

Twenty - Snake



"This is not a vacation, Carlos," Landon griped.

The Latino snorted while walking away from a hologram of an exotic dancer. He waved a dismissive hand at Landon, the blond leading him back onto the busy sidewalk. "Yeah, yeah. Doesn't mean I can't look, though." Carlos said, a smirk

on his lips. Four days had passed since Ashaki had been on the planet. Kade had ordered Carlos and Landon to set down on New Vegas and survey the situation, and they had been spent investigating the many businesses that Ashaki Sawyer had made purchases. No corner was

le unturned as they followed Ashaki's trail. Now, it was the evening and the city was becoming a gleaming sea of di erent colored neon and holographic advertisements a er the sun fell beneath the horizon So far they hadn't seen any sign of the Yautja's presence. The hotel

she was staying in was tight on security, which made it currently impossible to go inside and snatch Ashaki. They were considering using the drop ship to stampede the penthouse patio, but 'tight on security' meant the hotel employed a new technology that prevented air space interference. An antenna would send a small-scale EMP that would knock out the electrical system of a ship. Going up the elevator was out of the question as entry was relegated to a single elevator tethered to thumbprint activation of the person staying in the room. Landon and Carlos stayed on patrol, hoping to catch her out on the street. It would be much easier to whisk her away in a dark alley than going through the trouble of breaking into the Penthouse.

Plus, without the Yautja's presence, their job would be less dangerous than they expected. For all they knew, the Yautja had let her go! Finally, they could catch her and bring her to that deranged scientist, Donna. Then they could move on to another bounty and shed this shit one like water o a duck's back, which everyone was

eager to do. a Carlos was especially growing tired of hunting this woman. It was impeding his own social life.

"She sure is enjoyin' her shoppin' spree." Landon said, stopping to peer at a window display of di erent sweets. He narrowed his eyes slightly, his features pinching together in frustration before continuing his quick pace.

"She still has all that money The Company gave her. If they wanted to turn around and kidnap her, maybe they should've been less forthcoming with the payout to her debit card." Carlos held back his complaints on how rigid his job was, choosing to see the internally. Some people had all the luck.

Unlike Ashaki Sawyer, he couldn't flit around space doing whatever he wanted. He had to make a living so he could spoil his girlfriend. It was the least he could do, especially when his job wasn't always the safest one for a space faring man.

Carlos and Landon ducked into a little store that Ashaki had last visited according to her recent transaction history. They had been tracking her expenses around the city.

Inside they were surrounded by pungent, strong spices that mingled in the air from the many shelves lined with various herbs and seasonings. It was warmly lit and had just one customer perusing a shelf in the back.

"Welcome!" greeted the cashier, a balding man in his forties with dark eyes and a prosthetic hand, waving at Carlos and Landon. "If you need assistance, I'll be happy to help!"

Landon passed a look to Carlos and gestured to the cashier with his hand. Together they approached the wooden counter.

"Actually you can," Carlos smirked. He set his pistol on the counter with a thumpand made eye contact with the clerk, reading the name 'Ashe P.' on his name tag. "Ashe, buddy boy, we're looking for someone."

Ashe's eyes slid to the weapon and back up to Carlos and Landon. Apprehension twisted his face and sweat beaded down his temple. "W-What do they look like?"

Landon held up his tablet showing the picture of Ashaki to Ashe. "This is her. We need to find her ASAP." Explained Carlos, leaning forward to set his elbows on the counter. "It's important we find her. Her life is in danger."

"Yeah, so we need your help in tellin' us where she last went...or what direction she headed in." Added Landon, putting away the tablet in his backpack.

Ashe's dark eyes switched back and forth between them. He was quiet for a few moments before he spoke up, his voice shaking. "I want no trouble, okay?" He started, holding his hands up in a placating manner. "She was here an hour ago talking about stocking up on spices. Said something about cooking for her boyfriend."

Her what.thought Carlos. a Carlos and Landon both looked at each other in surprise. As far as they knew...Ashaki Sawyer was single, so there was no way she was with anyone. The Latino shelved that tidbit for later and pressed for

more answers.

accordion.

"Did she say anything else About...where she was going?"

"Well...she did say that she wanted to go clubbing tonight and I recommended Glo Lounge. It's...uhh...on Dutch and Blaine. You'll be at the right place when you see the hologram of the blonde pole dancer outside. Can't miss it." He scribbled the address on a piece of loose paper and held it out to Carlos with a trembling hand. Landon snatched it first and started to leave the store, already eager

to move on. Carlos nodded at Ashe, "Thank you. You're doing us a great service."

He slipped his gun back into its holster. With those parting words he followed Landon out onto the sidewalk, ignoring Ashe's shaky goodbye. He watched as Landon input the

name of the club into his cellphone, his fingers flying over the touchscreen. It was dark outside, so the light from the screen lit up his face in a pale blue. "I got it," Landon waved for Carlos to follow him.

Like a dutiful dog, Carlos plodded a er him.

"You're a damn bloodhound." Carlos pointed out, "What if the Yautja is around? What do we do?"

"It hasn't shown itself since comin' here, so why would it now?" The blond sco ed, making a wide berth past a busker playing an

"I don't know." Carlos admitted, weaving his way through a crowd, "I want to kick the alien's ass but on our own terms. I don't want that scaly fuck getting the drop on us."

"What I want to know is...who is this boyfriend" Landon pondered. They came upon a busy intersection where they waited for their turn to cross with a crowd of civilians. "Could this be a cover she's usin'? It wouldn't be the first time a woman has said that as a safety measure." He shrugged, humming to himself.

The signal to walk turned green and they moved on. Smoke billowed through the air as they passed outdoor bars where di erent foods were being cooked, the smell of grills and dripping sauces.

"Who knows? We'll have to ask her," Carlos laughed.

He stopped to buy them each a takeaway plate of ribs. They ate quickly while standing under an overhang. The meat fell o the bone perfectly with a subtle vinegar flavor that delighted Carlos's tongue. His mind was trained on the food as Landon rambled on theories about Ashaki. A er living o rationed portions aboard the Oculos the real meat and real flavor was a tasty treat! The absolute pile of a

portion added a lot, too. A smack on his arm drew him from the thoughts on his meal. He sighed and turned his head to glare at Landon, "What? I'm enjoying

Landon rolled his eyes, "Now is not the time to be horsin' around. Did you hear anything I said? Just now?"

He really hadn't. The ribs were too good! Landon just rambled on about speculations with no concrete answers. It was no wonder he didn't care what Landon had said.

"No..."

my dinner."

"I work with amateurs. None of us are actually the best at our jobs." Landon mused, shaking his head. "Especially you. You're terrible at Monopoly, too!"

Carlos licked some BBQ sauce from his fingers as he gave Landon a dirty look.

"Funny. Idiota sin polla" He tossed his takeaway container in a trashcan before they crossed another intersection. More curses were uttered in Spanish as Landon snickered, clearly understanding only the tone to know his words weren't nice.

The last thing Carlos wanted to be reminded of was Landon's superior skill with Monopoly. Who knew that some computer nerd

like Landon would be so good at a board game?! His zipper hissedas he closed the front of his leather jacket, hiding the gray Weyland-Yutani flight-suit. A chill settled in as they entered

the clubbing district. Scantily clad women passed by as they walked into what could only be described as party heaven. The hoppy smell of beer hung in the air. The thumping beats that echoed from various clubs filled the

district with clashing tempos. Neon signs attached outside each respective establishment was their guide. Beefy black-shirted bouncers stood by the translucent doors, allowing just peeks of shadowed dancers and flashing lights. They passed Users, people who were openly getting high o Ecstasy-like drugs in the open, shambling like zombies as they clustered at the opening of alleys,

passing little blue pills. Drugs were legal in New Vegas. Planet o icials were known for their stances on allowing anything that enhanced—or distorted if you were of another opinion—the experience. Every dozen feet or so were little

clinics in the back of alleyways where those who overdosed could be given treatment. There were zones where the harsher stu could be taken under medical supervision.

All of this was public knowledge to people like Carlos who liked to frequent New Vegas for these express purposes: the dancing, the drugs, and the alcohol.

New Vegas was coated in the bright lights and flashy holograms, but hidden underneath was a seedy underground where criminals thrived, passing under the radar thanks to corrupt police. Some harkened the city to the fictional Gotham. In many ways it was; crime was high, violence constantly on the uptick, and absolute legal debauchery of all kinds gave some shady individuals the green light to tra ic women.

To people like Carlos, in his line of work, this was the common place many bounties were captured or killed. Ashaki Sawyer, their target, could be anywhere if they hadn't been given her potential location, not to mention her swiping her money card with abandon. She had no idea that Carlos and his partner, and friend Landon, were hot on her trail.

At last they saw the hologram of a blonde dancer twisting her body erotically around a pole. The club was the largest building around and its doors were massive, flanked by two bouncers clad in blank shirts and pants. Carlos and Landon were allowed inside a er a quick once over. Past the doors, they were thrust into a world of flashing lights, pulsating and strobing in various colors while heavy techno vibrated the very floor, the beat felt in their chests.

A group of women in various skimpy clothing trotted by, giggling amongst each other as the two Bounty Hunters parted the dense crowd of people.

"Bar." Mouthed Landon, pointing to the counter, indicating they needed to separate. Divide and conquer would be their first method. A er that...they'd

figure it out as they went. Carlos sidled his way around the dance floor, weaving between dancing nude women on poles and in high-lo ed cages. He ignored the urge to flirt with every woman who winked or watched him with

hungry eyes. The smell of sweet cocktails was stronger over near the lounge section. His dark eyes swept around the room, searching through the flashing lights and stench of body sweat.

He was close to moving to another area before his eyes caught what he was looking for.

Ashaki Sawyer sat lounging on a plush couch by her lonesome self with a pink cocktail in hand. Upon seeing her he had to admit that she had a rockin' body. đ

She wore a skintight, sparkling champagne dress that hugged her curves and plush thighs. A deep cut neckline revealed pillowy breasts that were thrust upward in her bra. Her black hair was tightly twisted

in coils and le to fall down her chest and mid-back. It framed a heart shaped face with high cheekbones and sultry golden-brown eyes. Glitter had been spread across the apples of her cheeks and a slick gloss applied to her plump lips. Her heel-clad feet tapped to the

thrumming pulse of the techno music. Carlos couldn't help but be distracted by the beautiful morsal he'd

have to steal away into the night. He knew instantly how he would go about completing his task.

Exhaling a long breath and straightening his jacket, he plastered a smile on his face and approached with an added swagger.

Ashaki sat on one of the purple lounges to rest her feet and take a few sips of her Sex on the Beach cocktail. She was blissfully tipsy, enjoying the sights and sounds of the club around her.

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As the night progressed, many men had approached her to flirt but she had happily declined all of them. They were too short, too skinny, too meek, and too ... human It was

them being human that turned her away. A er all, they could hardly compare. đ

Instead, she imagined herself getting cozy with a certain tall, beefy, alien that both quickened her heart and soothed her pain-the kind that she held within her soul. Little scenarios of how she'd finally claim him ran through her mind with reckless abandonment, each

one escalating in kinkiness the more she thought of it. Dhare had sunk his claws into her heart and he didn't even know it! She took a sip of her drink, savoring the sweet but harsh taste of the

blended alcohol. It filled her body with warmth where the beverage loosened the tension in her shoulders while simultaneously dragging her mind further into the delicious filth it conjured.

It was a mildly attractive Latino approaching her who reluctantly brought her to the surface for air. He sat adjacent to her across the small glass table, the flashing lights of the club confusing his features in a cycle of blue, green, and yellow. His short cropped hair was gelled neatly complimenting the tidy goatee that emphasized his

square jaw. Unlike others that approached her who were flashy and dressed for clubbing, he wore a simple flight-suit with a zipped leather jacket

over it. The man looked possibly in his thirties but she was too tipsy and the lights were too colorful to formulate a definite estimate. "Well, hello there, hermosa" His dark brown eyes twinkled as he flashed her a megawatt smile.

If she were any other woman—one not completely over-the-moon in

love-then she would've melted.

Little boys didn't appreciate a woman with a full figure like a man did. This man, well...he was a manand nota little boy.

Ashaki giggled, eyeing him with faux interest. "Hello to you, too!" She had to speak up over the loud music as the

DJ changed tracks. The mystery man leaned closer, his elbows resting on his knees.

"What's a pretty little chicalike you doing all alone? Don't have a date?"

Oh fuck did she wish she had a date! A sexy alien date! Her Yautja. She played it aloof, "Oh...ya know...drinking in the view." Her eyes

roamed the room and took a sip of her drink. "What about you?" The mystery man was noticeably alone as well.

Shadows flashed across his eyes as a smirk took over his lips, "Heh, just admiring a melanated goddess. You would look good with me on the dance floor." He gestured to it with a slight nod of his head, his

smirk growing into a devious grin. Getting out on the dance floor again would've been fun...it was too bad her feet were sore from the hours of dancing she'd already done. A gentle throb had built up at the base of her arches. She'd love nothing more than to finish her drink before promptly returning to the hotel. Becoming drunk in an unknown city was dangerous for

anyone on their own, especially a woman.

Politely, Ashaki declined, slowly rising to her feet. She winced in pain, her feet protesting.

"It's getting late and I'm honestly tired." She gave an apologetic smile, tucking her new wallet under her arm.

"Hey, wait!" The man bolted to his feet and rounded the table to wrap his arm around her shoulders. "At least let me lead you out. I am a

gentleman." a "Oh?" she snorted in disbelief, "A gentleman would've told me his

name by now."

"Carlos." He o ered his free hand for her to shake.

"Ashaki."

Carlos led her out through a side door and into a dimly lit alley. Smoke from the trash incinerators hu ed out of a metal grating somewhere down the way. Blue and pink neon reflected on the metal

walls of the building. A slight chill went through Ashaki as Carlos ushered her towards the sidewalk.

"Wait, hold on!" Ashaki pulled from his hold and plopped down on a stack of containers. She removed her heels, looping the straps

together for easy carrying. Her escort leaned over and trapped her on the spot when she tried to stand. Secrets danced across his eyes as she smirked, thinking he was

trying to flirt with her. "Come on, baby. Why don't we get to know each other a little?" His

face moved in so close that she could feel his hot breath fan against her neck.

She didn't like that idea very much. Some instinctual part of her sounded the alarm bells but she ignored it, choosing to just enjoy the

handsome man who gave her attention. It was nice to feel wanted...even if it was by a stranger.

"I'd love to but I have a boyfriend."

Intrigue sparked in his eyes, "You don't say..."

She quickly nodded as the situation was turning...weird. The longer he stood there invading her space the more she didn't like his overlyfriendly proximity.

It was time to go back to the hotel.

"Yeah, and he's probably worried sick by now. I should go." She pushed at his chest lightly to make her point.

He stepped back just enough to let her stand. An awkward smile

graced her lips as she cleared her throat, tamping down her rising anxiety. Something in his posture and eyes had changed. His

shoulders tensed, like he was gearing up to run. Something told her to leave; leave and keep going.

"I'm afraid I can't do that..." he moved to stand in her way, blocking the exit to the alley.

A chill shot through her body as she took a few steps back. The door opening again momentarily caught her attention. A similarly dressed blond man stepped out, his body equally coiled.

"Ashaki Sawyer, we meet at last." The blond smirked, "We've been tailing you for quite some time."

"Yeah. Come with us willingly and we promise no harm will come to you," Carlos added.

Of course something like this happens when I finally can do what I wantAshaki groaned internally. She wanted to stomp her feet at the unfairness of it all! What god did

she piss o and why? "What if I don't want to come with you...I don't even know who you

are!" Responded Ashaki, swallowing the bile that rose in her throat. "You don't have to wantto, but you're coming with us anyway." Carlos's face changed from that smirk to a hard ambivalence that chilled her body. "You're gonna be the reason for my nice vacation."

Adrenaline pumped through her veins as she tried to think of a way out of this. -"You can contact me in the case of an emergency. This will ping your

location. I'll come to you."-Her eyes slid discreetly to the bracelet Dhare wanted her to wear, quickly finding the small button to activate the distress ping. She pretended to fiddle with it, her nails scratching a non-existent itch.

With both of the men closing in on her it was now or never to call for help. "Come on, Ashaki. There's no escape, doll face," added the

newcomer. Ashaki's buzz was eradicated like a blast. She had no room for tipsy warm-fuzzies in her stomach any longer. Still, the world tilted slightly in her spike of adrenaline. Her vision narrowed into hyper-focus. The richness of the alley's black shadows sharpened in contrast with the

surrounding neon lights, drowning out the city traic with their hum. She pushed the button and walked to Carlos, a fake smile on her face. "Alright, Carlos," Ashaki purred, "I'll come with you, papi.." she

brought up her hand, feigning a caress of Carlos's face. Without a second wasted, she whacked the Latino in the head with

her heels and took o into the busy sidewalk. She heard the shout of pain from Carlos, briefly looking back to find them already in pursuit. Ashaki shoved through the crowds of people meandering down the sidewalk. The pavement was cold beneath her bare feet as she

careened around a corner. She nearly collided with a woman taking tips for her food stand. Her heart pounded in her chest, a rapid tempo as she ran for her life.

All of her energy was put into her legs, falling onto the muscles she had acquired from her times spent on the trails of Earth 2.0. Endurance was somewhat on her side. She could go quite a distance before tiring. The endurance of the men chasing her was unknown so

she wouldn't give them the benefit of the doubt. Please, Dhare! Please get here quickly the pleaded mentally.

Dhare hadn't once contacted her since she last saw him leaving the ship, and she wasn't entirely sure he'd even get her call for help!

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People cursed at her with every push and shove, fighting her way to freedom through the thick crowds of the city. She didn't look back for

fear of being slowed down. Distantly, she could hear the thud of boots pounding the pavement in pursuit. Hearing that was a motivator to keep going, even as the

muscles in her body screamed to stop, to rest. The destination was unclear. Adrenaline pushed her beyond the burn of being tired.

As she hauled ass around a corner, her chest heaving, she dashed down a busy alley full of dimly-lit restaurants tucked in on the sides.

In the very back was a large courtyard that was surrounded by three wide cinderblock walls. Gra iti tagged the otherwise grimy surface. Each corner of the courtyard sported a massive tree that rose higher

than she could ever hope to reach.

Ashaki had hit a dead end.

She whipped around to find the two men slowing their pace to walking as they blocked the only exit with their bodies. Fear raced

through her trembling body as she sucked in gulps of air. Sweat beaded on her temple while her eyes tried to find some way out. In

her haste, she hadn't realized that this could be a dead end.

It was turning out to be a grave mistake. "I-I told you I have a boyfriend." She pleaded, hoping there would be

a way out of this. "He's huge and he won't hesitate to kill you should you hurt me!"

Carlos snickered. He walked forward with a cocky grin.

"Oh yeah? And where is he? You've been here for four days. Why

aren't you with him?"

Please, please, Dhare! Get here already! I need you!

I do. The Predator isn't around so fuck it."

the metal cold on her heated skin.

" Es el madito Yautja'! Cried Carlos.

Her bottom lip quivered as she desperately tried to think of a

"Landon," Carlos waved to his companion, "you do the honors."

Landon, the blond man, smirked and stepped forward. "Don't mind if

Ashaki turned to run again but Landon was quick to tackle her to the ground. She hit the paved path hard, air briefly forced out of her lungs with the weight of the full grown man atop her. A sob escaped her mouth as she struggled under the heated body of her attacker. He roughly forced her arms back where he locked her wrists into cu s,

The moment he moved slightly away, Ashaki rolled over and kneed

Using the brief distraction, she began to scoot away but instead, jumped in shock. A heavy thud hit the ground. Landon, bent over and cradling his groin, looked up, surprised to see a wavy figure standing to its full height. Carlos rushed to yank Landon to his feet and back

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him in the groin. She earned a satisfying yelp from Landon.

Ashaki rolled onto her knees to witness the invisibility cloak disappear from Dhare. He stood there growling deep in his throat. Seeing him, decked out in his gleaming armor made her pussy pulse with want. Her Yautja looked menacing as he stepped further out of

He looked at her and gestured with his head to get behind him. Not another second was wasted as she struggled to her feet and cowered

A hiss le his masked mouth as he approached the terrified men. Neither of them moved from their places. The both of them withdrew guns from their waistbands and pointed them at Dhare. The Yautja

It was Carlos who stepped up to bat, his weapon aimed high. He popped o a few shots at Dhare, the bullets pinging o his armor and

Dhare extended his dual blades and crossed the courtyard with three strides. He clashed with Carlos, the man tumbling to the ground and o to the side, firing a few more shots o. The bullets continued to ping o Dhare's armor. Right as Carlos went to slide in another magazine, Dhare wrapped a big hand around his neck and held him

A vicious growl rumbled from Dhare's chest as he impaled Carlos with

The man screamed in pain, blood splattering the ground and Dhare.

"Carlos! No!" cried Landon, the blonde watching his cohort die

Ashaki watched in both disgust and fascination as Dhare pulled the blades free, only to shove them back in. He dropped the Latino as Landon charged him, a battle cry leaving the man's mouth.

Dhare batted him into a wall with one swing of his arm. Landon cracked his skull against the cinderblock wall and fell to the ground

unconscious sending a shudder through Ashaki's body. Sick

snarled and waited for one of them to challenge him.

" Putoalien! Vete a la mierda! He cursed in Spanish.

How long would it take Dhare to get here? She kept glancing around the courtyard for a sign that he was here or had just arrived but she

"He...he's busy! Working! He...uhh...he-"

"You don't know where the Predator is...do you?" Asked the blond

The Predator?...what?

saw none.

diversion.

away.

the shadows.

behind him.

falling to the ground.

in the air.

his blades.

before his eyes.

His whole body shuddered in pain.

"You fuckin' piece of shit!" he yelled.

satisfaction filled her seeing him lying there.

man, cocking an eyebrow in question.

Continue reading next part

my fellow hardcore Predator fans! Let me know if you found them

A/N: Enjoy this early update! I sprinkled in some Easter Eggs for

and if you enjoyed this chapter!

Her eyes quickly swiveled back to Carlos. Dhare had dropped him, rolling him onto his front where he plunged his hand into his back. There was the sickening sound of flesh leaving bone as she watched him rip Carlos's spine free from his body. Blood dripped to the

ground at his feet as he inspected the 'shiny' new spine. It was seeing that sight that made Ashaki's stomach finally get the better of her. She turned to face the grass where she threw up the contents of her stomach, Sex on the BeachWhen she was finally done, her stomach no longer spasming, she felt much better. The rising nausea was gone and replaced with the shaking of her body as she came down from

the adrenaline rush. Dhare attached the spine to his belt and knelt before her. He tipped her face up with a gentle claw under her chin. He checked her up and down with his hands, their warmth chasing the chill away. The blood that covered his hands smeared down her arm, making her shudder in disgust. She would've complained about it if it weren't for the fact

that he had saved her life.

neck. She buried her face under his jaw and nuzzled him. "I was

"Dhare..." she choked, throwing her cu ed arms over and around his

worried you wouldn't get it..."

shaki wanted to stay in his arms but a warm s

beckoned her. She was desperate to calm her heart.

"It is alright. I am here," he assured.

He held her close, purring so ly around her.

julet room

"I want to go back to the hotel..." she whispered, not even bothering

to move.

"First, I must free you from these primitive bonds." He pulled her arms from around his neck and broke the cus at their hinges. They dropped to the ground somewhere behind him. "There we go. All

better." His claws lightly skated over the red marks marring her

wrists. "Th-thank you..." "You never need to thank me."

she wondered what he was thinking.

As he knelt there, eyeing her up and down, she realized how exposed

his feet she nuzzled him, feeling his armor against her front. Her eyes

flicked to Carlos's corpse, blood pooling beneath it, before they moved on to the still-unconscious Landon slumped against a wall.

The logical part of her brain told her she should be horrified and disgusted by the violence on display but she couldn't bring herself to

Ashaki held back a squeal when he launched himself at one of the trees and began to climb it. From there, he scaled one of the buildings, ascending higher and higher until they were on top of it. The city glowed in a multitude of light for as far as the eye could see.

"Do not let go of me, Ashaki," Dhare instructed as he readied to leap

She nodded, tucking her face into his neck. A realization hit her as he vaulted onto another roof, his locs flying around and slapping against

care. She was safe now.

to another roof.

"How?"

Oh...duh!

roo ops.

his shoulders and hers.

"Wait! I didn't tell you where I've been staying!"

The Yautja chu ed, "I know where you are staying."

"The bracelet has a tracking device built in, as you know..."

She kept her mouth shut and held tight as Dhare traversed the

against her flushed skin as she held tightly to him. When he rose to

She nodded and followed his instruction. His long locs were warm

around my neck. I will carry you there."

"Come." He turned around with his back facing her. "Wrap your arms

her body was in her little dress. A small shiver ran down her spine as