

Writefag's and Editorfag's  
Inseparable Adversaries

An incapacitated Shear lies before you, and would be the last chore of your job for today. You hold your shotgun in one hand and press the muzzle of it up against the head of the Shear. You turn your head to look away, and pinch your nose with your other hand as you begin to pull the trigger. The gun goes off, punching a hole in the skull of the Shear with a loud bang. You tap the Shear in the eye with your boot to make sure it was dead. To your relief, it is no longer living, and you could finally go home now. You swing the shotgun around over your shoulder as you turn around and walk away from the body. As you depart from your last kill of the day, you take a quick look around to make sure the surroundings are safe. Wouldn't want to get killed on your way home. Seeing nothing threatening nearby, you decide that it is safe, you continue to walk out of the forest. As you emerge from the treeline onto a plain, you could hear the distant moans of a Wraith.

The moan sends a shiver up your spine as you hear it. You shoulder your gun and start looking around for a Wraith, knowing they are threats at any distance due to their speed. You remember the reports of encounters. A fellow hunter was dismembered in a matter of seconds after encountering one, and another local was eaten at the spot, leaving a bloody mess that took weeks to clean up. You certainly didn't want to be next on that list, as you tense up, ready to fire. A rustling could be heard coming from the forest behind you, and you quickly turn around to meet a speeding Wraith. Before you could act, let alone, pull a six pound trigger over the distance of a half centimeter, the Wraith snatches you up off of the ground, and runs off with her catch.

The Wraith enters a nearby cave, which isolates you from the outside, at the mercy of the Wraith. The Wraith then deposits you onto the solid cave floor, causing you to land on your spine. A glimpse shows the moonlit outlines of the Wraith, giving you an idea of the sheer size and proportions of the beast above you. The Wraith then starts to lower herself down, closer to you. Fearing the worst, you try to curl up into a fetal position, only to be undone by a group of tentacles that rectify your limbs in an opposite orientation.

The Wraith's jaws then open up, and move towards your chest, expelling her humid breath all over your body. Knowing you have no hope of escaping at this point, you close your eyes, and wait for the inevitable to happen, almost wishing as the lingering Wraith were to hurry up. However, an unexpected feeling at your member catches you by surprise. You crack an eye open to see the Wraith, with a long forked tongue stretched out of her maw. One fork was wrapped around your shaft, stroking up and down, as the other side of the fork was stimulating your sack. As you saw the Wraith before you, pleasuring you with her tongue, you start to harden.

As your member grew, you then noticed her mouth, lined with sharp teeth, a deal breaker. Before you could wince at the thought, the Wraith suddenly changed her approach. Her hips moved up towards your prick as her head withdrew from the area. Drops of feminine excitement dripped slowly from her cunt onto your rod, being suspended by thin strings of the liquid. In no time, the nether lips of the Wraith descend upon your shaft, sucking it inside of her depths.

As she bottomed out on you, you could feel your hips under pressure as her entire weight rests on your pelvis, causing the breath to be knocked out of you. It seemed so wrong to you, but your member though otherwise, only getting harder as a response to the tightening grip of the Wraith's snatch.

The Wraith then raised up her hips, trying to pull you up by your member, which only slipped away from the lubricants. Suddenly, the Wraith then landed back on you again, making your pelvis flex, sending signals of pain up your spine. Not wanting to lose your ability to walk again, you decide to save your hips by giving the Wraith what she wants. The Wraith draws back up your length again, and as she descends, you thrust your hips upwards in attempt to keep yourself from slamming into the ground again. You meet her at the center, and you save your pelvis in the process.

Wanting to get this over quickly, you continue this pattern, thrusting hard into her as she drops down onto you. As you pound her depths, the Wraith lets out moans of pleasure, letting you know that you are doing a good job. You decide to speed up your thrusting into the Wraith, only to find that she has the same idea as you.

In a matter of minutes, you can feel the Wraith encroach on orgasm. You try your best to hold back, so you can finally finish her without cumming first, which would be a defeat on your part. The Wraith's pussy starts to pulse around

your cock as she is at borderline orgasm. The waves are almost too much for you, as the feeling of her spasming pussy feels almost too good to be true. You give it your best, it is either do or die at this point as you thrust harder into her for your last few moments. Before your eyes, the Wraith arches backwards, and lets out a long, ear splitting screech. The powerful orgasmic sensations running through her cause her cloaking reflex to improperly trigger, causing her skin and scales to illuminate a multitude of colors. Her pussy clamps down on your dick, and sucks you in with all it's might, causing you to unload buckets into her depths. Her pussy sucks the load right out of you, milking you for every drop you have.

Her body then tenses up as your orgasm edges away. You are too dazed to notice her movement, as she collapses onto you, knocking the air out of your chest yet again. The Wraith's scaly body that is now draped over your own, depriving you of oxygen, causing you to pass out under her in the cave.

#####

Rays of light pierce your eyelids, projecting red blurs into your sight. You don't know where you are exactly, maybe in a dream? You feel a compression around your chest, but you feel immobile. Wanting to get some idea about where you are, you decide having a look around would be your only option. You squeeze your eyelids hard, blocking out the light, then open them up to the outside. The light shocks your retinas, causing you to squint so your eyes can adjust. When you come to, you look around to get an idea where you might be. You find yourself in the clutches of the Wraith, holding you snugly against her chest. You must be dreaming right now, you are sure to be at home, as most days go according to the plan. You bite your tongue, expecting to not feel a thing, but instead you feel pain, confirming that your situation, is in fact, not a dream.

Your sudden realization of your situation snaps you fully awake. You decide the only thing you could do now was try to wiggle free of her grasps, assuming that she was out and in a deeper sleep. You try pushing out your arms, but her clutch is too tight around you. You decide to try twisting at your torso and waist, to break free from the static friction of her skin and twist your way to freedom. However, the very moment you turn your chest, the Wraith reinforces her hold on you, bringing you closer to her, secured in her grasp, rendering your efforts futile. Her deep breaths could be felt through your body, as her grip tightened and loosened as she respired softly. You can hear her teeth, right within earshot, click a little bit against each other, then return to her usual state of the moment. With nowhere to go, the only thing you have left to do is examine your overly attached prison.

You don't have the best view of her entire figure, but can make out some minor details. Her scaly body has a dark, diffused surface with a subtle gloss to it, giving it a board and soft shine that was not so imposing, which was also broken up by minor imperfections and patterns. It felt rather flexible and elastic as you lightly pushed against it, like a thick hide that was rather durable on the outside, but still flexible enough to contour to her body curves and allow her to move with ease. It was all sort of fascinating, seeing one up close that wasn't a dead lab sample, but the real thing.

You then evaluated her state and your own. She was still alive, as were you. She could have eviscerated you in your sleep, but she didn't. She kept you alive. Her back faced towards the cave entrance, and the way she held you, obscured you, as if she was trying to hide or protect you like some kind of valuable investment. But why didn't she just dispose of you after taking you? You wondered if even aliens like her could have some sort of social values, in this case, it would be loyalty or dedication. These thoughts made you feel a little more comfortable around her, causing you to relax a little bit. Your looseness was rectified by more tightness from her, depriving you of oxygen required for you to stay awake. You slip out of consciousness and fall back to sleep within her rather comfy confines.

#####

You quietly slip back into consciousness again, thanks to an uncomfortable posture. Your back aches against a cold and hard cave floor, no longer in the confines of the Wraith, while humid and musky air pulses onto your face. Your eyes spring open to see the head of Wraith hanging right above your own. Your eyes slam shut at the anticipation of what will happen next. Maybe they weren't as smart or social as you hoped for them to be. Maybe you were wrong. You feared that the worst would happen, that it would follow its primal instincts, and just maybe, it is hungry right now. You shield your face with your hands and turn your head over as she lowers her head.

You feel something wet glide across your head, causing you to tense up, grinding your teeth at what could only

happen next. You feel a slight nibble, but then, the Wraith withdrew. Your left eye springs wide open, only to see the Wraith still hovering above you. As you lay frozen in position, the Wraith walks away from you, with haste. You put your hands back down, and sit up, only to see the Wraith walk out of the cave and into the sunlight.

You are not sure how to interpret what she just did to you. You reach up and run a finger through your hair, feeling for any damages she could of done from the nibble. Miraculously, your head was in good shape as you withdrew your finger. You looked at your finger, coated with the Wraith's dribble. Rubbing it between your thumb and index fingers, you contemplate on what just happened. Was it some sort of social interaction? An attempt to communicate? Relief rushes over you as you eliminate all other possibilities, knowing that the Wraith is far beyond primal instincts when it comes to intelligence. It wasn't going to eat you after all, but you still aren't 100% certain about what her action meant. As you wipe you fingers off on your pants, you can hear the Wraith return, as if she expected you not to leave.

You look at the Wraith, eying a creature, hanging dead in her mouth. She moves on over towards you, and releases the limp body, landing in front of you with a thud. The meat looked raw, and knowing the kinds of things that live here, you did not want to take any chances with uncooked flesh. You look through your bag, under the watch of the Wraith, to see if you could find anything useful. You pull out a couple of items, a folding saw, and a lighter. You stand up, and set the lighter on the ground, while clipping the folding saw to your belt, next to your pistol. You stretch out your legs as you walk towards the exit of the cave, out to look for some firewood. Before you leave, you hear the Wraith pitch a wine at you when you near the exit. You look back at the Wraith, and then face the outside again. You crouch and move slowly, hoping the Wraith interprets you actions correctly, as you do intend to return, as she did for you.

You lay prone in the grass with a pair of binoculars in hand, scanning the surroundings for anything that might be a threat to you. Mainly hunters and other monsters that could be out and about in the forest. You spot a fallen tree within walking distance of the cave. Far enough to where it wouldn't attract attention to the cave if anyone noticed the tree being cut up for firewood. You quickly and quietly make your way over to the fallen tree to see if it is suitable for firewood. You run your saw through it and get a feeling of the saw dust. The wood is dry, and rather hard, so it hasn't started to rot yet. You smell the wood for a little bit, to make sure it isn't something poisonous. It seemed okay to use.

You cut off some select branches off of the fallen tree, looking over your shoulder every once and a while to make sure your aren't being watched or anything. You stuff what you can under your arms, and make way back to the cave with your firewood. When you walk back into the cave, the Wraith takes immediate notice, and starts to squeak. You head down and dump the wood next to your equipment you left behind, and look for some rocks in the cave to make a fire pit out of. You pick up some decent sized stones, and arranged them in a circle, making a makeshift pit.

You begin to stack firewood in a cone-like orientation to make a starter fire, and place the lighter next to the stack of kindling. You then turn to the carcass, and look for some fleshy areas to cut out and cook. You pull out your knife, and prepare by shaving and sharpening some sticks, to use them as crude spits. You place them next to you as start to peel back areas of the creature's hide, cutting at the membrane that bonds the hide to the flesh carefully, trying to avoid making holes in the hide that could get hair on the meat. Once fully exposed, you only guess what kind of areas you cut out for meat, and start to remove bits of flesh from the bone, and fix them to your sharpened sticks. Once you think you have enough meat, you jammed the spits into the rocks of the rings, holding the flesh above where the fire would be.

You take the lighter and ignite it after a few tries, and move it towards the starter firewood, letting the flame lick the wood. The cone lit up quickly, throwing up a spray of embers and making some popping noises. The Wraith was alarmed at the fire, and snatched you, holding you up high in her chest, away from the fire. You look at the little fire, and realize it must of spooked her. As she holds you, you can hear her heart beat quickly, and feel her body shake nervously. You slip one of you arms free, and reach up, stroking her head in attempt to comfort her. After a few minutes, the fire starts to die and you are loosing your window to build it up to cook, so you do your best to calm her down as quickly as possible.

Thankfully, she stops shaking and lets you go. You head over to the fire, and carefully palace a bigger log onto what is left of the starting fire. You wait for the log to get a steady start, and position the spits so they hang just over the fire. You manipulate the fire a little bit, showing to the Wraith that you can handle it properly, and that there is nothing she should be afraid of. You sit there and listen to the meats cook over the pit, while the Wraith still sat idle behind you, withdrawn from the fire.

Once the cuts looked about done, you did your best to quietly put out the fire, reducing it to a partially burned log and a pile of ash. You started eat from the sticks, followed by the Wraith dragging the rest of the corpse to her. You watched her eat as you ate, noticing she made minimal mess of what could have been a big one, trying to keep herself clean. As you finish up, you toss the sticks onto the burned pile of wood, and walk over towards the Wraith. The wraith is sitting down, back against the cave wall. You sit down in front of her, lean against her, knowing nothing bad will happen to you without a reasonable doubt. As you sit there, you think about your relationship with the Wraith, and how it could drastically impact your life. You figure you could probably last if you continued what you were doing, and build up a stable relationship. As that goes through your mind, she wraps an arm around you. You do the same, figuring out she has very similar intentions. This could be worthwhile for you two.

About a month later...

You are laying down, back pressed up against the wraith, like you would be on so many evenings. You've isolated yourself pretty well from the rest of the world. Remembering parts of the contract you signed up for, you may as well be dead, because the company policy says so. But the times have not been so harsh. Maybe you should stay dead for the record. You don't need them any more, and they don't care about you. You are expendable to them.

You have become much more familiar with the Wraith over the past handful of weeks that have gone by. You can also tell she is adjusting to you as well. You have pretty much settled down with her, and are almost inseparable in some occasions. You never could understood why she protects you so much. You are not her pet and are perfectly capable of doing all the daily tasks she is capable of doing. Logically, there is absolutely no reason for her to keep you under these circumstances, but something must be different. You look up at the Wraith's head, and pat her on the back. Thankful that the unlikely relationship is working smoothly. Then, something catches your attention, at the bottom of your eyesight.

You look down, and notice something different. There is a bulge in her midsection, one you don't really recall being there distinctively until now. You put your hand over the bulge, and get a feel for what it could be. It kept its shape, and felt a little hard. The Wraith notices you and picks you up, bringing you much closer to the bulge. You press your ear against it. That's when you realize why she has been defending you, why she has been staying with you for the entire time. A second heartbeat, one you helped make on the first day you met her.

You know it is your doing, because you were the only one with her for the past month. This, however, does not deter you at all. You want to be with her, you care about this Wraith. You want to see this through to the end. You wrap your arms around the Wraith, and try to hug her. To tell her you will not be going anywhere. You think she got the message when she hugged you as well, with the addition of a sloppy nibble on your head. She is not going anywhere either.

A couple of weeks later...

Your relationship seems to be going a new direction. And not the one you want either. You are now seeing the Wraith having incidences, of what you could only describe as mood swings. Some days she is happy, and the others, she is agitated, and quite possibly dangerous. Today was one of those days. Your Wraith was doing what she normally does when upset, sitting in the corner and hissing or chittering. You can't let this ruin your relationship, you got to do something to fix it. Break the cycle of mood swings would be an excellent start. And it starts today. You don't want any more distance to divide the two of you any more.

You approached the chittering wreck sitting in the corner, slowly, but loud enough to let her know you are coming. You got very closer to her, a new record. You slowly stuck out you hand and placed it on the back of her, You figured a little scratch would calm her down. You thought wrong. An adverse reaction came out of the Wraith, as she spun around, deploying her various spines and scythes she had, that you thought would never be used against you. You stumbled, and did your best to remain on your two feet as you faced the Wraith, looking into her.

The Wraith went silent, and froze still. You freeze as well, trying to anticipate what would happen next. The Wraith's jaws started to visibly shake, and she fell on to the floor. She then emitted a whine that was unpleasant to listen to. You wanted to comfort her, so you took a step forwards, only to be answered by the retreat of the Wraith. She doesn't want your comforting, she wants you away from her. Knowing how she was overly protective of you in the past, against all

threats, you can only guess that she sees herself as a threat at this time. She knew she would probably kill you if she didn't restrain herself.

But you still loved her too, and wanted to show that to her, even if she might snap and kill you. You couldn't comfort her physically, so you had to think of something? Maybe she just needed something to eat. To cool off the fire she had pent up inside her. Not hunting out of fear that it might backfire on you. You decide you should probably go out and get something for her. You take your shotgun, some buckshot and slugs, and leave the cave. Something big would do nicely, if you could find something. You spot a narrow trail on the ground, littered with hoof prints. You crouch down and look at the print. It was pretty big and deep. You feel the print and find it a little moist. Something big came through here recently.

You quietly follow the trail, staying in the brush far from it as you walked up it's direction. Each step you take forwards in another step you have to take back, dragging big game with you. After a mile of walking, you finally found the source. A large ungulate looking alien was drinking at a concealed water hole, alone. You move closer to the trail, and hide behind a tree. You turn the safety of the gun off, ready to fire a slug at the pull of the trigger. You crouch down and pick up a rock. You toss it up into the air, well above the animal, and it lands a few yards away from it's face.

Alarmed, the animal rears up, and turns around, and runs right towards the trail, right into your planned ambush. You point at where you guess it's heart will be when it passes, and put your finger on the trigger. The animal comes through, and bucks the tip of your shotgun with it's head, causing it to go off, propelling the slug into it's spine instead. The animal collapses instantly. You approach the body, and pick it up, not even thinking about at least draining the blood first to lighten the load. You then drag the huge animal by it's rear legs back home.

After an exhausting trip back, you still see the Wraith on the ground, having not moved an inch or stopped whining. You drag the game over to her and push it close enough to her so she didn't have to get up and walk to take it. The Wraith looks over her shoulder unto you and your kill. She sees that you went out of your way to get something that big for her. You lift up your arms at the animal, and drop them back down to your sides, trying to tell her that is all for her.

You turn around and walk away, hoping that she understood your gesture, and so she could eat it as well. There was silence in the cave, only broken by your boot as you walked through the cave, pitching an echo all around. You then hear a whoosh, as you are lifted off the ground by the Wraith. The Wraith hugs you tight, and you guess she finally understood now. After a tight squeeze, she put you back down. You noticed your eyes were level with her midsection, the bump right in your face. You extend your arm out to the Wraith, and give her a scratch.

You looked back at the bulge, and something came over you. This was just the start, the start of your new life. You have gotten accustom to it already. The die has been cast, and this bulge, will be the first step taken into our new lives. You pat your future, one last time, and the Wraith turns back to your offering. Looking at her eat it makes you wish you got something for yourself as well. But you don't have anyone inside you to feed.

Some months pass by...

A warmth against your arm slowly wakes you. You crack open your eye, to see sunlight gracing your arm, creating a gilded glare, making your pupils shrink. It was morning, and that means it was time to get back to work. Back outside to get breakfast. You wake up, laying next to your Wraith, still deep in her sleep. You look at her and her form, which has changed over the past months. Well, a lot of her has changed. The bulge at her midsection has turned from a hump to a large ball, and her breasts have also gone up a couple of sizes as well. Ever since you started hunting, you have also managed to appease her episodes by a great deal. They have pretty much stopped at this point, and you are glad things can get back to normal, whatever normal may be in this kind of situation. You are still pleased, as it has been going rather smoothly, despite being disconnected from the rest of the world, with her and this cave the only thing you have in your life.

You give your limbs a good stretch out for the morning hunt, reliving your muscles and joints of their aches they got from sleeping on a hard cave floor. You sit up and look at your sleeping Wraith. She lets out a little groan and rolls over, with no desire to wake up or do anything. You were going to get some wood, but you now also have to catch something to eat as well, no big deal, you would have to pack your shotgun as well. You stand up, and walk over to your pack, but something about the Wraith in the corner of your eye catches your attention. You look back at the Wraith, to notice that

she is now sitting up, head turned towards you. He jaw was relaxed, with an expressionless face above it, which turned around to face her side. Before you could go back to see if everything was okay, the Wraith then settled back down, and returned to her sleeping position.

Before you could reach over and open up your pack, the Wraith springs back into life, letting out a high pitched, sustained squeak. The Wraith then moved quickly to you from across the cave, snatching you up in her arms, squeezing you against the top of her midsection. You did nothing in her arms, remaining motionless, as you assumed that her mood swings may have returned. She held you for about a minute, doing nothing to you relief, nothing but hugging you. You then felt a sudden shift in your body. You did your best to interpret the shift, as movement coming from inside her midsection. It made some more movement, reaffirming you belief.

Still grasping you in her clutches, the Wraith let out another squeak. The thought of the creation inside of her made you silent. Seeing it grow over the pasts months, knowing you did this. The feeling made you happy. You did your best to look up at the Wraith, to find her looking down to you. The Wraith then elevates you, and puts a slobbery nibble on the top of your head. You kiss her back, to the best of your ability, allowed by her tight constriction. As you concluded, you could hear a growling coming from below you, emitted by her stomach. The Wraith followed up with an even higher squeak. You remembered she was about empty this time of day, and you should probably get going to prepare something. If only she would let go of you.

More months pass by...

Your vision starts to go red as you can feel some warmth radiating onto your face. Must be the morning sun coming in from the east, penetrating the forest canopy and cave entrance, just to hit your face. You squeeze down your eyelids tight, then slowly release, opening them up. Your retinas shrink as flare from the sun, and glare from the cave floor are the only things you can make out, after being in a dark cave for so long. You try to shift your body, only to find one of your Wraith's tentacles holding you close to her, with a relaxed grip. You don't feel like moving, so you decide to stay put, and wander your eyes among the cave.

You look around to look where you would normally keep your food, only to find that the spot was bare. You had to fill it back up, as it wasn't going to do so itself. You decide it would be best to go out hunting and fulfill your responsibility. As comfortable as you feel, and as much as you don't want to do anything right now but rest, you use your arms to lift up the Wraith's appendage, and roll over onto your back. Your start to slide yourself back, pushing at the floor with your feet, and free yourself from her grasp.

You stand up, and reach up for the ceiling, stretching out your limbs before your hunting trip. You walk over towards your pack, to collect some gear before you embark on your trip out. As you go through you bag to collect some equipment, you hear movement behind you. Your turn your head over to the Wraith, who has now just woken up. The Wraith extends herself lengthwise, stretching her body out after a period of sleep. The light coming in from the entrance of the cave causes the contour of the Wraith to light up with a slight glare, highlighting her general form. As you observe, you notice that her belly is merely inches away from the ground. The reminder of the bonding and commitment between the two of you.

The Wraith, finishes up, slowly. She stands upright, dragging her limbs behind her as she moves toward you, as if they were made of lead. You couldn't blame her though, as she has seemed awfully tired for the past few weeks. Tired because she has gotten less sleep every day. Must of been from the baby in her, which has been in her for quite a while now. Every now and then you would predict when the baby would be born, as you had no idea how long she is supposed to hold a baby in her. You make your new prediction, the same one as last time: Soon.

She finally finishes walking over to you, and picks you up, putting an end to your speculations about her. She squeezes you again with a tight hug, pinning you against her. As she hugs you, you give her scales a little scratch with your free arm. You manage to work yourself up her body, and give her a kiss between her mandibles. She eventually lest go of you, allowing you to continue what you started. You gather the rest of your equipment for hunting, and walk over to the cave entrance.

Out in the forest, you trek off to where you normally hunt. The trail was long, and the day was only going to get

hotter as the sun warmed up the atmosphere. You arrived at a tree with several grooves you cut into it, and begin to scale the tree. Once you are about 25 feet up, you crawl onto a branch, and take out some harness webbing. You fix yourself to the branch of the tree, and lay down, facing the canopy. Giving your body a quick shift, your harness lets you slide around the tree branch, causing you to hang from the branch, suspended by the webbing, facing down. You pull out your shotgun, and wrap the sling around your head so it doesn't fall out. You then clip the shotgun to webbing going across your chest, holding it in place. Now the waiting begins.

A couple of hours pass...

A noise in the brush catches your attention. About time something showed up. You detach your shotgun from your chest, and prepare to shoot something that is heading your way. You set your gaze upon a rather large meal, with four hooves. You can only estimate that it weighs about 200 pounds, and possibly 8 years old. You freeze your position, holding still as best as you can, waiting for the animal to pass under you. It doesn't seem to notice you, to your relief, and places you out of its line of sight. You sling your shotgun quietly around, and point straight at its neck. You squeeze the trigger, causing the spine of the animal to shatter, dropping on the spot. You do your best to sling the shotgun over your back, and grab hold onto a limb.

You undo the webbing, causing the harness to plummet to the ground as you hang on to the branch. You make your way back to the makeshift ladder engraved in the trunk, and quickly scale down the tree. You pick the harness back up, and store it away. As the animal lay on the ground, you approach it, pulling out your knife. You kneel next to the chest of the animal, and position the knife right above its heart. A quick jab punctures the heart, and the other side of the chest, causing the blood to drain out, which is less weight you have to carry back with you.

A large puddle forms underneath the animal, and you decide to drag it on home. You sling it over your back, and hold on to the front legs, holding it like you would a backpack. A heavy one indeed. You start off back home, walking at a slower pace from the extra burden. As you drag it back, you hear a very familiar shriek in the distance, the shriek of your Wraith. Echoing through the wilderness. Instinctively, you drop the animal and start sprinting back home. Could this be the day, the day the other hunters found her? The day that has lingered in the back of your head for some time?

The fear consumes you as another shriek echoed through your skull, causing your heart to pound against your chest, beating at lightspeed. As you approach the entrance, you pull out your shotgun, and brace yourself for what fight you may engage in. You bust right into the cave, the shock from light to dark making it hard to see as you scan the room for the glowing lights of intruding hunters. A smell of spilled blood hits your nose, could you have been too late? You didn't hear any gunshots, so she must be still alive, she has to be there.

As you scan, your eyes pick up a large shape in the corner, that you make out to be the Wraith. No intruders to be found. You sling the shotgun back over your shoulder, relief rushing over you. Your heart slows down, and you finally focus. You hear a quiet squeaking noise, echoing through the cave. As your eyes adjust, you can make out that she is clutching something in her arms, obscured by her tentacles. You stand still, wondering if this could be it? The shotgun strap slides off your shoulder, causing the gun to fall to the ground. Could this be the day you have been waiting for?

The Wraith lets out a chirp, calling you over to her. You walk on over to see the Wraith as she unravels some of her tentacles, revealing her possession. In her arms, lie the source of the squeaking, a newborn Wraith. You get closer to examine the newborn. You look at the newborn the best you can, noticing that it's a girl. She was about the same size as you, dwarfed by the size of her mother. You get down on a knee to look at her closer. She looks a lot like her mother, spare for a couple of details. Her head lacked mandibles that noticeably extruded outwards, she had a splash of orange on her, going from her neck and ending at the bottom of her chest, her hand had an extra digit attached, totaling in four fingers and a thumb.

You lean in towards your creation, and plant a kiss on her head, calming her squeaking down. You look up to your wraith, who has been watching over the both of you in solitude. You reach over to her and give her a hug on her shoulder, which was answered by a nibble on the head from her. As you embrace her, you slip out a quiet, "I love you." to the Wraith.

As you remain in the cave with your Wraith and newborn daughter, visions of the past with your lover start to form before your eyes. The unlikely circumstances at which you met up until now, the bonding and the love you shared,

you never felt so happy. This right now is only the beginning, as you are ready to enter the next stage, to let the wondrous chapter unfold. A glimmer of hope puts a sparkle in your eye. You wouldn't want it any other way. You are alive.