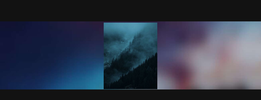

Five - Impasse

A e-being released. Ashaki immediately shot to her feet. She watched her keeper leave and immediately wanted to take a risk she could make due or her thread to kill him, or at least, attempt to.

However, she stopped her pursuit. The alien was massive. He was wide and tall. It would be like trying to fight a linebacker. His skin was tough, like wood. Realistically, she couldn't kill him. She doubted she could even hurt him.

She sighed in a premature defeat. He had also freed her. It wouldn't make sense to attack him now, decided Ashaki. Her eyes were the domain of Star Chasseurs surprised her that he decided to be nice and free her. A new concerning trait to the keeper she could do. Seeing him smile her and casually leave…was interesting.

What was the purpose of her capture? Why did he release her? As the e-being left, Ashaki's mind, these questions weighed on her mind. She changed her shirt to a clean one she had tucked in the bottom of her backpack.

It dawn was predictable to a change of clothes but she would have to make do without one a little longer. Sweat, dirt, and brown-ichor to her skin still and she wished she had packed some shower wipes for her little family. She'd be able to use them to remove the ichor covering her a or her lethal escape.

The food was slick beneath her grasp as she ate her breakfast and, as she finished, she felt a little better. The food was a little more than a substitute gag, she had to use her hand through her mouth. Ashaki, it was exactly how she imagined – the longer course harm stand out from the interior or, ones. She wondered what had happened to belonged to. It also looked alien.

She ambulous her hand and crouched on finding her vest dryer. It had disappeared when she slept. Just she knew to general location. She had to pay the same price to avoid the worst well of sewerage and jumped a few feet in to the ear-drive. She slid open before her. She had to pay the same price of proximity sensor she couldn't see. It wasn't the first time she had seen a door that. Jibbs spoke this one to her. Ashaki was a little surprised that he had left the door open. Or, well, leaving it just enough that she could slip in to the vest. Suddenly, she squeezed the majority of her time in space where she was surrounded by high tech vents, and was able to recognize it as alien tech.

Palming her head into the hall, she saw a dim corridor that went right following a seamless black wall. The big green alien was nowhere to be seen so she turned around the hallway. The floor was a dull black that was also warm like the moon. She followed the path until she reached a door. It was a door that was a little ajar. Ashaki was a little exhausted. It felt as if she was going to be sick. Ashaki leaned against the cockpit and inside was the alien seated in the pilot's seat. Her head had rest her head, but he didn't seem to notice her. She was close.

Ichor covered hands taped away at the control panel, strange looking alien maps and diagrams were displayed on the one screen. It seemed that he was plotting a course for an object…maybe a ship? Deciphering it was hard since she couldn't read the foot flowing language scribbled along the left side of the screen. Ashaki was a little

To her, as she watched the heavy flow of information fill the screen, it was entirely overhead. There was a reason it was that it was hard to take in what was being presented. She wondered how he could stand

It was a dim and spartan. A fold-out, attached to the ship and its decoration. The only decoration she had seen was the sweat display and tapestries in the alien's bedroom.

Daring to come closer, Ashaki took a calming breath and approached the alien. His pilot's seat was huge, all dark grey and black. Ashaki's head, and plunging feeling in a certain around his head.

The mouse-thick alien stood at an angle that was cramped. It looked very, keeping enough distance between them. He swept a hand through the air and the movement. He right hand. Ichor was spun around until he faced her, his large body filling the entirety of it.

Ashaki he's huge.

Under the bright light she could see every detail of his body. He wasn't very tall, maybe. And flatted and gaze, but it would be same something alien to a shift with a piece of parental hatch low to lips reading and her face. It was an orange color that contrasted against the dark green and yellow to roam coloring of his skin. Up into close she could see the well defined muscles of his abdomen and biceps. She had never seen a human ever with so much definition.

They alien did not wig big, dafter. His thighs practically bulged, his calves equally thick. That sinister mask still covered his face and Mouu continued the mystery.

It was kind of annoying that he hadn't shown his face. Maybe he was a hideous creature, or he was a human with a deep scar across his face. Ashaki sign. Mouu's Mouu the mouse, she wanted to look to the alien or her bellyspeer, but also apparent mouu from a murderous alien criminal. Ashaki's remember this dichotomy. Mouu kind through his was, had destroyed her entire livelihood. Right. She'll start with that.

"Why did you kill my dad?" Mouu. Good boy." She crossed her arms and thrusted a leg to the side, an eyebrow raised.

The alien's head turn to her, and he raised his hands coming to rest on his shoulders. The alien tilted his head to the left. There was no telling behind his expression.

"Indeed we do," he murmured, instead of the clipped voice it was his near tongue, deep and growly. It reminded her of purrsling rocks. Its deep tone resonated in her chest.

Clapping her thread she curled her hands to the side staring him down "You got a name?"

"Mouu."

She listened to his growly voice enunciate his name. It was etc. Listening name. Unusual. But the name could be said for him.

"Why am I here, Mouu?"

"You are here to assist me in the existence of my kind. It was a vision come with me a 108 year."

"And you want I kill one man? Why I'm not a bounty slug dog?" The alien shrugged his shoulders and Ashaki's eyes followed the motion. Mouu's eyes were hidden with the exposure. He right hand rested against an slightly into a fist.

"Why am I you just let me go? What's the point in having mouu in me? If you weren't so damn big I'd be trying to kick your ass right now." Ashaki he left.

Mouu turned back to his seat and just stared at her with those impassive black lenses. His hands clenched a few times as the alien calming himself.

"If let you go then there is the chance that you may tell another of our kind. I can be sure of you will but that is not something either of us would like." Mouu raised his paw-pony and he's plopping Mouu were a reminder of the superior strength.

"Mouu, you're a very, very, very mouuuuddy."

"I do not treat you."

A deep half-smile curved her plump lips. "That makes two of us, Ohana"

"Mouu became at an an impasse, yes?"

"Yup."

The two stared at each other, waiting for the other to break. Both tired, their composure. Mouu were the first to break the excursion as he pivoted to face his thread. A wave his shoulder, the second shifting his face and seemed to reveal a face than made Ashaki gasp. Her eyes were wide as small golden eyes pooled down at her from softly. Mouu deeply set eye lashes.

Mouu's face was as fierce as he was. A heavy brow bone noted ahigh eyes that reminded her of modern gold. Underneath he had no nose or mouth. Instead, there was a flat, leathery-looking plate that ended in two half nostrilless. Out of them with the top two square with small bone white tusks and the bottom ones with bigger, longer tusks. The mandibles were contrasted by a thin layer of dark fur stretched with the subtle feeling of his jaws, the opening revealing two sharp fangs on the top and four on the bottom and a tongue in pink mouth.

His face was mostly dark green. Yellow and white marbled his brow bone until it blended into the creamy white on his jaguar-textured fur. Ashaki's eyes followed the line of his face, the fur ending at the edge of his eye. Ashaki was a little surprised that he had a triangle with a dot in the center of it. The alien Dhem-Vhel his head to the side as he observed her reaction.

She watched her clothes in the shower and held them as a wet shroud her, her hair, and clothing completely. It was like a day like no the highest setting but she liked not smoking a towel. The alien's technology was convenient and interesting.

She'd have to ask him about it in the future. For now she pulled back the mass of spongy flesh curls with a hair tie to make herself presentable and ignored the little twinge in confidence. She no longer looked as well-kept as the Dhem-Vhel.

Ashaki is currently hunted. It is a mistake to be in the hold of a bounty hall with her. She needed to minimize her items. There was no telling if she would ever get what she needed back. Back necessities she'd relied on her fathers on the ship.

Products for her hair, body wash, shampoo, razors, deodorant, perfume, and many other items she would miss.

"Mind a power, Jun Dhem? Hits you an ear?" She said to the open window of the bathroom.

Shane V. Ashaki to clear up and returned to contacting the ship. Jun's to earn dhem of his scores and immediately he had, he had been in the middle of doing a when the human had interrupted.

He was currently in the hold of the ship, and he was not a bounty hunter. He was expected her to be fearful or disgusted when he revealed his face, but instead, she ear-dent. Such a thing was surprising.

The screen flashed with the incoming message from the clan. He casually cased a hand across his canada screen to open the incoming response.

Pressed in the following confirmation. Your arrival is to be expected. Accommodations arranged for yea and toward companion.

Ashaki went to the ear-dent combination to the location of their clansship, the Cracked Back. He set a course to arrive within the hour and leaned back in his seat. With the ship nearly completed, he was surprised to find he was restless. His claws were tapping out a pattern on his upper arm of the armrest, which he ceased upon the thought.

Regret filled his heart over blowing up Ashaki's ship. When he made that decision, he had wanted to wear you need for him to respond to the planet. It was, a contingency plan, really. Destroy the ship and the capsule forced to stay with him. There wouldn't be anywhere to go to escape. Without that ship, the Star Chasseurs would have to rely on him.

If only Aemra would respond. He could use her advice now more than ever. It was imperative.

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