

A shaking of the floor roared you awake. It was as though the apocalypse itself had shattered an entire tectonic plate on which you stood into a trillion tiny pieces. Everything in your immediate vicinity seemed to explode out of place, jostle around as though the air itself had been set on fire, before finally settling down, now obliterated apart or severely damaged. The exception to this was your bed, which was bolted down. Instead, your bed was merely completely knocked off its hinges instantaneously, and the bolts fastening it to the ground immediately turned to dust.

“AH. APOLOGIES FOR WAKING YOU UP PREMATURELY, HUMAN.”

Above you stood an alien, a looming monolith of silvery purple standing on four state-wide legs. She was astronomical distances away from your position in your roofless containing room, but she still filled the sky. Despite her body resembling a cat or dog or fox more than a human, her species had made first contact with humanity a while back. The results were predictably devastating, but after many, many years, a sort of caretaking arrangement had been organized. You were here to learn from her about that today.

You leaned back in your bed and tried to observe as much of her immensity as you could. She had large, dark eyes with shining pink pupils on either side of her snout. An insignia seemed to be painted on her head above that. She could hear humans with her large, mouselike ears on the side of her head. Below that, her torso, which was snugly fit into a sleeveless (legless was a better word, maybe?) pink skintight sci-fi looking one-piece swimsuit. At the front of her chest, you could see her identifying nametag/serial number, Alpha-II-IV. Some members of her species had begun using nicknames since first contact. You’d been received by her before being made to sleep and moved here, so you knew she went by Anise. Behind her body swished a tail comprised of bright, almost neon blue hair. For the most part, the rest of her body was either hairless and smooth or lightly fuzzy, such as around her face. She loomed so high above you that even at the country’s worth of distance between you and her hind legs, you could see virtually every inch of them. A small vial hung next to a gem both poking out of the side of her suit, attached to her back hip. The vial came to a needle tip at the bottom which fed via a small tube into her skin at the thigh. You had no idea what exactly her species had in those tubes, and you didn’t want to be rude and ask. All you really knew was that there was more of that liquid in that vial than there was water in the Great Salt Lake. Finally, furthest from your vision, Anise’s hind legs ended in four pawtoes. On her left leg’s inner toes, there was a small horizontal line in a bright pink color roughly a third of the way up the curvature of her digits.

“I CAN WAIT FOR A FEW MINUTES FOR YOU TO EAT BREAKFAST BEFORE YOU RECEIVE YOUR LESSON.”

You waive this, shouting to her that you’ll simply eat while she talks. Breakfast is, for varying reasons, the only part of your morning routine available to you: You’d been given a shower right before going to sleep and being moved to this part of the facility, which also meant your clothes were unavailable. You asked when you might see them again while you started eating, still sitting on your bed since it was the most stable thing in the room when Anise shook it with her every breath.

“AS PER RULE TWENTY-EIGHT, SECTION TWO OF THE CARETAKER’S CONTRACT, WE CARETAKERS CANNOT PROVIDE CLOTHES TO HUMANS WE TAKE CARE OF, INCLUDING GIVING YOUR OWN CLOTHES BACK TO YOU. I APOLOGIZE, BUT I HOPE YOU’LL UNDERSTAND. I DO HOPE IT ISN’T TOO AWKWARD OR UNCOMFORTABLE FOR YOU.”

You pretend it's not a big deal, really, and help hide your embarrassment from how much the current helplessness of being in her shadow is affecting you by using the hand you're not using to eat in front of your crotch.

"AHEM. AT ANY RATE, WE NEED TO GO OVER THE BASIC TERMS AND UNDERSTANDINGS BEFORE YOU CAN BE TRANSFERRED TO YOUR NEW HYPERTERRAN CARETAKER. BEFORE WE BEGIN HOWEVER, IS MY VOLUME ACCEPTABLE?"

You tell her that she's currently shaking everything with every single tiny movement she makes and even as she breathes and twitches. In response, she turns momentarily and taps at a screen around her shoulder-level. The apocalyptic motion of everything rapidly settles to a humming rumble, even as Anise moves and steps back into place.

"How about now? Yes? Good. I've adjusted the counter-vibration of your containing room to be stronger. Remind me later to adjust it again, as the illusion of stability it's providing you is caused by the room moving opposite the incoming forces produced by my body. When another Hyperterranean enters the room, or I leave, your space will continue its reactive motion, which can cause disorientation. Of course, when you're being taken care of in your daily life, your caretaker will likely not have one of these for you."

With the motion of everything finally allowing you to feel like you exist in a world that isn't falling apart, you're able to finish eating and focus the majority of your attention on Anise as she begins her process of educating you about the essentials in order for you to be allowed to meet the alien who would take responsibility for providing for your new life.

"First of all, the most basic of basics: the approximate difference in scale between our two species. We come from a much, much larger planet and star system than humans and Earth. This is imprecise, but a decent understanding of just how different our sizes are can be reached with some mathematics. I will try to exclusively phrase these comparisons using Earth units. The approximate difference between our scales is about a mile in comparison to a millimeter. From the top of our head to the bottom of our paws, we are approximately 1,700,000 times taller than the average human, give or take. To your point of view, we Hyperterraneans are on average roughly 2090 kilometers, or 1300 miles tall. To our eyes, meanwhile, humans appear 1.121 micrometers tall, roughly. In the current day and age, most of us have eye tests and special bodily modification technologies are used to ascertain that all Hyperterraneans can clearly see humans. Caretakers, as part of the qualifying process, are required to be able to distinguish many details of humans before being allowed to touch a human for the first time."

You suddenly became aware that this probably meant Anise could see you this whole time, including your cute attempts to hide your crotch from her as she looked down at you clinically.

"We caretakers are also required to be deeply familiar with the scale difference to a very precise degree. As part of the fourteen-step testing process, All caretakers are required to draw a line on our hind paw. This mark is a visual reference, a horizontal line typically less than halfway up the toes, meant to signify the relative height of the Earth's Mount Everest in comparison with our feet. This mark must be accurate to within 15 feet, or 0.00284 mm from our point of view. Here is mine."

Anise steps forward, towering overhead and casting a dark shadow as her suit audibly stretches with every one of her motions. She takes a couple steps, lifting her left hind leg an almost invisible

distance off the floor to her. Yup, there was the line across her toes. It was much, much, much thicker than any building on Earth was tall, that's for certain. With several booming thuds, Anise stepped back after she was confident you'd gotten a decent look at the mark. As she retreated, the atmosphere of your roofless room shifted like a hurricane, and when she finally returned to her distant position, she'd already left behind a slightly warmer and more humid atmosphere. Something about it made you shiver, but it was subtle enough for now that you didn't say anything.

"A deep understanding of the relative fragility of humans is also essential, in order to ensure that no Hyper who is irresponsible or endangers humans may ever qualify for caretaking. One of the trivia figures associated with this is metabolism. I, in a single meal, have the stomach capacity to eat 355 quadrillion, 933 trillion humans before I would be too full to eat any more. This is over 40 million times the entire human population of Earth."

Her tone shifts, and she fidgets slightly, as though recalling something embarrassing. "As you know, we Hypers cannot ever visit Earth ourselves after the initial ambassador discovered your coordinates. While it may be hypothetically possible to physically reinforce the planet's crust, as well as human structures in order to resist the force of impact of Hyperterran bodies, visiting Earth whatsoever still has incalculable effect on the environment, so to date only one Hyperterran has ever visited Earth. If you don't know why, I can explain. It has to do with the atmosphere."

"Only one Hyper has ever been on Earth. The physical damages notwithstanding, there is and was a somewhat more unavoidable consequence. You see, the Earth is covered in a layer of atmosphere approximately 10 miles, or 15 kilometers, high, of breathable oxygen. Consider what happens when a foreign body, such as an asteroid, enters Earth's atmosphere. It adds material to what is already present on Earth. This is also true of our 'ambassador'. A small amount of air followed and encircled her, and was subsequently left behind within Earth's atmosphere when she left. For simplicity's sake, I'll avoid digging into the chemical composition of this air and simply refer to it as the ambassador's 'scent'. Assuming a similar thickness of the air surrounding the ambassador as the atmosphere, assuming the difference in gravity is made up for by her surface area, we can conclude that approximately 211,635,000 cubic kilometers of air comprising her 'scent' were added to Earth's atmosphere by her visit. This should illustrate why we cannot visit Earth again, as this amount is around 1/20th the volume of the atmosphere to begin with. Let us say for instance, the Ambassador made frequent visits to Earth, once per day. Within three weeks, over half of the Earth's atmosphere would be consisted of her scent. Within 100 days, 83 percent of the breathable layer would be overtaken by scent. After a full year, 94 percent."

She clears her throat, fidgeting in place, looking down and nearly locking eyes with your infinitesimal form. "Oh, I guess I forgot to...explain why that would necessarily be consequential, didn't I?"

"W-Well, as you know, the actual composition of our planet's main breathable layers are compatible with each other. The chemical mixture of our respective planets could be reversed with negligible consequences in itself – we can breathe Earth air, and you can breathe Hyperterra air. No, the actual issue is in the size difference itself, as you humans are tiny enough to be able to repeatedly breathe Hyperterran bodily scent without exhausting it. Physiologically, it is safe, of course! Even in concentrations as high as 100 percent, human lungs can breathe our bodily scent without negative health consequences! In fact, in the short term the introduction of Hyperterran scent has mild health

benefits such as improved wakefulness, more restful sleep, marginal improvements to athletic performance...but I digress. There are extremely superficial and minor physiological detriments to prolonged exposure of longer than seven consecutive days – coughing, sneezing, slight bodily aches or discomforts – all temporary and not indicative of any health dangers, of course! But regardless, we Hyperterrans value human well-being deeply anyway, so to prevent even these from occurring it is illegal for Hypers to continuously be in physical contact with a human or through secondhand exposure (such as through fabrics) for six straight days. And caretakers cannot be in contact in that manner with their human for a maximum of 120 hours per 168 hour period – that is, 5 days per 7 day period. This is why I cannot provide you clothes, you see. We attempt to maintain cleanliness as much as possible, of course!”

“As for the psychological effects of our scent, there are two, well studied and documented. The first is a very common perception by humans of even relatively minor cases of our bodily scent to be reported as extremely potent and, from an olfactory and gustatory perspective (that is, smell and taste), cloying and unpleasant.” Anise turns and steps to the side momentarily, looking at the screen and reading something written at one side of it that she has pulled up. It appears to be an essay of some sort, from what little you could see from this low angle. “Here, I’ll read this so as to be precise about this – “99.9998% of humans report Hyper bodily scent (research note: study was conducted on one million humans using Hyperterran hind paw and vaginal scent) as being ‘Extremely sour, salty, humid, and persistent.’ When asked to evaluate the scent using a numerical scale, 0 being fresh air and 10 being unbearably/unbreathably smelly, the average participant score was 9.69 (hind paw) and 10 (vagina, score was almost unanimous and the average approximates closer to 10 than to 9.99). Virtually no difference in results between participants who are regularly exposed to Hyperterran scent versus participants being exposed for the first time during this study.””

She leans back to her original position again. “I should hope you know there is relatively little we may do to mitigate this. I myself showered quite thoroughly less than two minutes before entering this area. Regardless, I am somewhat self-conscious that my showing you the hind-paw line earlier may have caused irreparable pollution to the breathing conditions of your temporary bedroom. I-if so, I apologize!”

You reassure her that really, truly, you’re FINE, and she breathes a sigh of relief that strips the sheets from your bed. In your attempt to get them, you inevitably need to expose yourself to her, which seems to remind her to continue her lecture.

“Ah, yes. And the second psychological effect – running in direct contradiction to the other effect, our scent is also quite desirable. Humans experience it as a safe and regulatory aphrodisiac – or at least, that’s the testimony – there is nothing inherent to it that causes any physical effect of the sort. It has been documented that humans, following 24 hours from initial significant exposure, express a desire to experience it again. Hyperterran research into this categorizes this as being a separate phenomenon from ‘withdrawal’ or ‘addiction’, but regardless, as caretakers we do try to prevent it anyway. Our recommended schedule typically allocates 17 hours in a 24-hour day for contact with a caretaker’s human, with the remaining 7 being non-contact. This can align quite well with sleep schedules, though some who keep humans choose to utilize this time differently. Doing this prevents 24 hours without exposure from transpiring, allowing the human to become used to Hyper scent in a more ‘natural’ way at their own pace. Anecdotally, some humans become used to it in as little as a few

months, while some have been in the keep of their Hyper caretaker for close to a decade without becoming entirely acclimated to it. It is both slightly beneficial to humans healthwise and relatively unavoidable, so this is how our commitment has led us to prioritize human safety and satisfaction.”

She nods. “And I think that mostly covers the basics. I should lastly note some tidbits regarding your survey questionnaire before you are introduced to your corresponding Hyperterranean caretaker. We attempt to match humans with a Hyper of a compatible personality who is capable of separately providing for your needs and wants. Sometimes this results in a difference of expectation between parties, as Hyperterranean cultural expectations tend to be...different...than human ones. Again, to be licensed to keep a human is a rigorous training and testing process and we are entirely confident that you will be safe and satisfied with your caretaker in the long term. However, as a gesture of transparency, we see fit to inform you of likely personality or physiological quirks resulting from your answers to the questions we asked you to determine your Ideal Hyperterranean Caretaker. Do you understand? Yes? Good, then, the quirks I mentioned that you may expect are as follows:”

“- Given your answers in the “My Lifestyle” section, it is somewhat likely that your most highly recommended Hyper may provide bedding using her own garments or body. This may entail sleeping in the depths of her scent, which you will not and cannot be artificially made to enjoy. It is possible you may find sleeping in your new caretaker’s company to be terribly, deeply, potently and unbearably stinky. Do you understand?”

“- Provided your answers in the “Her Lifestyle” section, it is extremely likely that your most highly recommended host may choose to repeatedly forgo household usage and wear of Hyperterranean uniform suits in favor of nudity. This may result in discarded or worn suits within or near your living space, as well as frequent encounters with your chosen candidate naked. Do you understand?”

“- Since you answered the “My Wants and Needs” section in the manner you did, it is almost certain that you will be matched with a Hyper who will attempt to frequently engage you in conversation or ask difficult or embarrassing tasks of you, even with her encouragement. She will probably be very invested and curious about you, and you will be expected to entertain her as much as she is expected to ensure your safety, happiness, and enrichment. Do you understand?”

“- Given your answers to the “What I Feel I Can Provide” questions, it is virtually guaranteed that your best-fit candidate will attempt to primarily or exclusively interface with you via her hips and vagina. Documented examples include caretakers creating internal ‘bedroom’ spaces for their humans within herself; attempts and successful attempts to carry her human via clitoral hood pinning or sandwiching, urethral storage, or cervical swallowing; conversations held whilst sitting in front of you very, very closely; and frequent requests for you to swim in, smell or taste-test, or directly consume, her vaginal scent and juices. Do you understand?”

“- Finally, as an inadvertent consequence of your answers to the “My Personal Physical Characteristics” section at the end of the survey, it is absolutely 100 percent certain that your ideal Hyperterranean caretaker will match your physiological needs via her own body’s conditions. This mostly aligns with desirable characteristics, softer skin and relatively gentle and careful mannerisms. However, these traits can also correspond genetically to bodily scent above and beyond the top percentiles. Colloquially, 11/10 hindpaw potency and 12/10 musk intensity. In fact, your ideal match had this to say, quote: “It’s quite pervasive! But trust me, we’ll get along with each other wonderfully! It actually

doesn't matter if I'm roughly 87 thousand\* times more fragrant than average! We'll be best friends in no time and you'll love and adore my company, I promise!", unquote. Her cited figure, 87 thousand, is inaccurate; informing you of this falls within the purview of our disclosure. Professional evaluation would likely categorize your ideal match as being closer to 800 thousand times more odoriferous than the average Hyperterran. Do you understand?"

Anise sighs. "Yes? Ah, wonderful!" She punches at the screen momentarily, adjusting your tiny room's vibration to a higher intensity. "In that case, I'll invite her into the room now, then! Rho-II-IX, you're clear to enter the room and introduce yourself!"

Just then, the literal biggest thing to ever happen in your entire life burst enthusiastically into the room, grinning and searching the floor before locating and staring at you passionately. The room instantaneously flooded with her love, warmth, and excitement to meet you.