers, intense and focused. “I was thinking about how grateful I am to have you here with me and how I’m able to ssshare this journey with you. The Fates and the Stars have really smiled upon us.”

She climbed into bed with him, leaving the now-empty glass on the side table and gazing out the window.

“What are you thinking about?” he asked softly, his eyes reflecting the starlight.

“Just... everything,” Ashley said, gesturing out the window. “It’s incredible. The whole universe is out there, and we’re just a tiny little speck in it all. I’d always believed that humans couldn’t be the only intellectual species in the vastness of the universe, but it’s different having the truth thrust into my face.”

Xizi nodded, his hand reaching out to touch her arm. “But to me, you are the most important thing in the universe,” he

said, his voice low and intense. “It doesn’t matter who or what else is out there, you are *it* for me.”

Ashley leaned in to kiss him as she felt a warmth spread through her chest. “I’m grateful to have met you as well,” she said quietly, snuggling into his side. “I never imagined a real alien would walk into my house, but I’m glad you did and not the cosplayer.”

Ashley listened to Xizi’s story with interest, amused by the thought of someone breaking into her house thinking he was an alien. She bubbled up with laughter, imagining the look on the guy’s face when the police showed up.

“You must have been so disappointed to find out he wasn’t a real alien,” she said, giggling. “He wasn’t able to help you escape.”

Xizi smiled at her, but his expression was tinged with sadness. “It was actually quite dangerous for him to break into your home like that,” he said. “Humans can be unpredictable, and they don’t always react well to things that are different from them. I was prepared to do anything to protect you, even from your own species.”

Ashley’s smile faded as she realized the seriousness of the situation. She didn’t want anything bad to happen to the cosplayer, Xizi, or to anyone else who might be like him.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized. “I didn’t mean to make light of it, but in my defense, I hired him to come to my house, and you got to me first. That’s how I ended up in this situation, basically married to you and swept away to some faraway secret base.”

Xizi reached out and took her hand, his touch warm and reassuring. “It’s okay,” he said. “I just want you to understand

that our kind are not always safe around humans. That's why we have to be careful, and why we have to stick together.”

They lay there in silence for a moment, the hum of the ship's engines lulling them into a state of relaxation. As the ship continued its journey through the stars, Ashley tried to envision what other wonders lay in store for them on their journey to the sanctuary.

Ashley closed her eyes, savoring the feel of Xizi's strong arms around her, and the comfort of their shared warmth.

EIGHTEEN



XIZI

Xizi's body trembled as the memories of the cruel experiments he was subjected to flooded back. Ashley wrapped her arms around him, trying to comfort him.

"It's okay, Xizi. You're safe now. We're on a spaceship, remember?" she whispered.

He nodded, but the fear remained in his eyes. The pinging continued, causing Xizi to flinch each time.

Xizi blinked, shaking his head slightly as he tried to clear the remnants of his dreams. "Just a notification from the ship's systems," he murmured, glancing over at Ashley. "Didn't mean to startle you."

Ashley yawned and rubbed at her eyes. "It's okay," she said, scooting closer to him. "Is everything all right?"

Xizi nodded, his eyes flickering to the viewscreen that displayed an announcement from the commanders. "Everything seems to be fine. We're on schedule and still headed toward the sanctuary. They wanted to give us the go ahead to leave our cabin if we feel like it."

Ashley noticed Xizi trying to steady his breathing as he gazed out the window at the vastness of space. It was as if the ping had set off a nightmare or a bad memory for him.

Ashley peered out the window as well. "It's so beautiful out there," she murmured, trying to get him to the present. "Do you ever get tired of it?"

Xizi shook his head, his eyes never leaving the window. “Never,” he said softly. “Not when I have you here with me.”

Ashley noticed his change in demeanor and placed a comforting hand on his arm. “What’s wrong, Xizi?” she asked gently.

“It reminded me of the lab,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper, his body tense as he recounted the memory. “The sound of the machines and the constant beeping. The sound was so familiar, I thought I was back in the lab. I was afraid they had found me again.”

Ashley reached out and placed a comforting hand on his arm. “I’m sorry, Xizi,” she said. “I had no idea. But you’re not there anymore. You’re safe with me now. Is there anything I can do to help you feel better?”

Xizi shook his head. “No, it’s not your fault,” he said. “I know, I just... I never thought I’d be able to escape. And now that I have, I don’t want to lose it all.”

Ashley gave him a reassuring smile. “You won’t lose it all. We’ll make sure of that.”

Xizi smiled back, feeling grateful for her support. “Thank you, Ashley. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

Ashley’s heart swelled with warmth at his words. She knew they had only known each other for a short time, but she already felt a deep connection with him. She could see the pain and fear in his eyes, and she knew that he needed her support. She leaned in and wrapped her arms around him, holding him close. “You don’t have to be strong all the time,”

she whispered. "I'm here for you, Xizi. We're in this together. You don't have to do anything alone."

Xizi leaned in to kiss her, his lips soft and gentle against hers. As their lips met, she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him closer.

She melted into the kiss, feeling his love and gratitude for her in every touch.

They stayed that way for a long moment, lost in each other, before breaking apart with a smile.

"We should probably get some more sleep," Ashley said, settling back against the pillows. "Especially since we'll be exploring the ship. Who knows when we'll return to our cabin, having wasted time communicating with the other passengers."

Xizi nodded, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "Thank you for listening to me," he murmured. "Sleep well, my *enax*."

Ashley smiled drowsily, already drifting off, feeling content and at peace for the first time in a long while.

NINETEEN



ASHLEY

Waking up in Xizi arms once again only cemented the fact that she wasn't dreaming, and sharing a bed with an alien male was her new norm.

Ashley turned herself in his embrace, cocooned in a bundle of warmth, with Xizi's arms wrapped around her and tail possessively covering her legs.

An emerald aura radiated from his scales, pulsing with each of his long breaths and tempting her to touch them by tracing the ridges of his scales.

Ashley shifted in bed, her gaze lingering on Xizi's sleeping form next to her. Her mind was still reeling from the strange dream she had experienced after they first had sex.

It was like she had been forced to watch a movie about Xizi's recent life, seeing the world through his eyes. Almost like a train wreck she couldn't pull her gaze from, no matter how hard she had tried.

As she thought about it more, she realized that what she had seen were Xizi's memories. The pain and fear he must have gone through during his capture and experimentation made her heart ache. She couldn't imagine what it must have been like for him, and the thought of it made her feel sick to her stomach.

She knew humans could be cruel sometimes, especially regarding things they didn't understand or were different. With the rise of social media and the influencer life, it was hard to

stay away from the toxicity and drama, especially when she felt like she was forced to have it in order to date.

It was already hard to find a single man wanting to seriously date in the city known for its one-night stands, bachelor and bachelorette parties, and drive through chapels. Having to deal with keeping up with social media and trying hard not to use filtered and altered pictures made it hard to find anyone who wanted to date, especially someone as curvy as her.

But she wasn't going to allow her own past and the grievances she had with human society to ruin whatever was blossoming between them.

She couldn't judge others, especially since her one-night stand with Xizi had ended up with her getting alien married and kidnapped, forced to start a new life away from everything she knew.

Ashley gently reached out to touch Xizi's arm, the warmth of his skin calming her. She vowed to herself in that moment to do everything in her power to help him heal from his past and create a better future together, for the both of them.

"Xizi," she whispered, "I'm here for you. You don't have to go through this alone."

He snapped open his eyes, his piercing sea green eyes locking onto hers. "What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry," she said, placing a hand on his arm. "I had no idea that my dream was actually your memories. It must have been so hard for you to relive those moments."

Xizi looked at her with a mixture of gratitude and pain. "It's okay," he said, placing his hand over hers. "I'm just glad that you understand, but I'm sorry that you had to experience

what I went through. I would never want my enemies to go through it, and especially not you. I'm supposed to protect you from harm, not inflict it upon you."

"You don't have to feel guilty about something you had no control over," she urged, squeezing his arm. "I haven't had a repeat experience, and even if I have to go through it every time I go to sleep, I would, to help pay for the sins my people have placed upon you and your clutchmates."

Ashley looked at Xizi with concern in her eyes. She couldn't help but feel guilty for what her government had done to him and the other aliens. "I know, but it's hard not to feel responsible. Your people were taken and experimented on by mine," she said, her voice laced with sadness.

Xizi reached out and gently took her hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "I don't blame you, Ashley. You didn't have anything to do with it," he said, his voice soft and soothing. "Besides, I'm just happy to be with you now."

Ashley smiled weakly, still feeling the weight of guilt on her shoulders. "I just wish I could make it up to you somehow," she said. "I can't help feeling responsible. If only I could have done something to stop it."

Xizi pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her. "You did nothing wrong, Ashley," he said firmly. "And I don't blame you for what happened. You are not your government."

Xizi leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Just being with you is enough," he whispered. "You've given me hope and a reason to keep fighting."

Ashley felt her heart swell with emotion at his words. She knew she couldn't undo what had been done to him, but she

could be there for him now and make sure he never had to go through something like that again.

Ashley felt tears prick at the corner of her eyes, moved by his words. She buried her face in his chest, breathing in his scent as he held her close. In that moment, she felt safe and loved, like she belonged with him.

“Thank you, Xizi,” she murmured. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

Xizi leaned down and kissed her forehead. “I’m the lucky one,” he murmured. “To have found my enax, my fated mate. Perhaps the Stars led me to you as payment for everything that happened to me and my clutchmates.”

Ashley gazed at Xizi and took in his features. She couldn’t deny that he was attractive, and somehow, he appeared fine—better than earlier when they got the announcement. “You know, humans call good things that happen after something bad karma,” she said.

Xizi cocked his head to the side, studying her. “Karma?”

Ashley nodded. “Yeah, it’s like a universal law that says if you do good, good things will happen to you, and if you do bad, bad things will happen to you. It’s a way to balance things out.”

Xizi blinked hard, as if he was processing what she had said. “Interesting. And do you believe in karma?”

Ashley shrugged. “I don’t know. Sometimes it feels like the universe has a way of balancing things out, but other times it feels like bad things just keep happening. What about you?”

Xizi thought for a moment. “I suppose I believe in something similar—the Cosmic Order. The universe has a way of bringing people together, of aligning things. Perhaps it’s

Fate, or destiny, or karma, but I believe there's a reason for everything that happens."

Ashley smiled at him. "I like that. It's comforting to think that everything happens for a reason, even the bad stuff."

Xizi leaned in, kissing her softly. "And sometimes, the bad stuff can lead to the best things."

"What's the Cosmic Order?" She tilted her head to the side as she examined him. "Is it some sort of religion?"

"It's a belief a lot of the species have from my galaxy," he explained. "The Fates have our life predetermined, written in the stars. It is up to us to use the Stars to guide us to our destiny. Things like who we are supposed to be with, what we are supposed to do with our lives, and everything we experience has already been predetermined."

"So you are saying that is how you know I am your enax? That it was written in the stars already." She licked her lips. "Are you saying that the reason why I could never find someone to settle with was because I was meant to be yours all along?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying." He nodded, cupping her face and rubbing his thumb along her cheek. "It's pointless to oppose what has already been planned for us."

"It doesn't matter that we are two different species; if you want me to look like a human, I can, but based on our first conversation, I believe you prefer me the way I am."

"What do you mean?" Her brow furrowed in perplexity.

Xizi locked his gaze with hers, his eyes glowed as they turned serious. "Ashley, I need you to swear to me that you will keep my species a secret. I trust you, but this is important. Our survival depends on it."

Ashley's heart quickened in her chest as she nodded her head solemnly. "I swear," she replied, her voice low and serious. "I swear, Xizi. I will keep your species' abilities a secret. No one will ever know."

Xizi exhaled in relief. "Thank you, Ashley. I knew I could trust you."

"Your people are the Rkekh, correct?" she inquired, wanting to be certain she knew what he was in case she was asked about them—or him.

Xizi took a deep breath before he spoke. "Yes, you are correct. We are the Rkekh. We are a minor species that, at one time, had a tiny home planet which was basically non-existent compared to all the other space-faring species.

"Our galaxy's government discovered us, and somehow my people became a rare and valuable commodity to those with nefarious plans. The Yaarkins invaded our planet many generations ago and enslaved everyone. Those who were fortunate enough to escape or were off planet helped form a network amongst themselves in order to keep our species alive—and safe.

"We, the Rkekh, evolved into a nomadic species, remaining isolated and traveling in clutch groups. Only when clutchmembers discovered their enax would they split from their siblings, never to speak to them again. Not only for their own safety, but also for the safety of their family, they did not want to be the cause of others discovering where everyone in the clutch was."

Ashley frowned, unable to believe the horrors his species had to endure in order to survive and keep their family safe. "But why? Why would your galaxy's government allow your species to be hunted?"

“Because the Yaarkins are a dangerous and powerful species.” They want to capture and control other races, including mine. My people are not warriors; we are scientists and explorers. We are no match for the Yaarkins in battle, due to how they evolve and expand. Only the Verya are capable of combating them.”

“Which is the commanders’ species, correct?”

“That is correct, which is why I have complete faith in them and their cause.” Xizi sighed and looked out the window. “Who knows how bad things have gotten in the twenty years I’ve been gone, but if they’re willing to put all of their effort and resources into building a sanctuary and rescuing those in need, I fear things have gotten worse.”

“But you never explained why your species is hunted?” Ashley turned her body to follow his gaze, wondering what he was looking at—and frowned when there was nothing but the scenery of them traveling through space out their window. “What secret is so important that you made me swear not to tell anyone?”

“Our unique genetic makeup makes us highly desirable for experimentation and exploitation by other alien races,” he explained, his voice heavy with sadness. “We are known as shapeshifters or doppelgangers. We absorb genetic information from other species and store it in our spines.

“Each spine is a different species. The larger they are, the more genetic makeup Rkekh has absorbed. The ones near the top of their heads are the first ones they’ve copied, and the farther down the spine, the newer species they’ve collected.”

Ashley sat up and leaned against his thigh, leaning over him to inspect the spines on his back. It surprised her how

many he had, and now that he mentioned it, there was a wide range of sizes—none of which were identical.

“And you said that I was an exotic collector, and yet, your species play Pokémon with other species, needing to collect them all,” she teased, cringing at how it sounded out loud. “With how humans have to deal with deep fakes, I can understand how dangerous your ability can be and why others would be interested in it.”

“That’s why we have to keep our location and existence a secret. If others knew about us, we would be in constant danger. It is also why my kind has resorted to gathering as much genetic material as possible from a few species in order to live among them as one of them. It’s too dangerous to walk freely like I do, and I’m afraid I’ll have to transform into one of the sanctuary’s common species as a precaution in case I’m discovered.”

“What are your plans?” Ashley inquired, reaching forward to touch one of the larger spines nearby, but paused and asked Xizi for permission. He nodded and gave her a quick grin that didn’t meet his eyes. “Wouldn’t those on this ship already be aware of your existence and that of your clutchmates?”

“I need to discuss it with my clutchbrothers and the commanders to what we should do, but in the meantime, I need to ask you what you want me to be?”

Ashley’s heart sank at the thought of Xizi and his people living in fear. “I understand what you’re asking,” she said firmly. “I’ll do whatever it takes to protect you and your species, but I believe the choice should be yours, not mine.”

As he looked at her, Xizi’s face softened. “Thank you very much, Ashley. I knew I could put our secret in your hands,” he said, reaching out to take her hand. “But I need to know

whether you want me to live as a human or as another species. I have enough Swynemi genetic code to become one of them, and there are plenty of them on this ship to help me blend in.”

“Swynemi?” She tried to match the species name to those she knew, but came up blank.

“The species of the two crew members.”

“Oh! Space fairies!” She covered her mouth in humiliation. “I apologize. I know they’re not Earth fairies, but that’s what I imagined them to be.”

“That’s probably because they visited your planet at some point in your species’ history,” he explained. “Earth was a common planet for many species to play on, which is why your scientists are unable to explain certain things.”

“I knew the Ancient Aliens show held some truth!” Ashley exclaimed, grabbing his tail in her excitement. “There are too many coincidences for it not to be.”

“Ashley, you haven’t answered my important question,” Xizi urged, turning over and grabbing her thighs, holding her in place while locking his gaze with hers. “What species do you want me to be?”

She stared at him, unsure how to respond to his request. It seemed too personal, and she had no right to express her thoughts on it.

“I can’t.” She licked her lips, suddenly worried that she would make a mistake during this crucial conversation. “I don’t feel comfortable telling you who you should be because you deserve to be yourself.”

“Being myself would be dangerous for everyone on this ship if information about our existence was leaked,” he explained, his voice tinged with the gravity of their situation.

“As my enax, you have the right to demand what I should be, because being with me endangers your life as well.”

“I want you to be whatever will make you happy.” She shrugged. “In the end, I am a monster fucker at heart.”

TWENTY



ASHLEY

Ashley couldn't help but feel nervous as she and Xizi walked down the hallway. She observed the different aliens who passed by, noting their various appearances. Some were nagas, while others were null Swynewi, like Xizi's new form, floating effortlessly in the air.

Despite the variety, they all seemed to disregard Ashley and Xizi as they passed by.

Xizi squeezed her hand, sensing her unease. "Don't worry, my enax," he said. "They are simply going about their day, like we are."

Ashley nodded, grateful for his reassurance. They continued down the hallway, and Ashley noticed that some of the aliens were staring at her curiously. She couldn't blame them—after all, she was a human and likely one of the first they had ever encountered.

As they entered the commons, Ashley was surprised by how much it resembled a typical cafeteria, with long tables and chairs scattered throughout the space. However, the food being served was far from typical—it ranged from strange, pulsing blobs to colorful, glowing fruits.

Xizi led her to a table, and they sat down to enjoy their meal. Ashley felt a bit overwhelmed by everything—the aliens, the food, the fact that she was on a spaceship in the middle of space.

"Are you okay?" Xizi asked, sensing her unease again.

Ashley nodded. “It’s just a lot to take in. But I’m glad I’m here with you.”

Xizi smiled at her, and Ashley felt a warmth spread through her.

Ashley kept stealing glances at Xizi. She realized she was going to have to get used to seeing him like this, just as he was getting used to being in his new form. She was grateful that he seemed to be patient and understanding, but she knew that it was going to take time for her to fully adjust to every form he decided to take.

Ashley had to admit, he was still incredibly handsome. His emerald skin seemed to glow under the light, and his buzzing wings were mesmerizing to watch. It was like seeing a new side of him, one that she couldn’t resist.

And yet, she didn’t know if there would be a form in which he took that she wouldn’t be able to find attractive in some way.

As they made their way to the food dispenser, Ashley took in the sights and sounds around her. The aliens spoke in languages she couldn’t understand, but she could sense their excitement and chatter.

Xizi reached for a cup and filled it with a sparkling blue liquid. “Try this,” he said, holding out the cup to Ashley.

She hesitated for a moment before taking a small sip. The liquid was sweet and tangy, like a mix of berries and citrus. Ashley had to smile as she took another sip, enjoying the taste.

Ashley turned to see Dia rushing in, hugging her tightly. “Ashley! Oh my god, I’m so glad you’re okay!” Dia exclaimed, pulling back to look at her friend. “Who’s this?”

Ashley turned to see the emerald null Swynemi standing behind Dia, and she realized he had to be Fybl, undergoing a transformation for their own safety. “Dia, this is Xizi,” she introduced him, knowing they’d already met but wanting to put on a show for the onlookers. “Xizi, this is Dia, my best friend.”

Xizi bowed slightly to Dia, his wings buzzing softly. “It’s a pleasure to meet you,” he said, his voice musical.

Dia’s eyes widened as she took in his appearance. “Wow, he’s beautiful,” she said, reaching out to touch one of his wings. “I couldn’t believe space fae existed, but it seems you found one as well.”

Xizi didn’t flinch at the touch, instead allowing her to explore. Ashley couldn’t help but feel a bit of jealousy at the way Dia was so at ease with Xizi’s new form. She knew she needed to get used to it, but it was still an adjustment.

Xizi chuckled. “We’re not that different from humans, really,” he said. “Just with a few extra features.”

Dia was Fybl’s enax, and she was just being extra friendly. She would revert to her normal self once the novelty of their mates’ abilities wore off.

Furthermore, she was aware that her best friend would never make a play on anyone she was with.

“I can’t believe it,” Dia said, grinning widely. “We are living amongst aliens... while fucking aliens.”

“I know, I keep thinking this is some dream and I’m going to wake up disappointed.”

“Thankfully, it isn’t,” Dia replied, stepping away from Xizi to wrap her arm around Fybl, who mirrored her.

Ashley smiled, happy that Dia was taking everything in stride. She knew it would take time for her to adjust to this new world she found herself in, but having Dia there with her made it a little easier.

“So... I have to ask.” Dia bounced her eyebrows. “Have you been able to test all of his disco sticks?”

“All?” Ashley turned to peer at Xizi, who had his mouth open in shock.

“Our mates are like a traveling dildo collection.” Dia winked and then turned to Fybl, batting her eyes at him. “Isn’t that right, dear?”

Fybl glanced at Xizi and then Ashley before peering down at her best friend.

“As long as it keeps you happy, my enax,” Fybl said, almost wistfully. “I can be whatever you want me to be.”

Ashley crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow at her companion. “We’ll have to talk about this later.”

“Yes, my enax,” he muttered, nodding. “I’ll answer any questions you have.”

Ashley stared at the scene before her. Eva, the famous streamer, was surrounded by three blue scaled aliens who seemed to be vying for her attention. It was clear that they were interested in her.

Ashley was envious of her knowing the truth about aliens all along. While she was sharing the wondrous paranormal dildos from creatures and aliens with them, she could have told her true fans the truth about humans not being alone in the universe.

She looked over at Xizi, who was also watching the scene with curiosity. “Do you know who she is?”

Xizi nodded. “Yes, she’s a well-known streamer who was on your laptop. It’s unexpected to see her here. I guess the rumors about her were true.”

As if sensing their gaze, Eva turned and looked in their direction. When her eyes met Ashley’s, she smiled and walked over.

“Hey there, I’m Eva,” she introduced herself, extending her hand.

Ashley took it, feeling a bit starstruck. “Hi, I’m Ashley, and this is Xizi.”

Eva turned her gaze to Xizi, her eyes taking in his null emerald null Swynemi form. “I haven’t come across many Swynemi in all my time helping aliens escape Earth.”

Xizi nodded, a slight smile on his lips. “It’s rare for us to leave our home planet, and unfortunately, too many pirates enjoy capturing us for their own... delicacies... for us to risk being an independent merchant.”

The two blue scaled aliens who had been vying for Eva’s attention looked over at Xizi with interest.

Eva turned to face them, her bright purple hair framing her face. “Were you two fans of mine?”

Ashley nodded eagerly. “Yes! We have been watching your streams for ages.”

Eva grinned. “That was so great to hear! And who was your friend?” she asked, indicating Dia.

Dia introduced herself, and the blue-scaled aliens around Eva shifted slightly, eyeing the group with interest.

“So,” Eva said, changing the subject. “What brought you two here on this ship?”

Ashley hesitated for a moment, unsure if she should reveal the truth. But then she decided to take a chance. “We helped rescue Xizi and his crew. They decided to thank us by taking us to a sanctuary with them.”

Eva’s eyes widened. “Rescued? From where?”

Ashley took a deep breath. “From Area 51. We’re from Las Vegas.”

Eva looked skeptical for a moment, but then her expression softened. “Well, I’m glad you’re safe. Did you need any help? Anything I could do?”

Ashley felt a surge of gratitude toward the streamer. “Actually, did you know anything about the sanctuary? We don’t know much about where we are going.”

Eva nodded. “I have heard a little bit about it. It is supposed to be a place where all sorts of different beings could live together in peace. A utopia, basically. But I don’t know much else.”

Ashley watched as Dia engaged in conversation with Eva about her line of sex toys, and how they resembled certain alien species.

Eva, her eyes shining with excitement, explained that she had often based their creations on creatures she had encountered during her rescues.

Xia mulled over Eva’s reply, then inquired, “So, these toys were based on actual aliens that you rescued?”

Eva grinned and responded with a nod of her head, affirming Xia's suspicion. "That's right. Some of our toys are inspired by the very same species we've saved. It's one method we use to raise awareness for the diversity of life forms out there and create alien lovers amongst humans. It doesn't matter what the gender, there's a crowd of alien and monster lovers that would do anything to be able to have the most realistic dildos possible."

"After seeing Ashley's collection, I can't believe you've rescued such a diverse collection," Xizi responded. "I wonder how many times the commanders have visited Earth."

"Many, but it appears they have begun to slow down." Eva scowled. "When I heard that this might be one of the last times they visited Earth, I wanted to make sure that as many aliens as possible could be broken out of the labs and rescued as a last stand."

"I came because I have three mates and knew that our governments would love to have me if they could, so I might as well plan to leave when I can."

"What inspired you to start such an unusual business?" Dia inquired.

Eva nodded with a faint smile. "I understood how little people knew about aliens and the gifts they could offer to the universe. I felt inspired to take up a mission to help propagate understanding and also craft toys meant for humans to learn about them in exciting ways."

Ashley and Dia exchanged a look of admiration. "That was amazing," Ashley said. "We love your toys. Anything is a dildo if you're brave enough."

Eva beamed at them. “Thank you so much. It means a lot to me to hear that.”

Xizi added, “It’s good to have someone like you who understands the importance of keeping our species a secret while also spreading awareness in a positive way.”

Eva nodded in agreement. “Yes, it’s been a delicate balance. But I think it was important to show the world that not all aliens are dangerous or scary. That’s why I created toys based on the positive experiences I’ve had with aliens. It was a way to celebrate their uniqueness and spread joy.”

“They were exciting all right.” Ashley chuckled. “That’s why Dia and I collected each one.”

As they continued to chat, Ashley could only feel grateful for the opportunity she had to meet someone like Eva, who had such a positive impact on her life and the world.

She sipped her drink, amazed at how their small group had come together because Dildo Queen Eva wanted to make humans love the supernatural while using her funds to rescue aliens in need.

They were all on their way to spend the rest of their lives living among aliens.

TWENTY-ONE



ASHLEY

“**W**hen were you going to tell me that every form you take comes with the cock of that species?”

“I had no idea it would be such an important factor in selecting a form.” Standing in front of the bed, he frowned. “I thought it was my appearance that was important.”

Ashley grabbed the dildo that Xizi had stolen from her house and swung it around like a sword, watching it sway.

“You saw my dildo collection, and how I took good care of each of my sex toys and their matching memorabilia,” she explained, pretending to fight him with her sword. “Not only will you have a different form, but knowing that you have a different cock with every form you take is a game changer, and will keep our sex life interesting and fun.”

“I never imagined using my abilities in this way.” He frowned as his gaze followed her swinging dildo. “To make things easier for our *enaxs*, we transform and remain in whatever species form they are in, and never change back in fear of being caught.”

“This takes the expression “lady in the streets, freak in the sheets” to a whole new level.” She came to a halt in front of him, holding the black phallic sex toy in between them. “If we’re in the privacy of our own room, I want you to feel free to be whoever you want, even if it’s your normal form.”

“Would you rather have me as a null Swynewi?” He flicked his golden eyes to hers. “Or my species’ basic form?”

“I love you for you, so be whatever you want to be,” she said softly. “Surprise me, and know that I’ll try anything once.”

Xizi pulled Ashley close to him, his hands finding their way to her waist. He leaned in and kissed her softly, his lips conveying a depth of emotion that words could not express.

“I love you,” Ashley whispered, her eyes locking with his.

Xizi’s eyes were filled with a fierce love and adoration as he gazed back at her. “I love you too, enax,” he murmured, using the endearment he had given her when they first met.

Ashley smiled, feeling a warmth spread through her at the sound of his words. She knew it was crazy, falling in love with an alien, but there was no denying the connection they shared.

Xizi pulled her in for another kiss, deepening it this time. Ashley’s hands found their way to his hair as she surrendered to the passion between them.

Xizi rested his forehead against hers as they drew away, their breaths mingling. “I never expected to meet someone like you,” he said, his voice low and full of emotion. “I want to make love to you on our bed in my basic form, so I can see you come undone in the privacy of our cabin, knowing we may not have that many chances once we arrive at the sanctuary.”

“Then do it.” She backed away and threw the dildo onto the couch. “Take me. Abduct me. Fuck me.”

Ashley stared in amazement as Xizi’s body transformed before her eyes, his emerald-colored skin fading away and his features shifting back into his black-scaled lizard form. There was a twinge of sadness at the loss of the beautiful space fae, but she also found this new form fascinating in its own way.

Xizi's eyes met hers, and she could see a mixture of emotions in them: love, admiration, and a hint of vulnerability.

"Is this form okay for you?" he asked, almost tentatively.

Ashley smiled and walked over to him, placing her hand on his scaly cheek. "I love you no matter what form you take," she told him.

Xizi leaned into her touch, his eyes closing briefly in contentment. "I'm glad," he replied, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"So, how about you have your tail probe me?" she purred, bringing the end of his tail to her lips as she sat down on the bed. She felt a shiver pass through him as she touched the tip.

"Keep doing that, and you will ssoon find out," he hissed as he climbed over her.

"Are you an astronaut, and your next mission is to explore Uranus?" Ashley giggled.

"Why would I want to have this ship turn around to explore that meaningless planet?" he asked confusedly, looking down at her.

"How about this, Xizi?" Ashley said, tracing the tip of his tail along her neck and between her breasts. "I want to ride your rocket and feel it explode."

"Prepare yourself for lift off," he purred. Pulling his tail away, he disappeared, his dark body becoming invisible.

"I am going to ravish you until my name is the only thing you say, *enax*."

"Prove it."

She drew her dress over her head and removed her underwear. She could already feel herself getting wet from their foreplay.

The bed dipped as he left, leaving her naked and alone.

“You can’t sssee me, but I can sssee all of you.”

She flinched slightly when she felt the first touch of his cool hands on her ankles, light and gentle as the tips of his talons dragged slowly along the bottom of her legs. She closed her eyes and moaned, savoring the sensations.

Even though he was invisible, she wasn’t scared—but somehow, closing her eyes showed him she trusted he wouldn’t hurt her.

Hands lifted her breasts, massaging them.

A light tongue flicked a nipple, hardening it. He switched, locking his mouth around the other and sucking.

Ashley gasped, jerking from the feeling.

He chuckled against her breast and licked his way up to her neck, slowly nipping along her jaw, breathing in her scent.

“I love the way you sssmell,” he growled, pinching her nipples. “Perhaps, I ssshould have another sssample.”

His hands moved along her sides and opened her legs wide, slowly licking along her inner thighs, coming close but never touching her nether lips.

Ashley shrieked, wiggling her body as she tried to get him to taste her.

“Say it,” Xizi breathed, nibbling her panty line.

“Not until I see your rocket ship.”

A warmth spread across her body like fire, starting from his kisses and moving up along her spine. She arched her back from the sensation.

He pulled his face away as his hands massaged her inner thighs, gently pushing and rubbing circles as his taloned thumb lightly traced her folds.

Ashley screamed as he blew air on her exposed clit. He chuckled, wrapping his tongue around it. Her hips jerked, and she moaned loudly as his tongue danced with her raised nub, doing whatever he pleased. Her breaths became quick pants as she felt him lower his muzzle to her folds, slowly unwinding his tongue, only to drive it swiftly into her.

The tip of his tongue vibrated along her walls as if it was searching for something.

Her body shook in pleasure as he brought her to release.

“Xizi! Xizi! Xizi!”

TWENTY-TWO



XIZI

Xizi kept attacking her inner walls with his tongue, drinking in her essence until her body stopped shaking.

“Please,” she gasped. “No more.”

He purred in victory. He’d proven to his *enax* he was capable of taking care of her. He hoped they could form an everlasting relationship, one filled with love. Here on this bed, she’d proved she trusted him. That was enough for him. They had a good beginning to a foundation for their future.

Xizi slowly pulled away and decloaked himself, becoming visible once more. He watched her quick breaths as she tried to calm herself—her eyes still closed as her hair lay spread out on her pillow.

“I thought you were going to show me your rocket ship?”

“Wasss that not enough?” he asked, taken aback.

Ashley slowly sat up on the bed and climbed over to him. Brushing his hair back, she looked deeply into his eyes.

“You said something about ravishing me.” She bit her lip. “But what about me ravishing you?”

“But it issss my—”

“No.” She placed a finger on his muzzle, silencing him. “You forgot you abducted an extreme alien dildo collector. Now, I remember something about Eva’s dildos being realistic... So, you are going to show me your rocket ship.”

Xizi chuckled against her finger and licked it.

“I don’t think you —”

“That I can’t handle it?” she purred. “What was that thing about human males having tiny cocks?” Ashley pulled back and flicked her hair behind her head.

In an instant, she was on him, clawing at his chest as her dull nails dragged along his front. Her hands stopped at the top of his flared hips, pinching them.

“Now, for the big surprise.” She chuckled.

He closed his eyes and groaned as she rubbed along his sheath.

Suddenly, something wet and textured brushed against it, sending shivers up his spine. He felt his sheath open as his manhood emerged.

“Look who came out to play. Eva’s version was correct after all—yours is just a lil’ bigger.”

His enax’s soft hands wrapped around his exposed head, massaging it softly. He felt his manhood expand as she slowly rubbed his added length. She paused, making him open his eyes in wonder, watching as she lowered her lips around his flared head, taking it all in. He groaned at the sensations from the warmth of her mouth as she continued to rub his shaft.

“Assshley... Assshley... Assshley...” he murmured, his hands gripping the sheets, fisting them in frustration. Her actions were driving him wild, but she controlled the moment. He wasn’t going to take it away from her as he battled the need to bind her and take her from behind.

Not here, not now.

Ashley’s tongue traced his head’s nubs and licked his slit. She purred and rubbed harder as she watched him with those

green and golden eyes.

His enax popped her mouth off his manhood and let go with a smile.

“It’s show time.”

Ashley shoved Xizi’s chest, forcing him to lean back against the headboard. Smiling brightly, she threw a leg over his lap and grabbed his manhood before lowering herself onto him.

He gripped her hips, guiding her as she threw her head back and moaned. His tail flipped wildly to the side as he tried to control himself from his instinctual need to ravish her—forever and always.

Her ass landed on his lap as she bottomed out.

“Yes! I can live like this!” she shouted as she rocked on his hardened length.

TWENTY-THREE



ASHLEY

His cock started buzzing as he aided her, lifting and dropping onto his lap, rocking her body back and forth.

Her eyes widened as she wrapped her arms around his neck, clawing at his back as whimpers continuously escaped her. Her clit rubbed against his length each time he thrusted in her, sending her in a spiral. The coolness of his beady scales rubbed her sensitive hardened nipples as she held onto his muscular body.

“You are real. This is real,” she chanted.

“I would sssay this wassss very real,” Xizi hissed into her ear.

The familiar coldness pressed against her rosebud and injected a warm liquid into her ass. Knowing it was real and not a dildo spiked her arousal as she felt his tail slowly push in.

“Yes! Probe me! Take me to your leader!” she screamed.

Xizi halted her movement and growled, “I am not ssssharing you with the twinsss.”

“I don’t want the twins!” she yelled, smacking his back. “I want you to fuck me with your alien cock and do your probing thing.”

“Let me make you see stars.”

He picked her up until only his head remained and dropped her forcibly a few times before picking up speed. His tail

traveled deeper and merged with her walls, sending shocks all over her body. His cock thickened as its head's nubs dragged along her inner walls, rubbing the collection of nerves each time.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!”

The vibrating bumps went into overdrive, sending the sensations through her body, making it harder to hold on. Her thighs tightened, trying to squeeze him as his taloned hands gripped harder onto her hips.

“Join me, my *enax*,” he muttered and started nipping on her neck. “I love you, for eternity.”

Her pussy was becoming wetter, making noises each time she bounced on him.

He groaned and pressed her roughly against his body, jamming her swollen clit hard against him.

Pleasure burst from her core as her body rippled and shook from the euphoric sensations. She clenched his back as he hissed, sending his hot burning essence deep inside her. Her walls clamped onto his rumbling cock, refusing to let go as he emptied inside her.

The couple lay there in silence, slumped on each as they tried to catch their breath.

Slowly, Xizi removed his tail from her ass and grabbed the blanket off the floor, wrapping it around them as Ashley snuggled against his chest.

“I guess I should be glad you weren't the cosplayer after all?”

EPILOGUE

ASHLEY

Ashley was very excited at the prospect of exploring a new planet. She leaned her head against Xizi's chest, feeling his steady heartbeat against her ear.

"Are you excited?" Xizi asked her, his eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"Absolutely," Ashley replied, grinning up at him. "I've never been to a jungle before. What about you?"

Xizi nodded, a smile playing at the corners of his lips. "I've been to a few, but never with you. It'll be a new experience for both of us."

As they watched, the ship slowly descended onto a landing pad, surrounded by a bustling crowd of aliens. Ashley's eyes widened as she took in the different species: from towering creatures with multiple eyes and limbs, to small, fluffy creatures that bounced around like balls.

As the ship finally came to a stop, Ashley's heart raced with excitement. She could see the lush greenery of the jungle planet beyond their window, and was amazed at the sight of countless aliens swarming around the vessel.

Most of them were Swynemi, just like Xizi in his new form. Many of them were emerald-skinned, but there were a few black and opal ones as well, all with iridescent wings and a certain grace to their movements.

Xizi wrapped his arms around Ashley's waist, pulling her close as they watched the bustling activity outside. "Welcome to the sanctuary planet base," he whispered in her ear.

Ashley turned her head to look at him, and was struck once again by how handsome he looked in this new form. She felt not a little envious of the Swynemi around them, being able to fly in such an exotic paradise location.

“Do you think we’ll be safe here?” she asked him.

Xizi nodded, a reassuring smile on his face. “The sanctuary planet is neutral territory, Ashley. No one will harm us here. And besides, we have the commanders to protect us.”

Ashley took a deep breath and nodded, feeling a little more at ease. She knew that they were in uncharted territory, and that anything could happen. But for now, she was content to stay in Xizi’s arms and watch as the alien world unfolded before her eyes.

The doors to their cabin slid open, and Xizi led her out onto the landing pad. As they stepped off the ship, the cacophony of alien sounds hit Ashley like a wave. She felt a little overwhelmed, but excited nonetheless.

As they disembarked from the ship, Ashley’s sense of excitement and anticipation was palpable. Xizi held her hand tightly as they made their way through the bustling streets filled with alien vendors, colorful shops, and exotic smells.

As they walked toward their new home, gratitude for the unusual circumstances that had brought them together overwhelmed Ashley. She never would have guessed that she would fall in love with an alien, let alone start a new life on a distant planet.

They finally arrived at their new home, a small but cozy dwelling surrounded by lush greenery. Xizi opened the door for her and gestured for her to step inside.

Ashley looked around in awe at the spacious living room, complete with a comfortable couch, a large vidscreen displaying a view of the surrounding jungle, and a small kitchenette.

“This is amazing, Xizi,” she said, turning to face him. “I can’t believe we get to live here.”

He smiled at her, his eyes filled with love and adoration. “I’m glad you like it, my *enax*. The commanders said it would be perfect for us.”

Ashley felt her heart swell with emotion as he called her his *enax*, his fated mate. She walked up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him into a deep kiss.

As they broke apart, Xizi pulled out a small box from his pocket and handed it to her. “I have something for you, my love,” he said.

Ashley opened the box to find a beautiful necklace with a delicate pendant shaped like a star. “It’s beautiful, Xizi,” she said, holding it up to the light.

“It’s made from a rare mineral found only on my home planet,” he explained. “I was able to get help from the commanders, because I wanted to give you something special, to show you how much I love you.”

Tears filled Ashley’s eyes as she looked at him. “I love you too, Xizi. I never knew I could feel this way about someone, but with you, everything feels right.”

They embraced each other tightly, lost in the moment and the love they shared for each other. Ashley knew that with

Xizi by her side, she could face any challenge that the universe might throw their way.

AUTHOR NOTE:

I hoped you enjoyed the expansion of this Ashley and Xizi's weird romcom love story.

Look for a new series – Project: StarPyre – about the life of the Swynemi at the secret sanctuary base, before StarPyre and Project: Adapt in the Project universe timeline.

USA Today Bestselling author, Jade Waltz lives in Illinois with her husband, two sons, and her three crazy cats.

She writes character driven romances within detailed universes, where happily-ever-afters happen for those who dare love the abnormal and the unknown. Their love may not be easy—but it is well worth it in the end.

Jade enjoys knitting, playing video games, watching Esports, green tea and writing all the stories that live in her imagination.

Website: www.jadewaltz.com

Newsletter link:

<https://landing.mailerlite.com/webforms/landing/c5y815>

Email: authorjadewaltz@gmail.com

MF ALIEN ROMANCE SERIES:: ANCHORED
TO THE SHARKMAN

Interstellar Protections Agency #4

A life for a life.

With piercing amber eyes, fins, and sharp teeth, he was both terrifying and beautiful.

A shark saved me after my ex-boyfriend tried to kill me.

Ever since that fateful night, a sharkman has haunted my dreams, begging me to aid him.

When I start my new job working for my grandfather at his underwater aquatic lab,

I run into the rescuer that everyone insists is a figment of my imagination.

Now I'm drawn to the mysterious and captive creature being held in the high-security facility.

As I become aware of his inhumane treatment, I decide to risk everything to assist him in escaping.

We must avoid being apprehended by government agents
while seeking assistance from others along the way.

Our journey draws us closer together, and I find myself falling
in love with this magnificent aquatic male.

I must choose between remaining on Earth with a target on my
back,
or leaving with my newfound love to begin a new life among
the stars.

Release Date: July 14th, 2023

www.books2read.com/Sharkman

MF Alien Dragonrider Romance Trilogy:

ACROSS THE STARS: COSMIC THREADS OF FATE #1

Alien dragon riders. Fated mates. She would do anything to protect his world.

Mae's mission was to find a potential location for the next human colony, however, she finds something more...

After landing on a newly discovered moon, she finds what she figured existed only as myths and legends... Alien dragon riders who live in enormous trees.

When one of the warriors, Watai, attempts to teach her about his world, he declares that she's his cosmicmate, and that they share the same cosmicthread—a fated cord, which has destined them to be together.

The more she learns about his home, the more she wants to protect him and his world from the very government that she works for.

Now she is faced with a difficult choice: To stay and embrace her connection with Watai, or to resist its pull, sever their thread of fate, and flee to protect everything she has grown to love.

Across the Stars is the **first** book of the *Cosmic Threads of Fate* trilogy, featuring the love story between Mae, a human starpilot and Watai, an alien dragon rider.

<https://books2read.com/AcrossTheStars>

RH Space Opera Alien Romance Series:

FOUND: PROJECT: ADAPT # 1

A failed human prototype. That's all she is...

Born and raised as an experiment, Selena's life has been filled with torture, betrayal, and distrust... but one night changes everything.

Sold, attacked, and on the run, Selena is picked up by a colony ship. Struggling to find her place on this ship and trying to understand the draw she feels toward two alien males, her already uncertain life becomes downright unimaginable when she learns new life is growing inside her.

Terrified her captors will find her and take her and her children back to a life of horror and captivity, she must learn to trust her saviors, and herself.

With the help of her two mates, Selena will fight for her freedom—or die trying.

books2read.com/PAFound

RH “Space Mulan” Alien Romance Trilogy:

COSMIC VALOR: COSMIC HONOR #1

She wanted to bring honor back to her family's name and to save her people...

Falling in love wasn't part of the plan...

When Jaiya takes her twin brother's place on a diplomatic mission to end a war that's been raging since her childhood, she discovers how it all really began.

Disguised as a young male diplomat, Jaiya meets Prince Idris—her greatest rival in their space battles—his royal assistant, Erlyn—who never leaves his side—and is assigned to be guarded by Raizxl—who blames humans for losing his mate.

If she cannot convince her people and the enemy to put aside their differences and choose peace instead of war, she risks returning as a traitor to her race instead of as a hero.

The longer she's in their presence, the more she feels at home amongst those in their space station.

Determined to save their people at any cost, something about them calls to her—and she does not know why.

When they discover the truth, will they be able to get past her betrayal to work toward peace? Or will it only add fuel to the fires of war?

Release Date:

June 2nd, 2023

<https://books2read.com/Cosmic1>