



LOVED BY 3 ALIENS

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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Dedication

To those of you who are greedy for more.

The ones who don't want to choose.



Chapter 1

Odessa

A branch scrapes across my cheek and it's probably broken the surface of my skin but I ignore the pain and continue to run, pumping my arms and legs with everything I've got to increase the distance between my trackers and me.

I leap over a felled log like a cop sliding over the hood of a car and crouch down behind it whilst taking hold of the rifle hanging from a strap slung over my shoulder. I rest the barrel on top of the tree and peer through the scope whilst holding my breath as I listen for movement. But all I can hear are the powerful thuds of my own heartbeat resonating in my eardrums as adrenaline spiked blood is forced past them.

That is until I hear a twig snapping underfoot over to my right. I flinch and hunker down, hoping my green jumpsuit will camouflage me against the forest's foliage. But then there's a rustle of a branch over to my left too and I swing the gun barrel that way instead, now unsure which direction to point it anymore.

The smell of rotting leaves is turning my stomach, and I almost gag and lose concentration. These early pregnancy hormones appear to be having all the adverse effects on my body that I've read about. Sore breasts, mood swings, and worst of all, sensitivity to smells, and all at the most inappropriate times.

My head twists from left to right as I search for more movement and a glimpse of who is tracking me. Who is going to emerge from the dense foliage surrounding me? My hands are shaking and my heart feels like it's thundering against my sternum, desperate to get out of my chest.

To my surprise, it's more than one, and they push through the dense foliage towards me simultaneously. I don't know which one to shoot first. My stomach churns over with

indecision. Unable to decide, my best chance is to get away from here.

I sling my gun back over my shoulder, turn around, and skulk away with my head down low. But I don't get far before I run smack into Saren. It feels as though I've run straight into the trunk of a tree. His hard body immediately halts my retreat. That's when I realise all three of them are tracking me—not fair!

It must be my hormones that fuel my reaction because I'm annoyed and frightened at the same time. I stand ramrod straight with my feet astride and my hands resting on my hips. "Saren. Either shoot me or get the fuck out of my way!"

A high-pitched whizzing noise followed by a pop rings out, swiftly followed by another and I instantly feel stinging pains spread through both cheeks of my ass.

"Aahhh!"

I place a hand on either side of my butt cheeks mortified, and feel wetness. With my jaw hangs slack as I bring them up in front of my face to inspect the palm of each hand. One is covered in blue paint and the other is covered in yellow paint. I spin around on the spot and see both Jude and Kristof aren't far behind me. They are leaning on each other and laughing hysterically. I rip my safety goggles off and cross my arms in front of my chest with a pissed-off smirk. "Okay, you guys. Whose idea was it to gang up on me?"

They both feign innocence, stifling giggles as they point at each other, before doubling over and laughing uncontrollably again, just as the siren blares out to signal it's the end of the paint-ball game.

Saren reaches his arm around my body and snatches the goggles from my hands. He carefully covers my eyes with them and swiftly pulls the strap over my head. "Hey. Put these back on and keep them on until you're in the safety of the lodge!" He gives Jude and Kristof daggers. "We don't want any jokers firing off paintball rounds accidentally and taking out one of your eyes, *now do we?*"

Kristof walks over to us. Whilst giving Saren a death stare, he slips my rifle from my shoulder and puts it on his own. “I’ll carry this for you Odessa, now that you’re injured.”

I bat his hand away and snatch my rifle back from him, suddenly irritated by them all. “It’s a bit late to start fussing over me now, boys. The damage is done.” I snort my displeasure, flick my hair over my shoulder, and march off in front without them, pushing past leaves and disappearing into the bushes I just came from.

Jude calls after me. “Hey, Odessa! Don’t be such a sore loser!”

Spinning around to face them all, I continue walking backward so I can flip Jude a double birdie, then I turn back around, narrowly missing a tree and head for the lodge.

I expect Kristof and Jude to come running after me, pleading for my forgiveness, but they don’t, and to my astonishment, I feel really put out by it. On the other hand, Saren’s sudden compassion has shocked me. Especially since he’s shown very little interest in me since we slept together three months ago.

By the way, that was a big mistake—*huge!* He might be tall, dark and handsome with smouldering good looks which caught me hook, line and sinker in his very first week he and the others started working in my office—but boy did I see him in a different light the day after we done the dirty deed.

Biting down on my bottom lip to give me something to concentrate on so that I don’t cry, I dig my heels in and run the rest of the way back to the lodge the company we all work for hired for our department to stay in whilst we take part in our annual team-building weekend.

Groups of co-workers wave at me as I pass them, motioning for me to join their groups and walk back with them, but each time I see a new group I make the excuse of needing to get back quickly to pee, which is partly true. At the moment, I seem to be spending half of my waking day in the bathroom emptying my bladder.

Back at the lodge, I run past reception and up the two flights of stairs to the floor my room is allocated on. As soon as the key unlocks my door, I fling myself facedown onto my bed and begin sobbing.

Why hadn't my contraception worked? Why had I chosen to sleep with all three of the sexiest new co-workers I've ever had in my life all those months ago when they first came to work at my company? And all within the same week of each other?

Oh yes, that's why! Because for some unknown reason, instead of gravitating towards all the beautiful single women at Bakers and Co where I work, Saren, Kristof and Jude decided to shower plain ole me with all of their attention, continuing to do so ever since.

It doesn't make sense. There are so many women at Bakers and Co who are so much more attractive than me. Voluptuous with curves to die for and scar free skin they range from a seven to a ten on the gorgeous scale. Whereas I'm above the considered normal height for a woman at almost six feet-one and a half with a straight up and down gangly figure—all arms and legs as one of my carers used to say. But the boys deflected all attention towards them from the perfect women who work here and made a beeline for me. It still boggles my mind even now. Anyway, I did what any average-looking too skinny and too tall woman starved all her life of male attention would do—I milked the attention for what it was worth—resulting in me bedding all three of them in the same week. I was flattered. *I still am.* Who wouldn't be? Three tall muscly hunks with the strangest but sexiest smoky accents—all wanting me!

But now I am up the proverbial shit creek without a paddle with a bun in the oven.

My plan at this team-building weekend is to tell them all about the dilemma I'm in—one at a time, and come clean about the pregnancy. But so far, I haven't even found the courage to broach the subject with one of them, let alone all three.

Flopping over onto my back, I study the ceiling. Do they talk to each other about their conquests? Do each of them know I'd slept with their co-workers—literally within days of each other?

Placing my hands on my stomach, I think about the life growing inside me. I have no intention of getting rid of the baby and adoption is definitely out of the question. Growing up in care without a family to call my own, I am only too aware of the loneliness and lack of love the system will offer the poor mite. Besides, if I have to, I am in a stable enough financial position to be able to go it alone. It will just be nice to finally have the one thing I never had—a family.

I do a silent scream and bury my face in my hands. This pregnancy revelation is not going to be easy.

Images of the three men I've known for only a quarter of a year flash in front of my face. Jude, with his wicked sense of humour, laid back approach to everything, warm hazel-brown eyes and lopsided grin. Kristof, taller than Jude, blond and willowy, with a confident air of cockiness that never leaves him, even when there is friendly rivalry between him and Jude.

I sigh. Then there's Saren. Tallest of them all. Broad, dark and brooding. What do I know about his personality? Well... nothing. He's a closed book. Only, unlike the cover of a book, where you get a good idea of the genre you're about to read, there's no way of knowing what type of story lies beneath his layers, but at a guess, I'd say something extremely dark. Out of the three of them, I really hope the baby is *not* his.

There's a knock on the door and I contemplate ignoring it. Right now, I'm not in the mood for trivial chitchat with any of my work colleagues.

A second tap reluctantly makes me sit up and haul myself onto my feet. I drag them across the floor to the door like a petulant child. Why is there no peephole on my hotel door in this old ramshackle place? I sigh again, force my bottom lip in, and put on a happy mask as I pull open the door. But my jaw

drops, my fake happiness instantly vanishes, and a look of shock takes its place.

Jude, Kristof, *and* Saren are standing there as large as life, practically touching shoulders because they are so big, even though Saren doesn't normally associate with either one of the other two. My stomach shoots up into my throat and ice forms like a Mohican from my top vertebrae all the way down to the tip of my tailbone.

They know! They know I slept with all three of them!

I have no words to give them, just a gormless look that is set like stone on my face.

It's Kristof who speaks first. "Odessa, we *all* need to have a word with you."

My mouth is impersonating a goldfish and my eyes belong to a bug.

Jude looks serious for once, and I suddenly feel nauseous. Gone is his lopsided grin and his voice has lost its upbeat tone. "Can you meet us by the carved bear statue close to the edge of the forest in an hour?"

My eyes go to Saren to see if he has anything to add. His arms are crossed in front of his enormous chest, making his unnaturally large forearms, which are far too big for someone who works in an office to have, appear even larger. "It's important."

Then, without waiting for my reply they turn and leave.



Fresh out of the shower, I'm a quivering wreck as I walk towards the part of the forest where they said to meet them. My mind is displaying a carousel of images of how this meeting might play out. One image shows them all accusing me of cheating on each of them. Another is a fistfight involving all three WWF size men, which I'd have no chance of splitting up. And the final image shows me murdered and

buried in a shallow grave with all three scorned men glowering down into it.

I shiver. *Christ, why did I think of that last scenario?*

It's starting to get dark, but it's not hard to make out three gigantic men standing by the wooden bear with tense bodies and pensive faces. My mouth is dry and my palms are wet, but worse is the unnatural way my heart is pounding in my chest. My stomach convulses when I get a whiff of the nearby stream, which teases my nostrils when its pungent aroma is carried on the back of a breeze. *Fucking hormones!*

They turn to face me as I walk towards them—a wall of muscle. Intimidated? Hell yes! I think I'm about to have my first panic attack.

My hands begin to gesticulate wildly. I think I know why they have called me here and I need to explain my side first. "Listen guys, I think I have some explaining to do-..."

Kristof holds his hand up to stop me. "We know you're pregnant, Odessa." His face is grave and I know the small amount of pink that colours my cheeks has drained away. I want the ground to open up and swallow me.

"H-how could you possibly know I haven't told a soul?"

Jude, who's been standing stock still with his hands thrust deep in his pockets takes a step towards me. "We can scent it!"

My face screws up into an incredulous glower, and my arms cross defensively over my very tender breasts. "I'm sorry if you're feeling deceived Jude, but you can stop with the jokes now." I suck in a deep breath to give myself some courage and just blurt it out. "I need to tell you all something... I'm sorry—but I slept with all of you in the same week...the first week you started working with me, and anyone of you could be the father of the baby."

I wait tentatively for the angry cries of slut and whore, but there are none. Saren has been leaning on the bear statue with his arms and legs crossed, staring intensely at me this whole time. He pushes off the statue and strides purposely towards

me. I can feel my whole body jittering. I don't know what to expect.

He stops feet from me. "We need to apologise to you too, Odessa. We have also kept things from you. We knew you were sleeping with all three of us." My stomach does a backward somersault. "That's why we are here. We came to Planet Earth to seek out the most compatible and fertile of your female species. Our race is dying out. Genetics have changed due to a pandemic virus and our males and females are barely compatible now. Only one in every one-hundred thousand of our females becomes impregnated."

I frown, unable to comprehend his words. *Is this a sick joke?*

He takes another step towards me. "From years of study, our scientists found your species to be the most genetically compatible with our kind. However, we have also found out that in order for our seed to connect with your egg, it needs... *competition*. That's why when we come to your planet in search of compatible mates, we come in threes. It increases the chances of fertilisation." I can feel my legs starting to wobble. "We are what humans call aliens. Although we couldn't be any more different to the small grey kind with large black feline eyes, your race perceives aliens to look like. Our species is called Niikeed."

Kristof steps forward impatiently. "Look at her face! She doesn't believe you. Let's show her our true forms so that she can see for herself—then she'll believe us."

Jude looks at him, and his lopsided grin has returned. "Yeah! Let's do it!"

Saren grabs Kristof's shoulder, His voice is deep with aggression. It makes my knees knock together. "No, it's too soon!"

Kristof shrugs his huge hand away, and the air instantly becomes static. To my astonishment, Jude and Kristof begin to sparkle and metamorphose right in front of me. My eyes bug out as I watch their skin colours change and tails and horns appear from nowhere.

It's too much for me to take in and my legs finally give way. Saren catches me just before I black out.



Chapter 2

Saren'sire

I could skin Kristof'omon and Jude'sparr alive for transforming into our true forms so suddenly in front of Odessa. But I'm angrier at the fact that they did it without discussing it with me beforehand. That's so typical of them. They probably planned it between themselves.

When I first showed up for briefing after receiving my conscription orders to go to Earth to find a breeder, I found out I was being sent there with two males who were already friends. I was immediately wary of their closeness. I've heard rumours of bonded male friend's seeds becoming potent and working together in the female uterus to exorcise the third male's seed. Then it's just a case of who out of the bonded friends has the alpha seed—apparently that male's seed would win the race to fertilise the ova. That's why I'd had to work fast on Odessa and make sure I was the first male to mate with our chosen Earth breeder. I needed to give my seed a fighting chance and a head start in the fertility battle.

Besides, for me the copulation was made far easier because as far as Earth females go, Odessa has all the Earthly feminine charms I've come to like. A tall stature, a female warrior figure, and a contradictory placid yet fiery temperament—even more so in Odessa since she began to excrete hormones suggesting her ova has been fertilised by one of our seeds. And although I didn't get to see her sweet human pussy as the Earth males refer to it, in the very passionate but quick copulation we performed outside on fire escape steps at the back of the restaurant our work team decided to go to after a long and boring meeting, it was the softest and most fragrant sexual organ I'd had the pleasure of fucking.

Now we were back on our ship and heading out of Earth's atmosphere, homeward bound to our planet, Temis.

Odessa is still asleep in the cabin room that's been allocated as hers for the long journey back. Jude'sparr is in the games room, and Kristof'omon is fussing over the sustenance we've stocked up with for our journey back. We already have plenty of supplies left over from our inward bound voyage which we planned to use for the return journey, but according to him, he's developed a palate for foods that he'll have no way of obtaining and eating again when we go home. Unless he comes back to Earth, and the only way that will happen is if he's unsuccessful in impregnating Odessa, and that will only happen if he's conscripted again.

My stomach turns over with unease. With the amount of human sustenance supplies he's brought on board, I think he's secretly optimistic the baby, as the Earthlings call them, is going to be his.

I fidget in my seat. I want to be in Odessa's room when she awakes, but because I am the designated captain, I have to get us safely off this planet before I can transfer the controls of the ship to autopilot. Our briefing orders stated we are not supposed to fraternise or copulate with the female once there are signs of impregnation, but I'm not going to be able to stay away from her.

For the last few months, I've found myself thinking about Odessa every spare minute I've had. It hurt me when she shunned me the day after we'd copulated, choosing to believe all the lies Jude'sparr and Krisof'omon fed her about me. As far as I'm aware, they don't even feel the same way about her as I do. To them she's just a breeder—an incubator, and a way to carry on their own gene pool.

To me, she's a perfect mate—so much sweeter than the hard-faced females of my planet. No wonder some of our males are turning their backs on our planet and way of life, choosing to become pirates of the Perinqual Galaxy instead. They want to get away from our bitter and infertile females.

Krisof'omon strides onto the bridge and heads straight for me. I can see by the way his bottom lip is jutting out he's about to complain about something. I don't hide my irritation at his presence. He crosses his arms. "I hope Odessa doesn't

think the sustenance I've brought on the ship is for her! She'll have to eat the supplies we brought with us from Temis."

I'm instantly enraged by his statement. "What about the baby growing inside her? It could be yours. Don't you want to make sure it gets the best nutrients from its mother?"

"The *host* of the baby will have all the nutrients she needs from the Temis supplies." He turns his back on me and looks over his shoulder on his way out. "I'm going to my room to hail, Rupos. She'll be so excited to find out the female is implanted."

I feel a low rumble in the depths of my throat. It emerges as a bark. "I wouldn't get her too excited. Rupos may be your intended mate, but she still only has a thirty-three point three occurring chance of claiming that baby. Jude'sparr and I still have a third of the claim until we can confirm whose baby it is!"

He stops abruptly and spins to face me, shooting me daggers and growls, before turning on his heels and heading out of the bridge doors towards the back of the ship where the cabins are located. I breathe out a ragged breath and smooth down my defence spines. I don't care that I raised them in his presence; he needs to know that right now; the baby is as much Jude'sparrs and mine as it is his.

I turn my attention back to the screen and the controls. A thought suddenly occurs to me that makes me uneasy. What if Odessa has fallen for Kristof'omon's charms and she thinks he will stand by her when we are back on Temis? Should I intervene at some point on our journey back? But then, it might be Jude'sparr who's won her heart. He has no female to return to, but I'm also pretty sure he doesn't want one when he gets back, either. He's too much of a free spirit and likes to party hard. In fact, if he hadn't have received his conscription orders to come to Earth I don't think it would have bothered him not to have been given a chance to carry on his gene. He would have been happy to just continue with his wild partying ways.

As soon as we are free of the Earth's pull, I turn on autopilot and head for the cabins. I feel good knowing we finally have Odessa permanently in our hands and my conscience is clear knowing she won't be missed on Earth either. With no family and few friends, she's turned out to be the perfect breeder to take back to Temis.

It has always troubled me, thinking of the breeders being taken away from their homes, families and friends, but the rationale of the ruling Temis council has always been, what's a few missing females from Earth compared to an entire species becoming extinct.

But it has become more than a few missing females. Over the last few years, the number has reached the thousands. Now every nation on Temis has at least thirty human females residing in them, with the majority now accepting their role as the planet's last resort to evolutionary posterity. Each one of them has birthed a minimum of four babies and is expected to continue until her womb is no longer able to incubate.

The majority of the human females are treated well—like queens even—but there have been cases of abuse reported, and it is almost always our Niikeed females who are behind the abuse cases. However, the council never reprimanded any of our Niikeed females. They understand the frustrations of the females as they are made to stand by and watch the human female's bellies grow fat with healthy half-human, half-Niikeed hybrid babies, often impregnated by their own chosen mates.

Most of the human females even stay with the males who have impregnated them, forming relationships—a further twist of the dagger in the back of the Niikeed females. Not only are they unable to bear children for their males—their nations, too. But their males turn their backs on them in preference for fertile females—females of a different species.

As I near Odessa's cabin, I look down at myself in my Niikeed form. Should I change back to my human guise? I am the only one who hasn't revealed himself to her yet. I decide it's in my best interests to revert back to human form.

I want so badly for Odessa to like me again; I don't want anything to hinder a rekindling of her affection for me. Even if I am only lucky enough to reignite the tiniest flame in her heart, whilst we are on the ship heading home, I want to fan any spark of affection and make it grow, but it won't if I'm in a form that is alien to her—literally. I quickly change forms back to the human guise I was cloaked in during my time on Earth.

Raising my clenched fist, I hesitate before I knock on her cabin door, but then I grit my fangs and rap lightly. There is no answer, but as the captain of the ship it's imperative I know that all crew and passengers are healthy and safe. If I suspect otherwise, I need to check on all of my crew and passenger's wellbeing—especially the one I care for the most. I lift my hand in front of the sensor and the door whooshes open with a hiss of air.

Odessa is not in the bed we placed her in, but the bed cover is draped half-on and half-off the bed as if she left it in a rush. I frown in bewilderment and stride over to it, placing my hand down in the centre. It's still warm. Even more curious is the fact that her clothes are in a pile by the side of the bed, but when we placed her in there after administering a dose of non-toxic medication to keep her asleep through takeoff, she was fully clothed. She wouldn't have been in a fit state to remove her clothes herself because the medication had left her in a near comatose state. That meant one of the others had been in here while I was taking us out of Earth's atmosphere.

My blood begins to boil with rage. I need to find her and make sure she's okay. She must still be in the cabin because exiting the room would be impossible. The room was locked and Odessa wouldn't have been able to open the door without a synched wrist clasp.

The door to the en-suite is open. Maybe she's quietly relieving herself. I cough to make my presence known and peer tentatively inside. But to my horror, she is not in there either.

Panic replaces my rage, spreading like the wildfires of Kodeena in my chest. Where in damnation is she?

I begin to tear through the room like a male gone wild, breathing heavy and growling with exertion and frustration as I lift the bed and frantically pull open cupboard doors, grabbing at the contents inside and flinging them over my shoulders in a desperate bid to find her.

Then a small squeak of fright stops my manic rampage and instantly cools me down. I scan the room, my eyes wild with panic, until they seek out the only place I haven't checked yet—under the desk and behind the chair.

I see Odessa's eyes, large and round, peering out over her knees, which are drawn into her body with her arms wrapped tightly around them. She is visibly shaking. Why is she frightened? She's known me for three months. Seen me almost every day of that time

Then I catch a glimpse of myself in the reflection of the polished dark cabinets above the desk. I don't recognise the angry human face staring back at me. This image of me enraged appears to have scared Odessa far more than when Kristof'omon and Jude'sparr revealed themselves to her in the forest.

What have I done?

I go down on my haunches and hold out my hand, as if trying to coax a small creature from a cage. "Come out Odessa, I'm so sorry I just behaved like that. I promise I won't hurt you."

Jude'sparr comes tearing into the room. "What in damnation is that noise? What have you done with Odessa?"

She scrambles out from underneath the desk stark naked. Breasts that were small months ago are now swollen to a bigger size and they jiggle from her jerky movements. I can't help but drop my greedy eyes lower over her slightly distended stomach and her long, toned legs. To my astonishment, she flies into Jude'sparr's open arms—*Jude'sparr!* Not in his human guise, *but in his natural Niiked form.*

He eyeballs me accusingly. “Why is she naked? Did you undress her?”

My mouth opens and closes, my words momentarily lost. But I soon find them and they are smouldering with anger. “How could it have been me who undressed her? I’ve been flying us off this damn planet.”

Kristof’omon walks casually into the room and I’m sure I detect a smirk. “What’s happening? Who’s undressed Odessa?”

They both look at me as Odessa whimpers against Jude’sparr’s chest. Does she also think it was me?

I fling my arms up in the air with a growl bordering on a roar, and answer through gritted teeth. “It was not me! I was flying the fucking ship!”

Balling my hands into fists to contain my anger, I stride towards the door, barging past Kristof’omon in my haste to get away from the two males siding with each other and putting more unwarranted ideas into Odessa’s head about me. I can barely see straight as I head for my cabin as my eyes are clouding over in a black rage.

Jude’sparr

We’ve been on the ship for an hour now—an Earth hour, and I’ve been in the recreation room for most of it swatting away holographic veezz, which are similar-looking insects to Earth’s bees and almost identical in characteristics—only ours are ten times larger. I imagine each one of them to be Saren’sire’s face.

My tail thrashes from side to side, scraping the floor, channelling most of my irritation, and my spiked hackles rise on my back. What gives Saren’sire the right to try to tell Kristof’omom and me what we can and can’t do in front of Odessa? We didn’t need his permission to drop our human cloak and transform back into our own forms. Since we scented her out to be the best match for breeding, he’s barely given her the time of day. Although I suppose that’s partly due

to Kristof'omon and my interfering. We saw how well they interacted in the first week we came to Earth and Kristof'omon suggested we do everything we can to make him seem unappealing. That meant telling Odessa untruths about him.

Fuck him! I'm still as mad as Hades at Saren'sire for explaining who we are to Odessa. It was agreed between us all that the news would be taken better coming from me, but he just couldn't help himself could he. He had to take control and step forward in the forest, stealing my thunder.

Kristof'omom was right. We were better off giving him the hard shoulder on Earth and uniting to form a strong bond together to strengthen our seed. I swat another holographic veezz with all my might, releasing some of the coiled-up tension from my shoulders with my explosion of power.

A bang further down the ship catches my attention and I stop the game and strain my ears. There's more noise and it's coming from the direction of the cabins. My stomach balls into a tight knot. What if something has happened to my lovely Odessa?

My mind immediately thinks of Saren'sire as I race out the door and make my way to the cabins. If he's hurt Odessa, I will hurt him. Since we set off from Temis to come to Earth, both Kristof'omom and Saren'sire thought I didn't really care about being conscripted. I let them believe I couldn't care less either way about coming or not. But what they don't realise is, I purposely played it that way. I don't want them to know I'd been obsessively checking my wrist clasp daily for my conscription orders.

What they don't know is I've wanted a female and a baby for the last five years. Ever since I saw the joy a female mate and baby brought my brother when he fell for the charms of an Earth female when she came in to deliver her first baby in his hospital. They instantly fell in love and began to see each other in secret. The fact that she was already bound to three other males who'd found her on Earth when they'd been conscripted didn't deter him in the least. He did try to talk Carrisa the Earth female, into leaving the group she'd been

placed with and run away with him, but she'd told him she was actually in love with all four of them. All he could do was accept the fact and hope the other three males would welcome him joining their union and sharing Carrisa.

I'd told him he was crazy for even thinking it, but he'd said when you are in love, you'll do anything to please your mate and not lose her—even sharing her with other males. Now, their mating unit has four children, and according to the genetic tests, each one of the children belongs to a different male in their union.

My mind goes to Kristof'omon as I get closer to the sleeping cabins. What if the baby turned out to be his? Would he allow me to continue to see Odessa? I would be put back on the conscription list, ready to be recalled to go back to Earth for the breeder program to find another Earth female—but I don't want to—my heart already belongs to Odessa.

I become sallow. What if the baby turned out to be Saren'sires? According to the fertility experts, it would be almost impossible for his seed to impregnate Odessa if Kristof'omon and I had a male bonding—but there was *still* a slim chance of it happening. Would *he* let me see Odessa? Would Odessa even *want* to stay with *him*? Kristof'omon and I—mainly Kristof'omon, had been feeding her a list of untruths about him from the start. At first, it played on my conscience, but the more Saren'sire ostracised us and kept himself to himself, the less I cared.

As I round the corner into the corridor where the cabins are, I see Odessa's door is open. I storm into the room. “What in damnation is that noise?” Saren'sire is back in his human form and hunched down. The room is turned upside down. “What have you done with Odessa?” I spot her cowering naked under the desk behind a chair. I can feel my vein bulging in my forehead and my spines threatening to rise in Saren'sire's presence—a sure sign that a challenge is imminent, so I try to remain calm in front of Odessa who looks scared out of her wits. We make eye contact and she scrambles from out of the desk, her pert breasts jiggling as she runs into my arms. Thankfully, my anger stops my cock from stiffening

at the sight of them. My eyes boar into Saren'sire. "Why is she naked? Did you undress her?"

Saren'sire's guilt is written all over his face as his mouth opens and closes, unable to explain the situation. Finally, more anger erupts from him. "How could it have been me who undressed her when I've been flying us off this damn planet?"

Kristof'omon walks casually into the room and if I didn't know him better, I would swear he was holding in a smirk. "Who's undressed Odessa?"

Odessa whimpers against my chest and both Kristof'omon and I eyeball Saren'sire accusingly.

He flings his arms up in the air and growls through gritted teeth. "It was not me! I was flying the fucking ship!" He strides towards the door, barging past Kristof'omon.

We both watch him leave and Kristof'omon turns and looks from Odessa to me, his eyes narrowing when he sees my arms protectively encasing her. "I think we'd *both* better give Odessa some privacy so she can get dressed."

I look down into Odessa's huge brown eyes. Her bottom lip is quivering and all I want to do is hold her tighter to me and claim her soft mouth again, the way I had done when we consummated our relationship after Kristof'omon finally left us in peace at our apartment so I could have my time breeding with her.

"I'll wait outside and give you time to get dressed, and then I'll come back in to check on you."

She nods.

I unwrap my arms from around her and head for the door, but stop when I'm level with Kristof'omon, hesitant to leave until he turns around to join me. We are on the same team, but there is still a niggle at the back of my mind not to trust him with *my* female.

He glances over at Odessa and dips his head. The overhead lighting reflects off his shiny horns, and I watch how Odessa's eyes widen even more when she looks at them. She looks petrified and for a brief moment I consider sawing my horns

off. Kristof'omon turns and walks out with me. The door slides shut behind us.

Saren'sire is nowhere to be seen. He's probably skulked off to his room to brood.

Kristof'omon strokes one of his horns. "Do you think it was Saren'sire who undressed Odessa?"

I cross my arms and frown. "It has to be. He was in the cabin with her, turning the place upside down when I got there."

Kristof'omon purses his lips, nods his head, and walks away towards his cabin without another word. My eyes burn into the back of his head as I watch him leave. I've never felt it before but I suddenly have a shadow of doubt forming in the pit of my stomach—I doubt it was Saren'sire who had undressed Odessa and doubt that Kristof'omon knew nothing about her being naked. Thinking about it, there was just something too cool about his reaction when he came waltzing into Odessa's cabin.

I wait a few more minutes and then I walk back over to Odessa's door and knock.

"Yes?"

Odessa's voice is quiet and timid, barely audible. Where is the fiery female I've come to admire?

I raise my hand in front of the control panel and the door slides open. When I step into the cabin, she is sitting at the top of her bed cross-legged with her hands folded in her lap and her bottom lip sticking out.

Her eyes widen when she looks at me, as she runs them slowly up and down my body. Our natural form must be so much for her to take in. I'm used to seeing a multitude of different species in the Perinqual Galaxy, but here in the Milky Way, there is only one kind—humans.

"Are you okay, Odessa?"

Her bottom lip quivers. "Where are we, Jude?"

"We-we're on a ship heading back to our galaxy?"

She buries her face in her hands and I take a step towards her. There's nothing I'd like better than to bury my face in her soft hair and wrap my arms around her to comfort her, but we are under direct orders not to touch the female again if we suspect one of her ova has been fertilised. Right now she is giving off hormones that are strong enough to confirm the pregnancy and they are playing havoc with my cock. I want to repeat all the sexual acts I did to her on Earth—only this time, in my true form.

“Are you abducting me?”

“You are pregnant with one of our babies. We need to make sure you have the best medical treatment to birth it when the time is right.”

“Does that mean we'll be able to go back home when I've had the baby? *The baby and me?*” Her brow lifts expectantly and there is a look of optimism in her eyes that makes my gut clench tight. I don't want her to ever leave me. The mere thought of never seeing her again makes me sick to my stomach.

I shake my head awkwardly. I don't want to be the bearer of bad news—it's not in my nature. She begins to sob and I clench my fists conflicted. I want to go over to her and comfort her, but orders state no fraternising with the human if she shows signs of impregna—... *Fuck orders!*

Striding over to the bed I plant myself down beside her and pull her into my arms. She doesn't resist, and the corners of my mouth curl up as I place my chin on her head and inhale her personal aroma.

“Don't worry Odessa, you're going to be looked after well, and hopefully the baby will turn out to be mine.”

She lifts off my chest for a moment and searches my eyes. “What if it isn't?”

My chest tightens. I don't answer. I don't know how to answer. Will Kristof'omon or Saren'sire let me lay claim to Odessa if the baby turns out to be theirs?

Kristof'omon

Neither Jude'sparr nor Saren'sire suspect I was the one who undressed Odessa. The seed of suspicion is planted. I don't feel happy about doing what I did but I owe it to Rupos, my intended mate, for letting me enrol in the breeder programme, even though I hadn't received conscription papers, or was ever likely to. Sometimes it's good to have a family in high-powered positions—but not always, as my family's influence stopped my conscription. I didn't like doing the dirty on Jude'sparr by casting suspicion on him alongside Saren'sire by undressing Odessa, but I'll go along with whatever Rupos tells me to do if it keeps her happy and off my back.

Though our betrothal was arranged unbeknown to both of us through family members, and is not what either of us wants, but a major part of upper-class Niikeen custom is respecting parent's wishes, we have to go along with it because we are from upper-class society back on Temis, and as soon as I am back home we are to be mated in a special ceremony.

To live amicably, Rupos and I have come to an agreement. As long as each of us sticks to certain terms in the arranged marriage—obviously unbeknown to our family, we are allowed to do what we want. Although Rupos and my relationship is more out of duty than love, I still have to keep her sweet. She desperately wants a baby and if I can provide her with one, she has agreed she will let me live my life any way I want—and with *anyone* I want.

Unfortunately, while I've been on my breeder mission she's insisted on daily communication, and when I'd hailed her earlier, she suggested we needed to put a bigger wedge between Jude'sparr and Saren'sire to make Odessa see both of them in a more negative light. Rupos thinks that by doing sneaky acts like that, when we do finally find out who the baby belongs to, even if it isn't mine, Odessa will be inclined to want to live with me back on my planet. Rupos will be happy because she will have her hands on a baby and I'll be happy because I'll have Odessa all to myself.

My cock begins to stiffen as I think about Odessa's body when I undressed her. It had to be done quickly, but I still adored every second of it. I noticed that her breasts have already begun to swell getting ready for lactation, and although her skin is almost white I also noticed her breasts are becoming more translucent with their growth. I marvelled at the blue veins underneath the surface of them and how the soft pink skin surrounding the buds, mounted on top of them had also turned a shade darker.

Her stomach was taut and flat before she became impregnated, but that too had begun to swell. I'd planted a kiss on it and called out to the baby growing inside.

I sigh and look out of my cabin window into the blackness of the Milky Way galaxy. We'll be on-board the ship together for another five months. Human babies incubate for around nine months, which is almost the same as Niikeen babies, so by my reckoning, that should give us a full month when we arrive on our planet before the baby is born. So for now I have five months to work my magic on Odessa and to make her love me as much as I love her.

My stomach growls. It will be time to eat soon and I have brought as many of Odessa's favourite foods with us as I could without raising suspicion. As well as being the medic, I'm head of supplies and meal preparation on this journey; I'm going to do everything in my power to make Odessa's meals ones that she won't be able to live without when we reach Temis. Meals that can only be made by my hand.

I head for the food preparation unit and stop outside Saren'sire's door as I pass, listening intently. To my surprise, it's deathly quiet in there. I was expecting to hear Saren'sire throwing his belongings around in anger. Maybe Rupos and I have misjudged him.

I tentatively knock on his door. After about half a minute without reply, I'm just about to turn and leave when his door slides open and he's standing erect in his own form again with his arms crossed.

His facial expression is almost as black as his human eyes had been. “What?!”

“I wanted to talk to you. Do you think it was Jude’sparr who undressed Odessa?”

He glares silently at me, his eyes unreadable. I begin to feel uncomfortable underneath his intense gaze and fight to keep my cool. *Does he suspect me?*

A low growl emits from deep in his throat and his words are barely audible. He is by far the biggest out of the three of us, at least the length of a hand taller. His body is sculptured into thick, corded muscle ready for battle. I’m quite envious. Jude’sparr and I are no weaklings and each of us is a fine specimen for our Niikeen species, but compared to Saren’sire we look—dare I say it—*average*.

“It wasn’t me!” he growls.

“Okay, I get it!” I scratch the patch just behind my right horn. I always do this when I feel uncomfortable. “Hey, how about I cook something special to make Odessa feel welcome? A sort of welcoming to our world dinner? Jude can rustle up an evening of entertainment. We can let Odessa see that we aren’t the scary aliens she thinks we are.” I mutter under my breath. “Well, Jude and me at least!”

“What was that?”

“I said, I can make a prude and kree feast!”

He lifts his brow with interest. “That’s actually a very good idea.” I nod and make a move to walk away. “Can we *all* attend in human form?”

I open my mouth to object, but a flash of something dangerous in Saren’sire’s eyes makes me agree. “Okay. I’ll have a word with Jude... Dinner in two hours from now?”

He growls his agreement and nods, and then his door slides shut in my face. I march towards the food preparation station, my palms clammy and my fangs grinding. This is going to be a tough five months.

I need to cook. It relaxes me.

I'll quickly sort through the food I'll need for this evening and then I'll go and see Jude'sparr.

Begrudgingly, I grab handfuls of prude and kree which is my least favourite Niikeen dish—me and my big mouth. At least I'll be able to make some of Odessa's Earth favourites.

I grab two Earth melons, holding one in each hand, and feel the weight of them. Odessa's breasts might grow to be as big as them when she advances in her pregnancy. My cock twitches into life as I imagine holding them instead of the melons. I close my eyes and bring my hands up to my face and sniff them. They instantly remind me of the body wash that was scented on Odessa's skin the night she was mine. The night I got to taste her sweet, creamy skin.

I pierce one of the melons with my claw letting the juice seep out, and with my eyes still closed I snake my tongue out and begin licking at it, feathering the tip of my tongue at the breached hole, imagining it's Odessa's hard little nub. The one I'd found hidden in a hood of skin at the top of her pussy with my finger.

“Uh-um! What are you doing?”

I fling my eyes open to see Jude'sparr leaning in the doorway with a mischievous smirk on his face, his arms and legs crossed.

Shuffling uncomfortably on my feet, I put the melons down. “I had to taste to see if the Earth melon was still good.”

He raises one side of his brow. “With your eyes closed?”

“It-it's the only way I can remember what they taste like!”

“We only left Earth a few hours ago. How could you forget?”

I'm humiliated and throw my arms up in the air to feign annoyance. “I'm busy! What do you want?”

He holds his hands up in a peace gesture. “Hey, cool it! I just came to tell you I showed Odessa how to use the shower and gave her some new clothes to wear, some Niikeen clothing. I guessed you'd want to make something nice to eat

tonight, so I suggested she wear a gown. I told her one of us would fetch her when the food is ready.”

I wind my neck in. “Good. Thanks, Jude’sparr. Can you come up with some appropriate entertainment? We’ll make an evening of it to make her feel more welcome. A nice meal and some fun Niikeen entertainment!”

He nods. “I’d better go and get started with my preparations.”

He turns and disappears. The door begins to slide shut and I lunge forward to grab it and call after him. “Hey Jude’sparr! Saren’sire has asked if we can all be in human form for dinner!” He stops abruptly and turns back, sighs and nods.

He feels the same way as me. We both think it’s better for Odessa to get used to our species’ form as soon as possible. With more dominant genes, the Niikeen side of the hybrid babies already born to human females on our planet is plain to see immediately at birth. So far, all hybrid human and Niikeen offspring have favoured our species in physicality. In around five months, Odessa will be birthing a baby that will look more like us than her. The last thing we want is for her to reject it, not wanting to feed it from her lactating breasts. My cock twitches back to life at the thought of them again, and I smile and shake my head as I begin the meal preparation.



Chapter 3

Odessa

The shower has all the healing qualities of a good pair of masseur's hands.

I'm still in shock, unnerved and unsettled, after receiving the second biggest surprise of my life—that I have been impregnated and abducted by an alien—the first was finding out I was pregnant.

The revelation is starting to finally sink in. Jude, Kristof and Saren are aliens. *Fucking aliens!* That means I'm having a half-alien baby! I stroke my stomach. Should I be feeling revulsion? Even after seeing them in their alien forms, I will still love my baby, no matter what it ends up looking like.

I think of Kristof and Jude in their natural forms, their dark shimmery grey skin, luminous tentacle hair, horned heads and long pointy tails, and my pussy actually pulses. They should most definitely be repulsing me! I should find them a turnoff, but my attraction to them has skyrocketed. My hand slips down in between my legs and finds my already swollen clitoris. I gasp at my touch. My hormones have turned my libido up full throttle.

Earlier, while I was sleeping, I'd had the most erotic dream. I'd dreamt numerous hands were stroking and caressing every inch of my body. I'd been lying on my bed and I'd felt—*complete*.

In my dream, when I'd opened my eyes, Jude, Kristof and Saren were standing naked around me as humans. I'd had Jude's cock in one hand and I'd pulled and slid my hand up over its head and down its length in a continuous rhythmic motion, whilst Kristof's cock was in my mouth, seeping pre-cum along the length of my tongue. Saren was buried balls deep inside me, fucking me slowly, watching me pleasure his colleagues.

It was the most erotic dream I'd ever had, and I woke up to find I'd been messing with myself in my sleep—masturbating. But the wonderful arousal of my dream was instantly replaced with fear when I realised I was actually in a weird and unfamiliar room, stark naked. The events just before passing out had flashed into my mind and the brutal realisation of what had happened slapped me in the face, bringing me sharply back to reality.

My first thought was to hide, and I'd dived out of the bed and underneath the desk, trying to make sense of the events leading up to waking in the bed. In my mind's eye, I was replaying the scene in the forest when Jude and Kristof had revealed themselves in their true alien forms, and if what Saren had told me then was true, I was carrying a little miracle in my womb.

But while I was still under the desk coming to terms with my predicament, Saren has surprised me with his sudden and over-zealous entry into my room and I'd remained quiet, uncertain of his motives. I had after all, woken up naked.

It was the right decision to remain silent. He'd practically torn the place apart trying to find me, so when Jude had come into the room I'd rushed into the safety of his arms. He was far less scary as an alien than Saren had been as a human tearing about.

A tingle at the apex of my legs brings my attention back to my self-pleasure. My fingers begin to work their magic, dipping in and out of the folds of my pussy and then back up to my clitoris as I picture Jude and Kristof in their alien forms. Christ, they were so hot. Tall, with chiselled muscles etched into their two-toned shimmery grey skin as if they were made out of silvery-pewter.

Jude is the buffer of the two and Kristof is leaner, but they are still moulded into what I imagine an alien god might look like. Then an image of Saren's morose face clouds the images of them, and all I can see are his broody eyes. His human form doesn't fit in my alien lover fantasy and I shake my head to try to rid myself of it. But it's stubborn and all I can see is the image of Saren leaning onto an imaginary wall in the back of

my mind, with his arms crossed, watching alien Jude and Kristof as they kiss me all over.

It's no use. Saren's dark intense glare is putting me off, and I open my eyes with a sigh.

My clitoris is buzzing, but I won't be able to please myself while Saren's human form is on the forefront of my mind, raining on my sexy daydream parade. I continue to wash as I think of him. What will his alien form look like? Will he be as big and muscly as Jude, or as defined and sculptured as Kristof?

Jude said he would knock on my door to collect me in just over an hour, but I have no way of knowing how long that is. There are no clocks—analogue or digital in this cabin, so I need to hurry. I'm yet to try on the long dress that he's laid out on the bed for me. It looks a bit clingy for my liking, and with my stomach appearing to have grown even bigger in the last twenty-four hours, I'm not sure if I will look pregnant or just like a tall thin woman who is bloated from eating too much in one meal. Ugh.

Out of the shower and dry, I finger the material of the dress. It's exquisite. It's softer than silk and satin combined, and I eagerly pull it on. There are no mirrors, so I try to appraise my reflection on the reflective door of a built-in cabinet. I'm not sure if it's my imagination caused by the fuzzy image reflecting back, but damn—I'm rocking this dress. Like a second skin, the dress does indeed cling to every inch of my body. My tits and ass look generously big and my stomach actually looks like a pregnant bump. I clap excitedly. My hands immediately cup my breasts and weigh them. These babies won't be able to fly loose for much longer. Soon I'll need a bra for support.

A niggling thought suddenly occurs. What if I'm unable to breastfeed? Will there be bottles and formulas available where we are heading? I look around at the high-tech room and shake my head. I'm worrying needlessly. If these aliens can build spaceships and travel across the universe, I'm sure they can rustle up a bottle.

There is a knock at the door, which then hisses open. Jude is back in human form. My shoulders drop with disappointment and I'm quite surprised by my reaction. I wanted him to be in his natural form—horns, tail, fangs, tentacles, and grey skin galore, with his intense blue alien eyes raking over my body, the way his soft brown ones are doing right now.

A shiver runs through me, but I'm not cold. My nipples instantly respond by pointing directly at Jude in silent but brazen lust. "We want you to suck us," is what they would be saying if they could talk. Jude stares at them and subconsciously licks his lips. He drags his eyes back up to my face.

"It fits!" I hold my arms out to my sides and glance down at the dress. "I didn't think it would."

He nods, and the lopsided grin is back. "It certainly does—in all the right places."

My cheeks instantly heat up at his indirect compliment. "Are we going to eat now?"

"Yes, Kristof has prepared a traditional dish from our planet for you to try." He gestures for me to go through the door first and lightly places a hand on my butt. I flinch in surprise and he quickly withdraws it. I feel bad. Up until the day before the paintball activity, things between us had been flirtatiously amicable. Now, in the current circumstances, I don't know where I stand with any of these aliens. Am I just a breeding machine? Will they get rid of me as soon as the baby comes along? The thought of being parted from my unborn baby makes me sick to my stomach.

Jude leads me down a corridor, but there's little to see, just clean symmetrical rails on either side and perfect spherical lights protruding from the walls. It smells almost clinical and I welcome the smell. It's actually a smell that doesn't make me want to vomit.

There's tension flowing between us and I'm not sure if it's due to the butt touching incident or if it's sexual tension, but

I'm glad when we stop at a door. He makes a move towards it and it quickly opens with a hiss of air.

My stomach clenches when I see Kristof and Saren standing behind a table, both of them undressing me with their eyes.

Am I dinner?

I'm relieved when I see the food. Thankfully I'm not.

There is a colourful display of strange plated foods on the table and the mix of aromas ties my stomach into knots. I'm hungry—but not for alien food, which has an aroma unlike anything I've ever smelt before. *Here go my hormones again.* I take in small quick breaths to reduce the impact until I can stomach the unusual aromas.

Kristof comes around to the front of the table and pulls out a chair. "Odessa, you can sit opposite me." Saren gives him daggers.

My legs feel weak as I walk into the room, ten pounds heavier from the weight of their stares, which blatantly roam over my body. The tension in here is much worse than it was a moment ago in the corridor between Jude and I. It's stifling. I can barely breathe. My chest is so tight. I sit down and Jude sits to my right opposite Saren.

My eyes are down and hover over the plates of bizarre food. I notice a plate of Earth fruit at the end of the table next to Saren and inwardly sigh in relief.

Finally, I work up the courage to look up. All three of them are watching me intently. *What do they want me to do? I'm the prisoner, not entertainment!*

Saren clears his throat and the others turn their heads to look at him. "I want to apologise if I frightened you earlier, Odessa. It wasn't my intention. I-I was just worried that something might have happened to you."

Duh! It did. I was abducted by aliens and woke up naked in a spaceship!

His apology shocks me. It's not what I was expecting. Other than the first week when he'd arrived at the company—the week prior to us sleeping together—this is the first time he's said anything nice to me. Any other communication has been work-related—period.

I nod and bite my bottom lip.

Kristof's face is screwed up into an indignant scowl at Saren's apology as if his words were coated in a noxious smell. He looks from Saren to me. "I've cooked a special Niikeen dish for you, Odessa. It's very popular from where we come from." He points at an orange mound that has a green hairy substance running over it.

So where is all this coming from? Are they just acting this way because of the baby? I look at the dish Kristof is pointing to and I have to stop myself from gagging. "Oh, erm. Thank you."

Jude jumps to his feet, grabbing an empty plate. "I'll serve you, Odessa." He begins to scoop at the wobbly mound which has the suspicious green hair covering it, dropping globs of the visually offensive food onto my plate. Bile rises in the back of my throat as I get my first whiff of the breached jellied structure. He also adds some other hairy blue sticks to my plate, which resemble large spider legs, and places the plate delicately down in front of me. My stomach lets out a disgusted rumble of protest.

I shake my head. "I-I'm not sure if your foods will be appropriate for the baby in this early stage of development. If it's okay with you, I'll stick to Earth fruit for now."

Thankfully, Kristof doesn't look offended. "I understand."

Kristof and Jude both make a move to get the fruit plate, but Saren snatches it out of their reach and stands with it. I momentarily lose my fear and watch on, bemused. *I do believe they are all contending for ways of pleasing me.* Maybe this abduction won't be as bad as I first thought it would be.

Saren walks around the table towards me, removes the orangey-green, hairy, jellied monstrosity, and replaces it with

the plated fruit. His fingers graze mine as he pulls his hand away, and I get the same electric tingle as I did when we first met. Why hadn't I had it since then? Oh yes, that's why—because I'd given him a wide berth since Kristof told me Saren had stated before they began working at our company that he intended to sleep with the least attractive female in the office.

I pull my hand away and turn my head to meet his intense glare. It's like a switch has been flicked inside me. "Why haven't I seen *your* true form yet Saren? Are you scared I'll find *you* the most *repulsive*?"

He visibly stiffens at my words, and I feel a stab of guilt. *Fucking hormones!*

His jaw juts out. "No! It's because I didn't want to cause you any undue anxiety in case it harmed the baby. I told the others to wait, but they didn't listen to me."

The hurt in his eyes doesn't make me question his sincerity, and I feel even worse than I did a moment ago. I don't know what's wrong with me, but I cover my remorse with yet more hateful words. "Well, you needn't have bothered. I don't know whether I'm coming or going with all this changing back and forth between forms. In fact, I'm getting goddamn whiplash from it!"

Suddenly, exactly like it had happened back in the forest, the air begins to crackle, and tiny sparks fly out in all directions from Saren. My mouth drops open as he grows at least another foot taller before my eyes. The horns that spiral from his head are gnarly, ridged, and thick, and the ultraviolet lilac that replaces the dark pools of blackness in his eyes takes my breath away.

He stands before me in his true form, with purple tentacle hair and a body resembling a wall of granite muscle, an eight pack, and pecs that look like they might be from slabs of carved marble. I swear I have a mini orgasm because my panties become slick from the quivering my pussy won't stop doing.

His voice is smoky as his voluptuous lips part to reveal a black tongue and inch-long barbed fangs. "Then I'll stay in my

own form! The skin I've just shed sickens me to my stomach, anyway.”

I gasp. How could he say such a thing? This baby could end up looking more human than whatever species he is, and this baby could be his.

After such an explosion from him, the thought of him fathering my baby sickens me to my core. Saren walks around the table and takes his seat, which now looks far too small for him. I realise I'm physically shaking.

Jude throws his hands up. “So, what are we doing? Staying in human form or keeping the Niikeen form?”

Kristof crosses his arms and shakes his head as an air of static encompasses him and he too changes back.

Jude blows through puffed-out cheeks and slumps back in his chair and starts his transformation. For a moment, I'm once again surrounded by the dream-like magical display of body changing. It lasts all but seconds, but I'm left gobsmacked once again.

One minute I'm sitting at the table with three devastatingly handsome human men and the next minute I'm with three males who would be the subject of nightmares for most people with their huge slate grey chiselled bodies, curved horns, luminous tentacle hair and matching coloured eyes. Somehow, I never saw myself as a monster lover. Who knew?

Kristof uncrosses his arms and rubs his square chin. “Can we now please have a civilised meal?”

I throw a glance in Saren's direction. His jaw is still jutting out and the tendons across his chest are pulled taut. He's a scary-looking motherfucker, but I still can't stop myself from fancying the pants off him, even though he's just hurt me with his throwaway comment. I suppose I deserved it. I was the first one to entice him into a duel of words. These hormones are going to be the death of me.



Chapter 4

Saren'sire

The meal is torture. I don't know how I'm managing to keep my food down. My gut is churning. Once again, after my foolish outburst and frivolously changing of forms, I've come across as the bad male, or to use Earth terms I learned while I was there—the bad guy and the rotten egg of the bunch. Odessa has a way of stirring up my turbulent emotions and frustration, once again igniting my passion. Now, I'm sitting in silence, Odessa is picking at the Earth fruit, and Jude'sparr and Kristof'omon are vying to get her attention.

I give her credit. She must be feeling shook up after our little spat, but she's quietly attentive to both Jude'sparr and Kristof'omon, with a subdued reserve surrounding her.

I haven't spoken another word since I sat back down but I watch them all, my cock stirring every time Odessa briefly glances my way without a shred of the fear as I sit in stony silence in my natural form. I thought she'd hate me in my natural form as much as she did in my human form, but there is unmistakable intrigue, and dare I say—desire burning behind her eyes.

Kristof'omon is like a strutting Peacachouw trying to impress her. I listen to him with irritation. "I made everything here, Odessa. Cooking is one of my *many* talents."

Odessa gives him a small smile. "It's a shame I'm unable to appraise your culinary skills. I'm sure it's all very tasty."

It's Jude's turn to steal the limelight. "And *I've* arranged this evening's entertainment. I'm going to show you a few activities we play at celebrations on our planet."

She feigns a smile. "That all sounds very cordial, but..." she looks at each one of us, straightening her back as if she's about to issue a challenge, "...I need to know what is going to happen to me and my baby?"

“Our baby!” Of course Kristof’omon has to be blunt.

She wraps her hands protectively around her swollen tummy. “If you think you are taking my baby away from me you’re going to have to pull it out of my cold dead fingers!” Her nostrils are flaring and tears are threatening to spill.

The room becomes deadly quiet and Jude’sparr, Kristof’omon and I look from one to another. *What does she think we are? Monsters?*

Jude holds his palms up at Odessa and shakes them; it makes his claws appear even longer. “No, no, no. You’ve got us all wrong. We would never do anything to hurt you or the baby! You are precious to us. What Saren’sire told you in the forest is true. Our species is in trouble. Our females are quickly becoming infertile. Only one in every one-hundred-thousand females are able to become impregnated.”

Odessa’s eyes widen and her beautiful mouth forms an O. Kristof’omon gives Jude’sparr a sideways glance with a frown. “Let me explain!” Jude’sparr screws up his face. He’s pissed that Kristof’omon has jumped in, wanting to take over like he always does. “Our species has been coming to Earth for almost an Earth decade to find breeders—...”

“*Breeders!* Is that what we are to you?” Odessa’s eyebrows have almost reached her hairline.

Kristof’omon continues, “Well in a sense—*yes.*” Odessa huffs, crosses her arms across her chest, and sits back in her seat, her mouth pursed. “But the females from Earth give us precious gifts; they are helping us stop the extinction of our species. They are treated like royalty!”

I clear my throat. “That’s not exactly true though is it Kristof’omon? Some of our females make the Earth females’ lives miserable.” His eyes narrow into a menacing glower. “If we’re laying it all out on the table, Odessa needs to know the truth.”

Odessa glances in my direction, and I see gratitude in her eyes. She nods once and manages a feeble smile. Her small gesture feeds my withering heart. Maybe I need to talk more

now we are back on the ship and tell her some home truths. She seems to appreciate that.

Odessa sucks in a huge, jittery sigh. “What you are telling me is, you come to our planet and scout for the best... *breeders*. You sleep with the human woman breeders, whether you find her attractive or not—even if you have no feelings for the woman. Then you stick around and continue to interact with her only because you need to make sure she has been impregnated.” She licks her lips. “And then, when you are certain she is pregnant, you abduct her and take her away from her life...from all that she’s achieved. Away from her family and friends! But what if she is happy with her life? Do you still take her?” Kristof’omon and Jude’sparr remain silent as she probes us with her questions, weighing us down with guilt.

The others are not going to answer so I slowly nod my head, “Yes!”

She stands abruptly. “Well, it’s just as well I have no one on Earth... I thought—...” her bottom lip trembles, and her voice is almost inaudible, “...—I thought, you all liked me, but our relationships were a sham the whole time.” A hiccup sob escapes her mouth and then she turns and runs from the room, waving her hand frantically in front of the sensor by the door. It opens just in time as she ploughs through it. I think she might have smashed her way out even if it didn’t open. Anything to get away from us.

Yes, she is right. We are monsters.

Both Jude’sparr and Kristof’omon jump to their feet to go after her. I slam my huge fist down on the table, making the prude and kree splosh off the plate. “No!” My voice bellows in a gruff, menacing bark. “I’m going after her! I was the only one willing to speak up and be truthful just now, so I’ve earned the privilege.” They stand motionless. Jude’sparr nods and Kristof’omon silently fumes. I slowly rise out of my chair. “From now on we tell her everything, and we answer every question. We owe her that much...she’s carrying our baby.”

I leave the room feeling nauseous. How will she react to me now? She knows she was chosen because she is

compatible with us. She knows we used her. She knows she was chosen because she was our best choice out of all the women in the company we worked with.

Outside her cabin, I suck in a breath and tentatively knock. There is no answer, but I've already learned my lesson the hard way, so I patiently wait. After a few minutes, I knock again. This time I'm rewarded with a muffled reply.

“Go away!”

I scrape my bottom lip side to side on my fangs unsure whether I'm doing the right thing, but my protective instinct won't let my feet move from the spot until I know Odessa is okay. I rap on the door again. I daren't enter this time without permission.

The door slides open and a puffy-eyed Odessa stands rigid in front of me, her arms wrapped protectively around her body. She's silent, but she steps aside, allowing me in. My shoulders drop slightly as some of my tension eases.

The room is now tidy and a stab of shame washes over me. I'd been in such a dark mood when I was last here I'd forgotten the state I'd left it in. Odessa stays near the door and I turn around to face her.

“I'm sorry, and I want to take it upon myself to apologise for my species, too. What we do is wrong, I know that. And if it were up to me, I'd visit Earth on a peace mission asking your leaders for volunteers to help us stop the extinction of our species. But unfortunately, I and so many other males from my planet can't help that we have an innate compulsion to fight for the continuation of our species anyway we can. If we didn't, our family line would stop with us.” She blinks, but her eyes are cast down and her expression is unreadable. “The fertile females on our planet are already mated to the elite. The ordinary male stands no chance of continuing our line with species of our own.” She still won't look at me. “What you said back there about us just using you stirred something inside me and I must admit, at first that was our intention. We sniffed out the best female who would have the highest success rate of conceiving our child. But, the more *I* got to

know you...the more I wanted—...” she looks up with a glimmer of hope, “...—*you*. I-I wanted to be close to you every second of the day. You were at the forefront of my mind every single minute. I yearned for you. I wanted you to want me too...but you suddenly stopped talking to me. It-it cut me deep. The rejection was like a stake through my hearts.”

The corners of her mouth turn up. “Hearts?”

I nod, suddenly filled with optimism by her smile and interaction. “Yes, hearts. We have two and both of mine have fallen in love with you, Odessa.” Her eyes widen and she sucks in a gasp. Have I gone too far? “You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to say that to you.” I look down at myself and hold out my arms. “I know you could never find my form as attractive as the human form I cloaked myself in, but I am willing to change into any human form just to be with you.” I look back up and I’m astonished to see her eyes have a wild look in them. Have I angered her with my suggestion?

Suddenly, she comes flying at me. Reaching up, she grabs my head and brings it down to hers. She claims my lips with a passion I have only dreamt about since our one and only sexual encounter. Her lips are as soft as I remembered and I hold on to her waist and lift her off the floor. Pulling her into my body, I turn around and walk over to her bed.

Odessa

He had me at, “the more I wanted you.”

I’d enjoyed kissing Saren when he was in the guise of a human, but this kiss in his true alien form is much more intimate.

His lips are so much softer than I’d thought they’d be. He places his hands on my waist and lifts me off the floor so he doesn’t have to be doubled over. My feet dangle almost two feet above his and I feel like I’m being swallowed by a giant—but in a good way.

His tongue slides into my mouth and I’m pleasantly shocked to discover it’s forked. Both tips swirl around my

tongue and investigate each of my teeth in turn and the crevice at the top of my mouth. It's as hot as hell—I wasn't wrong. I'm definitely being swallowed by a giant.

He walks me over to the bed and with each step, I'm analysing my decision to jump his bones.

Is this wise Odessa? Thirty minutes ago Saren was literally telling you he was repulsed by humans. And what about Jude and Kristof? There's no denying you have feelings for them, too.

I ignore my inner voice and listen to the needs of my body instead. My pussy feels like it has a heart of its own because it's pulsating with desire.

Saren lies me down and gets on top of me, holding his weight off my body by leaning on his elbows on either side of me. My raging hormones drive the need for my hands to go exploring. I start by touching one of his head tentacles, which are hanging down close to my face.

It has a ribbed, rubbery, tubular texture, and as I slide my hand down towards its tip, it surprises me by latching onto my hand and beginning to gently suck. Another joins it and then I feel one claim a spot on the side of my neck too. The sensation is strange, a rectilinear motion like having a caterpillar walk over me and I moan in ecstasy.

My other hand reaches up for a horn. This time, Saren is the one to groan, which intensifies as I trail my fingers over the ridges, dips and grooves.

The hard shape pressing into my stomach rapidly grows. *Oh my God! How big is his alien cock? I don't remember his human cock being this size.*

Saren puts all his weight on one elbow and begins to explore my body with his free hand. His enormous claw-tipped hand runs down my shoulder and claims a breast. I imagine hovering above my body to see what an image of a beast ravishing a beauty looks like. Not that I am suggesting in any way that I look like a beauty, but with his rugged alien

handsomeness, horns, claws and tail, Saren most certainly resembles a beast.

I cream up a storm down below at the apex of my legs and push my hips forward, increasing the contact between my pubic bone and the thick member in Saren's pants. My whole body shudders and I feel half mad with anticipation.

Saren runs a claw across my protruding nipple and shots of electricity ping out under his touch, stoking up my already blazing pussy fire. His fingers continue down over my stomach where they linger and make small circular motions. This act of recognition of my baby and pregnancy surprises me and I almost purr with happiness, but his hand is not there long. It drops down to the dip below my tummy and takes hold of my clingy dress. He begins to pull it up slowly, inch by inch, and his kiss becomes more ardent the higher the dress rises as his tongue battles with mine in a frenzied assault.

As soon as my hem is at the top of my thighs, his hand pushes my legs open wider and drops onto my pussy mound to claim it. I moan into his mouth at the contact and find I'm willingly opening my legs even wider, allowing him in.

The heel of his hand increases pressure and begins to rock up and down along the length of my sex. My engorged clitoris is in massage heaven and each time his hand bears down on it, it contracts, letting out more of my musky scented arousal.

It must be my rampant hormones and unbelievably, if possible, my own smell of sexual excitement that is making me even hornier. I lift my hips, pushing into Saren's hand, inviting him to dip his fingers into my nectars. He takes the hint and a second later; he whips off my panties. My pussy gapes waiting for his returning fingers... Seconds pass.

Where the hell are they?

Then I feel the blunted sharpness of a claw barely making contact with my clitoris. I suck in a breath and tense, clamping my legs together.

Saren's deep smokey voice breathes into my mouth. "I won't hurt you. Open up for me!"

I hesitate, the claw is still there, but it begins to delicately vibrate across the hood of my clitoris and my legs part like the sea did for Moses. I'm so wet my slick love juice is practically dripping out of me.

A finger with a retracted claw plunders me and Saren groans into my mouth. My moan unites with his and our tongues go to war again. One of my hands drops down to seek out his alien serpent as his finger swims greedily back and forth in my juiced-up pussy, tantalising me by tapping against my g-spot. I can already feel my orgasm building.

My hand finds the object it's seeking and I gasp for it, the cloth between his cock and my hand stopping me from wrapping my fingers around its girth. It's colossal and I almost get up and make a run for the door—*almost!* I run my hand up and down its length, sizing it up. I've never had one this big, but I'll have a damn good go at trying to make it fit.

Saren's thumb joins his finger in titillating my pussy and starts to pulse on my clitoris. It's too much. I lose all control and my orgasm escapes before I know what's happening. My whole body starts shaking, my toes curl and a loud moan escapes my lips as wave after delicious wave of pent-up sexual need escapes me, sending me into glorious oblivion.

A loud bang on the door only heightens my pleasure, and I hear Kristof's voice in my delirium.

"Odessa! Are you alright?"

"She's fine! I'm just giving her a massage. She was very tense after the meal."

The last few twitches of my orgasm leave my body. There is another bang. It sounds like a frustrated thump. "Why have you locked the door Saren?" It's Jude, and he thumps the door again. "Odessa! Is he hurting you?"

I find my voice as the last ripple from my pussy makes my inner vaginal walls cling onto Saren's finger one last time. "I'm okay...Saren has just...ironed out some kinks."

Saren's eyes dance with mischief, and my heart flutters.

Kristof's voice is edged with frustration. "Saren. I need a word with you. Now!"

"I'll meet you at the dining hall in one minute!" Saren blows out his cheeks and slowly withdraws his hand from between my legs, peppering me with tender kisses as he does. "I'm relieved I thought to lock the door with my wrist clasp." He pulls away and fixes me with an intense gaze. "You don't know how much what just happened between us means to me, but we had better not tell the others."

My heart is still pounding from my orgasm as I nod. He gives me one more small kiss before pulling my dress back down for me and getting to his feet. I sit up and swing my legs off the bed as he walks towards the door. The smile that he gives me as he waves his wrist clasp in front of the control panel turns my insides to mush.

The door whooshes open. Kristoff has gone, but Jude is standing there. I didn't even realise he was there with Kristoff. My heart leaps up into my throat.



Chapter 5

Jude'sparr

The smell of the Earth female's fragrant pussy juice hits me slap in the face as the door opens. Saren'sire has a strange look on his face, as if he has special knowledge of something—something important.

He pushes past me and heads for the dining hall. I look back into Odessa's cabin. She is sitting on the bed with flushed cheeks.

Did she get turned on from Saren'sire's massage? The tantalising smell of female arousal, which is ubiquitous in the room tells me she did. My gut tightens into a jealous ball.

I hop from foot to foot, unable to keep still as my body buzzes with apprehension. "Is it okay if I come in?"

She nods. "Sure."

I step into the cabin, but I can barely focus on the reason why I'm here. The tantalising smell of Odessa's arousal is clouding my mind. After I'd copulated with Odessa on Earth, I'd tried to hold on to her pussy smell by rubbing my cock with a clean towel so I could sniff it later, but the smell only lasted for a few days, I'd mourned the loss of it ever since. But this time it is far more powerful than when we'd been intimate on Earth.

Odessa licks her plump red lips and combined with the intoxicating smell, blood instantly rushes to my cock. "Do-do you still want to continue with the entertainment I planned?" She shrugs. "You know you can also ask Kristof'omon and me anything. There may be things you want to know that Saren'sire hasn't been able to answer." I suddenly notice small wet patches by her protruding nipples. My protective instincts kick in and I rush forward, reach out and touch the patches, thinking they are blood.

Odessa gasps, but then groans at my touch. “What are you doing, Jude?”

“Odessa, I think you’re bleeding. I might not be the medic on this ship, but I need to check on you!”

I kneel in front of her as she looks down at the small circles gathering around her nipple buds on her red dress. Her eyes widen and she frantically pulls down the dress to investigate. Her large veiny breasts tumble out and my cock strains against my pants at the sight of them again. They are so much bigger than I remember.

I take one in each hand and lift them for an examination.

Odessa sighs in relief. “It’s not blood, Jude. Thank goodness. But surely I can’t be lactating already?”

There is only one way to find out, and I am more than willing to offer my help. I lean forward and take one of her breasts in my mouth, latching onto her nipple.

Odessa gasps out loud and begins to breathe heavily as I suck. “What...are you...doing...Jude?” I can’t answer. I need to suck some more. I need to suck each one to make sure. “Jude...please...*oh*, don’t stop!”

Although I hadn’t seen any while I was on Earth, I’d heard human blood was red with white platelets mixed in with it. The sweet liquid that flows from Odessa’s buds is not blood. This is a clear liquid.

I lift my head and look into slightly dilated pupils. “This isn’t blood. I think you are lactating.”

“Please, Jude! You need to suck on the other one now! It-it feels uneven.”

Her lips are parted and I can just see her soft pink tongue sitting at the bottom of her mouth. *I wished she would suck me!*

I greedily latch onto her other bud and swirl my tongue around it, flicking the tips of each fork across the top.

She continues with her heavy breathing and after a few minutes; she arches her back and lets out a long groan as her

body shudders.

Fuck! Did she just climax from me sucking her buds? That was fucking hot!

My cock leaks with pre-cum.

Her breathing begins to slow, and her eyes finally focus on me. “I’m sorry Jude. I didn’t mean to—...”

I hold a claw to her lips to stop her apologising. What she doesn’t realise is what just happened is the best thing that’s happened to me since Odessa and I first united sexually on Earth.

Leaning towards her, I remove my claw from her lips and take a chance. I kiss her. She doesn’t withdraw—not at first, and we spend a good minute getting lost in an intimate tongue dance. She has her arms around me at first, caressing my back. They make their way up to my horns and I shudder when she holds onto their base and simultaneously rubs them. *How does she know they need pleasuring like that?* It’s perfect—until she pulls away.

“No. This is wrong Jude! We shouldn’t be doing this.”

I take hold of her fallen wrists and hold them close to my hearts. “It’s not wrong Odessa! I want you more than you realise. I’ve always wanted you. Because of my growing love for you, I put on this jokey persona in an attempt to throw Kristof’omon and Saren’sire off my true feelings for you!” Her mouth drops open. “I want you to live with me when we get back to my planet, Odessa. I don’t care if the baby isn’t mine. I’ll raise it as mine and we’ll all live together as a happy fami—...” Her eyes begin to leak; it’s called crying on Earth. She covers her face with her hands. “What’s wrong? Did I say something to upset you?”

She shakes her head. “No...that’s the trouble. You’ve said all the right things to make me happy. I’ve never had my own family.”

My heart soars and I feel like I’m floating. “Does this mean you agree to being my family when we get back?”

Her face remains buried in her hands. Her reply is muffled, but it doesn't hide the trepidation in it. "I-I don't know. What about Saren and Kristof? I couldn't take the baby away from its natural father."

I close my eyes to hide my disappointment. Her loyalty is gallant, but it drives stakes right through both of my hearts. My disappointment must be written all over my face because when I open my eyes, she is staring at me and her eyes are soft and full of concern.

"How about we see how things pan out?"

I'm rejuvenated with optimism and claim her lips again. My feelers latch onto her cheeks. I've done my best to keep them subdued up until now, but it's no use. My heart rate is racing in both hearts and my feelers have surged into life with my happiness. Odessa doesn't even bat an eyelid when she has ten of them hanging off her face and neck.

I quickly withdraw them. I don't want to leave marks. Kristof'omon and Saren'sire would know what we've been up to.

I nod. "I also think we need to keep our relationship between us. Don't let the others know."

She nods eagerly. "I agree!"

I stand and pull her to her feet as well. "We need to get back to the eating hall before they send out a search party. We wouldn't want to piss Saren'sire off. He's one scary male when he's pissed." The colour drains from Odessa's cheeks. "Are you feeling okay?"

She swallows with a gulp. "Just a little pregnancy nausea...that's all."

Odessa

What is happening? Am I a whore or a slut? No, I can't be. A whore prostitutes herself for monetary gain, and a slut has numerous sexual partners just for the sexual thrill. I admit I just got a thrill sexually from both Saren *and*

Jude, but as well as fancying the pants off both of them, I also have feelings for them—Kristof, too! Why is this happening? Is it my enhanced hormones not wanting to let go of them because anyone of them could be the father of my baby?

Do I feel guilty? A part of me does. This is so out of character for me and I would die if either found out about what I just did with the other. But didn't they do the same thing to me? Back on Earth they played me. They all set out to sleep with me. They knew what they were doing.

As we walk back to the dining hall, I feel something caress me lovingly on the small of my back. It's not Jude's hand because it's still by his side. I glance back to see it's his tail. He gives me one of his lopsided smiles just as we reach the door and my insides literally melt.

Saren and Kristof are moving the table over to the side of the room as we enter the door. Both of them greet me with happy faces. Kristof with a smile spanning his entire face, and Saren with a smile barely registering on his mouth, but with a secretive twinkle in his eyes.

Kristof rushes forward. "I'm so glad you came back!"

I nod. "Well, under the circumstances, I think it's better if we all try to get on."

He nods enthusiastically and I'm amazed when his green tentacles point forward at me as if I'm their target.

Suddenly, noises resembling whales talking, soft crashing waves and other beautiful tones I've never heard before begin to play.

Kristof holds out his hand. "Can I have my first Earth dance with you, Odessa? One of those body-to-body dances I saw some of our colleagues doing in the lodge bar on our first night at the weekend retreat? It looked so intriguing! We don't do anything like it on our planet."

I quickly glance at Saren and Jude. Saren crosses his arms, and Jude stands with his feet astride and his hands on his hips. Neither of them look thrilled by Kristof's request.

What am I meant to do? Ignore his invitation?

I take Kristof's hand and he pulls me into his lean body and wraps his arms protectively around me. He leads and I follow his body sways. I'm quite impressed by his moves considering he's never done this before. The others look on disgruntled but Kristof ignores them and whisks me over to the far end of the room, away from them.

He leans in close to my ear and I swear his tentacles stroke my hair. "Can I have a private word with you later? I think it's time you heard my reasoning behind what we did to you."

I'm pleasantly surprised and pleased that he also wants to explain his reasons for duping me. Saren suddenly appears behind Kristof and taps his shoulder. "I'm cutting in."

Kristof's nostrils flare, but he steps aside. Saren slides into his place and Kristof walks back towards Jude with tense shoulders. It's like being inside a bubbling cauldron with three hungry men after one portion of soup—and I'm the soup.

Saren is bigger than Kristof and I have to strain my neck to look up to his face. His violet eyes swirl as he looks down at me.

"I have something of yours, Odessa. But I'm keeping it." I frown, my curiosity triggered as I try to think what it could be. All I had on me when I met them in the forest were my clothes and my lodge key. "Slide your hand in my pocket and you'll be able to feel what it is." My hand heads for a pocket. "No, the other side." He looks to his right and then dances us around so that Jude and Kristof won't be able to see my hand slide into his pocket.

I gasp when my fingers curl around something small and lacy. "My panties?" He impishly grins. It's the first full smile I've seen from him since the first week I met him, and it makes my heart skip a beat. I smile back. "And what do you intend to do with them?"

He leans down close to my hair. "This." He inhales deeply and I gasp, but the thought of him sniffing my panties makes my pussy quiver again.

The music stops abruptly and we turn to see Jude holding three large bowl-sized paddles.

“How about we show Odessa the game of squajets?”

Saren sneers. “Why not!”

Kristof grabs a paddle from Jude and slams it against the palm of his hand. “Game on!”

Jude looks at me and points to a chair up in a corner. “Odessa, it’s better if you sit out of the way while we play. This can get a little...competitive.”

I nod and head for the chair. Sitting down, I watch the men limber up with shoulder rolling, tail swishing, and neck cricking. They spread out and the overhead lighting suddenly dims.

I’m astonished to see that their tentacle hair actually glows. As well as glowing yellow paddles, there is now a purple, blue and green glowing heads.

All of a sudden, a glowing orange ball appears from nowhere and begins zapping all around the place. The men begin chase, and it’s clear to see it’s a real physical battle to get to the ball. Their heads and paddles are all over the place. I hear grunts as they crash into one another. Kristof is certainly the fastest, but Jude has the most skill. The grunts are most likely the cause of Saren’s frustration as he tries to keep up, inflicting pain on the others every time his enormous body slams into theirs.

Kristof is the first to capture a ball and his paddle lights up with a symbol. The ball disappears from his paddle and the men spread out again. I hear panting and heavy breathing as they wait for the ball to reappear again.

It doesn’t take long, and within ten seconds, it bounces back down from the ceiling. Once again paddles dive for it and the same grunting sounds out throughout the large room, echoing off the walls

One moment I’m rooting for Saren, then I change to Jude, but when I think Kristof has been injured, I quickly swap my allegiance for him.

I nibble on my lower lip, worried for all three of them. The game is far tougher than any soccer play-off and these guys also have sharp horns and claws to contend with.

Jude catches the next ball and I hold my breath and pray that the game has finished, but there's no chance of that. The men spread out again and seconds later the orange ball falls from the ceiling again. From the sounds of pain emitting from all of them, the game is getting more physical and demanding the longer it goes on, but this time it's finished a lot quicker too when Saren catches the ball less than a minute into the game.

That has to be the end!

Kristof's panting voice calls out in the darkness. "One last deciding game?!"

Saren and Jude unanimously shout, yes.

I shake my head. *What the hell is this all about? Are they going to compare dick sizes next?*

They spread out. The air is thick with male testosterone and although I've had enough of listening to the violent game, the smell of their exertion is a turn-on.

The orange ball falls from the ceiling again and they all dive for it. There is an instant clashing of heads and I shoot to my feet expecting casualties, but they continue with the game. My heart is pounding and my hands are clammy as I chew on my nails and watch the tentacled glowing heads and paddles whizzing about after the ball.

It's tense. I don't know who I want to win. A draw would have been perfect. Why did they agree to another game? Not one of them is giving up and I hear butting horns and oophs as they are winded by their opponents.

Finally, after what feels like an age, Jude's head leaps up high and his paddle swings overhead to capture the ball. Groans sound out and the room's lights instantly glow brighter.

My mouth drops open. There are cut lips and bloodied noses.

Jude lifts both of his arms in the air in triumph. “Yes! I am the game master!”

The others hold their heads down and Jude bumps heads with them.

“Respect!” says Saren.

Kristof grins. “Good game. I thought I’d got you at one point.”

Jude laughs, “So did I. I guess that extra practice I got in on the way to Earth paid off.”

Saren laughs a hearty laugh. The first time I’d seen him laugh around Jude and Kristof. It’s wonderful to hear. “So that’s what you were doing when I was flying the ship.”

Kristof joins in. “And when I was cooking your meals.”

Jude pats them both on their backs. “Well, I am the head of entertainment.”

They all turn to face me as if waiting for an appraisal. My eyebrows are high and my mouth drops open and I search for the right words. “Well, that was certainly very entertaining... Very physical, but very entertaining!”

They nod, my comment thankfully meeting their approval.

Jude runs a finger under his nose and inspects the blood on it. “I think we need to go and get cleaned up.”

Kristof nods. “How about we all meet up in the drinking lounge?” He looks over at me. “I’ll come and get you when we have showered.”

I nod. “Yes, okay. I think I might take a quick nap. I’m exhausted just watching you.” I head for the door with six eyes watching me the whole way.



Chapter 6

Kristof'omon

In the shower, I think about how the evening has gone so far.

Standing outside Odessa's door with Jude, I was suspicious when I heard moaning coming from inside Odessa's cabin when she was in there with Saren'sire, even though Jude's face registered no distrustful traits. But after the bonding, the three of us experienced in the game, I now think I'm being paranoid over nothing.

A lot of the paranoia stems from Rupos. She's been putting ideas into my head from the start. Jude clearly has no intention of settling down with a female. He is far too much of a player to be pinned down, and Saren'sire, well even if he is considering the option of trying to keep Odessa to himself, I don't think Odessa feels the same way for him. I think the seed of doubt I planted on Earth is still there about him, and he hasn't helped himself by blowing hot and cold while we've been on board the ship.

I smile to myself. After I work my magical charms on Odessa when I go and see her before we go to the drinks lounge, I think it's safe to say I'll solidify everything in my favour with her. The remaining months on board after tonight should be a breeze, and when we get back home, she'll be all mine.

I can't keep the smug look off my face as I walk to her cabin. However, ten minutes later my smile has completely vanished. That's how long I have been standing outside her door knocking.

Surely, she hasn't gone to the drinking lounge with one of the others after I told her I'd fetch her. Just to put my mind at ease I sprint to the lounge. But it's empty. Saren'sire and Jude'sparr haven't even arrived yet. Images of Odessa in one of their cabins flash through my mind and I sprint back to the

cabins, arriving at Jude's sparrs first. I place my ear close to the door and listen. Jude's sparr is still in there singing and as far as I'm aware, he's alone.

I head for Saren's sire's cabin and do the same, but all I can hear is him grumbling about his lack of decent clothing. I frown. That means Odessa must still be in her own cabin. Maybe she's still asleep.

Back outside her door, I tap once more. She still doesn't answer, so I take it upon myself to enter.

I sigh a breath of relief when I find her lying flat on her stomach lightly snoring. Locking the door, I kneel by the side of her bed and study her features.

I'd overheard other females in the office we worked at on Earth talking about Odessa, and according to them, Odessa was too tall and gangly with no figure, a nothing personality and a plain pot marked face, and they couldn't understand what the three new office hunks saw in her. I couldn't understand what they meant. To me she is beautiful. Perfect in every way.

I loved everything about her. The uptilt of her small nose. The tiny scars on her cheeks which when I asked her what they were, she'd turned a deep shade of crimson saying they were acne scars. I have no clue what acne is, but I'm glad she had it to give her such an individual look. None of the other females I'd seen on my planet or on Earth have them, and they are all so much more *ordinary* without them.

Pushing her hair from her face I trace the scars with my claw. Odessa murmurs and smiles. I can't help myself. I lean down and kiss her small plump lips. Her eyelids begin to flutter and then she's wide awake and staring straight at me.

“Oh, it's you, Kristof!”

My back spines flutter jealously. “Who else did you expect? I told you I'd come and collect you to take you to the drinking lounge.”

She rolls onto her back and lifts her arms above her head, stretching from her long thin fingers through to her equally

long toes. “I don’t know if I have the energy to go, Kristof.” She raises a foot off the bed. “My feet and my hands are swelling. It must be the change in atmosphere or something.”

I get up off my knees and sit at the end of the bed near her feet. Taking one foot into my hands, I start to massage it. If Saren’sire can give her a massage, so can I.

“How about this? Will this help them?”

Odessa lifts her head and looks at me astonished for a moment, before flinging her head back down and closing her eyes.

“Oh, Kristof! That’s amazing!” She begins to make small moans of pleasure, the exact same sounds I’d heard her making when she was being massaged by Saren’sire. I massage the heel of her foot first, then move up to the hard ball by her toes. Her groans get louder and my cock begins to fill with blood. I begin to massage each toe, starting with her smallest. Odessa’s moans of pleasure continue. I have an overwhelming urge to put her toes in my mouth and lower my mouth onto her big toe.

Her eyes shoot open and her lips part as she fixes me with a flabbergasted stare. But as soon as I start sucking and snaking my tongue in between her toes her eyes roll in her head and her lids flutter.

“Oh my God, Kristof. That’s orgasmic!”

Orgasmic! Is that good? By the way she’s reacting. I think it is.

I lift her other foot and massage that with one hand as I go from toe to toe on the first foot, sucking each one. My feelers also join in. When I am finished with that foot, I place it down and start sucking her other toes.

My cock is fully engorged and I’m having a hard time not pulling it out of my pants and caressing it while I feast on Odessa’s toes.

The combined smell of her feet and her fragrant pussy are sending me crazy with desire and Odessa has squirmed that

much on the bed that her dress has pulled up to the tops of her thighs.

I spy her pantyless crotch and my desire takes over. I drop down between her legs, lift her dress the remaining way, and plunge my tongue into the depths of her juicy wet sex. She whimpers and opens her legs wider to allow my horns in closer so that I don't have to stretch so far with my tongue. Her pussy tastes like a ripe fruit and a little pre-cum squirts out in my excitement. I pull open her folds and lap at her earthly nectar. Her female genitalia is so much more intricate than our females, with more to explore and I don't know where to start.

Odessa wiggles and groans and holds on to my horns, guiding me to her bud hidden in a hood. She strokes my horns and my feelers go wild, latching on to every spare inch of her moist pussy, sucking with me.

Odessa bucks beneath me and more of her slick juices dribble out as she trembles and moans under my mouth and feelers.

When the shaking finally stops, I lift my head with a grin. "You taste far better than any meal I've ever prepared!"

Odessa's eyes are hooded, but her smile is serene. "Kristof. That is the first time anyone has ever...been down there on me. It was mind-blowing!"

I wiggle my eyebrows up and down pleased with myself. "That good, eh?"

She pulls at my horns, indicating she wants my face by hers and I crawl up her bed to lie beside her. She cups one side of my face and stares into my eyes. I do the same and touch my lips to hers. I kiss her softly, channelling every emotion I am feeling into my kiss. When I pull away, my hearts feel like they've doubled in size and might explode at any moment. I've never once felt this way about Rupos.

"Odessa. Would you consider being my bride when we return to my planet? I want to spend the rest of my life only with you!"

She closes her eyes and sighs. “I have very strong feelings for you too Kristof, and being your wife is like a dream come true...but we need to consider Jude and Saren and the possibility that this baby could be theirs.”

This time I close my eyes. I’m both elated and crushed. I nod and open my eyes. Odessa is studying me with a furrow in her brow. I think she’s worried about how I’m going to reply. “I understand, but you’re not saying no? Right?”

She shakes her head. “I’m not saying no, but neither am I saying yes.”

My smile reaches from ear to ear. “That’s good enough for me. Okay, I’ll wait and be patient. At least while I’m waiting, I’ll have this special bond with you.” Worry grips my hearts. “We mustn’t let the others know about us, Odessa!”

She nods and her pallor becomes less pink and much whiter. “I know.”



Chapter 7

Odessa

The drinking lounge is quite lovely. It reminds me of a trendy sitting room from the sixties or seventies, but an updated version. It consists solely of a sunken circular entertainment pit that is somewhere between eighteen and twenty feet in diameter. The seating is a plush soft plastic which is draped with lengths of shimmery fabric and plump scatter cushions sit intermittently around the seating with some of the larger ones on the floor in the centre—it's the ideal luxurious drinking den.

After making Kristof wait in the corridor for me after our little soiree so I could take a quick shower and change my dress, I'm now sitting down, fresh and fragrant in a new one, sipping on an alcohol-free cocktail Jude has just made for me from sliding panels that came out of the wall, laden with short fat bottles filled with a multitude of coloured liquids.

Kristof is to my left, Jude is to my right, and Saren is opposite me. The sexual tension that is pinging back and forth between me and each one of the men's smouldering eyes is a heady aphrodisiac and if I didn't know without doubt this cocktail was free of alcohol, I'd swear it was liquor making me feel this way.

Kristof has one leg crossed over his knee so that his ankle is resting on top of it. His hands are crossed behind his head and he is giving out a very masculine signal to the others, a signal that he clearly wants to command the room.

Saren's body language is equally dominant. His legs are open, and his arms are splayed wide, resting on the back of the seats. He naturally commands the room with his size.

Jude leans forward with his elbows resting on his thighs, his one leg fidgeting and his fingers laced and clasped tightly together. He's just as muscular as Saren but slightly shorter, and as I look from one to the other comparing the similar yet

diverse traits of their species, I'm amazed that I have no favourite.

How would another human see them if they were sitting in my seat? They'd probably just see three huge muscular slate grey aliens with scary horns, fierce fangs, coloured tentacles for hair, spiked backs and long thrashing tails.

What I see are three unique men with individual qualities in both their physicality and personality traits. To me, they are my pussy and heart's desire.

But I'm deeply troubled. How will I ever choose between them? And what if I end up choosing one of them and the baby turns out to belong to one of the others? It's only day one on the ship and I've had a secret sexual encounter with each of them, not instigated by myself either, but now each of them has sworn me to secrecy and the weight of the three heavy burdens they have asked me to bear is making me buckle under the pressure.

Jude's leg stops shaking, and he leans back and takes a long drink. "Why the glum face, Odessa? This is our first night together. I thought we'd be having fun."

"I guess I'm just a little overwhelmed. It's been a *very* long day and so much has happened...I-I'm just trying to take stock of it all!"

Saren nods in understanding. "We have months until we reach our planet. We want to help you in any way we can to make the transition from your old life to a new life on our planet as easy as possible. Ask any questions you want, at any time! No matter how insignificant you might think it might be. If you are curious, ask us."

I nod and try to force a smile. Months of deceit and sexual tension. I don't think I can do it. A ball of panic is starting to build in my chest. I notice my steady breathing rate is starting to increase.

Kristof notices it too. "Are you okay, Odessa? You've suddenly lost all of your colour."

I lift my hand to my chest. My heart is beating very fast. I think I'm on the verge of having a panic attack. "I-I need—..."

Kristof is the first to jump to his feet, his brow drawn together in a deep line of concern. "What do you need, Odessa? Water?"

Saren and Jude quickly scramble out of their seats. Their eyes are wide and scared.

Saren grabs Kristof's shoulder, digging his claws into his flesh. "Do something, Kristof! You are the medic!"

Jude grabs hold of his horns. "It's all my fault!" Kristof and Saren swing their bodies around to face him, their eyes narrow accusingly.

Kristof takes a step forward. "What have you done? Did you give her something toxic to drink?"

My chest is constricting as I watch the three alien men who have come to mean so much to me in the last three months start to lose their shit.

Jude shakes his head, and his eyes meet mine. I know from the alarm in them he is about to confess about our earlier encounter, and I'm nauseous with fear. "Odessa and I—..."

Saren grabs his shoulders and spins him away from Kristof to face him. I can see his nostrils flaring. *Oh fuck!*

"Odessa and you what? What about you?!"

"—...We-we kissed! I-I sucked her buds, and she was lactating. Maybe I made her ill! Maybe I transferred something from my mouth into her! We were given orders not to have any sexual contact with her if we suspected she was impregnated, but I—..."

Kristof's fist makes contact with Jude's cheek and a cracking sound rings out.

"You fucker! What about our pact? She is meant to be mine! *She is mine!* My mouth claimed her cunt not more than thirty minutes ago."

Kristof suddenly doubles over and air hisses through his clenched teeth. Saren withdraws his fist from his stomach. “I claimed her first! I was the first one to fuck her on Earth and the first one to bring her to orgasm with my fingers whilst we’ve been on this ship.” His voice becomes a low growl. “She’s mine!”

Jude grabs Saren around the neck and pulls him backward off his feet. They fall onto the seats and begin to fight. Kristof makes a quick recovery and dives onto both of them, fists striking Jude’s jaw first and then Saren’s nose.

My mouth drops open, flabbergasted, as I watch the brawl unfold.

Oh my God! What have I done?

Fists, tails, horns. They are a mass of grey muscle. I climb up out of the seating pit on shaky arms and legs, the growls of fury behind me adding urgency to my movements. I turn around and my legs become boneless. Not one of them is backing down, and it’s all my fault. They are all but killing each other. Tears fall freely, wetting my cheeks as I watch on.

My legs buckle, and I fall to my knees. I hug my stomach, rocking backward and forwards sobbing. “Stop please stop!” Stars appear in front of my eyes. “It’s all my fault.”

Blackness claims me.



I feel hands stroking my hair, face and arms. Other hands are resting on my stomach. I can’t hear fighting anymore, but I still keep my eyes closed.

“Look what we’ve done!” It’s Jude’s voice.

Kristof’s voice is thick with blame. “Look what you’ve done more like!”

“Shut up, both of you! We are all to blame! All of us coerced Odessa. We all took advantage of her. We all broke the rules. Each of us deceived the other. Odessa is the innocent one here, yet she is the one who is getting hurt!”

Jude adds a little of his jokey banter. “I don’t know about that. You made a pretty good job of messing up my good looks.”

I flutter my eyelids open and look up. All three men look down into my face, their horns butting together.

“You do realise I am also to blame, guys.”

Strong hands slide under my back, and I am lifted into a sitting position. Kristof pushes away a stray curl from my cheek. “The only thing you are to blame for is being so damn sexy!”

I smile. The comment is more in keeping with Jude’s style, but it’s nice to see a more relaxed side of Kristof.

Saren frowns. “We have to resolve this now. I have to know who you want to be with Odessa or it’s going to tear my insides to shreds. I’d rather try to get you out of my system now and spend the remaining journey mending my broken hearts in solitude... You need to choose one of us now! Who do you want to be with?”

Intense violet, blue and green eyes bore heated stares into my soul. I squirm uncomfortably under the pressure of their gazes. How can I choose? I love qualities in each one of them. And most importantly, who is the father of my baby?

I shake my head. “No! I can’t do it! I can’t choose!” I look from one to the other. “I-I love you all in different ways!”

Saren sits back on his heels and blows out through huge cheeks. “We need to help you out, then.” He looks at Kristof. “You can rule Kristof out for a start. He is already betrothed to a Niikeen female.” It feels like my heart has been speared. I search his green eyes to see if what Saren has said is true. The look of guilt that shines back devastates me, but he doesn’t deny it. Saren continues. “And as for Jude, he is a party animal. He has numerous females all the time. He isn’t the settling down kind!”

Jude opens his mouth to answer, but I hold my hand up to stop him. From his flirtatious nature back on Earth, I’d always

suspected as much. I look into Saren's violet pools. "And what about you? Are there no bones in your closet?"

Jude crosses his arms and snorts. "Yes, what makes you so perfect? You fucked Odessa and never gave her the time of day after that. Scarcely uttering a word to her in three Earth months. Some partner and father who'd make!"

Saren lunges for Jude. "Stop! I can't do this! It-it's not good for the baby!" I push them away and scramble to my feet. "I don't want any of you!" My heart begins to crumble. "And for the remainder of the journey, I want you to respect my wishes and leave me the hell alone!"

I run from the lounge room, blinded by tears.

No heavy footsteps are chasing me and my heart breaks a little more.



Chapter 8

Odessa

I'm in solitude misery. The only time I hear anyone else is when I get a knock on my door to notify me my food has been left, but by the time I open it and hang my head out, whoever left my food is gone.

A whole month has elapsed since the episode in the drinking lounge and I'm going stir crazy. I have cabin fever.

How do I know it's a month? I've had a long time to explore my cabin. It turns out I did have a clock after all and it not only tells the time; it gives me a day tally as well. But the icing on the cake is that I also found a really high-tech iPad. Without it, I think I would have gone insane with boredom.

However, as well as having cabin fever, my hormones are sexually peaking. I remember reading about the second trimester, and especially how after the nausea stage passes, pregnant women start to blossom. Well, my pussy has certainly blossomed; it's gone from a bud to full bloom.

I look at my reflection side-on in the shiny cabinet door. Well, I'm certainly blooming. There's no denying I'm pregnant now. The only bra I came with, a sort of sports bra I only use for working out in, is far too tight and I unclip it and pull my arms through the straps so that I can pull it off out of my sleeve. My heavy breasts gasp a sigh of relief and my freed nipples poke out and scrape against my shirt, causing tingles to shoot down between my legs.

Oh no, not again!

I've already cum twice in the shower I've just taken, but my small fingers can only do so much to satisfy my growing need.

I pace the room, trying to ignore the tickle in between my legs. I need to take my mind off it. I throw myself onto the bed

and begin to daydream about my favourite thing—my alien men. What would they be doing right now?

I imagine Saren sitting in the captain's seat watching a dozen monitors through swirling violet eyes with his brow drawn together into a scowl. I imagine him bored and thinking of me. I imagine his large, fat fingers stroking his humongous erection.

What would Kristof be doing? He too would be thinking of me as he's preparing me a plate full of fruit. In my daydream, he's cut a small hole in a melon and he's inserting his middle finger, squelching it in and out thinking of fingering my pussy. I'm getting wet just thinking about it.

Jude would be in the dining hall, dancing sexily, imagining he's doing a sexy striptease just for me. Slowly peeling down his pants to reveal his...

My imagination stops there. It always stops there. I can never get past the pants. I have no idea what their alien penises look like. No matter how hard I try, I can never picture them, and it only adds to my frustration. I get off the bed and slap my pubic bone.

“Stop buzzing! Give me a minute's peace! *Please!*”

But the slap has only made matters worse, and now my pussy is desperate to climax again. I refuse. Masturbating a minimum of four times a day can't be good for the baby. I begin to pace again, but it's no good. I need to get out of my self-inflicted prison cell.

I walk over to my door and wave my hand in front of the control panel. It slides open with a hiss. I peer out into the corridor, looking left and right. There are no sounds and no signs of life.

Should I dare it?

Fuck it!

Tentatively, I step out. It's the first step other than my room and en-suite that I've made in weeks. My insides feel like gello. Where shall I go? I need a walk, but I don't want to run into the others.

The drinking lounge! It's the opposite direction of the men's cabins and the dining hall. It's early. There's no way any of them will be in there now.

I sigh euphorically as I take huge strides stretching out my tight muscles. This is wonderful. Why didn't I think to do this sooner?

The drinking lounge door comes into view far too soon. I could have continued to walk forever.

Leaning against the door, I place my ear right against it. Nothing. I breathe a sigh of relief and wave my hand in front of the panel. The door silently whooshes open and I stand statue-still, ready to take flight if I spot any of them in there, but it's empty.

I step into the room and look down at the circular seating area. It's been tidied up and looks as fabulous as when I first saw it.

Thirsty after my light exercise, I look across at the wall where I'd seen Jude make me a drink and decide to try myself. I head over to it.

It takes a bit of working out how to get the sliding panels out, but I relish the challenge after such minimal entertainment. I mix up a concoction and turn to face the seats as I take a sip of my creation. I lick my lips. *Hmm, not bad.*

Carefully stepping down I sit in the same seat I'd sat in a month earlier and imagine the men sitting around me.

I place my drink down on the raised floor behind me and stroke my stomach. "It's a shame they wanted me to decide between them, little one. Didn't they realise I loved them all and could never choose? I wanted them all—but I ended up alone with none of them—at least I have you."

"We want you too, Odessa!" It's Jude's voice. I spin in my seat to see all three of my alien men standing in the doorway. They are as hot as hell and so much more handsome than I remember.

My pussy dances and screams in an inaudible voice that only I can hear. *Oh, my fucking God!*

I echo the words in my head. *Oh, my fucking God indeed!*

Jude takes a step forward. “We have a proposal, Odessa. Something similar to what my brother has done with his human mate.”

I’m instantly intrigued. “Your brother has a human mate?”

He nods. “That’s what gave me the idea. I just explained their circumstances to Saren’s sire and Kristof’s sion and we are all willing to give it a go if it means none of us loses you.”

My heart races in my chest. It sounds too good to be true. “And what is this proposal?”

“We share you. We each get two nights with you. You come and spend two nights in each of our homes, alternating where you stay.”

I grab my stomach. “What about the baby? Wouldn’t that be disruptive?” They look from one to another; they’d obviously not thought that far ahead. I stare at Kristof. “And what about your fiancée? What would she make of this? I don’t want to be one of those sad statistics. One of the human women who is abused by their mates’ female partners.

Kristof shakes his head. “There is no betrothal anymore. No fiancée. I ended it a month ago.”

“Oh!” My stomach does an excited flip. I look at Jude. “Wouldn’t a baby and me living with you put a dampener on your womanising ways? Cramp your style?”

He bites his bottom lip, putting his hands on his hips, cocking his leg out. “I never did chase females. It was all just a vicious rumour...started by myself, to conceal the real me—a family male.”

I raise my eyebrows truly shocked. My eyes narrow in on Saren, and I cross my arms. “Wouldn’t me living with you defeat the purpose? You already slept with the most fertile breeder from the office—even though she was ugly. Why would you want to prologue the burden? Ignoring me again?”

Saren screws up his face. “What?”

Kristof places a hand on Saren's shoulder. "Ah! About that. Jude and I might have fed Odessa a few lies so that she'd give you the cold shoulder and you'd be rebuffed, and in return, you'd ignore her too."

Both Saren and my jaws become slack. Jude grimaces and Kristof shrugs. "Sorry! It was Rupos' idea."

"Rupos?" I ask.

"My ex-fiancé," Kristof growls. "She wanted the baby."

My hands wrap protectively around my stomach. "*My baby?*"

All three men walk towards the sunken seat and jump down to stand in front of me.

"Our baby!" says Saren. "We've decided we don't want to find out who the baby belongs to... We are all going to be its father."

My heart soars with happiness. "Okay. That answer alone has made up my mind." They squat in front of me. Kristof takes my left hand, Jude takes my right, and Saren places his enormous hands on my knees. They eagerly await my answer.

I nod with a smile. "I agree to a part of your proposal."

Kristof shakes his head in frustration. "Which part?"

"I don't mind sharing you all and you sharing me, but it needs to be in one house. I want us all to live together. It will be a more stable environment for the baby."

Saren blows out through his cheeks. "Then I guess we'll all live at my place. It's by far the biggest dwelling."

Jude and Kristof nod.

"Agreed."

"Fine by me!"

I bite my bottom lip nervous to broach my other request. I swallow hard and blurt it out. "And I want us to share the same bed!"

The men look stunned and then turn to look from one to the other. My thrumming pulse pounds in my ears. It's the only thing I can hear in the tense silence. Have I shot myself in the foot? Have I messed everything up with my ridiculous proposal?

Saren nods at Jude and then turns and nods at Kristof. He stands and my heart drops to my feet. Kristof lets go of my hand and stands, followed by Jude. I look up at them all, sick to the stomach because I've just lost each one of them—all because of the sick hormonal fantasies that have been plaguing me for the last few weeks.

I want to die.

Saren suddenly kicks off his boots, and Jude and Kristof follow suit. My mouth drops open. "What the—..."

All three men pull down their pants and when they straighten, I am at eye level with the most beautifully sculptured and defined cocks I have ever seen in my life. No wonder I couldn't see them in my mind's eye when I was fantasising about them. I would never have been able to imagine these glorious masterpieces.

Saren once again kneels in front of me, while Kristof kneels on the seat to my left, and Jude to my right.

My head turns from one-horned hunk to the other. My heart feels like it belongs to a racehorse after just running twenty laps of a circuit. Jude lifts one of my hands and begins to kiss and suck each finger, just as Kristof leans into my neck, nibbling my ear lobe and kissing the sensual skin just below it. Saren's large hands rest on my knees and push them apart. I gasp out loud.

Is this really happening? I've dreamt of a similar scenario over and over for the last few weeks. Now I don't know if this is just one of my dreams or reality. The two are fudging together. But it can't be a dream. I can clearly see cocks that are almost stallion sizes. Cock heads that are slightly more pointed than human cocks with symmetrical ridges lining them in swirls that are almost so perfect, they could quite easily have been carved by Michelangelo himself, and each of their

cocks has individual ridges. My pussy quivers in expectation. Those ridges are every woman's fantasy. Their ball sacs are plain in comparison, but what I love is the fact that they are smooth, hairless, and wrinkle-free.

Saren is slowly kissing up my thighs and I'm already sopping wet. He lifts my skirt higher and I get a scent of my musky womanly juices. So do Jude and Kristof because their kisses become fervent and hands claim a breast each and they nip and tease my buds through my shirt. My nipples immediately harden under their touch into pebbles. Jude leans down and lifts my t-shirt to clasp his lips around one just as Saren spears me with one of his fat fingers. I moan out loud and my skin ripples with goosebumps.

Saren's tongue lazily circles the hood, concealing my clitoris, teasing me. I lift my pelvis to try to increase the contact and cry out loud when Saren rewards me with a firm flick of his tongue.

My hands seek flesh, and my right one strikes the jackpot. It immediately clasps around the base of Jude's cock. The texture is soft yet firm and the ridges are so much deeper than they look. My hand begins to work its way up the length of it to the heated head, which is like touching molten velvet.

Saren's tongue is flicking faster and faster, but he continues to finger fuck me slowly. It's exquisite torture. Saren and Jude's groans are deep and sensual, like fragrant smoke enveloping me.

Kristof leaves wet kisses on my neck and straightens. I instantly turn my head towards him and open my mouth wide, inviting him to fill it. He looks down at me and his jade eyes turn emerald green as he holds his cock just below its head and guides it into my mouth. I stick my tongue out greedily to welcome it and a string of pre-cum dribbles onto my tongue. It has a slightly salty taste but not as strong a flavour as human pre-cum and I welcome the taste of my lover and suck on Kristof's bullet-shaped cock tip to entice some more out.

Kristof groans out loud. "Oh fuck, why didn't we do this sooner?!"

Jude sighs loudly followed by a moan of pleasure. “Because we were being greedy... *Oh yes, like that Odessa...*” I maintain the rhythm he seems to like, “...Trying to keep her all to ourselves.”

Saren’s tongue lifts off my clit and I instantly mourn its absence, but his hips shuffle closer to mine and a surge of excitement spreads from the apex of my legs out to every cell in my body. “Nobody cum yet! I’m going to enter her and I think it’s fitting that we all wait until our beautiful female has had her lot before we cum.”

Kristof and Jude can only growl their replies, almost certainly concentrating so as to not let me down.

I feel Saren’s cock head nuzzle in between my slick folds, delicately scraping across my clit. I shudder with desire and spread my legs even further apart, offering my alien lover better access.

He pushes the end of his firm cock against my entrance, but it is too large to enter and I am too tight. He rocks his hips backward and forwards pushing each time against the tight rim, stretching it wider, millimetre by millimetre, and with each push, Jude and Kristof roll my nipples between their fingers sending tiny electric shocks from their nerve endings all the way down to my clitoris, which in return makes more pussy juice to add to the quest to lubricate my pussy for Saren’s monster-sized cock.

Finally, his glans breaches the hole, and he manages to get the whole of the head in. He slowly pulls it out and instantly thrusts back in, gaining another centimetre. My eyes roll in the back of my head. I’m in cock heaven.

Another centimetre.

And then another.

He softly rubs my clitoris with his thumb and he thrusts again. “You are so tight, Odessa. Come on, stretch for me, baby! Take me all in!”

I wrap my legs around him, and in the next thrust, he is up to the hilt. “Aahh.” He stays there, allowing me to stretch and

to acclimatise to his girth, and Kristof and Jude also stop moving, too. I'm full of alien cock. I've never felt more complete in all my life.

Then, like synchronised swimmers, they begin to fuck me simultaneously. I moan in ecstasy and my hand slides over velvety ridges, my tongue bathes in salty alien-ness and my pussy gets pounded by a cock that wouldn't look out of place on a horse.

My orgasm builds so fast it's like I'm being fucked in a roller coaster car climbing up the first big peak. Saren, Jude and Kristof moan and pant as they fuck me. I smell their sweat, their dick juice, their lust. It's all too much and without realising it, I'm already balancing on the top of the roller-coaster, about to go over the edge.

The fireworks come when Saren's tail nudges against the puckered rim of my ass-hole. They detonate in my brain as my orgasm explodes from my pussy out to every sinew. I shake and quiver almost violently, completely out of control, as the waves ripple throughout my body.

Then, incredibly, I feel all three of my alien lovers release their seed. Jude spills it over my hand while Kristof shoots his seed against the back of my throat. Saren's cum erupts like a volcano, spurting hot fluid against my cervix as the walls of my vagina contract and release, gripping and releasing his cock.

The stars begin to fizzle away, only for blackness to take their place.



When I come to I'm curled up in Saren's lap with Jude and Kristof crouching beside us.

Kristof looks up at the other two. "She's waking. I told you she had passed out."

Jude's hair tentacles stroke my face. "Was it too much for you our precious human mate?"

Saren looks concerned. “Did I hurt you, Odessa?”

I smile serenely up at my alien lovers and shake my head. “Hell no! I’m good for another couple of rounds yet. Which way are you men switching places? Clockwise or counterclockwise?” Their smiles are dazzling as they move around my body and I think back to the first time I’d been in the same room as all three of them, stark naked. “By the way...who did undress me on my first day on board this ship?”

Epilogue

Planet Temis is more than I could ever hope for. Four years on, I have a fantastic life. I meet Carrisa, my sister-in-law, who is mated to Jude's brother and a couple of other Earth women weekly, while my men do the babysitting duties.

My smile never falters because my pussy is always full—but a repercussion of that is, so is my belly.

I stand by my front door, stroking my enormous bump and wave goodbye to Carrisa as she pulls away in her hovercraft. The technology of it never ceases to amaze me, and I watch her craft until it is out of view.

When I can no longer see her, I look in my bag for my wrist clasp. My wrists are almost permanently swollen this close to my due date because of fluid retention, so I rarely wear it. I curse myself for not getting it out when I was in the hovercraft.

“Shit, where did I put it?” *Fucking hormones, I'd forget my head if it wasn't screwed on.*

I resolve to ring the buzzer and a few moments later Kristof opens the door. He has a bowl and a whisk under his one arm and leans forward for a kiss before calling back over his shoulder. “Mommy's home!” He sidesteps and I wobble in. “Hello gorgeous, I'm making milonik mouse for dessert. I need to get back to the kitchen.”

“Oh, that sounds divine! Where is everyone?” But he is already heading for the kitchen. Jude steps out from the baby changing room carrying Jinno in his arms. He gurgles and pulls on his daddy's blue tentacles, the exact same colour as his own.

I lurch forward and steal a kiss from Jude before I snatch Jinno out of his arms. “How's he been, my love?”

Jude blows out his cheeks. “I think his second fang is about to descend and I can definitely feel horn nubs about to breakthrough as well.”

“Ah, no wonder he’s so cranky.”

We hear a crash up ahead and Saren is on all fours with Syix and Krobi on his back giggling and clinging on for dear life. Syix spots me first and scrambles down from her daddy and races towards me, her huge lilac eyes glistening with mischief.

“Mommy! You’re back.”

“Have you been making daddy be a horsey again, my darling?”

“No, it was Krobi. It was his idea.”

I laugh, “But Krobi has no clue what a horse is. He’s too young to understand.”

Syix puts her hands on her hips. “Mommy, if Krobi is old enough to walk he’s old enough to understand stuff!”

I laugh and look at Saren. “Your daughter is three going on thirteen.”

He gently lowers Krobi to his feet. He wobbles about but puts his tail down to steady himself. He’s only been walking for a few weeks and he’s still mastering his tail, too. He instantly grabs onto one of Saren’s tentacles and begins to suck on it.

“Kristof’omon! I think Krobi needs feeding again.”

Kristof strides out of the kitchen and scoops Krobi up. Their matching green tentacles instantly touch and it’s hard to tell which ones belong to whom. “Come on trouble, daddy has got something nice for you in the kitchen.”

Saren gets to his feet and begins pulling the ten bracelets off his horns that his daughter has playfully decorated him with.

I slip my arms around his waist. “Hmm, sexy! I like a man who wears accessories.”

Saren peppers my face with kisses. Suddenly, I feel liquid running down my legs.

Syix begins to giggle and point at the puddle gathering at my feet. “Oh-oh, Mommy. You are supposed to use the potty.”

Saren’s eyes widen. “Is it time?” I nod. He runs in circles. “Judes’sparr! Kristof’omon! It’s time! Odessa’s waters have just broken!”

Jude runs into the hall with Jinno under his arm. “I’ll hail my brother and let him know we’re on our way to the hospital.”

Kristof comes back, dragging Krobi behind him, curly yellow tubes of food protruding from his mouth. “I’ll grab your hospital bag!”

Saren looks around frantically. “I’ll grab the hovercraft!” He stops by the door. “What about the kids?”

I hold on to my stomach as the first contraction hits. “Let’s just take them. Bundle them all in. I don’t think I have long!”

Six hours later, my eyelids flutter open and three gorgeous male alien faces are beaming down at me. I smile back. “What happened? Did I pass out?”

Saren scrapes his bottom lip over his fangs. I’ve come to learn it’s his nervous trait.

“It was touch and go for a while. You had us worried sick, but everything turned out wonderfully in the end.”

I drop my bottom lip. “So, I missed the birth?”

Kristof grimaces. “You did, but I recorded it all on my wrist clasp.”

I sigh in relief. “Oh thank you, Kristof...So what did we have?” They all look from one to the other. “What?” My chest suddenly tightens in panic. “The baby’s okay isn’t it?”

Jude scratches a patch below his horn. “Well, it’s like this...the *babies* are doing fine!”

My eyes bug out. “Babies! We had twins?”

They shake their heads and I draw my brows together not understanding.

Saren licks his lips nervously. “We had triplets! Two girls and a boy. The boy has violet eyes, and the girls have blue and green eyes.”

Tears stream down my face, and I hold my hands out. Saren, Jude and Kristof latch onto them. I look from face to face. “Thank you for choosing me and making me the happiest human on this planet!”



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