

The Lockheed Martin F-35 Lightning II sped through the air across the ocean, looking at each passing country with the destruction of the monsters destroying the cities and killing anything in its path.

Rather than stopping to kill each one of them from destroying more cities and killing any humans or creatures, it continued on its way and disappeared into the distance.

Soon, the Lockheed Martin F-35 Lightning II reached the center of the Pacific Ocean.

Once it reached the center of the Pacific Ocean, the Lockheed Martin F-35 Lightning II circled around.

It looked like it was waiting for something to happen.

The alien then turned the communications on, speaking through the radio in the same language as before, “ $\overline{\Phi} \sqsubseteq \mathbb{I} \} \mathbb{I} \} \neq \mathfrak{M} \neq \wedge \mathfrak{I}, \mathfrak{M} \neq \mathbb{U} \mathbb{U} \mathfrak{I} \wedge \sigma \neq \mathbb{O} \neq \neq \mathfrak{M} \} \Psi, \mathfrak{M} \mathbb{O} \mathfrak{M} \Psi \mathfrak{I} \wedge \quad \neq \neq \mathbb{A} \{ \quad \Psi.$ ”

It paused after speaking through the radio before a response answered, “ $\overline{\Phi} \sqsubseteq \mathbb{I} \} \mathbb{I} \} \not\equiv \mathbb{A} \} \Psi \ \mathbb{A} \wedge [\] \ \underline{\Delta} \Psi$
 $\sqsubseteq \Psi \mathbb{A} \times \vdash \bigcirc \sqcap \ \ // \ \bigcirc \sqcap [\] \ \mathbb{A} \wedge [\] \ \delta \bigcirc \ // \ \Psi \mathbb{A} \times, \ \underline{\equiv} \Psi \ \neq \times \Psi \neq \mathbb{A} \neq \Psi [\] \ \mathcal{I} \bigcirc \times \ \overline{\Phi} \sqsubseteq \Psi \ \ // \ \mathbb{A} \wedge [\] \ \mathbb{I} \wedge \sigma \quad \equiv \ \times \ \mathbb{I} [\] \ \sigma \Psi.$ ”

“אֲנִי מְכַלְכֵּל” the Lockheed Martin F-35 Lightning II nodded.

In the middle of the ocean, an enormous gap opened from the surface, and water poured inside, revealing a large metal structure.

The Lockheed Martin hovered over the gap and transformed into robot form, entering inside with one hand on its bulging belly.

After the giant robot was inside after passing through the gap, the ceiling closed over it, emitting a metallic *thunk*.

The shutting sealed everything away from being revealed to others and enemies.

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Inside the giant alien robot's stomach, the human woke up to the sound of speaking, blinking a few times in the glowing darkness.

Shaking his head, he tried moving a hand up to place it on his temple but seemed to have difficulty moving it.

Slowly, he realized he was *still* inside the robot's stomach who had eaten him after rescuing him from being squished by another, all in *one piece*.

'H-How?' he stammered to himself as he glanced around at his surroundings. 'How am I still alive? How long have I been asleep for?'

Suddenly, from the other side of the flesh and armor, he heard a loud click and large amounts of water being poured, confusing him as he glanced over to his back.

Without warning, the pressure against him was released as he felt movement from around him, being launched back against the wall behind him and covered in saliva again.

Groaning, he moved his slightly asleep arms up and wiped the saliva off from his face, shaking them off from his hands.

Despite not being digested, he did not like being stuck inside the robot's stomach and getting himself covered in saliva all the time.

Outside, the giant alien robot landed feet first on the ground after the opening over it had closed, surrounded by others like him, except in different genders, colors, shapes, and forms.

Even the armor was different, too, with several vehicle forms, jet forms, and even tank forms.

“△↖↗△^!~” one of them spoke with a smile on their face. “☐◊△ △↖↗ ⚡◊⊥ ☐◊!^σ ±⊥[][]⊥?”

A friend of the robot was painted black with a dark blue lining, with pointy antennas on each side of the helmet.

They also have large wings on their back with jet thrusters and were down to their friend's neck.

“I'm [] Q I A O J I A W, Q A L L M.” the first robot answered while smiling as they placed an arm around their back.

Then, their friend noticed the slightly bulging midsection of their body and looked confused, as others seemed to gawk a little.

“A E A F F E W E W L L E A F W A W W F O H O L A { F Q M A O E?” their friend exclaimed softly, placing a hand on it. “Q I [] H O L [] Y I A O F O O M L O E?”

Just as their friend placed their hand on it, the giant alien robot with the slightly bulging stomach blushed a light red color from the touch, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

The object inside squirmed from underneath their friend's palm after gently bumping it, causing them to yelp in startlement and move their hand away instantly.

“A E A F F E W E W L L A A { F E A F ?!” they exclaimed in shock, stepping backwards from their friend as others surrounded their friend with confusion. “{ Q M W F E I A O A F { M O Q I A O I A { I [] W F O L !”

The giant robot sighed as they placed their hand over the slightly squirming stomach, causing the moving object inside to stop moving.

“I' L L W F F L A I A L A F W Y, Q A L L M.” they sighed as they turned away slightly. “J O Y A O A, A L L I A W W W I { F W A O W, A A [] I' L L E W I A M F O J J I O W J O Y F E W M O M W A F.”

With that, they exited from the room and entered a hallway, leaving his friend with confusion and suspicion.

Inside, the man was a little shaken up when the body landed on something before muffledly hearing voices from the other side of the flesh and armor.

Outside, the giant alien robot pursed its lips after hearing the plea from the human inside their stomach, feeling their core just crack from the tone of their voice.

Did... they seem like they were going to *kill* him by how they eat him?

Even after they had rescued him from that enemy of theirs?

Gritting their teeth, they facepalmed themselves with their hand after he pleaded for his life, realizing that they speak English instead of their language.

They really needed to apologize to him and explain to him about his current situation.

Pausing a little, they stayed silent for a moment as they searched through their language documents and finally found English, choosing it, and added it to their voice box.

After choosing English, the giant alien robot asked, speaking in English, "Can you hear me now?"

The human perked after hearing his captor speak *English*, disbelieving what his ears were hearing.

"Y-You can speak English?!" he exclaimed.

"Of course," the giant alien robot answered. "I have copied six thousand and five hundred languages that your planet Earth has, including the ones that are from different universes."

Half of him was relieved that his captor *does* understand English, but the other half of him still felt depressed that he would be stuck inside its stomach.

"Alright..." he nodded. "But why am I in your stomach? What did I do to make you eat me?"

"Ah, that's what I was about to explain," he spoke as he felt the hand placed against his back. "You see, we *don't* digest organic matter."

“I figured that,” the human huffed as he glanced to the side. “I fell asleep while you were flying and woke up when you were speaking.”

“That was seven hours ago,” the giant alien robot sighed. “The reason you are in my stomach is because I was protecting you from the Ugoir that was about to squish you.”

A confused expression appeared on his face after the giant alien robot explained, asking, “What is the ‘Ugior?’”

“‘Ugoir,’” the giant alien robot repeated, correcting him. “It’s an advanced alien species that creates giant robots to use as exoskeletons.”

The human listened as he perked from the explanation from them, feeling a little less kidnapped and sealed away.

“They never stop at anything that comes into their path until everything in the universe and galaxy is under their control.” the giant alien robot explained. “And even extinct some peaceful species we know...”

He notices the pause in the giant alien robot’s voice, asking, “What about your planet?”

“Destroyed.” the giant alien robot sighed. “The Ugoir arrived at our planet and killed off most of the people living there. A good half of the planet was wiped out because of the Oezlored, the army’s name.”

The human paused a little after they explained to him before asking, “How many people are there that looked like you?”

“Almost half of this ship we are inside,” the giant alien robot answered. “We all survived the war, but not enough to defeat an entire army of Ugoirs. We lost many friends from that fateful day.”

The human felt sorry for him for how they had lost many friends in the war, remembering wives crying that they had lost their husbands from the alien attacks.

“I... understand how that felt,” the human whispered. “I’ve heard wives cry about how they lost their husbands from the war we are in.”

A shift came from around them as he felt the giant alien robot move slightly, speaking, “Your species are fascinating of how brave they are of fighting against the Ugoirs. ...I pitied them of how many lives were lost in the war.”

“I agree,” the human nodded in agreement. “I feel bad that you lost your friends in the war against them... Now our planet is doomed because of them.”

He slumped against the wall behind him in depression of how their planet will turn out like their planet but flinched a little when he felt a gentle pressure around him, but enough to feel like a hug.

“Do not worry,” the giant alien robot assured him. “Even if we had lost our planet to them, we would *not* let them take control over this planet at all. If that means we have to lose our lives to it.”

The human perked from how *determined* the giant alien robot sounded with the war and the battle against the Ugoirs, hearing it repeat in his mind.

He smiled a little after the giant alien robot assured him and reached over to the side of the stomach with a hand, gently patting the wall saying, “I understand. And we give our prayers and hopes to you to win the war.”

Outside, the giant alien robot smiled after the human inside their stomach responded to their determined speech.

To make them blush, they even smile more at the gentle pat on the side of their stomach.

“...Uh... how long am I going to be in here, though?” the human asked, sounding confused. “Am I going to be stuck in here forever?”

“Oh, no,” the giant alien robot chuckled. “You can come out whenever you want to, and to add, I don’t have any intestine if left inside for over a day or more.”

“So... I can stay here as long as I want without being digested or harmed?” the human asked, explaining in his own words.

“Yes, to sum things up,” the giant alien robot nodded.

The human inside his stomach sighed in relief and felt another pat on the side of their belly, saying, “I’m sorry if this is late, but thank you for rescuing me from that Ugoir. I wouldn’t be alive without your help.”

“You’re welcome,” the giant alien robot granted with a gentle nod to his head. “Now, about wanting to come out?”

“Oh, can I?” the human asked, sounding slightly sheepish. “I don’t think I want to spend my night in here.”

The giant alien robot nodded in agreement and turned towards the desk, placing their hands on each side of the surface.

Inside, the human looked confused about the silence for a moment before the walls of the stomach suddenly tightened, squeezing him in the middle of it.

He panicked at the thought of being crushed to death but was soon pushed up into the same esophagus he traveled through before, and before he knew it, he entered the mouth headfirst.

The human watched as the jaws parted, revealing what seemed to be a massive metal desk with a room he did not know of.

The head tipped down, and hands moved into sight as the giant alien robot gagged again as he popped out from the mouth.

He landed front first in the cupped palms of the giant alien robot, and the last of him slipped out of the mouth, finally being out of the tight, slimy, and soft stomach he was in before.

A shudder went down his spine after finally being freed, seeing he was coated in clear saliva from head to toe and was dripping it all over the palms.

He looked up at the giant alien robot with a sheepish expression, asking, “Got a towel?”

The giant alien robot nodded and placed him down on the counter gently as he sat there dripping with saliva, shaking his hands to get some of it off from him.

“Are all alien’s stomachs always *this* slimy?” he asked with slight annoyance.

“Well, depends on how slimy it is,” the giant alien robot explained. “From some Minis back at Zisarvis, they said that Graeme had the slimiest stomach.”

A confused expression appeared on the human’s face after the giant alien robot explained as they turned around with a large towel in their hand.

“Oh, a friend of mine,” they explained. “Zisarvis is the name of our planet, and Graeme was one of the members of the war. He is one of the crew members on this ship.”

“Wait a minute,” the human spoke, taking the large towel into their hands and wiping themselves with it. “What ship am I on?”

The giant alien robot smiled a little and sat down in the chair again, watching as the human dried himself off from the saliva.

“You are on the *Battleship Helios Executioner*, or known as the *BS Helios Executioner*.” the giant alien robot explained.

The human glanced around at his new surroundings at how the room is, looking like an office from a ship on the water, but notices that they were *underwater* from how the glass windows were covered in dark blue water.

“Wait, is the ship is submerged underwater?” he asked, mentioning over to the windows.

“Yes,” the giant alien robot nodded. “We crash-landed on Earth after a failed attempt at fighting against the Oezlored, only for them to take over the world.”

He paused a little after explaining the story to the human, glancing away from him with a slightly disappointed expression on their face.

The human noticed the disappointed expression on the giant robot alien's face after finishing cleaning himself off from the saliva and said, assuring the giant being, "Don't worry. You'll get them next time."

After assuring the giant alien robot, they smiled and reached over to the human, gently rubbing the top of his head with a single, careful digit.

"Thank you," he thanked. "Although, what is your name?"

The human placed the towel down on the desk and answered with a polite bow, after they removed their hand from him, "My name is Kirishima Daiki. But, I prefer being called Daiki."

The giant alien robot bowed back in response and answered, "My name in my original native tongue is hard to translate, but my name in yours is Armani."

Daiki blushed a little at the name Armani has, enjoying how it rolls off his tongue and how strong it sounded too.

"I see you like my name," Armani remarked, smiling a little with cheekiness.

Daiki blushed a shade after Armani mentioned, stammering, "I-It is strong."

Armani chuckled again after Daiki stammered and placed a hand down, confusing Daiki as he glanced up at him with a confused expression on his face.

"Oh, I want to show you around the *BS Helios Executioner*," Armani explained. "It *is* unwise for someone to leave a friend without a map of where they are going."

That seemed to be one thing that Daiki can agree to, not wanting himself to be lost in the massive ship with no one else with him to help.

Not only that, he does not feel like he wanted to be around anyone else who *hates* humans and could harm him.

So, he climbed into Armani's palm, wrapping his arm around his thumb for protection from accidentally falling off.

Once Daiki was on Armani's hand, Armani curled his fingers inward to protect Daiki and lifted him up from the desk.

Daiki's heart thumped against his chest nervously at the thought of being dropped to the ground but relaxed when he was at Armani's collar.

"Best if you climb onto my shoulder," Armani spoke as Daiki glanced up at him. "I need both hands."

Daiki nodded his head, and Armani lifted his hand up to his shoulder, near his head, so he can listen to Daiki talking.

Being careful, Daiki removed one arm from Armani's thumb and reached over to his shoulder, gently gripping onto a piece of metal, then removing the other, pulling himself onto his shoulder.

Once on his shoulder, Daiki repositioned himself to be comfortable on Armani's shoulder, even close to his neck, to make himself feel safe since he is free from being held in his hand.

"Are you comfortable?" Armani asked, glancing over at him with his optics.

Daiki was silent for a moment, feeling a nervous twist in his stomach about being up in the air with nothing supporting him.

But, knowing that Armani *is* careful with him, Daiki nodded his head silently, gripping his hand tighter on the neck armor close to Armani's neck.

After Daiki answered Armani's question, Armani placed his hands on the desk and pushed his chair backwards, being careful with Daiki on his shoulder from accidentally falling off.

Daiki nervously watched as Armani stood back up to his full height, feeling like he was on top of a *moveable* skyscraper.

But, *this* moving skyscraper is an alien transforming robot from outer space.

Armani stepped around his desk and headed over to the door, taking gradual strides and some slow movement.

Then, he pressed a password into the panel that opened the door.

It *is* almost like the glass doors back at the supermarkets Daiki sees every time.

After Armani opened the door, he stepped out into the hallway as Daiki looked around, feeling nervous about meeting other alien robots like him.

Despite being on the side with the good guys... he does not know if *all* of them like seeing a human around.