

Anthro Earth

Faye Valentine

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Waking to the feeling of robotic hands gently massaging her entire body, Elora let out a long groan as she allowed her eyes to open for the first time since going into a medically induced coma six months previously. Vision clear enough to make things out, she looked down at the platinum and gold chip now implanted in her left wrist – the visible portion of the device that would greatly extend her life, make her immune to nearly all diseases and increase her rate of healing by several orders of magnitude. But more importantly, it would allow her to break the dimensional barriers to visit other universes.

Invented by her more than a million years ago when she was still an incredibly ancient energy being as a means of experiencing a more corporeal life, the nanofibers now coursing through her system were a constant reminder that she was no longer a passenger. Her anthropomorphic fox body was all hers and despite being nearly two billion years old, she had spent the last eighteen years reveling in learning what it takes to be humanoid, to have a need to eat, sleep, breath and actually feel. For the first time in nearly two billion years she finally, fully understood what her people had lost along their evolutionary path.

“Afternoon, sleepyhead,” she heard the familiar voice of her mother and previous host. “How are you feeling?”

“Sore and a little turned on from the hands,” Elora answered honestly. “Do they really need to tweak my nipples like that?” she added, eyes going to the shiny metal fingers playfully pinching and pulling her large nipples.

“You tell me,” Nicole answered. “This is the same program you wrote and was used on me and every other human that’s gone through the implantation process.”

“Fair enough. Can you stop it please?”

“You know the answer to that already sweetie. It’ll be over in about fifteen minutes. Until then just relax and let them do their job. Now, are you feeling any pain or discomfort?”

Back arching slightly at the surprisingly erotic touch of the robotic hands, Elora softly moaned. “I’m feeling horny and hungry, but no pain or discomfort.”

“Well, as you know the implant greatly increases sensitivity in the erogenous zones. As for being hungry, well, we can remedy that after you’re full medical exam.”

“Are you mad at me, mom?”

“Mad? Why on Omevia would I be mad at you, sweetie?”

“You’ve never mentioned it, but I know you wanted me to pick another host to give birth to me so that I could one day dominate you as I did when your passenger but I picked you as my mother instead. I’m sorry I wanted you to birth me, but when the possibility became viable I couldn’t think of anyone I’d rather have as a mother.”

“Oh Elora! You have nothing to apologize for. And I’m definitely not mad at you for picking me as your mother. If anything I’m honored. It’s not every day a woman get the chance to give birth to a nearly two-billion-year-old alien entity. I love you, Elora, and nothing will ever change that. And I’m not just saying that. You’re my daughter, my flesh and blood. I love you every bit as much as all of my other children and anyone saying otherwise is a blatant liar.”

“I love you too, mom.” Trying her best to ignore the hands freely exploring her naked body, Elora bit into her lower lip to stifle a moan before continuing. “A-Are you still going through with your plan?”

“I know it’s insane and could backfire in a multitude of ways, but if it works then we can bring all of humanity in on the secret without risk to the Omevians. The planet has already been

chosen and work on the first city complete. Three-thousand human and Omevian couples have volunteered to live there so humanity can not only see that aliens are real, but that we can peacefully coexist and even fall in love and have children with them.”

“Who are you taking with you?”

“Since she represents the best of both universes I’ll be taking Reiko with me. We’re actually leaving in a couple of hours so your other mother will be taking care of you until you’re back on your feet and if everything goes according to plan I’ll see you in about a couple of weeks.”

“I just woke up after six months! Do you really have to leave today?”

“I wish I didn’t have to, sweetie, but today is President Hayes’ birthday and the one day of the year she isn’t at the White House surrounded by security. If we don’t go today we’ll have to wait another year.”

“I understand. Good luck and please don’t get shot.” Closing her eyes to indicate she didn’t want to talk anymore; Elora gave in to the pleasurable touch of the mechanical fingers.

Knowing when to walk away, Nicole did just that. Leaving her basement lab, she went upstairs where she saw her mother making a pot of gead. “Elora’s awake now but the hands are working their magic so you might want to give it about ten minutes before heading down.”

“Everything okay?”

“Yeah, she’s just pissed I have to leave on the day she woke up. I get it. I want to be here for her as much as she needs me to be here for her, but President Hayes won’t be in office forever.”

“She’ll be fine. You do what you need to do and Shoka and I will take care of things around here until you get back.”

“Thanks mom. I’ll try to hurry back as quickly as possible, but given the time differentials I’ll probably be gone a few weeks.”

“Not a problem. Just make sure you come back.”

The meaning behind her mother’s words painfully obvious, Nicole offered a knowing smile. “If things go horribly wrong I’ll just pop back before I arrived and try a different approach until I find one that works.”

“And if none of them work?”

“Then I’ll go to plan B and try convincing another world leader. Anyways, I need to go over the plan one more time with Reiko and then we’ll be off. If you need anything just use the implant to contact me.”

“I’ve raised more than a hundred children, Nicole, I’ll be fine. Now stop worrying and go convince the president that aliens are real.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Giving her mother a hug, Nicole walked out of the spacious kitchen and into the living room where her five-year-old half-Omevian cat-type twin daughters Tora and Ryzu were playing. Giving them a smile, she continued on down a long hallway where she lightly knocked on a door.

“It’s open,” a soft female voice called out. The door swung open and as soon as Reiko laid eyes on her owner she immediately slid off the chair she was sitting in at her desk and into a kneeling position. “Mistress! How may I serve you this morning?”

“Relax, Reiko,” Nicole said as she stepped in, closing the door behind her. “Please, get back in the chair.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Watching the sexy gazelle-like form of her willing slave stand, her little white tail wagging excitedly, she wanted to bend Reiko over said chair and spend the day doing unspeakable things to the masochistic anthro-woman, but for the sake of the plan kept such thoughts to herself. “We leave in just a few hours and I want to make sure we’re both on the same page as far as the plan is concerned.”

“I’ve committed everything to memory, Mistress.”

“I hope that includes not calling me Mistress in front of the President.”

“Yes Mistress. I’ll remain absolutely silent until you give the command and if asked questions will only speak the truth as far as I know it.”

“That’s good, Reiko, but I don’t want your answers to seem forced or practiced so please just relax and be yourself.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Now, about the clothing...”

“I’ve tried it on already, Mistress and while it’s weird wearing clothes after spending the last fifteen years naked, they fit really well. That being said, are they really necessary?”

“One doesn’t have a meeting with the President of the United States while butt naked so as much as we both hate clothes we’ll wear them.”

“Yes Mistress. May I ask a question?”

“You may speak freely.”

“Thank you Mistress. So, I’ve heard stories from other humans here on Omevia about your governments doing experiments on aliens. They’re not going to take me into custody and do all those horrible things are they? You wouldn’t let that happen, right, Mistress?”

“First, I would never do anything to purposely cause you harm. And second, those stories are just that. No credible evidence of alien encounters has ever been recorded in all of earth’s history. And as far as I’m aware the only contact humanity has ever has on earth are from Elora’s previous species the Druthomians and as you know they were very secretive and select in whom they made contact with.”

“So, no alien dissections?”

“None that I’m aware of. And even if it were somehow true and my former government managed to keep such a colossal secret and you were taken away from me, there isn’t a facility on the planet that can prevent me taking you back. And should that impossible scenario play out, it’ll be the last time I ever step foot on earth. I’ve had nothing but your best interest in mind for the last fifteen years, Reiko, please, know that hasn’t changed. I will fight to my dying breath to keep you safe on this and any other world.”

“Thank you, Mistress. Honestly, serving as your sex slave have been the best years of my life and I never want that to change.”

“And it never will.”

“Nexia and I are life mates now!” Reiko blurted out, referring to her feline-type best friend and fellow sex slave.

“Congratulations!”

“Thank you, Mistress. We were going to wait until after we got back to tell everyone, but I just couldn’t hold it in any longer. We’ve been in love with each other for years but always skirted around making it official until a few months ago. Please don’t be offended, Mistress, but I love her more than anything or anyone in the world.”

“How could I possibly be offended by that? I’m happy for you both. Sincerely. Being sex slaves doesn’t somehow make you less worthy of finding love. I’ve watched the two of you

growing closer and closer over the years and I'm honestly thrilled you've finally taken it to the next level. Though, I think Guzzir will be jealous when he finds out."

"He already knows, Mistress. He, um, he's our second mate and once we get the okay from you, Nexia and I were planning on letting him breed us while we're still young enough to have litters."

"You have it. Nexia may start right away but you'll have to wait until we get back."

Getting up from her chair, Reiko threw her arms around Nicole and then pulled her into a tight hug. "Thank you, Mistress. This is just another in a long line of reasons I love serving you. There's just one more thing..." Pausing, she nervously bit into her lower lip.

"Go on."

"It's just that, with us being used for breeding there are going to be a lot more kids and as big as this place is I'm not sure it can handle a few more litters so the three of us were thinking of getting a place of our own. We'd still serve as your loyal and obedient slaves, but..."

Giving her slave and longtime friend a tight squeeze, Nicole took a half-step back and stared into Reiko's wide, nervous eyes. "Despite a rocky beginning the three of you have come to be my closest friends and most loyal slaves and for that I'm eternally grateful. The three of you have served me without complaint for fifteen years so what sort of Mistress or friend would I be if I denied you even the most basic needs? You have my full blessing to find your own place and if you feel you've come to an end of your service to me please know that I'll still be your friend."

Tears now freely flowing down her lightly furred cheeks, Reiko pulled Nicole back in for another hug. "Thank you Mistress. That means more to me than words can ever describe. We do want our own place but we also want to continue serving you."

"There's no rush. You may stay here for as long as it takes to find a place and once you're settled in we can discuss doing scenes together in the future. But right now I need your mind focused on the task at hand."

"I've never been more focused on anything in my life, Mistress."

"Then rest up and I'll see you in a few hours."

"Yes Mistress. And thank you again for understanding and supporting our needs."

"You're very welcome. Now, I better leave before I get too distracted," Nicole said as she gently squeezed her slave's ass. Reluctantly pulling away, she gave the gorgeous humanoid gazelle one final look before turning and leaving the room. Briefly considering going back in for a last-minute session, she once again resisted her sexual urges and quickly walked away before changing her mind.