



My New and Improved Alien Lovers

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Category: Romance, Paranormal

Description: When dating men becomes too pathetic for Margaret to continue doing, she does what any self-respecting woman would do; gets rip roaring drunk and semi-accidentally marries three aliens. Who abduct her in the middle of the night like true heroes. They're beautiful and so attentive and everything the men she's dated in the past aren't; but life in space isn't without its own challenges. Maybe life in space was simply too good to be true... Or maybe by the end of her story, Margaret will be worshipped and lauded a savior, and will successfully be able to take three massive alien d*cks in succession. Maybe, just maybe, fairy tales do come true.

This is a steamy, silly, alien whychoose romance. For the love of aliens, 18+ .

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“Ha, ha, yes! Take that you cowards, DIE!”

These crazed monster figures her cousin left behind were no match for her princess doll; she could vanquish them in her sleep.

“Margie, do you want to— what are you doing? Did you break all of your cousin’s toys?”

I stand up, brush off the poofy dress I like wearing best, and straighten my crown. “They were trying to stop Princess Poptart from becoming queen. She had to neutralize the threat.” Why does no one else understand this?

Mom sighs, sounding tired. “You need to stop watching those action movies with your uncle. You pick up too much from them.”

I carry Princess Poptart to the mound of pillows I stacked, giving her the throne she deserves. “There’re never enough girls in those movies, Mom.”

I help Mom gather the fallen enemies, smiling wide when she has to shove some arms and legs back their sockets. Crunch! Princess Poptart is fierce.

“You’re right, there’s never enough girls in movies like that. What would you do? If you were in an action movie and had to save the world?”

I put my tiara back on my dresser and take off all the rainbow bracelets I made. “If I was in a movie like that, I wouldn’t be saving the world.”

Mom looks at me with her head tilted. “Why not?”

“Because,” I tell her as I carry the new queen to my bed, which I like to think of as her castle. “If I had to be in a story like that, I’d be saving the galaxy. I’d have a whole kingdom of people that loved me, and there wouldn’t be any explosions or yucky blood. I’d make everyone settle their fights by singing the best, and we’d just make all the bad guys move really far away so they couldn’t bother us anymore.”

Mom looks at me funny. “You’d want to live with aliens?”

I shrug as I tuck Queen Poptart into place beneath my favorite quilt. “I’d be the coolest person ever if my friends were aliens. The coolest.”

Mom starts walking out of my room, muttering under her breath about how my grandma would be thrilled to hear that.

She died last year though, so I’m not sure how mom plans on telling her.

Margaret

“I just really think we need to get back to those days, you know?”

I stare at my cup, wondering how it got empty so quickly. I’m pretty sure this cocktail was full just a minute ago.

The silence at the table has me realizing that I missed something that my date said. Shit. What was the last thing he said? Oh, he was droning on about how women aren’t very feminine anymore. It appears I’m getting another vodka soda. I see our waiter across the room and hold up my cup, motioning towards it so he knows exactly what I need right now. That’s likely the only thing that will help me get through the rest of this date.

I start wondering exactly how many cocktails it would take me to agree with any of the bull this guy is spewing out of his mouth. "I've gotta be honest with you Calvin," I say, choosing not to suppress the big belch that has worked its way up to my sternum. He thinks women aren't feminine anymore? I guess there's no point in trying, then. He's got all of us figured out.

"The problem isn't the women," I assure him. "Do you know how much effort I put into this date tonight? Do you know how long it takes to shave every inch of these legs? No, no forget that. Do you know how difficult it is to shave your crotch when you can't even fully see it? The angles you have to twist yourself into to make sure that the razor reaches everywhere without shaving off any necessary bits? And for this? Do you even eat pussy?"

"Excuse me?"

"Pussy. Do you eat it. Because based on this conversation, I'm kind of getting the feeling that you probably don't. And this is a big fucking waste of my time if that's the case. I give phenomenal head, but if you're not going to reciprocate, then this is going to end like any other date I've had. With me unfulfilled." Shit. When am I going to remember that vodka makes me lose my filter?

"I have in the past, yes," he utters, looking very not confident with his answer. Then he gathers his courage. "This is exactly what I'm talking about. It is highly unattractive to hear a woman speak about such things in public."

I get a spark of inspiration. "Let's call up one of your exes. I'm gonna need a review before I can continue this date. I need to know exactly what I'm getting myself into, to see if it's worth dealing with the irritation of your voice." I get my phone out "What's her name? Phone number? How long were you together?"

Calvin sputters. "Are you serious right now? How the hell do you think this is

appropriate date behavior?”

The waiter blessedly drops off a refill of my drink, and I'm quick to slam it down. The alcohol goes straight to my bloodstream, leaving me so much happier than I was just a second ago. “Do you realize you've been droning on for close to forty minutes now, extolling the virtues of a strong male? Do you know how many times you've belittled women? How many misogynistic remarks you've made, thinking they're socially acceptable opinions? Because I've been keeping a mental tally. I've got to say, you might not be the worst person I've gone out with, but you very well might be the last. This might be the date that turns me off of men indefinitely.”

“I think we're done here,” he says. “Dinner's on me; enjoy.” He throws his napkin down.

“Wait!” I yell. “I've been in this situation before. I will pay my way, because if I don't, you're going to think it's okay to call me up next week and remind me that you bought me a meal, and you're going to think that I owe you something for it. I'm not I'm playing that game again.” I thrust some bills back at him and he storms off. Good riddance.

And then I'm left at my sad little table for two by myself, and I'm just over it. All I feel like doing now is getting shit faced and making bad decisions. So basically, like many other Tuesday past.

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If only I wasn't wired to be attracted to men. They're such...downers. Total buzzkills.

I've done everything they say you're supposed to do; I've gotten my career in a stable place, I own a condo, I exercise three times a week, I eat right, and I go on date after date after date. Every time I think I've met the worst single man, I'm miraculously proven wrong.

Remind me; what does it take for a girl to meet somebody that will show up on time and put forth a little effort into their appearance? Why is it so damn hard to find somebody interested in an actual relationship, and not a quick hook up? Somebody more interested in getting to know me than the sound of their own voice?

Well, that alcohol is really...yep, it's working. My waiter stops by to drop off the bill. "He seemed like an interesting fellow..."

"He wasn't, I promise you."

"I've seen you in here a few times before, and you're always with somebody new. No luck finding someone you want to keep?"

Is this guy a waiter or therapist? "At this point, I think I've lost hope for the male gender as a whole."

"My wife always says she took the last good one off the market," he replies with a wink.

Great. Another happy person. “She might be right about that,” I mumble, counting out some bills for a tip and dropping them on the table.

He doesn’t leave quite yet though. “Hey this really isn’t my business, and it’s pretty crazy, but have you thought about that recruitment program the government rolled out? I only bring it up because I’ve heard my cousin complain about dating, and she’s about your age as well. She snapped and signed herself up, had a brief courtship and then they whisked her away. She claims those aliens are nothing like human men.”

Did not see this going there. I stand up and collect my things, wobbling only slightly from numerous shots of alcohol consumed since I sat down. “Great. Thanks for the advice?” If even the server is recognizing me and telling me my life is a shithole and that I’d be better off seeking love somewhere otherthan earth, I think I might have hit rock bottom. “Tell your wife she’s a bitch,” I tell him as I start to walk off.

He looks at me, shocked. And I can’t help laughing. “I mean for taking the last good guy,” I amend. “I’m going to leave. I’ll pick a new restaurant next time.”

I stumble out of the restaurant, completely drunk now. I decide to interview a couple people on the street on the way home, asking them if I should give up all hope of finding a man that deserves me and go bang an alien instead. There’s a certain charm to it, for sure. The results are mixed and quite possibly highly skewed by my alcohol-induced emotional state, but still informative.

I have to walk by the capitol building to get to my condo, and when it comes into view, the server’s words ring in my head, and a certain purple machine installed near the building catches my eye. An accord was reached with the species alliance, and there’s an alien race that has vowed that they will be peaceful with us, if they’re allowed to try and recruit mates from our planet. It’s all completely voluntary, and these machines are a means of communication.

Giggling, I approach the screen and touch buttons. “Hello?” I call out as I try to make sense of the screen, reading through the questions. Am I single? Yes. Any children that need to be included in this agreement? No, no kids. “Oh look, there’re different packages! I can take my time and get rid of my shit myself, or I can sign my life away now and someone else will do it all. Bonus!”

Wow they’re really reaching, aren’t they? If I sign up right now, all that money will just go to a bunch of foster kids. How do you even say no to that? Slow courtship and manual labor? That sounds awful.

I click some buttons, and a voice starts speaking back to me.

“Erm, hello?”

The voice is heavily accented, and in my drunk ass state, it sounds like friggin’ music.

Dreamily, I answer destiny’s call. “Hello future husband. I just want you to know I am ready. I am ready right now. Does this thing have a camera? I look so hot right now.” I back up in case there is a camera, smoothing down the dress I’m wearing, fluffing up my short hair, tipping my glasses down my nose and wagging my eyebrows.

There’s the sound of scuffling and groaning noises, but I feel too far away from them. I place my hands on either side of the screen and lean forward, wondering if I’ll be able to see who’s making the noises if I look hard enough.

“Love, you’re giving us a straight shot down your cleavage right now. If that’s not your intention, you might want to straighten that posture up a bit.”

I look down to see my boobs fully on display and bring my shoulders together to

squish them together even more. “Not sure that'll help,” I tell the voice in the box. “My boobs are pretty massive. So is my ass, now that I think about it.” I step forward and turn around, trying to show my ass to them, only to end up spinning in circles a few times because it's hard to see it myself. “Anyway. The moon is so pretty right now.”

“We just... that is, a notification was just...”

A heavier, rougher voice interrupts. “You clicked yes and hit submit. You wish to be mated, human woman?”

“This is hilarious! So fun! Do you know how many times I've walked past this box? The men down here suck. Pleeease take me with you.” I give them my best pout, then remember that I'm trying to impress them. “No, no, no, that's not— what I meant to say is, I'll be such a good mate, and look, I can entertain you! Not to brag, but I was a baton twirler for like three years in elementary school.”

I turn around and find a stick on the ground, bending over to reach it. They groan again, leaving little doubt that there's a camera. I look around the screen, trying to see where the lens might be.

“Up here love,” the gentler voice comes back and says. “I believe there's a large green arrow next to it that says ‘camera’.”

“Hey-O! So it does!” This is so funny to me. I laugh, because how did I miss that? Oh right, alcohol.

I wag my finger at them. “Stop trying to distract me. I was going to show you how useful I can be.” I start my routine, trying to twirl the stick that's just not weighted correctly, and end up smacking myself in the face. Lovely. “Usually I'm better at this.”

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“This is... wonderful,” another voice says, slightly amused. “This attribute, is highly prized down there, yes?”

“I’m highly prized down here. The men? Not so much. What’s shakin’ up there?”

“I’m sorry, did you intend to submit a mating request?”

“Who’s talking? I like your voice. It’s all rrrrough.”

“I’m Owiin, my lady. You’re beautiful.”

“See? Already better than the date I was just on.”

A growl sounds through the tiny speaker, making my skin flush.

“Oh look, flashing colors! Let’s see. Do I agree to have a translation chip implanted upon my arrival in my new spaceship home? That would be pretty difficult to talk to you otherwise, wouldn’t it? Yes.

“Does the thought of large penises and a high sex drive make me uncomfortable? Ha! Hell to the no. Am I interested in expedited contact?” I look up at the screen squinting, even though I’ve already established I can’t see them. “Am I interested in expedited contact?”

“Um, my lady?”

“Margaret, at your service,” I say with a classy bow. We’re not going to talk about the

fact that I also hit my forehead on the machine as I do so.

“Margaret, beautiful. If I may, our ship is very near your planet right now. Not to rush you, but this is the last night we're allowed to be this close. Another ship will be taking our place tomorrow. If you wish to meet us, expedited contact is kind of our only choice. Otherwise, we'd have to wait six more months to come back.”

“I don't want anybody else, sign me up!” I click some more buttons because they're green and shiny, the screen blurring a bit as I work.

“Margaret? You're not going to regret this. We'll be wonderful mates to you. We'll take great care of you; we'll make you happy.”

“Happy, yes. Why is the machine beeping at me? Oh, it wants my hand. Why does it want my hand?” A little door opens up with a glass screen and a laser moving up and down. Even in my non-sober state I can figure out the diagram on the screen is telling me to put my palm on the glass. I high-five the machine, and it bites me. “Motherfucker! What the hell? Why is my hand stuck?”

“Margaret? Are you alright?”

“Fine, fine.” A giant yawn escapes me, which I'm sure must be super attractive. “It's been so lovely chatting to you dears. Must confess I need to get to bed though. Have a lovely night.” I turn around with every intention of stumbling out of the park, but the machine begins angrily beeping at me. I spare one last glance to find a giant red flashing button on the touch screen, but my eyes are too sleepy to read all the tiny words on it. In an effort to make the annoying noise stop, I press the button.

Confetti sprays out of the top of the machine, and then the Bridal March starts playing, which is weird.

The men I was talking to are calling my name, but they're not louder than the call of my bed. With fluffy pillows taking over my thoughts, I blow them a kiss and begin to muddle my way home, ditching my heels halfway there, because fuck them.

Adeema

“Do you think we need to address the fact she likely had no idea what she just did?” I look to my triad, trying to determine how much trouble we would get into for allowing a human to go through all of this when it's pretty clear she can't give consent.

Owiin is definitely contemplating it, but Kass just looks excited. Reserved, but excited.

“You know the rules,” Kass tells us. “We can't influence them to accept, which we didn't, other than letting her know what our timeline was. We can't initiate contact, which we have no way of doing anyway. She contacted us, she filled everything out. There's nothing in our contract with earth that states inebriation cancels out a contract.”

“That's true,” Owiin points out. “It's not like this is the first time somebody has signed up in such a state. And that's just assuming anyway, based on her behavior, that she was consuming alcohol. Who knows, maybe she's just very... eccentric.”

I let out a very undignified snort, because we all know that there's eccentricity, and then there's drunk as a space satellite.

“Did we just find ourselves a mate?” Kass asks quietly, as if saying it too loud might prevent it from coming to fruition.

“We did. Oh my maker, we're getting mated!” Kass and Owiin move closer to me,

and we take our triad formation. Arms around each other's back, foreheads all touching. It's finally happening. After all these years of searching, we'll finally get to have a mate.

“We need to prepare the ship for travel. We need to go pick her up before our earth time slot is up.”

I look at my wristband to see we have a minimal amount of time before our pass expires that allows us to stay near earth waiting for a mate, and it's going to take at least thirty Earth minutes to arrive at her home from where we currently are. This close to earth, we can't move too fast or else it will disrupt too much on the planet.

“I'll get everything locked up. Adeema, you drive.”

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“I’ll make sure the bed is clean,” Owiin says with excitement in his step.

It doesn't take long for the information that our Margaret submitted to come through our system, and I'm able to lock on to the GPS the machine inserted in her hand when she thought that it bit her. I shake my head. That was adorable.

I make sure that our ship is fully cloaked as we approach so that we don't startle anybody, hoping that we've given our mate enough time to do anything she wishes to do before she leaves.

When we're hovering above a large brick building where her location is signaling from, I'm down to only a few minutes left. With shaking hands, I press the button that will send out impulses to her GPS to get her outside. She'll automatically seek the clearest ground to access us, and it takes everything I have to not jump out of our craft and cover her, because she seems to have fallen asleep in nothing but an overly large T-shirt that her lovely rump pokes out of as she looks around her in confusion.

The beam grabs her, lifting her gently and she starts giggling uncontrollably, pretending to swim through the air, and then trying to make what I think the humans call snow angels in the air once she flips to her back, doing flips and playing the entire way up to us.

If this is her inebriated state, I think she'll be quite fun at all times. Nobody's this playful and fun in only one state of being.

Our hatch opens and sets her on her feet inside our ship, and the three of us just stare at her, on our main platform, surely feeling the same; that she must be a mirage, an

artificial image meant to tempt us to the high heavens. There's no way a creature this perfect, this stunning, chose beings that look like us when she has her pick of all the humans on earth.

“This is fancy,” she says looking around. She doesn't even seem phased that she's in an alien spaceship, or that we're starting to slowly escape Earth's atmosphere.

“We're so excited you're here,” Kass coos quietly. He's the gentlest out of all of us, the softest, the most delicate. He's a good choice for approaching her in this situation, because he's less likely to startle her. His whole demeanor is very calming, and I can tell she's entranced by him.

She lifts a hand to her mouth as she takes in the gentle yellow glow of his eyes and the rainbow prisms that flow through his hair and down his neck and then continue just underneath the surface of his skin. Her eyes linger on his elongated ears, his narrow jaw and his tall but lean frame.

“Damn,” she says eventually. “You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.”

Owiin clears his throat, seeking her attention. Which she gives.

She pulls a quick intake of breath as she looks over his deeper purple skin, with the little glowing lights that look like stars running across his bare chest. The symbol on his forehead glows in her presence, and then she's staring at the short horns growing out of his head that are barely covered by his shaggy hair. His body is beautiful, sculpted due to his race and genetics, well made for pleasing his mate.

“I take that back. You're both the most beautiful things I've ever seen. Am I being pranked?”

Owiin looks to me, but I wave him off. One of us needs to drive this ship, and I don't

have half the beauty they do. Let her marvel at them while they take care of her. My time will come.

I strap myself back into the seat and listen to them communicating with her, getting her into place to be strapped down for travel. I hit the intercom so they'll hear the counting down for exiting Earth's atmosphere, so they'll be prepared for jumping.

Once the indicators tell me that all harnesses are fastened fully, my time on this rotation is fully up, which means I don't even have to punch in the coordinates to our space station, because the ship will take us there automatically.

I'll be stuck up here in the navigation pit by myself for a few hours, so I try to take in the sights, try to ignore my triad's voices as they soothe our new mate, smiling to myself when she starts to fall asleep again. It's best she sleeps for now anyway, she has a lot of change coming her way, and she'll need to be well rested for all of it.

Margaret

I always have such weird dreams when I drink too much. It's rare that I surpass the limits of what I know my body can handle, but that asshole I went out with last night definitely made it necessary. How is it that I can still be mad about his attitude and his behavior the next day when I'm nowhere near him?

Today's the day I'm going get my life in order. It has to be. No more dating idiots who don't deserve me, no more wasting my time on dates with people that can't be bothered to ask me the most basic things about myself. Time for a new era. I'll be career focused. Adopt half a dozen cats.

“How's your head then, love?”

What is that voice? It's like an earworm, soothing my soul. I swear if they spoke long

enough, the vibrations would probably get me pretty damn close to orgasm. “I thought I was awake,” I say in exasperation. “That would have been such a pleasant way to wake up, too. Far better than my neighbor yelling at the trashy daytime tv shows they never turn off.”

The hairs on my arm prickle as I come to realize I'm not actually alone. Do I risk opening my eyes? Please tell me I didn't go home with Calvin last night.

There's a low hum that I can't place surrounding me, an almost whirring noise and a gentle rocking motion. “What on earth?”

“Away from Earth, actually,” the voice says.

Open eyes it is. “Um, who are you? Why are you in my room?”

The pretty face attached to the pretty voice smirks at me, his strange features telling me to look around me.

“Fuck. I'm in your room, I take it? Look, this is new for me. I don't normally wake up in strange people's beds. I'm not quite sure about the etiquette here.”

“Are we so forgettable then?”

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I try to recall any events from last night that I might be missing, but aside from my strange dreams, I'm not coming up with much. "Any chance you could uh, enlighten me, maybe? Out of the kindness of your heart?"

He slides to the bed in a fluid motion, shoulder length dark hair wrapped around equally black horns with a ribbed design going halfway back on his head. If I was less hungover, I might have been alarmed by the fact that his skin is a purplish magenta color, and that his eyes are nearly glowing. Instead, I'm focused on the ring on his septum, on the long pointy ears that I'm just itching to drag my thumbs over.

Without saying a word, he hovers over me, making me inch back to the bed until I'm staring up at him from my back. His hair becomes a sort of curtain around us, and the odd texture of the blanket over my hips is further confirmation that I'm definitely not in my room.

"Your ours, love. You signed a contract last night with our people, binding yourself to us."

I would laugh if he didn't look so damn serious about the words he's saying.

Other parts of the night come back and I feel myself flush from them; remarks my server at dinner made about the boxes in the park, the exasperation with dating as I interviewed people on my way home, deciding, quite spontaneously I might add, to stop by the communication box between the restaurant and my home and check it out.

I bring my hands to cover my face up, mortified. But not for the fact that you'd think. I'm not horrified or regretful that I apparently got engaged to an alien, but I'm pretty

sure I tried to show off my non-existent baton skills. “I embarrassed the fuck out of myself, didn't I?”

I can feel his strange glowy eyes staring at me, even through my hands, and if I look at him, I'll have to face up to all the stupid shit I decided to do last night. I'd rather put that off for a moment, if possible.

“Embarrass yourself? No, I wouldn't say that.” He’s totally smirking at me.

“Uh-huh. Not buying it.”

“Lucky for us, it does not matter if you buy it. You were charming.”

A strange sound escapes my throat, halfway between a laugh and a snort. “Nobody's ever called me charming before. In fact, I believe my date last night told me I was the least charming woman he's ever met. And that was after he basically admitted to not eating— you know what? We don't need to talk about that. You're totally laughing at me right now, aren't you?”

“Won't you look at me then, love?”

“I'm good here, thanks.”

I can feel the air between us diminish, and then his nose is skimming the sides of my neck as he inhales.

“Old gods, you smell divine.”

“She's awake?”

“Of course. There was more than one of you last night speaking through the screen,

wasn't there? Alright then, might as well get this over with.” I drop my hands away from my face and look around, my blood heating instantly at the look of absolute adoration painted on not one, not two, but three different aliens’ faces.

Fuck.

“Before you panic, may we introduce ourselves to you? Maybe we can... how do you put this, assuage your fears about us?”

I really put my foot in it this time. On the bright side, this is going to make last year's Christmas fiasco look pretty damn good.

I sit up in the bed, take time to rub the sleep out of my eyes and comb my hair at least a little bit, and then blindly reach out for the glasses I'm really hoping are nearby.

“You are looking for your spectacles? They’re here,” the man that's still mostly on top of me says.

Man? No, no, no. Alien.

Yep, there's an alien on top of me.

“Thank you.”

“You were inebriated last night, weren't you? You didn't truly mean to choose us?”

The crestfallen look on his face, on all of theirs, when I make myself gaze upon their beauty once more, is painful to witness. “I—”

“You don't have to tell us,” the one with the darker skin says. His voice is gruff, and he storms out, making me feel like I'm the worst person to ever exist.

“Part of me clearly knew what was happening,” I start to explain to the two still in the room, but they’re looking out to the hallway where the other alien disappeared to, clearly worried about him. “But I remember, now that I’m awake, most of what happened. I remember going to the box, I remember contacting you. Remember talking to you, and hearing your voices...” I look around at them, trying to line up what I heard last night with what's in front of me now.

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“You don't wish to be mated?”

Honestly, the guy with the lights in his skin and his hair is too beautiful to look at. It actually kind of hurts my eyes, but I have this indescribable urge to touch him. I crawl out of bed, approaching him carefully so I don't scare him off. Who knows if he's skittish at all, I just feel like I put myself in their life, so I've got to find a way to fix this. “Can I touch you?”

He blinks down at me, assessing, and then nods. I wrap my arms carefully around his waist, trying not to feel self-conscious that he's so much thinner than I am. “You smell like grape popsicles.”

“Grape pop... what is grape popsicles?”

“My favorite thing to eat when it's hot out. I hope you're not offended that I'm smelling you.” Then I go right back to it. He does smell like grape popsicles and it's weird, but I don't think it's a cologne. It seems to be coming from his skin itself.

It takes a moment, but soon his hands drift to my hair, playing with the loose curls there and combing through them. “You're even more beautiful in person,” he says softly.

I smile up at him, feeling at ease. “Thank you. I didn't mean to offend you guys. It's just—”

“We get it,” he says succinctly. “We're aliens. Very different to you, and not very desirable.”

“No,” I say vehemently. “That's not it at all. It's more like, I'm really good at getting myself in situations inexplicably. It's just taking me a moment here to come to grips with what's happening. I feel as if I... was disrespectful contacting you the way I did. And I mean, come on, are there no safeguards on those machines? How many people have approached them drunk and woken up on a spaceship instead of their ex's bed?”

He gives me a little bit of a smile, but it's still sad. “Not too many, but it has happened.”

“Well,” I say as I give him his personal space back, “I was quite sick of attempting to find a serious partner on Earth.”

“Is that what you're looking for?” the alien on the bed asks.

I find myself nodding, realizing that's exactly what I've been wanting. “I've been looking for years now. Maybe I wasn't taking it seriously enough, because dating is just something you're supposed to do on Earth. You're supposed to go out with people and try to make a connection. I like hanging out with friends, but it's just not the same as having somebody there to come home to at the end of the day. I've had a couple good relationships, nothing traumatic or anything, but nothing lasting either.”

“Human dating mystifies us,” the glowy man says. “We are given references when we sign up to be part of this exchange, and we have to study your mating habits. We watch footage and observe the sites that you use to find partners, and it's all so casual that it makes no sense to us. Every once in a while, something will surprise us and the match is made and two people connect instantly, but more often than not, it just seems that one or the other of the partners are only there for free meal, or to relieve physical needs.”

“How do you do it then? If you don't casually date?”

“Well,” the guy from the bed says, “for starters, we do everything with our triads.”

“That's the three of you?”

The guy on the bed nods. “Yes. We’re matched to triads based on compatibility tests as juveniles. Then we undergo trial periods to see if it's something we want to make permanent. If no changes need to be made, we continue forward with formalizing the triad. Once we get to that stage, we settle in and start to decide if we want to put our names in for a mate or not.”

“What if we hate each other?” I ask. “There weren’t any compatibility tests given that I remember on that machine. I could have been matched to anybody, and I'd be in the same spot I am now. So how do I know this is even going to work? What if I drive you crazy, and you're ready to kick me out the first chance you can?”

“This is going to be complicated, or maybe hard to explain to you, because our cultures are so different,” the glowy man says. “I'm Kass, by the way. That is my name.”

“Adeema,” the guy on the bed says. “And the grump that stormed out is Owiin. He's likely down the hall listening in, you may call out a greeting if you'd like.”

“You can come back in, Owiin,” I call out, feeling a bit silly. But he does, and for some reason, I feel like I need to touch him, too.

Sidling up to him, I look way up and hold out a hand. “I'm Margaret, it's nice to meet you. I'm sorry for the way everything just came out.”

“We should have known it wouldn't have worked out when you appeared on camera as inebriated as you were. It is our fault for hoping and for willingly collecting you knowing you likely didn't mean it.”

My hand is just hanging out there between us, awkwardly. “Can I touch you?”

He raises one of his eyebrows. Well, where eyebrows would be if he had them, and then shrugs. He's harder to wrap my arms around because he's more barrel chested, but touch feels important.

His hands rest on my shoulders tentatively and then snake their way across them, enveloping me in a hug. “You smell like a cherry slushy,” I inform him. “My favorite drink when I need something sugary.”

“Touch is very important to us,” he informs me. “My skin works differently than yours, we're able to pick up lots of information that your human skin can't. Is that why you wished to hug me?”

“I didn't know that, actually. Just felt like something that needed to be done.” I shrug and go back on to the bed to sit next to Adeema. I sit right next to him and hold up my hand, suppressing a shiver when he interlaces his with it.

“Thank you,” he says softly.

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“You were going to tell me why it would be difficult to explain to me, about our compatibility?”

Adeema nods, his eyes still closed. “Our race is very... adaptive. It is imperative for the survival of our species that we make lasting bonds, because it is a dying race. We have evolved ways of altering our identities subconsciously, to become something of ideal partners. We’re given the basic courtesy classes of course, on how to treat our partners, but the way we work is that we get to know you, and as we do, our personalities will start to fully develop based on input from you. We become the best versions of ourselves while becoming ideal partners for you, so anybody we would match with could potentially be the perfect match for us.”

I frown. “That sounds disheartening. And it makes me feel very not special. You literally could have picked up any other woman out there, and you'd be just as happy with them as you are with me? I mean, I'm getting ahead of myself, there're a lot of assumptions happening up here,” I say as I tap my head, “but there's no magic there. No romance.”

“You misunderstand it,” Owiin says as he comes to sit on the bed as well. Mr. touch-is-important-to-us doesn't give me any space. Instead, he pins me to the bed and hovers over me. “You are the only woman on earth that could make us happy, because you chose us.”

“By that logic, if somebody else would have been there instead of me, they would have made you the happiest people in the galaxy.”

He narrows his eyes at me then shakes his head. “No.”

“No? That's all you have to say? I could have been paired with anybody else and lived a fulfilled life with them, too.”

“No,” he says again.

I throw my hands up, exasperated. “Whatever. What's next? I know there are no return to earth options, but I actually sort of feel like I might be where I'm supposed to be.”

“There, you see? It is working already.”

I look up at Owii in confusion. “What? How do you figure?”

“A key part of our culture,” Adeema tries to explain, sneakily getting very close, “is our belief in the universe. On Earth, many people worship a god of some sort in the heavens, correct? Our culture, we believe in the power of the universe. We believe we are given exactly what we need and accept that sometimes it takes time to understand why. For example, you.”

“Me? What did I do?”

“Everything was set into motion when you went on your date,” he says as he makes a raspy sound from the back of his throat, making me think of disgust or some such similar emotion. “Choosing to go on that date, getting matched with somebody so ill-suited to you, being where you were—”

“Did I tell you the server at the restaurant brought up the idea of considering the communication boxes? He has a cousin that happily mated through the program, and he knew I've been struggling in the dating department because apparently, I'm bad at choosing new restaurants to have failed dates at.”

“Even better,” Owiin says, his eyes lighting up a bit. “Maybe you don't see the pattern here, but we do. Clearly. You were always going to be ours. Maybe we could have picked up any woman, yes. But we didn't. We picked up you, which means you were the only one that could make us happy.” He looks so happy by the circular logic that I can't even fault him. It's all very clear to him and maybe for once in my life, I just need to trust in that.

What would it be like, if for once in my life, I just accepted where I was, and went with it? What if I bought into the idea that some greater power put me on this ship, got me here in the way that they did, and united me with these men because they're my best chance at happiness?

“You are thinking about it,” Adeema confirms. “This is good. When you open yourself to the universe, their energy can soak into you better. It is rare that these matches do not end up in a good mating,” he goes on to explain. “Because of our species, and because we believe the universe puts the exact person we need in our life, most stories are happy ones.”

“Am I right in assuming there is a trial period of sorts with mates, like there is when you form a triad?”

Kass steps closer, standing at the edge of where we all are, looking a little shy. “There is,” he tells me in his soft, lyrical voice. “There will be signs fairly quickly we are biologically compatible.”

“It's already started,” Owiin comments. “You like our scents. This is a big signal that we are good mates for you, because if we smelled unappealing to you, we would not be well compatible. You know what else? Your body, it will begin to prepare itself for us if you spend time with us.”

I look up at Owiin, wondering what he's getting at, and the thought hits me. My eyes

trace the line of down his body, linger on his hips, stopping at the sizable bulge that fills his pants. Does that mean what I think it does?

It twitches. For fuck's sake, how big is that thing?

Clearing his throat, Kass gets us back on track. "In the trial period, you will have to take some classes and undergo training before we'd be able to consummate anything, lest we risk tearing you. We are told that human women are small, but pliable."

"If that isn't the most flattering description I've ever heard, then I'm a zebra."

"I do not understand this phrase," Owiin tells me. "But the classes are part of the trial period."

I'm trying to read between the lines here, but I don't have a whole lot to go off of. "Just to be clear, we're talking about sex, yes? You're saying I must train my body before I can fit you? That seems like it might be unnecessary. I've been with some big men before, and all it took was a good amount of foreplay."

The three of them make scary noises of irritation, making me realize that they're much less human than I'm assuming they are. "Okay, don't talk about other guys around you, got it."

"If you are ours, you are only ours. Mating is very different than marriage. It is very... consuming. Simply having you here, knowing you agreed to be ours, even if that's not true necessarily, it's changing our behavior. Makes us possessive of you, territorial maybe, to think of you touching somebody else." The look in Adeema's eyes does more to get this through to me than anything, because he looks wild and ready to fight someone for me.

Normally I find possessiveness to be a bit cringey, but this is actually working for me

quite well. “I can respect that boundary. How does the trial period work?”

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“For starters...” Owiin explains, looking at me intently. I don't know if he has some sort of odd magical power that keeps my eyes locked on him, because suddenly it's as if I cannot look away even if I wanted to. But it's intimate, holding eye contact with somebody for so long, feeling as if you're measuring their very soul. Especially when he's so near to me, and I can feel his warm breath bending over my face and the heat of his body hovering just above mine.

I'm waiting for him to finish his sentence, but he doesn't. At least not in the way that I would assume would be a logical way to finish that sentence. He moves slowly, maybe so he doesn't startle me, and his nose drops to my neck. He's definitely sniffing me. He runs his face along the side of my neck, making my back arch and goosebumps rise all over my body. Images flash in my head of us being in this position, no clothing on, hot and sweaty as he makes deep noises while thrusting in and out of me.

The vision is so clear it feels like I've already done it, like it's a memory instead of a daydream.

But it's not half as good as the way it feels when his mouth descends on mine.

One of my favorite things to do actually, is kiss people I don't know very well. I know some people need to feel more comfortable with a partner before they want to do that, but I've always thought you can get to know a lot about somebody by the way they kiss. About the chemistry you have with that person and how inspired you'll be together. If a spark happens once, then I know I can get it to happen again and again. Explosions get bigger when they're fed more heat, so I know that if a first kiss is a killer, then I need to sit up and pay attention.

With him? The chemistry is off the charts. I might even entertain the idea of calling it incendiary.

Every thought in my head ceases to exist as I give myself over to the movements of my mouth. Lights are flashing behind my eyes; my blood is racing.

And then he pushes his hips into me and I'm ready to sign my life over to them. Again. I suddenly understand exactly why I need to train myself before attempting this, because it doesn't seem physically possible that this would even work.

“You are kissing me like your mouth was made for me. I cannot wait to taste all of you.”

There's literally nothing I can say to that, so I cling to him like we're leashed together, trying not to gyrate my damn hips into him. It takes an immense amount of self-control not to just throw everything out the window and grind against him until I come.

“You're holding back, my mate. Why do you hold yourself back from me?”

“It's a bit fast, no?”

“Maybe for you, not for us. We will likely only attempt mating once, so don't hold back while I'm trying to convince you that you should be ours.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Hold up. What do you mean you'll only do this once?”

“If our trial fails, it is seen as a failing on our part, and we'll have to lobby ourselves for a chance to try again. But not before we wait ten years, during which we will be assigned to jobs somewhere heavy on manual labor. Is meant to temper us, to give us something to focus on while our bodies rewire themselves.”

“Well shit, that's a lot of pressure. Why is it considered your fault If we don't jive?”

“You'll see soon enough that we're not human. You will spend time around people more like us than you and will understand why the failing will fall on us. Some things are simple, like the way our bodies react to each other, but some things are not. There are two very different cultures between us, as well as nuances you'll pick up as we sequester ourselves.” Kass pushes Owiin off of me, then reaches out a hand to pull me up.

Kass

Maybe it would be better to take this at her pace, to pretend I'm human so that we don't scare her off. Would be better for her perhaps, if she thought we were like the human men she's so used to being around.

Inebriated or not, there is a reason she sought us out. Furthermore, maybe what she needs is exactly what I am. Whatweare. And my triad? We're definitely not human.

So she's gazing up at me, eyes that remind me of the oceans trying to flood her earth, unsure but also trusting. She's waiting to see what I'm going to do, breathing heavily with lips puffy from Owiin's ministrations.

I'm about to make that puffiness so much worse.

I know my voice is soft, that I come across as delicate, but this creature in front of me makes me ravenous. “Will you trust us to take care of you? Let us explore you, let us try and make this work with you, before you decide you want to go back to your home?”

“I thought that wasn't allowed?”

“You get to spend six months with us, and if you are unsatisfied, arrangements may be made to bring you back home.” It pains me to give her this information but withholding it would not be honest.

“So, no matter what, I have to commit to six months?”

She's breaking my heart.

“You don't have to do anything, love. Since you signed the contract, you're under our protection no matter what. We will not force you to be with us in any way. We can take care of you, make sure you're safe, and let the six months simply expire. But there's no way to get you back to earth sooner than that, no,” Adeema explains to her.

I can tell that Owiin is considering storming out again. Moons, it would be so much easier to storm out and not sit here and listen to her debate over what she wants to do. But if she's going to decide she doesn't want this, I'd rather know right away.

Her breathing hitches faster, and my eyes track her fingers as they fall to the hem of her shirt. She fiddles with it for a moment before swiftly pulling the garment over her head and discarding it on the floor. Because she was only in a sleep shirt to begin with, she's bare but for some sort of thin lace covering over her sex.

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She's waiting for us to judge her, to do something distasteful, but that would be impossible. Women in our race are incredibly rare, but they don't have mammary glands because our race does not nurse their babies. The breasts on Margaret are so large, so distinctly feminine, that they quickly become one of my favorite things about her.

“It is your belief that the universe brought me to you?”

All three of us nod, and she turns her head to seek her answer from each of us. “The way I see it, there's only one way forward. I'm not one to live with regrets, and I know that if I took you out and waited for my time here to expire, I would most definitely regret it. I don't want to ever look back on this time with you three, and wonder ‘what if’.

“I'd like to think I'd have approached that communication box even if I hadn't had as much to drink as I did. I have dispensed all the energy I can afford to dispense in trying to find someone to spend my life with. It's exhausting to constantly put myself out there, to search endlessly, hoping that one night I'll magically end up finding somebody I'd be able to tolerate for more than just a couple of dates.

“Maybe this particular situation isn't what I dreamed about, but that doesn't mean it can't be good for me. That I can't be good for you.”

She's saying all this while her breasts are out and tempting all three of us, making it quite difficult to keep from reaching out and invalidating her words.

“I guess what I'm saying is, I'd like to give this a shot. I'm all in. If this is the start of

something incredible, I don't want to go into it tiptoeing. I've spent enough of my life being cautious and trying my best to stay safe. I'm on a freaking spaceship with a triad of purple skinned aliens.”

“Violetians. That is our species.”

She nods, accepting this information. “I think... I think I wish to be your mate.”

To go from believing she did not want us to then insisting she does, has me feeling as if I am untethered. “You should know, in case it wasn't already clear to you, the contract you signed when you submitted everything through the communication box, it is equivalent to a marriage license on your planet. This is essentially an arranged marriage, but our trial period will not be similar at all to how humans court.”

Adeema climbs off the bed, getting close behind her and running his fingers very lightly over her shoulders and down her arms. “It thrills us to hear that you want this. A big part of strengthening our bond is touch and fluid exchange. To be blunt, the more of our fluids we are able to get into you, the quicker your body can adapt and the deeper our connection will be.”

Her voice gets very high pitched, indicating she is nervous. “Married, huh? Wow. They... yeah. Okay. No problem. So, we're married.”

“We will be at the large station soon,” I inform her. “Once we get off our ship, we can show you our home.”

“You don't live here?” She looks around, her brow wrinkling.

“This is... just for traveling,” Owiin tells her. “We’ve spent far too long on this thing. It would be good to be somewhere we can stretch our legs again.”

“I feel as if I could have been better educated about all this. When they brought the purple boxes to earth years ago, people were mostly scared of them. There's some prejudice about the people that opted to use them, and the news doesn't exactly cover what happens to the people that decide to sign up with this program. It's not that the government discourages us, but they're also not actively pushing the program, either. I'd like to learn about your culture, I feel as if I'm at a disadvantage.”

I cannot wait another moment. She wants to know our culture, what better way than to just show her? I surge forward and capture her face, pressing my lips to hers. She's so warm, so soft. The sounds she makes are so human and tempting. She vocalizes everything I need to know, making it easy to figure out what she might want.

I skim my hands down the sides of her, barely tracing the sides of her breasts as I do, luxuriating in the silk of her skin. I press her into Adeema, using him as a wall to get closer to her, to press our bodies tight together and wordlessly encourage her to wrap her arms around my neck.

Our connection through physical touch is too sacred to draw attention from it by talking. I have much better uses for my mouth currently.

Adeema somehow manages to wrestle the three of us onto the bed, orchestrating it so that our mate lands on top of Owiin, bringing him into this as well.

The thrill of tasting her for the first time cannot be matched. The lights I can feel pulsating under my skin blatantly advertise how much I'm enjoying this, giving her a light show the likes of which she's probably never seen before.

My sex is stirring behind the closure on my pants, making me yearn like I've never yearned before. Knowing there's something warm and welcoming to push into has it nearly impossible for me to control my excitement.

But first and foremost, this has to be about Margaret and getting her comfortable with us, making sure she enjoys our touch, making sure we begin to learn how her body enjoys our touch. It feels as if I'm doing something I ought not to as I pull my mouth from her and inhale the skin on the side of her neck, traveling down to her collarbone where I can't help but to plant kisses. The skin is so delicate here, the bones underneath the surface so fragile, reminding me to be gentle with her.

I cannot fit much of her breast into my mouth, but the way she throws her head back and gasps when I taste the texture of her nipple is very encouraging. Her smell is even better here, more concentrated.

I try to imbue with each press of my mouth how reverent I'm feeling towards her, to make sure she understands how meaningful this moment is for all of us.

Adeema's hands run up and down the length of her hip, sliding under the waistband of her undergarment and encouraging her to spread her legs for us, to open up her hips.

As she does, her arousal floods the space between us the way caramelized sugar floods a warm kitchen. I can almost feel it traveling through my sinuses, waking me up and stunning me at the same time as if by electricity.

“You guys don't like to talk much while you do this, do you?”

Owiin's hands still from her stomach and her back, Adeema and I lift our heads from where we're touching her to look at her face. I meet her dilated pupils and watch in fascination out of the corner of my eye as the cool air on her wet nipples beads them even further, tightening to what I imagine must be the point of pain.

She squirms, looking between me and Adeema, whose mouth has stopped as well, and realization hits her. “I guess it's hard to talk when you're doing such nice things

with your tongue. Ignore me. Proceed. Wait!” she exclaims right as I lower my head back down to her skin. “What did you mean, exactly, when you said you need to get your fluids in me?”

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I can feel the smile on my face spreading so wide, probably causing a bit of a scare for her, but this is one of my favorite parts of our culture.

“Exactly what it sounds like, love,” Adeema whispers into her ear. “For instance, merely kissing you,” and he does, tilting her head backwards so he can kiss her properly, and I watch as his split tongue delves into her mouth, entangling with hers. I watch as he gently pulls at her tongue, as some of his saliva drips into her mouth slowly, until she's forced to swallow. He pulls away as he holds eye contact. “That does something,” he tells her. “It furthers our cause, changing the code in your body to better mesh with us.”

“Changes me how? I'm not going to turn into an alien, right?”

I can't fight the laugh that wants to escape, so I don't try.

“You will remain human,” Owiin rumbles in shared amusement from beneath her. “Just as your body floods itself with arousal to get it ready for intercourse, ingesting any bit of our DNA gets your body ready to fit us. That will change the consistency of the slick your body naturally produces, lessen the pain that otherwise might happen by taking one of us, and encourage your skin to become extra pliant for our bodies. Similar to how a woman's body is flooded with hormones to change while pregnant, this mimics that system.”

“If I have to change, so do you. What happens to you guys when you get my saliva, huh? I want to see you do something weird, too.”

“Maybe not weird...” Adeema trails off, clearly debating on whether he should go

here so soon or not. “But it does something alright.”

“No, you don't get to stop that sentence there. Explain.”

But we can't explain, because the alarm starts blaring, telling us we are approaching the station. “We must get you dressed and ready to disembark. We will have to present you to our leader before we are able to take you to our quarters. Unless you wish to greet him in your current state, then perhaps we should find something to put on your body.”

“No, I don't think I want to meet your leader with my tits out. I don't know what I'm supposed to wear though, clearly, I didn't pack a suitcase.”

“We can get all of that sorted for you soon. For now...” I walk to the closet at the other end of the room and withdraw some of the stretchy lounge pants that Owiin enjoys. They'll be big on her, but warm and comfortable. Adeema already has her T-shirt back on by the time I'm reaching down to help her get the pants on, and then he's rushing out of the room to take the helm and ensure that our docking goes smoothly.

I help her to a standing position and bring her to our window, raising the coverings so she may look out of it. Her mouth opens, jaw lowering in what I'm assuming is an expression of awe as she takes in her new home.

“This is the space station? This is where you live?”

“And now you,” I remind her softly. “Have you seen pictures of it before?”

She shakes her head, plastering her face against the glass. “What is all that? Oh my God, are those aliens full on just doing a human right there? In the middle of that waterslide?”

“I don't know what a waterslide this, but that is one of the many mating tracks on board. It is a status symbol to breed your mate where anyone may see, because only those of us that are mated may do such things.”

“You guys don't just bang each other in the absence of other companions?”

When we don't answer, she turns slowly to look at me.

“That's what receiving your saliva does for us,” Owiin admits, feeling somewhat embarrassed, I think. “That's what grants us the ability to finish.”

Okay, I thought her jaw couldn't drop any lower, but I am proved wrong.

Owiin

As the appointed leader of our triad, it's my job to get us all to a meeting with our kruul.

I tuck my mate, so sweet and precious, between the other members of my triad, bending down to leave her with a too-short kiss before leading the way to our leader's office. He'll be expecting us since he would have been notified that we were approaching, and we've been gone for several months, so he needs us to report.

I present my face to be scanned at the entryway, waiting for the screen to turn green and the door to swing open for us.

My triad members encourage our Margaret to come to my side, to be front and center so that she knows we are proud of her when we meet with our kruul.

He does not stoop to speaking the language of humans, as he has made it clear on several occasions they must rise to meet him. He has never been a big fan of the

necessary mating program we have with earth, unwilling to travel and see the planet for himself. Why would he, when he is afforded, along with his triad, a perfect example of a rare Violetian female? There are only a couple other triads on the entire ship that can claim to have one as their mate.

“Welcome home, Triad. I see your mission was successful?”

Our kruul’s eyes don’t waver from our mate, who’s clearly trying very hard to not say anything that might come off as rude. But I know she has no idea what we’re saying since she hasn’t gotten her translation chip yet. This is intentional, so that our kruul can say whatever he needs to say now without having to speak directly to a human.

“Yes, your excellence,” I say with a bow. “We have brought home our mate.”

He stands from his throne and approaches us carefully, and I wrap my arm around Margaret to pull her into me. I give her a terse smile to let her know this is fine, and then he’s circling her, and I don’t like the way his eyes keep going to her breasts.

“Her chest is abnormal, no?”

“It is not, your excellence. This is her natural state.” He nods, then leans in to sniff her. “You have not exchanged much with her yet, why? Does she not meet our standards? Is she unwilling?”

“No, your excellency. We gathered her right before we were set to come back here, so we simply need a little more time.”

“I’ll expect a report in one week.”

He dismisses us, returning to his throne and calling for his aid to bring his next meeting in.

I don't say anything as I rush us all to our quarters, waiting to be in the sanctity of our own home before we discuss anything else.

I believe Margaret understands my thoughts, or is picking up on my desires, because she is quiet as well as we walk. But that's not right. Why should she walk when I am here?

I sweep her into my arms against her protesting, reveling in the way her weight feels resting in my arms.

“What are you doing?” she asks, clearly uncomfortable. She's squirming, trying to get me to put her down, but that's not going to happen.

“Taking care of my mate,” I explain as I lick a stripe down her neck.

“Are you going to tell me what happened in there?”

Speaking of that, I make a harsh right turn and bring Margaret to the healer’s office so she can get her translation chip.

“He will not speak English, but that was the last time you will be in a room where you do not understand what is being said. Especially when it's concerning you. Will you accept a translation chip now? It's a little pinch in the back of your neck, and we have numbing spray.”

She nods and I tug her inside, getting it all over and done with very quickly.

“That is the healer,” I explain as we leave. “That is where you go if you need medicine or have health questions or anything of that nature. There is almost always availability to be seen if it's necessary.”

“How does your money system work here?”

“You will have access to our credits to purchase anything you need. We will get a wristband delivered that lets you do anything like that. Now, let's get home and have a meal together, and then you will sleep, because you look like you're about to pass out.”

Margaret

Dreamless sleep is not something I often can brag about having, but when I start stirring, it feels like I've been sleeping longer than normal. Wherever I am, it's the ideal temperature and the ideal softness and it smells absolutely delicious. What is it with me and smells lately?

I roll over to stretch, only to be met with a shirtless Owiin next to me. He startles me, because he's so quiet and still I had no idea he was there. "Uhh, hi?"

"You're very cute right when you wake up. Did you have restful sleep?"

I look around for any indication of what time it is or how much time has passed, but all around me the walls are just a calming shade of grey. No clocks or anything. "I did; how long did I sleep for?"

"Something you should know about our life here, is that we don't operate on time the same way you do on earth. We keep hours for general purposes by bells, but here, we sleep when we need to, eat when we're hungry. There is no overall schedule to adhere to, everything is based on the individual's needs. So time doesn't necessarily matter, we have nowhere to be except together."

"Wow, that's...cute. What about jobs? Do you guys not believe in those?"

"We spend our youth working hard to save up credits. This way, when it's time for us to try and find our mate, we get to take a lot of time off to spend with her to cement the bond. It is very important that we do so. The only way for things to progress is if we sequester ourselves properly."

"And by sequester, you mean..."

"We are essentially locking ourselves in for a while. Don't worry, you can get out and exercise as needed, and there's a private path out back. But this space transforms into whatever we need it to be. We will not get bored in here."

This is a lot to process when I just woke up. "I don't suppose aliens drink coffee?"

"Come with me," he smirks as he pulls me from bed. I'm once again in just a long t-

shirt, desperate for a shower. Right after I get some coffee. “This is our earth machine.” He walks to a giant silver contraption in the kitchen. “It’s designed to help your transition be easier. This can produce many of the common things found on earth for you to eat, and will you get used to our diet here. And yes, coffee is one of those things. We’re more of an herbal tea kind of species, but we know how important this is to you and your culture.”

He brews me up a fragrant dark cup topped with just a little bit of sweetened cream like I like, and it's not until I've had a couple sips that I feel like I can actually get my bearing. “Where are the others?”

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“They are getting molded. Now that we are here, we begin your training. We are...particular about our training regimen. You will practice using exact replicas of our sexes so that while away from us, you get intimately familiar with every crevice and nodule on them.”

I spit coffee all over the very clean floor, wiping my chin off as I choke. “Is that a joke?”

His eyebrow area wrinkles up and lowers, like he’s perplexed by my question. “A joke? Why would I joke about my triad’s erect penises?”

“Just had to say it that way, didn’t you?”

“I fear we are experiencing a language barrier.” He spins around to the machine and presses some more buttons, extracting a plate after a bunch of whirling sounds echo through the room. The machine makes a dinging sound, and then he’s opening a door and grabbing two plates with food, setting them on the small metal table in the corner. “Come eat.”

I do so, on autopilot. I plop down, bare assed onto the cold metal chair and stare at the plate, cocking my head sideways to determine if I’m seeing what I think I’m seeing.

It looks like eggs and fruit...but...it’s been artfully arranged to resemble a giant dick with massive balls.

I look up at my apparent husband, a bit of perplexion of my own on display. “What

the fuck is this?”

“Traditional mating breakfast.”

“Traditional...” I poke the main part of the...shaft, for lack of a better word, with the fork-like eating utensil he’s supplied.

As I prod the egg-like fluffy shape, what looks like melted cheese or maybe yolk spurts out the top. “What the fuck?”

“Arousing, is it not? Dig in!”

He takes that as his permission to eat, completely unphased by the food.

When in Rome...

The balls are made of what looks like blue kiwi-type fruit and are more than passable, as is everything else on the plate, but it’s still hard to get past that there are even some sort of crispy grains laid out to resemble hairs on the balls.

This is whole other level shit.

I hear a door sliding open and closing with the air locks they use here, deep voices rumbling out from the front of their apartment.

I can’t explain what happens when Kass and Adeema walk through to the kitchen. One minute I’m convincing myself to not lick the plate of all the fake food-coded semen, and the next I’m whipping my head towards the purple skinned males and jumping out of my chair, relief washing over me as I throw myself at them.

They chuckle and wrap me up in their long, muscly arms, not hesitating to nuzzle my

neck and rub their skin along mine. “Sorry, I...don’t know what came over me.”

Adeema shakes his head and picks me up, wrapping my legs around his sturdy frame and carrying me from the kitchen as Kass grabs a package out of his hand and sets them somewhere.

“It is good. It means you are letting yourself act on impulses. This is important.”

“It is? I have no idea what’s going on with my body.”

“Perhaps a hot shower will help you feel more like yourself.”

I wait until I’m in a steamy bathing room and Adeema is pulling off his clothes before I spit out my questions. “Is mating breakfast that looks like a dick ejaculating a thing here, or is Owiin pulling my leg?”

“Owiin pulled your leg? Why?” He pauses with his hands inches from his fly, making me hold my breath.

I wave at him to continue, anxiously biting my nails as I blatantly watch him, feeling like I need to see what he’s packing. “It’s an expression. Was he playing a trick on me? Or is that real? That might be the strangest food I’ve ever eaten.”

Adeema booms out a laugh, then unwinds his dark silky strands from around his ribbed horns, combing through his locks with his long-nailed fingers before stalking towards me.

I’m sitting on what passes as a vanity on earth, and he steps between my legs and leans into me, being way too sexy as he reaches behind me to the medicine cabinet mounted to the wall. He removes some tools and begins to slowly and carefully trim his, well, talons, brushing the clippings into a small hole in the corner of the vanity

that apparently is where the trash is located. Everything is very streamlined here, very intentional.

“Are these lengths suitable?”

He’s plunging his fingers into his mouth, rubbing them against the inside of his cheeks as he hollows them out, testing their...bluntness? But holy hell it’s making me consider things.

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Am I breathing too fast? “I’m sorry?”

He steps closer again with a smirk, trailing the slightly damp fingers along my exposed inner thigh. They don’t catch at my skin; they glide over smoothly and that makes me realize what he’s asking. “Did you seriously just clip those for the express purpose of being able to finger me?”

“Wouldn’t do for me to tear you apart inside, now, would it?”

My jaw drops, and yes...my knees widen apart. Fuck. Definitely breathing too fast. “That’s...forward.”

He grabs me by the jaw and shoves his mouth at me, masterfully manipulating my mouth to work with his as he lays claim to it. His odd split tongue goes in two directions inside my mouth, teasing all over my soft palate and making me sag into him.

It’s not until I’m slumped against the wall behind me that he slows off and pulls away a few inches, his hand still holding my jaw firmly but gently. “We are mated. You said you wanted to be in this, to give it a try. Did you change your mind?”

“Well no, but...I guess I thought we might move...”

“Slower?” He laughs softly and shakes his head. “We’re not humans. We’re desperate for you to morph for us. Desperate for you. If you are not ready for this, that is fine. We can slow down for you.”

Why am I pumping the breaks? Am I not exasperatingly turned on right now in front of a male that is, for all intents and purposes, my husband? I don't actually have any objections, I'm just not familiar with how they do things here, I guess.

"When you and Kass walked in, I felt relief. Explain that. Why did I feel that?" I rest my head against his chest, breathing in his sweet citrusy skin.

Adeema is unbelievably tender as he strokes the back of my head, wrapping an arm around my back and holding me. "It means you missed us. Don't overthink it. We are new to you, but that does not mean you can't be feeling things. Do you? Feel things?"

I brush a much softer kiss against the warm, bare skin beneath his shoulder, addicted to the way it feels against me. "Has it even been a day? I can say I feel content right now, optimistic even."

"Then maybe we should talk less and touch more. Release those endorphins your precious body makes so you can continue to feel happy. Come, my mate, let me care for you."

He pulls me into the shower stall and presses buttons, which I try to follow, but his fingers move too quickly for me to make sense of. I'll puzzle it out later.

It's a shower in the loosest interpretation of the word. There's no blatant showerhead dispensing a too rough or too soft flow of water; instead, perfectly hot water seems to dance through the air upon his command, swirling around my body and making me shutter my eyes closed and tip my head back in absolute pleasure.

The water droplets move around my skin, coating it and keeping my body at an even temperature, managing to make every part of my body feel heightened and incredible.

"The way your face looks right now makes me want to explore you."

He spins me and begins to wash my hair with something that smells peppery, using his newly shorn fingers to massage my head and draw moans from me.

“This is so much better than a one-night stand.”

Up until this point I had been too distracted by the idea of a shower that I somehow overlooked the most obvious thing in the room, literally. Adeema is completely naked and when his chest presses against my back, it becomes glaringly obvious that I made a major misstep in not examining him the moment I was able to.

The happy shower water follows me as I spin and sink to my knees, the floor instantly softening under me to be more comfortable, but I can't spare another thought for anything other than the giant...gold...shiny...dick in front of me.

Completely at odds with the rest of his skin, it's metallic in spite of how deep and purple his body is, shining like a beacon from all my fantasies.

“Okay yeah, if I had a dick like that, I'd probably create a whole culture around it, too. The breakfast makes a lot more sense now.”

He laughs again, sending shivers down my spine. “My mate is happy by this?”

His hand lifts and runs up and down the very solid length of him, drawing a groan out of both of us.

“Happy...happy is a word I might go with. It's quite different than what I'm used to...”

“It dances, too. Far superior to the human males.”

My eyes widen in shock, but it's not long before he's laughing at my expression, and

it's at that point that I understand he's likely referencing my less than stellar 'audition' to be their mate. "I'm never going to live that down, am I?" As much as I want to keep staring at the giant gold snake between his legs, my embarrassment forces me back to my feet so I can turn my face from him and begin to bathe.

"Hair conditioner here," he says, pointing to a button dispenser on the wall. "I think I understand those words...you regret your behavior when we met?"

His hands begin to massage the conditioner into my hair, letting me forget about my problems for a moment. "I've done lots of stupid things in my life. Luckily, this particular one led to something very much not so stupid. Don't know if I buy into the whole 'you couldn't have picked up somebody else' schtick, but...I don't regret where I am right now."

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He turns me slowly, the water droplets following me again and rinsing through my hair on their own, seemingly attacking the cream in my hair and carrying it down to the drain.

“Eyes up here; we can explain how our stuff works later. We have much to teach you, to show you. You are not sorry to be here, with us? Even if it’s so different than the home you’re used to?”

It’s too soon to know for sure, but it’s not too soon to learn more about how he makes me feel. “Your skin is so beautiful. Does yours have the lights in it like Kass?” My fingers are tracing all over his deep aubergine skin, flat chest lacking the pecs humans have. Everywhere I go, small bumps rise up under his skin, like a more intense version of gooseflesh.

“Humans have different hair colors, different body builds, different eye shapes...our race has different elements as well. We call that under-the-skin light that Kass has lumen; it rises and falls mostly with his emotions. I’ve always thought it beautiful. A somewhat rare trait, which he makes up for with lack of horns. I have these bumps you see, what we call risars, that respond to my emotions. They become more sensitive when I am...aroused.”

My eyes immediately fall to his head, fingers itching to feel the texture of his horns next. “Do those serve a particular use for you?”

“In our culture, horns tend to correlate with...ah, how do you say erm, like manliness? Cock size?”

“Still not shy about that word, I see. Do horns actually mean a bigger dick, though?”

“Kass!”

I whip my head around the room, not sure why I feel as if he’ll just pop in out of nowhere, but he hears his summons because he enters the bathroom a moment later, poking his head in with an open expression. “Yes?”

“Please don’t,” I quietly beg, wondering if I should feel awkward about standing there completely naked in front of him. I decide no.

“I was telling our mate about horns. She was curious.”

“Curiosity can wait,” I quickly interject, pushing random buttons in hopes of finding soap.

Kass starts pulling his clothes off in fluid motions, slowly approaching the shower without losing eye contact with me. “Is she now?”

Adeema lifts me as my back falls against his chest, curling his arms under my thighs and splitting me wide open so Kass gets an eyeful.

He falls to his knees as he enters the shower, pleading with his face less than a foot away from the suddenly slick cunt on display. “Beautiful,” he breathes. I feel that breath against my skin, rustling the trimmed curls there.

Kass’ hands reach for the wall and press the correct button for some body wash, then he starts washing my legs for me, starting with my toes and meticulously working up to my thighs.

“May I?”

He pauses with his fingers just inches from me, and while I really don't want to deal with soap being shoved inside of me, words fail me, and I nod. I'm too on edge, too needy to say no.

But he's careful; he's not shy about any part of me, making me drop my head against Adeema as I tremble. Kass' fingers slip and prod my ass, massaging it, sensitizing my back hole.

"No horns on my head, as you can see. I am...less prone to what your culture considers masculinity. My dick works just fine, but compared to Adeema and Owiin's bodies, there is little comparison. This does not mean I can't pleasure you, however. Been waiting a long time to have you before me like this, Margaret. I think my lesson is over now."

Then he spreads me further, his eyes completely glazed over as he studies my body, running up and down my labia while avoiding the sensitive areas until it's only water between us, then he tentatively runs a single finger over my clit.

My first instinct is to slam my legs closed because it takes a lot of trust to just be on display with virtual strangers like this, but the way both of them are holding me and pressing kisses places, makes me feel good about my body. Adeema is somehow not trembling at all in holding me aloft like this, but I can definitely feel him getting very turned on as he pulses against my back.

"May I taste?"

I look down to Kass, eyes opening after a few seconds closed, wondering what my life is right now. I nod, watching a white tongue that seems to disregard physics reach towards me. He licks from freshly scrubbed asshole to clit, eyes rolling back in his head as he plunges it inside of me, and I do meaninme. If my eyes were closed, I'd guess I was being fucked by a cock.

The texture of the tongue is similar to my silicone toys, even vibrating as it reaches my cervix and maps out every bit of me.

“What the fuck,” I exhale, gripping onto Kass’ head as he begins to slide his tongue out, then in again, doing a strange twisting motion that no tongue I’ve ever met could replicate.

“Did we not mention our tongues are so long?” Adeema whispers huskily in my ear.

I shake my head no, watching in fascination between lowered lids as the lights under Kass’ skin go wild, flashing in galaxy-like colors as he grips my ass to give himself better leverage.

Then he finds my G-spot, followed immediately by my A-spot, and it’s lights out. He manages to press against them both simultaneously, plunging that beautiful, beautiful tongue in and out of me as my body gets ready to detonate.

Adeema’s hands continue to hold me for his triad mate, but I have a feeling that they’ll want to switch positions when Kass is done with me.

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All this fun just for me, and I can't reach a single dick to stroke. Such a shame.

I can't hold my voice out anymore, crying out when Kass' nose bumps against my clit, attempting to suck the juices straight from my body like a juice box. My hips begin to buck, riding his face for all I've got, somehow not snapping his neck in the process.

He only encourages me to give him more as my orgasm hits at short (not long) last, making my toes cramp from its intensity. The aftershocks continue as he slowly brings me down, yes, also with his tongue, coaxing me to stand as he presses kisses to my stomach, slowly rising. His hot open mouth laves attention on each breast and both sides of my neck before he finally reaches my mouth, grabbing the sides of my head gently so he can control the kiss better.

I follow as he begins to walk backwards, exiting the shower and through a sheet of air that does a fantastic job of drying us as we move through it, only stopping when we reach the short hallway so he can pull me by the hand to the bedroom I woke up in.

I stand in the middle of the room, stunned, unable to process anything happening around me, because it feels as if everything I knew about myself just shifted on its axis.

I like alien tongue. A lot. Like, I really enjoyed that. I have never...fuck.

I collapse onto their bed and stare at the ceiling, hard questioning every sexual encounter I've ever had, because holy fuck. Day 1 ½? 2? Who the hell knows. Point is, on literal day something of knowing these...males, I guess I need to call them, and

I'm questioning if I've ever truly had an orgasm before. Have I been gaslighting myself into thinking sex felt good before now?

I look up, dreamy eyed, as Adeema suddenly appears on top of me, brushing my shoulder length messy hair out of my face. "Are you malfunctioning?"

"Yes."

He lets out a nice laugh, shaking his head. "You're adorable. So easy to please?"

I sit up, narrowly missing headbutting him, needing to find Kass. "Easy? That was easy to do? Holy fuck, I don't think you understand how fucking awful the men on earth are at sex."

He lets out a grumbly noise as Kass calls for Owiin, and then I'm swallowing nervously as Owiin approaches, walking in the room and taking stock of the situation.

Adeema

Our mate is nervous as Owiin walks in, shirtless as usual, trying to figure out why we need him. Not difficult to determine though when Kass and I are both completely nude, standing over an also incredibly nude Margaret.

"Shit. Sorry, I didn't mean to! I'll get out of the habit of mentioning past exploits, I will!"

I stroke myself, eyes refusing to stay fully open as I do so. Being hard is always pleasurable, but I truly long for the day that I can discover what real release is like. We only get minor releases until we are able to have our first release with a mate. Up until now, we have been able to achieve enough of a release to take the edge off, but not to make us nearly black out like Margaret did merely from Kass' tongue. One of

us touching her with one body part alone, and she was screaming in ecstasy. Makes me want to push her limits and discover what happens when we actually put effort into it.

“I think we should try,” I tell my triad mates.

“If I just accidentally kicked off some weird ‘we can do it better than them’ game by mentioning my less than stellar experiences with human men, I’m sorry. I’ll be good. Starting now.”

Owiin chuffs, crossing his arms as he gets closer to our mate. “You mention other males and we want to cover you in our spend so that you’ll smell of us, and only of us. We want our claim on you to be apparent to everyone else on this ship.”

“I...what? You want to...”

I’m definitely not imagining it when her eyes get large in interest. Kind of defeats the purpose of the shower we just gave her, but the thought of rubbing all our combined releases into her pretty skin and making her wear it the rest of the day sounds better than being freshly showered, anyway.

“The thing is,” I tell her, unable to stop stroking myself, “we cannot come unless we have gotten enough of you to let our bodies know we are mated. Also, we cannot come alone. We come as a group the first time.”

We watch her face as she battles internally, trying to figure out if she’s going to let us do what we need to do, or if she’s going to fight us on it because she is unaccustomed to our culture as of now. “May I ask something?”

“Can you do it while I rub myself against you?” I beg, kneeling before her on the bed.

“Fuck. Probably not. I don’t think I’ll be able to talk if you were to touch me

with...that..." her eyes dilate further and her breath gets heavier, her hand clutching her forehead like she's losing her fates damned mind.

Exactly how we want her.

"Does it make you uncomfortable, being sexual with us already?" I ask before she can jump in.

She's quick to shake her head no.

"Does it bother you, us making it plain to others that you have a claim?"

Another frantic head shake, so she's sure.

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She swallows, eyes not leaving my golden dick. “Do I need to be careful of getting pregnant? I didn’t take my birth control with me when you abducted me, and I don’t know how you do things here.”

“Our sperm can only get you pregnant once your body is fully changed, which takes upwards of a year. We’ll be able to be intimate far before then, if you desire, but it takes that long for the internal changes to complete. Your scent will change for us when you are truly fertile, so we can discuss options then.”

“You guys have really never had an orgasm?”

“Not like you’re able to have,” Owiin tells her. “Tiny ones, maybe, but we are unable to actually expel sperm until we are with our mate, and we are all together. After the first time it changes, but that is our way.”

“You asked about...us sleeping with others here on the space station in absence of a female mate. While that is not something we have done, we should mention the three of us are tightly bonded and sex is something we may crave together. If you do not...like it, we can try to refrain from touching each other sexually when we’re with you, but you should know that part of the triad bond is bonding with each other, as well.”

She starts coughing, eyes pinging between the three of us so quickly I’m worried she’ll get dizzy. “That...isn’t a problem. Infact, I can work with that. Yeah, so on board to be a part of that. Secretly, I have an alien orgy on my bucket list.”

“You keep lists on buckets?”

Her smile tells me I misunderstood something again.

“A bucket list is like...a list of things you want to do before you die. And that was a joke. Sorry, you all speak English so well I have a hard time remembering it's a secondary language for you. Will I be able to learn your language as well?”

“We can teach you things here and there until we're able to get you into a language class. We just want you to focus on transitioning to your new life for now. We don't want to overwhelm you with learning too much at once.”

She smiles at me sweetly, reaching for my hand. That she forgot was attached to my dick.

“Sorry.”

A chime from our front door freezes all of us, making me regret that we'll have to put this conversation on hold. I was so damn close, too.

Telling anyone to stay put is pointless, so soon the four of us are stumbling into whatever clothing we can reach as we walk to the front of our home.

“Greetings, Triad. I am here to inform you that your mate failed to present herself at the morning meet up for females.”

Owiin steps in front of Margaret, acting as our triad head. “We were not told about such a meeting. I assume you have forms?”

The messenger nods and thrusts his wrist towards Owiin's to transfer the documents to his wristband.

He shows us that the kruul has in fact instated a female meet up for everyone to

attend every few days, and it has already been running for nearly an entire rotation already.

“She’ll need to come with me or there will be punishments for your triad.”

The thought of her leaving us, so soon after getting her, sends me into a panic.

Kass grabs my hand, trying to calm me. “How long will she be occupied? Can we escort her there?”

“You may, but no males are allowed in the room, for the comfort of all involved.”

Well, if we can’t accompany her, I’m relieved to know no other males will be in her immediate vicinity.

I pull some foot coverings out of the closet for her to wear and help her into more lounge pants, then we’re all surrounding her as we leave our quarters, wondering what they could be discussing in these meetings if they’re not specific to newly mated females.

“Will she need her molds?” I remember to ask before we get too far away.

The messenger shakes his head. “Not for this. It is general information and bonding time for the females, so I’m told. No more questions, please. We are already very late.”

We hurry through halls to our destination, unease growing within all of us as we do. It is not right to be separated so early; it will harm our bond.

We get there far too quickly, and she has to force herself to release our hands as we are prevented from venturing further. We say goodbye to her as she sends a panicked

look over her shoulder towards us, then is led into a room full of strangers with no idea what to expect.

“Might I suggest you go and read up on what you missed while you were temporarily residing near earth? Many changes have been implemented by the kruul and his mate. Leniency will be granted in this instance only because your mate is so newly landed here, but any further defiance to the rules will not be looked upon kindly by our kruul.”

With that, the messenger disappears, but we find ourselves unable to journey too far from where our mate is, which has guards outside of it to prevent anyone else from entering.

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“He did not tell us how long Margaret will be occupied.”

“Let’s just sit here,” I suggest to Owiin, sitting across the hall from the room on a low bench. “We can research on our wristbands and make sure we don’t further complicate things for Margaret.”

We lose ourselves in the new changes, scrolling through all the new policies that have been implemented, shock overtaking our previous acceptance.

“What do you imagine is meant by this?” Owiin asks, voice quiet and steady lest we be overheard.

“This is not the ship we left behind,” Kass says nervously, eyes darting around.

My gut is sinking, prickling sensations running up and down my torso. It seems the kruul’s tolerance of humans has lessened, creating an environment where they are not entirely free.

“Our Margaret will not enjoy the fact that she is unable to wander the ship without us. And only within a set number of acceptable bells tolled? In the late evening? I wonder what could have happened?”

I shake my head at Owiin’s musings, unsure what to tell him, as I am just as lost and confused. “Perhaps we should visit with another triad that has been here longer and get their take on it,” I suggest, fear for my mate’s happiness overtaking more of my rational thought.

“The kruul’s mate seems to have taken over a lot of the directives for the human females; I wonder why? Why now? Humans have been a part of our lives here on the ship for many years; they have never been this restricted.”

Kass is gnawing on his lip, betraying his worry. “Maybe we are misunderstanding something; could it be one of those times where it seems much more rigid than it actually is?”

I hope to fates it is, but the longer we sit and read, the more apparent it becomes that we will need to be careful to adhere to the new policies.

We have been reading for some time when the sudden sound of a door releasing and footsteps exiting the room draw our attention up, forcing us to our feet instantly.

Other Violetians are there then to collect their mates, melting out of the myriads of doors that line the hallway. I wonder if they overheard us, and if they have similar misgivings? I try to watch their behavior with their mates, but I find it all a bit odd.

There are no happy greetings, and the women stay fairly silent as they are collected, following behind their mates, mostly docile. Our Margaret appears after everyone else has exited, eyes on the brink of tears.

I’m about to reach for her, when the kruul’s mate, whose name is unknown to everyone but the kruul, approaches us, distaste on her tongue for Margaret. “You have been gone for many revolutions. You’ll have your work cut out for you with this one, I fear. Remember, it is not too late to let her leave. New protocol has been introduced, and escape pods are available for any who decide this is no longer where they want to live. Margaret, we’ll resume our lessons tomorrow. I suggest you get there earlier, lest you bring shame on your triad.”

She dismisses us and disappears down the hallway, but Margaret yanks herself away

from us as we reach for her, loudly proclaiming her need for space.

“What is wrong? What happened?”

She attempts a very weak smile for Owiin, keeping her arms firmly crossed against her chest. “It’s nothing. I’m simply tired. I wish to lie down for a bit and think.”

The mood sours further with every step we take towards our home, the silence between us louder than anything I’ve yet experienced.

We access our home and watch her wearily as she walks away from us, no greetings to be had, disappearing into a secondary bedroom devoid of any of our scents.

“I do not like this,” Owiin growls, fists clenching and unclenching. “I wish to know what went on in there. She is clearly very upset. I do not want her obligated to attend something that is harming her.”

“If these rules are to be believed, I do not think we have a choice,” Kass says with sadness, eyes longing for our mate.

My eyes fall to him, pleading with him. He is the best at soft, tender conversations, because that is his role in this triad. He is all soft lines and sweetness, providing the nurturing that Owiin and I lack.

He sighs, hands falling from his hips. “I’ll try, but I know not what will happen. Stay close in case we need you, but maybestay busy? This should be a day of celebration. We should be sequestered.”

We don’t disagree, but we’re realizing that our life here may not be what we need any longer. Hard choices face us, because if we are asked to give up the mate we waited so long for, it will break us. It will break us further though, if we are to remain and

forced to fall in line with what the kruul is asking of us. Our species is not meant for such harsh rules; we will need to put together a petition to him, to express our concerns.

Kass

I find our mate tucked into a ball shape within the cold sheets, staring off with a blank expression.

She doesn't blink as I enter the room and sit on the bed near her, lost in her own thoughts.

I risk a touch to her leg, reaching out with a steady hand to gently pull her from her reverie, needing those beautiful ocean eyes to meet mine.

She startles at the contact, pulling more into herself. "I'm fine."

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I do not take this as truth, opting to remain near her. One of our jobs as her mate is to provide emotional comfort, even if she does not freely ask for it. So I stretch myself out on the very edge of the bed, facing her, hand sweeping forward to push the hair out of her eyes. Just a few bell tolls ago we were all smiling and about to get intimate, and my face was buried between her thighs. Now it feels as if a great distance has grown between us, and I know that it is because of the kruul's mate.

I must believe this, because it would pain me too much to think Margaret simply developed a dislike for us.

It is not becoming to speak ill of the kruul's mate, but we have enough freedoms on this ship to speak of what we wish to in our own homes without repercussions. "You are frightening us, Margaret. Can you tell me what happened in your meeting?"

She opens her mouth and winces, then goes back to her ball, closing her eyes to me. "I am well."

I wait until her features relax a little before trying again. If speaking isn't something she's ready to do at this moment, perhaps I can offer her comfort in other ways.

It takes some muscling to pull the tension out of her body, but eventually I have her body nearly straightened out so I can pull her to me, wrapping my arms around her and tucking her face against my chest. I take it one step further by throwing my leg over her hip, completely encompassing her while I squeeze her to me gently, running a hand up and down her back.

"If you do not feel like talking, then I will. If any of the rules recently established

were announced to you, then we owe you the greatest apology. It was not our intention to pull you from your home, only to keep you as a glorified prisoner here.

“It was not like this when we left, and I know time passes differently here than it does on earth, and many practices are kept from triads without a mate, but...this is not what we wished for you. We were very angry to have to release you to a room of strangers. We were...veryangry.”

“I want to believe you,” she whispers quietly, her voice scratchy.

My alarm spikes, wanting to call my triad mates in here for help, but she’s already struggling, and I do not wish to overwhelm her further. “Your voice...it hurts you? What happened?”

She blinks up at me, eyes holding onto much sadness, and my heart further breaks from it. I catch the tear that escapes, holding her tighter. “Sweet Margaret, we belong to you wholly. If you are nervous to talk to us because you fear our reaction, know that the only thing you should fear is how we choose to seek vengeance on those who have hurt you. You are our priority; do not let the kruul’s mate poison you against us. If that is what has happened.

“If we have done something to turn you from us, please, speak of it so we may rectify your pain. You must know the lengths we’d go to to make you happy and well.”

I press a kiss to her skin and she shudders, her fingers finally grasping onto me desperately. She snuggles into me tightly, pressing her face against me with more force. “It’s not you guys. It’s...it hurts to speak. She told us that is a burden we must bear living here; that the air is not meant for us to breathe so it punishes us. The other human women there... it took me too long to learn why they were all so silent. They did not speak a single word during the meeting.”

I cannot refrain from calling in my brothers any longer. Our mate needs them, and we need to figure out as a group where to go from here. Instead of yelling, which would surely offend my mate's ears, I send a signal through their wristbands.

She tenses when they enter, but I reassure her they are here for her, and then she's desperate to touch them.

Owiin lays behind her, rolling her over and holding her while she begins to sob. She is mourning, I realize, because she has just given up her entire life to be with us, and our people are punishing her for it.

"It is more serious than we thought," I tell my brothers carefully.

Adeema is perched at the end of the bed, hand holding her adorable feet over the sheets, but I give him my spot so he can be closer.

I need to pace anyway, to think of a way out.

"She claims it pains her to speak, that the Kruul's mate told her the air we breathe here will harm her voice. I'm thinking that doesn't stop until it's gone, for she said none of the other human women spoke. I thought they were too silent when they exited the room. We must learn more."

Owiin's hand gently cuffs her throat, the heat seeking where her pain is.

"She also made sure I understood that I should be repulsed by my body. We got an anatomy lesson on Violetian females, framed as lifting them up as superior beings. Did you notice...and I kind of hope you didn't, none of the other humans had breasts?"

We all still, my hand instantly flicking to my wristband to look up more information.

We were looking up our responsibilities earlier so we could be compliant, but we did not have the time to research the responsibilities of our mate.

It takes a few turns to discover the information I want, because they clearly don't want it to be very accessible, but our leaders are honorable enough that they will not hold it from us entirely.

"Here," I tell my family as I project everything for them to see. "Requirements of human mates once a mate bond is firmly established: Human females should remain scarce of the kruul's mate unless she calls them for valuable education. It is her ship, and the humans should consider themselves guests here.

"Seeing as their presence is unsatisfactory to the kruul's mate, humans are subject to her guidance. As of this publication's release, human females will undergo involuntary vocal therapy, so they are quiet and respectable members of our ship.

"Human females will also undergo a necessary beautification process once they have committed to members of the Violetian race, in order to be more desirable to them. This process is subject to the kruul's mate's jurisdiction and will require the female to become more physically similar to the Violetian females. They are expected to adapt to our culture, to emulate the Violetian females, as it is an honor to be gifted Violetian males.

"This beautification will include body alterations and mental shaping if necessary. Human females are to be reminded often that escape pods are available for their use, should they find these rules unpalatable."

It goes on with more droll talk on how humans need to match the aesthetics of Violetian females in all ways in order to please their mates, but the only thing it is rising within me is sick.

They want to...mutilate my mate. So that the kruul's mate doesn't feel insecure about the differences in her body.

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“It does not even clarify where the escape pods go to,” Adeema states, jaw clenched as he grips onto our mate.

No wonder she was so upset; she must have thought we were fully aware of all this and supported it. She must have felt so betrayed, us leading her here with smiles on our faces, only to completely change everything about her so she could better fit in with our people.

“Margaret, we must take you home. That is the only thing that I can think of doing. If you stay here, you will be miserable. We do not want to take away your joy.”

She begins to sob, pulling away from Owiin and Adeema, but we can't have that.

I crawl on top of her, careful not to place my weight on top of her, nuzzling her neck. “I say this because I only wish for your happiness, my mate. I would rather us be miserable for the rest of our lives without you, than to see you turn into the silent humans the other triads are living with.”

“What if they are undergoing changes as well?” Adeema asks. “The Violetian males I know would never agree to all of this, which makes me think they have gotten programming that somehow changed their perception, or their insight, or something. I do not think it is only Margaret at risk. The kruul's mate seems to be taking control, seeking a utopia in which she is master. The kruul would never go against her, never temper her desires. I think we are all at risk if we stay.”

“What are the chances this is a misunderstanding? Are we considering throwing away everything, without seeking an audience with the kruul?” My mate flinches, making

me realize how that could have sounded to her, so I am quick to reassure her. “Margaret, I mean that we are throwing away the lives we have built on this ship, nothing else.”

“I’m not worth this trouble. This was supposed to be a good thing, but it seems to come with nothing but trouble for all of us. Maybe I should just go home. Maybe it’s not too late to get my condo back.”

“We must delay our bonding. If we continue to strengthen it, then we will be closer to Margaret having to undergo changes. I refuse.” It is the only thing I can think of just now that will protect her in any way. I hate it, but if it helps her, it will be worth it.

Adeema, who has been scrolling through his wristband to look for further information, sucks in a harsh breath and lets out a string of curses. “Earth will no longer take humans that have joined with Violetians; their leaders are nervous we could use them in some way to bring their land to ruin.”

“When did that happen?” Margaret’s raspy voice asks, frantic. “So, I’m stuck here? I have to...I can’t! I just wanted to ride alien dick!” She starts sobbing, falling back to the bed and covering her face with her arm.

Owiin’s large palm lands on her lower belly, rubbing circles, his thinking face firmly in place. Ultimately, it will be up to him what we do because he is our leader. “Let me message a few friends and ask to meet with them. We need to hear from other males that have been stationed here, with mates, before we make any decisions. We need to hear their side of it, learn their experience.”

He looks up at our mate, crowding her, making sure she hears him. “We are going to find a way to take care of you. If that means we leave our entire culture behind and start somewhere new so you’ll be free to be yourself, then that will be our path forward. For now, I need you to understand you’re safe with us, and you

will always be safe with us.”

His message sinks in as he kisses her salty tears away, then moves to press tender kisses over her throat where she pains.

Adeema and I rest a hand on Owiiin’s back in support, standing strong as a triad.

When the moment is ready for it, I voice my support to my alpha for everyone to witness. “It is wise to seek counsel from others, their experiences may be invaluable to us.”

It is somewhat trying to be experiencing the heaviness of this situation while still pressed against Margaret’s curves, my cock doesn’t get the memo that it’s not the time to be active, but it knows how close to his mate it is and is reaching for her.

Margaret’s hips shift below me, allowing me more room, and it is physically painful to remove myself from the heat her body offers. “I want nothing more than to feel your bare skin against me, my mate, but we need to protect you. We need to try and distance ourselves from each other in any way possible so that your changes happen slower.”

“I understand. I want to be pissed, but it makes sense.”

“Drink some water,” Adeema commands, reaching for a glass we left on the side table earlier.

“Wait,” Owiiin barks, reaching for the glass himself. “I want to be overly cautious. If they are producing changes in Violetian males as well as the human females, there has to be a way they are doing it. I sound like a crazy being saying so, but what if there’s something they’ve introduced to the water to alter our thoughts? Do we have any pre-bottled water from the ship? That would have been sealed long before these

changes went into effect.”

I nod, remembering exactly what we had on board. “We do. I can go collect some.”

“I will accompany you,” Adeema says as he brushes a kiss to Margaret’s forehead. “We are going to take care of you, mate, no matter what. Do not fret. We will find a way out of this.”

“Together?” She asks, eyes wide and sad. “I think I’m starting to...feel the bond starting. I don’t think I could handle separating. I don’t want to separate. Maybe I’m buying into your thoughts about the universe placing us together for a reason.”

This is good, but under terrible circumstances. It is as if we’ve been cheated out of a proper early mating, unable to get our mate secure and settled. Once more, we must leave her side to do something we don’t really want to do. But I acknowledge that getting pure water could be beneficial, so I will not complain.

As Adeema and I navigate our way down the halls, it is difficult not to become lost in the depth of sadness lingering in our mate’s eyes as we left our residence. Adeema takes my hand as we walk, trying to comfort me.

“We will get this sorted one way or another,” he tells me. I just wish I could believe the forced sense of hope in his voice.

“But at what cost?” I lower my voice, wanting this conversation to stay private. “Is it absurd, that I consider running away with her to some far away planet to be better than subjecting her to here?”

“I think it shows you are committed to her well-being,” Adeema replies, nodding hello to everybody we pass. “There are changes happening here, ones that do not benefit us. There are other settlements we could apply for, places that might be more

welcoming to human mates. We can't be the only ones feeling unsettled by all these new rules.”

I know he's right, but I still feel very alone in this. We are both lost in our own thoughts as we continue on to ship storage, making me wonder where everybody is. But then again, if humans are not allowed to be roaming about right now, it's likely their mates are staying in with them.

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We do happen upon a few members of a mated triad in storage, whispering aggressively in the corner to each other. They stiffen when we enter the area, remaining quiet as we type in the codes to access our ship. We offer them a friendly wave, trying not to seem threatening. But they might be exactly who we need to talk to.

I tug on Adeema's hand, indicating we should approach them. They were mated shortly before we left for earth rotation, so they would have been here at the height of the new rule implementation.

“Greetings, Triad,” I offer when we get in range. One of them is hiding something behind his back, and I'm curious, because overall they seem to be a bit secretive; it's difficult to know if we can trust them or not with what we really need to ask.

Saving me the anxiety of starting the conversation, Adeema takes over. “We wonder if we might ask you a few questions. Our mate is having a little bit of a difficult time adjusting to her new life here, and we seek advice. It is good luck we find you here.”

Tonriir, the triad's head, is quick to respond, if not slightly irritated. “Of course, Triad. How may we assist you?”

Adeema reaches for words, and I stand there like an imbecile, being no help to him. “I suppose,” he finally says, “we'd like to know how you are finding the new...restrictive rules for humans, and how your mate is adjusting to them. Has she found ways to ease the strain of them? Has she found fulfillment here? If so, do you have any advice we can pass on to our mate? We very recently arrived back, and Margaret hasn't received the best impression of our home.”

Tonriir takes stock of us, eyes scanning us up and down, trying to read the subtext of our words. “That's right, this is all new to you, isn't it? You wouldn't have been aware of these rules when you set out to find your mate.”

We both shake our heads, affirming this assumption.

“If I may,” his partner behind him pipes up, interjecting, “have you finished your bond yet? I know you said you just got in last night, but I'm unaware of how long you were in rotation before arriving back here.”

I think all of us are playing a game of subtlety, trying not to say something offensive that would implicate each other if it were to get back to the kruul, but we are all Violetians here, all subject to the same way of life and I firmly believe we need to help each other out.

“May I speak plainly, Triad? I wish not to speak ill of our kruul, for he has given us so many great things, but this matter is highly sensitive and is specifically in regard to our mate. We do not wish you to think ill of us for having... different opinions on rules that have been introduced lately.”

Tonriir's face relaxes along with his body. “We were just about to retrieve something from our ship that we need for our home. Would you care to follow us? Perhaps you'd be interested as well to see it.” He does not wait for us to answer; he simply begins to walk to a different corner where his ship must be stored.

Adeema weighs the situation and looks to me for input, but all I can offer is a shrug. We wanted answers, perhaps this is the best way to go about getting them.

I follow behind Tonriir, tugging Adeema with me.

I am surprised to walk onto a ship that is not in hibernation mode. In fact, all the

lights are on and warm with the engines running. Tonriir stops suddenly as we cross the threshold, eyes widening as he pulls us into a secret. “We are fleeing,” he whispers. “This station is no longer conducive to a happy mating life; they've already mutilated our beautiful mate, and we could not stop them.

“They introduced the rule shortly after our bond had completed, and they took her during one of the morning meetings that are required. We thought they were merely for information. When we went to retrieve her, we were told we could find her in the infirmary in a few hours’ time. She's much changed now and is in a near-constant state of depression. We fear it is our fault for bringing her here.”

“What about yourselves?” Adeema asks. “Have you noticed any changes? We've been trying to figure out what's happening, and we found some information hinting there’s a possibility that male Violetians might be affected in some manner.”

“All I know is our heads feels clouded,” Tonriir’s partner says. “I find it hard to remember certain details, and it's not uncommon for any of us to remain quiet for many hours at a time. Something has definitely been happening to us, and the closer we get to our mate’s possibility of conceiving, the greater danger we are in.”

I’m confused. “What do you mean? Why would she be in greater danger because of her likelihood of getting pregnant?”

Tonriir looks around, rocking back on his heels. “We find it odd that no triads have had young in a while. There is talk, rumors we can't confirm or deny, and we fear they might try to do something else with our mate when she's in a required meeting. What if they decide it is in the best interest of the ship that she's sterilized, and we are unable to stop it? Our mate has always wanted a baby. We will not take that from her as well. Without her mammary glands, feeding will be a trial, but that's why we're going to station Trial Two. Everything we've heard says they have a high human population and are able to care for them during pregnancy.

“We cannot tell you what to do, but do not let your guard down when your mate is not with you. The kruul’s mate has strong ideas about our human mates, and it is being said that the kruul tires of his job. He will not rein her in, so we are leaving.”

I take in the running ship again, understanding dawning on me. “Now? You're leaving now?”

“We are,” Tonriir’s partner says. “We had to sneak our mate through the halls due to the time of the day, because we cannot remain here any longer. We wish you well.”

“Safe travels,” Adeema offers, stepping back off the ship and pulling me with him.

The doors close in front of us, ending the conversation with a heavy note of finality.

“I suppose that answered almost all of our questions,” I say uselessly.

“Indeed. We have much to consider. Let us get the water and return back so we may talk to our alpha.”

Margaret

I sleep restlessly while alone in the spare bedroom, intrusive thoughts plaguing me.

I wanted so badly to believe this would be a great new start for me; instead, I seem to have found myself in another, even bigger mess. Sure, maybe my partners treat me better, but this space station is far from ideal.

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For the first time in my life, I don't feel safe in my home. Maybe these walls keep me protected, but it seems we have no control over what we are expected to do. Repercussions for not falling in line must be high if everyone in the triad refuses to go against the kruul in any manner. I wonder what would have happened if I had just stayed on earth, continuing my pathetic existence with the job that I hated, never even thinking twice about living elsewhere.

I guess that's part of the problem. I never considered moving. Never considered I could make a fresh start for myself down there, because change is difficult.

I don't know if I'll ever get used to the fact that they don't use proper clocks here, but my body still feels sluggish, so I know I haven't slept long enough. I can't lay in this bed any longer though or I'll scream.

Wanting to stretch my legs, I wander out to the main living area and lift the blinds so I can look outside. It's surreal to see galaxies and find myself among the stars instead of under them, and I feel so far away from everybody I know. Probably because I am.

“You should be sleeping, Margaret.” Owiin’s suddenly there, stepping up beside me.

I have to fight against the desire to hug him, to wrap myself around him, but I know it's for my own good that I refrain. “Turns out it's not easy to sleep after your entire life’s been upended several times in the last couple of days.” I offer him a tired smile, but he merely frowns back.

“Even more reason you need sleep. Can I make you some tea to help you sleep?”

“Yeah, okay. Let's give it a try.”

I notice he's barefoot as he walks to the kitchen area, a detail I enjoy. I've never actually lived with a romantic partner before, so this is very new to me.

“I have been talking with Kass and Adeema,” he tells me as he pulls down a few mugs and turns the hot water dispenser on. “They ran into another triad while they were heading to the ship and were able to ask them some questions about things around here.”

“How's it looking?”

“Well, they were fleeing the station,” he says in a way that's supposed to sound a little casual but instead raises my hackles.

“To where? Earth is not an option, where else is there to go?”

“This is not the only settlement for our kind. It is one of many, in fact. This is merely the one we grew up on, but it is far from the only option.”

I return to the window, this one facing a different direction, so it's a slightly different perspective as I stare into the starry void, wondering. Could I ask them to move for me? Could moving actually better the circumstances, or would we just find ourselves in a worse situation?

He approaches with a mug, their version of a tea bag hanging out of it. “We are considering all of our options, and we have no wish to disrupt you further, but what are your thoughts on trying a different settlement?”

“If you've lived here your whole life, I can hardly ask you to move because of me.” I try to blow on my tea, even though it does hardly anything to cool it down.

He takes the cup out of my hands and places it on the table nearby, pulling both of my hands into his. His eyes, when I look at them, are intense. “You can, actually. You are our greatest responsibility now. We brought you somewhere that is dangerous for you. It is up to us to fix that.”

“You really had no idea they’ve got all these rules for humans? Do they keep single Violetians so removed from the mated ones?”

“They do, and no, we did not know. I don't wish to scare you, but the males that Adeema and Kass spoke to told us their mate was taken during one of the morning meetups and was operated on to remove her breasts. It seems this triad has the right idea in leaving, if there's a chance their mate could be happier elsewhere.

“I wish I could stand up for my kruul, he's been a great leader for many years. He's done many great things for his ship, for the Violetians, but I've never had reason to think about his policies for human females. I didn't think they were this extreme, but I never had reason to expect them to be anything other than welcoming. Why create a mating program, if the mates themselves are treated so poorly? It makes no sense.”

“Sometimes there's no real answers for questions like that,” I say, mind trailing off. There are thoughts running through my head, thoughts that I'm not sure I should say aloud, but they're hard to ignore. “I kind of got the feeling during the meeting that the kruul's mate envied us. Maybe she's put on a pedestal because she is one of the few Violetian females here, but it must be difficult to be in the minority, to see females of a different race brought in while you're made to watch how sought after they are. I mean, you guys are literally crossing the galaxy to get to us. Is she shown that kind of deference?”

“You saw the way your kruul looked at me when we were in his room. My body is very different than his mate's. I wonder if she feels threatened by all the humans here, if maybe she's worried her mates might find humans more desirable than her

eventually. I don't know. Those are kind of big assumptions to make, but her policies are just so extreme. It's clear she's trying to chase us out of here. I have no desire to fight her. This is her home, and if she has the power to make herself feel safer and happier, then she should be allowed to do that. I don't agree with the way she's going about it, but if she doesn't want me here, then I have no desire to be here.”

“I'm unsure of the conditions on the other station we are looking at. We've heard good things, but it's hard to find actual evidence and testimonies. All we have to go off of is the handful of people who have visited or done deals with them.”

“And what did they say about it?”

“The triad we know that is fleeing to there, their mate wishes to be pregnant, and they worry that will not happen if they remain here. They were told there were many humans on the station, that they have healers for them, and that families there are supported more. We just got you here, though. We are concerned with moving you again so quickly.”

“If the alternative is sitting through those fucked up meetings where we get yelled at and told to shut up at the same time, then I'm happy to move whenever you are. If that's what you truly want.”

He leans forward, and I know he's going to kiss me, and I know that it's a bad idea, but I want it too badly. It's been nearly painful trying to ignore them just for this evening, and he smells so good, so sweet, and maybe I'm a fool, but I don't stop him.

As our faces get closer together, it's impossible for me to not interrupt the moment with idle chatter that really doesn't need to be spoken. “Do you think we can lie to ourselves and pretend like this won't affect anything?”

“It's impossible to even think such a thing,” he rumbles as he puts his mouth to mine.

I'm still not complaining about the fact that he seems to have an aversion to shirts, because his torso is so fun to touch. So many divots to explore and muscles to feel, all under deep purple skin that has an almost satin feel to it.

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It's definitely not surprising to either of us that the kiss escalates as quickly as it does. I don't even bother protesting when he lifts me, my legs automatically wrapping around his hips. There's such a deep pull to be close to him, to be tangled up together and all mixed up.

“Is it truly possible for you to pretend this means nothing?”

“I only wanted reassurance that I could kiss you without feeling guilty for furthering the bond. I don't want to feel guilty for kissing you. If it weren't for everything happening, I'd be pushing like a total harlot for you guys to fuck me. I just want to do the right thing here, to play my part in helping the triad. I know it's not the best idea to give in to my raging lust for the three of you, but I want it just the same.”

He drags his mouth from mine, drawing my breath with him on a gasp. “Do you feel guilty for wanting us? For enjoying your time with me?”

His strange yellow eyes don't let me turn away from the question, forcing me to stay still and answer him. “Hardly. I think I rather like it. It feels like I'm doing something forbidden, meeting in the middle of the night to make out while everyone else sleeps.”

His answering grin is all the warning I get before he carries me back to the guest room I was trying to sleep in. He lays me on the bed without letting go of me, with his mouth or his arms, then his mouth moves to my neck, proving he knows exactly what I like without me ever having told him.

“Can I admit that I was nervous about taking a mate, because I thought I might be bad

at this? But I find it is very instinctual to kiss you like this. I hardly have to think about it at all, my body knows exactly what to do with you.”

“It does, does it? Interesting. I wonder how far that extends?” I want him, and I don't feel like pretending that I don't. In my life, I have spent far too long putting others' needs before my own, putting my own happiness behind everything else. For once in my goddamned life, I want to take something and be selfish, just because it simply sounds fun. “Do me a favor and let me pin you to the bed?”

I have no idea how they do things here, or how extensive their human sex-ed might be, but he seems mostly confused as I work his body into turning our positions around. When I'm straddling his stupidly wide hips, staring down at him, a rush of power melts into me. “Now this is what I'm talking about.”

“And what, I beg of you, do you think we're going to accomplish like this? I can't even reach your mouth anymore. That seems like a step down from what we were just doing.”

“Maybe you can't reach my mouth,” I drawl in anticipation, “but my mouth can reach everything it needs to from here.” I begin untying the simple bow drawstring of his pants, smiling to myself as I remember that they insist on calling them trousers.

His whole body tightens, freezing him instantly. “What are you doing?” His voice has a quiver to it, as if he's terrified. Did I... misjudge our comfort level?

I pull back immediately, kicking myself for not getting consent first. I set myself at the end of the bed, embarrassed, needing to apologize immediately. “I'm so sorry.” My voice is clear, but soft. “We haven't really talked about boundaries. I shouldn't have assumed.”

He gets on all fours and crawls to me, hesitant, reaching for me. His fingers turn my

jaw to him, forcing me to meet his eyes. “You don't need to apologize; I am merely confused. What is it that you mean to do with your mouth?”

I grab a hold of the blanket in one hand, twisting it in my fist. “I just thought... Kass used his mouth on me. I just assumed that meant it was on the table. I've never dated outside my species though, clearly, and I'm realizing we should probably discuss what is and what is not something you want done to you.”

He doesn't respond immediately, and it takes me entirely too long to talk myself into looking up at him again. I'm incredibly embarrassed, but this isn't something I can just walk away from. We're bound together, and we'll need to figure it out. Might as well be now.

His breathing is heavy, eyes wide, his frame shaking slightly. “You mean... you were going to use that beautiful mouth on methere?”

“You say that like it's something that's not done. Clearly it is though, so it can't be a shock to you that it's something I might want to try.”

“It is not done. Not here, anyway. Is that not degrading? We would never ask that of you. We enjoy doing it for you as an act of service, to bring you pleasure. That is our job. It is not your job to bring us pleasure, though.”

“If not me, then who? I thought the whole point was getting your ‘fluids’ on the inside of my body. Is that not the most direct way to do it?”

“Me and my triad would perform on each other and then deposit the fluid inside of you with our mouths. I thought that was a given.”

Maybe this is an incredibly inappropriate time to get a case of giggles, but it happens, nonetheless.

Gasping for breath, I should try and stop it, but then I get a look at his face, and it starts anew. “In what... way... is my way not the obvious solution? You know... I can just put my mouth on you and suck all the fluids straight into my body, right?”

He prowls towards me, clearly meaning to teach me a lesson.

Oh no, I'm so scared.

He knocks me right onto my back, at the foot of the bed now, and straddles me. His breathing is still hard, betraying exactly how turned on he is by the images I've so selflessly supplied him. He wastes exactly zero time calling my bluff, and I'm still on the tail end of the giggle when he pulls himself out with his entire damn hand and says, “Open.”

Not really sure how I'm going to get my mouth around this thing, I definitely overestimated the size of my jaw.

But I do as he demands, and with his hand still there to guide him, he slides the tip into the warm cavity of my mouth, his eyes rolling back in pleasure.

Owiin lets out a delicious groan as I taste him, seemingly content to just sit on top of me with the tip of his giant alien dick sitting on my tongue.

“You know,” I say around the girth of him, sounding ridiculous because I can't enunciate anything like this. “There're a lot better things we can do than just sit here like this.”

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He scrambles off of me, back into his original position where I was on top of him, puts his hands out to his sides after yanking down his pants to his knees, and waits like a good boy.

First off, I whip off my shirt because that's BJ 101. Give them something fun to look at.

However, I worry about the integrity of his facial structure as his eyes bug out. Eh. I might as well continue.

I slowly lower my face to the tip of him again, shivering as my nipples brush against his thighs.

“We should probably keep this to ourselves, so we don't get in trouble with the rest of the triad.” He doesn't protest. In fact, he doesn't say anything except to emit unintelligible noises as I lick across the broad, flat head of him, flicking my tongue over all the little bumps that decorate him.

It's almost like a massage on my tongue, making me very excited about what it will feel like when I'm able to finally take him. I'm feeling pretty good about my chances right now, even though I can only get such a small part of him in my mouth. I'm confident that I can train myself to take more over time. I don't think he'll mind that practice at all.

He has this slightly sweet taste to him, very different than the musk of human males. I find I don't mind it at all, but I do call in my hands for backup.

“I am assuming I am meant to survive this?”

“Sssh!” I admonish him. “Do you want to tell everybody what we're doing right now?”

“Kind of, yes.”

I stare him down, waiting for him to retract that statement. My mouth is of course hovering right above him, and it's like we're playing a very weird game of chicken.

“Fine. No, I don't. Although, I am the leader of our triad. They must accept whatever direction I think our triad should go in. It just so happens, right now I want to go in the direction of your mouth, and I want to do it without them.”

There's an odd tingling sensation in my mouth as I sink back onto him, filling my mouth as much as possible. I believe the tingles are coinciding with the iridescent gold precum he's leaking, lending credence to the fact that it must be doing something to change me for them.

Now listen. I know when we were little, many of us were told never to change yourself for a romantic partner. In most cases, this is excellent advice. However, when we're talking about whether or not you can ride your alien mates' giant gold dick, that advice falls far flat and you should always, always allow yourself to change. It's just common courtesy.

“You didn't... respond to the ‘me surviving this’ thing. I believe I might expire. Right here, in your mouth. How do human men do anything other than this?”

I'm not even going to answer that. Really don't want to.

I carry on, growing wetter and wetter as he makes the most ridiculous noises I've ever

heard, losing his mind over what I'm doing to him.

“I must warn you, my Margaret, it's not going to take much to get me to finish. I won't be able to release very much without the others here, but if you don't want that, now is the time to remove your mouth.”

How bad can it be? I'm hardly a stranger to swallowing. And really, I've been with men that didn't last half this long, so I'm not going to say anything about how I've likely only licked him five and a half times so far.

Because I'm feeling sassy, I double down on my efforts, allowing myself to choke just a little bit, nice and demure like, making sure he hears the gagging sound emit from my throat. That's the catalyst that does him in.

If the goal is to get me to swallow their fluids, then this should progress us at least a little. It feels uncomfortable how little he's able to let himself go, but I swallow him down anyway, and oddly enough, it sort of tastes like Skittles.

I swear to you it does.

But as the good luck available nearby would have it, something we did was too much noise because the others are suddenly in the room with us, watching with their eyes blown wide, mouths speechless. Not a bad look on most men.

It's a bit freaky how simply having them next to us changes everything. All they do is rest a hand on the back of my head as I continue to lick at Owiiin greedily, and maybe I'm not oblivious to the fact that they're touching themselves within the confines of their pants, but next thing I know, the little dribble I was getting from Owiiin turns into a torrent and his previously pained moans turn vociferous.

Now I'm choking on him, trying to keep my mouth on him as he thrusts into me, but

the amount of cum escaping his body makes everything very slippery. The rainbow candy flavor only intensifies, and I'm completely lost in the moment.

The heat builds between the four of us as Kass and Adeema stroke themselves to completion, hunching over and dripping some of their release into my skin.

I'm more than occupied though and can't multitask enough to help them out.

Time passes and still I continue to chug down the cum flowing out of Owiin like I'm in a competitive eating competition, each swallow making my body buzz, heightening my arousal tenfold.

I'm about to give up the game when he gently removes my head from him, gasping for breath as he pulls me on top of him.

Somehow, he's still somewhat hard, and the way he flops me down on top of him has my wide-open sex encasing him. I jolt and cry out at the sudden stimulation, praising whatever fates are watching when he grabs me by the hips and encourages me to sit up and ride him.

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Like they were just a dream, Adeema and Kass disappear after lending their proximity so they could all finally have a real climax. Talk about MVPs. Maybe I should reward them with a blowjob. If my jaw isn't dislocated after all that, anyway. You think there's any nutrition in alien jizz? Would be a pretty sweet set up if there was.

Owiin is ready to take advantage of his new freedoms, eager to come again. He slides my slick sex over him, pushing and pulling me back and forth until I'm able to set my own rhythm. With each slide forward, my clit is hitting him deliciously, and warmth begins to build in my spine as I frenzy on top of him.

“There you go, take what you need, my mate. Use my body. Fates, this is the sexiest thing I've ever been a part of or witnessed in my life.” He continues to praise me, encouraging me, guiding me, until I can't hold it off anymore and my whole body seizes up. The orgasm hits me like a base jumper on a cliff face, annihilating every part of my body.

I clench down on him, wishing he was also filling me up, but loving how it feels to at least have this part of him against me as he throws his head back and douses me in his hot spend, making me tingle even more.

Aftershocks get me pretty good, making me fall off the side of him because the stimulation is just too much.

The room around us comes back in stages, my vision clearing as exhaustion runs rampant through my body. Somehow, I don't think sleeping will be a problem now.

“Are you well, my mate? Do you require aught?”

“Holy fuckingshit. That's not normal.”

He sighs pleasantly, making me feel incredibly clingy when he begins to sit up and move away from me. At my protests, he reassures me with a wicked smile that says he knows exactly what my O face looks like, and then he rearranges us so I'm full on sitting on his face. He uses a nearby pillowcase to wipe the majority of himself off my skin, then centers my sex over his mouth.

He's... licking me clean. Damnit. There's nothing at all I can complain about here, is there?

His tongue spears inside of me, scooping out the rest of my release that was working its way down, enjoying every bit of it, going by the noises he's making. Again, the noises. I'm not sure if I've ever been with somebody that's this vocal in bed, but if you ever find me complaining about it, I've likely been body snatched.

I don't even feel self-conscious perched up here like I am, because his insane neck muscles are proof he can handle this. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if this is the exact reason his neck muscles look like that. Maybe Violetians have just evolved to give superior head to their mates. Wow, I think I'm getting dumber by the second.

When I start to sag against the headboard, he gentles his motions a little, avoiding my clit until he's satisfied with his efforts. I can at least pretend we've gotten away with nobody else knowing about what we're up to, and hopefully things won't be awkward later considering how little we actually know each other.

“You should rest. If we are going to plan an escape, being well rested is important. You sure you support this decision? Your wants are more important than ours in this choice.”

“Don't let them cut off my titties,” I say sleepily. “These are my crown jewels.”

“May I... feel them?”

“I hardly think it's necessary to ask permission after you just had your tongue shoved up my cunt but go for it.”

He gently rolls me to my back so he can explore, palming my breasts with his over large hands and audibly getting aroused again by doing so. “Yes, these must stay.”

“Glad we're on the same page here.” I let my eyes drift shut, curling up against him as his arms wrap around me, relaxing into the comfort of him.

Sleep overtakes me quickly, and I'm so relaxed that when an air siren starts blaring shortly after, I'm so startled out of sleep that I'm dizzy when I spring up in alarm.

Adeema

I have to read the announcement several times before its meaning sinks in.

The kruul's triad and their mate have been overthrown by a cricka, which is sort of like the alligators down on earth, except they're bipedal, can talk, and they're about three times bigger. Capable of intelligent thought, they're not only colonizers, but known for forcing their captives to perform for them incessantly until they collapse. At which point they are usually eaten.

By them, of course.

Owiin comes barging in the door carrying our mate, and we all fall into emergency protocol. We don't need to communicate what needs to be done, we simply follow behind Owiin into the hidden door each residence unit is equipped with, dropping into

an escape pod.

We're in, buckled, and departing before the danger gets too close to us, but I don't think any of us actually breathe until the space station is far in the distance and we're able to cloak ourselves.

“What the actual fuck is happening?”

Now that we can no longer be tracked, I'm able to hold my mate and assure myself that she is safe. I embrace her immediately, relief filling me that we got her out in time. “Change of leadership on the space station,” I offer. “It would have been too dangerous to stay.” Our escape pod isn't much more than a vaguely oval-shaped vehicle with only the barest of necessities.

A closet of a facility room for processing and destroying the waste our bodies might emit, emergency food rations to last us a week, a small computer system, and a bed to lay comfortably in while traveling.

“I must be cursed. That's what's happening, isn't it? Somebody cursed me on earth, and I've brought that bad luck up here with me. If I had known, I might have tried to spare you. I bet you it was that barista at the corner coffee shop. I swear to you she purposely messed up my order, so I'd be inconvenienced and have to go back in in order to get it fixed. She always had this stink eye thing going on when I walked in.”

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Kass is wrapped around her leg like some sort of clingy animal, shaking slightly. He doesn't do well with loud noises.

I watch with affection as our mate mindlessly pats him on the head, maybe treating him more like a pet than a mate, but it seems to be working, nonetheless.

“You are not cursed, Margaret,” Owiin says gruffly. “We must believe that fate has a reason for bringing you into our lives when they did, and I firmly believe there's a reason we had to go through all the confusion of the last few days. It's going to teach us something valuable, we just have to be patient to figure out what.”

She takes a deep, calming breath. “Okay, so how long are we stuck in this thing? Do we have a plan? Where are we even going?”

“We could simply go where we were already planning on going before,” Owiin suggests. “If it doesn't work out, we can try somewhere else. Might be better to have a destination in mind before any sort of search parties exit the space station.”

“I think I'm beginning to see why your race has such problems finding mates that they needed to recruit from my planet. This is crazy; you know that, right?”

I'm not sure if anybody else is thinking it or not, but it's definitely on my mind, so it's likely on theirs as well. “I guess halting the bond completion isn't as important anymore. Unfortunately, now that we have no obstacles to being intimate, there's no one here to teach her what to do. And our molds!” I whine in exasperation. “We lost them! Now what will we do?”

My triad partners look glum about this news as well, and this is likely going to set us back even more with our Margaret.

“If only we had an expert on board about how your bodies work, and an expert on board about how women's bodies from earth work. Then we wouldn't need a third party at all to talk to us about how to put tab A into slot B.” Our eyes fall to our feisty mate as she taps her chin, looking out through the window at the top of the vehicle.

“But humans have always gone through a course. It's important!”

Owiin points at me in agreement. “If it was easy to figure out, the kruul would never would have instated the classes. We'll try our best, but it's likely to be a poor substitute for what you could have learned. There's going to be a lot of fumbling, and a lot of frustration. But Adeema is right that it's only in our best interest now to strengthen our bond as fast as we wish. The tighter we are as a unit, the safer you'll be wherever we go, Margaret.”

She rolls over, pulling Kass up to her level so she can wrap around him. She buries her face in his chest and then pulls the blankets over them both, forcing Owiin and I to scramble backwards as much as the space will allow.

“Whatever. Personally, I think it's all bullshit and that I could figure out quite well on my own what to do with all of your golden dicks, and saying we needed help was just stupid propaganda by your kruul to make you think your equipment needed extra special care. You are vastly underestimating the determination a human has when we want to be fucked down. There's too much happening out there,” she says, waving her hand around the outside, meaning space and everything else. “I'm going to sleep, and I would prefer to do it without any more air sirens. If you could make that happen, I would be grateful. If you need me or Kass in the next few hours, no you don't. I'm claiming him as my sleep partner.”

I try to hold back my laughter, I really do. The problem is that the tone of voice she uses to say all this in makes it all so unintentionally funny that I fail greatly.

Her head peeks out over the top of the blanket and she stares at me with a significant amount of aggression, which only makes my shoulders shake more. The tension that has been rising within me over the last rotation or so begins to lessen. We're out in the middle of space, unsupervised with our beautiful mate. We're safe, we have a course of travel, and nothing but time to waste until we get there.

I quickly lock in our new coordinates, set the ship to autopilot, and crawl in behind Margaret. The space is awfully tight with the four of us in here, but it's comfortable enough.

I'm on the edge of sleep when her soft hand reaches behind her and grabs onto my dick, petting it like she was petting Kass' head earlier. "Just making sure he knows he's being a good boy," she says sleepily. She starts to breathe deeper shortly after, and I know she's fallen asleep.

"I suppose we should have known when we first met her over that video call that she was going to keep us from ever getting restless or unable to find entertainment," Owiin whispers.

I yawn and add my own musings. "It's true. She has a gift for turning mundane occurrences into memories. Thanks be to the fates for giving us exactly what we needed."

Maybe there isn't much that's mundane about everything we've had to endure since meeting Margaret, but it is wonderful, nonetheless, to have a partner that can be exposed to just about anything and still find a way to be adorable and make us smile.

Getting your home station taken over is something every Violetian knows is a

possibility, because unfortunately it is somewhat common. We are raised not to panic if things unexpectedly change, but to focus on where we need to get to, and to keep our mate protected while we do. This wasn't the first time we've had to flee the station for safety, only to return later when things were calmer.

So no, my triad and I aren't too stressed out about our current situation, and Margaret's mild attitude about it all only makes it easier to stay relatively calm. There will be many uncertainties in the days to follow but knowing we're going somewhere with more of our kind makes the transition easier.

It's not as if we had lots of belongings on the station that we will miss until we can potentially return, our race is one of little material attachment. For us, it's having a place where our triad is safe that is most important.

???

A subtle vibration pulls me from sleep, alerting me that we are approaching our destination. It's been many earth hours since our departure, but Margaret is still asleep. Her body will require more rest as it begins to change, so we don't wake her.

I put up my headset on, knowing the planet we're approaching will be contacting us shortly to ask for our identification. It seems the intel we received about the station so far is accurate, because explaining our situation is short work, and they are quick to grant us access to their main port.

We land smoothly, and Owiin wakes up the sleep tousled Margaret with kisses spread all over her face. He kisses each of her little freckles, something that makes her smile.

“Are we there?”

“Yes, but we don't know exactly what to expect here,” Kass tells her in a soothing

tone. “They gave us permission to land, but we need you to keep it in the back of your mind that there's a possibility we might need to come right back to this escape pod if the station is not as safe as we're hoping it is.”

She yawns, covering her mouth “I'm just going to assume I have no idea what's happening, and then I should be good no matter what. Does that work?”

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I make sure to hold her as she wakes further, just because none of us have any reasonable idea about what comes next.

As we step out of our escape pod, there are many strange noises echoing throughout the underfloor parking garage; what sounds like laughter, possibly animals, and other, unidentifiable noises that echo.

The first group of beings to greet us are made up of four human women and one Violetian male. Margaret perks up immediately, her demeanor changing as one of the human women approaches and goes straight for a hug.

“Welcome to Trial Two,” the one that looks older than the others tells us. “I am Charlotte, one of the leaders here.”

“I have one question,” Margaret asks, wasting no time. “Do I get to keep my tits? Gotta be honest, that's gonna be your highest selling feature for us.”

A look of understanding passes across Charlotte's face. “You are not the first refugees we've accepted here. Rest assured, we have no need or desire to change your bodies. We run this station kind of like a co-op. Everybody pitches in for everything, and things generally run pretty smooth. Is that something you can abide by?”

Owiin steps forward and nods, giving the traditional Violetian bow. “Of course. Simply show us what to do, and we will ensure it is done. We can be good contributing members of the station if you can keep us safe.”

The group of women gesture to have us follow them, and I can already see that our

mate is somewhat comfortable here.

“We have a high concentration of humans here compared to other such settlements, which I'm sure you're aware of. We're getting close to capacity, so we are currently working on expansions; however, we do have a room available if you choose to stay.”

Charlotte starts to detail the minutia of day-to-day life here, explaining some of the various jobs they need filled, some of the many requirements of daily life to keep the station functioning well. All in all, it sounds almost too good to be true for us. We are led through halls that maybe are not brand new, but well-loved and in decent shape.

“We do have Violetian leaders as well, and we are chosen democratically to best serve the will of the people here. My mate is currently attending business elsewhere, but should you have any questions or concerns about any Violetian needs, she would be the one to ask.”

“Pardon, you are mated to a female?”

Charlotte does not miss a beat. “You'll find we do not hold to some of the more rigid aspects of Violetian society that you might have experienced elsewhere. One of our goals is to combat misinformation and to be accepting of anybody who needs a home here. So, before you go and spout off how having a female Violetian mated to a human woman isn't helpful for the progression of your species, understand that that is not the goal of our relationship. There are things you will learn about your own species I believe that you might have been unaware of when it comes to procreating. You can figure that out on your own time, though. So now let's get you checked in to a suite, shall we?”

“I apologize if I offended you, Charlotte,” I say honestly. “It just surprised me, that's all. It's not a paring I've come across before. I wish you health and happiness. If you are well suited, then all the better.”

Charlotte spins and gives me a smile. “Thank you. It is nice to meet somebody who doesn’t have their own ideas about what me or my mate should be doing. I think you'll fit in well here.”

After being given a brief tour and information on how to find maps of the station, we are brought to an office that deals with housing. We must sign forms and agreements to pull our weight if we wish to remain housed and fed, and we check the wording carefully to ensure nothing extraordinary is asked of us. Everything seems pretty straightforward though, pretty simple.

The station’s goal is simply to exist in peace, to live out their lives without any sort of political ambition, which is sort of refreshing. The station gives the air of attaining to be one big, happy triad, and I have a good feeling about it.

“Considering all the upheaval I've been through, what are the chances of this station being overtaken like the last one was?” Margaret asks.

Charlotte takes her time thinking about this, the other females having had peeled away when we got to the office to assist in getting our room ready. “Many of the residents here are refugees of some sort or another, as I mentioned,” she explains. “Being as such, you'll find we have more than just Violetians and humans here. I believe it is the combination of thinking styles on the board that keeps this place the safest.

“We have multiple types of technology and abilities of other species that wish to remain safe here protecting us. It is pretty unlikely anybody could get close enough to cause us harm, and the only reason you all were able to approach us so swiftly is because of the scans we did on your ship. You can sleep easy here without a threat hanging over your head. I believe we can keep you and everybody else here safe, and that is not my ego talking. If you wish to know more, we have town hall meetings every other week. Anybody is welcome to attend.”

Yes, too good to be true.

Finding information about this place before arriving here is not easy to do, and we only know of its existence because of happenstance, but running into the triad that fled here was most likely a stroke of fate guiding us.

“Because there are four of you, you will be getting one of the larger suites we have left, but please know this is a privilege that can be revoked. We want you to be happy here, but if you cause harm to other citizens of the station, or take us for granted, you will find yourselves evicted immediately. There is no grace period, no warnings. We take the safety and well-being of our citizens very seriously. We have zero tolerance for intentional harm done to others here.

“That being said, there is basic information about the station in the eating area of your new residence, including a directory of services. We have a community clothing closet with others’ cast offs, which you are free to access. We only ask that you take simply what you need and get in the habit of doing laundry frequently. If you would like more than those basics, you can start shifts to accumulate trade credit. This you may exchange for luxuries, such as clothing and specialty food items. Meals are served at the times listed in the directory, in the dining hall. Once you get settled in, we’ll get you matched up with jobs to suit you.”

“I beg your pardon, Charlotte,” Owiin says, looking uncomfortable. “We've only just retrieved our mate a few days ago, and we are in dire need of safe time together. Is sequestering something that is done here, or will we need to accommodate your schedule immediately? Also, we had a fair number of credits saved up at our previous station. Are they worth anything here?”

Charlotte takes us in again, scanning our mate, who's looking around the room very rigidly. “If you stored those credits at one of the intergalactic alliance banks, then yes, of course you can spend them here.” Then Charlotte approaches Margaret, unwinding

her arms from her body and holding her hands. “How are you doing, dear?”

“Overwhelmed.”

“I see.” Then she turns to us. “Every triad has different needs when they arrive here. Mental health is just as important as physical health. I did not realize this was a brand-new triad mating, and of course we can accommodate that. There's no rush to fully integrate with us as long as it is done in a somewhat timely manner.

“You're going to take the time to settle in, find your footing here and explore. We do have counselors available should you find their services necessary, but I will check in in a few days to see how you are doing.”

“One more thing,” I ask as she starts to head out. “Back on the station we left, female humans were required to take training classes so that we could complete our bond. What is the situation here in regard to that?”

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Charlotte snorts and immediately turns to our human mate. “Are you concerned, dear, about how to have sex with your mates? Would you like me to send in a size queen coach?”

“I’m very unfamiliar with basically anything at this point,” Margaret responds, rubbing her face. “Is it necessary? In your human opinion, as someone who has been interacting with the Violetians for however long, do I actually need someone to coach my body into taking really big dick? Or has the concern been completely blown out of proportion?”

Charlotte points at her. “Mostly that one. Listen to your instincts, take it slow. It will likely take quite some time for everything to fully fit together, but that is completely normal. It really does help to exchange as many fluids as possible. Maybe it feels unpleasant to do so, but that is the best method for helping your body to stretch. If you need healing, you can look up in the directory where to go. I’ll leave you to it to it.”

Kass

I’m doing my best to hold myself together, but the longer I go without any sort of intimate touch, the more difficult it becomes.

I’ve been feeling my needing coming on all day, but with everything that’s been going on, there’s been no time to address it. I’m fearful our mate will not understand or will maybe be repulsed by it. There’s nothing in her human race to really compare it to, other than to equate it to an animal going into heat.

“Hey, are you feeling alright? You look a little... off.”

I whine as my human mate places her palms on either side of my face, stepping close to me. I have to give her something though, something to help her see we did not willfully withhold something important from her. “We haven't had time to discuss things with you, I didn't think this would happen so soon.”

“That what would happen so soon? Are you ill?”

I shake my head no, right as the first painful pang begins to burn in my belly. My knees buckle, and I don't want to look weak in front of my mate, but it cannot be helped at the moment.

She's quick to call for the rest of our triad who were exploring our new home, and as soon as I make eye contact with them, they know what's happening.

Adeema tries to pull Margaret away from me, to separate us so that Owiiin can attend to me in a separate room, but Margaret does not seem to want any part of that. “Somebody needs to tell me what's happening now. You don't seem surprised that he's hurting right now.”

“He's going into his needing,” Owiiin explains, picking me up and wrapping my legs around his waist. This will be our first time together in this way, and I'm nervous, but mostly I just don't want this pain to continue. I don't do well with pain, but it is good we have already overcome the obstacle of having our first orgasm with our mate. That will make my needing simpler in some respects.

“Every triad is made up of three different genders,” Adeema tries to explain to our mate as he becomes more and more visibly stressed. “Owiiin is our leader, and not just because he is the strongest. It's actually a marker in his blood that names him as such. We refer to it as alpha.”

“Wait, hold on. Let me guess, you're a beta and Kass is an omega?”

“Yes,” Adeema replies, “you've heard these terms before?”

“I used to babysit this kid who was a little obsessed with your culture, and one day it got brought up when I was with her.”

“So, you understand what he needs?” Owiin asks, pausing in the doorway with me wrapped around him.

“No... what does he need?”

“You're about to get a quick introduction to how triads operate,” Adeema explains to her, ushering her into the room with a hand to her lower back. My eyes don't leave hers and she seems inclined to stay close to me. Every jostle in Owiin's arms has me crying out, the tension in my body getting higher and higher.

“This is an evolutionary development to keep triads closely bonded,” Owiin continues to explain as he begins to undress me on the bed. “We told you that triads bond with each other as well as with their human mates once they are found, this is part of that. He will need us to take him many times and will be very sexually needy over the course of the next couple of days. His omega nature is in full control at the moment, needing to be surrounded and touched by his whole triad.”

“How do I help?” she asks, stepping forward to lay on the bed next to me.

“Touch me. Kiss me.”

She does me one better, stretching out next to me, making me feel safe. I needn't have worried about how this would go with her, because she's perfect for us. Perfect for me.

“Just tell me if I do something you don't like,” she whispers in my ear. “Or if you need more of something, tell me that, too. If talking gets too hard, grab my hand and put it where you need me.”

I don't hesitate to do just that, pulling her entire body to me, instead of just her hand on the part of me most desperate for attention. My hands itch to feel her skin, so I creep up under the t-shirt she's wearing, promising myself we'll get her properly clothed soon. We haven't had time to take good care of her yet, and it's making me anxious.

She coos at me, soothing my whine. “You're safe. You've got all of us here with you, Kass.”

Owiin wedges himself under me, giving me a warm body to lay on as well as under. The heat and press of his skin helps calm me more, but Adeema is still too far.

I reach out, finding his hand and gripping on tightly as I kiss my mate. It's carnal, hungry, and very unlike other kisses I've been fortunate enough to share with her.

At my hips, my erection is throbbing painfully, leaking all over Margaret's body. She reacts quickly, reaching between us to gently touch me. She holds firm enough to relieve the pressure as she begins to work me. That's exactly what I need, but yet, it's still not enough.

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Then I feel Owiin's fingers dip between my cheeks, probing my hole and increasing the amount of slick my body is already producing. The tip of his finger slides inside of me, making me jolt, the unfamiliar sensation a bit jarring.

I've always sort of resented being an omega, because oftentimes we seem the weakest of a triad. My needs are higher, and they treat me like I'm more delicate, but I know it's mostly because their instincts make them; just as their instincts now are making them care for me, to appease me in every way my body demands while I lose my mind in a haze of sexual need.

I can tell that Owiin is having trouble working my body properly at this angle, so I roll to the side, taking Margaret with me. Adeema squeezes behind Margaret, and every few minutes shearches further into me, which is proof that he's doing something between her legs as well. Something I really want to watch.

I meet his eyes over Margaret's shoulder and demand, "Show me."

The bed being what it is, there's just enough room for Adeema to lay his head on the opposite side that Owiin and I are resting our heads, pulling Margaret on top of him as she arches her back, her stunning bottom spread open on display for me as she straddles him.

I can't keep in the moans at seeing her exposed thusly, especially when her scent reaches me, sending my own need higher. I watch in fascination as Adeema trails his fingers there, tipping into her perfect pink cunt, disappearing several fingers at once. I'm mesmerized, unable to look away.

It seems to spur on Owiin as well, his fingers moving a little bit more desperately inside of me. I feel another finger breach me, gently stretching me but there's no pain with the level of arousal I'm at. Everything just feels good.

“Oh god, Adeema,” Margaret whimpers, pressing into his fingers and silently demanding more with her body. She closes the gap between their pelvises, sliding that wet cunt all over the hard length of him, up and down, until he's glistening right along with her. I don't breathe as I watch the enormous bulbous head of him try to slip inside of her, pressing against her opening in tiny minuscule thrusts that have all of us losing our minds.

We've always been taught that it takes a long time for human females to ready their bodies for us, and I've never questioned it, because I've never been in a situation like this. We are quite larger than her, but either her body is stretchier than we thought, or the changes are happening quickly, because part of his tip actually squeezes inside of her, and she begins to screameven louder around him. She's bouncing on him, not making too much leeway, but I watch fat drops of arousal make a path down his hard length, pooling at the base of his cock, and before I know it, Owiin is doing the same to me.

I feel him there, scared for a minute about how it's going to feel, but knowing I need it just the same. He doesn't move for a moment, running his hands over my shoulders, assuring me, lovingly whispering things in my ear that have taken me this long to realize.

“You're beautiful. Perfect omega for us, and we're going take such good care of you during your needing. See how our mate squirms, she's thinking of you. I bet you she wants you inside of her the same way Adeema is trying to get inside of her. You're doing so good, Kass. You're so strong, so mesmerizing. Your body feels so good hugging my cock.”

I melt, and he's able to slip farther in. All the words of praise, all the adoration, help my body to feel safer, enabling me to get more pleasure from the touches it's demanding.

Adeema squeezes a little further inside of our mate, and I can hear her labored breathing, working hard to accommodate him. The stretch from this angle is completely obscene, her pink skin pulled tight and dripping everywhere. It looks as if he's trying to split her in half, but she remains whole as he sinks in slightly more before stopping.

She takes herself off of his length and begins to work herself up and down it over and over again, taking control, and before I know it, he's halfway inside of her and Owiin is all the way inside of me. I feel tears running down my cheeks, but my voice doesn't work as he begins to rut into me, the sound of my slick being frictioned combining with Margaret's to make the most beautiful music I've ever heard.

Owiin's hips meet mine, jolting me forward and I can't stay in position like this anymore. I scramble onto my hands and knees, needing better leverage, wanting to be closer to Margaret. I need to touch her, need to inhale her spirit, need to know what she tastes like on my tongue. She's thrashing as she bounces on top of Adeema but has the wherewithal to tip her head back and emit another scream as my tongue escapes my mouth and slides inside of her right alongside Adeema. It's a tight fit and it takes a lot of determination with Adeema already inside of her, but soon I'm surpassing his depth and reaching the spot on her inner walls that feels different, that has the liquid pouring out of her even faster and her noises escalating.

In this much more vulnerable position, Owiin has all the leverage he needs to really take me, to bury himself inside of me, sighing against my body and easing away all of the aches.

Adeema's eyes meet mine for a brief second, his irises completely gone as he works

to hold off his release, then his eyes fixate on where Owiin is pounding into me, and that, combined with what Margaret is doing to him, has him releasing a primal growl that sets off the first of many releases for me.

In turn, I'm working harder on Margaret so I have something to keep me tethered to this room, overwhelmed by all four of us being connected like this. At the sound of me losing my mind, Adeema pushes harder into Margaret, and she comes all over the both of us, and then Owiin follows shortly after, and I can feel how hard he's working to pull himself out of me with each thrust due to the strength at which my body is squeezing him.

I feel his hot release catch inside of me, and for a few wondrous moments, everything is calm once again. The pain turns down to a simmer, my head clears, and my body is able to sink down and relax as I withdraw myself from Margaret.

Owiin stays inside of me though, resting and regaining his breath from the workout.

Nobody knows what to say next, so the loudest thing in the room is our breathing.

Margaret disengages with Adeema eventually, crawling to me. She wraps her arms around me and places her head on my chest, kissing my clavicle and soothing me with her hands in my hair.

“Did that hurt much? Are you very sore?”

She shakes her head. “Nothing I can't handle.” When she looks over her shoulder at Adeema and smiles, she beckons him closer.

He's quick to respond, once again lying along her back and holding her to him. “Feeling your body around me like that is the most incredible thing I've ever experienced,” he whispers into her ear. “You helped Kass out, made him come so

hard. I do not think he struggled to take our alpha at all. Did you, Omega?"

Again, with the omega. It lights me up, makes me want to preen. They see me, they understand me, they know what I need. "You did help," I say as I squeeze her to me tighter. Then I reach for Owiin's hand and wrap it around my middle, needing the four of us to be as close as possible once more.

"Not so bad for round one, was it?" Owiin asks as he brings Margaret's hand to his mouth for a kiss.

"I should have known," Margaret says in a tone that says she's actually quite excited. "This is never going to be a one and done with all of us, is it?"

"Never," I say as I reach for her mouth to kiss again. She gives into me, and then it all starts again.

Tldr

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In which lots of sex happens, lots of fluids are magnanimously exchanged, and which all parties involved work quite hard to achieve the maximum number of orgasms possible before blacking out.

Owiin

It's always the best dreams that get interrupted. But in this case, the dream that awaits me when I do wake up far surpasses my imagination while I was recovering.

I track my eyes to the floor where the whining sound is coming from, to find my mate bent in half by my omega. Kass has his hands covering her mouth, trying to stifle her sounds since it seems to be the middle of our sleeping time, but he's sloppy in his coverage because he's currently trying to wedge himself inside of her body. It's incredibly arousing, and my mouth is instantly dry thinking of what it must feel like for both of them.

Kass' sounds are nearly as melodious as Margaret's, but I have to get closer to see how much of himself he's worked inside of her, and I'm oddly proud of the amount of our cum I see coating the inside of her thighs already.

Kass' motions are frantic, and I can tell he's crazed currently by his needing, his eyes rolled back as he more or less twitches on top of her. I think we can do better than that, though.

I slide my hand down Margaret's thigh so I don't startle her with other touches, then quickly move on to help easing Kass. I stroke him, wrapping my fingers securely around the hard length of him still exposed to the air, watching the lights on his bare

skin go wild. He's switching languages every other word, begging me to give him more, and I wish I could ease this for him faster. The more he's able to orgasm though, the faster his needing will fade.

I use the leverage I have on Kass to push him a little further into Margaret's body, using my other hand to stimulate my favorite part of her. We were told about the secret spot on the human woman that's full of so many nerves that it's incomprehensible, but even lightly stroking around it has her moans turning into screams. She starts bucking, which only helps all of our goals even more.

I hold my breath as he starts slowly working his way inside of her, the skin pulled so tight around him I'm worried it's going to snap, but moving slowly seems to do the trick. She's able to take him a little bit at a time if we keep steady pressure on her.

The problem though, is that Kass finishes, hips bucking like he's gone mad, crying out before collapsing next to her. He's unconscious almost instantly, and I don't want Margaret to feel as if he just used her body. I'm not sure how much about his needing she truly understands, but it looks like I have her all to myself for the moment. Adeema is somehow still sleeping, proving he's a terrible guardsman.

I kiss her mouth sweetly before the wetness between her legs steals all my attention. I want it all inside of her, yearn for her body to be used to us so that she's in less pain when she chooses to be with us; but also, as a male, it is beyond satisfying to see fluids from my triad leaking out of her body. To know what it took to get it in there has my own cock straining, but nothing will happen until she is taken care of.

"My precious, precious mate," I whisper as I begin to kiss her neck. She's sweet here as well, so soft it makes my mouth ache. "Would you like an ice pack? For down here. You're a little swollen." I gently scoop up the excess cum and tip it back inside of her, reaching for the basket that got delivered sometime earlier after we received our room. It was beyond kind of Charlotte to send a mating gift.

I find what I need easily enough, warming it up inside my mouth before sliding the flared vaginal plug inside of my mate to keep everything where it should be.

“Is that what I think it is?” Her breathing is shallow but heavy, her voice coarse. I can hear her need in every word, and I intend to satiate her.

“They're made for our human mates, to keep our fluids in you so your body can soak them up better.”

“That's... yeah, okay. Is he okay?” She asks, throwing a hand gently on Kass' back.

I glance at him fondly, brushing the hair out of his eyes. “He will be. This is his first needing, since they only come on once we find our mate. Usually, we have longer to wait before they arrive, though. He would have been more prepared if we had known to expect it this soon. He'll be taken care of, though. Thank you. For being understanding and wanting to help him.”

I dip my head down, pressing tender kisses to her belly, then lower, tracing around the outside of the plug that serves a dual purpose. It'll also keep her wide, helping to stretch her, because the plug is close to our size.

“You don't have to do that. I've probably had enough orgasms to last me a good solid half a year at this point,” she laughs awkwardly.

I shake my head. “We want you insatiable. If you think you've had enough, you definitely haven't. If it's uncomfortable though, if this is too much for you or you're too sore, I can stop. I only wish to care for you.”

“Goddamn I made a good choice in contacting you guys. A girl could get used to this kind of attention.” Her fingers fall to my head, making me hiss out a breath when her sure fingers wrap around my horns. I lose my balance at the feeling of it, my head

falling between her legs with my mouth wide open. I begin slurping at her around the plug eagerly, and after a small noise of surprise, she begins to work my horns like I was working Kass' cock.

“These are sensitive. Got it. They're sticky though; does that serve a purpose?”

I tip my head up at her wickedly and tell her to lick it.

She looks at me strangely but does so, eyes widening. “That tastes like your cum. You're telling me your antlers can come, also?”

“They're horns, and yes. Why do you think they are curved just so, and ribbed, and that the end is dull instead of pointed like other species? Every part of us is made to pleasure you.”

“I don't even know how to feel about that. Does it feel quite as good as having my mouth lower, though?”

I'm about to remind her I can't compare the two, since her mouth has never actually been fully on my horns, but then the left one, followed by the right one, is encased by wet heat, and I begin to suffocate myself between her glorious thighs. I find her clit and map it out, testing for which area and which pressure gets the best reaction.

“Why does that feel so good?” she asks, maybe to me, maybe to nobody, but then her tongue is dipping up and down aggressively, and I feel it in every part of my body. When she starts to proclaim that her mouth is tingling pleasantly, I lose it. I feel the small sacs containing the arousal fluid for my horns deflate, making my knees quiver as I fill her mouth up.

At this point my mouth is suctioned around her, sucking greedily as my fingers pucker the plug, other fingers tapping her back hole. When I slip the very tip of a finger

inside there, her thighs lock on my head, and her body tightens up as she screams her release.

I collapse, laying my head on her lap.

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“That might be the weirdest sexual favor I've ever given. Is that even safe to consume? Where did that shit come from? There's no way that traveled all the way from your dick. Your torso is way too long for that. Ain't no way it traveled so fast.”

I bring her hands carefully to the back of my head, pressing her fingers to the tendons at the base of the backside of it. “There are sacs here. You might find it odd, but the fluid travels through special veins over my scalp, under my hair, to escape out of my horns when aroused.”

I help guide her fingers up the pathways, gentle lines under my skin that go unnoticed if you don't know to look but are more sensitive than other parts of my scalp.

“Did I just imagine everything, or did you tell me your horns are intended for fucking? Have you ever actually used them in that way? That's not something I ever realized I wanted to try.”

I laugh, grabbing her hand to hold it. I twine my much longer fingers with hers while I sit and feel her breathe. “It is truly shocking how little you know of my species. I figured there would be things you would need to learn, not realizing there was little you didn't need to.”

“That's probably super annoying. For you guys, I mean. You probably had these visions in your head of what having a mate would be like, and here I come, wrecking them one by one. I wouldn't blame you guys if the trial period ended with you not wanting to stay with me. Doesn't seem fair you give so much to me and get so little in return.”

I register Adeema's presence as she gets done speaking, his footsteps pausing inside the door. I guess he wasn't asleep, maybe in the other room doing something then. He sets something down, drops to his hands and knees, and crawls toward us. He nuzzles her throat, pressing kisses along it before taking her mouth. "You are more than we could have hoped for. You're wonderful. Don't let any voice inside of you tell you otherwise."

"Yes," I say, agreeing with my triad mate. "And you're taking this all so well. This is not the introduction to life with us we hoped for. I just pray to the fates that this station continues to be a safe place for us, because we're finally getting some good quality time with you, and I don't want to be interrupted again."

"Is this sequestering thing," she questions, choosing not to address the more sensitive topics we just brushed over, "a reason to just have as much sex as possible uninterrupted? Or is there more to it?"

Adeema stands up, extending a hand to our mate to help her stand. "That can be a perk, but no, that is not its main purpose. Remember, most newly mated Violetians do not even attempt to have intercourse. We're taught to believe it would be too difficult, too painful for you.

"So instead, intimacy is built up during this time. Touching, kissing, holding each other. Doing little things for each other and caring for each other. That is the heart and soul of being sequestered. You give your sole focus and attention to your new mate, spending as much time together as possible, so that when you have to go out into the population again, you feel a strong bond with each other."

I follow them to the bathroom, stepping forward to get the shower warm when her legs threaten to give out on her. Adeema is quick to scoop her up, wrapping her legs around his hips as he steps into the humid shower stall.

I waste no time in washing her. I start by massaging her scalp, then her neck and her shoulders before falling to my knees to wash between her legs. She squirms, but she will learn quickly this is not embarrassing in the least for us.

I take joy in being able to touch her intimately in such a way, to watch her back entrance contract slightly when I run fingers over it and wash her skin. I pull the plug out of her body, not wanting her to get any sort of infection because I know that human bodies are more prone to them, reaching inside of her to scoop out what I can reach from her tryst with Kass.

Once I am satisfied that she's clean, I realize she has fallen asleep. So, I take care to walk her slowly through the body dryer before laying her in the bed, patting her dry as much as I can before covering her up. I make haste to return to the shower, to be with Adeema in the quietness of the mid-sleeping time.

His eyes meet mine, curious, but not uninterested. "I didn't think you were coming back. I figured you'd want to lie with our mate."

I say nothing as I step back into the shower, letting the water dance around me and keep me warm. I wrap my arms around him and enjoy his hard body against mine for the first time like this. "I couldn't. I needed to feel you. We've waited so long for the mating instinct to kick in, and now that it's here, and she's here, I feel like I've been deprived of you for too long."

I feel wetness against my neck that is different from the shower water, so I pull his face away from mine to discover he is quietly crying. But I understand, because I might be doing it also.

I press my lips to his, carefully, waiting for him to react. And it's wonderful when he does. The bumps on his skin begin to vibrate against me, giving away his arousal.

“I didn't think it was going to feel this strong,” he gasps. “I figured it would come on gradually, because that seems to be how it happens for most triads. It's not often that a needing will hit the omega and immediately send everybody into a frenzy. This must be a good pairing, indeed. I feel as if I've spent my life starved of you.”

He feels so precious in my arms, even with our similar height. He is slimmer than me though, his sides straight and muscled in a tempting way. “I think she's going to bring us many blessings. This is just the start of it. This is...a lot. My body is vibrating with the need for you. All the little moments over the years that didn't feel like much at the time are all coalescing in my head and telling me how integral you are to me. My arms were made to hold you like this.”

I feel his hardness pushing into me, his long thin fingers reaching down to hold us both together. His hand shakes, urging me to look him in the eye to assess his mental state.

“If you're not ready...”

He shakes his head. “I want to. I think I'm nervous though; you might have to talk me through this. Of course I'm ready, it's us.”

We've known since we became a triad we would be here one day. Up until this point, there has been nothing, no temptation to be sexual with each other. We are very fond of each other, we are a family and would do anything to protect each other and make each other happy, but that's all we've felt emotionally. That is, until we found our mate, who turned on all of our mating instincts and carried our triad into its next phase. Now I'm desperate for all of them, almost as desperate as I am for my mate.

There's a deep yearning between Adeema and I, because I know everything about this male in front of me. There's depth to our relationship, because I know what he sounds like when he's annoyed, know the sounds he makes when he's too happy to speak

words. I know what every flick of his eyelashes means and can choose all of his favorite meals with my eyes closed.

That we should be holding each other like this is surreal. Completely bare of any clothing, nothing between us. I've seen his body countless times, and yet it's never meant this much to me. Maybe it's difficult to explain to someone unused to such practices, but this is just how it is done in our culture. How our species operates.

He is dear to me, and I wish for him to know that more than anything. "Would you kiss me again? Let me do the work."

He's hesitant to let go of the hold he's got on both of us, eyes glazing over as he watches his long fingers slowly move up and down us as our bodies are pressed together. Each of the nodules on my cock are incredibly stimulated by the ones of his that rub against them, making it almost difficult to remain standing.

I need to prevent him from thinking too hard about this. If he overthinks this, he won't be able to enjoy it as much. He says he wants this, so I'm going to go for it.

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I wrap my hand around his, then press my mouth to him once more. I don't ask for permission. I take what I want, pushing him against the back wall of the shower, unleashing all of the pent-up lust that's been building inside of me all day.

I recall the way our mate felt as she came on my mouth, the way it felt to see Kass' body inside of hers, and I superimpose them all with the beautiful male before me. It's overwhelming to say the least. Thankfully, his lips are strong and his body's stronger. He's able to take everything I give him and feed it right back to me. It's almost a fight between the two of us, our sharp teeth clacking together as we explore, as we let ourselves feel and be in the moment.

When he's good and distracted, I begin to work the skin around his cock open, encouraging his body to retract it inside his body to make room for me.

Omegas need anal penetration, especially when they're in their needing. But betas need something else. When they are high in their mating needs, Adeema's body wants to be taken in a different way. His cock will retract back into his body, leaving a warm place of tight skin for me to slide into. He will take me in my entirety, until the tip of my head meets his pelvis, and pushes against the tip of him where it's nestled deep inside of his body. In this way, I can mate with him, can join our bodies. Something unique, something he'll only seek out with me.

It takes a little bit of work to get his skin to accept me, and it's so damn tight but it's nice and lubricated for me already, so I know his body is ready. His hips began to buck slightly, trying to get me to move faster, which makes me smile in a deeply satisfying way. "Be patient, Beta. I don't want to hurt you."

“It hurts more being made to wait,” he complains.

When I finally get myself just inside of his body, the tight skin suctions onto me, pulling me tight so that I can't back out. We are now locked together until his body releases, and it feels incredible. My beta is hot and slippery for me, his muscles trying to milk me as I slide deeper.

Adeema clings to my shoulders, his head thrown back while his legs shake. He always boasted that he would never be too weak to take his mating standing up, promising over and over again he'd meet me thrust for thrust when the time came. I tried to tell him it didn't matter, that I would happily support him as he needed it, but he was so sure he'd be able to withstand everything.

Now I'm happy I spent so much time in the gym strengthening my legs and my back, because it means when his body begins to dip from overwhelm, it is nothing for me to pick him up and pin him to the wall. I feel the strain on my muscles, but it's nothing I cannot handle. It's a lovely burn in fact, but no less difficult to give him what we both need right now.

“I'm so sorry.”

I grin at him and slip my cock inside his skin a finger length farther. He lets out a whimper at this, nails digging into my skin.

“I didn't think I could feel like this. You feel so big.”

“And you feel perfect. This is going to change everything, you know. From here on out, we are a mature triad. Bonded.”

“I'm ready for that. Ready for it all.”

I get myself the last little bit into his body, having to stop for a moment in order to experience the way it feels to be fully encased by him. I can't help but look down at where we are joined, to take in the way he swallows me and covers me up so well. I can see the nodules on my flesh underneath his own, interlocked and joined together. It makes my heart swell, makes me feel so close to him.

I kiss his mouth once more as the tips of our cocks meet inside his body, the slickness escaping both of us amping everything up. I give an experimental thrust, fighting against the suction of his body as I do so. His body will not let me all the way out, but it does let me back up enough to be pleased by a thrust.

The steam of the shower gets mixed with the animalistic grunts of us bonding, Adeema trembling the entire time as he lets me thrust into his body. It is so different than how it felt to be inside Kass, such an odd sensation to feel his skin rippling over mine. It's incredible how deep inside my body the pleasure rushes, like molten rock carving a path in the landscape.

When he informs me he's going to release, he bites his lip hard enough to draw blood, managing to hold himself back until he determines I'm close enough to release as well.

When our explosion finally happens, we detonate together, his hot cum rushing to meet mine, making our connection swell up with excess fluid. If our mate was awake, we could position her underneath us so she may drink it down when we are ready to disconnect, but it feels rude to wake her up for that purpose when she's clearly so tired.

The rush of emotion that flows through me as our bonding completes is too hard to hold in, so I don't try. I let myself feel whatever I need to as I hold my triad mate, remaining in the shower with him while water floats along our body and pulls away our sweat.

It's almost too cold when we step out of the shower, and I feel empty without him encasing me anymore, but this is easily fixed by climbing into the bed provided for us and squeezing him between me and my mate. Everything we've been through suddenly feels so worth it, because our triad is evolving, and Kass going into his needing is proof that we are going to be a strong triad. The fates are not done with us, so we rest heavily as our exhausted bodies seek rest and rejuvenation.

Margaret

Going to be real here. Didn't think it was possible, physically or mentally, to have a sexathon last this many days. It's apparent why the Violetians have evolved to form bonded triads and also take in mates, because let me tell you...if I was the only one able to soothe Kass during these (hard) trying times, I don't think I'd have a vagina left to enjoy when it all finally ended. As it stands, simply being upright, let alone walking, is not something I feel I should be doing right now.

"Are you coming, Mate?"

I give Adeema a smile that feels more like a grimace and nod at him placatingly. "Sure... am. Be right there."

He gives an odd chirping sound that kind of sounds like a grunt and strides back over to me. "You are lying. Your ears turn red when you lie. Did you know this? Truly, are you in much pain?"

I wince as I shift on the bed. "It's not so much that I'm in pain, it's that I think I may have lost the fleshy bits of my external genitalia somewhere in the grand melee of mashing our naughty bits together over and over again. I should be inspecting the lot of you. Maybe they got stuck somewhere?"

"If this is another of your strange human expressions, I must admit I don't understand

it. I don't think that part of you can actually fall off though, so I'm going to go ahead and assume that was what you call sarcasm. Come. I shall carry you to the shower, and then we'll get you tucked up onto a soft surface with a cold pack. We can also brew you some tea that will speed up the healing process.”

I let him alienhandle me without protest, having given up any aspect of my dignity the third or fourth time I sat on one of their faces. It's kind of hard to act annoyed that they want to wash your hair when their nose has literally been in your asshole.

By the time I smell human again and I'm situated on the couch, it's next to a very sleepy Kass, who is all sorts of adorable as he works on regaining his strength. He seems almost shy in the aftermath of it all, which again confuses me greatly after all the things we've done together, but my fingers yearn to just card through his hair and hold him to me, so that's what I do.

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They don't have television up here, not like we do on earth, but they do have odd ballet-type performances they enjoy watching. It more or less projects on the wall so that everybody can see it, and all the different species involved are fascinating to somebody like me who's not had a lot of exposure to anything non-human. The way they are able to move their arms, sometimes all ten of them, and the odd scales used in the music, melts away the most ordinary afternoon I've spent since getting abducted.

Look at me using that in a normal sentence. I didn't shudder or anything that time. Growth!

“You look like your mind is far from here, Margaret,” Kass says as he stares up at me. “Is there anything you’d like to unburden to me?”

“I suppose I'm just trying to get used to the fact that this is my new normal,” I say pointing out to the dark window of stars and planets that move in the distance. “I was never too interested in traveling and yet here I am. It's just a very different lifestyle than I thought I’d have.”

“If you were on earth, whiling away a part of your day, what might you be doing? Assuming you weren't at work or doing other tedious tasks.”

I stare out the window some more, imagining earth spinning out there somewhere, peaceful and oblivious to my departure. “There was this really nice riverside park by my apartment. When the weather was nice, I’d treat myself to a latte and bring a book down there and read for an hour or two. Maybe stop by a thrift store and see what weird shit I could find to put in my home. That was always my goal. Find weird shit I could show off to my friends when I saw them. Humans are good at making stuff that

makes no sense to other people.”

“I’m sorry you are missing it. When you are ready, we do have earth-like park simulations on board. I believe they have carpeting that looks and feels similar to earth’s grass and there are lights that supposedly emit things that make humans feel happier.”

“That might be nice. When I can actually walk again,” I say with a laugh.

He turns to look at me with a very serious expression on his face, clearly concerned about my well-being. It’s a nice change of pace, because in the past when I’ve dated somebody, they’ve been more concerned about things like whether or not I was paying my share of the dinner bill, or whether I was going to make a fuss at them when they decided to spend the entire weekend with their friends instead of participating in the plans I already made for the both of us that they fully knew about.

“We pushed you too hard, didn’t we? We should have waited longer. Made you ingest more fluids first.”

“You guys love throwing that phrase around, don’t you? Honestly, you couldn’t have stopped me from trying to take a ride on any of you. Tell me I can’t have something, and I’m going to want it that much more. I enjoyed myself, I promise. And if it does indeed get easier with more... erm, ingestion, then hopefully my recovery time will be better next time...”

I have to dislodge Kass from my lap and waddle over to the long, thin window on the wall, because there’s something weird going on.

Like I sent out an invisible call, the entire triad soon surrounds me, looking out with me into the dark sky that is starting to flood with a bunch of smaller individual lights.

“What are those?”

“They look like messenger drones,” Owiin says as he watches in confusion. “It looks like they are attempting to spell something in your language, Margaret. That means they're likely run by a human or somebody working with humans. If it was a different species, they'd be using their own written language.”

“Does that say, ‘Give us Miranda, or else’? I wonder who that is. I don't think she's gonna have a very good rest of her day.”

“Not sure,” Adeema says as he lowers the blinds and brings me back to the plush sofa. “Here, fresh cold pack for you. And we have a meal ready, as well. Kass, do you need us to lick you?”

“Woah, whoa, whoa. Lickwhatnow?”

Kass stands beside the sofa and unhooks his pants, stepping out of them so that he's bare from the waist down. Then he sinks onto the sofa, grabs his ankles, and spreads his legs wide. “Their saliva helps to heal me,” he explains with an unbelievably straight face. “Part of our aftercare. If it worked on you, we'd be ecstatic. Unfortunately, it seems to be a species-specific thing for us.”

Adeema gets to his knees before us, not hesitating to sink his tongue inside of Kass. He goes right to town on him, plunging deep inside, and then withdrawing and thoroughly licking the area over before plunging inside again. I watch the line of discomfort erase from Kass' forehead as Adeema works, and magically, watching this does make me feel better.

“What even is my life right now? I feel really creepy for enjoying watching this, but oh, am I.”

Adeema flicks his eyes to me and makes a show of dragging his tongue slowly out from Kass, the stark whiteness rimming him before slipping inside once again.

Obscene, I'm telling you.

His face definitely tells me he's amused by my reaction, or maybe it's just that my eyes are huge, and my breathing is labored, and he's mildly concerned, medically speaking. "You guys are trouble."

"You know, it really couldn't hurt to try," Owiin says before sinking to his knees next to Adeema and undressing me. It takes very little for him to gain access to me, and whether or not it actually heals me doesn't really matter, because later that night when I drift off, I'm so damn relaxed, even if my vocal cords got strained more. You win some, you lose some.

"Ugh, not again," I complain before shoving a pillow over my head. "Somebody needs to make that god-awful sound stop. I've not gotten nearly enough sleep to be dealing with this shit. What is it this time? Octopus babies melting one of the stabilizer wings? Flying fish attacking the kitchens and dissolving all the cookware?"

Adeema's hand finds my face and pats it in a somewhat gentle but aggressive manner. "Are you well, mate? You're asking odd questions. Those are very specific scenarios. Did those often happen on earth? I was unaware you were exposed to such dangers."

If only he could see me rolling my eyes. "Well last time we had talking alligator creatures standing on two legs taking over. My ideas seem just as plausible."

"It is merely the meeting bell," Owiin says before yanking the covers off of all of us. Rude. Not that I could sleep longer anyways with the incredibly irritating siren trying to pick away at my eardrums, but I definitely don't appreciate the sudden change in body temperature. The sheets they have here are crazy, they magically adjust to your

body temperature so that you're never too hot or too cold. I've never been so excited to crawl into bed before.

"Couldn't they have met with us at a more reasonable hour?" I ask as I start looking for cast off clothes to wear. It's on the list of things to take care of, alright?

"If it goes off in this pattern, it's because something urgent has happened. Might not be an emergency, but it is likely something that needs attention rather quickly," Kass explains as he attempts to finger comb through his curls. "They're not trying to inconvenience us, I reckon they're trying to keep us alive."

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Well, there's a good shot of adrenaline to get me moving. "Well, when you put it like that..."

When we're all dressed, we amble our way towards the middle of the ship where the spaces used for community purposes are. We enter a massive space that gives off hotel vibes, made up of smaller rooms that have been opened up to connect. Benches fill the room, and there's a huge circular platform in the very middle that could be seen from any angle.

I don't pay attention to the small group of people up there talking as I sink down onto a bench, cross my legs, and try to stay awake. Sitting upright is out of the question, so I slip sideways and lean my head against Adeema's shoulder.

I zone out, waiting for everything to begin. It is definitely tricky to stay awake with the low din of voices trying to figure out what's going on. Plus, being surrounded by my triad is very comforting and they're all so warm and easy to snuggle into. Especially when Owiin decides the bench is too hard for me, so he scoops me up and pops me on his lap instead. When they all start playing with my hair, combing through it, I'm definitely convinced they want me to take a little nap.

My head falls back onto Owiin's shoulder, and his arms are so secure around me that I let myself start to drift off, because whatever the people in charge are about to say, my guys will tell me later if it's important.

"Attention! Attention up here, please. We have some special guests on board." A loud microphone snaps me awake, but the way they say 'special guests' definitely indicates they're not special. More like they pose a threat. "They're looking for

somebody very important to them, somebody they claim was wrongfully taken away, and they believe this person to be here. Is there a Miranda in here? Miranda from earth? If you don't give yourself up, I don't think our special guests will be very happy."

They say special guests in that same tone again, making it feel less serious to be gathered at this hour. I'm looking around the room too, like I'll magically spot this wanted person that is the current root of all my problems, because all I want is to climb back into bed. But no Mirandas are forthcoming, and then another voice takes over the microphone.

"I know you're out there," they snarl. And then their voice immediately changes to something sweeter, more pleasant. Something... very familiar. "Okay please, this is all a misunderstanding. Things shouldn't have ended the way they did, and I'm prepared to make it up to you. I just need you to come back with me, so I know you're safe. I've been worried sick."

Something drops in my stomach, making my grip on Owiiin's arms that are wrapped around my middle go tighter. I have to kind of lean sideways around the giant aliens in front of me to see who's on stage clearly, but when I finally get a glimpse, my jaw definitely drops to the floor. "What the hell? Why the fuck is he here?"

Kass' hand on my leg squeezes a tiny bit. "You know him?"

"That's the guy I was on a date with the night I contacted you guys. He sucked."

"That's not good," Owiiin points out. "Maybe keep your head down? We don't want him to get it into his head that he can take you along with whoever this Miranda fellow is."

"Miranda is probably a woman, but you're right. He doesn't need to know I'm here."

Honestly, I'm already sick of his face and I've only been looking at it for a few seconds. I spin, straddling Owiin's lap so I can bury my face into his neck, silently begging for whoever this person is to step forward so the crazy man can go away.

Adeema gasps next to me, making us all dart our eyes around to see what he's seeing. In the back corner of the huge room are some of the most terrifying creatures I've probably ever seen. Bipedal alligator humanoid hybrid things, with 80s style hair and clown makeup. They're also wearing ballerina outfits with tutus, but that's probably less important.

They're starting to trickle through the crowds that are gathered, weaving in and out of benches while holding up some sort of tablet as they go.

"It looks like they're using facial recognition to track down who they're looking for," Owiin tells us. "How the hell did that idiot up there get these guys to work for him? I wonder if these are the same ones that took down our last space station. And how did they even get on board? I thought this was supposed to be a secure station?"

The woman we met when we first landed, Charlotte, storms up to the stage next, looking furious. She grabs the microphone from Calvin, red in the face and pointing at him to leave the stage. Only once he's off of it does she address us. "Apologies, friends. I'm sure many of you are wondering what's going on, and I would like to give you some answers. I'm going to have a talk with this man over here and figure out how he was able to breach our defenses and find us, because the only way that would work is if he was tracking somebody that's already here. Miranda, if you're here, please come forward. I'm not going to let him take you against your will, I promise. We have security officers waiting to protect you. We just need to have a conversation, or maybe a negotiation, and then we will get our station back."

Calvin doesn't look happy about this, but his eyes are skimming furiously through the room, and I make the mistake of peeking out from Owiin's neck at the wrong

moment.

My eyes meet his, and even though there are hundreds of people in this room, he seems to recognize me and is immediately hopping over people and aliens alike like a damn acrobat, beelining his way towards me.

“Why is he coming over here? Did you tell this guy your name was Miranda, by chance?” Adeema asks as him and Kass get in front of me to block the way.

“No.”

We don’t have to wait long, but we definitely don’t make it easier on Calvin by meeting him halfway. He stands in front of us, nearly vibrating with rage, and I feel as if I should at least turn around so I can see him better. Don’t want a crick in my neck from twisting it too long anyway; a crick in the vagina is bad enough. Don’t need one on both ends.

“Why didn’t you present yourself? I gave you plenty of chances. You’re not going to like what happens now.” His misplaced irritation would be funny if I wasn’t worried about the threat his ballerina-loving green friends represent.

My mouth gapes open when I realize why he’s got such an attitude, then I start laughing. “Wait, did you think my name was Miranda? Are you serious right now?”

“Don’t you dare play games with me. I know who you are, I know your name. You never called me after our date. I wasn’t done with you.”

“Except you don’t even know my name. My name’s Margaret, you dumbass. I don’t know anybody named Miranda.”

He looks less sure, slightly confused, but apparently is sticking with it. “Your name is

Miranda.”

“Continue to speak to our mate this way and we will rip you apart, limb from limb. Her name is not Miranda, as she has told you. Therefore, she is not beholden to you in any way. Per our customs.”

My date that was bad enough to make me switch to aliens gets even redder in the face, and I gotta be honest here, I’m kind of hoping for an aneurysm. Maybe a heart attack. Wonder if those play out differently in space?

“I know the rules here. I know my rights. I filed an agreement, as befitting a human from earth. I am allowed to come and barter for a human who was taken here by accident. Tell them it’s an accident, Miranda.”

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My guys all seem pretty relaxed, but I know that if something were to change, they'd be ready to defend me in an instant. "You filed a petition? You know you're only allowed one of those per lifetime, right?"

"Of course. What do you take me for, an idiot?"

"Well, yes." Owiin says in a clear tone. "Because you ruined the one petition you're allowed. If you filed it for somebody named Miranda, then it's useless unless you happen to cross paths with someone in the exact same situation with that name on this station. Got her name wrong, so the agreement won't hold up."

Calvin goes deadly still and takes a full measure of all three Violetians guarding me. I can't tell if he feels threatened by them, if he's annoyed that they are ruining the plans for him, or hell, maybe he wants to bone them, too. The expression he's giving could honestly go any way.

What ends up happening though, is that he pulls up a strange whistle hanging around his neck and blows into it, which has the super fun feature of drawing all the creepy 80s clown gators over to us. They surround us, and it's all so out of control, so ridiculous, that I am very close to just laughing hysterically, because who the hell is this guy?

I tap the large purple alien in front of me in an attempt to make room for me, promising to stay right in front of them. Before things get weirder, I should try to handle this like a woman and address the date from hell straight on. "What are you even doing here? There's no way you traveled this far just to get me. What's your game?"

“You heard what I said. What your leader here said. They took you from me, and I want you back. I wasn't done with you. Now you can be safe and come with me back to Earth, and you can put this whole absurd experiment behind you. Do these things even have dicks?”

The room goes awfully silent, and surprisingly, the creepy alligator guys put their hands up and back away from us all, shaking their heads like Calvin just committed the ultimate faux pas.

“Considering how much I've been limping all day, I can confirm, that yes; they do in fact. Not that that's any of your damn business. I still don't understand why you're here. Our date went awful, did you get me mixed up with somebody else? Somebody actually named Miranda, perhaps? Because there is nothing about our date that could have possibly led you into thinking I wanted to see you again, much less that I needed rescuing.

“As you can see from the incredibly possessive way they're handling me, I'm quite content where I am, thank you. If you seriously came here for me, sorry to say you wasted a lot of your time and energy. Our date was so bad that I got drunk and interviewed strangers on the way home to make sure I wasn't crazy for thinking an alien could offer me something better. Turns out me and my aliens are perfect together.”

“What— why are you guys getting naked? That's hardly appropriate in civilized society. Put that—oh my god. That's what they look likeflaccid?”

“Calvin The Puny And Regrettable, from Earth,” Owiin says with his shoulders back and his head held high, “we formally challenge you, asMargaret'smates,” and he emphasizes my name to prove once again how wrong this guy was about me, “to a dick fight. You have questioned our manhood in front of everyone, in front of our mate, and we do not let such slights go. You have come onto our territory, made

accusations against not only us, but our mate as well, and in doing so you have lost the respect of your lackeys.”

Calvin seems to finally realize the alligators are not backing him up anymore and he looks bewildered and angry. It's kind of cute, in a super pathetic way. Until he opens his mouth. “No. We had a deal. You guys helped me—”

One of the alligators steps forward. “Even we must abide by the universal space code between mates. If they are indeed mated, which you neglected to tell us, then you have breached your contract, anyway. You chose to get involved with an alien species to help you carry out your plans, and you should have known exactly how we operate. You never, and I mean never question Violetian’s dicks. Not if you want to keep yours, anyway. You're on your own, whiney man.”

My jaw drops, and I watch the incredibly intimidating demeanor of the alligators change into something you'd see at a children's birthday party from a character hired to entertain them. They start giggling and dancing their way out of the room, pausing to speak with Charlotte. I obviously cannot hear what is said, but it looks like they're apologizing profusely. I'm sure Charlotte will demand something in retribution, but I have nothing to do with that. I need to deal with this silly man in front of me. Who's incredibly delusional.

“It's shocking that you need me to tell you this considering you're a fully grown adult man, but honestly, you should just leave. That would be best for everybody. I'm not going to apologize for misleading you on our date, because there's no way in hell that's something I did, even subconsciously.”

Calvin opens his mouth to speak and lifts a hand like he's going to make a point, but Kass interrupts him. He's not one I would peg for taking control, but then, I'm still learning about all of them. “As the omega of my triad, I vow to be a fair judge for this contest. I would ask the room be cleared out of females while the challenge

commences, so that my mate does not have to keep us hidden from their eyes.”

Surprisingly, the room is already emptying of all females and most triads, save for a few that either don't have a mate, or look like they are bored out of their minds and literally want to watch a dick measuring contest. Or whatever the hell is about to happen. You know, I really don't think I even want to interfere. This idiot brought this on himself by having all of the audacity, and I must admit I'm looking forward to seeing him be further humiliated.

“Am I allowed to ask what the rules are?”

Adeema responds by spinning to kiss me, being obvious about how far down my throat he shoves his absurdly long tongue. He has me gagging on it in front of everybody watching, and it's making me want so many other things from him. But alas, this is not a live porno competition, unfortunately, so he pulls away eventually.

“He will take Owiin and I on in two separate rounds. Kass has vowed to be an impartial judge, and he can do that without sacrificing his loyalty to our triad. The rules for a dick contest are clear. If anybody watching does not agree with Kass' ruling, they may challenge it, and we will go from there.

“We will all be given a moment to armor up and set the stage. Basically, we'll need to clear enough space to move around without stumbling into nearby objects or people. We start on Kass' call, and we will fight each other until one of us proves they have the better dick. And if we get a little bloody, fear not. Remember, we can heal each other with our saliva. But I'm not expecting he'll be able to get anything on us, so you need not worry for us, mate.

“When the challenge is over and the winner is declared, the loser must sit in a box of shame for a week in the middle of the dining hall. He'll be at the whim of everybody eating and will survive off of their scraps. When his sentence is up, he will be

banished from this space station forever.”

“That's... a bit extreme. But, okay. If this is what you do, then do it. Just please, don't get us kicked out of here. I kind of like it, alright?”

I have full faith in my mates, but I figure I better give them both a good luck kiss anyway.

“This is ridiculous,” Calvin complains. Because of course he does. “They know I didn't mean anything by my stupid remark. Everyone knows the Violetians are hung. I apologize, okay? You have no idea how hard that is for me to say, how much it physically makes me sick, but I can admit when I'm in the wrong. Occasionally. But this is one of those times. We do not need to do whatever... you're insisting we do. You win; I lose. Alright? I'll just leave, and we can put all this ridiculousness behind us.” He looks at me as if he's going to make another bid for me to come with him, but Owiin isn't feeling generous enough to let him speak.

His eyes are glowing, and he looks scary as fuck. Definitely want to blow him right now. “If you dare to speak to our mate again after she's made it more than clear she wants nothing to do with you, we shall remove the embarrassingly small amount of flesh dangling between your legs as a favor to you, and to the known universe. Once you enter a challenge of this sort, there is no backing down. You should have known that before you inserted yourself into intergalactic politics. We do not play by earth rules. Even if some species occasionally decide to eat and colonize each other, we respect each other. We respect the rules.”

It's wild to me that they have such strict parameters on what to do if somebody challenges your dick size, but you know what, I am not, nor have I ever been, an alien with a dick. If they want to be precious about their manhood, let them. Makes me wonder though, if they have other such contests between women who mate... never mind. Women are smarter than men. We would never.

Calvin is sweating now, and I'm taking great joy from that. Especially when Kass brings up a seat for me to sit in and hands me a big tub of something that looks similar to popcorn. He puts a big drink next to me, props my feet up, and then begins to rope off their stage. Nobody's stopping this, so this must be either a common occurrence, or they are way more serious about this than I personally feel they need to be.

And then the armor is brought out.

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Maybe I should have realized that they wouldn't armor their bodies, not in a dick fight.

No, a gleaming metal set of dick-shaped armor is carried in by somebody and placed on a table. My triad walks up to make selections that will fit them the best, holding the pieces up to themselves to make sure the metal will be a good fit before completely sheathing their now hard cocks in... armor. Plated armor that looks just like the stuff in history books from medieval Europe. Weird.

I stifle a laugh when there's nothing small enough to suit Calvin and they have to remove several links from the smallest on offer in order to get it to fit properly. Really could have lived several lifetimes without seeing him naked though, that's for sure. Even if he's mildly attractive, his stupid personality destroys everything that could have been good.

I personally subscribe to the whole, it's not the size that matters it's what you do with it', but in this case, I don't think he'd know what to do with what he's got, even if it were not below average.

Kass stands on a nearby table so he's better able to see everything happening, presumably. And then he calls out, "Do all parties understand the rules? If you tap out, you forfeit. If you bleed too much and your armor falls off, you forfeit. If you pass out, you forfeit. If you harm your opponent in any way besides with your armored cock, you forfeit. I want a clean match from everyone. I will accept nothing else. Is everyone clear?"

There's no way that Calvin doesn't have at least 100 more questions, but the blatant

idiotic male pride gleaming in his beady little eyes tells me there's also no way he's going to ask them. It's assumed he knows what he's doing, so he does what nearly every guy in his position would do: fakes the hell out of it.

It's bizarre and oddly erotic to watch the men I have apparently married walking across a set stage, in armor, their dicks out and swinging. A bit of a surreal moment for me, if we're telling our truths. Not that I hate it, especially when Owiin and Adeema give each other a quick peck on the lips and smash their armored dicks together, emulating a fist bump.

And I wish I could say everything leading up to this point was the weirdest part of my day, or even my stay in space at all, but things continue to progress.

The first round goes somewhat as expected; that is to say, Adeema has Calvin bleeding and crying like a child within a minute, coming to me for a victory kiss. When Owiin steps into the ring though, towering over the date I should not have swiped on, he gives a hip thrust which releases tiny little blades at the base of his cock.

Calvin is panicking, while Owiin is promising me dirty, dirty things with his eyes. He's giving me the kind of looks that I'm sure would have impregnated women with lesser constitutions, but I'm ironclad in my resolution. I will not interrupt their strange fight.

No, we'll leave that to Calvin himself.

Soon as Owiin takes a step closer to him and finally focuses his full attention on him, Calvin falls to his knees with his hands up. His voice is shaking but loud as he projects it. "I never meant for this to go this far; sorrier than you'll ever know." He stares straight at me. "Before this goes any further, I need to tell everybody the true reason I'm here."

The room goes silent once more, Adeema shifting in front of me to make sure the idiot doesn't try anything wild. How manyfucking chances did we give this guy to talk? And suddenly a little-bitty, razor-sharp (I'm assuming) blade gets aimed at his dick and he has secrets? That's suspect.

He focuses his attention now on Owiin, pleading his case from his knees. "I'm sure you've heard how I know your lovely mate; we did indeed go on a date. But the truth is, I'm a secret agent for the government of the United States. I was sent to meet her for dinner, because we had suspicions about who she was. Everything leading up to now has been an extension of our evaluation protocol.

"We will need to do a bit more testing still, but after interviewing her parents, her friends, and anybody who's had a significant part of her life, we feel fairly certain in her identity."

"Can you get to the point already?" Owiin asks, sounding bored.

"Apologies, Sir. Thank you for taking such excellent care of her so far, I can tell this is a well-suited match judging from your behavior with each other. She seems happy and well, and that is all we can ask for." Calvin shifts his attention to me again, sitting back on his heels to become even less of a threat. "Your parents wanted to be the ones to tell you this, but unfortunately, traveling here just wasn't possible for them. Also, I must admit that everything up until this point has been a ruse.

"Your prior space station has not been colonized in any way; everybody is safe there. Well, except that the humans there staged a revolt and kicked the ruler and his mate out of the space station. Like literally, they were floating around in space before they froze, gasified, and then degraded. If your triad wanted to return there, it would likely be fine. Sorry. I'm getting off track.

"Long ago, Miss Mir—argaret, when your father was but a twinkle in his parents'

eye, your grandparents were chosen to pioneer a program. There was an alien race dying out, desperate for help. And they looked to earth, because they knew that our species is capable of crossbreeding with many other humanoid alien races. And your grandma was a bit of a freak for aliens, if you don't mind my saying."

He's not wrong. When she passed, we found quite a collection of accoutrements.

"This race, known as The Tulips, imparted everything they had into a tiny kernel of highly concentrated data, information, and genetic material, which your grandmother ingested while pregnant with your father. It takes two generations to fully activate, but once it does, the child would be the sole heir and supreme ruler of the lost Tulip People.

"It is truly serendipitous to meet you out here in space, Margaret, for this is where your destiny must be initiated. I needed to intercept you to keep the accordance with the Tulip people our Earth government made and inform you of what you truly are.

"I feel I must admit I had very little intention of bringing you back to earth; I'm quite interested in being involved with a woman set to inherit such power— talk about a resume builder! And hey, I'm open to another date, you just say the word. I won't even lie about my intentions next time. You have a lot of big decisions ahead of you, and I emphasize with incredible gravitas that the Tulip People are depending on you."

I set the popcorn/not popcorn bucket on the ground and dust off my fingers, then reach for the cold refreshing drink Kass gave me a little bit ago. After breathing a few dozen times, I feel it is imperative to point out the obvious to this deranged man in front of me.

I hold out my arms to him, turning them this way and that, wiggling my fingers, raising my feet to wiggle my toes to show exactly what I'm made of. "In case you're incredibly ignorant of everything around you, I'm 100% human."

“But you're not. Tell me, and I don't ask this to intrude upon your personal life although I would not at all mind the mental images of you, has anything odd happened between you and your triad since you came together? Have you found it easier than you thought it would be to get physical with your mates? Because I can assure you, every human woman once paired with a Violetian triad needs rigorous training for months, as well as an incredible amount of cum ingestion, before they can even attempt to consider taking them inside their body. Yet you spoke of walking funny, correct? Due to that exact circumstance. This is an indication that the recessive genes inside of you are beginning to bloom, changing you.”

To my horror, the men in my triad hold their chin thoughtfully, as if to say that makes sense. But no, it fucking doesn't.

Deny, deny, deny has always been my favorite quote.

“We did find it remarkable she was so motivated,” Adeema admits like a total traitor.

“There is a massive castle across the universe with your name on it, Margaret. Of course, your mates will be there to help you rule. You are the hope of an entire people though, and I must warn you that once everything activates, you're going to get a very intense urge to procreate. This is wired into your DNA, a fail-safe to make sure the Tulip genes keep getting passed on. There is a good amount of these people left, but they've been in stasis awaiting your rise to power. You are to be their queen, and they will adore you.

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“And, uh, side note, your grandmother wanted to make sure you knew that if you find any overtly friendly or cuddly animals in your new home, to be aware they are likely just horny Tulipianstrying to get a whiff of your snatch. Her words, not mine. There was a footnote in her letter that said to trust her on this, because she had to learn that lesson the hard way.”

What does one even say to that? I have always wanted kids, but damn. “Excuse me if I find all of this hard to believe. Also, you interrupted our much-needed sleep, and I would like to return to that state as soon as possible. Continue this weird dick fight, or don’t. I’m heading back to our room.”

Jeesh. You give a girl an alien, then she’ll want two more, and pretty soon she’s dreaming about ruling an entire alien race. Hardly my fault that things are progressing this way.

Owiin

Adeema has finished his round, so he is able to travel with our mate back to our residence to keep her company.

I turn to the man down on his knees who thinks he's getting out of our dick fight because he pulled a miraculous story out of his rear end. “Was that it, then? Anything else you have left to say?”

He stands, looking a little bit... sheepish, I think is the correct term. “I’m sorry to ambush you like this. I truly wish there would have been a different way we could have done this all, but she was a very difficult woman to get a hold of. Especially

after the four of you fled the prior state space station so quickly.”

“I’m not sure if I believe in the entirety of the tale you just told—”

He springs up from his knees, getting far too close to me for my comfort. “You must! Every word I have spoken is the truth. Now that she has left the full gravity of earth, her body is preparing to awaken the dormant genes. It’s only a matter of time before her body finishes processing them, allowing them to shine through more.”

Because I owe it to my mate to get all the information, I question him further. “What exactly are we looking for?”

“She will feel a call, and it will be impossible for her to hold it in. Shortly after, she will engage in a traditional Tulip courting dance, and her hips will start to widen. Her hair will turn light pink, and she’ll have an urge to travel to her distant kingdom. Once there, she will be able to enter the planet’s atmosphere and access every bit of information she’ll need to be a successful ruler. The people have recorded everything, and once she lands, she’ll have a full house of staff there to help her along. All of you will be very comfortable there, well provided for. You’ll never want for anything, and it’ll be the safest place you’ve ever been. It’s a paradise, one befitting a queen. And may I just say, I’d make an excellent addition to your—”

“I thank you for your help.” I step forward then, catching him unaware as I finish our dick fight.

He desperately tries to stop me, throwing his hands out in front of him, pleading, insisting the rules don’t apply because he’s an emissary from Earth, but once begun, dick fights cannot end until somebody is named the victor.

If I were to give up, I’d be letting him get away with the insults, and I would be cursed. My entire triad would be, actually. The powers that be would begin to shrink

our cocks a tiny bit every time we used them thereafter.

It's possible to some degree that is just a folktale, but I'd rather risk this earth man's dick than mine. If it is true, this is not a fate I can abide by. So, whether or not he meant well by coming here, he still must be defeated.

This puny weakling's not a fighter, so it doesn't take long for Kass to name me the victor. Nobody refutes this, and security comes to bring the bloody man away to his tank of embarrassment, sans the upper third of his dick. He can regrow that though, right?

Again, he complains the whole way that he should not be treated this way, that he was merely there to deliver a message, that they'll be sorry when his severed dick explodes, but nobody cares to listen to him. I could tell by looking at him that he has imagined my mate naked, and I cannot stand for such an insult.

I carry my omega over my shoulder back to the quarters we were so generously given, spanking him every tenth step I take, just to keep things interesting.

"Do you think she'll want the kingdom?" Kass asks me as we bounce along.

"I think we need to discuss it as a triad and see what we can learn about the Tulip People. I find it a little hard to believe much of that story. It just doesn't add up—he could have simply treated Margaret well on their date and developed a friendship and explained everything shortly after."

We arrive at our residence then, scanning our faces for entrance, and I'm so excited to give Margaret her gift.

That may have to wait a moment though, seeing as she's currently exchanging oral ministrations with Adeema. On our eating surface.

She lifts a hand in greeting upon our entry, and Adeema greets us by blasting glittery gold ejaculate all over her face and neck.

“I see you two are over the stress of the resting hours, in which we did not, in fact, rest.”

Adeema angles his head to insert one of his horns into Margaret’s body, his eyes convulsing.

“We decided to...treat ourselves...” Margaret pants.

“Give her the thing!” Kass encourages, stepping forward to kiss our mate.

I pull the face cloth I snagged from the gathering space from my pocket and present it to Margaret, greedily awaiting her excitement.

She climaxes first, dripping all over Adeema’s horn, and after a brief stint of collapse against the table, is gesturing for us to help her sit up.

Adeema’s ejaculate is still painting her beautiful skin like a gilded jewel, making it hard to concentrate on what her hands are doing.

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“What the hell is this? Some sort of computer part?”

Blood is dripping on her hands a little as she handles the severed penis tip, but somehow, she does not recognize the flesh of her own kind.

“I won the fight. This is a trophy for you; he screamed beautifully when my cock blades cut it off.”

Her smile looks suspiciously like a frown. “You’re telling me this was attached to Calvin?”

“It is his penis, my mate,” Kass says as he jumps up and down in excitement. “We have carried it to you as a sign of our devotion!”

She jumps off of the eating surface and retrieves more face cloths, attempting to clean the blood off the appendage. “First of all,” she starts, hunched over and far too close to another male’s penis for my comfort, severed or not, “it is leaking some sort of oil. This...human penises bleed red blood. A lot. Please don’t ask me why I know that.

“Second of all, there are actual wires in here. Humans, canonically, are 0% electric.”

“Even in their erect penises?” Adeema asks for all of us.

“Especially in their erect penises. No, if this came off Calvin...” she looks up at me, waiting for me to come to the same conclusion she has.

“Le gasp! He’s not human!” Kass exclaims.

All our eyes swing to the door and the direction Calvin is now residing, wondering what we should do about this new information. Is this a big enough bit of information to alert the whole space station? Just the leadership? No one at all because we're extremely tired?

Adeema, thinking clearer than either Kass or I since he just achieved explosive orgasms with our mate, strides forward and picks up the very-not-human-flesh-now-that-I-really-think-about-it and deposits it into our cold storage, which for reasons, is explosion-proof.

"Just in case," he says as he locks it up and helps Margaret wash her hands.

We're not even five steps from the cold food storage when two greatly inconvenient things happen simultaneously.

First, my body decides right at that exact moment how urgent it is that I get to the facilities— okay, three things if you want to be nosy and be all up in our goings-on.

I'm racing to the bathroom so I don't embarrass myself by soiling my trousers in front of everyone in this astral plane whom I have deep affections for, the cold storage is rocking on its supports from an explosion that it's muffling, and there're several someones pounding on the front door to our residence, yelling crazy things like, "Galactic force! Open up!"

Obviously the most important thing is I continue to the facilities, so I tap Adeema in to carry out his beta duties. Hopefully he won't just think it's time to mate with Margaret again.

I'm fortunately quick in the bathroom, otherwise things could have been more uncomfortable, and after I've cleaned my hands, I walk out to find my triad still standing in the middle of our quarters, looking confused and arguing about which

urgent situation to address first. Rest assured; they did not consider my personal urges to be one of them.

The choice is taken from us when the front door gets kicked in by a massive pair of boots. A being with green stretchy skin and tentacles all over comes in wearing light-darkening shades on his many-eyed face— those never look cool inside, by the way. They are holding out a badge to prove they're who they say they are as a handful of other beings in similar uniforms to him—could the shorts have not been longer? I promise you, some of them have genitalia hanging out from the front—sweep the place.

They start to speak to us, but it is just a long, scrambled stream of letters that sounds like, “Creitlann deeeitll cubbedl alldiin poootaaytooeees akkenn yuummmmiee alden.”

We don't respond.

They stare at us expectantly, then realize they were speaking the wrong language and try again.

“Greetings, Triad. We have questions to ask you. There has been an intergalactic investigation into a human who goes by the name Calvin, and we are led to believe that one Margaret Walker, residing here, may have ties to him.”

“That fucker was the worst choice I've ever made in my life,” she grumbles as she comes to my side, wrapping an arm around me for comfort. She still smells of sex and Adeema, still is donning his glittery jizz over her bare skin, and I'm not sure if I'm impressed by how nonchalant she is about speaking to officials in her naked form wearing our ejaculate proudly, or if I want to cover her up.

Kass runs to the kitchen and collects a few eating plates, bringing them to her and

holding them up to cover up her breasts. That'll work as well as anything else, I suppose. Especially when Adeema stands behind her and uses his hands wrapped around her waist to cover up her other precious parts.

“Yes?” She asks, with all the self-importance of a ruler. She is fantastic.

It takes a minute for the being to find words again, completely thrown off by her casual nudity. “Y-yes. We’ve been trying to contact you about your car’s extended warranty. No, no, that’s not right. Give me a moment, it’s up here somewhere.” The being begins to vigorously shake their head, wrapping their tentacles tightly about their neck as they do. Then they stop suddenly and stand upright once more. “We’ve been trying to collect this guy for many years— he is a professional scammer. We weren’t able to get to your grandmother in time, but we do have his whole collected wealth and properties spanning the galaxy we could offer you in recompense.”

“I’m sorry, what? What did Calvin do, exactly, besides being a major twat?”

One of the officers walks into the room, interrupting us. “All clear, Superior, although their cold storage exhibits signs of an internal combustion. They may want to get that serviced.”

“Thank you, Captain.” They nod to us and gesture to the sofas. “May we sit in your gathering room, perchance?”

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Margaret shuffles over, holding the plates in place still until she can grab a blanket from the couch and wrap herself in that instead. She plops down rather unceremoniously onto our sofa, curls into my side when I do the same, and then stares at the being from the galactic force, waiting for them to tell us why they're in our home when we would much rather be sleeping.

“He has been scamming many people whenever he could get the chance, though you are the first human he chased across the actual galaxy. Take that as a compliment if you will.”

“From him? Never,” Margaret replies immediately, making me smile and kiss her head.

“Anyway, he would target older humans, we are led to believe, selling them a magic bean that he would convince them held the keys to a future kingdom for their family. That they were saving a race of creatures—”

“Are you telling us the whole speech he gave us regarding our mate being the heir to the Tulip People was a falsehood?”

The agent opens and closes their mouth of needle-sharp teeth several times before they're ready to speak. “You are quick to come to the correct conclusion. Your grandmother unknowingly signed you away, Margaret, thinking you would become the queen of a mythical planet in exchange. He's done this to a few others as well, making himself incredibly rich in the process as the elderly people would give him their life savings in order to be the savior of the people he made up. In their defense though, Calvin made a very believable case. I am unsurprised that so many people fell

for it.

“Our questions though, are how much contact did you have with Calvin, and did you sign anything for him? Did you agree, even verbally, to do anything for him or go anywhere with him?”

“We had one date, which was fucking terrible, and then I signed myself up to mate with these fine-ass aliens next to me. That was the last I heard of Calvin before he came to this station demanding to meet with someone named Miranda. Then he challenged these guys to a dick fight, maybe unknowingly, and lost drastically from what I hear.

“He tried to tell me I was meant to be the savior of the Tulip People, but I thought he was full of shit so I left to come bang one of my alien husbands, and then eventually the rest of my triad came home and presented me with a severed penis as a gift—which is quite thoughtful now that I think about it, but it turns out his penis was full of wires and very much not human flesh, so they put it in the fridge? And then I think it blew up. I don’t know, haven’t looked yet because you all barged in here at that point.”

“It must have been the dick fight that was his downfall. I see...would you be willing to sign a statement, that what you are telling me is true to the best of your knowledge?”

“If it means I get to sleep soon, absolutely.”

“Apologies, Margaret. So just to be clear, you didn’t agree to go with him in order to gain this mythical kingdom?”

She sighs, exhausted. “That’s what I said, yes.”

“Well, assuming everything you’ve told us matches up with the rest of the investigation, we can clear you of any reasonable doubt of involvement with this intergalactic scheme. He’s had partners in other settlements and planets colluding with him.”

“Excuse me, if she had agreed to go with him in the interest of inheriting this mythical kingdom, what would have happened to our mate?”

The look this galactic officer gives me tells me I probably won’t like his answer, so I lift her into my lap, where I’m happiest, and wrap my arms around her before he hits us with it.

“Well, she would have been transported to a private station we’ve recently discovered and are in the process of doing a raid on, and he would have tried to woo her. We believe he was looking for someone to partner up with him, we suspect he wanted a wife who had a vested interest in space living. This scam has been going on for a while; they have been amassing wealth for quite some time.”

“And, uh, if I didn’t want to be his wife?” She shudders and then gags simultaneously. Very attractive.

“You’d have been turned into a bean and given to someone else for consumption.”

“Pleasant. Well, thank the good lord I had no interest in that man— wait, why was dick not human?”

“That, is not so pleasant.”

“Because everything leading up to now has been incredibly so,” Margaret sasses him, giving me a total erection. Not ashamed.

“Well, he hasn’t been human for some time. We believe, and this is still an ongoing investigation, so we don’t have all the facts, that he sold his soul some time ago to a demonic presence in the far reaches of the galaxy in exchange for a very long life. He’s been giving up parts of himself to this being every handful of years, and the being turns him into a bionic man one piece at a time. It’s remarkable, really. Completely unhinged, but remarkable.

“Calvin’s error was targeting somebody that couldn’t deal with his, well, bullshit, for lack of a better word. If we have any further questions, we’ll let you know.”

He and his team get up to leave but pause before walking through the doorway. “Oh, and the money he conned from your grandmother was intended for you, so it shall be awarded back to you. Also, he preemptively named you his beneficiary an extremely unnecessary will that was full of terrible jokes, so you’re sort of rich now. I do believe you could buy your own space station if you wanted. Have a good day.”

The silence is a bit unnerving when everyone leaves, and I have half a mind to track the officer down and force him to remove the severed bionic penis in my cold food storage but decide that’s a problem for the me that exists upon waking.

All any of us want at this point is to crawl into our triad bed and hold our mate and sleep until we can’t anymore.

And would it really harm anyone if we had some very detailed, very erotic dreams of our wonderful mate or each other?

Margaret

It seems the proper way to end all this drama is with an orgy.

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I wasn't lying when I said I needed a few days to heal before attempting sex with my aliens again, but something miraculous happens just a few measly days after Calvin came and tried to turn me into a bean and/or his wife. Do you think there's a drastic difference between the two?

Because of some very coincidental circumstances, my triad and I are lauded as heroes. I super don't feel like we did all that much, honestly, but I am not about to say no when a large group of aliens living at our current station come up to us and offer to worship us.

We've spoken briefly about common courtesy here, and I believe this falls under one of those times.

This offer of worship is seen as a great honor among the different alien species, and that, combined with the large inheritance I'll be getting soon, it seems we have some options.

Oddly enough, and much to my everlasting glee, Calvin managed to get my name correct in one place and one place only; the very non-traditional will, written in all of the things, sonnet form. He really gave me all his money thinking his pan would go off without a hitch.

Earth was strangely thankful we caught a baddie they've been chasing for years, so have offered us diplomatic immunity as well as the chance to move back to Earth, with all my aliens.

This felt weird to me but then again, I am not, nor have I ever been, an alien with an

alien dick, so I do not fully understand their complete thought processes.

Here's how the conversation went (this is the abridged version, the non-abridged version included lots of talk of my breasts and cunt, and I'm sparing you all that. You're welcome):

Me: Your wristband says what, now?

Adeema: That we can move back to Earth. They say we are welcome to accompany you, to become the first aliens they welcome as citizens of Earth.

Me:...you've been in space your whole lives. Wouldn't the gravity on Earth like turn your bones to gelatin or something? There's got to be something bad that would happen to your internal organs, too. They don't exactly breathe the same air there

Owiin: There will be a transition process, but the air is similar enough to what we have on the space stations, and the gravity close enough to what they use on those same space stations, that no internal liquefying should happen

Me: Very reassuring, thanks. It feels selfish to ask you to give up your only known home to live in a shit hole

Owiin: Is everything down there a shithole, then?

Me: Pretty much, yeah

Kass: I've already researched the area you come from and there are plenty of places we could live that look very not shit-hole-ish

Me: ...

Kass:...

Adeema:...Your mammary glands look fantastic right now. May I nibble on them?

(Sorry, that slipped in there)

Owiin: Do you have any interest in moving back to Earth? I am told there are no crickas there, that feels like a bonus

Me: That's true

Owiin: Well, do you? I can assure you that we'll be happy there. We might have some minor issues being too noticed due to our appearance, but I'm sure in time that will settle down. Maybe it will even pave the way for future species from space to settle there. Or start a whole different sort of species exchange where humans and galactic species are trading places willy-nilly (I added that part, he definitely did not use the words 'willy nilly' but they felt like the proper way to convey the meaning behind his words)

Me: 'Kay

Adeema: No really, may I?

Kass: Only if I get to nibble on her cunt

Me [magnanimously agreeing]: Do we need to talk about this more? Weigh the pros and cons? Look at other options before we just up and move to Earth? Do you guys even want to live there?

Owiin [stroking his cock because in his mind this discussion is already settled]: Nah (he in fact said no thank you)

Me: 'Kay

And that was pretty much the extent of it.

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Once they railed me really good and worked up to roughly my belly button with their massive cocks, in turns of course because they're nothing if not polite, we became a massive heap in the middle of the living area, covered in various bodily fluids.

It felt like a moment I should imprint in my memory for safekeeping, because they were absolutely right in that I had already given up everything to be with them. Their argument was that my whole experience in space had been less than stellar (space joke!) and so they wished to try things the earthly way.

When I told them about puppies and kittens it was pretty much game over, so I think now our plan is to buy an over large home, because we can afford it, and get too many pets.

We figured something out that will help human women for generations to come: if they want to take their alien mate's dick in full, all they have to do is ***** next to baby unicorns. Sorry, it has been redacted, because apparently this is a galactic secret now. Highly sensitive information we've just gotten a patent on, which will make us even richer.

It was a miracle when we figured that out though, because it made taking any of them far easier than it had been before. Sowe have an incredibly fulfilling sex life, I get alien dick on the regular, and I get to have all the sweet little animals my heart can handle.

Bonus, I get to rub it in my ex-neighbor's face (total bitch) that me having such terrible luck with men actually led to something pretty incredible. It might not have been Calvin's doing that I found my happily ever after, but if it weren't for him and

all the other massive assholes I should never have bothered with, I'd have stayed on earth and continued on my path of self-destruction.

Now, I stand to be the happiest human woman in existence and also reap the benefits of eternal gratitude from multiple world and space leaders, so things are looking pretty great around here.

In the end, I didn't get to be queen. That's okay. It's enough that I get three massive golden dicks to sit on at my leisure, and that they fucking worship me. That's basically the same thing, right?

We'll vacation to different stations when we feel ready to, but there's no rush.

What did we learn?

If finding a partner on earth just isn't working out and you're at the end of your rope, try taking an alien for a whirl. You might be pleasantly surprised.

If that's not an option for you, then I've got nothing except that cookie dough is pretty great?

PS.

If you are wondering what happened to Calvin, the being he had made a soul deal with turned him into goo, remotely. Very, very messily.

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