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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter 4. "Bizarre Erections"

His theories began in motion with her holding up a strange instrument along the shaft of his penis. She held up a flat, ruler-looking instrument along the length of his penis with one end poking into the dark brown stubble of his groin. She held the other end and pressed the tip into the cool device.

It felt as if she were trembling. He could feel it in the base of his groin - more so when her fingers grazed the end of the glans. The interval of breezes on his shaft lessened the longer she stayed down there and the more involved he became erotically.

She took the ruler and shortened it more, then curled the ends in to roll it up in a circle. He gasped and flinched as she placed her hand under his penis - her palm cupping the glans - and placed the measuring device at the base of his shaft. Her hand was cold. Damn near freezing. She moved the device up to the ridge of the glans. His body wanted her to go further and grant him release, but he tried blocking these sensations by closing his eyes and returning to thoughts of her biting into it - blood exploding everywhere like bratwurst juices.

The shark lady continued her progress by measuring the ridge, then the glans itself. Her trembles felt like shaking now. He swallowed hard and inhaled sharply through his nose as she delicately slipped the device off the tip off the sensitive end. He was breathing heavily and he could feel his heart slamming in his chest.

He felt her cold hand on his chest. He opened his eyes and cleared his thoughts of bursting blood sausage. She was looking up at him with - what he thought - eyes screaming of want and desire. There were no more questions about what she wanted with him as he felt her cold hand lightly, delicately, softly grasp the shaft of his penis. The dark shade of blue seemed to have spread up to her forehead. Her breathing was

rapid as if she were resting after a long run. A soft whine seemed to escape her throat every so often.

She moved her hand from his chest and brought a finger to her tongue., then down to his side. She mocked the unlock motion on the band and grabbed his wrist. She placed his hand on her chest. Even her chest was cold. Her skin had a soft, rubber-like consistency. His thumb pressed into the crevice of her cleavage. Her breast flesh felt similar, but more malleable. Never mind that. He could feel a sensation like a fist lightly punching into his hand at a rate of a semi-auto pistol firing.

He didn't know what was going on in this moment. He was at an absolute loss for words or explanation. All he knew was that he liked what was happening. Almost as much as, it seemed, she did. It had been a couple of years since he'd received this much attention. Maybe he had overreacted at first. Maybe...ah! He couldn't rationalize anything with his distinguishing male characteristic wrapped in her hand.

"Né dow," she said, her raspy voice emphasizing the whisper. "Né dow. Né creț mio. Né creț mio, né dow." Her expression went from wanton desire to sadness as she turned from him and let go of his manhood. "Né creț mio, voropent, né dow," she said softly as she reached for something at the bottom of the cart.

It was a small case filled with a liquid. Her other hand held a sponge-like material. She kneeled down and placed both at his feet. It sounded like she sniffled.

"Né dow hobentaine creț mio," she said quietly.

He lurched as he felt her cold hand touch his inner thigh and scrotum. His erection was becoming very painful. Every time she touched him, he felt like a teenage virgin again.

"Né dow hobentaine creț mio," she said again, her voice sounding more defeated or remorseful this time.

She brought the sponge up and started moving the strange material over his painful phallus with that cold hand supporting the underside of the shaft. She made another pass where her other hand was. She moved down to his scrotum and then covered the entire area of his groin. He could feel his testicles retreat into the warmth of his body.

He wasn't sure if she knew the limit, but he felt himself come close several times. The substance felt like an aloe gel. It even itched when it dried. He reached down to itch it. She grabbed his hand. She sniffled again and swallowed audibly hard. A sigh escaped her as she released his hand and began to pick at his groin. She seemed to grab and began to pull something. It looked like the skin pulled off from a healing sunburn - which made him feel a bit less enamored in the situation. She kept pulling until the remaining bit pulled free of his perineum.

The skin felt cool. Refreshed. Like after a shower and a shave. *That* brought back a bit of his erotic interest. What *really* piqued his interest was when she reached over to the cart and grabbed something that looked like a vial. She placed her finger in her mouth and brought it out - a strand of saliva snapping as she pulled her finger away from her lips. She rubbed the saliva around the opening of the vial, then placed the end of his penis into it. It felt like the vial clamped down on his painfully erect penis. Though it caused his erection to dip, the vial felt light compared to glass he was used to working with.

"Né dow hobontaine cret mio," she said quietly, her voice seeming to crack.

She dipped the sponge and quickly ran it over his foot. She had to lick her finger and press it to the table to move the platform and remove the band. She continued up his leg and over his thigh - which he *really* enjoyed. He noticed his leg swayed freely as if the table had even moved away from the back of his leg. After peeling this area, she replaced the band and the platform pressed into the sole of his foot. He felt the "shower and shave" feeling over his entire leg. When he looked down, the hair was gone.

She repeated this process over his other leg. He could barely see the pile of "skin" with the removed hair sticking out of it. He felt the table move away from his back, then she moved the sponge over his stomach and chest. He began to think he'd discovered a few new erogenous zones that he didn't realize he had. It felt calming when she moved the sponge over his back. After peeling this off, she coated his free arm, peeled, freed his other arm and repeated. She covered his neck and face and peeled that free. She brought the tub of gel up and dumped some over his head. He felt the cool sensation spread over his scalp as she used the sponge to rub it in. It took some effort, but she freed the "skin" easily.

He watched as she collected the "skin" and placed it in the corner of the room. It looked like the floor opened up and engulfed the pile of hair and dried gel. He reached up and felt his head. The skin felt soft and completely smooth. He turned his head with

her movement back to the cart. He reached down and felt the smoothness of his groin. He wished he'd had that stuff back at home. He'd kept it trimmed, but never shaved it before. He could get used to this.

But, what was with the vial hanging off the end of his penis? He had no idea. However, it held fast to his sensitive flesh as if it were powered by suction.

He watched as she moved in front of him and placed the container and the sponge back on the cart, but in a small drawer in the middle. She pulled something out and closed the drawer. She sniffled again and coupled it with a swipe of her forearm across her face.

"Was...is she crying?" He asked himself.

He swore she was crying. Did aliens cry? It seemed that they had emotions with that moment that they shared. It also seemed that gender and sexuality were still clear and present. But, did they do intercourse? Did they reproduce or clone themselves? If the former, was it through insemination? What if they were so advanced, they did complete cellular division? Maybe they were parasitic...

He returned his hand to his side as she started to turn towards him. He wasn't sure if she had remembered that his hand was still free. He didn't want to risk getting cuffed again. Maybe it was his only chance to escape.

Her head was down and her thick hair covered most of her face. She was holding something that looked like a large nipple that farmers used to nurse calves. She held it in her hands as if she were pondering using whatever it was. He could see her nostrils collapse as she sniffled again. He heard her swallow. She looked up at him. He could see a glimmer of streaked moisture across the side of her snout. Her eyes were watery. All signs pointed to her having been crying.

But why? Curse their inability to communicate!

She blinked. The collected moisture in her left eye streaked from the inside corner of her eye and slid over the curve of her cheek, then down around the corner of her mouth. It pulled at his heartstrings.

But why? How? *He* was the captive and she the captor. Regardless, he felt his heart slow and his knees weaken. It hit him like watching the part in the movie with the

alien alone in the forest - rain pouring down - and the alien saying they were all alone. She had those eyes that screamed “internal turmoil” like she was the alien who disappointed *him* and sought his forgiveness.

His hand acted on its own. His fingers touched her cool snout. It was smooth, supple and moisturized like he remembered Jackie’s skin used to be. He brushed away the trail the tear left behind. She closed her eyes and leaned into his hand as a tear streamed from her right eye. He could feel her face vibrate with a soft hum.

Whatever she was holding dropped to the floor with a dull “*thunk*”. He felt a cold hand touch the back of his. Another cold hand grabbed the inside of his forearm near his wrist. He froze. Whatever was about to happen would happen for a reason that he was prepared...

She nuzzled his hand. She rubbed her cheek, lips and side of her snout in his palm as another tear touched the back of his thumb.

...to face the consequences of his actions. He hoped she would, maybe, show some compassion and let it slide if...

He felt something press into his left foot. Her hands slipped from his as she opened her eyes and looked up into his. More and more weight pressed into his foot as those watery eyes drew closer. Hands reached up towards his face. His eyes grew wide and his hand trembled as he inched it closer to her in defense. He wasn’t quick enough. More weight pressed into his foot in an uncomfortable, yet painless way. A cold hand touched his cheek and slid softly along his jaw until it came to rest beneath his ear.

The other hand slipped past his right eye. Something pressed against his chest. Her eyes closed as the mass of cold pressing against him. Cold lips pressed lightly into his as a hand gently fell upon his right shoulder and an arm upon the right.

His hand finally made contact to land in the mass of thick hair strands. It wasn’t hair. It did, indeed, feel like the rest of her body. Each one was made of thinner strands. It wasn’t clear how they were held together in their spiraling, intertwined nature.

Their lips separated with a quiet “*smek*” and cool air rushed across his face. Her head tilted and moved along his own. Her head pressed into his and her hand moved to cradle the back of his head.

He felt his heart slam into function. He wasn't sure if that was out of fright or if maybe, just maybe, he had developed a subconscious emotional tie to her. Whatever was happening in this moment, he assumed, meant the same in his culture. Something must have changed the room's atmosphere. Not long ago, it appeared she was explaining how she was going to dissect him. Now, it seemed she was swooning. Crying. Kissing him.

There was still the contraption firmly attached to his penis. Was it for collection purposes? Urine or semen? All things inclusive, he was at a loss. Nothing about this experience made sense.

She drew a long, deep breath in that pressed her chest harder against him. She pulled him tighter against her.

It wasn't like he was a hideous beast. He was about 5'9", around 165 pounds, blonde hair, green eyes that were borderline emerald with the darker hues exploding from the pupil like a starburst...some would say he looked kind of like the quarterback of the Detroit Lions. The construction work had definitely toned him up. He had definition in his shoulders and arms from the lifting and hammering. He lost a lot of weight after he started. He was, arguably, in the best shape of his life. He wouldn't be modeling underwear anytime soon - by choice, not that he couldn't.

His hand slipped down her back and bumped into something. He'd forgotten about her dorsal fin. He couldn't understand why a land shark needed one. She shuddered as her breath left her. She slumped a bit as her grasp loosened. He figured it must be an erogenous zone for her. It was along her spine - if that's what she had - after all. The nerve endings within it must go straight into the main conduit and send the signals straight up into her brain. Again, if that's what they truly had.

This whole experience was personally enlightening, scientifically fascinating and puzzling medically and biologically. If only the circumstances were different. But, here he was. Strapped to a malleable table, on a strange ship that seemed alive, among aliens that were anthropomorphic Animalia and he was being intimate with one. He enjoyed what was happening with her. He feared what may come after.

He lightened up and accepted what was happening. He loosened up and even found himself moving his hand along her back. He even found enjoyment in this. He noticed his erection was back in full force while trapped between her legs.

She pulled away from him and looked into his eyes. He watched as two tears fell from her jaw and landed on his chest. She closed her eyes and leaned in for another, stronger kiss. Her lip-lock finally ceased as she slowly drew away from him. Her eyes partially opened. The purplish-blue blush was back. Her breath smelled of...barbecue - a slight smoky sweetness. She smiled. It seemed genuine. Sweet. Content.

For a moment, he thought that maybe he was going to be okay. Maybe this was all precaution. Maybe he *did* overreact. Maybe she chose him because of a lack of males in their species and they needed him for reproduction.

What was with that grin? It oozed mischief. Coupled with her squinted eyes and raised eye ridge, he squinted himself to try and read her expression better. To question it.

She slid her hand from the back of his head to his shoulder and moved her other hand to match. She pushed away from him and looked down at their hugging hips. It didn't click at first until he felt a slight squeeze down there. It was...intriguing. He'd never had anything cold down there before. He kind of...he *really* liked it.

Those slate-colored eyes rolled up and met his. They squinted a bit more as her head rolled up. The grin went from mischievous to devilish with teeth peeking from between slightly parted lips - the corners of her mouth stretched far back. She moved her hips a little. They gently ground into his as his penis rolled between her thighs.

"Né opus," she whispered.

Though his foot was numb, he felt her apply a bit more pressure. Her hands squeezed his shoulders. Her lips mashed into his as her eyes slivered. He enjoyed those lips. Jackie's lips were thin like his so it felt like they were mashing teeth. This shark lady had...fuller lips. Big lips. They were soft and squishy. Cold. But, not as cold as they were a second ago. He figured he'd altered the temperature of her lips with his much like a lizard absorbs heat from the sun. He pondered the sensation, if any, a cold-blooded Animalia felt when warm blood passed through them.

He began to feel like a bit of a jerk. He moved his hand along her back to accept her...and to explore a bit further. He wanted to learn more about the skeletal structure and musculature of her. There was a sense he had that she knew but didn't care. Maybe she, too, enjoyed learning anatomy, biology and physiology and respected that by letting him touch and apply pressure to certain areas. He tried to make it as

inconspicuous as possible, but she noticed. Her eye would twitch when he did something obvious - such as lightly tracing the outline of her shoulder blade.

He wasn't sure how much longer she was going to hold this one. He prolonged it by lightly tracing his finger along the ridge of her dorsal fin. She was putty. Closing her eyes and melting in his grasp.

Bone structure was human - notwithstanding, of course, the skin, hair, fin, tail and skull. Musculature was human. Everything about them seemed human in nature. Were they genetic experiments? Naturally evolved? Created like this? Were humans a part of their world?

His hand neared her tail. She was physically fit as far as he could tell. This tail, however, had exceptional muscle mass at the base. Evidently it had nerve endings, too. Much like humans. With it being packed with nerve endings, it's extremely painful to jar your tailbone. As soon as he made a pass over it, she shuddered violently and nearly melted to the floor as their lips separated.

Her eyes flew open. She looked pissed off. Her brow formed a "V" between her eyes. She growled and quickly shot up at him. Their lips smashed together as the table shifted. His hand flew out to the side and hovered there out of shock. Her lips forced his to part and a cold object was forced into his mouth.

Her tongue...it was rather large. It made sense with her mouth being nearly twice the size of his. Her tongue nearly filled his mouth. It had to have been about four inches wide and nearly an inch thick before it tapered at the end to about half that. Her mouth tasted a bit like her breath smelled - a light, smoky barbecue flavor.

This...was nice. She was a *far* better kisser than Jackie. If he were a shark man, he would be honored to be in this situation with her. She was passionate, kind and beautiful - if he were to compare her to the stereotypical depiction of aliens from movies and television. He closed his eyes and allowed himself to reciprocate her advance.

Her hands moved from his shoulders to his face. They didn't seem quite as cold as before. She withdrew her tongue and gently held his face between her chilled hands. She closed her lips with his and held the soft lip lock for a moment before withdrawing. He parted his eyelids to see her savoring the moment. Her lips looked a light shade of pink now. The rest of her blush seemed to become a shade or more lighter as well. It didn't last long as the darker tones returned to her face and lips.

She sighed and dropped her head down. She sank away from him and landed on the floor - her body slightly bouncing with the impact. She opened her eyes and looked up at him. He was still feeling a bit of the shock from earlier and the passion from a moment ago. She muttered something under her breath as she shook her head a bit. She looked over and grabbed his hand, then secured it to the table. She spoke softly again. As she spoke, she lightly tapped the side of her head with her voice cracking every so often. She pointed this way and that. He wasn't sure if her voice was conveying disappointment or realization.

She finally stopped with her hands and arms at her sides. Her hands were loosely balled up. Her head was tilted down towards the floor causing her tendril-like hair to cover a part of her face. It parted on the side of her head to show ridges like a crescent moon around holes that must have acted like ears. The ridges were similar to the cartilage on the helix, lobule and antitragus of a human ear, but smaller. She did have two studs punched through the lobule bit like a human might.

He saw her draw in a deep breath through her nostrils as she clenched her fists tight, then exhaled it in a huff from her mouth. She began to mumble again. She sounded angry. Almost as if admonishing herself. She brought her clenched fists up in front of her. They were visibly shaking as if she were clenching with all her might. Troy could see the muscle bunched up beneath the thin, scaly suit covering her arms. Even her abdominal area was flexed revealing soft creases between slight mounds. This was one physically fit, strong female that, he felt, he may upset, angered or, generally, pissed off.

But how? He was the one strapped to the table. All actions occurred on her end. She was mad at herself. That *had* to have been it. But...why?

Her fists stopped trembling. Her muscles contracted. Her hands opened and slowly dropped to her sides as she rotated her head to look up at him. Her bottom jaw was jutting out as her lips mashed together. Her eyes could start fires. Her right hand went up with a single finger out from her lightly clenched fist. Her top lip mimicked this upward motion, baring those scary teeth again. How his lips survived from those things was anyone's guess.

"Mio," she spat as she jabbed a finger into his lower sternum. "Bakkin cret," she venomously stated, tapping his sternum. "Né," she said, taking back the finger and pointing the thumb back toward herself.

Troy wondered if this meant what he thought it meant. He didn't understand the words, but the gestures were pretty clear.

"Né," she said softer, her expression matching. Her hand opened and the pad of her finger tapped above the crease of her cleavage. "Creț," she continued, her eyes becoming slightly larger and her brow rising. "Mio," she finished, pointing at him - her tone sounding apologetic or remorseful.

He felt puzzled and wasn't sure what to do or think. He hoped his expression matched this as he tried to piece everything together. He was pretty sure she was saying she loved him. But, that was a silly notion. He was a completely different species and of a different culture.

That kiss, though. That was...and the...and he's still...alive. His eyes opened wide. "Né creț mio," must mean, "I love you." It explained the affections and preferential treatment. She'd been saying it a lot since they met. He figured he just witnessed her realization that it wasn't going to work out. Maybe if he had more time with her. If she let him go, they could work this out. But, in this moment, he didn't feel much for her. It was both a relief and a kick in the gut. He felt bad for her and ashamed of himself. It seemed she meant him no harm.

He sighed heavily and sank into the shackles. A cold hand pressed under his chin. She was so strong, yet so gentle. He dared to think that she was much stronger than him. A soft smile was on her face. The smile turned absolutely serious as a finger tapped against his cheek. She pointed with two fingers at her eyes. She moved towards the cart when the door opened.

Two creatures wearing the hoods and masks walked in. Both resembled a canine of different species. The one started barking - figuratively - orders. His voice was muffled from the blue liquid canister mask he wore. Troy looked over at the shark lady. She was not pleased. She was looking with her eyes in their direction, but didn't seem to be looking *at* them. She glanced over at Troy and winked. Troy had to wonder if that was a good wink. Her attitude changed as she looked back over at the others and spoke with them. She sounded cordial and official. They seemed to be aggravated. Troy hadn't a clue with how fast they spoke.

She moved towards them as her hands gestured this way and that. She ended her side of the story by speaking matter-of-factly while turning her body perpendicular to

Troy and motioning at him with an upturned palm. An angry canine - the one on the right - pointed at Troy and said something. Shark lady responded. The deeper voiced canine on the left calmly spoke and pointed to the right of Troy. The shark lady sounded surprised and looked with wide eyes and a slack jaw.

Troy tried to follow her gaze. It led to the cart. His blood mixed with the green powder was now...white? *That* didn't make sense. It should be brown or a dark purple. So how on his planet or any other beyond did green and red make white? Furthermore, why was it such a big deal?

He locked eyes with her again. She looked stunned. Maybe even slightly terrified. She stared at the jar, then back at Troy. Her jaw closed. She closed it to the point where the masseter muscle poked out from either side of her head.

Then, the unthinkable happened. She spun as she ducked. Her tail hit the side of the right canine's leg causing it to cave in as he screamed. As he fell to the floor clutching his leg, she planted her hands towards Troy and launched her feet up under the left canine's mandible. His muzzle pointed to the ceiling with such velocity that it *had* to have broken his jaw if not his neck. Her hands left the floor as she split her legs and spun. Her speed was reinforced with her tail whipping around. Her right heel struck the other canine in the side of his face. It sounded like a hammer hitting a watermelon. Troy was thankful he was wearing the hood and the mask or he might have felt queasy looking at the mush that was left of the canine's face. Her left foot tapped the floor as her body flipped upright. She pulled her foot free from his face as she looked down at them both.

Troy couldn't blink. It looked as if it were scripted from an action movie. And she did it with such ease. The grace of her movements and the way her muscle moved under the confines of the suit paled in comparison to the brutality she displayed dispatching these two.

What was she thinking?

It appeared she didn't know either. Her face twisted in anguish as her lips and jaw trembled. Her left hand came up and covered the side of her face. Her right hand clenched into a quaking fist. He could see her eye darting everywhere. Her head slowly raised from her hand. Her eye darted over to Troy. Her head slowly turned towards him.

Fear. There was no other way to describe what he read in her eyes.

She briskly walked over to him as she spoke. She sounded frantic. She paused long enough to swipe a few fingers across her tongue. She spoke again as his right wrist was released.

Something wasn't right. A sound he remembered was getting louder. The hum of an electrical substation. The sound he heard from the ship that shot to the ground as he reached his vehicle. She heard it, too. She immediately stopped talking and stared ahead at his arm.

"Mo bâddrâb né," he heard a deep voice call from the door.

Before Troy could look up to see who or what said that, a loud "*crack*" filled the air. A blue and white sphere the size of a cantaloupe sailed through the air and struck her in the back. She screamed in pain as she fell against him - her right shoulder landing in his torso. He could feel a tingling sensation from her enter his body. It felt like pins poking at him like when he was dared to touch an electrical fence at his uncle's farm.

Troy followed the blast to its origin. The sickening smell of burned flesh and seafood filled his olfactory. A medium-sized figure stood in the doorway holding a futuristic rifle from a video game or some sort of military science project. It looked like a three-inch PVC pipe attached to a wide coilgun barrel that glowed blue and white. The trigger was blocked by what looked like a drum clip from an ancient submachine gun.

The figure dropped the gun as it swung to its side from a strap. Troy couldn't tell what exactly this creature was. There were no identifying characteristics like the others have had.

"Né," Troy heard her softly choke out as something pressed into his palm.

She was pressing her lips into his palm as she cupped his hand in hers. Something cold and wet filled his palm.

"Insulcure," she spit.

It sounded like a growl came from her as she sprung to her feet and lunged towards the door. She didn't make it to a third step. Her knee buckled and she fell to the

floor on her chest with a “*slap*”. Momentum carried her body forward as her face and snout hit the floor with a sickening “*thud*” and scraped across the floor with a “*screech*”.

Troy saw the sickening damage to her back - the reason for the burned flesh smell. Her dorsal fin took the brunt of the damage and dispersed from there. Half of the fin remained with the rest dangling from the surrounding scorched flesh. The suit was burned away from the point of impact to the outer reaches of her upper back. Her flesh looked blistered with third-degree burns or worse. The cantaloupe-shaped hole in her back exposed her moving muscles and spine. The flesh that remained was so charred it was black.

The other figure stepped forward and kicked her in the side. Her lifeless body lifted and turned her onto her back. Blood sprayed from her mouth in a half-circle above her. Troy cringed with his hands clenched into fists.

He felt something in his hand. He held it up so he could see what was cradling his fingers. Amongst the pool of blood was about an inch by four-inch strip of a solid, squishy substance he could only assume was her tongue.

He could feel his stomach knot, his heart sink and his face contort. A large range of emotions filled his head. Sickness. Pain. Sadness. Mourning. Despair. It was strange: Could the alien shark woman have left *that* much of an impression on him to where her death would tug on his heartstrings? Was it the gruesome sight he saw on her back and in his hand? Was it because he had witnessed a murder when he'd never seen a death before? Was it fear that he was next? He was bewildered. He felt, from head to toe, frozen and unresponsive.

The creature stepped towards Troy and grabbed his arm. It wrenched his arm in a way that forced his palm back and his thumb to point down. It drew its other arm back as if to strike, but hesitated. It looked over at the cart, then back at Troy. It forced Troy's arm back against the table and secured his wrist back into place. It spoke, but Troy was in such a state that it didn't register. He just stared at her lifeless body...numb.

The creature spoke at a much higher volume to, seemingly, the wall. It grabbed something from the cart and walked towards the door. It stopped and stooped down by the shark lady's body. It reached out and placed its hand on her neck. It spoke with a sense of surprise. It reached up and traced a finger along the blood smudged from where she placed her snout into Troy's palm. It stood and walked to the wall by where the shark lady was before he hallucinated. It traced the bloody finger along the wall until

the light in the room went dark except what was pouring in from the doorway. A blue light came on that illuminated the blood mixture that it held. The substance in the container fluoresced a neon purple. The light changed to red, but the mixture stayed the same color. The creature let out a hearty laugh.

The light came back up in the room. The creature stepped back over to the body on the floor. It stooped down and moved its finger along her stomach as if wiping its finger off. It rose back up and walked out of the room holding the container up to eye level while continuing to laugh.

Troy was left alone...staring at the lifeless body of his only way out of here. He could feel his senses coming back to him. His first thought was questioning whether she was dead or not. He fixed his eyes on her torso. It was barely visible, but her chest was indeed expanding and contracting. He was equal parts glad she was alive and sad she was in that condition. For some reason, she decided to put her life at stake to save his. He will probably never know her motivation behind it, but he was thankful for what she tried to do. Now, his fate was to be put in someone...*something* else's hands.

There was a long wait in-between guests. Troy's next guest was on cleanup duty. This one seemed to be a large, muscular built canine judging by the muzzle size and ears. The lack of tail didn't help his assumption. There *was* a tail, but it was a docked nub as if it were a Doberman. Another figure pushed in a gurney-like cart and assisted the other with lifting the shark lady onto the cart. There seemed to be a struggle lifting her. Her open wound seemed to have dried to the floor.

Troy could see the real reason. It seemed the floor was attached to her body. The suit and the floor had melded together and they were ripping the suit from the floor. The floor rippled in the area and the pieces of her flesh and the suit sank into the floor leaving behind no trace she was there. The suit itself seemed to have repaired itself around the wound.

The large one stepped over by Troy. It reached over to the cart and lifted up a pen-sized object, then walked back over to the gurney. He pulled open the shark lady's jaw and placed the pen in her mouth - moving it slowly from one side to the other. A soft sizzle could be heard as smoke rose from her snout. The smell of cooked meat filled the air. It made Troy's stomach growl.

Troy was amazed yet again. The floor cleans up what's on it and repairs itself. It even repairs the suits they wear. Something the size of an ink pen has the ability to

cauterize wounds. The last cauterizing tool he'd used was attached by a wire to a much larger machine.

The creature held the tool in his hand as it turned her head towards the floor. Blood and mucus drooled out of her mouth and onto the floor. It was quickly absorbed into the floor. He adjusted her torso on the cart, then returned the instrument to the cart.

His only hope of escaping was being wheeled out on a gurney to be locked away or killed later. The figures returned later for the other two bodies.

Then, it was quiet.

Troy was alone. Naked. Strapped to a table. On an alien ship. Bipedal, anthropomorphic creatures. A contraption still attached to his penis.