

Space Highway

The Awakened

A17 ~ Cargo 51: Roswell

Fuck... I've fucked up immensely...

I sit behind bars, ugly bars, on a white, solid bed. Everything is white and ash-gray, even the floor and the ceiling.

My gadgets and jacket have been taken, at least I wear some clothes...

Yes... I'm in a prison cell. In a fucking USNA Air Force base...

Why? Simply because I couldn't keep my damn mouth shut...

I delivered a massive cargo to this facility yesterday, one of the few I've done for the Gaian Defense Force. Now I know why no trucker likes to do jobs for them...

It went all right till the moment I joked about this place...

"This place is cool! So, this is where you hid the aliens in the nineteen fifties, right?" I laughed.

I was promptly questioned on how I might have access to classified data... The joke was over.

They detained me and I was questioned for hours. Telling them that I'm an Awakened and that there always were conspiracy theories about this place didn't help at all. Fuck! Are they dense! It was a fucking joke!

Anyway... here I am... in a fucking cell of the military base commonly called Area 51... and I'm fucked...

I lie down on the hard bed. Not even a real mattress...

Sigh... How can I convince these guys that I'm no spy or anything the like? I'm for just four months here now, and already got myself jailed, great!

I cannot concentrate on how I'll be able to leave this place...

Aia, Enya, Jim... anyone...

I close my eyes.

Aia's gentle smile appears in front of me. Will I see her again? And Enya? I picture the hyperactive kitten at Aia's side, both worried about my whereabouts. And Jim? This hilarious and kind cowboy... And the rest of my new friends?

Aia... a lot has happened between us... and nothing at the same time... Right after the black hole incident, she began to behave quite strangely... She was even more provocative than usual, at least for a time, for about two weeks, then she was her usual self again, slightly provocative and flirty.

We became closer, yes, but never close enough. I don't know if I'm frustrated or disappointed... I think I'm falling for her even harder...

And Enya... *Sigh*. Our *Felii-friend-skinship* deepened, a lot. We are too close to have *real* sex... One small mistake and we'd break our promise to keep our relationship non-sexual. We were meeting at least once a week where we surrendered ourselves to our passionate *skinship*. She even confessed that she loves me, deeply... but insisted that I should focus on Aia, not on her.

She helps me out a good deal with my doubts, but the lingering feeling that I use her to make me feel better does not leave me. Enya assures that she does not feel being used, that we both enjoy our affairs. It is true, we enjoy it, but... *Sigh*...

After meeting Xivaz for a one-nighter, I've met two other women with whom I've had sex, the cute reafean Visayc and the Human girl Bea. But with each of them, while enjoying ourselves, Aia came to my mind more often than not... I feel guilty for having thought in my friend and homie while reaching my

orgasm with the latter. Shit... I'm falling too hard for Aia, and she acts as usual, as if she hadn't had confessed to me...

Strangely, while I'm with Enya, Aia seldom pops up in my mind. Only when we talk about her, and then she appears in a not sexualized way...

When I'm with Enya, it seems I can be my usual self, at least in bed... Even if we don't have *proper* sex... I have never thought that purely non-penetrative sex could be this enjoyable...

She even got herself a 'more pleasuring' tongue-piercing, just for me... On the one hand, I feel elated that she would go such extent for me, on the other, it makes me doubt even more about my commitment towards Aia...

Our relationship, is not about sex, but a reassurance, complicity... an everything... Everything I seek in a relationship, a good friend, someone to talk to about everything, a buddy, a partner in crime... Just that our crime is to have a secret relationship, even from our friends and the woman I'm falling for.

I'm conflicted about this relationship with Enya and my feelings towards Aia. Enya knows it, we talk about it every time we meet in stealth, and she is very supportive. Her only wish, as she says, is that we could keep this relationship even after Aia and I come together, if ever. We finally agreed that Aia should know, but only after she and I come clear with our feelings and intentions, then we see how and if we go further.

I have slept with both Aia and Enya many times without sexual innuendos. The only difference is that with Aia we sleep clothed while with Enya naked. Both women love spooning and I embracing them, they say they feel protected... From what? I ask myself. Both are independent women and really strong. I accept this kind of *skinship* as I also love it. But... I am sure? Is this really the reason? Or, rather, I need someone to hug, to embrace so I won't fall... fall even more out of balance.

Fuck... Now what? Thinking about what happens between Aia, Enya and me isn't the solution to the mess I'm in.

Without my terminal, or even the DigiBook, I'm unable to contact my peers.

I close my eyes again with a sigh.

“You! Up!” I startle awake from the sudden heavy voice. “C’mon spy trash!”

“Yeah, yeah...” I answer growling under my breath and stand up.

One handcuffs me while the other watches over me.

The two badmouthed soldiers push me along the corridors until reaching a brightly lit room with just two chairs, one just in the middle, the other at a wall. Fuck... another interrogation...

A big white guy in uniform awaits me.

“So, you’re the spy... hmm...”

“I’m not a spy, sir,” I retort.

“Yeah, yeah,” he laughs. “All spies say the same. Now sit down.”

Reluctantly, I sit in front of this huge guy.

He calmly wanders around me in silence, clearly assessing me.

“Now... when and where were you born?” he asks.

“July the fifteenth, nineteen eighty-two—”

“Bullshit!” he shouts at me. “Nobody lives that long!”

“It’s the truth. Check my ID,” I retort again.

“Can be falsified. Your *real* birthdate.”

“July the fifteenth, nineteen eighty-two, I just said—”

“Motherfucker!” He interrupts me again. “Don’t you ever dare to lie to me! If I ask you when and where you are born, you tell me!”

“If you don’t believe it it’s not my fault!” I shout back at him. “I’m a fucking Awakened—ugh!” I almost fell back with the whole chair as he punched me in my stomach. Shit! I’m tasting my stomach acids...

“Never talk back at me, boy,” the asshole grunts. “Now, be real, tell me what I want to hear.”

“Then you’re losing your time, sir,” I gasp still trying to regain control over my breath. “I’ll only tell the truth—ugh!” Not again!

“Your lies, you mean. Now, don’t make this more difficult and tell me, where were you born?”

“Los Angeles, United States of America,” I cough.

“Nice try...”

“Ugh!”

I spit blood...

“Inventing a place like that. Los Angeles doesn’t exist for at least nine hundred years, and the United States of America for at least three hundred. What’s your name, spy?”

“Kira—*cough*—Matsumoto...”

“You’re a Jap, eh? I thought we’re in peace with ’em. No fuck! You’re fucking black! Have you ever seen a black Jap?” he asks one of the other. They seem to answer him in signs, no words. He looks back at me, “Now, who sent you to spy on us?”

“Nobod—argh!”

“Now, now... you were getting better with the truth, now you disappoint me again. Profession?”

“Trucker,” I gasp for air.

“Hah! Nice try!” At least he didn’t punch me this time.

“My truck Falcon is docked at Bay forty-two...” I manage to say. “I work for the ISTM—ugh!”

“Don’t fuck around, boy. You were captured asking questions.”

“A fucking joke!” I spit more blood. “I told a fucking joke!” *Splat!* “Ugh!”

“No joking now, eh?” he grins. “Who told you about aliens here?”

“A—Area 51 was always as—associated with UFOs and a—aliens...”

“Really?” he asks sarcastically.

“At least—*cough*—during the tw—twentieth and twenty-fi—first century.”

“Hah! Nice try!”

He gives me another round of beatings until I’m about to lose consciousness...

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I blink... a bright white ceiling...

Shit... my whole body hurts... that happens when you tell the truth...

Should I have been more assertive, even aggressive? Naw... I would have ended the same way, probably worse.

I try to stand up, shit... it hurts...

After a slow process of standing up, I let myself fall onto the aluminum toilet. I can’t even stand to pee... I fumble at my pants to drop them. They even took my belt...

Finally relieved my bladder, I use the small faucet to clean myself. The shitty mirror reflects my black and blue beaten face. Fuck... I barely recognize myself... Aia has to patch me up again...

Aia... I let myself fall onto the hard bed with a sigh. What is she doing right now? Is she worried or...? No, she surely is. And Enya? Surely too. Is there a way to contact them? They already refused to let me call someone. Whom would I have called? Aia? Enya? Jim? The boss? Anyone. Anyone I trust.

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I was *nicely* asked three times back to the *talking* room. Each time another bastard needed a punching bag to relive his stress for lallygagging around the whole day.

Every time they asked me the same questions and I received the same *treatment*.

I don’t know for how long I’m down here now. They interrupt my sleep patterns and stress me out, surely an interrogation technique.

The food is horrible, the bed terrible and my odor even worse. I smell like a beaten swine... The small sink in my cell is not enough to keep me clean.

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I dreamt... not usual when I'm sleeping alone. Strange dreams always pop up when I sleep cuddling with Enya or Aia, more so when sleeping together with Aia. And this dream... is strangely similar to those... What do they mean? If they mean anything...

Why do these two women always appear in my dreams when I share a bed with them? And why now? And why always together?

Enya's caring and loving whispers come to my mind. I sigh and turn around, looking at the scribbled wall. I close my eyes, I can clearly hear her delightful moans in my mind. I miss her... I miss our *ritual*. We should have met today, or yesterday, —I lost my sense of time down here— and surrender ourselves to our playful games.

I sigh again. Enya... We have done so much together and I really love her... do I now? Or do I simply tell myself that to avoid my inner conflicts?

Aia... Do I truly love her or is it a whim? Simple lust for the unknown? A simple desire to conquer this exotic woman? I doubt the latter, I was never a guy hitting just on exotic girls. I did hit on any female of legal age, regardless of their origin or ethnicity. But...

Now that I think of... I haven't been hitting on any other girl since I've met Bea. Is my relationship with Enya enough? Or am I really waiting for Aia's decision? I still get a hard-on every time I see Aia doing her morning exercises or when she poses for me. Well, I'm still unsure if she really poses for me or she does it without considering my presence. Her flirting is too aggressive, but stops at the very same moment I might advance on her. She leaves me confused and blue-balled. Fortunately, I can fix the latter problem together with Enya. I am more concerned about the confusion...

I don't get myself anymore... I sigh aloud. Where has the womanizer Phoenix gone? Am I the same? No, and I know it. I had sworn to myself to change my bad habits with this new opportunity life has given me.

Change... that's what I am afraid of, right? Isn't it just that? Is there more? I'm not sure. I feel lost, so lost. The only thing I can do right now is to live the present and not dwell in the past. Look into the future... Shit... I don't even know what I should seek in the future...

Should I settle down? Even getting married? I sigh yet again. With whom? Enya doesn't look like she wants to marry, she's too open and wild. Or is it me who is too conservative for this age? I cannot see her as a housewife, nor Aia, both are too independent. Actually, I cannot see any woman I've met since I've awakened to be a passive housewife, and I would hate that prospect. I always was into independent women and despised those who submitted to be the submissive housewife archetype.

If the thought of settling down should become true, then... only two women I know come to my mind, Aia and Enya...

I toss around on the narrow bed and end up looking up, towards the ceiling.

No... I shouldn't think about this possibility now. I should, once I'm out of here, to find out what Aia's feelings really are. I should wait for her and then act accordingly. Right now, as things stand, I surely would ask either of them out.

Actually, thinking back the last month... Not only I haven't hit on any other girl, I didn't feel attracted nor aroused by any... What's happening to me?

Thinking that much makes me drowsy...

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“Hey, boy... stan' up...”

I blink, a sudden voice awakes me, yet again.

I see two soldiers, one broad, another one thin and tall. I can't make the latter's skin color out, he or she wears gloves and a kind of helmet. The bigger one seems to be a higher-up... never seen one down here.

The door opens.

“What now?” I grumble looking back at the wall.

“Kira...”

I jolt, this voice! I turn around hastily.

A bluish hand gently touches mine.

“A—Aia?” I blurt out flabbergasted.

“*Hm~ Shh~* don't talk. We're busting you out.”

“Yeah,” says the bigger guy.

I look at him.

“Nik?”

“Yeah, sonny. Good ol’ uncle Nik,” he grins.

“How?”

“Doesn’t matter now, Kira. Hurry,” hastes Aia.

“Here...” Nik hands her some handcuffs.

“Sorry Kira,” she says while she handcuffs me. “Not too tight?”

“It’s okay...” I say still in disbelief.

“Jus’ play along, Kira,” says Nik calmly.

“Can you walk?” asks Aia concerned. “You look awful, Kira. But I can’t give first aid now, or they’ll suspect...”

“It’s okay,” I repeat myself.

Aia and Nik escort me through the long corridors. I look down at my feet while I slowly take one step after another.

Each time we encounter other soldiers, either Aia or Nik push me and he bellows at me to hasten my pace while they salute Nik. The biggest difference to the other soldiers who pushed me along is that they try to not hurt me further.

I’ve never been taken so far from my cell for the last few days. I don’t even know for how long I’ve been in here...

Seems Nik knows this place well. Either he has been here or he has an excellent sense of direction. Or, every fucking base has the same fucking layout.

Stairs... something I haven’t seen for the last couple of days. That’s better, I have the feeling we will be out at any minute.

We reach an intersection of two corridors and we turn left. Two guards... shit. What now?

“Hey! Where are you taking the prisoner?” one bawls.

“Orders to take ’im to da truck, an’ force ’im open it,” Nik says calmly.

“What? I haven’t received such an order, I’ll call to verify,” says the other guard.

“Yah, stay still, grunts,” hollers the first one.

Shit...

“Don’ ya eva talk dis way to a superior, private!” roars Nik. “Y’two’ll hear from da court-martial at once! An’ what’s da new fuckin’ ’abit o’ not salutin’ a commanda?”

Both seem to freak out.

“Fuck! I mean, sorry Sir! I have not noticed—”

“Should have, private! Now let’s through!”

“Yessir! Sorry, Sir! Will not happen again, Sir!” “At once, Sir! Excuse us, Sir!” both cringe and step away.

“I’ll let’is slide, fo’ da time bein’. A repetition an yer out!” Nik bellows. “You! Ya swarthy! Move!” He pushes me forward.

“Ouch!” I struggle hoping to fool the two guards.

“Silence!” Nik shouts again. “Now move!”

We leave the guards behind.

“Sorry, Kira,” he whispers to me.

I just nod and he seems to get it.

“Almost out...” whispers Aia. So reassuring. I sigh in relief.

“You! What are you doing here?” someone shouts behind us.

“Again?” bellows Nik. “We’re—”

“You’re not from this unit! What—Sound the alarms! Jailbreak!”

“Shit!” I swear, just when I see the end of the tunnel. Almost literally, I see the open gate in front of us.

“You—Ugh!”

Aia sprinted back and knocked him out in seconds.

“Hurry!” Nik shouts and hastily takes my cuffs off while an alarm begins to whoop.

“Fuck!” shouts Aia running towards us while I try to run.

“Da damn fuckin’ gate!”

“It’s closing!”

Nik takes his gun out. Shit! It’s one with real ammo, not a *harmless* stungun.

He shoots at a touchscreen at the side of the closing gate making it shatter. What will that do?

“Hurry! Da gate canna be open’d again!”

“That was your plan?” I shout back. “I can’t run!”

Without a word, he kneels down and offers me a piggyback.

I’m getting sick from his frantic movements... getting seasick while being carried... that’s something new...

Pam! Pam! Pam! Phew! Phew!

“Shii~iit!” I scream on Nik’s back while I hear bullets piercing the air around me.

“Aia! Shoot at ‘em!” Nik shouts.

“What? Can’t do that! I’m a fuckin’ medic!”

“Fuck! Den run an’ don’ geddit!”

We reach the gate...

Nik takes me and throws me to the floor and I slide beneath the closing gate into the field. He follows me the same way.

“Aia!” I look back in fear.

Aia slides underneath the massive gate and it closes. By a hair!

“Yer right, Kira?” Nik shouts still rolling on the floor.

“Yeah!” I shout back. “Aia?”

“I’m alright! Let’s go!”

“What now?”

“There!” Nik points at a buggy—a real buggy on wheels!—rushing towards us.

The buggy drifts and stops just in front of us. Not even a stuntman for a movie would have done it better!

“Come on! Up you three!”

I blink...

“Yuuki?!” I scream.

“Hurry!” the *secretary* shouts wearing a soldiers’ uniform.

Hastily, I climb to buggy as do both my rescuers.

“C’mon! Dey’re on our toes! In seconds dis place swarms wit’ blokes!”

Yuuki hits the pedal and we dash away.

How the fuck such buggies still exist? No! The question is: what the hell is Yuuki doing here?

“Yuuki?” I ask.

“Not now, Kira-kun!” she shouts back. “The hangar is right there!”

“Hangar?”

“Of your Falcon!” shouts Aia.

Alarms ring and sirens whoop all around while we see soldiers running out of their barracks.

Ratatat! Pew! Pew! Whoosh!

“They’re fucking shooting at us!” I scream ducking down.

“Obvious!” shouts Nik back as he readies his own machine gun.

Nik stands in the back of the buggy and shoots wildly around while Yuuki steps on the pedal and swears, “Move! *Kono yarou!*” Who would have thought that

¹ Japanese: “You shit!” “You bastard!”

the always quiet and shy Yuuki would swear... Never mind the fact that she's driving a buggy in midst a crossfire inside a military base...

We're reaching a hangar-ridden side of the base. Fuck... where is my Falcon?

"Number twenty-one!" shouts Aia. "There!"

"Thanks, Aia-chan!" shouts Yuuki back while she turns towards its gate in a nice drift. Where the hell did she learn to drive like that? Not even I can do that!

Two soldiers stand at the gate shooting at us, Yuuki doesn't hesitate and drives the buggy right into their path.

"*Doke² doke! Bakayarou³!*" she shouts ducking down.

We hear the two shouting and bellowing us to stop. Yuuki ignores them and drives up head on.

One of them is stupid enough to stand in front of the buggy, is he suicidal?

"*Chikushō⁴! Che⁵! Jiguko e ike kono ama⁶!*"

Ploff! Bump...

"*Kuso-tare yarou⁷...*" she continues swearing after we left the run-over soldier behind. "*Notare jine⁸!*"

My Falcon is just in front of us, good to see you, buddy!

Yuuki drifts to the Falcon's door, I almost fall from the buggy...

"Hurry!" Aia shouts already sprinting to the door's control panel.

She opens the latch and hovers her hand over the touchscreen. The door opens, finally. Luckily, I insisted she should also have access to my Falcon. Actually, Enya also has access, but I've never told Aia...

Yuuki helps me up and shoves me along.

² Japanese: "Get out of the way!"

³ Japanese: "Idiot" "Dumb bastard."

⁴ Japanese: "Shit!" "Fuck!"

⁵ Japanese: "Damn!"

⁶ Japanese: "Go to hell, you bitch!"

⁷ Japanese: "Fucking shit bastard."

⁸ Japanese: "[Go] die in a ditch!"

“*Hayakushite*⁹, Kira-kun!”

Nik still shoots at the running soldiers while I climb into my Falcon. Yuuki follows me while Aia is already starting up the powerplants.

“Nik-oji! *Bakayarou!* *Hayakushiro*¹⁰! Run!”

I stumble into the small corridor and fall from my injuries.

“*Chikusho*¹¹! Kira-kun! Nik-oji! C’mon, help me!”

“Shit! Comin’! Close da door an’ blast off, Aia!” he shouts.

“On it! Hold on!” she shouts back.

“Come, Kira-kun... *ganbaru*¹², safe now you are.”

Nik and Yuuki help me onto the small couch of the living space.

While Nik holds me in place, Yuuki tries to move into the cabin after she left a backpack with us. Not easy, as Aia is taking evasive actions and my Falcon makes sharp turns and moves.

I hear Yuuki shouting and blaring something but I’m unable to understand it... huh? Why? I try to ask Nik but I struggle to say anything...

“It’s okay, boy...” he simply says. “Yer adrenaline-rush’s comin’ down. ’ere, take dis.” He hands me a nondescript drinking pouch. “Itsa painkilla an’ let ya sleep a bit.”

Without questions, I take it and guzzle it down as good as I can.

I hear Aia and Yuuki swearing and shouting in the cabin while my Flacon moves and rocks like we’re in a rough sea...

The painkiller is kicking in...

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I blink...

A white ceiling...

⁹ Japanese: impolite for “Hurry up!”

¹⁰ Japanese: more commanding and more impolite for “Hurry up!”

¹¹ Japanese: “[Oh] shit!”

¹² Japanese: “Hang on.”

“Kira...” a reassuring voice.

“Pal...” another reassuring voice.

“Kira...” yet another reassuring voice.

Three reassuring smiles. Aia, Enya and Jim look at me with a clear hint of relief. Enya sheds a tear.

“Dat’s some nice action!” laughs a deeper voice, Nik’s.

“Indeed,” giggles another female voice, Yuuki’s.

Yet another day in a ward... How many times already since I’ve awakened?

I sigh in relief, close my eyes and open them again.

“Thanks, guys.”

“You’re welcome.” “Yer welcome, sonny.” “*Douitashimashite*¹³, Kira-san.”

“How—how did you find me?” I ask trying to sit up.

Aia and Enya help me up from each side.

“Your Falcon,” explains Yuuki, “obviously has a localization device. When you were overdue, we noticed that it was stationary inside the military base.”

“Yeah,” nods Jim. “Got suspicious immediately.”

“We contacted the GDF,” suddenly an elder voice says. Mitsubishi-san comes closer. “They negated everything, telling us that you have left already despite our proofs. That made us move.”

“Indeed,” nods Yuuki. “I organized a *transfer*,” she draws inverted commas into the air, “from another GDF base as the head secretary. There I found you and contacted Nik-oji.”

“Yup!” the commander laughs. “Gotta call dat yer in deep shit. Couldn’t let ya rot dere.”

“We decided that the best to accompany Nik is Aia,” explains Enya. “Jim and I would have been suspicious, you know, I’m a Felii, not usual to have one in the GDF. And Jim knows shit about first aid.”

¹³ Japanese: “You are welcome.”

“Hey!” Jim shouts, then laughs. “Yer right. Anyways, we’re sure ya need a medic. Our beauty queen Aia’s da best choice.”

“Yeah.” Aia blushes. “Nik came up with my disguise.”

“After I smuggled Nik-oji and Aia-san into the base, I gathered your confiscated belongings. They are in this bag.” She lays a small backpack onto the nightstand at my left side.

“Wow! Thank you, Yuuki.” I bow to her still sitting on the bed.

“*Doutashimashite*, Kira-san. No need.” She also bows to me.

“But...” I say. “Why did you bring yourself into such danger, Yuuki? I mean—”

“Kira-san,” she giggles. “You are our friend, not just an Ace of Aces.” Wow! She considers me a friend despite not having chatted much with her? “Also, I did it because I had the right contacts.”

“You leave me speechless, Yuuki. I knew that any of you would try to help me, but not to such extent.”

“*Fushichou*¹⁴-san, no need. You are family,” Yuuki says drawing an adorable smile. I blink flabbergasted. “The ISTM is a big family. Mitsubishi-sama is our *zokuchou*¹⁵, and I—” she interrupts herself, “I am his assistant. Of course I look out for all of you.”

“An we’re ’ere fo’ each other,” adds Jim with pride. “Ya would do da same.”

“You’re right, pal. You’re right,” I smile. “Ah~ where did you learn to drive like that, Yuuki?”

“Oh~” she giggles. “A hobby.” She blushes. “I love to drift. But I am only good with vehicles on wheels...”

“Wow! Well, nice drifts for sure!” I laugh.

“*Arigatougozaimasu*¹⁶, Kira-san,” she smiles and bows slightly.

“Now you should rest a bit, Kira-san,” tells Mitsubishi-san with a smile. “We all should let him rest, and I have a lot of paperwork to fill out for what you three rascals did,” he smirks, “but worth it.”

¹⁴ Japanese: “Phoenix, ‘non-dying-bird’”

¹⁵ Japanese: “head of family, patriarch or matriarch (gender neutral).”

¹⁶ Japanese: “Thank you.”

All laugh.

“*Ugh*... Can I stay for a bit?” Enya asks shyly.

“Sure...” I nod.

“I’ll come back later,” says Aia with a smile. “I need to lie down for a bit, I’m still exhausted.”

“Thank you again, Aia.”

“You’re welcome, Kira. Let Enya care for you a bit and get better, will you?” she says smiling while leaving with the rest.

Once the door closes, Enya embraces me gently.

“Kira... I was so afraid...” she stammers. “Afraid I won’t come back.”

“Sorry, Enya...”

“It wasn’t your fault.”

“It was... I just told a bad joke...”

“These assholes...”

“Come here...” I tell her gently while embracing her.

Our lips touch and we kiss.

As our lips part, a tear rolls down her cheek. I brush my thumb over it wiping her face dry.

“Thank you, Enya.”

“What for?” she shyly asks. “I didn’t do anything but waiting for your return.”

“For being you,” I simply answer.

“Huh?”

“I’ve dreamt of you...”

“You did?”

“And...”

“And of Aia too?” she asks with a smirk.

“Yeah,” I nod. “Sorry.”

“Why would you be sorry? I thought we have talked this through...”

“We did. Even so, I’m conflicted...”

“Your feelings?”

“Yeah...”

“Take your time, Kira. I’ll wait for you. Uh~ as long as I know you’re safe, I can wait for you.”

“Enya...”

She kisses me again and I accept her sweet kisses.

Waiting for me? Enya? Why? Why did she have to say it?

“I’ll wait till Aia and you have cleared up your relationship.”

“But not even I know—”

She brushes her fingers over my lips.

“I know, Kira. I know you are waiting for her. She needs time. But her feelings towards you are there.”

“You—”

“We talk...” she interrupts me. “She tells me a lot. We’re good friends, you know?” she smirks. “I won’t tell you our conversations, but I tell you this, she cares a lot for you. You’ll do right to await her. And I... I can’t be jealous of either of you. I love you both, equally.”

“Enya...”

“Yeah,” she purrs. “I love you, I love her. But I know that Aia isn’t interested in girls. If she did... well, I would have asked her out long ago.”

“Enya...” I blink and add, “There is a lot we don’t know about her...” I sigh.

“True...” she also sighs. “Not even Kim and Kite know much about her way of thinking. We only know that she has been verbally abused a lot, for her unknown origins.”

“That’s horrible, nobody should be exposed to that.”

“I know...” she sighs again. “She’d gone through so much shit... she won’t even talk about it. She needs a partner to whom she can open up and get all this shit out of her mind. And I’m sure that you’re the right guy for it.”

“Enya... are you sure?”

“Yeah, Kira,” she sighs. “We already have talked it through, haven’t we? Don’t answer, Kira. If we come out with our relationship before she made her mind up, she will fall into deep depression, I’m sure.”

“And you?” I ask concerned.

“I’m alright, Kira. You already give me more than I have dreamt of. This relationship we have right now is enough for me, for the time being.” She brushes a dark lock out of my face while giving me a beautiful smile. “She told me that you two sleep together sometimes, clothed,” she giggles. While I open my mouth, she brushes again over my lips silencing me. “She feels the same as I do when you spoon me, Kira. Safe. We feel safe in your arms, and that is what she really needs.”

“Safe? What kind of protection do you need?” I ask her playfully hiding my own confusion.

She smiles.

“Even if strong, we all need to feel safe, Kira. And you are one of those sources.”

“But I’m so confused...”

“Just your presence, Kira. Your kind and sincere embrace is what we need. I can’t explain it myself, but—” she bites her lips. “Remember our first trip? When visited Ahe’s place? There I told you, you have something we aliens like.”

“Yeah... I remember...”

“But that’s not the sole reason, that’s only sexual attraction. You are way more, even if you don’t see it yourself. But I can’t put it in words, it’s something deep. I don’t know if it’s unique to those who love you or applies to all... Has any other girl told you this? That they feel safe with you?”

“Not that I can remember, I mean, not with strong-willed and independent women like you. And with the other three girls I’ve slept with since I’ve

awakened, we just had a one-nighter. Without any lovey-dovey pillow talks or sleeping together.”

“Right,” Enya giggles and begins to caress my face. “Being independent and strong doesn’t mean that I seek for a bit of protection, Kira. I love it to feel safe in your arms. I love that you care for and worry about me. I am sure that Aia feels the same.

“But Aia...” she sighs. “I think even she doesn’t get her self...”

“How so?” I ask her caressing her nape and back.

“Saying it bluntly... sometimes she acts like a pubescent teen, with her hormones and thoughts all over the place, and is just as confused and confusing as such. I know, I went through that too... but I was thirteen, and she’s twenty-eight. I don’t get it. In some things, she’s way maturer than me, but dealing with relationships, she’s completely immature.”

“You’ve told me something...”

“Yeah, on our first trip together, right?” I nod. “I felt so down that time, when Aia told me that she has a crush on you,” she giggles. “The way she told me, was the same as when my girlfriends told me their crushes when we were teens. Giggling, blushing, exaggerating and such. Actually, she did that every time she had a crush on some guy. But this time, with you, it was extreme...”

“Really?”

“Yes, you dummy,” she giggles then makes a serious face. “If she didn’t have this *problem* of hers, she surely would have been all over you and you would already know where things stand. And...” she smirks lusciously, “you surely would have slept together.”

“I don’t know if that would have fixed anything...” I sigh.

“Huh?” She blinks thrice. “How so, Kira?”

“I mean... I’m so unstable right now, feelings-wise. I could have ended with just a one-nighter...”

“Shit... you’re right, Kira.” She keeps caressing my face. From time to time I flinch when she touches one of the brushes, despite her gentleness. “Perhaps...”

“Perhaps I need it too...” I sigh.

“Huh? Why?”

“To change... from what I was...”

“Change? Changes are difficult...” she sighs.

“They are. But I want to change some stuff. I did...” I sigh deeply closing my eyes and opening them again. “I did some not-so-nice things to girls in the past.”

“You did?” she almost shouts surprised. “But you’re so nice to me...”

“Of course, you’re special,” I smile.

Enya lies into my arm at my side, trying to avoid my bruises, and begins to purr.

“Special?” she purrs erotically.

“Yeah. Of course you are not the first... I mean... I tried to be nice to every girl. But I broke too many hearts.”

“Is that all?” she asks baffled.

“Not everyone is as open as you, Enya.”

“Right... but...”

“The *legends* of being a womanizer is quite true, in the sense that I’ve slept with many. I had many lovers at once all the time, well, there was one time I had only one.”

“Meaning, when they found out, they went crazy...”

“Yeah... even if I’ve told them what I am... I couldn’t hold back when a sexy girl crossed my path.”

“But... since you’ve awakened...”

“I’ve only slept with three girls and I have our relationship.”

“Shit... that’s a huge change...”

“Yeah.”

“No wonder your mental image is in disarray...”

“You can say that...”

“Isn’t it taking a toll on you?”

“I don’t know...” I sigh embracing her tighter. “But... something strange is happening...”

“Strange?”

“Yeah... I don’t get hard anymore when seeing a sexy ass or nice tits...”

“What? But you’re always hard around me...”

“You and Aia...”

“Really?”

“Yeah... each time I see you, you don’t even have to flirt... And when I see Aia, more so when at home where she doesn’t wear much clothes. At first, I thought it’s only because of her being topless around home, but...”

“It happens even if not...”

“Yeah... it depends on the moment of course. I mean—”

“I get it, Kira,” she giggles. “You don’t get hard out of nowhere. Are you getting hard now?” she purrs sultry.

“With you in my arms? Always...” I smirk.

“Be right back, darling~” she purrs and disappears under the sheets.

“Oh, shit... Enya...” I moan.

Suddenly, the door opens.

“How’re ya, Kira?”

Shiiit!! Jim!!

I feel Enya twitch and making herself small between my legs. Luckily, I had my knees bent creating a hiding tent for her.

“Oh~ Heh, Jim,” I say trying to sound normal.

“Feelin’ better?” he asks.

“Somewhat... but drowsy... and feeling funny...”

“Da drugs do strange stuff, right, pal?”

“Yeaaaah~”

“Yer alright?” he asks concerned.

“All right~”

Damn! Enya! Stop!

“Anyways, jus’ checkin’ on ya. By da way? Seen Enya?”

Fucking Enya! Don’t!

“Uuugh~ Just missed her~ Jim...”

“Damn... wanted to ask ’er out...” he laughs. Don’t say that now, Jim. She’s next to... I bite my lips to not to moan.

“Yer sweatin’... need somethin’?”

“Just some sleep...”

“Okay, be back later. Take care.”

“Thanks, Jim...”

The door closes...

“Damn you, Enya...” I sigh lifting the bed sheets.

“Huh? Wasn’t it fun?” she smirks coyly. “You surely didn’t go limp...”

“Enya...” I sigh still aroused.

“Let me continue then,” she grins erotically.

“Was fun,” she giggles licking her lips. “And surely better sedative than any drug, right?”

“Yeah...” I manage to say drowsy. “And you?”

“You can give it back next time we meet,” she smirks then gives me a peck.

“See you~” she sings happily and turns to the door.

⋮

“Kira...”

“Hmmm?” I blink, I must have dozed off.

“The doctor gave you the all-clear,” tells Aia happily. “We can go home.”

“Great...” I sigh in relief.

“Come, let me help you.”

“I’m okay, Aia. I was beaten up, not disabled.”

“Okay,” she smiles. “The doctor has given me ointments and instructions. So don’t worry, you’ll be back on track in a few days. Ah, yeah, here’s your stuff.”

“Thank you, Aia. Could you rest a bit?”

“Yeah, no problem. I got my share of rest,” she giggles. “Ready? Great, let’s go.”

“Uh~ Where’s my Falcon?”

“Oh, yeah... At Kim and Kite’s place. They have to patch it up a bit. Nothing big, just some bullet holes...” she pokes her tongue out.

“Bullet holes?” I flip out.

“Yeah, don’t worry. They got stuck in the outer fuselage, none penetrated the cabin.”

I sigh in relief as we reach her red sportster.

.

Finally home... yeah, *home*. I said it.

Before anything else, I visit the bathroom to have a nice shower. Once finished, I put on a fresh pair of underpants and a wardrobe, just as Aia instructed. She has to apply the ointment on my almost uncountable bruises.

“You good?” she asks me sitting on the already extended sofa bed.

“Yeah,” I merely say trying not to ogle over her half-naked body.

“Lie face down, I’ll have first a look at your back.”

“Okay.”

I do as she instructed and she begins to apply the ointment on my bruises. That feels good, even if it stings from time to time.

“Does it hurt?” she asks sweetly.

“Not much... not anymore... it did when you found me.”

“You sure are resilient. Ah~”

“I’m thinking the same,” I sigh. She surely remembered the first time she had to patch me up.

“Don’t worry about it right now, Kira. I’m done. Let’s wait for some minutes, then we’ll do the front.”

“I can do that myself.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll do it.”

“If you insist.”

“I do,” she giggles.

I can’t say ‘no’ to her...

I lie on my back and Aia begins to treat my face carefully applying the ointment.

“Your poor face...” she sighs. “At least you won’t have permanent injuries.”

“Thanks to you...”

“Oh, you,” she blushes and giggles. “I’ll do my best.”

I try to keep my eyes on the ceiling lamp. It’s damn difficult not to look into her beautiful face nor down at her tits.

“Finished up here, now your chest...”

As careful as before, she anoints my injuries with different ointments. But every now and then she adds an erotic twist to her *caresses*. Each time she notices she blushes and goes back to her medical care.

Reaching the lower belly she notices the effect of her caresses in my underpants.

“Oh... is this because of me?” she whispers with a hint of eroticism.

“Sorry...”

“Don’t be, it’s natural,” she smiles.

She goes on but seems she cannot avoid casting some glances at my bulge. Unsure what to say, I keep silent.

After finishing with my arms and legs, she asks first to lie on my right side, then on my left to reach the bruises left to treat.

As I lie on my left side, she lies down behind me and embraces me, pressing herself me.

“Aia?”

“Good to have you back, Kira,” she sighs and presses her tits against my back.

“Yeah, good to be back,” I tell her holding her hand on my chest.

“Can we stay a bit this way?”

“Sure.”

⋮

I blink, I must have dozed off again. Aia’s regular breath in my neck confirms she must have fallen asleep too as is spooning me.

I glance over at the window, it’s already getting dark outside.

Aia... you are doing so much for me... I... I won’t say it... not now...

I fall into a calming dream in Aia’s arms.



To be continued in:
SpaceHighway ~ A18 ~ Cargo 55: The Voyager

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