



# Phantom Hole Booth: Vol 1 Peach

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**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** She's in it for the aliens and they don't disappoint

Peach answered an ad with her very curious book club. She came back because the aliens on offer were everything she could have hoped for. But could her newest client be "the one"?

**Total Pages (Source):** 35

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

\$\$\$ ALIEN FUCKERS WANTED \$\$\$

The ad looked like a joke.

If it had been on a random site or popped up on social media, no one would have responded to it.

No one Phantom wanted, anyway.

The proprietor of “Phantom’s” had named themselves and their sex club on MiNo space station because of a human woman. They understood how tantalizing of a species we are.

And they are more than happy to provide an introduction between us and the rest of the universe.

After all, it’s a lucrative business. I realized that the moment I saw the club.

The first time I’d responded to Phantom’s ad, I’d done so in a massive group. Our book club had joked and toyed with the idea and eventually taken a poll and then we’d taken a field trip.

We’d thought “safety in numbers” but we hadn’t needed them. And it’s a good thing, too.

What were we going to do when the office building we’d gone to turned into a spaceship that rocketed us halfway across the known universe?

Four women had backed out before that. They stayed on Earth, safe and unsatisfied. Two more had backed out after we'd arrived at the club. Meeting the electro-static alien and looking out at the club floor with all of the aliens on offer had been a little too much for them.

Honestly, I couldn't blame them.

But it had been the knowledge they could back out that had eased my mind.

Even though six of our initial thirteen chose to abstain, the rest of us...

We'd had a lot of fun and then gone home, feeling a little like we'd woken up from a dream.

I never went to the book club again, so I don't know if any of the others have come back, but I... I can't stop.

Dating human men had felt more dangerous and less satisfying than ever before.

"You going to be okay, Peach?" Feather pats me on the back and then slides her hand over to squeeze my shoulder.

Peach isn't my real name, obviously. But I've gotten used to it... almost like it is. Sometimes I'd rather be Peach than Maggie.

But Feather is her real name. She's our 'house mom' this time around. The woman designated to make sure we're all okay and have everything we need.

I've seen her several times, but I've never seen her go into the booth. I'm not sure she partakes, but she wears the same baby blue booty shorts and severely cropped raglan top with a ufo on it.

I've always wanted to take the top home with me afterward... but it's never ended up in a condition that would let me sneak it back as a souvenir. Taking a clean one from the locker room feels like stealing.

"Yeah, I'm okay." I assure her. My nerves are a jumbled mess.

It's so silly.

I know how this works, but my skin prickles like it's the first time.

Maybe it's because I pulled the first slot this time around. Maybe it's because I know what waits for me inside the booth—theoretically.

The wall lights up with a cartoon peach and fireworks, and Feather squeezes my shoulder again.

The booth bot is ready for me.

"Show them how it's done, love." She kisses my forehead and I stand, reminding myself that if I show my nerves, it's only going to make the new girls more nervous.

They deserve to have the best time ever.

So, I smile at her and muster all my bravado. "Time to get fucked."

Time to see what delights are on offer.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

The booth bot greets me with a sweet little burble as the door slides shut behind me and I step to the center as the panels on all six sides of the cube flicker to life.

“Welcome back, Peach.” The booth bot says. “Sixteen participants have requested an introduction to human participants.”

“Then, by all means, introduce me, please.”

As the first one in, I get the pick of the proverbial litter.

The bot lets out a little celebratory trill. “Do you have any preferences this time? Or would you prefer to avoid repeats?”

“No preferences or other new parameters.” I want to explore all my options.

Another triumphant burble echoes through the speakers.

The walls of the booth blink and shutter in a swirl of technological sparkles. Then, they turn purple. Somehow, they’re dark and bright all at once.

I don’t understand the technology. I don’t plan to ask, but sixteen booths with sixteen aliens, elsewhere in the club, connect to mine.

Holes form in all four walls and the floor. I’m glad they don’t come out of the ceiling, because I wouldn’t be able to reach those when the alien cocks poke out moments later.

Some waggle, some flop. Others already ooze with precum.

One of them is actually noxious.

“Removal,” I say as I hit the wall beside that hole. The booth blinks it out in an instant.

There’s a lot to love about alien technology. The ability to get rid of a cock you want nothing to do with: priceless.

A tentacle reaches toward me, questing in the empty air, and I hold my hand out, letting the soft pink skin curl around my own.

I’m not going to pick that one, or the purple one that flops around it’s hole a little too eagerly. There’s a sweet new girl who had whispered to a friend that she was hoping for tentacles... I’ve had my fun with them before. I hope she gets the chance to play with this one. The other one doesn’t seem like the right choice for her first time.

Blue and green and orange and black... Cocks poke out of the walls in almost every color of the rainbow, some with shapes I don’t always understand.

I have to reach up to stroke one in the top corner. It’s orange and shaped a little like a corn cob. I stroke the shaft and the soft spikes that line either side of a twitching vein. The alien on the other side shudders and their cock moves like a caterpillar trying to edge forward.

It could be fun... But its tiny head leaks a radioactive-green ooze and that makes me balk. None of the aliens Phantom lets in here are poisonous or venomous. That ooze should be safe enough, but I’m not willing to risk it.

Stroking him once more, I tap that square and request his removal, too.

“Bye bye, Mr. Cobb.” I say as the booth bot lets out a little trill of acknowledgement and that square blinks away too.

You’re not supposed to name them, but I can’t always help myself.

I brush my fingers along others until I get to one that is my favorite shade of purple... Mostly.

The tip glows a beautiful, vibrant blue.

The small nodule on its top glows as well, and the barbs that run in two lines along the underside.

It’s pretty.

And it’s so thick, I have to laugh as my mind supplies the comparison—like a curved traffic cone. I’m fairly certain it won’t actually fit inside me, but when I stroke it, the pale blue pulses up its shaft and those barbs flex like fingers.

It would be a struggle...

I’ve played things relatively safe up until now. This time, I want to be bad.

Still stroking it, I say, “I’ve made my selection.” There’s a process.

The bot burbles, the lights shift. “Please indicate your selection by pressing the corner of the preferred square and holding for five seconds.”

I do as I’m told and get a little light show as the other holes disappear like they were never here in the first place. And then, it’s just me and my chosen cock.

“Would you prefer silence, or your previous playlist?”

“Put it on shuffle, please.”

I had thought it was so funny that Phantom pulled any and all music he could find from Earth. But I am glad.

I stroke their cock and watch the way it moves.

“Tell me about them?”

“Disclosable information includes the following.

Species: Glantanian.

Gender identity: Male.

Earth Age Equivalency: thirty-four.

Marital Status: unattached in all ways.

Income: fi—”

“I don’t need to know that.” I cut him off.

A burble that reminds me of buffering echoes through the room. “Is there anything else you do wish to know?”

There’s so much I want to know.

“No.” I don’t need to know anything about him. “Not right now.”



Right now, I have a job to do—not that this ever feels like work—and my mouth is already watering.

Swirling my tongue around the tip of him, I shiver when the pulsing light changes the temperature of his skin.

He is going to be fun.

Wrapping both of my hands around his thick shaft, I stroke in time with that pulse, not sure it's the right thing to do for his species, but enjoying myself all the same.

When I pull back, the tip of him swells and three slits open, shiny and damp.

“What does his cum taste like?”

“Information unknown.”

I guess I'll have to find out on my own.

I drag the flat of my tongue over those slits, and the pulsing flickers.

The wall flashes to my left with the galactic symbol for currency. A tip.

“A tip for a tip.” I chuckle against him and suck.

He tastes like skin and softness and I roll my tongue around his head and hum as I enjoy the way his pulsing seems to make him larger.

“Does it get bigger?” I ask, because I want to know if I'm going to need even more preparation.

“Minimal swelling can be expected as the appendage fills with semen.”

“The whole thing fills with cum?”

“Yes.”

Now, I’m so curious if it’s going to deflate like a balloon when I’m done with him.

Only one way to find out...

Working up the spit in my mouth, I take as much of him as I’m able.

I’m allowed to do anything I want with him. If something was off limits, the restriction would have shown on the wall beside his cock.

Stroking him with both hands, I bob on him, but it’s not what I want.

I want to feel this big alien cock filling me up.

One hand teasing him, I shimmy out of my booty shorts and slip my fingers between my legs.

Anticipation had gotten me started back in the waiting room. The initial idea of having my pick when I came in had helped and playing with my chosen cock...

I’m ready to take him. Well... Part of him at least.

The booth places his cock at the perfect level for me to line up against him.

I slide him along me, shivering at the warmth and the slickness combined.

Oh god.

I like Alien cock. I knew that the first time I got in the booth. As he opens me wide, I might actually love this one.

Those barbs undulate, like they're pulling me further back onto him. They stretch me as I slide and it pulls.

And when I get as far down as I think I can go, those barbs move as if exploring me and I... I am going to need to find something better than a vibrator when I get home.

I shiver and clench around him.

Another tip lights up the wall.

"Me too," I whisper. I like it too.

I work my way back and forth, pussy squeezing as I do. The feeling, the fullness, I open my mouth, as though that will relieve some of the pressure that threatens to make me dizzy.

I like alien cock, but I've never felt like one was perfect before.

This one —

I gasp when my butt hits the wall.

I didn't expect to take him all... I didn't expect to be so proud now that I have.

Gold star, Peach.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Asupport grows out of the floor for me and I hold on to it, using it for leverage.

I've gotten all of him inside me, but my body isn't used to the size of his. When I ease forward, the same tension that makes my clit ache, pushes me off of him.

I'd complain if working my way back down wasn't so hot.

Snaking one hand between my legs to toy with my clit, I stroke the part of him that comes out of me when I move on him.

"What's normal stamina for... Glantarians?" I stutter out a breath and clench down as those barbs work inside of me.

The bot takes longer to respond than usual. "Unclear. This Participant has not visited Phantoms prior to this appointment."

Frowning, I try to be satisfied, but...

It's not enough.

It should be—it always has been before—but it isn't.

Squeezing my nipple and panting as his cock spreads me all over again, I ask, "Can I see him?"

"To view your selected participant, please place your hand in the indicated space to waive partial visual privacy clause."

I hesitate. “Will he be able to see me?”

“Not until you waive the complete visual privacy clause.”

I place my palm against the glowing outline of a hand and after it pulses a few times, the wall opposite me turns into an enormous screen.

He’s a big man.

Not surprising, given what’s filling me.

His skin is mottled with a pattern of spots in lighter purples and blues.

Six eyes, four arms, two legs, and a cock buried in a glittering purple hole... a cock buried in me.

Pursed lips don’t hide his long fangs.

I squeeze around him and all six of his eyes close, the brows above them pinch and his mouth opens and I wonder what sound leaves his lips.

I wonder if he’ll moan or grunt when he comes... I wonder what the glowing tongue that’s just peeked out to lick his lips would feel like.

“Send him an offer.”

“What is the offer?”

“Ask if he’s willing to pay for full contact.”

There’s a pause and then a questioning sound. “You are aware that full contact will

void most anonymity clauses.”

“I am.”

The bot goes quiet. The screen darkens, taking my view away, and I slow my movements, waiting for his answer.

He’ll say no.

That’s fine.

I’ll go back to fucking him the way I’m supposed to. And everything will be fine.

I bite my lip. It’s taking too long.

I want him to say yes more than I should.

Swapping booths isn’t against the rules. I’ve just never done it before.

I’ve never wanted to do it before.

I shiver with anticipation and slow, even more.

If he does say yes, I don’t want to shorten the time I have with him.

I slide off him and go to my knees again.

Softly sucking on him, I work my tongue along the slit at his tip, tasting the mixture of my pussy and his syrupy precum.

“The offer has been accepted.”

I freeze, looking up at the little speaker where the bot's voice comes from.

“It has?”

“Confirmed.”

A panicked little laugh escapes me.

I keep stroking him as I try to think.

I asked for this. I want it.

I remind myself of that and try to kill the butterflies frantically flapping in my stomach.

“How do I get to him?”

I don't know how this part works.

“I have connected your doors.” The wall opposite me lights with a rectangle in vibrant blue.

I press a kiss to his cock before I let him go.

Snatching my booty shorts off the ground, I pull them back on. I'm not sure why, I'm just going to take them off again in a minute. There's a little protection from the unknown in being clothed... even this minimally.

I hesitate with my hand hovering over the square that will open the door. “What's his name?”

He's been inside me... he's going to be the first alien I've fucked who gets to see my face. I should probably know what to call him.

The name appears on the booth wall in a dozen alphabets as the booth bot says it.  
“Lochdon.”



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

The door opens into the soft light of his booth and I pause on the threshold.

Lochdon waits for me, with what I think might be awe painted across his strangely beautiful face.

Sitting in the lounge chair that is the only piece of furniture in the room, he strokes his already familiar cock. It fits his body perfectly.

He stands when the door closes and after a moment, he tips to the side in something that makes me think of a bow.

“Hi.” I bite my lip... he’s actually bigger than I thought he was. “I’m Peach. The booth tells me your name is Lochdon”

I hear the booth bot translate my words, spitting them out as a question in his language, but his eyes never leave me.

He answers it, but I have to wait for the automated voice to switch to English.

“Lochdon Orlex, and I am very pleased to meet you.” He holds out his hand toward me. “You’ll be able to understand me in a moment.”

“I will?”

Some of his eyes blink at me and he nods. The booth translates his words, “if you’ll let me kiss you.”

Cocking a brow at him, I take his hand and step close to him. “Kissing you will do that?”

Again he nods.

“Query,” I say to make sure the bot knows I’m talking to it. “How is kissing him going to make it so that I can understand him?”

“Glantanian saliva creates a temporary, limited mental link. You will understand each other through this link.”

Mental link doesn’t sound great. “Query. Does that mean he’ll be able to hear my thoughts?”

“No.”

Nothing else, just “no.”

“Okay.” I look up at Lochdon. “Let’s make this easier for everyone.”

I offered full contact, and he accepted. I had already planned to kiss him.

“You’re sure?” The booth translates.

“Is there anything else I need to know before I say yes?”

He waits for the translation. “I don’t think so?”

There is a small tone to indicate the booth isn’t translating anymore. “It will last approximately two hours after your last osculation.”

“My what?” I shake my head, confusion making me forget. “Query, what does that last word mean?”

“Osculation. Noun. The act of kissing.”

I don’t enjoy how often I have had to make the booth translate itself.

“Kiss me quick,” I say, “before I need another vocabulary lesson from the bot.”

He smiles and it makes me smile too.

“Anything you want, it’s yours.”

He lifts me up and oh!

Hand in my hair, he crushes me to him and kisses me so deeply, I feel like I’m in freefall.

Holy fuck.

Is the booth spinning? Has the artificial gravity failed?

No? Just him?

I moan against his lips.

His hand snakes under the hem of my shirt and wraps around my breast.

That warm pulsation crosses over the skin on his palm too, and press myself against him.

Lochdon lifts his head and looks down at me with glittering eyes and a sly smile, and when he speaks, I understand him.

“Are all human women as beautiful as you?”

“Yes.” I draw a sharp breath when his palm sears heat over my nipple. “Sometimes in different ways, but yes.”

I push him back and he falls into the chair he had previously occupied.

”Are all Glantanians as beautiful as you?”

He shakes his head. “I’m not one of the pretty ones.”

”We’ll have to agree to disagree on that.” I pull my shirt off over my head, tossing it to the floor and climb up to straddle him. “I’ve never met anyone prettier.”

He makes a sound when I kiss him this time, like he was going to say something and I cut him off, but his grip on my waist tightens and I know he’d rather be doing this than talking when I angle my hips and tease his cock with the damp terrycloth between my legs.

I should have shucked them too, but I want to tease him a little... I want him to get his money’s worth.

This is a cum-and-done service... even with full contact.

That little nodule on top of his tip brushes the terry cloth and his jaw ticks each time.

It looks like the same reaction I have when I toy with my over-sensitized clit.

I am going to ask Phantom if we can get some more sex-ed courses in the available reading material... because I want to do this right.

I kiss Lochdon, wanting to make everything right.

He must too. Hand on my thigh, his thumb goes to my clit and I whimper against his lips.

“Are you ready to take me again?” He asks, fingers toying with me through my soaked shorts. “Your pussy is perfection on my cock, Peach. Will you let me feel that perfection again?”

I nod and slide off of him, a little sad he’s too big for me to simply move my shorts to the side.

His cock pulses more brightly when I’m naked.

It bobs at me, as if beckoning for me to take all of him again.

I pause, running my hands over myself, letting him see all of me.

He smiles with all of his teeth and it looks a little wrong on his face, like he was told he should, but has never actually done it before.

I bite my tongue and smile to keep from laughing, and then, I climb on.

Straddling him again, I slick the tip of him with my pussy, and consider whether I need to grab some lube, just for the size of him... but I don’t want to wait.

I’ll deal with that when I have to.

I reach down, just to spread my lips before I take him into me and start my slow descent.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon groans through clenched teeth, and I lace my fingers together behind his neck.

“You don’t have to be quiet.” I nibble on his chin. “I want to hear you.”

And this time, when I clench down on him, he opens his mouth on a moan that shoots straight to my needy clit.

Hands at my hips, he holds me tight to him, not letting me move on him as he presses his face to my chest.

His breath is a warm flutter across my nipples.

“Too much?” I ask, biting my tongue.

He shakes his head. “You’re perfect, Peach. You’re everything I’ve ever—”

His grip loosens enough that I can move again, and I rise on his cock, cutting him off.

I don’t need to hear the end of that sentence. In fact, I need to not hear it.

I’m not supposed to form attachments. I’m not supposed to let him, either.

But God, he is lovely.

I stretch to take him again, loving every moment—every fat inch.

Stretched wide, I work my way down until I'm so full of him, I feel like I could burst.

He looks at me with an awe I'm not sure I deserve.

"Can you see my handprints on your skin?"

Can I...? "No."

He looks disappointed. "They told me you wouldn't be able to, but I had hoped..."

He rakes his fingers down my ribs and lets out a soft little sigh of a sound. "If you could see what I see..."

"What do you see?"

"I see a woman who looks like she's mine. Painted with my oils, consuming my cock."

"Right now, I am yours." I kiss him, pressing myself against him and raise my hips, adjusting to take more of him.

He traces lines I can't see and I sigh on a shiver. "I wish I could see them."

"I can adjust the lighting to make them visible," the bot says, reminding me it's there.

"You can?"

"Confirmed."

"Yes please."



The booth goes dark and then... black lights.

I look down at the handprint on my breast. Lochdon's skin glows with patterns that make me want to trace every inch of him with my fingers, too.

"You're beautiful."

He smiles at me. "Of the two of us, you are the beautiful one, Peach."

I know you are, but what am I?

He's big enough, I can lean back and support myself on his knees.

All six of his eyes go wide as I work myself on him like this. He can see all of me and I get to enjoy my view too.

He licks his lips and I almost offer him a taste. But I don't want to give up his cock. I don't want to give up the gorgeous hunger I see in his face.

"There are stories," he says, two of his eyes raising to meet mine, "of beings on a far distant planet that were made to couple with us. The way you fit onto me..."

"I like that story." I'd like to take him home with me.

But that's impossible.

The patterns on his skin shift and he reaches for me, dragging me back to him.

"I won't last much longer this time," he says, ruefully, kissing my throat. "Where would you like me to come?"

Some women who answer the ad won't let them come in their pussy. But Phantom has promised that none of the aliens we fuck can get us pregnant.

Thank God.

And I love being a human cream puff.

“Come in me, Lochdon. Fill me up. I want to be stuffed full of your cum.”

He curses. I know that, even though link doesn't translate the actual word.

Lifting me, he turns us so that I'm the one in the chair. I have to hold the back to keep from sliding too far down.

Not that I need to. His grip is tight on my hips as he holds me steady, driving into me.

“I'm going to fill you, Peach. I'm going to fuck you so well you taste it. You're never going to want to fuck anyone else ever again.”

I want him to be right.

I shouldn't. But I do.

“You're going to ruin me for other men?” I ask, trying to laugh and failing, because it's not funny... it's a prediction that feels all too real. “Do I get to ruin you for other women?”

“You already have.” He kisses me, hard and deep, as he thrusts into me. And when he pulls back...

His eyes blink all at different times, like he's short circuiting.

“Oh!”

His whole body pulses with light. The rings of blue trailing under his skin to me, like his whole body needs his cum inside me.

I’m filled with a heat and need and a desire so strong it feels like it’s going to tear me apart.

I want it to.

The bliss shatters me and I scream as that pulsing moves through me, as his orgasm leaches into mine and I feel, just for a moment, like I am inside of him and he is inside of me.

He staggers backward before he’s completely finished and I gasp as his hot cum sprays me and paints the wall of the booth.

He goes to his knees in front of me, dropping his head to my stomach, and his breath flutters across my wet skin.

“I am ruined,” he says, so softly I barely hear it above the pounding heartbeat in my ears.

“Me too,” I whisper.

In the black light, his cum fluoresces blue where it drips from me, where the last spurts splattered against my legs and onto his stomach.

I think we’re both a little prettier now, but I won’t say it aloud. The booth has already heard too much.

He falls backward onto the floor and pulls me with him, back down on top of him, kissing me sweetly and I let myself revel in this softness.

Now that he's come, the remainder of his time is limited.

A little voice in the back of my head whispers that I should ask him to change his session to a double, but I've already abused his wallet by offering full contact.

I'm not going to bankrupt him just because I'm selfish and horny.

"I have to go," I say, pressing a kiss to his chest. "Or Phantom will charge you overtime."

"Just a little longer." He holds me close, lips brushing my forehead. "I'll pay the fine."

It takes us another five minutes before he sits upright, holding me tight against him. He kisses me like we have all the time in the world and I love it.

"Would it be okay?" he asks, looking a little shy. "If I asked to see you again?"

"I'd like that." I don't know when I'll be back or if he'll be around when I am, but, "I'd like that a lot."

Helping me to stand, he uses my booty shorts to wipe some of the cum from my body.

"Peach," he says, as if it's a word he'll never forget.

Asking for me by that name won't necessarily get me... if someone else uses the pseudonym.

“It’s Maggie,” I say, going to the small pad of paper they each get in case they want to send us notes with their tips.

I write my full name on the paper and hand it to him. “Have the bot translate it to your alphabet and ask for me by name next time, so there won’t be any mix ups.”

There won’t be. The booth knows who I am... but I want him to have my real name.

“Maggie,” he smiles when he says it, and then kisses me one last time, but... I’ll be back. And I hope he is too.

The door forms in a ring of light on the wall and I step through it, wishing I trusted myself to look back.

Then the door disappears behind me and I sag against the now-solid wall for a moment.

“Are you functioning at optimum?”

The bot burbles after the question.

“Yeah, I’m great.”

Like the bot linked my booth to Lochdon’s, it linked me into my private locker room.

Phantom should really upsell this part of the whole thing.

It’s more like a private, fully automated spa.

The “lockers” don’t have doors, and I look at the extra shirts and booty shorts. I could go back out and get in line for a second go, but today... today I think I’m one and

done.

I have the bot draw me a bath and let my mind wander to a Glantanian man named Lochdon... and what kind of a man he might be outside of the booth.

Next time.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Dusk has started to settle over the bay and I take a deep breath, inhaling the mixture of pine scent and the spice in my tea.

I shouldn't be drinking caffeine still, but... I have a late night ahead and I am not a late night person.

The rental house I booked is a little too big for just me, but it has an amazing tub, and I am going to need to decompress if my family expects me to be around twenty of them for a week before my sister's wedding and then hundreds of people at the actual event.

Tillie likes the spotlight and I love her enough to get hit with it by standing next to her for a twenty-minute ceremony and a two-minute speech.

For the rest of this wedding, I'm going to be the woman at the back of the crowd, quietly sipping my drink and judging people.

Tomorrow, the shenanigans start. Tonight... it's just me and her and our cousin who flew in early from Australia.

I turn to the front door when it swings wide. Tillie bustles in without knocking. That's familiar. Heaven knows she never felt any compunction against bursting into my bedroom unannounced when we were growing up.

Bea stumbles in after her, holding an oversized bottle of wine and a grocery bag bursting with snacks.

“I need to drink and bitch tonight, so that I don’t do it later and have to deal with the hangover on my wedding day,” Tillie says loudly as I close the glass slider and join them in the rental’s kitchen.

“What manner of sins have been committed?” I ask, pulling open the jumbo pack of Oreos and snapping one in half before I eat it in one bite.

“Karen has gone completely off the rails.”

I look at Bea for some kind of lifeline and she smiles. “The mother-in-law.”

“Maybe,” Tillie says, waving the glass in her hand and almost spilling her Shiraz. “At this rate, I don’t know if I can survive marrying into that family.”

“I thought her name was Kathy?”

“The way she’s acting, I’m renaming her!” Tillie waves an oreo at me. “Why do weddings always give you ammunition for a divorce?”

“Hush.” I take the glass Bea offers me and then hook my arm in my sister’s and lead her to the couch, making her sit while Bea starts ferrying the food to the coffee table. “You’re not marrying her.”

“I know, and I keep telling myself that. And weddings make people weird. And Jeff has been great about dealing with her, but oh my god.” She tips the whole glass back and looks up at us. “Please tell me there is also vodka in this house.”

I chuckle. “It’s in the freezer.”

We get through the whole bottle of wine before she asks me to make her a vodka mule and Bea pulls out yet more food.



This is my happy place.

I'm waiting for the ginger beer to stop fizzing in the glass so I can add the Ango when my phone pings. I check it out of habit and there's a little red dot over the blue ghost icon: The Phantom App.

How they managed to get an app working across galaxies, I don't know. It's another one of mysteries that they aren't going to reveal—at least not to me.

But the app never pings me.

I'll hop on when I want to check the schedule and sign up for days, but it's never actually sent me a notification before.

Curiosity piqued, I flip it open, and the screen shuffles through a tutorial. There's a message in a section of the app I didn't know existed.

It feels like I've unlocked a new level.

The subject line reads: Appointment request from favored client.

Lochdon.

I've only marked one person as a favorite.

But when I read the request, my smile falters. Based on the time differences... he's asking for the day after tomorrow.

I look into the living room where Bea and Tillie are violently agreeing about something.

Too bad.

I send the declined response through and ask for a reschedule.

Grabbing Tillie's finished drink, I go back and try to catch up in the conversation. It's definitely about a type of wild cat... but I can't figure out which one.

Giving up, I glance at my phone, wondering how long I'm going to have to wait for a reply.

I wouldn't mind going straight to MiNo from here. I could even make Phantom do my laundry. Well... I could use one of their machines.

"Oooo. That looks like the smile of someone who's going to see a guy." Tillie says.

I laugh, but I don't deny it.

"It can't be from one of the hookup apps. The guys here are all sub par, or related to us." Bea says with an ugly grimace. "Seriously, threes at best."

"It's not from a hookup app."

"Oh my gosh!" Tillie nearly chokes on her wine. "Are you secretly dating someone?"

"Not dating. I've... been out with him once. It was fun, and I'd like to do it again, but..."

My phone pings again. A confirmation of the declined "date" but no request to reschedule.

"Well, I just had to tell him no for this week, and he didn't take me up on the offer to

reschedule, so, maybe not.”

“Ew!” Bea says. “Fuck him if he can’t handle a little ‘no’ every once in a while.”

I shrug. “I told him no because this week is about you. I’m not going to let him ruin my mood because he can’t settle for later.”

But I look at the app again and while they fall back into their conversation about Pallas cats, I click through the schedule. Setting my next date and send a message asking Phantom to let Lochdon know I’ll be working that day... if he decides to drop by.

Because it’s just a job. It’s just fucking.

And as much as I think I like him, I have to remember that.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Sitting in the waiting room, I swing my feet and try not to feel disappointed each time someone else goes into the booth before me.

I pulled too high of a number to hope that Lochdon will still be available... if he's here at all.

The women I know have already gone in. The women I don't are deep in conversation with each other, so I sit on my hands and wonder.

"Ready?" Olive says, squatting down beside me.

"Yeah." I look behind her. "Did you just get here?"

She nods and yawns. "I decided to spend a few days here because I won't be able to be back for like four months. It's been fun and weird and I am going to sleep so well when I go home."

It almost seems silly to think about having a "vacation" from this place.

"Well, whatever you're doing, I hope you have fun."

"I will." Her head turns sharply away and we both look at the peach on the wall. "But it looks like it's finally your turn."

The booth is familiar. The quiet is peaceful. I take a deep breath as the door closes and let myself hope.

“Welcome back, Peach.” The booth bot says. “Five participants have requested an introduction to human participants. But you have a special request to approve or deny, first.”

My heart flutters a little and I kill it.

It might not be Lochdon.

“What’s the request?”

A single square flares to light on the wall and the cock that has—pleasantly—haunted my dreams appears.

It’s the only one that does.

“The client requested you. He is in your preferred list and was flagged because you apprised him of your schedule.” The bot makes a little trill. “Do not feel any obligation to select him. If you have changed your mind in the interim, there will be no consequences.”

“What happens for him if I decide not to select him?” I ask out of curiosity.

“Someone else will take care of him anonymously. He will never know that you rejected his request.”

I don’t want anyone else to take care of him.

“I’ll accept the request.”

The room flutters through a dozen colors like it’s ecstatic that I chose to fuck this alien in particular.

I laugh, because there's no one to hear me.

"Confirm selection by—" we run through the usual protocol and then, I go to my knees.

"Welcome back," I whisper against the tip of him as I take hold and stroke.

It's been long enough, it feels like I should have forgotten. But I remember how big he was. I remember how soft and the way he tastes...

Lochdon set a new standard. I'll take him any time he's on offer.

Even though I know his cock is too big to fit, I suck the tip of him.

The barbs that run along the underside of his cock flex, like they want to slip between my fingers and hold my hand.

I consider asking to go to him... but he came to the booth. He didn't ask for anything else this time, even though he knew I'd be here.

Standing, I slip out of my shorts.

I hadn't been sure I'd be ready for clients today. Anonymity had gotten me going all of the times before, but this visit came with nerves...

This is the first time I used the offered lube options before I even got into the waiting room. I'm glad now.

That uncertainty is gone, but I probably still wouldn't be ready to take Lochdon. And this way, I don't have to pause or hesitate.

Back to the wall, I let him thrust between my thighs for a few moments before I reach down and guide his pussy-slicked cock inside of me.

My eyes flutter closed. I feel so full, and yet, I know there's more to come.

“Hand privileges requested.”

“Yes.” My breath hitches, and a moment later, my shirt lifts and a warm hand covers my breast.

Two hands hold me up when I would easily have collapsed forward.

Taking his last hand, I draw it to my lips.

I suck his finger and his next thrust is hard.

It's a small struggle, but I get my shirt the rest of the way off, throwing it away.

He fucks me through the phantom hole and I drop my head back against the wall, always wanting more.

He hasn't asked, but...

“Query.” I shiver as his hand trails down my stomach. “Can you expand the hole enough that I can go to him without having to disengage?”

“Affirmative.”

“Offer him full contact again and if he wants it, send me through.”

Another burble echoes and I lean into his hand, kissing his rough palm.

If he says no, it's fine. This isn't a relationship. It's just fucking and fun...

But he is a lot of fun.

He must think so too.

The wall opens up and swallows me whole.



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon holds me tightly to his chest instead of the wall and I look up at him, smiling, “Hi.”

His smile makes me a little giddy, but he kisses me before anything else.

Right, language barrier.

“Hello.” He inhales deeply and presses a kiss to my neck. “I’m so glad it’s you.”

“I’m glad you came back.” I would never admit it out loud, but it might be more than fucking already.

“I missed you,” he says. “Even if it is ridiculous.”

“It’s not ridiculous at all.”

I move my hips, loving the way he presses me wide, but I don’t want this to end too quickly.

“Hey,” I tip back to meet his many eyes. “Let me face you.”

He agrees, but I feel his reluctance when he releases me.

Standing squeezes him inside of me and he says something that doesn’t translate.

I curse too.

Pausing there for the feeling, wanting more of this sensation, I almost change my mind. But I crave time with him more.

We both groan when I step away and he slides out of me, but he picks me up, turning me around and kissing me like it's the only thing that will save his life.

"I missed you too," I whisper against his lips when his grip eases.

I kiss him, lingering in the softness of the moment, wanting to prolong this time as much as possible.

Holding his face in my hands, I say, "I'm sorry I couldn't accept your appointment."

"It's fine."

"My sister was getting married."

He nods. It's a jerky movement, like he knows it means "yes" to me, but he hasn't done it enough to be comfortable with the motion.

"Clan needs are only second to one relationship. And I do not hold that place for you."

Clan...

"My desires fall far below your commitments to your clan."

"Thank you for understanding."

His fingers slip between my legs and he toys with my clit as he says, "I'm glad you came today. Tomorrow, I'll be gone."

“Gone where?” I ask, even though his fingers are doing a remarkable job of distracting me.

“My contract put me on a long hauler this time around. I’ll be shipping out for a few months, instead of the usual two weeks.”

Gone. “What do you do?”

“Engine maintenance on ore haulers.” His fingers spread me open and he presses back into me with an aching slowness.

“Sounds dirty.”

“Positively filthy.” He kisses the underside of my chin. “But I’m very happy to clean up for you.”

“Lochdon?”

“Yes, Maggie?”

I flinch, momentarily forgetting that I told him my real name.

“You’re going to have months to make up for, do you want to start now?”

Hands on my hips, he turns us both around and tells the bot to put the chair into “configuration two.” But it’s not just the chair that changes.

The walls shift to mirrors and the lights change so I can see the patterns on his body and the places the oils in his skin have left pretty reminders of his touch.

My left breast glows with one of his hand prints. My pussy shines brightly from his

concentrated attentions.

“If I went outside into the station, would other Glantanians be able to see this?” I ask, touching my cheek.

“Yes.” He traces the line, and it glows brighter. “It would warn anyone that you are already being courted.”

He lays me down on the lounge chair—it looks more like a bench now, angled down, and I like the way my body shifts as he spreads my legs wide and eases into me again.

I whimper at the invasion, loving every inch that disappears inside of me in the reflection over us.

Seeing him stuff me so full makes me want to spread wider... to find a way to get even more of him inside of me.

He starts to move as he says. “Marking you doesn’t feel like enough. I want to take you out into the club and fuck you on stage where everyone can hear the sounds you make and know that I’m the one who made you make them.”

I almost say “Okay.” But my brain is still functioning enough to know I’m not up for that.

“How about I fuck you in one of the peep show galleries and we work our way up from there?”

A pane of glass between us and the voyeurs sounds like a good option.

“I will fuck you anywhere, Peach. I will fill this pussy with cum for anyone who

needs to see and they will thank us for it.”

He curses—another word that doesn’t translate—and I gasp at the heat flooding my pussy again.

He probably should have asked, but I don’t care.

I wanted it.

As soon as his hips finish bucking, he drops to his knees and his mouth covers me. Licking and sucking and teasing my clit, he feasts on my pussy like he’s just remembered it will be months before he gets to again.

I am not about to complain.

Hands on his head, I help guide him to finish me and when I come on his face, he pulls back from me with a smile that’s bright with a mixture of both our cum.

“I hope,” he says softly as he pulls me back upright. “That will be enough to keep you satisfied until I return.”

“Oh, I... I don’t plan on quitting.”

His confusion is a flash across his face before he says, “I did not say that to make you think you could not work. I have no claim to you... as much as I would like one.” His hands frame my face and his eyes meet mine. “Even if I did, my kind does not hold intercourse as a sacred right.”

I think I need to learn more about Glantanians in general.

Months does feel like too long a time to go without him.

“Query.”

The trill tells me it’s listening. “Can I take him to my locker room?” I want to bathe with him.

“No. Employee private locker rooms are not available to clients under any circumstances.”

“Darn.” I kiss him again. “I would have liked to spend more time with you.”

“Can you meet me out on the station?”

“I don’t know.” But I’ll find out.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

I would like to say I've waited patiently, but when a message comes through while I'm still in the bath, I tell the bot to open it immediately.

"He's back!" I sink into the water, so my little squeal turns into bubbles instead of sound.

This is my third shift since Lochdon went off on his contract and I honestly expected him to be gone longer. But I am not going to complain about the length of their months.

Phantom and I had a chat after his last visit to the booth, and while the locker rooms are definitely off limits for him still. He is on my priority list... which is why that message came straight to me, instead of going through a vetting process.

Wiggling under the water, I push myself up to sitting.

"Tell him that I would like to see him." I tell the bot. "Can you recommend a place where we could both get something to eat?"

"Inezsal on level four can meet both of your dietary requirements."

"Is it a nice place? Or..."

An image forms on the far wall... it looks like a live feed. "Creepy," I whisper.

But Inezsal isn't creepy. It gives cafe vibes.

“Okay. Suggest we meet up there, but if he has another idea and it’s someplace I can go, accept it.”

The bot is silent as I kick the tub drain and stand, drying myself off.

“He has suggested Lgeur’s on level twelve. They do have human-safe food options, but you will need to be careful. I can provide you with a menu selection that won’t get you into trouble.”

“That would be great.”

It takes up the whole wall and I read through the lines that are highlighted in green and the ones that aren’t safe, too—while I dry my hair.

By the time my hair is done and I’ve reapplied my makeup, I’ve mentally crossed out the things I know I won’t like and am left with three options.

I put on my old jean jacket and do a little spin. “How do I look?”

“Acceptable.”

I snort, because... what else did I expect?

As soon as I step out of my locker room, however...

“You look cuuute!” Cherry says, with a little jiggle. “Where are we going?”

“Lgeur’s.” I let her turn me around for inspection.

“Oooo fun! I haven’t been there in ages. I love this color combo on you.”



I look down and try to ignore the fact that I definitely accidentally just put on purple and blue.

I'm not trying to match Lochdon's skin... At least, not consciously.

Oops.

And there's no point in changing... I don't have anything else that would be better.

"Thanks. It's one of my favorites."

She winks at me and heads for the locker rooms. "Have fun. But not enough fun they should be paying you!"

I laugh with her as she goes and then weave through the back halls until I find the bouncer who can let me out to the back entrances.

"What's the fastest way to get to level twelve?" I ask him.

His eyes—they cover his face in all various sizes—blink out of sync. "Elevator."

I pause for a moment until I'm certain that's all the answer I'm going to get. Feigning enthusiasm, I say, "Thanks!" and hope it's just a language gap thing.

I'll figure it out.

He opens the door for me and I hurry through the spooky mechanical areas between the back entrance and the rest of the station.

I don't enjoy the reminder that we're all in a giant tin can floating in a vacuum. I've seen too many space disaster movies to be truly at ease with that.

But when I step out into the hallways, I can forget again.

This part of the station always reminds me of a Vegas casino... Big, packed with boisterous people, and time doesn't really make sense here, even if there are clocks built into the walls.

I only have to walk past a few shops before I get to the elevator.

The thing flies upward when I hit the button... so maybe the bouncer wasn't being obtuse. Maybe I need to loosen up.

Maybe I can convince Lochdon to loosen me up.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon waits for me at one of the tables set in the back. I see him when I step inside and a host bot flutters a little too close to my face.

“I’m meeting someone,” I say, softly. Lgeur’s is just a little fancier than I expected and I feel like I need to be quiet.

But Lochdon is wearing what looks like a t-shirt, black pants, and some heavy work boots, so I don’t feel underdressed when the bot zips ahead of me, leading me to him.

He stands to greet me and I’m left bereft by the kiss he gives me.

“Hello Peach.”

“Hi.” I sit, even though I want to crawl into his lap and kiss him some more. There are plenty of different aliens in the restaurant and I don’t know how any of them would react to the level of PDA I’m imagining.

“I’m glad you made it back in one piece.” I scan his body one more time—what I can see of it—just to be sure.

“I certainly had incentive to stay out of the medical ward when I came back.” His hand trails down my arm and he smiles at my skin.

“Did you just mark me?” I ask, trying to glare through my smile.

“Maybe.”

I try to force a scowl and I can't manage it. "I should pretend to be offended."

"And I should pretend to be ashamed."

The bot comes back and I don't understand what it says, even though it's clearly speaking to Lochdon in Glantanian.

He waves it away and I look after it, following it past a dozen other diners.

"What was that about?"

"It wanted to know if we were ready to order."

"Oh... how weird that I couldn't understand it."

"Because of the kiss?" He shakes his head. "You'll only be able to understand me or others of my clan. I don't know why, but the connection doesn't cross clan lines, or work with mechanicals."

"Well, I will be ready to order whenever you are. I got a menu preview while I dried my hair."

"You worked today?"

I nod. "Wouldn't be on station if I hadn't."

"Then I am very glad that our paths aligned again."

The way he says it makes me wonder... "Do Glantanians believe in fate?"

His lips quirk in a smile that makes me want to kiss him again. "We're known to base

our whole lives on it.”

He smiles at me and the bot comes back, zipping past my ear.

Lochdon says something to it and it swivels to me, switching to English, “Thank you for visiting Lgeur’s what can I put on order for you?”

“I’d like the vegetable lasagna, please.”

The bot’s aperture shutters and it spins to face Lochdon, but he’s looking at me.

“Would you mind getting that without onions?” He asks. “I’d like to kiss you again and I can’t have them.”

“Oh, of course.”

He thanks me softly and then turns to the bot, rattling off words that have no translation. The bot flies away again and I don’t look after it this time.

“So... was your long haul any fun?”

“Nothing went wrong, so that was good... but nothing went wrong, so I was also bored out of my mind. All I wanted to do was go back to my bunk and fall asleep so that I could dream of you.”

I blush, but am saved from answering as the bot returns and places our food in front of us.

“That was fast.”

He nods, looking down at his food. “I don’t know how they do it.”

The lasagna is good... but it tastes a little odd. The tomatoes are wrong, somehow, or maybe the cheese.

It's not bad, just different from what I'd expected... dissatisfying.

I don't know what Lochdon is eating. It's large, blue, had some sort of shell he had to split open, and there are spines piling up on a plate beside him as he makes his way through it.

My closest guess would be some kind of crustacean.

"We're basically on sludge rations while we're out in the lanes," he says when he sees me studying the thing. "One solid meal a day, everything else comes in a pouch and has to be slurped."

Ew. "That doesn't sound like fun."

"It's usually fine." He looks at me and his smile makes me think I'm going to blush again. "But I'd rather have my lips wrapped around you... if we're being honest."

"Are we being honest?"

"I'd like to be honest with you," he says, "always."

"I'd like that too."

He closes the split open shell and a moment later, another bot comes over, bustling the spines and shell and plates away.

Lochdon leans on his elbows, placing his chin on two of his hands.

His two lower arms though...

One hand catches around my calf, lifting my foot up and I leave my shoe behind as he pulls me up to where he has full access.

His fingers dig into the sole of my foot and I sigh as I take my next bite.

Even though I shouldn't. Even though I know it's just asking for trouble... I let the word flutter into my head and I pin it on him.

Perfect.

I know it's silly. And I know he's not, but he feels so right. This feels so right...

"When we're done, would you want to..." I don't get to ask if we could go back to his place.

A booming voice in the general quiet makes me flinch, and Lochdon lets go of my foot.

"I have to hunt you down like a criminal?" The man who stops beside me is also Glantanian. I can understand him, which means he's part of Lochdon's clan.

He's not unattractive, but the smile he turns on me ruins everything about his pretty face.

"What a delicious treat. Is she on the new dessert menu?"

"She is not, Terjen. You're interrupting."

Brows flown high, he angles himself more toward me and I glance at Lochdon, who

doesn't move a muscle.

He looks me over in like I am on the menu. "Terjen Orlex," he says with a sideways bow.

"Peach." I don't know why that feels safer than my real name out here. Maggie doesn't exist on this station... she's untraceable. He could find me as Peach some other time.

"Peach," he says it with a weird souring of the vowels. "I am so glad Lochdon found you for me."

"I'm not for you."

"Aren't you?"

I wait for Lochdon to tell him to get lost or to stop being a creep, but he doesn't.

There's a brief moment of silence before Terjen asks, "How much longer 'til you need another kiss, baby? I'd love to know what you taste like."

"I don't think I'd enjoy that." In fact, when I go back to Phantom's, I'm going to have to remember to put any Glantanian that isn't Lochdon on my restricted list.

"I bet I could make you enjoy it."

He places his hand on my shoulder and Lochdon doesn't do anything. Een when I look at him, he sits still, like he's waiting.

I should have known there would be something to spoil it all.



Sliding my arm out from under his hand, I say, “Please don’t touch me.”

Terjen holds his hands up like I’m the one who’s just made a scene and says, “So sorry, didn’t know you were roleplaying a wife.”

“Go away, Terjen.” Lochdon says... too calmly.

And the other Glantanian man does go, but the way he looks at me before he does...

Damn.

I hate that I was wrong about Lochdon... and I hate that I was proven wrong, so quickly.

It’s like the universe—fate—heard me think the word “perfect” and decided to slap me in the face with it.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

“I should probably get going,” I say, placing my napkin over the lasagne. What I’ve already eaten doesn’t sit well in my stomach anymore.

Lochdon’s head tips to the side, and even though he doesn’t ask me why, I add, “My commute is a little bit longer than an elevator ride.”

“Oh, of course.”

He holds up what looks like a silver stick and a bot zooms over to snatch it away from him. “Can I walk you back?”

I almost tell him “no,” but I don’t want to be wrong about him. “Sure...”

As we leave, I don’t really know what to say.

And he doesn’t say anything either.

The silence is awkward and I hate it.

When he finally says something, I don’t understand him.

Our time is up... and for a moment, I consider leaving things like this.

But he steps to the side of the corridor and dips his head down, offering, not assuming... and I kiss him, tentatively.

“Is something wrong?” he asks, a moment later and I bite my tongue... not wanting

to say anything, but needing to, all the same.

I take a deep breath and glance away from him... I hate how uncertain I feel.

“I didn’t like the way Terjen talked to me... or that you didn’t seem to care that he talked to me that way.”

“Oh.” He dips his head and all of his eyes seem to unfocus. “Among my kind, I can’t tell another what they should or should not do when it comes to you.”

Something he said the last time we were in the booth together comes back to me... Glantanians don’t hold intercourse as sacred... And he has no claim over me.

“Because you have no claim over me?”

“Yes.” He brushes my cheek with one of his thumbs and I remember the last time we were together.

“But you marked me.”

“It’s gone.” He frowns. “Marking you is a temporary thing. It lasts longer while I’m inside you, but... It’s about intention to claim.”

“Oh.” And it wasn’t real.

“One day, I would love to earn the right to defend you, Peach. But if I claim you, I will not be able to let you go. I cannot go back to your planet with you. I don’t think you want to stay on this station... there are too many things that we would have to discuss before I can even offer to be the one to defend you. I would be a monster to do it without being sure you have all the facts.”

“There’s no in between? It’s just completely casual or married?”

“Not for my kind.” He takes a deep breath and steps back. “And there is no such thing as divorce among our kind. If I claim you and you want out, you will have to kill me.”

I flinch away from him. “What?”

He winces and then shakes his head... just a tiny little movement. “That’s not something we need to talk about right now.”

He says it in a way that tells me not to argue. Not because he won’t talk about it right now... but he really doesn’t think we should. And I still feel the creepy sensation of Terjen’s hand on my shoulder.

He takes my hand, drawing me to a stop in front of the elevator doors. “I want to explain everything to you, but... There are things we keep very close within our clan. Some of them, I will have to get permission to tell you.”

“I understand.”

The elevator dings beside us and I glance at the empty cube.

I don’t know what to say. How to end this interaction... But Lochdon says, “I’ll see you in the booth.”

Nodding, I step back into the elevator.

Maybe we should keep things confined to the booth.

But I don’t say that. I just give him a little wave as the doors close between us.

I hurry back to Phantoms, but before I can slip through the halls that lead to the private boarding area, Feather peeks her head out of a cross corridor. “Hey!”

“Hi,” I say, managing not to jump out of my skin.

“Phantom needs to see you. Come on.”

“Uh oh. Am I in trouble?”

Feather laughs a little. “I don’t think so.”

I’ve only been to the office once.

Phantom sits behind a desk, all dark static in a vague human shape.

Feather tells them I’m here—though we both know they can see me—and then she disappears.

The door closes behind me.

“Did I do something wrong?”

“Of course not.” They motion to the chair opposite them.

It’s so comfortable, I relax into it without a second thought. But it makes me uneasy as soon as I realize it.

“You are not happy,” Phantom says.

They flicker in front of me and I have to force myself to keep from looking for a projector.

If they were Wizard-of-Oz-ing this whole thing, I wouldn't be surprised.

"It'll pass."

"What can I do to make it go away more quickly?"

They way they say it... I feel like I could ask for someone's head and it would be on the desk between us in less than a minute.

"I mean... It's personal, not professional."

There's a faint crackle in the air. "I don't care. I promised each and every one of you that you would be safe when you accepted employment here. That doesn't stop when you are outside of the club." They lean forward, as if placing their elbows on the desk. "What do you need?"

I don't know what I'm actually allowed to ask for, but I might as well try. "Can I get some information on Glantanian clan structures and social... interactions?"

They wave their hand. "A comprehensive guide is in your app's library section. If it doesn't answer your questions, I will find someone who can."

"Oh, thanks."

"I assume this is related to the second Glantanian man who crashed your date?"

I nod, because it feels silly to admit it.

"Were you spying on me?"

"Lochdon has already sent an apology."

It's not a "no".

Forcing myself to keep my hand out of my pocket, I ask "Do you read all our messages?" instead of checking my phone.

"I screen them, yes." They seem more solid right now. "I am here to protect you."

I believe them. "Can you add other Glantanian men to my booth restrictions?" I ask. "I'd rather not have to worry about Terjen in there."

"It's done."

They pause, and for a moment, I think that might be all.

"I am testing a new feature for the app I've given all of you. I'd like to include you in the pilot testing."

"What new feature?"

"It's a live chat."

"Across galaxies?"

"If I remember correctly," they say with a little chuckle, "you asked me not to explain how my ships can get you to and from Earth on the same day... Do you want me to go into the nuances of communication functions?"

"No." I wouldn't understand half of it.

"I've given you permissions and given the function to your Glantanian too."

“Is it a text chat? Or more?”

“It has location restrictions. Text only on Earth, full photo and video capabilities on the station... there are other restrictions inside the club.”

Okay.

“Thank you...” I glance at the wall with its yellow ticking clock. “I should probably head for the ship... don’t want to miss my ride.”

I stand to go and they stop me with my name. “Peach... do you want me to charge him for the chats?”

“Is that up to me?”

“Yes. You’re allowed to have favorites... and I hope that what you’re feeling right now is just a misunderstanding that the two of you can work out.”

I look at them for a moment, wondering... “Are you playing matchmaker?”

“I’m in the business of pleasure.” A bright arc forms where a mouth should be... a smile? “And I love my job.”



## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

If Phantom didn't have a hundred other protocols in place already, I might be worried as I sent the message to Lochdon.

The passenger area of the ship Phantom sends to Earth twice a day feels like a luxury plane and today, there are only a few of us heading home, so we all have our own row.

A woman named Ivy is asleep in hers behind me, snoring softly.

So when the video request comes through, I turn my back to the bulkhead and put my earbuds in so I don't bother anyone else.

"Hey," I say, softly.

"I'm glad you reached out."

The voice isn't his... it's a translation feature and I kind of hate that.

"I didn't like how things ended today."

"Neither did I." He frowns. "I am sorry."

"I know... we'll work on the cultural differences."

He nods and I realize... "You're not wearing a shirt anymore. Do you usually go topless at home?"

“Often, yes, but...”

He chuckles and glances away, so I ask, “What are you doing?”

He looks down, beneath the camera. “I was in the middle of doing what I did every night of that long haul before I went to find you in my dreams.”

I wish Terjen hadn’t shown up. I wish that we had been able to go back to his place and I was there with him now... “Show me?”

He flips the camera and I bite my lip at the size of his big purple cock in his hand. The glowing blue on his body... He strokes and I hate Terjen a little bit more.

“Do you want me to fuck my hand the way I wish I was fucking your body?”

“Yes please.”

A sound of pleasure echoes through my earbuds, but he doesn’t start stroking himself. The feed tumbles around for a moment and then, he sets his device on a table... giving me a full view of him.

Fuck.

“Hang on one second.” I press the screen tight to my chest and slip out of my row, going to one of the bathrooms and locking myself in.

Just because the women who work at Phantom’s are used to alien cocks, doesn’t mean I want to jump scare any of them.

“So,” I say, hopping up onto the counter and leaning back against the wall here. “You jerked off to the idea of me and then went to sleep so you could see me in your

dreams too?”

“The first night, I didn’t,” he says. “And I woke up to cum-stained sheets.

“I dreamed that you’d found a way to stow aboard and that you came to me in the night to punish me for taking such a long contract.”

“I missed you... but I knew you’d be back.”

He groans as he works his cock. “I’ll always find a way back for you, Peach. If you want me.”

“I do.”

His eyes flutter closed for a moment, and I ask, “Did I wrap my lips around that beautiful cock of yours?”

He grunts a yes, and I wonder if dream-me unhinged my jaw to manage it, but I don’t ask.

“Did I climb on top? Or did you roll me into the mattress and cover my mouth with one of your hands?”

“Yes.”

I press my tongue to the corner of my mouth and try not to smile too widely.

“What if one of your bunkmates came in and found me there?”

“They could watch, but I wouldn’t have shared.” He mutters something and the app doesn’t translate it. “You came to me in my dreams and whispered wicked things.

This... This was an act of self preservation.”

“What did I say?”

“You said all sorts of things I can’t repeat.”

I press my lips together. I want to know.

“And did you imagine holding me down on your cock while you filled me with your cu—”

He comes with an untranslated curse and it streams from his cock, striping his stomach and chest.

Laughing, he looks at me apologetically.

“I didn’t call you just so you could watch me come.”

“It’s alright.”

“I feel like all I’ve done today is ask for your forgiveness.”

I don’t disagree as I watch him clean up.

“I was going to ask you to go back to your place before he showed up and then... I don’t know. I guess, I thought this was something more than it is. When I’m on a date with you I’m on a date with you. For the time we’re together... you kind of have a claim over me.”

“I can’t think of it that way.” He takes a deep breath, picking the phone up and bringing me back, close to his face. “I’m not allowed to be jealous or possessive of

you in any way.”

“But you said you wouldn’t have shared.”

“It’s a little different when I’m inside of you.”

Taking a deep breath, I nod, “I’ll have to learn all the rules.”

“Are you still on station?”

“No, I’m heading home.”

“Okay.” I don’t like the disappointment in his tone, or the way that it mirrors my own.

“I’m not scheduled for the booth for another few weeks... When do you ship out next?”

“Ten days.”

I chew on my lip. Hadn’t I just been thinking that we need to keep it in the booth?

“What if we meet on the normal floor at Phantom’s next time? In four days?” I hope my memory is correct and my schedule is free.

“Set the appointment and I will be there.”

I disconnect the call, touch up my makeup, and when I’m back in my seat, I pull up the scheduling function on the app and input my first ever non-booth shift. My first ever reservation, too...

Lochdon makes me want to do a lot of things for the first time.

But I definitely need more information.

I open up the document Phantom put in my e-reader app. There has to be something between all and nothing. And I want to know what it is before I see him again.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

For the first time since coming to Phantom's with my book club, I actually know some of the women on the ship transporting us from Earth to MiNo station.

Coral's head is in my lap and Feather hangs over the back of the seat in front of me. "What do you mean you've only been to L'geurs?" Feather stares at me like I've just admitted to some kind of sin.

Shrugging, I tell her "I usually fly over, do a session or two in the booth, and then get the heck back to Earth."

Coral snorts and says, "She comes, she conquers, she goes the fuck home."

Feather sticks her tongue out at the blonde.

"I would not have guessed you were a day tripper." Feather's lips twist in a scowl. "Especially since you were the first one Phantom gave the video chat feature to."

"I didn't realize I was the first."

"Well, you were the first in beta testing." She looks down at Coral. "That might be a way to help bump your take-home. If you want to try it out."

"I barely have the time to sneak away for these trips. I can't imagine doing alien sex chats when I should be sleeping." She looks up at me. "Do they message you at all hours of the day?"

"Do they tip well?" Feather asks before I can answer.

I hesitate before answering. “I only talk to one client, and he does tip me well.”

I don’t mention that I told Phantom not to charge him for the calls, so I don’t get any money out of them. If Coral was to start providing that service she would charge and she would get tips.

“He’s the one I’m here to see today, actually.”

“Oooo!” The noise might have sounded mocking if Coral didn’t look positively giddy. “It’s fascinating when I talk to people who have favorites.”

“You don’t?” Feather asks.

“Nope. Do you?”

Feather looks startled that the question was turned back on her. “I did once, but he’s long gone.”

That look...

I can’t “lose” Lochdon—he’s not really mine—but I have a feeling that’s what I’d look like if I didn’t get to see him anymore.

“I’m sorry,” I say.

Feather’s jaw tightens. “Don’t be. It was a mistake on both our parts.”

“What does that mean?” Coral asks, but I immediately say, “You don’t have to tell us.”

And the docking announcement echoes overhead anyway, forcing us to gather up our



things and join the others shuffling toward the door.

There are women waiting outside the airlock for their ride home and a few of them greet us. Others look a little dazed.

I wonder if I looked like that when I was new to all of this.

“Is your guy your only appointment this time?” Coral asks. “Or are you seeing him and jumping back in the booth?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

Feather says a quick goodbye as she breaks off, heading to the medical facilities and Coral sighs as we keep walking toward the locker room.

“I am like this close to buying my ranch.” She holds her fingers so close together they’re almost touching. “Another two days worth of work and I should be able to deal with this asshole’s ridiculous demands.”

“Bad?”

She gives me a sidelong look. “Do yourself a favor. Don’t be a single woman looking to buy serious acreage. The menfolk tend to get offended when you know what you’re talking about.”

I grimace, because I have no idea what that’s like, but I believe her.

“Good luck today,” I say, squeezing her hand before I step into the door to the private locker room.

“You too!” she shouts through the closing door.

Alone, I let out a deep breath.

Phantom sent me the rules and regulations and I studied them all before I got on the ship. I know what I'm allowed to do and what I'm not.

The latter is a very short list.

It's so strange, not putting on the booth uniform. But the flowy little babydoll I brought with me covers more while alluding to less.

And for the first time, ever, I put heels on before I do my little twirl in front of the mirror.

I look hot.

And I'm already squirming with anticipation.

"Is he here yet?" I ask the bot.

"Confirmed. Lochdon Orlex waits for you in the public room."

"Thank you." And thank God.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

I've been to strip clubs on Earth.

This isn't much different.

Dark, neon... Ogling patrons and dancing employees.

Shadowed corners hold groups in various numbers, sizes, and states of fuckery.

The main difference—aside from the robots bussing the tables—is that I'm one of only two people in sight who are human.

Glancing around the room, past the bar and gaming tables, I wonder if any of the patrons are hiding cocks I'm intimately familiar with.

It doesn't matter if they are. There's only one alien I'm looking for tonight.

Finding Lochdon in the public room is easy.

He sits in one of the semi-secluded couches, arms spread across the back, waiting.

I have to pass through the length of the room to get to him and hundreds of eyes glance at me as I go.

Some of them linger.

Let them watch.

Even if I wanted to pretend to be the cool and mysterious type, the moment Lochdon turns from watching the dancer to look at me, I know my smile gives me away.

God. I've missed him.

I manage to walk the rest of the way at a similar pace to the one I started with, but I have to clench my fists to remind myself not to run to him. I almost skip.

Heels, Maggie. You're wearing heels.

Spraining my ankle wouldn't get either of us where we want to be.

The couch he's taken doesn't have a corresponding table to get in my way, so when I get to him, I climb right up, straddling his hips and kissing him.

"Hello," he says, the words are misshapen by his mouth, telling me he actually said it. It's not the biological translation going wonky.

"Gihblec," I respond.

His lips twist in a smile that tells me he's trying not to laugh at me.

"Go ahead." I kiss him again. "Laugh all you want. My mouth wasn't made for your alphabet."

"What was it made for?"

I bite his lip this time. "You know exactly what it was made for."

He laughs and he doesn't ask me any more questions as I slip my hands into his hair and hold him tight while I kiss him.

It's only been a few weeks this time, but being able to talk to him throughout almost feels like it made it worse.

When I was here, I could see him.

Seeing him makes me want to touch him.

Fucking a toy is a sorry substitute when I can see the way his face contorts as he comes.

He should be coming in me, or at the very least on me.

I know at least part of the count of how many times he's cleaned himself up after, when it should have been me.

When I have to come up for air, I ask, "Did you spend every night of your contract dreaming about me again?"

"Of course."

"Would you lie to me if you didn't?" I don't want to know the answer if it's yes.

I shouldn't have asked.

"I'll never lie to you, Peach." He brushes his thumb over my cheek. "That would hurt you... and I would stab myself through the hearts before I ever did that."

Maybe I'm into this too deep. Maybe Phantom should have already stopped us.

Maybe it's not the worst thing in the universe to be falling in love with an alien I can never take home to meet my mother.

“Why did you frown?” he asks.

“Just thinking about how much I’d like to take you home with me.”

His smile is rueful too. “Let me buy you a drink?”

“Or I could slide to my knees?”

He catches me by the back of my neck, keeping me in place. “There’s something I want to do... something I’ve been thinking about for a week.”

Eyes narrowed, I study his face and try to remember everything that happened a week ago.

“Okay. Yeah. You can buy me a drink.”

Lochdon knows the rules, too, so even though I don’t know the drink by name when he orders it, I know it’s not going to break any of them.

Two hands on my hips, he holds me tight to him while another explores my babydoll’s cups.

“It’s softer than I thought it would be,” he says.

I’ve worn this for him once when we’ve chatted, but he’s seen me in everything from bathtub bubbles to the thirty-year-old, thrifted sweatshirt I wear to run errands.

He always asks about fabrics.

“I’ll bring a packed bag next time. We can work our way through my wardrobe.”

“Anything to spend more time with you.”

The drink arrives through a familiar black portal, held by a green tentacle and I glance back over my shoulder at the bartender.

They wink at me when Lochdon takes it and pull their arm back out of the hole a moment before it disappears.

“Those are handy,” I say, more to myself than him.

“Yes they are.” He offers the drink to me and watches my lips as I take the first sip.

It’s sparkly, it’s non-alcoholic-and it’s not too sweet.

“Yummy.”

He smiles. “Just like you.”

Then, he takes the glass from me and tips it, pouring it onto me and I shiver at the chill as it coats my breasts, sparkling on my skin. The rest catches in the lingerie’s cups before it slowly dribbles down my stomach.

Lochdon’s tongue traces over my collarbone and down over my breasts. I arch toward him as his fingers slip into the cup over my left breast, tugging it down until he can flick at my nipple.

I gasp as he takes me into his mouth and my hips rock as memory crashes over me.

A week ago, when I spilled soda down the front of my shirt on accident...

He’s been thinking about this ever since.

Lochdon makes my whole body sing and I don't think I'm ever going to get enough.

Rocking against the hard bulge of his cock, I vaguely notice shadowy figures moving closer and when I glance back, more than a few of the patrons who had been nursing their drinks have turned to watch us instead of the stage.

Several have inched nearer and I know they also know the rules.

They have to ask to join, but I don't want to have to pause to deny them. And I don't want to take tips away from the dancers.

"We have an audience." I tell him, softly.

"Wasn't that the point?" He chuckles, his laughter a breath across my wet nipple as he moves to the other. "Didn't you want them to know you're mine?"

It was. And I do.

"Watching is fine." I lift his head up and kiss the sweetness on his lips. "But I don't want anyone to think they can join. Do you?"

"Not this time." He pulls my lower lip down with his thumb. "Inside these walls, you are mine. Aren't you, Peach?"

And out of them too, but I don't tell him that.



## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon stands and I slide down him, the movement puts my cups back into place, which makes the short walk more comfortable. Hand in his, I lead him further into the enormous room.

There is a line of doors on the back wall and one flashes with a peach symbol before it opens for us.

The small room inside only has a chair in the center.

Others have benches and harnesses. One has hooks. They all have a hazy wall of light opposite the door.

I can see the aliens on the other side, watching the already occupied rooms.

Feather called these the peepshow gallery rooms when she first told me about them.

Phantom does enjoy creating their sex compartments.

Here, anyone can watch. We just don't have to worry about them trying to come over and touch like they could have in the public room. And in the public room, Lochdon would have been forced to keep all his clothes on. Only his cock could come out to play. Here, every bit of him is fair game.

And I want to feel his skin.

“What does my gorgeous human want tonight?” Lochdon draws me close so I can feel all of him again.

“I want you.”

“You have me, Maggie. Always. Every part of me.”

I know he only used my real name because our spectators can see us, but they can't hear us.

I know he's careful to always call me Peach when we're not alone. But when he calls me Maggie, it's like my whole body is covered in popping candy.

Here, that's a secret. And I love that he knows it.

He glances over my head for the briefest moment and then back down to me. “There are a lot of people out there that want to see you come. But I'm at the front of the line.”

“Then I guess you better put me to work.” I open his coveralls and he catches himself before he frowns at me.

“I never want this to feel like work for you.”

“It doesn't. Not with you.”

Somewhere between kissing and fondling, I manage to get his clothes off and get him in the chair.

I lose my underwear somewhere along the way, too and between his fingers and my longing, I'm ready when I finally get to climb up onto him.

Two hands hooked under my knees, the other two on my hips, Lochdon holds me steady as I guide his cock into me.

He groans, eyes fluttering closed, two at a time, like he's running a shutdown cycle.

“Every time I think I remember how it feels to be inside you, I'm proven wrong.” He moves one of the hands on my hips to the back of my neck, pulling me to him. “Your body is pure bliss, Maggie.”

“It feels like bliss because you are inside me.” I start to work myself on him and whimper at the fullness. “Maybe Glantanian and human physiology are perfect for each other.”

“I'd prefer to think it's you and me.”

The light changes—not a normal feature of these rooms—and I would thank Phantom if I thought they would hear me.

The solid walls are almost reflective in the dark brightness and I can see Lochdon's handprints on my skin. The lines that swirl beneath his pulse, too.

Everyone on the other side of that window wall can see them too.

Lochdon's grip on me tightens and he starts to lead the rhythm, moving me in a rocking, grinding motion that keeps a steady pressure on my clit. It makes me squeeze down tight on his cock.

I love the fullness I feel with him. I love how easy it is to love him.

I love...

I stop myself from thinking it.

Instead, I drop backward, stretched out with my hands on the floor. Everyone

watching can see the way he's marked me.

I'm his, even if he can't claim me.

The chair scrapes against the floor and he drops to his knees. Fucking me, filling me, making me take every inch as he whispers words that make me feel so filthy.

I come apart with my pussy stuffed so full of him, it makes me want to weep.

But Lochdon comes right after me, filling me up before pulling back so the last of his cum sprays over my body.

Pleased, painted... It's perfect.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

The wall between us and the public room goes opaque, and Lochdon lifts me to his chest, rolling over so he's the one on his back. I lay on top of him, soaking in his warmth.

"One day, you and I are going to find our way into a bathtub." I look up at him. "Or else."

"'Or else' what?" he asks, kissing me, instead of letting me answer.

But I don't ignore the question. As soon as he gives me the chance to breathe, I say, "Or else I'll be very sad."

"I don't ever want you to be sad."

I don't tell him I'm already sad it's over. "I wish we could stay here for a little... just nap and then start again."

"My next contract starts in a few hours. I can't risk falling asleep." He tips my head up again. "If I ever take you home, I'll have to cancel the next month's worth of contracts."

"Yeah?"

"If I get you in my bed, I'm not letting you out again until these marks are stained so deep in your skin they never go away."

I'd like that... "Is that possible?"

“Probably not, but I’d like to try.”

“I wasn’t planning on taking a booth shift after this... Do you want to go get coffee and just... hang out before you have to hop on your ship?”

“I would love that.”

I chuckle, thinking about Feather’s expression on the way here. “A friend was very upset to learn I had only been to one restaurant on station.”

“I am not upset, but I am surprised.”

“You’re the only one who’s lured me out of Phantom’s.” I stretch and yawn against him. “There’s no one else I want to spend time with.”

A stack of towels appears beside us and I take the subtle hint that someone else might be waiting for the room.

We clean each other up with the warm wet cloths that are rolled on one side and dry off with the folded ones on the other.

Phantom does seem to think of everything.

Distracted by Lochdon’s lips, I let myself linger in his embrace, even though I know we should get moving.

He hands me my underwear and I take them, reluctantly.

The walk back to my locker room is going to be a little awkward... I don’t get to see him enough. I’m sore.

But when we both have our clothes on, the door opens, directly to my locker room. Just like the booths do.

That's a relief.

I turn back, pressing up on my toes, even though I'm still in my heels and kiss him once more. "See you outside?"

"I'll be waiting."

When the door closes behind me, I take a deep breath.

"Would you like me to draw you a bath, Peach?"

"Not this time." I don't want to make him wait any longer than I have to... and I don't want to wash away any of the... evidence.

"Your payout has calculated."

I look up at the wall as the bot flashes the breakdown and flinch at the amount... and the amount. Forty-one different tippers, not including Lochdon. "Jesus."

When I see Coral next time, I'll have to tell her to consider it. I've never made so much in such a short work day before.

I put on jeans and a chunky sweater and slip on my sneakers and with one last glance in the mirror, I hurry out to meet up with him.

He doesn't have much time and I don't want to waste a minute of it.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon is waiting for me, just like he said he would be.

This time, I do run to him.

I feel silly... Like a schoolgirl with a crush, but honestly, I don't care.

I especially don't care when he scoops me up into a hug and kisses me all over again.

Even if it's just so we can talk again, I relish that kiss, knowing I won't get to see him again for another few weeks.

"I asked the bot on the way out where we could go for coffee. They suggested a cafe that doesn't have a name. One of the other humans who works here gets something called cappuccinos there?"

"That is definitely coffee. Will they have something for you?"

"I have been told yes."

He holds my hand as we walk through the station and I let my eyes wander around the various shops and stalls and business entrances.

Feather's right. I should have explored more.

When we reach the unnamed Cafe—There is no signage, just people seated at tables merrily eating and chatting as they sip various beverages—I see Cherry with a group of other aliens and I smile at her, but I don't wave.



I don't say "hi"...

I don't know if the others in her circle know what she does and I don't plan on outing her if they don't.

But it does answer the question of which of my coworkers gets cappuccinos here.

A little alien asks if we know what we want and I ask for a latte, assuming it's on the menu while Lochdon asks for something that doesn't translate. The alien throws a slack-fingered hand toward the tables and tells us to sit wherever we'd like.

Lochdon leads me to one of the tables, but he doesn't sit across from me this time.

Scooting into the bench seat with me, he wraps two arms around me, holding me close while we wait for our drinks.

"Did Tillie recover from her honeymoon sunburn?" he asks and I have to laugh at the memory of explaining both honeymoons and sunburns to him.

My sister had the time of her life in Jamaica and then paid the price of forgetting to reapply her sunscreen on the final day.

The return flight sounded like hell.

"She is still a flakey mess."

He laughs and brushes his fingers along the back of my hand. "Do not burn your skin, as a favor to me."

"I promise I won't."

The waiter brings our drinks, and I thank them, but when they step away, I flinch.

Lochdon follows my gaze and he also scowls at the sight of Terjen.

“He wasn’t supposed to be here.” Lochdon says with something that sounds like suspicion, but I can’t be sure.

But he has, unfortunately seen us and is headed our way.

“I wish he wasn’t.” I sigh, despite not wanting to let him make me feel any sort of way. “He really kills my mood.”

“Lochdon,” Terjen says before his gaze slides to me. “And Peach... what an interesting repeat performance.”

I tense at the last word and hope that he wasn’t on the other side of that wall.

“So this is why you spend more time on MiNo than you do at home anymore.” He laughs and his gaze traces over me. “I’ll be sure to tell your mother you’ve got a piece of alien ass that’s more important to you than the clan.”

I sip at my coffee to hide any expression I might make.

I don’t trust him. I can’t put a finger on why, but I don’t.

Lochdon says, “She already knows.”

That wipes the smile from Terjen’s face and he glances at me as though he doesn’t really want to look at me.

“That’s almost as illuminating as her skin.”

I knew he could see the marks from where Lochdon has touched me, but I don't like knowing he's looking at them.

"We have plans that I can't invite you to join." Lochdon says and the diplomacy of it makes me inwardly cringe.

I want to say, "Go away, creep."

Taking another sip of my coffee instead, I wait for them to exchange their goodbyes and then set my cup down.

Lochdon's hand goes to my shoulder massaging at the tensed muscles and I force my shoulders down.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know he was on station."

That reminds me. "You don't live here?"

"I don't really live anywhere. I stay in a hotel while I'm here, single members of the clan have joint housing, so I stay there if I go home, but the majority of my time is spent in bunks on whatever ship I'm sent out on."

"Oh."

"Is that a problem?"

"No... I just forget that we've only spent a few weeks talking and the few times in the booth." My smile twists and I feel so sheepish. "It feels like I should know you better than I do."

Dipping his head down, he brushes my lower lip with one of his thumbs. "I will try to

think of everything you might want or need to know about me and tell you every little thing. If you ask me, I will tell you. No matter what it is.”

“I’ll try to do the same.”

“Would it be okay to call you at other times during this trip?”

“What do you mean?”

“I called you before bed because I thought it was all I was allowed.”

“You can call me whenever you want.”

He chuckles and kisses me. “You may come to regret that offer.”

“I don’t think I will.”

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Booth days without Lochdon come around more often than ones when he's on station, but that's okay. I get him when I can and that's enough for now.

He's not among the options for me today, but I didn't think he would be. His last contract put him on a ship that wasn't coming back here. He got off on a completely different space station and had to contract with a new ship and crew before he knew when he'd be back.

I force myself not to think about whether there's someone on that station waiting for him like I am.

After all, it would be pretty hypocritical of me to be worrying about that while I stroke the blue cock in front of me. He's not quite what I want today. There's too much elasticity when I stroke backward. If he was stiff enough to compare to putty, I'd probably consider it.

"Query?"

A burble of acknowledgement sounds.

"Does his species' cock get harder?"

"No. The elastic nature of their skin doesn't allow it."

"Maybe next time, buddy."

I want something with more rigidity this time, more texture.

But maybe not too much. Although...

There's a hole on the floor with a client I've heard about but never actually seen in my options before.

Jade told me about the paddle cactus cock. He just wants to be stepped on.

I could step on someone.

I wiggle my toes and immediately snort.

What was I doing? Checking to see if I still had feet?

I read through his requirements before I select him. He doesn't have actual spines, so I'm a-okay with it. But she also told me he was not a single-service booth trip. Quick, easy, and a decent tipper, but... too quick to be worth pulling solo. So, I scan my other options, too.

A familiar cock that I haven't chosen in a while sits in a lower corner of the booth. I wonder what he's done to get such a strange, out of the way placement.

Dragging his square up to eye level, I check if any of his requirements have changed.

He's fun, so I pick him and decide it's a "they look like plants day."

While I stroke the paddle cactus cock with my foot and run my fingers along the shaft of the one that has always reminded me of an awapuhi plant I saw in Hawaii—especially when his cum oozes out from all the petal-like scales that line his shaft—I glance around the booth and decide the two of them are enough for right now.

I tap through the selection process and everyone but my two plant boys disappear.

My favorite playlist filters through the speakers and I sway along with the beat as I move them around and get myself in the right place to be sure I don't neglect either of them.

Some like to select a few and work their way down the line. I don't like the idea of making them wait.

Going to my knees, I put cactus boy between my feet and play with him while I focus on the one I know isn't going to taste like shampoo, despite what he reminds me of.

The scale-like petals that shiver under my touch are green, tipped with pink, and run all the way up to a head that's... oddly human, except for the same green to pink color. And the asterisk-like slit at the tip.

He tastes a little vegetal, but it's not bad.

I should ask Phantom if I can count him as part of my daily required fruits and veggies. Laughing, I press a kiss to the underside of him and wiggle my toes.

The bumps along his flat cock get bigger and bigger until...

His cum sprays across the floor and up the wall and I stare at it, a little amazed by the power and the volume.

"Whoa," I whisper, remembering to stroke the other cock as I trace the line of dark purple cum.

He disappears a moment later and I just chuckle as I turn back to the cock still poking out of the wall.

Jade hadn't been joking about not taking him on alone.

"Guess it's just you and me now, guy." And that's fine.

The paddle cactus alien throws a "favorite" heart my way—it's orange, so I'm not one of his favorite favorites—and I manage not to chuckle, because Jade told me he favorites anyone who's willing to play with him.

The petal-scales flutter as I stroke him again. He's already started to ooze pale orange precum from between them.

The harder he gets, the sharper his cock tilts upward. He's perfect for a fuck standing up with my back against the wall.

Wiggling my shorts off as I stand, I use that precum to lube myself.

It's always nice when they provide that for me.

Biting my tongue, I sigh with that small sense of relief when I first slide a cock across my pussy.

There's something about it that just triggers a need in me.

God, I love getting fucked.

He slides into me, so sloppy, and I exhale, closing my eyes.

As I rock on him, getting used to his size, shape, and slickness, I think... he'd be a great warm up for Lochdon.

I'm going to call him when I'm done. As soon as I'm in the bath. "Yes." I whisper



the word to myself, and to the cock that has started to move inside of me.

But right now, shampoo-guy deserves my attention.

Except...

A chime echoes overhead, and the bot says, “There is a late addition to your selection options.”

Freezing, I look up at the ceiling and don’t bother to hide my confusion before I remember I’m in the middle of someone and start moving again.

That’s never happened before. “What do you mean?”

“Your priority client has requested to be added to your options, his status allows for this.”

I’m not going to abandon the alien I’ve already chosen, but... Just the idea of Lochdon makes me squeeze down more tightly on my current client.

“Can he watch?”

“That is allowed in the parameters.”

“Ask him if he wants to.” If not, I know he’ll wait.

But the booth gets bigger and a moment later, Lochdon appears in the corner, a wide-eyed smile on his face.

That smile is the only thing he’s wearing.

“Hi,” he says. The word is faintly soured by his accent.

“Hey,” I hold out my hand to him and he comes to me, letting me kiss him, even as I rock on the cock filling me up.

“I didn’t expect you,” I tell him as he sits back in the chair that appeared with him.

“I booked a passenger transport to come back, instead of waiting for a shift.”

“I’m glad.” I’m glad he came back to me.

“Come here,” I say. “I can multitask.”

But when he does, he only kisses me again and takes off my crop top. He catches my hand, not letting me get a hold on his cock.

“I want to watch,” he says.

Settling back, he strokes his cock, and I pout, but I fuck myself for him.

Maybe it’s a little unfair to the client inside of me right now, but when I work on to him, it’s for Lochdon.

When I squeeze my breasts and pinch my nipples, it’s for him

Each pant and moan... Every time I gasp as I touch my clit, it’s all for him.

And when I come, squeezing down on the cock inside me as he comes, too, inside and out of me... That’s for Lochdon, too.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Cum oozes down my legs as I step forward, and the shampoo-plant cock disappears, leaving us alone in the booth. I want to go to him immediately, but...

“Give me a second to clean up.”

“No.” He holds out his hand. “I want you now. Exactly how you are.”

I freeze because, well... “You do?”

Nodding, he squeezes my hand, lifting me up to straddle him, but keeping his cock behind me.

“I love watching you come. That look of pure bliss on your face as pleasure takes you... I want to see that every day, as many times as I can.”

“Even if it’s not for you?”

His smile is wicked as one of his hands caresses my breast. “We both know that what just happened was for me. Wasn’t it?”

I try not to smile with him and fail miserably. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Another of his hands trails down my body, fingers grazing my clit and making me angle my hips toward him, a moment before one of them curls inside of me.

“Which one of us is lying?” he asks.

I shiver and try to hold on to his finger when he pulls it from me.

“I’m lying,” I say on a needy breath. “I always think of you.”

From anyone else, I might hate that smug smile, but on Lochdon... he’s earned looking at me like that.

He holds the finger, slicked with cum, in front of me and I suck, cleaning it as his cock bobs, tapping at my ass.

But that’s not what I want to suck right now.

Wiggling backward off of him, dragging my pussy along his cock, I go to my knees first.

My pussy might be lubed up with cum already, but the previous cock was not Lochdon’s. I usually need a little extra help for him.

My spit might not be enough either, but it’s a start, and I love the way his eyes get heavy while I have his cock in my mouth.

One hand smoothing through my hair, Lochdon watches me as I work him, “There is no one else who could ever claim to be as lucky as I am, could they?”

I might challenge him on that, but I don’t want to stop to do it.

He doesn’t let me suck and lick for long, though.

One of his hands clasps around my neck and he pulls me to standing.

“I’ve missed you,” he says, kissing me before I can tell him I missed him too.

“I’ve missed you too much to waste any more time.” He whispers against my lips. “I need to remind you you’re mine.”

He doesn’t, but I don’t plan to stop him from doing anything he wants to me.

He backs me up against the booth wall and one of his hands lifts my leg up holding me so I’m on my tiptoes of the other.

“Request,” I say, quickly triggering the bot. “Lube, please.”

A pot of thick, clear lube appears beside me, sitting on a little shelf that’s formed in the wall, and I scoop out a handful, smearing it on Lochdon’s cock as I try not to come too quickly on his fondling fingers. I need him inside of me, and I need him ready for that before I come so hard I nearly black out.

He leans close, lips brushing my collar bone. “The other men you fuck don’t matter, do they?”

“No.” I shake my head. No one matters but him and me and right now.

“They can borrow it, but we both know the truth, don’t we, Peach?” He draws back, lids heavy with lust as he watches my face, fingers smearing the other alien’s cum, and now lube, over me. “Your pussy is mine.”

I nod, but when I open my mouth to agree, his fingers press into me and that agreement turns into a sharp moan.

My pussy is his. I am his.

Completely.

And he's mine.

He fucks, me against the wall, cock stretching me wide, and I nearly weep at the delicious feel of him inside of me.

I love him, but I can't say it yet. Not like this. Not here.

This place is for a different kind of love.

There will be time to tell him later.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Sweaty, sticky, and sated, we slide to the floor, tangled together.

He holds me close, all four arms, wrapped tightly around me as we lay there.

I could stay here forever.

“I don’t ever want you to let me go,” I say, snuggling into his chest.

“If I could get away with it, I never would.”

I close my eyes, even though I know I shouldn’t. I wish we were somewhere else, so we could doze or nap and then go again.

But I would wake with too many aches and pains if I fell asleep here, and then, we wouldn’t get to have any more fun.

Fingers lightly pinching my chin, Lochdon tips my face up, making me look at him.

“I want to claim you, Maggie. You can come and go from the station as you please. I won’t ask you to stay here while I’m out on a contract, but I want to make you mine, completely.” He brushes his lips over mine. “Let me be your mate.”

I want it too, but before I can say yes, the bot blares out a warning sound and then says, “Terms of service breached.”

I flinch back, looking up at the ceiling. What the hell? “What are you talking about?”

But the bot doesn't answer me. A door opens to my locker room.

"Please exit the booth and don the provided robes."

Scowling up at the ceiling, Lochdon doesn't move for a moment. But when I start to get up, he stops me, going to his knees before he helps me up.

"Whatever this is, I will take the blame."

I shake my head. "We'll find out what's going on before we decide anything."

Taking his hand, I step through the door first.

This wasn't how I wanted him in my locker room.

The robes are dark purple and I know they'll fit perfectly, but Lochdon catches my hand before I can take mine.

"They can wait while I clean you up."

I would argue, but Phantom can, and they will.

He cleans my legs, gently wiping away the last remnants of cum, and then cleans his cock off while I pull on the robe, but I don't belt myself before I take his face in my hands, pulling him down to kiss me again.

"Yes," I say, as quietly as I can. "Yes, I'll be your mate, no matter what happens next."

He exhales and it feels like the sweetest relief when his forehead touches mine.



As soon as I have my belt tied and Lochdon's donned his robe, a new door forms in the wall where one has never been before.

I hold his hand tightly as we step through and that door closes behind us.

Phantom waits for us and I wish I could see anything resembling an expression on his face.

"What's going on?" I ask, when he doesn't speak, immediately.

They place a shadowy hand on their desk and a contract appears beneath it, burning to ash.

"We have rules... and you broke them."

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

“Sit,” Phantom says, and chairs form directly behind us.

I don’t let go of Lochdon’s hand, even as I obey the command.

“Please tell me we haven’t wound up in some archaic ‘you have to buy her if you want to keep her’ thing because I thought you were better than that.”

Phantom laughs and the sound crackles across the room to me. “Nothing of the sort. But Lochdon knows the rules as they apply to him. He made an offer to you without completing all of the required steps.”

“They are almost done,” he says, “Can you blame me for getting a little ahead of myself?”

“Yes. Almost done is not actually done.” Phantom leans forward on their desk. “There are legalities that must be accounted for, hoops that need to be jumped through both on this station, with your clan, and on your homeworld.”

“Half of which cannot be started until she accepts my offer of claiming.” He takes a deep breath. “I’ve registered my decision. I’ve sent you the proof that I can maintain her if she chooses to leave your employment—which is not something I would ask her to do, as you well know.”

“This is ridiculous,” I say, but Phantom ignores me.

“And your domicile?”

Lochdon grits his teeth. “I wanted to surprise her with that.”

“Then you should have told me before rushing into the booth.”

“Level six, number two forty-nine.”

“This is not your home.”

“I purchased it last week.”

Phantom pulls something up on a screen that is turned away from me. “This says it’s under construction.”

“It was not made for human habitation. They are adding some of the necessary features.”

“Fine.” The screen closes, and another door opens. Not to my locker room. “You will wait in there.”

Glancing at me and giving my hand one last squeeze, Lochdon goes, but it’s clear, he doesn’t want to be going alone.

When the door closes, Phantom asks, “Do you plan to say yes?”

“I already have.”

“I thought you might.” An arc of lightning flashes across their face, like a smile. “If you decide to officially accept his claiming, no one will stop you from doing so. I’ve checked what he’s said and all of his plans are working through the proper channels. Everything is approved and the few things that aren’t, only require your official acceptance and approval.”

“Is there a reason I might not want to accept it?”

Phantom is quiet for a moment. “I do not pretend to know what motivates each and every one of the people who work for me. I could guess, but... I think that you know the answer to that question. You, of all of the people I employ, are the one I trust to have read all of the information pertaining to that particular choice.”

“And you have access to my data download history.”

Again, the flash of a smile crosses their face. “I’ve told Lochdon to wait for you. He’ll be outside when you’re ready.”

I don’t get up. “There are a few questions I’d like answers to.”

“Ask them,” they say. “If I can answer them, I will.”

“If I was to leave your employment—which I have no plans to do right now—would you still allow me to use your shuttle services to travel to and from Earth?”

“Yes.” They dip their head. “If you would like more assurance than my word, I will draft a new contract for you. I believe that your kind would call that a... retirement benefit.”

“I would appreciate the contract change, thank you.”

“What else?” they ask.

“You’ve told us,” I wave my hand in a vague circle so they know I’m talking about the people who work here, not Lochdon and I. “That we can’t get pregnant. Is that a compatibility issue? Biologically, I mean? Or is it something you do to them or us?”

There is a hesitation before they say, “That is proprietary information. But, if you decide that you would like to procreate, my medical team can make that happen for you. However, it could be dangerous, and it would require a different discussion about returning to Earth after the child was born.”

“I see.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes.” There are a million more questions floating in my head. “But they can wait.”

I don’t want to leave Lochdon waiting for me any longer than I have to.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Cleaned up, dressed, and feeling a little more fluttery than usual, I manage not to run to Lochdon. Taking his offered hand, I let him scoop me up with two of his others and he kisses me voraciously, like it's been weeks since he's seen me, not minutes.

When he finally comes up for air, he says, "Will you let me take you to the place I'd like to be our home here?"

"Yes, please."

I wrap my arms around one of his as we walk and I don't try to stop him when he backs me into the corner of the elevator, kissing me senseless.

I'll remember how to get here next time.

The door is nondescript, aside from an orange sign taped to it that feels like a construction warning, but I don't know the language it's written in.

When he opens the door, it doesn't look like it's under construction, but after he's shown me the living area and a bedroom that has a very comfy looking bed—more than big enough for both of us—he turns me toward chaos.

"It's not finished, as you can see. The bathroom was set up for an Opodean."

"I don't know what that means." I know the species, but not what their bathrooms look like.

He winces. "You don't want to."

“It’s nice.” I say, looking at all of the little details.

“It used to be the station administrator’s... but he had other requirements he couldn’t make changes to accommodate.”

He picks me up and takes me inside, when he stops, I know what he wanted me to see. It’s hidden by a pile of construction debris.

“That... is a very nice bathtub.” Big enough for both of us and maybe a few friends—not that I’ll be issuing any invitations.

He turns, setting me on the counter. “Tell me what you need and I will make this a home for us, Maggie,” he whispers my real name across my lips and kisses me softly.

And I pull him to me for a deeper, sweeter kiss, so that I don’t lie to him and say, “All I need is you.”

Someone clears their throat and we both turn to look at the Cacillan man standing in the doorway, tools in hand. The cat-like alien smiles ruefully. “Sorry to break up the party, but you’ve got a schedule for us to keep.”

Chuckling, Lochdon picks me up again, setting me down once we’re in the bedroom.

He doesn’t let go of my hand and I don’t ask him to.

Once we’re out in the halls again, he turns me and hugs me close. “Do you have any more shifts scheduled?”

“No. I had planned to go back on the shuttle tonight.”

“Stay.” He brushes his thumb over my lips. “I don’t ship out again for three days.

Stay and let me show you what our days could be like when you are my mate.”

“I’d like that.”



*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Breathing in the scent of skin that is familiar and foreign all at once, I stretch my sleep-heavy muscles and cuddle closer to Lochdon.

He wraps his arms around me holding me close with four perfectly placed points of pressure. A girl could get used to this.

“Good morning,” I say, sleepily, eyes still closed as I snuggle my cheek against his chest.

“Good morning.” The words are pitched oddly and I smile against him, kissing the broad plane of his pec and then his collar bone, his throat, working my way up until his chin tucks and his lips find mine.

I don’t mind the idea of having to kiss him any time I wake up next to him. It sounds like the perfect way to start a morning. A ritual I’d choose even if it wasn’t necessary.

Pulling me up and over him, two of his hands clasp my face in his and the other two hold my hips, gently rocking me against his erection.

Good morning.

When he drops his head back, he sighs. “A quiet part of me worried that you would be gone when I woke. That I had dreamed you had stayed with me.”

Six heavy-lidded eyes fix on me. “I would be lying if I said this didn’t still feel like a dream.

“I’m here.” For as long as he wants me. “And I’m yours.” For as long as he wants me.

He doesn’t lift my hips and move me back onto him when he kisses me. This time, he’s content to linger in those kisses.

My whole body feels liquid against him.

This is right. Waking with him, gently rousing... It feels like a dream to me, too.

I love him, but I don’t want to tell him while we’re naked. I don’t know why that’s important, but it is.

A chirping sound echoes from the vicinity of his clothes. They’re neatly folded and a square that reminds me of an old-school pager rests on top of them.

He doesn’t move at first, so I ask, “What’s that?”

“An alarm.” He pokes at my sides, tickling me.

“For what?” I ask, poking him right back.

“To remind me that we have someplace to be.” He holds me tight to him as he sits up and swings his legs out of the bed. “The faster we get dressed, the faster you’ll find out.”

But I don’t get up. Not immediately.

“What kind of place are we going?” I glance at my own clothes. My ‘just in case I have to stay over’ option isn’t really meant for going out. “I don’t exactly have a lot of options.”

One hand pressed to my back, he holds me tightly to him, kissing me so thoroughly my toes curl and I press up higher on my knees for more.

When I remember I asked a question and I ease back, he's holding a box.

"You can wear whatever you like... but I thought you might want something new."

Sliding from his lap, I take the box with a smile and feigned suspicion.

It's a dress.

A pretty a-line dress that's white and blue and purple... I hold the fabric against his skin and he smiles sheepishly.

"Well obviously I'm going to wear this." I press up onto my toes and kiss him and when he helps me with the zip, the fabric molds to my curves... reshaping itself to fit me like a glove.

"I love it." And I love you.

But that can wait until we're not in this cube-like hotel room.

"Where are we going?" I ask as he takes my hand in one of his and leads the way out into the station.

"You'll see."

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

I don't actually know what time of day or night it is on the station.

I've never needed a clock before, so I've never learned what the numbers shifting on the station walls mean, but the corridors aren't as busy as I'm used to seeing them, so I would guess it's mid day? More people are at their jobs, maybe. Or early morning? Most people are asleep.

The few dozen aliens we pass though, they all look at us—at me—with curious smiles.

I don't think it's because I'm human. I think it's because I can't wipe this silly smile off my face.

I don't want to wait anymore.

When we reach a deserted intersection, I pull him aside, making him stop. It's not a romantic place, or even a particularly pretty one, but I just need to tell him before we get wherever we are going.

He looks down at me curious smile, hand squeezing mine. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong." I pull him down to kiss me. I need to be certain he understands me.

I kiss him and let him kiss me back and I almost forget that I need to let him go.

When I do, I don't let him get away.

Noses still touching, I softly say the three words that have fluttered in my chest for too long.

“I love you.”

He smiles against my lips. “I am so glad to hear it.”

“I’ve wanted to say it a million times, but the timing was never right.” I wince, even as I keep smiling. “And then I got worried that the ‘timing’ was never going to be right.”

“Any time you say those words will be perfect. A little bubble of perfection in this chaotic and imperfect universe because I love you too, Maggie.” He kisses me again and then eases back with a reluctant sigh. “I would stay here forever kissing you, but we’re going to be late.”

I jiggle, impatience starting to strain. “Late for what?”

“You’ll see, just be patient.”

And I do see when, three levels down and two corridors over, he leads me into a completely empty restaurant.

“I don’t think they’re open yet,” I whisper, holding tight to his wrist as he squeezes my hand.

“They’re open for us.” Gently tugging my hand, he leads me all the way through the empty dining room, to a table beside a window that looks out on the planet below and the rings that spread out like a glittering sheet.

“Oh!” My eyes go a little wider as lights burst in the atmosphere. It’s night down

there and they look like fireworks.

But Lochdon isn't watching the fireworks. He smiles down at me and when I look up, feeling a little silly, he leans down to press a kiss to my cheek.

"Look at me, acting like I've never seen fireworks before." I can feel the heat in my cheeks as they turn pink.

"Have you seen them from orbit?"

I shake my head and he whispers, "Then you don't have anything to feel embarrassed about. Besides, there's nothing in this universe more beautiful than your smile."

My heart does a little flutter as he turns me to the table and holds out my chair.

This isn't like any of the other restaurants I've been to on station. There's a tablecloth and multiple utensils and a three tiered stand for food that hasn't come out yet.

There are even little lights floating inside spindles that look like glass candles.

"Welcome, welcome," a voice booms from the brightly lit kitchen and a Glantanian man comes out holding plates in each of his four arms.

I can understand him, which either means he knows English, or—and more likely—he's a part of Lochdon's clan.

"Stuffed French toast and a side of bacon for the lady," he sets the plate down in front of me before putting one in front of Lochdon without commenting on its contents, and then puts the other two plates on the tiered stand. They are full of tiny cakes and squares that look like foods that are not chocolate made of chocolate.

“Thank you,” I tell him and he gives me a wide smile, but he turns and looks sternly at Lochdon before he goes.

“What is going on?” I ask, in a whisper when he’s far enough away that I think he won’t hear me.

“Eat first, then I’ll explain.” Lochdon pulls out his own napkin and then nods at the plates. “Breakfast and then we’re skipping straight to dessert.”

Just like I told him I’d like every day’s meals to be. That was... months ago.

Our time has always been so limited, we’ve only spoken about food while eating.

The French toast is delicious. The strawberries and cream cheese stuffed inside are almost sweet enough to count as dessert on their own, and the bacon... the bacon tastes real.

If it is, I’d bet I have Phantom to thank for it.

We eat and Lochdon points out the moon suspended in the planet’s ring and then a freighter I can barely see against the dark backdrop of stars. I finish my breakfast as he tells me what to look for to find them and manage to spot three more he didn’t tell me were there.

I love seeing him in the booth. But I love these moments more. I relish them.

That doesn’t stop me from sucking on his finger tip when he feeds me one of those tiny cakes.

He smiles, even as he tells me to “behave.”

I nod without looking to find our one-man audience. “Only because I don’t want to embarrass you or shock him.”

The next little cake tastes like nothing I’ve ever had before and Lochdon gives it a name that I don’t think I’ll ever be able to remember.

Eventually, the other man comes to clear the plates away, leaving us with a single small one with the remaining desserts, but I don’t care about them anymore.

Lochdon looks... nervous.

He comes around to stand beside me and I raise my lips to his, we haven’t kissed in a while and I still don’t know exactly how long the connection works.

But I don’t have to crane my neck for too long.

Lochdon goes to his knees.

“Love and impatience made me say things before I meant to, yesterday. I had always planned to bring you here and to do this when I asked you to be mine.”

Movement catches my eye behind him.

The man who brought over our food has tried to conceal himself, but he is watching. I can see him peeking out from the back.

It makes me want to laugh, but I don’t. Lochdon looks up at me with an expression too soft to ever consider letting him think I’m laughing at him.

“Will you be my mate, Maggie?”



I lean forward, pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

“Yes. I don’t know how we’re going to make it work. But we’ll figure it out. I want to be yours Lochdon. Will you be mine?”

His smile makes my heart flutter. “I already am.”

I want to kiss him again, but he leans back and digs in his pocket. “It is a tradition on your planet to give you a ring.”

“I don’t need one.” I’d rather practice Glantanian traditions.

“I do.” Kissing me, he slips the band on my finger. “When you go back to your planet, while I’m away on ships thinking only of you, I want to make sure no humans mistake you for their own.”

When I look down at the gem, I managing to swallow the “Jesus Christ” before I say it.

“Phantom said I could give it to you as long as it was made from an Earth stone...” He grimaces twisting the massive diamond this way and that. “You are worth more than this trinket.”

“This would probably cost the same as a three-bedroom house on Earth.” Maybe more.

“I do not understand your planet’s obsession with carbon waste.”

“Neither do I.”

“We’ll get you something else,” he tells me, picking up my hand and pressing a kiss

to my palm. “But this is yours to do with as you please. Sell it if you don’t wish to keep it.”

I don’t want to sell it. Even if I can’t imagine wearing it as it is, it’s what he proposed to me with.

I’ll keep it forever. Besides, I would probably be arrested if I tried to sell it. They’d want to know where I got it or think it was some kind of counterfeit.

“We can put it in a different setting,” I tell him. “And I’ll wear it here, with you.”

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Whatever else Lochdon might have said, he doesn't have a chance. The older Glantanian comes out bustling and huffing and pokes and prods him. "Well?"

"She said yes." Lochdon doesn't look away from me. "Maggie, I want you to meet Bloche, one of my clan. The Earth term, I think is 'uncle'."

The word is sour, making me certain there isn't a Glantanian equivalent, but that he said the word in English.

"It's very nice to meet you, Bloche."

He takes my hand in all four of his and shakes it awkwardly. "Welcome to the clan."

It's a little premature. There are still a few more steps we'll have to go through before anything is official, but I thank him anyway.

He looks sharply at Lochdon. "Call your mother. If you do not tell her she's said yes, we will have a visitor and I don't want to see my sister hurt you."

Lochdon laughs and tells me, "I'll only be a minute," before he steps away.

"He has been waiting to do this for months," Bloche says to me, drawing over a chair and lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "One day, he comes to me and he says, 'Bloche! I have found her!' And I promise you, little one, I have lived long enough to know when a man is in love."

He chuckles and clasps my hand a little tighter. "He asked me to keep everything

ready, and I did. I have just been waiting for you.”

“And I was just waiting on him.” I look over at Lochdon as he speaks to his mother on his communicator.

He smiles at me briefly and it makes me want to melt.

If I thought for a moment that Phantom would let him get away with it, I might have asked him to abduct me after our second booth date.

“I’ve lived long enough to know when a woman is in love as well,” Bloche says. “No matter if she is Glantanian or not.”

“What are you telling her?” Lochdon asks as he comes back to us. “Is he trying to get you to take him instead?”

“No.” I say with a laugh as Bloche says “Of course not!”

Honestly, Bloche looks offended by the accusation, and he leaves us, muttering something about his old age and other things he knows because of it.

“What now?” I ask.

“Now, we do whatever we want to until I have to go. And when I come back, we’ll decide where you want to become my mate.”

“Tell me what it entails and we can start planning now.”

He kisses me and I’m glad Bloche is gone when Lochdon lifts me into his arms and I wrap my legs around him.

“You’re mine,” I say against his skin.

“Yes, I am.” He kisses my temple. “From now until death parts us.”

“And that had better not be for a very long time.”

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This is the most time I've spent on MiNo station, ever. It's also been the best three days of my life. But as always, it ends too soon.

Lochdon lets me come with him to the ship so that I can kiss him goodbye right before he gets on it and leaves for another two-week shift.

The docking bays are so different from the rest of the station. Old metal, stained with what he tells me is carbon scoring. The floors look like they need to be hosed down and something is leaking a brown sludge-like liquid.

When I visually follow the trail... It's the ship he's about to get on. "You're sure it's safe?"

"Perfectly. They're ugly and they're old, but that's just the outer shell. This stuff is designed to handle all the radiation and debris the void can throw at us. Inside is less utilitarian."

"Okay... If you promise."

He drops his bag to a clear spot on the decking and wraps his arms around me. "I can promise that I'm not going to get on a ship that I think might keep me from coming back to you."

"Good."

When he kisses me, a few jeers come from the corners of the loading area, but I ignore them, and Lochdon only laughs.

“I think I’m going to miss you even more this time,” he whispers against my lips.  
“Will you be here when I get back?”

I nod. “I’ve got my schedule all set up so that I can be here, waiting.”

“Good.”

He holds up my hand to inspect the morganite ring we picked out. It’s pretty and pink and he had been against it because it was too inexpensive, but... it’s perfect.

“I wish I could go with you,” he says, not for the first time. “Someday, I would like to meet the people you come from.”

“Maybe someday you can.”

We’d already discussed what I was going to tell them... that he lived abroad and worked on ships, that his job had an unorthodox schedule.

None of it is a lie.

I’ll probably spend the rest of my mother’s life finding excuses for why she can’t meet him, but I don’t think that will be too hard.

“I love you, Maggie.” He kisses me as a warning siren blares.

And he curses as he says goodbye, grabbing his bag and heading for the ramp that has already started to raise.

“I love you too,” I shout after him.

And as soon as that ramp closes, I leave. There’s nowhere for him to look out and

there's no reason for me to linger.

I walk the corridors back to Phantoms and the waiting room for my own departing ship and scrub at my arms to get rid of the strange sensation of the air in that room.

But he promised he'll be safe and I believe him.

"Heading home?" Phantom asks, appearing from nowhere as I step through the front entrance of his club.

"I am." But they already know that.

"Are you still happy with your choice?"

"Of course." I pause, turning to look up at them. "Are you about to try to make me change my mind?"

"Absolutely not. But if something does change—for any reason—I will be here to fix it."

There's no anger or vitriol in the words. There's no emotion at all, but I believe that Phantom would rain down vengeance on anyone who hurt me... on anyone who hurt any of the people who work for them.

"Thank you. But I don't think you'll have to worry about that."

"All the same." They move out of the way and a lightning bolt smile crackles across their face. "We look forward to seeing you in two weeks."

I grab my bag from my locker room and go to the waiting room, curling my legs up under me as I sit in one of the plush chairs.



Squinting out the window, I look for the signs Lochodon taught me and I find what I think is his ship.

Watching it move to a safe distance, I spin my ring on my finger and wait for the blue spark of it disappearing into the hypervoid. Seeing it flash, I ignore the unsettled feeling of him being completely out of reach. This is part of what I am signing up for by agreeing to be his mate.

“Oh my god!”

I flinch and look up as Coral hurries over to me, snatching up my hand and inspecting the ring.

“You have got some explaining to do, girl!”

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Even though I'm not working in the booth today, I've got the uniform on and am half curled in one of the plush chairs in the waiting room, listening to Cherry tell me about the time she had to explain to her best friend that animals on Earth don't talk.

"To be fair, I had just shown her one of the animated movies Phantom has on file." She giggles and scrubs at her face with her hands. "When a warthog and meerkat are singing at you, the last question you ask is 'can the real life version of these things actually sing?' She just took that as fact and rolled with it."

We all laugh and I idly wonder what it would be like to live here full time like she does.

But my sister just announced she's pregnant and I can't imagine not being around while my nibling is growing up... And I can't really see myself here for long periods of time if Lochdon isn't here with me.

No... no matter what happens with him, or with this job, I'm not giving up Earth entirely.

"Hey Peachy pie?" A Bliteen woman leans in through the door, smiling at all of us before she turns her black and gold eyes to me.

"There's a hunky Glantanian waiting for you in the public room."

"Oh!" He's early. "Thanks!"

"We're tossed aside so quickly," Cherry laments with a faked pout. "It's like you

were just using us for entertainment while you waited.”

“The aliens in the booth use us for entertainment. I was enjoying your company. It’s not my fault that you’re entertaining without even trying.”

She sticks her tongue out at me.

I say goodbye to the others and hurry out, wondering why the bot didn’t let me know he had arrived. I’ll have to check the settings.

The main room of the club is pretty full today, but Lochdon isn’t where I expect him to be, and when I do a slow turn around the room, there’s only one Glantanian.

Terjen.

Lochdon’s clansman smiles at me like he expects he’ll get something and I want to crawl out of my skin when his gaze trails over me, lingering on the places I know Lochdon’s marks are visible to him.

I keep looking, hoping I’m wrong, but... I’d be willing to bet he’s the reason that it was another employee who collected me, instead of the bot.

How could she know?

Lochdon might not have a problem with me fucking other people at work, but I have a big problem with the idea of even letting Terjen touch me.

So I turn on my heel and head back for the employees-only area. I’d rather not deal with him at all.

Except, I don’t get out of the room before two hands wrap around my arm and drag

me back.

Terjen says something, but all I understand is “Hello,” and “want”.

I’m not about to kiss him to find out the rest.

“Let go of me.” I say, pulling my arm back so he’ll get the hint.

His eyes narrow and I know he can’t understand me.

He takes a step forward and I say one of the first words I’d learned in their language.

“Ket.” No.

And he does stop, but when I pull my arm back, he still doesn’t let go.

I am done with this interaction, so I say two words I never thought I’d need to:  
“Protocol violation.”

They’re two words no one on Phantom’s payroll would say on accident.

He doesn’t remove his hands from my arm. They’re just gone.

Everyone who was close enough to hear the words turns and I manage not to flinch when Phantom is by my side between one blink and the next.

I don’t have to tell Phantom what happened, they already know.

It’s why Terjen’s arms are gone, disappeared into holes like the ones in the booth. Though, I doubt they’re as much fun.

Terjen starts to speak and I don't need to know the words to guess that he's trying to talk his way out of any punishment.

Phantom only lets him speak for a moment before yet another hole appears. This one over his mouth... leaving his next words unheard.

"He's banned, of course," Phantom says, turning to me. "Would you like me to do anything... special to make an example of him?"

I don't know what "special" might entail, but I'm pretty sure I don't want to find out.

"All he did was grab me... a ban is enough."

"He also lied to me. He claimed you are friends and it was all a misunderstanding. As if I don't know everything that goes on in my club."

"If you know everything, why was he able to grab me in the first place?" I ask.

The shadow of Phantom's head tips to the side. "I know what happens, not what you want."

I guess that's fair.

"Just get rid of him." Maybe there's some kind of galactic restraining order so I never have to worry about him again. Maybe I'm overreacting.

Still... I'll ask about it later.

A hole forms in the floor and Terjen drops through it, screaming.

"Where did he go?" I have a feeling Phantom could have sent him anywhere.

“The corridor in front of his temporary apartment.” Their head moves, like they’re looking over me. “I’ll let you explain.”

“Explain what?”

Phantom goes transparent and I see Lochdon... I don’t know how long he’s been there, but I go to him, leaping up to wrap my arms around his neck and when he catches me, hands holding me to him, I kiss him.

There are a few chuckles and jeers from nearby, but I ignore them.

“I’m so glad you’re here.” The relief makes me a little dizzy.

“What happened?”

“How much did you see?”

His brows pinch. “I saw Terjen disappear... and I can see where he touched you.”

There is a disgust in his voice that makes me want to recoil, but he holds me too tightly.

“He had one of the other women who work here make me think you were here and when I saw him and tried to leave...

He lets me down and I slide along him, hating the set of his jaw. “Wait here.”

His gaze is hard as he goes to where Phantom waits in the corner. I don’t hear what they say. I don’t know what happens, just that Lochdon leaves without looking at me again.

Taking a deep breath, I try not to let my mind go to ugly places.

Marching to Phantom, I point to the marks I can't see, but know are there. "How do I get rid of this?"

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Dr. Love turns the lights on in a small exam room and then shifts them to what I've come to realize isn't just a standard black light.

"There it is," she says, taking my hand and raising my arm for a closer look at the mark we can both see now. "I had read that the color presented differently when they're from unwanted touch... but I've never seen it before."

All the marks from Lochdon, even the faded ones look different from Terjen's handprints. Those look... angry, almost toxic.

"Do you mind if I capture some images before we get rid of these?"

I want to say no... I want the reminder off my skin as fast as possible. But it might help someone else some day. "That's fine. Please be quick?"

"Of course."

Dr. Love is the only human doctor on the station and she works exclusively for Phantom. A little bonus perk for working here: free health care.

I had joked that it was literally universal health care when Phantom first told me about it.

Now, I'm just glad they have a "soft acid"—whatever that means—to get rid of what Terjen left behind.

She takes her pictures and brings out a bottle filled with a black liquid and with one



of those oddly angled nozzles.

“Is it going to sting?”

“Nope.” She squirts a little on her own forearm. “It takes away just the very top layer of dermis cells. Makes old tattoos look brand new, too.

She sprays my whole arm down with it, rubbing it in with gloved hands before having me rinse it off.

“All done.”

“Thanks.” I try to sound happy, but this kind of grateful isn’t exactly a good feeling.

She tells me to come back if I need anything at all and then moves on to her next patient.

I take the moment to look at my arm, turning it this way and that before I put my shirt on and head back out to the floor.

Lochdon’s marks are gone too and I don’t like that one bit.

I stand in the middle of the club for a little too long. Lochdon isn’t back, and people start to stare.

I don’t know why that bothers me. It’s never bothered me before.

Maybe it’s because I know that at least a few of them can see my completely mark-free arm. More than half of them witnessed the scene.

I go to the bar and get a drink. The glass is just something for my hands to hold. The

cold liquid inside it doesn't do anything to soothe my racing nerves.

Ti'ala, one of the alien women who works the public room offers me a tentacle-fingered hand and when I take it she says, "Come be a good luck charm while you wait for him to get back."

"How can I be a good luck charm if I don't know what the game is?"

She doesn't answer me. Shrugging, she releases me beside the table as she goes to an alien who may be entirely gelatinous blob.

A Lithan offers me a seat on one of his legs and I take it, because there's nothing else for me to do right now.

After I watch one hand, I do understand the rules of the game.

They're just playing poker. The suits are different, but everything else is the same.

And my Lithan friend just won by bluffing the hell out of a nothing-hand.

"You can be my good luck charm anytime you like," he says, "specially since you might not be seein' much of your mate for a while, Kitten."

"He's not my mate yet."

"You're marked. He thinks of you as his—enough to take offense—that's what matters. At least, that's what mattered today."

"What do you mean?"

He looks away from the cards being dealt. "You know how Glantanians are about

their mates and their clan members...”

“That doesn’t make anything as obvious as it feels like you think it should be.”

He tips his head to the side and his eyes roll around... like something is resetting inside of him.

“You could fuck me right here and now if you wanted to... you could make your way through the whole room and he wouldn’t mind, if that’s what you want... hell, he’d probably watch and wait for his turn. But another Glantanian? Especially one from his clan?” He snorts and touches my arm where Terjen did. “The man who touched you, if he’s lucky, he’ll only lose one body part. If he’s unlucky... I don’t know what the Glantanian laws are on murder, but on this station, he might have a hard time arguing his way out of it.”

Cold dread washes over me. “You think Lochdon’s going to kill him?”

The Lithian shrugs.

No. I don’t voice the words, but— “Excuse me.”

Walking with a feigned calm, I set my drink down on the bar and I don’t stop until I’m back in my locker room. But I don’t change. I grab a coat to keep my tits from falling out. As soon as I shrug it on any semblance of calm evaporates.

My heart beats too fast as I hurry out the front door and then... I run.

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Aliens call after me left and right and I know I probably look like a complete spectacle, racing through the corridors of a space station with no actual clue where I'm going... barefoot, my ass hanging out of tiny booty shorts...

A few shout at me, but they're in languages I can't understand, so I don't know if they're encouragement, censure, or offers to help if I'm fleeing from someone or something.

I don't know where I'm going.

I get turned around twice. But when I pause to beg for directions, a scream echoes through the corridors.

Racing toward the sound, I run directly into Lochdon. He catches me, pulling me back from the body on the floor.

Gasping for breath I ask, "What did you do?"

Lochdon looks down at me, blinking like he can't understand why I'm here. "I told you to wait."

"I'm not going to let you kill him and go to jail or whatever the equivalent is here." I smack him on the chest with an open palm. "You've made me too many promises to abandon me like that."

Smiling—as if he has any right to do so after he nearly gave me a heart attack—he says, "I'm not going to kill him. And I am certainly not going to abandon you."

Lochdon kisses me and despite everything, I melt into him. Despite everything, I feel like it's all going to be fine now, just as long as I've got a hold of him.

He lets me slide to the ground and says, "These are for you."

He places two very long, very sharp fangs in my hand and I look from them down to where Terjen has sat up, still blinking in a dazed confusion. His mouth oozes blood and drool.

"You tore out his teeth?"

"He knew better than to interfere with you. Phantom's punishment wasn't good enough." He looks at me with a calmness that feels surreal. "Losing his teeth was a mercy. I didn't think you'd want the other pieces of him I could have rightfully taken instead."

I can only imagine what they would be, but his teeth are probably the best option.

I nod and look down at the man. "It looks like you hit him pretty hard."

"It's the loss of his teeth. Pulling them out ruptured the venom sacs. It won't kill him, but he won't be coherent until they close up and the venom clears his nervous system."

"You're venomous?" I look up at his lips, brows pinching. "That wasn't anywhere in my reading."

"We don't advertise it." He taps a finger to his lips. "Two sets. The other ones would neutralize the venom. Would you like those as well?"

"No. Thank you."

Drawing me close again, he says, “I should have known he’d do something like this. I should have stopped it before it ever happened.”

“He broke your clan rules... you weren’t supposed to expect that.”

“Still.” He kisses the top of my head as others start to arrive. “I need to be able to protect you, even if I’m not here.”

Reaching up, I place my hand on his chin and tip his face down to look at me. “You’re not always going to be able to protect me. And that’s okay. I know that when I am with you, I’m safe. And when I’m here alone, you know Phantom won’t let anything happen to me.”

The teeth are hard in my other hand and I wince. “Tearing someone’s teeth out is pretty brutal, maybe we talk before you do that again.”

“Hopefully I’ll never have to.”

Pushing up onto my toes, I pull his head down so that I can press my forehead to his.

There’s a kerfuffle and a trio of aliens arrive. Then comes the shouting.

I take a deep breath and I don’t let go of Lochdon’s arm.

Thankfully, Phantom and Bloche arrive next and they explain so that Lochdon doesn’t have to defend himself on his own. The station officials are cowed by Phantom—except an Opodean man who appears as if from nowhere and immediately takes over the scene, directing people with a flick of his tentacles.

We are told to leave. They’ll contact us if they have more questions.

Phantom's is on the way and Lochdon waits for me to change. When I come back to him, he picks me up and carries me all the way back to the apartment he bought for us.

I let him because I want to hold tight to him too.

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I haven't been back since the construction was done, but Lochdon has for long enough to drop off his things. They sit in a jumble near the door, bags half open, and there is a single frame on the wall. It flickers with the glowing image of us from the day he officially asked me to be his mate.

It's not home yet, but it will be.

He presses me against the wall, kissing me like he needs to know I'm really here. His body holds mine to the panels as two of his hands go to my wrists, holding them above my head. The other two trace the shape of my body.

And I kiss him back just as fiercely.

When he finally comes up for air, he slowly lets me slide down to the floor.

"You okay?" I ask him.

He nods, but I'm not sure I believe him. "Do you think you can explain to me what just happened?"

He grimaces. "Yes... but I'll have to go back a few weeks."

"Weeks?"

"Almost a month." He takes my hand and leads me to the couch—our couch. "He was on Galanta when I petitioned to make you my mate."



He's explained the process a few times, and I still only really understand the later steps.

"Terjen objected." He glowers at the far wall.

That wasn't part of the process... at least, not how he explained it. "He could do that?"

"No. But he demanded to voice the objection anyway and the elders humored him."

"What was his reasoning?" What could he possibly think?

"I hadn't brought you to the clan to see if you preferred one of them over me."

I snort, slapping my hand over my face. "I'm sorry. That's just so ridiculous."

"A very long time ago, that was the way that things were done."

Shifting on my knees and moving closer to him, I say, "Well, I certainly wouldn't have preferred him."

His smile is a soft, pinched slant. "I can't really blame him for wanting you."

"I can. And I will." I brush my fingers through his hair. "I can't imagine being with anyone else like this. I don't want to be with anyone else like this. I chose you. It doesn't matter how many of your clan are put in front of me. I'll choose you every time."

He kisses me, holding me so tightly to him I feel like I'm going to pop.

I want to pop.

But he hasn't finished telling me. "What happened next?"

"The elders dismissed his objection and granted my petition. I thought that was the end of it. Their word is law, after all."

He takes a deep breath and looks down at his hands. "I hadn't seen or spoken to him since."

I ask something that's only just occurred to me. "How did he find out where I work?"

Lochdon grimaces, his teeth showing—fangs and all. "The petition documents included it. Because of Phantom's rules about access to Earth, they had to."

"Oh. Okay." With my understanding that I'm off limits to the clan after we're mated, and my soon to be widely known no-other-Glantianians policy at Phantom's, it shouldn't be a problem.

"I don't know exactly what he planned to do, but," he exhales and heavily drops his forehead to mine. "I'm glad Phantom was there to make sure we didn't find out."

"Me too." I move into his lap and nudge his face up with my nose. "And if you hadn't come home today, I would still be fine. He wouldn't have been able to do anything."

"I know." He kisses me. "But I still hate it."

A sharp chirping echoes overhead and he flinches at the sound. "Sorry, I'll adjust that so it doesn't pierce our ears every time we get a message. Opodean hearing frequencies are different."

"The one who showed up today, is he who you bought this place from?"

“Yeah. Sirin’s in charge of the whole station, but he’s also one of Phantom’s patrons, so... I have a feeling they have more power in that business relationship than Sirin would admit.”

I slide from his lap and watch as he goes to a large control panel near the door, tapping and swiping through a dozen commands.

I’ll learn how to use that later.

“They’ve banned Terjen from the station,” Lochdon says.

“They can do that?”

“Like I said, Phantom has more pull than anyone has a right to... this time, it works in our favor.”

“How?” I think I know, but I ask anyway.

“Terjen’s been banned because Phantom demanded it for the safety of all of their employees.”

“Ah.” I don’t think it had anything to do with anyone else, but I’m okay with him bending the truth a little in this instance.

“Are you going to get into trouble?” I ask.

“No. They’ve classified it as an internal Glantanian matter. The station is going to ignore it.”

“Good. I’d hate for you to get kicked off station, too... especially since we haven’t had a chance to enjoy our tub yet.”

His smile quirks to the side and he picks me up, throwing me over his shoulder as he heads for the bathroom. “Let’s change that.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 9:34 am*

Lochdon sets me on the counter and doesn't let me do anything while he starts the faucet and pulls out towels.

I watch him, making note of everything so I can repeat the steps while he's out on a contract.

The water is so steamy, I start to worry that it's going to be too hot to get into, but there's a gauge on the wall that monitors the temperature.

It silently assures me it's not going to turn me into soup.

"When do you have to go back out?" I ask as he helps me undress and I reciprocate.

"Not until after the ceremony is over."

My hands freeze on his buttons. "Everything's finalized?"

He nods. "As soon as I take you home, I'm yours."

There's a little more to it than that, but I finally get his clothes open and let him pick me up.

I press my lips firmly together as he lowers me into the water, just in case, but I don't need to worry.

It is steamy, but it's also perfect. "Did you steal my temperature settings from Phantom?"

“I didn’t steal anything. I politely asked and they provided me with them.”

Smiling, I sink into the water and let the heat soak the tension out of my muscles.

It was worse than I realized.

This is bliss.

“That,” Lochdon says as he slips into the bath with me, “Is a face I would love to be the reason for.”

“You relieve my tension in different ways. And I like them both, equally.”

“Equally?” he feigns affront.

“You are more than welcome to try to tip the scales.”

Two of his hands take hold of my shoulders and his fingers start to move and pinch and I whimper as he works at the knots that not even hot water could touch.

I melt into his touch. “That definitely works in your favor.”

“Does it?” He lifts me up with his other hands and pulls me over the top of him letting my buoyancy hold some of my weight as he rocks me back and forth, dragging my pussy over his cock.

“Sometimes, it feels like having four hands is cheating.” I tell him.

“But you like it.”

“I love it.”

“Good.”

Water drips from my hair, trailing across my breasts in rivulets, and he leans forward, licking the same line across my skin.

Humming, he asks, “Does Phantom bottle your bathwater?”

I laugh at the very thought of it. “They better not be... if they are, they owe me some serious back pay.”

“Find out... if they aren’t, you’re both missing out on a market.” His tongue swirls around my nipple, and he sucks, releasing me with a hard pop before saying, “I bet Elasiats would buy it by the gallon.”

“You know, I had worried the water would be so hot it would turn me into soup. And now you’re telling me you want to make broth out of me.” I smile against his lips as I press down onto him. “You’re going to give me a big head if you keep acting like I’m the most delicious creature in the world.”

“But you are.” His thumb caresses my throat. “You are the most delicious, most beautiful, most fascinating creature in the universe. And you’re mine.”

I arch back, trying to work myself further down onto him and this time, he sits back and watches. All six eyelids heavy, all six eyes watching me.

“Do you know what one of my friends said when they saw the ring?” I ask him.

“Did they ask if I did not love you enough to get you more?”

“No,” I swat at his chest. “She asked if you were marrying me to get out of paying Phantom’s membership and fees.”

He laughs, hand wrapped around my neck, pulling me closer to him and just before he kisses me again, he says, “You can tell her that Phantom is still making me pay the exact same amount as before. And I am not going to ask them for a discount.”

Hands playing with my breasts, holding tight to my hips, he helps me ease down onto the last inch of him.

Now that I have all of him, I squeeze tight and smile when he groans.

“The woman I love, taking me into her in this bath she loves...” He shudders and his teeth clench. “This is a memory that may leave me painting the bottom of the bunk above me the next time I am on a ship without you.”

I huff a laugh, but it turns into a soft moan as I rise up off of him. “If that happens, I want proof.”

The waves we make slosh at the side. But the tub drains itself a little to save the floor, before anything makes it over the edge.

“Why do you like the water?” He asks, voice strained.

He’s trying to distract himself.

“I like the warmth and the slight weightlessness. I like that it gives me the opportunity to turn my brain off because I can’t really do anything else. It’s time for just me.”

“And me.”

“And sometimes you, now, too.”



We rock and thrust and the water sloshes dangerously, and with his lips latched on one breast and a hand wrapped around the other, I come apart on him, finally getting what I've wanted for so long.

He moans, deeply against my breast as his hips pump upward, driving into me as he comes.

It's perfect.

He's perfect.

Everything is perfect and I am ready to make him mine.

"When can we leave?" I ask, resting my cheek against his chest.

"Tomorrow afternoon if you want."

I do.

I'm going to claim him, and then I am never going to let him go.

## Page 32

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I almost ask Lochdon why he paid for two seats. I know the answer... but he'd pulled me into his lap before we left the station dock, and he hasn't let me go since.

Not that I'm complaining.

He's more comfortable than the seat, anyway.

The transport taking us from MiNo to Galanta is nice but even in what translates to first class, I'm very aware that Phantom's Earth shuttles are an absolute luxury.

A loud thwacking sound comes from the door at the back of the compartment, and I flinch, but no one else seems to notice, or care.

The attendant rolls her eyes—all six of them—before standing with a beleaguered sigh to go back.

"Someone's grav ball got away from them." Lochdon says quietly against my hair. "It happens. She'll go scold them, but it's no big deal."

The cargo hold beyond that door has another dozen or so passengers. We'd passed them to get up here and it had made me uneasy.

"You're sure it's safe," I ask him again. "It feels like it should violate some safety standards." Space OSHA?

"They have fold down seats for gravity landings. And in transit, there's more space to move around than we have... they're fine."

When I look at him skeptically, he says, “I’ve done longer trips back there several times and I’m fine. When I was much younger, my friends and I would hop on a random ship headed who-knows-where, just for the hell of it. We all survived.”

“Well, I hope they’re getting a deal.”

He laughs and kisses my forehead before telling me, “It’s free.”

That doesn’t feel real and my face must say it, even though I don’t, because Lochdon says, “They ride for free and the spaceline gets kickbacks from an intergalactic tourism conglomerate.”

I don’t think any of those words are directly translated. “Sounds a little too good to be true.”

“I mean, sometimes the other passengers are nosy, or get space sick, or try to pick your pocket... It’s not the ideal way to travel.” He shifts me in his lap and holds me closer. “I wouldn’t have been able to keep a hold of you this whole time if we were down there.”

The attendant comes back through and pauses beside us. She isn’t clan, so the words don’t translate.

Lochdon nods and says, “I understand. Thank you.”

“What’s going on?”

“We’ll be landing soon. You have to take your own seat now.”

I pat his chest and kiss him before sliding into my own seat. “You can bear a few minutes without me in your lap.”

“I’m not going to enjoy them.” He crosses his top set of arms and scowls toward the display in front of him detailing our impending descent.

I reach out and take the lower hand closer to me and when he looks down at where our fingers are twined, I ask, “Better?”

“A little.”

Buckled in and waiting for the lights to go green, I lean on him and close my eyes as the strange sensation of new gravity takes over.

We’re almost there.

I hadn’t realized how much being held by him had kept the jittery nerves at bay. Now that we’re landing... All I can do is squeeze him tight and breathe through the oddity of the sensations coursing through my body. Pressures change, sounds I don’t understand assault my ears...

Whatever Phantom does to their ships... I’m going to need them to install it as standard on any others I set foot on in the future.

Lochdon rubs my back while the ship judders just a little bit and the ordeal is over quickly enough, I shouldn’t complain.

Everything settles after a moment of stillness, but I don’t let go of Lochdon when seat buckles start to click open. He doesn’t move when others start to get up and collect their bags.

“How do you feel?” He asks.

“I’m fine.”

His brow raises and he asks, “Are you sure?”

I move my arms, stretching out my limbs as a show, but...

He’d warned me that Galanta’s gravity might be strange. Phantom wouldn’t tell either of us what the difference was between it and Earth’s gravity, but the fact that Phantom let me come at all tells me I’ll be fine. Even knowing that... “My muscles do feel a little heavy, but I’m okay.”

It’s the kind of weight that reminds me of post-gym exhaustion.

He stands, and holds my hand as I do too. “If that changes. You let me know.”

I nod, a little too anxious to get off the ship to worry about whether or not I’m going to feel like I’ve been lifting weights the entire time I’m here.

Lochdon grabs our bags and slings them over one shoulder, only letting go of my hand while we make our way down the steps and out of the now-empty cargo hold.

The passengers left a mess behind, but there’s no sign the free riders met with a gravity-related accident.

And when we step out...

“Welcome to my homeworld,” he says, sweeping his free arm out in front of us.

I look around us and try not to seem underwhelmed, but he sees it. Luckily, he laughs.

It’s startlingly similar to MiNo... except I can’t read any of the signage, and a good ninety percent of the people around us are Glantanians.

On the station, they're few and far between.

"It's... an airport—a spaceport." I say, correcting myself immediately. "Am I going to get to breathe fresh air while I'm here? Or are you going to keep me indoors the whole time?"

In all of my—limited—reading, I hadn't been able to find many pictures of what the planet looks like... at least. Not the inhabited parts.

He chuckles and holds my hand more tightly as we make our way along a wide corridor and out of the terminals... something starts to prickle at my nose as we reach the bright square of open doors, but I ignore it when my eyes finally adjust.

"Oh!"

The doors open out into an enormous terrace and he leads me straight across to the ledge and my first glimpse of his actual homeworld takes my breath away.

I can't imagine how he would ever want to leave.

It's like a tropical paradise, with a crystalline mountain range in the distance, and enormous birds soaring overhead.

There's so much to see... I wish I had six eyes, too.

"Okay, that back there was rude." I pinch his arm. "This is amazing!"

"Do you like it?"

"I do."

I take a deep breath, filling my lungs and my eyes go wide. Oh no.

The tickle in my nose is worse. So much worse.

It's too much to clear with a simple huff. It's too much to—

I sneeze

Lochdon's grip on my hand tightens. "What's wrong?"

Another breath, another sneeze.

And another.

"It's sneezing," I tell him in between two of them. I don't think I've ever sneezed in front of him before and I hope the translation in his language makes sense.

Each inhale makes the tickle worse.

"I can't stop," I say, managing to laugh instead of making the frustrated sound I want to. "Oh no. I'm allergic to your planet."

He looks concerned as he leads me away from the strolling groups of people who have definitely turned their full focus to me.

I don't stop sneezing until we're in what he calls a taxi, but it looks like a hard bubble, and he's fiddled with the air filters.

"Well," I say, feeling like I've gotten an extra workout. "That could be a problem."

Even in here, my nose tickles.

Lochdon studies my face like it might have been rearranged by one of the sneezes.  
“We’ll get it figured out before tomorrow.”

Tomorrow.

“I’d hate to sneeze all the way through the ceremony.”

“You won’t.” He kisses me and then pulls me back into his lap, pointing out landmarks on the other side of the window.



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When we get out of the taxi, I immediately start sneezing again. I can barely appreciate the oddity of the house waiting for us. It's what I imagine would happen if someone tried to meld a craftsman bungalow and an eco brutalist structure.

The whole thing is made of—what I assume is concrete—and covered in flourishing plants, but the shapes are not the modern, blocky things I expect from brutalism. The secondary material is wood... and not timber, but organic, seemingly pulled-straight-from-the-tree-wood.

I'd appreciate the oddity more if I got to look at it for more than two-seconds at a time.

"Who's house," I sneeze again. "Is this?"

"It's one of the clan's properties. It's for people like us who live off world, but want to come home for the mating ceremony or other major events."

When we get inside, I grab a towel, wetting it and holding it over my mouth and nose, just for a little relief.

"I'm going to ruin the ceremony, aren't I?" My voice is muffled through the cloth, but at least I can get a full sentence out.

"No." He brushes a thumb across my cheek. "Have a look around, I need to make a phone call."

He goes, leaving me to explore and to wonder what he actually said, because I don't

think they have phones here.

There's one bedroom and bathroom off the main living space with furniture I don't exactly understand, and out the doors at the back of the house is a glittering blue pond.

It's not a bathtub... but I'm definitely looking forward to getting submerged.

The back "yard" is surrounded by a wall of enormous blue and green plants and thick purple trees with glowing mushrooms dotting the bark.

If I didn't know there were houses on either side of us, I could easily believe we were secluded in some remote tropical paradise.

There are chairs out here, and, since the house doesn't seem to help with the sneezing anyway, I sit on one of the enormous disc-shaped loungers beside the slowly swirling water.

It's so clear I can see the bottom. Flat, smooth stones, and small grassy plants flex in the shadows and reflections.

Lochdon joins me a minute later with a tall glass of water.

"Thank you." I say, and as soon as I take it from him, a familiar hole opens over me, but instead of a cock popping out of it, a box of allergy medicine falls into my lap before the hole closes up again.

"Phantom said that should help," Lochdon sits beside me, waiting.

Of course he would call Phantom. They're basically the intergalactic resource for humans at this point.

“I’ll thank Dr. Love when I get a chance.” Because I’m certain she’s the one who knew what to send me.

The box contains exactly two gel caps and instructions to take them both. I do, with the water Lochdon brought me.

The relief is instant.

Inhaling so deeply I feel like I’ve filled myself with air all the way down to my toes, I look up at Lochdon and can’t stop myself from smiling so widely my jaw joints start to pinch.

“Better?”

“Immeasurably.” I look at the empty box and frown. “But I’m probably going to need more than one box if we’re here for four days.”

“They said it would work for at least a week.”

“I hope they’re right.” Because I don’t know if I believe them.

“I’m glad we got that sorted out, and just in the nick of time.”

I look at my watch, even though it’s only tracking my biometrics right now, not an accurate time. “Where do we need to be?”

He kisses my knuckles. “The clan elders have been impatient to meet you.”

I had kind of forgotten that part.

“What was that face for?” He cups my chin in one of his hands and smiles down at

me.

I almost tell him it's nothing, but, "What if they don't like me and change their mind?"

"They can't. It's too late for them to do that." He kisses me once and then says, "You are the only one who can stop our mating."

"I don't want to."

"Good." He takes my hand and leads me past the pond and into a meandering trail through the plants that are too tall for me to see over.

It feels like some kind of a resort.

"Most clans have their own gardens like this. Homes back onto it. There are gathering spaces throughout and the ceremonial waters." He nods toward a waterfall I can see when the leaves thin for a moment.

"Is this where everyone in the clan lives?"

"No. A lot of them do, but many of us have left."

I'm not sure why... but then again, all I've seen so far is the pretty parts, and, "I'm glad you left, or else I never would have met you."

"I'm glad too."

He leads me into one of those meeting spaces and dozens of people turn to us, the sound they make is startling, even though I knew it was coming.

Despite having four hands, Glantanians don't clap... they rub their fingers against their palms and the sound is like nothing I've ever heard.

I manage to stay put, even though I want to scooch behind Lochdon and hide.

I hold on to his arm a little more tightly. I don't do the math, but hundreds of eyes are on me, and it's weird... because that does make me nervous with my clothes on.

Not that I'm about to take them off here.

A woman whose skin is a beautiful pale violet comes to us first, holding out her hands.

"I'm so glad you arrived," she says to Lochdon. "And I am so glad he has brought you home."

She says it like this was always my home and they were simply waiting for me to come back.

"I'm very happy to be here."

"Maggie," Lochdon says, moving me to stand in front of him. "This is my mother, Farro. Mother, this is my mate."

She doesn't correct him that the ceremony hasn't happened yet. She only smiles and says, "I am delighted to welcome you into our clan and into our family."

She squeezes my hands and scrunches her face in a strange smile I've gotten used to on Lochdon's face.

"Go, see your friends. There will be plenty of time for me to get to know her after the

mating is complete.”

Chuckling, Lochdon takes me by the hand and leads me to a group that is impatiently waiting for us.

I’m not the only non-glantanian here, and that adds an odd little comfort.

There are so many people to meet and I forget half of their names before Lochdon pulls me out of the fray.

Five Glantanians sit in a soft arc at one edge of the clearing. I don’t need to be told to know they’re the “elders” Lochdon has told me make the rules and decisions for the clan.

Farro sits at the middle of them. She is the one who says, “There is one small order of business we must take care of before the blessed event tomorrow.”

She doesn’t move her head, but her eyes shift to the side and I look where she does.

Terjen stands at the entrance to the gathering space.

Seeing him again makes my skin crawl. I hold on to Lochdon’s hand a little tighter, wishing—again—that I could slip behind him.

Leaning close, Lochdon says, “They’re going to give you an option.”

“What kind of option?”

But he doesn’t have a chance to respond.

“One of our oldest rules was broken.” Farro points at the empty spot in front of her

and Terjen moves. “Not just a clan rule, a rule that has existed between all Glantanians for more than a millennium.”

Terjen doesn’t speak. Eyes locked on the stones at his feet, he doesn’t move a muscle.

“You may ask for forgiveness. Whether you deserve it or not...” Farro lets the thought trail off and looks at me. “That is for Maggie to decide.”

Terjen turns and I hold Lochdon’s arm a little tighter. His other wraps around my shoulder, holding me close.

Still five feet away, Terjen goes to his knees. And once he’s there, all four of his hands upturned on his thighs, he says. “Please forgive me for my transgression. I knew what I was doing was wrong and I did it anyway. I beg your forgiveness.”

My mother would tell me to forgive him and move on. Tillie would probably tell me to kick him in the balls—but that’s my sister’s favorite option for revenge on people with balls to kick.

I don’t want to do either.

I don’t know what their traditions say I should do, but Lochdon said I had a choice and if it’s up to me... “Are you actually sorry? Or are you only here because they’ve made you come?”

He hesitates and I know the truth, even if he says, “I am, truly, sorry.”

Looking up from him to Farro, I know what I’m going to do.

“Do you accept his apology?” she asks.

“No.”

There’s a murmur from the other Glantanians gathered around us. Terjen pushes to his feet and takes three large steps back, his eyes fixed on the ground, his jaw clenched.

“Your apology has not been accepted.” Farro says as he turns back to her. “You will spend the next year under planetary arrest. After which point you may ask for absolution again. I suggest you spend the intervening year finding the penitence in your hearts. You are also barred from tomorrow’s ceremony and will stay away from both Maggie and Lochdon for the next year.”

“If they arrive,” the man to Farro’s left says. “You leave. If they are already there, you turn around and depart. There is no place on this planet where the need for your presence supersedes theirs. Do you understand?”

Terjen lifts his head, jaw tense, and after a moment’s pause, he says. “I understand.”

Farro flicks one hand and he leaves. The strange tension that had settled over me—over everyone, it seems—goes with him.

“Now,” Farro says, coming to us again, “Let’s eat. You have a busy day ahead of you tomorrow.”



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Farro helps me into the traditional outfit the next afternoon. It was specially made to deal with the pesky fact that I have two arms too few. But, she's assured me that it won't make any difference. Others have worn it with tentacles or wings, with five arms and none.

Unlike the tradition I'm used to, it's not a white dress. It's the gray green color of their planet's most precious metal. And unlike the traditions I'm used to, Farro delivers me to Lochdon at the base of a path, and leaves us all alone.

He kisses me so sweetly, I feel like I'm floating.

"Ready?" he asks, squeezing my hand.

"More than."

He warned me about this part when I told him I wanted to perform the ceremony here.

Climbing to the top of the waterfall together had seemed like fun. And—with the exception of a few trickier parts where Lochdon had to pull me up—it is. But the top of the waterfall...

His description was inadequate.

A river balloons out into another clear blue pool that gently swirls until it splits on either side of a flat rock.

That juts out over the edge where the water tumbles back toward the garden below.

I don't let go of his hand as we wade through the water to stand on that flat rock in the middle of the air.

The sun has begun to set and the shimmer of an aurora creeps into the sky.

It doesn't feel real.

Clothes dripping, Lochdon takes my other hand and turns me until we're facing each other.

This is the only part that actually matters. This is what we would have done wherever we chose to do this.

It's private. These words are for us. It's why the witnesses are gathered far below us where distance and the roar of the waterfall keep our words for us alone.

"We've come here to promise our lives to each other," Lochdon says, lifting one of my hands to his lips. "I promise you that: my life, all of my days and nights. I will share every happiness and, if you let me, I will share every concern that we face as well."

His thumb toys with the ring. "I love you Maggie, my Peach. I think I was a fool to hope that you would fall for me, but I think, too, that fools are the only ones that hope works for, too."

We are both fools and I wouldn't have it any other way.

"I love you too. And I promise my life, my days and nights, good and bad, though I promise to try to ensure they are more good than bad."

He laughs with me and I take a deep breath. “I did not know that the booth would lead me here, but I am immeasurably grateful that it did. I want to be your mate, Lochdon. I want you to be mine, in every way that matters... and some of the ways that don’t, too.”

He smiles and I smile too and then I pull something from my pocket that I was very careful to keep hidden until now. “You wanted to keep the Earth tradition of exchanging rings, and every day I wore this ring, I realized how important it was to me. So... With a little help, I had this made for you too.”

The ring is enormous, but when I put it on Lochodon’s finger, it fits just right.

I kiss him to seal our promises and when our lips part, he whispers one last time. “Can I make you mine, Maggie?”

I watch him lick his fangs and my pussy tightens.

I know what’s about to happen, but I don’t know what’s about to happen. His description of it though...

His fangs have elongated. One set is already dripping. He’ll bite me now... he’ll bite me later, too.

“Yes.” I nod. “Make me yours.”

His teeth graze my neck and then a sharp and piercing pain makes me cry out, but it only lasts for a second.

His venom makes me dizzy and my knees buckle, but he catches me, holding me to him in an embrace that feels... perfect.

Everything feels perfect. Him, this place, his venom coursing through me.

A second piercing sensation, but this one doesn't hurt... it brings a sort of clarity and I blink away the fuzzy warmth from before.

A new heat flows through me, like he's slipped under my skin, holding me tight in a molecular hug.

The second, neutralizing venom floods my veins, carried straight to my heart.

He'd warned me about this too... that some people said it felt like the other's soul had slipped into their veins.

And maybe that's what this is. Maybe I'm more his than I'd ever expected.

I love it.

I don't need to bite him to know he's mine.

That's been true for too long to deny.

He pulls back from me with a shivering sigh and I shiver too when his lips brush over the bite.

When he stands fully upright again, it's with reluctance. "You won't need to kiss me to understand me or the clan anymore."

Gaze dropping to his lips I screw mine up in a little scowl. "I'm going to pretend I don't know that."

He smiles and then his gaze darts to my neck. Brows pinched he reaches up and trails

his fingertips along my neck.

“What is it?” I twist my head, trying to look at the place on my skin he’s brushed his fingers across, even though I know I won’t be able to see it.

“You have spots.”

“What?” I laugh and reach up to touch where he has, but he catches my hand.

His hand trails down the back of my arm and when he lifts it up, there’s nothing there. “I don’t see anything.”

He looks a little disappointed, but he keeps my hand anyway and presses a kiss to the inside of my wrist. “I’ll show you later. Once we’re alone again.”

There’s one last part of this ceremony left.

If we’d done this on MiNo, we would not have had to help each other to the top of this precipice. And we wouldn’t have been able to take a symbolic leap...

Squeezing my hand, Lochdon asks. “Ready?”

“As long as you’re with me? Always.”

Even though I’ve said it, a little tremor of fear slices through me as we turn to the edge of the rock, waterfall thundering beneath us.

But that’s the thing about fear and love... you just have to hold on tight and take the leap together.

We jump, and I go weightless. Lochdon is the only thing in the entire universe I’m

connected to, and that drives away every sensation of fear or insecurity.

The drop ends with a sharp splash.

We hit the water below, crashing through the surface and when we come up, gasping in deep breaths, I know that my world—my universe—has completely changed.

Farro and Bloche help us out of the pool and are the first to officially welcome me to the clan.

Lochdon's mother holds my hands out to my side and she draws her hand over my arm, keeping her hand an inch above my skin. "Well, that settles that, then."

"What settles what?" I ask, not sure if I should be concerned.

She smiles at me and places my hands back in Lochdon's. "Fate meant for you to become ours, Maggie. We do not always take our mate's colors, but you have."

"I can't see them."

"We can. Every Glantanian in the universe will be able to. They'll know one of us belongs to you, even if he's not around at the time."

I look up at Lochdon and wish I could see what they do. "I like that."

We're passed through the others like items on a conveyor belt running through an inspection line. It feels rushed, but I don't hate it.

There are still a few whose words are unintelligible, because not all of Lochdon's friends are clan. And I have to translate as well. Feather and Coral came to be witnesses.

“I didn’t realize you were coming!”

“Phantom may be breaking some intergalactic travel laws,” Coral presses a finger to her lips “So, don’t tell.”

Feather elbows her and jiggles as she throws her arms around me. “Congratulations! We’re so happy for you.”

But I don’t get to stay with them long. Bloche clears away a path, cowing people out of the way and ushering us toward the gardens.

“Go.” He tells us quickly and quietly. “There will be every chance to get to know each other later. Tonight is for you.”

“And tomorrow.” Lochdon reminds him.

“Of course.” Bloche looks offended, but anyone within hearing laughs.

Lochdon leads me away to the sound of that strange hand movement, cheers, and a few jeers... at least, that’s what the tone makes me think they are.

We only make it out of sight before Lochdon pulls me to the side, pressing me against a leafy wall and kisses me.

I’d tease him for that, but I don’t want to wait to get back to the house either.

“Mine,” he whispers against my lips as his arms pull me more tightly against him. “You’re stuck with me now, Peach.”

I can’t help but smile at the name he first knew me as. “There’s no one I’d rather be stuck with.”

“Good.”

We both look to the side at the sound of voices and, impatient as I am, I’m glad when Lochdon picks me up and hurries down the path.

Fucking him in front of strangers is great.

Fucking him in front of family, absolutely not.



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I don't expect him to wait a moment longer than he has to. But he doesn't stop the second we're back within the secluded wall of foliage that cuts the house off from the rest of the garden.

He doesn't stop when we reach the lounge chairs that have been left in their flat positions—by me. For this.

He hauls open the door and takes me inside.

My objection to wasting any more time is stolen by the presence of a table loaded beyond a reasonable weight capacity with food.

“Where did that come from?”

But Lochdon doesn't answer me. He kisses me again and I'm not about to complain when he finally starts to undress me.

He pulls my wet ceremonial dress off of me and his clothes hit the floor with a heavy thwack a moment later. And it's my turn to be surprised.

I can see the change in his spots. His body and arms are still covered in the same blue, but his shoulders... that blue has turned to a color that mimics my skin. It looks... peachy.

“Looks like fate wanted everyone to know you're mine, too.” I don't understand how, but I love it.

“Good. I want the whole universe to know.” He kisses me, holding me tight against his body.

“We should eat,” he tells me when he draws back.

Plucking a berry from a tray, he puts it in my mouth and then, he picks me up, setting me where a plate should go, and drops to his knees.

He looks at the food to me and says, “If you eat, I eat.”

I don’t think I’m hungry, but I grab something without looking and pop it in my mouth.

As soon as it touches my tongue, his tongue parts my pussy.

He watches me as he spreads me wide and as soon as I swallow, he stops. Brows quirking in an unspoken challenge, he watches my hand as I pluck another berry from the plate. This time, I place it on my tongue, rolling it the way I want him to—

I have to catch the berry with my teeth as I gasp. He flicks and sucks at my clit. Just once, Still watching and waiting.

I eat, he eats... until all I can do is drop my head back and try not to curse him for continuing to tease me.

He stands, dragging me even closer to the edge of the table.

“I love you, Maggie, my mate.” Holding my thighs, he enters me and I whimper at the familiar fullness.

When his mouth goes to my neck and his teeth graze my mating bite, I whisper. “My mate.”

He groans and bites me again, thrusting as his venom fills me.

It's different this time. There's no pain, only the bright, sharp feeling of pressure.

The dizzy feeling lasts longer and each thrust of Lochdon's cock makes me squeeze down even tighter on him.

I feel like I could dissolve in pleasure.

His every touch, every movement, feels more intense and I love every second of it.

I tell him I love him, not sure if I'm screaming or merely mouthing the words.

He loves me too.

I don't know if I hear the words or feel them, but when I come, the whole table moves. When I come, food goes tumbling and it feels like Lochdon's embrace is the only thing keeping me from coming apart.

He jerks and groans as the warmth of the second venom courses through me.

Filling my veins and my pussy, my mate claims me completely.

Still shuddering, still breathing too heavily, Lochdon pulls back, blood on his lips, eyes heavy and glistening.

"I don't care how long we live, Peach. It will never be long enough to love you."

"We'll try anyway."