



**Howard Beck**

## PROLOGUE

Mars was the new world where people of Earth started building a new life after 2260. Earth's ecosystem was dying and more and more people were escaping its slow death to find a new home. Six colonies were set up and two space stations were created to orbit Mars, one for intellectual analysis and one for manufacturing. The inhabitants of the manufacturing space station contained more androids and AI robots did most of the construction of starships and other space technologies.

Mars itself had been able to establish its own manufacturing and agricultural technologies to sustain the Martian inhabitants in the colonies. Small groups of explorers suffered through the early process of developing terraforming a hospitable and self-contained environment to hopefully someday house new inhabitants. The early years were extremely challenging but many problems that arose were dealt with promise.

Tag was born on Mars two months after his father, Lars, a Theoretical Astrophysicist, exploring Particle Synthesis. Tag's mother, Erika, concentrating in Astrobotany, studying microbiome theory for plant manipulation, both were from Bergen, Norway relocating to Mars to help populate the planet.

Mars Colony 6, on the Gustav Plains southwest of Husband Hill and Eldorado Dunes where the MER Spirit Rover first explored Mars in the early 21st Century. This is where they settled and where Tag grew up and went to earn a Master of Science degree in Geothermal Technology. Immediately after university he went to work for Colony Inc. as a Survey Technician with his own ship, Carpathian, Series 5. The ship was named after the Carpathian Mountain range in western Russia.

Tag's bio-hybrid android, Sasha (Systems Analytical Synthetic Humanistic Android), was first generation developed in space millions of kilometers from Earth.

It has extensive knowledge about Earth, Mars, other planetoids and most things in general, being a modified AI. Its main expertise in physical manipulations and quantum physics and analysis of all organic and technological information has always been accessible. Its body has been equipped with all functions human, including sensual sensations. Organic digestive system is functional as well. It can eat and drink but it prefers to just plug-in if its core

needs a recharge. Developed to be 'human', with all responses in nanoseconds to a human.

Onboard computer, ARI, short for Aries Quantum Membrane, functions as main quantum computer system for the entire ship, from scanning planet surveys to unclogging toilets. ARI's main function is assisting Tag and Sasha in all input and output calculations and references to maintain a fully functioning ship while orbiting outer moons and objects near Mars and other planetoid formations.

Gone for extended periods of time, alone and spending his days and weeks going from one orbiting planet, moons or asteroids and mapping the surface and recording its terrain on the ship's servers to be uplinked to substations throughout the solar system. This data in turn was sent by subspace frequency to be collected and added to the mapping database center on Mars Colony 2, located between the Viking 1 Lander and the Charleston crater.

In the year 2372, who knew that a low level terrain mapping technician would have so much to do with creating an offspring that would be so destructive to hundreds of planets and galaxies.

But Tag Christensen was about to encounter unknown worlds and even encounter something he never thought

could happen, his own son, whom he never met because of a wormhole Ketan created that had gone wrong.

Ketan, was the child of Tag and Sasha, the ships android, who having sex occasionally with Tag, getting pregnant and creating a half organic, half android maybe even alien DNA baby who would be causing much of the turmoil ahead for Tag and his surveying ship.

His son Ketan, grew up on Mars and was top of his class in quantum physics and engineering and who moved to an isolated area of the Alpha Centauri galaxy to pursue his rogue experiments with subatomic particle reconstruction and was experimenting with atom splitting, not just single splits but multiple splitting causing several solar system disasters like star malformations and wormholes and other anomalies. One such experiment released a conscious form of dark energy, entering Ketan's body on a subatomic subconscious level and causing him to be more reckless with his experiments. These new experiments were on the quest for looking to form a black hole so the entity could escape into it and resurface on the other side in another universe where the dark energy was searching for a interdimensional portal to another subset of the universe of dark energy and matter.

All of this however, Tag never knew, since the wormhole sucked his ship far from Jupiter and instantly landing him and his crew on a planet light years from home.

## **CHAPTER 1**

The following text excerpt is from the Trip Log of Colony Inc. employee Tag Christensen a supervising surveying technician, on the outer region of Jupiter's moon Luxor 6, third moon from No-Cal 7, three days before losing contact with Substation 4 near the moon Zander 226, 30,000 kilometers from the moon Ganymede.

### **DAY 215: TRIP LOG**

#### **0601**

I can't remember that last time I had a good muffin. Maybe 2363, I don't remember. The bastard that fed it to me was not the greatest person on Station Nqual 7. I do remember him shoving it down my throat like he wanted to choke me on it, fucking bastard! I can't fathom the depth of bullshit I want to slam down on him. But, I digress, I shouldn't be so angry all the time, but what the fuck, I am. I think it's in my nature to be upset and bitchy all the fucking time, what the fuck. I'm out here in my little spaceship circling around an uncharted moon of Jupiter called, Zander 226 what a fucking name. Zander, that sounds like something from a science fiction book. Who the hell reads science fiction anymore, for that matter who the hell reads anymore, it's all completely outdated. You want info just ask Sasha, she gives you all the info you want.

Sometimes late at night I stay up thinking what a cool thing to do, take this ship out of orbit and just fly off somewhere, somewhere not charted, so completely out of universe. But, I can't, I have my orders or as they say at the "shop" my 'commitment to the cause'. I just don't really give a rat's ass anymore about the cause or fuck the "shop"; which I'll refer to from now on as the 'fucking joint I came from'. Fuck that, fuck this, I'm going back to playing my game. It's a cool game called Tibbets Sway, it's stupid like all games, but fuck, I made the damn game and to me, it's fun, it takes my mind off of things, what things you ask? Well, things like calculating how many times I orbit this fucking stupid moon, how many mountain tops there are, how many valleys, like map-making is some great thing to astound to. It's not, it's a fucking job for a moron, well, guess it's the right job for me then. Fuck this, what was the level I was on before I started chatting on this thing. Level 7, love Level 7. I know, what's so great about Level 7, well, it's in 4D, and it's complicated, lots of slots and hiding spots. It's just another way to keep myself sane, sane from the tedious boredom of doing a mindless job, sane from thinking about weird stuff that just crops up out of the blue in my freaking mind. My lost soul drifting out here day after day, I don't even know when I'm supposed to return to the Colony for supplies, that's what Sasha is for, that's her job, I don't even know why they sent me here in the first place, just send Sasha, she can

fly around just like me and she doesn't even have to eat. Fucking stupid bosses, think they know best, fuckers.

## **SHUT DOWN REBOOT**

### **0650**

Back at MVU (Mars Vocational University) they told me not to dwell on shit that just isn't worth thinking about, but I do, I think about shit all the time that's just stupid. I think about what happens after this journey I'm on, what happens to the rest of the lost souls in the Colony once the "job" is done, shit like that, and fuck, even more shit I don't want to think about. They said once that when mapping was concluded in this sector, then we all get to go back home, home, shit, I don't even remember where home is or for that matter what home even means anymore, it's been years since I've been home, fuck, I don't even know if "home" even exists anymore, probably it's been recycled into something modern and new, and probably expensive too. I haven't lost any sleep over not being "home" nor do I care about what happened to it, if anything at all. The shit hole is probably the same as it always was...a shit hole.

It's time for another pass on this moon, have to get the mapping right, or "they'll" get pissed. Fucking motherfucking bastards, always on my fucking case, just fucking leave me alone, I'll get your fucking job done, shit I

graduated top of my class, I should know how to do it efficiently, if not, get Sasha to do it. Oh well, there's another rock formation to categorize, what fun, time to make some soup. Soup, almost like muffins, when was the last time I had a good soup. Just what the doctor ordered, soup in a pack. Love me soup in a pack. Freeze-dried and sanctified, pasteurized and homogenized, food for the gods, soup, not just for dinner anymore, but for all seasons, seasons, like there is any seasoning in this shit. Wish I had a beer to wash this shit down with, but no, no beer on this trip, just because last time I fucked up a few mountain ranges and charted them in the wrong sector, so there aren't twenty two mountain ranges in a fucking valley, looked like mountains to me, good shit that beer, didn't help I smuggled some tequila in my backpack to help with those sleepless nights. Shit, Sasha even looked good, and we all know that droids pass pretty well for human companionship out here for weeks at a time, especially after a few tequilas.

There's another mountain range and another rock formation, just beautiful, dry, dusty, orange wasteland being mapped for the colony of the future, home to all the new and wonderful things to come. Out among the stars, lots of suns to watch set, moons to gaze at and dream of a better tomorrow. Miles from anywhere, light years from some other place, lost among the stars in your own little



world away from home. What? I can't be poetic! That's what the Colony and the Cause is all about, letting some sucker in the future have a dream house on a faraway rock with lots of suns and moons to call home. Well, fine, fine with me, I'll stay out here for a few more weeks charting this place for you stupid motherfuckers. What the fuck else do I have to do, there really isn't anything worth doing out there anyways, so charting unknown worlds for a decent pay and lots of alone time, shit, what the fuck, I don't know why I complain, I'm a stupid little fuck.

## **SYSTEM FAILURE RESTART**

**0725**

Time to think about sleep, I need some sleep, I go twenty five hours without it every day, or night, it's always night orbiting a planet or is it always day, I don't know, just around and around, there's a sun, oh, there's another sun, there's a moon, and another moon and another star galaxy way over there, day and night, it's all the same, I just stay up and chart, play games, fondly gaze at Sasha when I'm really tired and do my business as usual. I have to admit, my categorizing rock formations, mountains, valleys and whatever fuck else is down there on planets and moons is really not that hard, I'm just watching over the computers doing the "real" work. I'm really here to make sure everything works properly, even Sasha. There's lots of money tied up in this shit, don't want to lose

it on god knows what, an asteroid, power failure, computer glitch, heck, Sasha glitches, droids are fallible, they do get wonky once in a while, well, maybe more than once in a while. I once found her sitting gazing at the stars for three hours, just sitting there, not moving, not doing anything, it was weird, so I had to reboot her, she was pretty much gone, like I said, wonky...what a fucking wonky bitch. Anyways, back to my game, Level 9, shit, I created this game, I don't really remember how many levels there are, but I know there's a few, I like making games complicated and with lots of levels to play, that's what twenty two hours of staying awake does to you, makes you create weird things.

Maybe, just maybe that's what's wrong with Sasha, maybe the creators of her were up really late and made an error in her programming, whatever, shits like me have to be prepared to debug fuck ups. Anyways, hour twenty six today, I'm really sort of tired and probably should shut down for the day, catch you on the flip.

## **DAY 216: TRIP LOG**

**0055**

I can't believe what a shitty sleep that was, tossed and turned the whole night, Sasha of course doesn't sleep or shutdown, which is great, somebody has to run the ship.

The whole night sleep, if you can call it night, man, it's been too long, yeah, right. Two hundred and sixteen days, that's not really too long it's only a couple of weeks, space time; and just a droid for company, it's a long time without friends and such. Sasha is cool and all with her conversations and knowledge, pleasing to the eyes too, they rigged her to look like every pretty girl on earth, but she's a droid, what can I say, it's not like she can really say stuff out of left field, she's an AI, but AI can really only go so far.

Anyway, she did the last pass of the moon while I slept, Sasha logged it all and we're proceeding to the next place.

## **ANOMALY: Lost Contact**

It's crazy to think about, but sleep isn't really easy to come by, especially in a ship this small and all the noises that continue to creep into your ears before dozing off. Sasha never sleeps and continues to walk around the ship doing her duties, so the clanking of her shoes on the ship's floor doesn't help, but sometimes, sleep does come easier, especially after thirty hours of working, you do get sleepy. Tonight was one of those nights of deep sleep. The kind of sleep that you're so heavy you can barely move your head off the pillow, the kind that lets saliva drip out of your mouth and cleaves to it.

Tag like those nights, very refreshing.

Sasha woke Tag after eight hours to get him ready for his shift, “Just one more minute!” Tag slurred through his morning breath, “leave me sleep another minute please.” Tag said as she continued to shake him awake.

“Time’s up, sleepy head, Sasha said unrelenting, “it’s time to work, so quit messing around!” She shook Tag one more time and left his room.

“Ugh, another day...” Tag muttered as he flipped back the sheet and slowly inched his way off his bed. “I need a shower.” he muttered.

“Sasha!” Tag screamed, “Why is the water cold?”

“Did you change the lever?” she replied.

“Fuck you, of course I did!” he yelled. “What the fuck. What do you think I am, a fucking moron?” he vociferated. Sasha sighed and smiled.

“Oh fuck you Sasha!” Tag said, turning the lever a little more to the left. The waters temperature rose, he just shut his mouth and continued with his shower.

Five minutes later, Sasha was back at the shower door asking if Tag was ready to go to work yet.

“Sure, give me a minute.” he said shutting off the water.

“I’ll be out in a second!” he yelled as she left the shower area.

“Good, because we have a lot of work to do.” she said,

“We’re only in this sector for another twenty two hours and we have to get all the areas mapped before we leave.”

“Fine, I’m almost ready, just have to dry off, and get in my jumpsuit.” Tag said toweling the last of his water drenched body.

“God, just make me rush all the time, you’re worst then my mother!” he muttered under his breath, pulling up the last pant leg and zipping up his suit.

“I’m coming already!” Tag left the shower area and headed through the sleeping area and walked up the connecting shaft to the control area.

“I’m here! Can we start working?” he said snarly, “it’s not like we haven’t done this a billion times already.” Tag sat in his chair, grabbed the console control and started the video upload of the new moons ranges and valleys.

Sasha sat at the console next to him and started tapping in coordinates for the mapping process.

She smiled with a diabolical smirk, as if a hybrid could have diabolical feelings.

Tag rolled his eyes and continued the scan of the moon.

She continued coding in sector by sector as they flew across the moon’s surface at 309km a second.

“I can’t wait until the next planet, oh joy, what fun that will be.” Tag said as he turned the infrared video scanner on to do another sweep of the surface, for the geographical PHD’s to moon over back home. The scans would automatically be sent to home base once they completed their final pass, like in twenty minutes, then off to the next destination.

Sasha continued to scan and send information back to home base, Tag stood up and stretched, “Sasha, I’m going to the bathroom, watch all the stuff for me, will you?” he said as he started to leave the control room.

Sasha turned to look at him and say, “You’re going to the bathroom, you just got here!” She shook her head side to

side, “humans, am I right?” she muttered under her breath, like she was telling another droid, and for all Tag knew she probably was.

“So what I have to fucking pee!”

“Give me a fucking break!”

“I’m only human!”

Tag stood waiting for the control room door to slide open so he could be on his merry way to the toilet.

Sasha continued to watch him leave the room and roll her eyes as she went back to her console and continued to categorize another formation.

The door slid shut as Tag entered the narrow hallway to the bathroom just two meters from the control room.

He didn’t really have to pee that much, but it was a good excuse to get out of working for a few minutes.

Heck, he just woke up she really didn't expect him to wake up and go to work right away.

Tag passed by the toilet and continued to walk down the hall to his room, and decided to circle back to the bathroom. Aw hell, while I’m here, I might as well pee, he thought. Tag entered the small toilet area and unzipped his jumpsuit and was about to start to pee when a sudden jolt shook him from his standing stance. Tag fell to the floor, luckily he didn’t start peeing yet or else he’d be a little wet.

He stood up shakily, and zipped up and tried to regain his composure, and worked his way back to the control room amongst all the shaking and jerking the ship was making. By the time he got to the control room door, alarms were sounding throughout the ship. The door slid open. Sasha

was busily working on her console, not the geological section but the maintenance section of the ship.

“Sasha!” Tag yelled.

“What the fuck is going on?!” he yelled over the alarms.

“I’m trying to determine that.” she said.

“Well, at least turn off the damn alarm system!” he yelled, “It’s driving me nuts!”

Suddenly the alarms stopped blasting and he could at least think a little better. “What happen? We hit something?” Tag asked Sasha.

“I’m trying to determine that now, Tag.” Sasha continued to analyze the situation and make adjustments to the control panel. The ship was still shaking and jerking about almost to the point of destabilization and they could lose their orbit and crash into the moon below. That would not be fun, not having any form of collection protocol if stranded.

Tag grabbed hold of his console and was able to get himself back into his chair and strap in, just in case, and helped Sasha with controlling the ship. It started to be less shaky with both at the helm.

“What do you think happened?” Tag asked.

“I think we hit something, or something hit us, is my determination.” Sasha stated.

“I also think it’s cataclysmic.”

“You mean...” Tag spoke in horror.

“We’re going to crash.” Sasha said unemotionally.

“We’re all going to die!” he shouted.

“Well, not all of us, just you.” she said with a smile.

Very funny Tag thought, she may not die, but she will be fucked up, maybe humpty dumpty won't be able to be put back together he thought, as she continued to try and stabilize the ship.

Black out hit both the ship and the crew, a strange feeling came over Tag for a few moments, strange, like an out of body strange. Tag woke up. Sasha was still at the helm.

Five minutes of shake, rattle and roll, the ship spun on all axis and rotations. They were in freefall and heading to the moon's surface rapidly.

The thrusters were at least doing what they were supposed to do and most of the ship was intact, so whatever they hit they still were in one piece and only a few mechanical issues were causing the trouble, but those few mechanical issues were quite devastating to the ships hydraulics and stabilization structures. They did have thruster capabilities and they were able to get the ship in a controlled crash. Communications were out, no leaks or hull damage, not bad for a crash.

The orbit was deteriorating and they were only a few kilometers from the surface and their speed was controlled, both Sasha and Tag were able to have some control, enough to not kill them at least.

The ships viewscreen from the surrounding cameras sputtered back on giving a view of what was in front of them. This wasn't the same moon they were orbiting it was



much bigger and really weird looking. Where are we? Tag questioned.

The surface continued to get closer as they watched on the view screen as the planet inched its way towards them.

"What the fuck!" Tag yelled after regaining consciousness, "what the fuck is that on the monitors, a planet?"

Sasha, said, "Yes, a planet and more, but I can't go into it right now."

"Well, here's knowing you kid!" Tag yelled to Sasha as the approaching planet covered the viewscreen.

Then blank.

## **CHAPTER 2**

### **CONTACT**

The ship hit the ground hard, but not hard enough to split it or damage it too bad. Sensors alerted them to a few antennas missing and maybe a camera/scanner malfunction, but they have extra gear. Their descent was very controlled, thanks to Sasha. She never lost consciousness, like Tag. That's a good thing, someone has to be awake to make the right decisions and fly the ship.

Tag regained consciousness, "How long was I out?" he asked Sasha.

"Oh, were you gone?!" she smirked, "you were out about a minute, at least near a minute according to your health bracelet, and pretty much intact except for that bump on your head from slamming into the back of your chair, which by the way is cushioned, so how you lost consciousness is beyond me." she said sarcastically.

"While you were "out", ARI and I have concluded some data" She said, tapping on her touchpad to bring up on his screen her findings.

"We're in the Cygnus star system in the northern part of the Milky Way Galaxy 6,070 light years from our solar system. ARI and I concluded that we must have been consumed by some random wormhole." she said.

"All the data analysis strongly points to a natural occurrence of a wormhole forming like a big bang type of ripple effect, guess we were in the wrong place at the wrong time."

She laid her hand on Tag's arm, "the real kicker, if this is a wormhole and if we are in Cygnus, everything that was isn't anymore, we're in the past."

She paused and smiled, "Anyway, safe and sound on the planet's surface."

"Welcome to ..."

"Welcome to where?" Tag asked.

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"Uncharted planet?" he asked, "that means, uncharted and unheard of."

“Yes, we’re completely lost.” Sasha said backing away from her console. “I have to check on the ships status, you stay here and compose yourself, I know how you don’t like to over stretch your abilities.”

“I can help!” he said, “I’m not a moron!”

Sasha gave him a look and rolled her eyes, "You say that a lot."

“Well, not a complete moron.” he injected.

“Fine, I could use some help.”

The control room door slid slower than usual, that probably needed fixing at some point, but a minor problem compared to probably the rest of the ship.

Once the door completely opened, the hallway lights were sputtering on and off, that needed fixing, Tag thought.

They continued through the ship and looked in all the rooms, everything was intact and just a few things were misaligned and needed some attention to which, Sasha did very quickly. Engine room was fine, nothing broken or loose. The propulsion system still online, all in all, the ship was remarkably in good condition for falling from orbit and hitting a planet 6,000 light years from Earth.

Survived that, Tag thought, now, how do we get off this place.

After a half hour Sasha had the interior of the ship in complete working order, even the sputtering lights. They both headed back to the control room and looked at the view monitor to have a look outside. ARI and Sasha did some calculating and determined the planet was human hospitable.

There was oxygen and nitrogen, not ideal, but like being in a high desert altitude near two thousand kilometers in elevation.

Gravity was earthlike, only three Suns, but far away not to damage their skin in long exposures, plant life and sensors determined possible animal and humanoid presence.

Great, Tag thought, people...

He's not great with people, especially people he didn't know, hell, he's not that great with people he knew.

Sasha, he could deal with, she's not really people.

They were located twelve kilometers from the nearest habitat, at least that's what Sasha and ARI estimated; far enough to be hidden for a while as Tag determined the next move. Yes, he said to himself, he'd determine, he was the human aboard, and he was the "captain" of the ship, not the "computers". He determined when and where they went, and what time. Right now, he had a headache and wanted to sleep.

Tag slithered in his chair for sleep, when Sasha came up and bumped him, "Oh no you don't, no sleeping for you, you might have a concussion and I'm not your doctor, but you need to get checked out."

The ship had a medic room, an AI doctor programmed to help in emergencies, and according to Sasha this was one of those times. Tag walked back to the medic room and the doctor came online.

A hologram of a middle-aged woman fizzled into the room and she asked Tag to sit on the doctor's table and unzip his jumpsuit.

"A little forward, huh Doc?!" he laughed. "I mean, we just met!"

"Very funny, Tag." Doctor Hammon said, "We know each other all too well."

"That's true, I do come into the medic room more often than a person should, what can I say, I'm accident prone I guess." Tag relinquished.

"Sasha wants me to do a quick overview, before you decide to go to sleep." Doctor Hammon said scanning his body from head to toe. "She knows how much you like to sleep or at least do as little as possible."

"Oh she did, did she, that little minx." Tag muttered.

"It's all good." Doctor Hammon said and gave Tag a virtual lollypop." See you next time Tag!"

Doctor Hammon's image fizzled away.

Tag zipped up and slid off the table and headed back to the control room to hook up with Sasha.

"Okay, Doc says I'm fine." Tag boasted.

"Now can I go to sleep?" he asked.

She nodded to Tag. Relay of the Doctor's analyzes spread to her circuits as the scan was uploaded to ARI.

"You can go to sleep now" she said, "just don't sleep too long."

"Aye, aye, Captain!" Tag left the room heading to his bunk, "I'll see you on the flip side!"

Sasha had control of the ship, while Tag headed off to sleepy land, who was he kidding, being in control of the ship. He knew she was. He just needed to assert his dominance over machines. He was a human, right? Tag slinked out of his jumpsuit and climbed into bed. It's been a long hard day, he was tired and that was just too much for him to handle in one day. He's not a young buck anymore, shit fucks him up and he needed to get away for a little while. Damn, Tag wished he had a beer or two.

## **Planet Analysis**

Five hours passed as Tag slept, he was very sleepy, and the landing was rough and he needed to rest up to assist with Sasha in determining what the course of action would be.

Tag grabbed his jumpsuit and headed out to the control room to find out what Sasha and ARI had concluded. Sasha was sitting in front of her console typing in information she and ARI analyzed.

"So, what have we learned?" Tag asked as he sat next to Sasha in his chair.

Sasha stopped typing and turned her chair towards him, "Well, it seems we have analyzed a lot of information that will help in our next venture."

"Do tell..." as Tag leaned in to grok her information.

"It seems, we're on a planet in a triple star system, the planets axis is tilted to run vertical instead of horizontal, and causing the planet to sustain three very distinctive and different climates. Since the star system is triple if that wasn't challenging enough, the stars are polar opposites, one is a red giant, the other a white dwarf, the third a normal star much like Mars." Sasha stopped talking to let that sink in.

Tag sighed, and sat back on his chair. He looked at the console in front of him, and glanced at the screen where Sasha transferred a video of all that she said.

"So," Tag said looking back at Sasha, "what's this mean?"

"I'll continue." She typed some more on her touchpad, the screen in front of Tag changed to an updated view of the information.

"It seems that the planet is orbiting around the three Suns in a way that one side of the planet is drying up and extremely hot, while the other side is a completely frozen over. We happened to be inside a medium climate."

Tag spun back in his chair to look at the screen and smiled and turned back to Sasha, "so, ah, we're all alone here. What about the city you found twelve kilometers from here, is that still functioning or has everyone, if anyone ever existed still here?"

Tag sat back, "I'm confused."

Sasha, typed some more on her touchpad, Tag's screen changed.

"If calculations and information are correct, they are still here, what they are, I haven't a clue and I can't estimate how many are surviving.

I do know that it's either cold or hot depending on where you are."

"So, where are we?" he asked.

"We're in the middle, the climate vortex, between hot and cold, so warm."

She smiled, "You can walk about the cabin as you like."  
She joked.

"Okay, then if we're in the "green zone", then there should be people out there living normally." he said, moving his page down button on his touchpad to scroll through the information.

"Correct" Sasha said getting up from her chair. "I'm going to go outside, you want to come?"

"Sure, why not, check out the damage first hand, and maybe go find some people to help with directions. What if there are animals or something else?" Tag got up and moved closer to the control room's main screen to view the outside from their bow and stern cameras.



It looked like Hawaii, not that he's ever been to Hawaii, but Tag seen videos and photos. It looked like Hawaii, very tropical and warm and pleasant. Tag couldn't wait to go outside, he'd been trapped in the ship for quite some time and he needed to stretch his legs, maybe run a few laps.

"Tag...you're such a dolt." Sasha said making one final scan to open the door. "You know, nothing out there can hurt me, but you?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll be cautious just don't let a tiger get me." Tag said thinking maybe he should put on a space suit just to be safe. Oh fuck it, he thought, what the hell, they'll probably never get off this planet anyways.

ARI gave the go ahead and the door unlatched and Sasha pushed it open. The warmth of the outside came rushing in as the air from their ship escaped in a whoosh. The heat was overwhelming, very warm and muggy, almost sickening, but Tag managed to compose himself. Tag had never been in different environments before it's not like he lives in a space capsule all the time or was in a habitat on Mars. Being on a planet with a real atmosphere and a sun or two was a new experience for him.

The Suns were in the distance, Tag could definitely see the Red Giant, huge, the White Dwarf was out there, dwarfing.

"Now be careful." Sasha said moving ahead of him slowly, "We really don't know what's out there, just because we

did a preliminary scan, doesn't mean we scanned everything."

Tag knew that, there are probably bugs and other shitty things out there, especially in this humid weather.

"Do you have any idea where we're going?" Tag asked as they trekked three meters from the ship.

"Well, I want to do a quick scan first and see what's around the ship and then survey the damage to the ship before we venture any further." Sasha scanned the vegetation and grounds with her eyes to determine safe and sound or not. The scan took seconds. She turned around and scanned the ship, and moved closer to the ship. Tag did too, to see for himself if there was any major damage. The ship seemed scratched up and bent but nothing was cracked in half or anything, Sasha made a more complete scan, and looked back at Tag.

"Things are fine, some minor repairs need done, but we can do that later." Sasha said moving away from the ship back to the surrounding vegetation occupying the ships radius. "Shall we continue moving further down the path and see what's about?"

"You know, I'd like to, but..." Tag was getting kind of jittery about being out in a space where he wasn't really protected, he didn't know what was really out here and he was getting scared, he'd admit it. He was scared, he knew that was stupid and Sasha was there to protect him, and

heck, ARI was scanning and able to fend off any danger, but, he's human, what could he say, he frightened easily.

Sasha stopped walking and turned to Tag and said, "You're right, twelve kilometers is quite far and you being a human standing 187 centimeters, weighing 77 kilograms are quite fragile aren't you." she smirked. "I'll just send a few AI Research Drones out and scan the distance. It'll be quicker that way too."

She alerted ARI to open the cargo bin on top of the ship to release the drones. Five small drones left the ship and whizzed silently away towards the habitat and the surrounding climates.

"Cool, I can go back to the ship and we can watch from there, and besides, it's really humid out here, I miss my climate controlled ship." Tag said as they walked back the few meters to the ships door.

"I can show you all we know and once the drones are in place and sending back information we can all examine it and make our decision what to do next." Sasha said, closing the door behind her, keeping the nice cool ship from overheating.

"I could use a drink." Tag said, heading to the galley. "Set up the screens and show me all we have so far."

"Aye, aye, Captain." Sasha said sitting at her console.

Before he had retrieved his drink, the information was on the ships main screens.

"Here's what we have so far." She said gesturing with her hand towards the screens, the information flashed on the screens.

## **SCREEN 1- INFORMATION: Cygnus Star System**

Abbreviation: Cyg

Genitive: Cygni

Pronunciation /'sɪgnəs/, genitive /'sɪgnɪ/

Symbolism: the Swan or Northern Cross

Right ascension: 20.62h

Declination +42.03°

Quadrant: NQ4

Area 804 sq. deg. (16th)

Main stars: 9

Bayer/Flamsteed

Stars: 84

Stars with planets: 97

Stars brighter than 3.00m 4

Stars within 10.00 pc (32.62 ly) 1

Brightest star: Deneb ( $\alpha$  Cyg) (1.25m)

Messier objects: 2

Meteor showers: October Cygnids

Kappa Cygnids

Bordering

Constellations Cepheus

Draco

Lyra

Vulpecula

Pegasus

Lacerta

## SCREEN 2 - INFORMATION: Planetary Solar Systems

Nearest Star System: Kepler-47 (KOI-3154)

Constellation: Cygnus

Right ascension: ( $\alpha$ ) 19h 41m 11.4985s[1]

Declination ( $\delta$ ) +46° 55' 13.705"[1]

Apparent magnitude: (mV) 15.8

Distance: 3400±100[1] ly

(1060±30[1] pc)

Spectral type: G6V / M4V

Mass (m) 1.043 / 0.36[2] M $\odot$

Radius: (r) 0.963 / 0.35[2] R $\odot$

Temperature: (T) 5636 / 3357[2] K

Metallicity: [Fe/H] A: -0.25 ( $\pm$  0.08)[3]

Age: 4–5 Gyr

Physical characteristics:

Mass (m) 23.17 ( $\pm$  1.97)[4] M $\oplus$

Radius: (r) 4.62 ( $\pm$  0.20)[3] R $\oplus$

Stellar flux: (F $\odot$ ) 0.873[5]  $\oplus$

Density: ( $\rho$ ) 1.29+0.32

-0.25 g cm<sup>-3</sup>

Surface gravity: (g) 1.09+0.2

-0.38 g

Temperature: (T) 245 K (-28 °C; -19 °F)

Orbital elements

Semi-major axis: (a) 0.991 ( $\pm$  0.015)[3] AU

Eccentricity: (e) <0.411[3]

Orbital period: (P) 303.137 ( $\pm$  0.072)[3] d

Inclination: (i) 89.825 ( $\pm$  0.010)[3]°

"Let me simplify for you Tag." Sasha said as the screens went blank.

"That's the most updated data we have."

Sasha continued, calculating the newest, nearest information she could conclude.

"We're 6,070 light years from our solar system. This planet is in a triple star system where one star is a white dwarf and the other a red giant, which we already knew; we're far enough away that both aren't going to destroy this planet soon, so we have time to repair and be on our way."

She rose from her sitting position and walked next to him.

"We have one hundred and forty four hours in a day and we orbit the suns once every two hundred and fifty years, the gravity pull from the white dwarf hasn't reached out to the red giant yet, so there's still time for this planet to survive billions of years, so if we don't find a way off this place, we have time, well, I have time, you have your life span, and the way you eat and drink, well..."

Tag stopped her, "Thanks, I get it."

"Let me continue," Sasha said placing her finger over his mouth, "by the time we orbit around the suns the climate will change from what it is now, one hot, one mild, which we're in and one ice cold, it'll be 63.4 years, pretty much your life span." She said as she sat back in her chair. "By

that time, the whole planet will ice over and ARI and I will probably start to deteriorate."

"Okay, so we have sixty years of life on this planet." he said, "I'm already 42."

Sasha punched another button on her console. Images from the drones filled the screen. The view covered the "green zone" the "red zone" and the "blue zone". All climates were being explored simultaneously since each climate was only 2,259 kilometers wide.

Sasha, smiled as the screens lit up. "I forgot to tell you the planet we're on is 6,779 kilometers diameter and the white dwarf is 3,389 kilometers and red giant is 1,133,895 kilometers. The star that is keeping us alive is 690,000 kilometers, much like Mars."

"That's great Sasha, but you could've just printed me out a page of data." he said rolling his eyes at all the information she kept giving him would really make a difference in his head.

The "city" which they saw was coming into view from the AI Researcher, it was in ruins, not a sign of life from what they could see. The other areas were desolate, red zone had dust and sand, blue zone, ice and snow. Not a soul in sight in any of the zones. Green zone did have insects and small animals, at least that's what the AI R scans showed as it flew the twelve kilometers to the ruins.

"What I wouldn't give to have a MEBR (Modified Enhanced Bussard Ramjet), not that I want to fly to Mars quickly, just off this God forsaken planet of nothing." Tag said to Sasha as the screens sent back detailing images of what looked like a ruined city.

## **CHAPTER 3**

### **Analysis Contact Reset**

Like the ruined city, Tag's mind was ruined too. He started to not feel well about the idea of being stuck light years from home and really no way out. The ship was in no shape to take off, and if it was, where would they go; and having Sasha be able to spend extended periods of time outside was great, but Tag also needed to give a hand every so often. He couldn't believe what a dunce he was and just sitting in the ship all the time doing very little to help.

ARI was producing more workable time than Tag. Sasha had most of the minor repairs done thanks to the Rep (replicator) creating lots of materials for the repairs. Tag was just sitting back watching the two of them work. I'm such a lazy fuck he thought.

Sasha locked the outer door to the ship when she came in from the days repairs. The AI R's had returned surveying the planet the last few days and ARI was compiling all the



data. Sasha and Tag were evaluating the next trek forward.

Tag finally got off his ass on Earth day six, "You know we could just take a walk to the ruins and have a real to real survey ourselves Sasha."

"Um, it's still twelve kilometers away, and you've been sitting here for a day doing absolutely nothing." she stated. "Anyway, your body is probably not able to walk a hundred meters let alone twelve kilometers."

"Hey, I just think that maybe there's more to the ruins than what the drones saw."

"Okay, then we can go, you ready?" she asked.

"You mean, now?"

"Yeah, let's go!" Sasha turned to open the ships door.

"Well, maybe not this second, maybe later when I had some sleep."

"Okay, ten hours from now, we'll head out, I'll rep some provisions for you and we'll go after you sleep."

"Cool, I'll head to bed now." he said going to his room, "see you in the morning."

Tag headed off to his bunk to sleep for a few hours, get rested, refreshed and rejuvenated for the trek. What the hell did he just get himself into, shit, he has to do something other than waste away sitting around doing nothing, plus he was bored.

Tag couldn't sleep, he tried, but he tossed and turned for hours. Finally, he got up and took a shower, and went out

to the control room where Sasha was recharging and ARI was in sleep mode, also recharging with the solar panels.

Sasha sensed Tag and opened her eyes, "You ready?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm ready if you are."

"Okay, let's go then." she said, stepping off her charge pad and handing Tag his lunch bag and thermos from the cooling chamber.

Tag smiled sarcastically, accepted his lunch box and grabbed his hiking gear for the trek to the ruins. It was going to be a long day, a very long hot day.

Sasha opened the door, said goodbye to ARI who initiated his security mode and the two started on their hike. A few drones in tow, just in case they might get into some trouble ahead.

Three hundred meters into the hike, Tag called out to Sasha to wait for him, his hiking pace was getting slower by the minute.

"Wait, I need to take a break, it must be the atmosphere or something." Tag yelled to Sasha. She stopped and turned to look at Tag standing two meters behind her. The drones all stopped their forward thrust and hovered a few meters away also.

"Sorry to put a damper on your excursion, but this is really tiring."

Sasha put her hand on her hip.

"Why am I not surprised, you're so out of shape." she said motioning for the drones to continue, as they did.

"We're not even near where we are supposed to be, and already you probably want to quit and go back to the ship." Tag gave a slight smirk. "No, I don't want to quit, I just want to either slow down a little or take a rest, I'm only human."

"Oh, human, you always bring that up, as if that's something meaningful." she said as she turned and continued walking.

"We'll be ahead of you when you're ready to catch up, don't be too long."

Tag shook his head in disgust and continued his trek towards the ruins, fine, he'll keep walking he muttered to myself, damn fucking androids always in a fucking hurry, they never slow down, always on the go, go, go.

"I heard that!" Sasha yelled back at him as they walked. "I'm sure you did." he threw back at her.

Obviously they weren't getting along today.

Tag didn't understand why they were walking so far and so fast. Was he not able to walk that far in one day? He didn't know, he wasn't happy about the bickering between them either.

"Okay, we'll take a ten minute break after we go five more meters, okay?" she suggested.

"Cool, that's cool with me, and it's so fucking hot." he added.

Sasha rolled her eyes at his complaining and slowed her pace down to match up with his.

"You okay, now." she asked.

"Fine" Tag said catching up with her, at least they were getting along better, this was going to be a long day, and bickering at each other wasn't going to make it any more fun. Break time was one meter away. Tag was thinking a nice cool drink, maybe some shade. That would make it easy for him to complete the trip.

Two kilometers later they stopped again, they could see the ruins in the distance, the height of the buildings were visible from where they were and the end was in sight, so that helped out a lot for Tag's mental state.

Sasha scanned twenty meters ahead for predators and anything harmful that might be lurking near. She saw nothing and they were on their way again after eight minutes of drinking some water and sitting in the shade once more. Tropical climates aren't that easy to hike long distances in, especially if you're an out of shape human. Tag was not really out of shape, he just liked to complain a lot and bitch about shit all the time. He could make this walk in a couple of hours if he wanted to; but why, he wasn't in any hurry. He had lots of time to waste, hell decades.

Sasha stopped moments later and scanned the surface to the left, she heard a noise that was unfamiliar and wanted to check it out.

"Wait here." she said placing her hand on his chest.

Where was she going, what did she hear, should he be scared?

"It's fine, just a bird." she waved for Tag to catch up with her.

"Oh, birds are scary now." Tag muttered.

"It was just a different sounding bird then the ones near the ship." she said.

"Different sounding then the ones near the ship, why wouldn't the birds all be the same sounding no matter where we are?" he asked.

"I don't know, maybe ARI evaluate that for us, I'll message him."

ARI was doing routine work when Sasha messaged him with her question. It took him three seconds to send back an answer to her query and it seems different birds do occupy different parts of the planet in the green zone, especially this close to the ruins, species change for some unknown reason, which ARI and Sasha both couldn't find a reason for.

The drones stopped three kilometers from the nearest ruin and sent back information to Sasha.

"We're almost there." she said, "We can be there in ten minutes if we keep going."

"Okay, no problem." Tag said, finally they can stop walking in the heat, maybe the ruins are air conditioned or something.

"This is going to take me some time to render this place safe before we enter these ruins, okay Tag?" she said

moving at a faster pace than his, she had to make sure her human would not be harmed and that was fine with Tag, he really didn't want to be hurt either. Ten minutes later she was back and gave the thumbs up, all was safe.

They both entered the first building's entry way together. The door was wide enough for the two of them to enter. It was actually wide enough for four of them to enter. The structure itself was made of adobe type texture, thick walls about a meter wide, height of the room was at least ten meters high, the floor was tiled and pretty clean of dust or anything, like it was just cleaned that day, and yet, these were ruins, at least they looked like ruins, maybe they weren't, what did they know, they just arrived.

Sasha walked ahead a bit and scanned the room and adjoining rooms both xray and thermal scans, nothing was showing, the place was empty of anything, furniture, people, plants, animals, a nice clean room.

"Strange how this place is so tidy." Tag said to Sasha.

"Yes it is, especially since its all open air and without doors or windows closing out the outside vegetation and animal population.

"This place should be covered in planet matter, both plant and animal." she continued to scan and equate.

"I have to pee." Tag said.

"Well, go outside." Sasha said to him strolling along the edge of the wall feeling it and analyzing its content.

"It's not like I would piss on this nice clean floor." Tag said walking outside the huge door.

He unzipped, whipped it out and pissed off to the side of the front door in the bushes next to the front window. Tag could see Sasha still walking around the room as he let the last of his pee drip from his penis, shook it off, and zipped up and went back into the building.

"Did I miss anything, while I was gone?" he asked.

"Funny." she said, "You know, this place isn't really that old, I've done a few scans and it's only been around for a few years."

"That's funny, why are we calling them ruins then, if they're only a few years old?" Tag asked seriously.

"Good question." Sasha said sending a message to ARI for his input.

ARI didn't respond, Sasha tried again to contact him.

No response.

"ARI's not responding to my message." Sasha said with a bit of concern in her voice.

"Either he isn't receiving or my message isn't getting through to him."

Tag started to get a little concerned himself.

"Could it be the ruins or whatever we're in is keeping your message from leaving the building, some sort of jamming of radio waves?" Tag asked while giving his own analysis.

"Possibly, I'll go outside and try again." Sasha moved outside the walls and into the sun two meters from the building and sent another message.

Still nothing, it wasn't the building, ARI wasn't receiving her message. This was very concerning. Did something happen to ARI, the ship?

Sasha sent two drones back to the ship to give her more input. The drones shot off rapidly towards the ship, they should get some info rather quickly. Those suckers do fly like shit when they want to.

In the meantime, Sasha and Tag continued to walk around the outside of the building and followed a pathway to the back of the building where a courtyard of quad buildings all the same size stood. Maroon in color, all adobe, all without glass or doors, just open buildings.

They stood in the middle of the courtyard and surveyed the surroundings. These four buildings were the only ones standing close together.

Other buildings were further away, but all were the same size and shape. Almost like an art installation was Tag's thought.

"It's like art." Tag said to Sasha, "someone made a art installation on this planet and left."

Sasha shrugged, "I don't think so." she said scanning all the buildings in the area. All were clean and clear of anything planet matter.

"Strange." she said perplexed by it all.

The drones sent a message to Sasha, ARI and the ship were all right.

The drones were returning, Sasha made a sigh, "I don't know what is causing the jamming."



All drones were accounted for and all moved off to inspect the other structures in the area, sending information back to Sasha for her cluster bagging of data collection.

Suddenly the drones dropped, Sasha started talking gibberish and acting all wonky. Tag was feeling nausea and lightheaded and then all went black.

. . .

Metal restraints were connected to Tag's wrist and ankles. Upon awaking from God knows what, Tag could see Sasha next to him, clamped in except her legs were spread further apart than his.

Tag looked around the room as much as he could. No one was there but the two of them. The room was vacant except the two cold In-Ceram slabs they were connected to. As Tag focused more on his surroundings, tubes were coming from both his arms and legs, his genital region had a covering tube over it and Sasha had the same tubes, except her genital region was without tubing.

“Sasha!” Tag silently spoke hoping no one would hear him.

“Sasha, you awake?” he kept insisting until he heard something from her.

“I hear you.” she finally whispered back.

“Where are we?” Tag asked her thinking she’d know exactly what was going on being a “all knowing” being that she was.

“I don’t know.” was her reply.

“What?”

“You know everything.” Tag insisted.

“Not really, I don’t know where we are or why we’re restrained.”

“Well, fuck, Sasha, how, what, what...damn, how are we going to get out of this?”

“I don’t know Tag.” she said trying to calm him down with her mild response.

“But, we’ll be okay, we’re still alive.” she informed him with brilliant observance.

Suddenly the door opened to the vacant room they were in.

Two towering beings entered, they looked gray, standing over two and a half meters tall and covered in white lab jackets or at least that’s what Tag thought they were wearing, maybe that was their skin for all he knew.

They walked close to them, spoke in some unknown language and nodded to each other as they spoke and gazed upon them.

They turned their attention to Sasha mainly and got closer to her slab. Made more comments, nodded and turned and exited the room.

“What was that all about?” Tag asked Sasha.

“They want to do a sexual experimentation on me.” That’s what Sasha got from their comments.

“How do you know what they were saying?”

“I have universal translation algorithms that can recognize and assimilate all languages in the galaxy known to humankind, and they fall into the perimeter of that knowledge database.”

“Well, that’s not good!” he said not liking the idea of these assholes having sex with his “girlfriend”.

“I know, but they’re interested in my body makeup, they don’t understand the concept of half organic human, half automated electronic computerized substance that makes me ... me.”

“Well, that’s just fucked up, and I don’t like it!”

“Nothing you can do Tag.”

Tag lowered his head on the slab and shook his head in agreement. He was pretty much unable to do anything except watch at this point.

A few more minutes passed when another gray being entered the room, much taller and bulkier than the other two. Dressed in nothing from what Tag could tell.

It looked at Tag for a moment, then turned its gaze to Sasha and stood next to the foot of her slab.

It looked at Tag for another second, turned its attention back to Sasha again and expanded its body swelling forward like a penis moving to be erected hover over her In-Ceram slab.

Tilted its head to the left, then right, lifted its left eyebrow or what looked like an eyebrow and placed its face between her legs.

That's all Tag could see from his view point and he wasn't happy about the thoughts going through his head about what it might be doing. Tag stretched his neck as far as he could to get a glimpse of what was happening, but he couldn't see...but he heard...Sasha was having an enjoyable time. Tag knew Sasha's sounds when she is having an orgasmic feeling and this was the sound he heard.

Sasha gave out a loud screech, her knowingly tell of reaching orgasm, and suddenly the room filled with monitors and screens glowing through-out the room. Tag could see both Sasha, himself and the alien on a big screen three hundred and sixty degrees surrounding the outer walls. Biological readouts on several others screens flashed on and off around the room, virtual holographic screens flashing information about the examination, including a screen showing the other two aliens in another room nodding in unison.

The alien in the room removed something from its body and Tag assumed what was showing was an erect penis type structure as it enmeshed on top of Sasha. Penetrating her vagina and thrusting its genital in her and surrounding her body with more erect tubes from its upper body, secretions from its body and her body were both transitioning between the tubes, Tag couldn't tell which was the alien and which were hers.

This happened over a matter of minutes and Tag could see Sasha from the corner of his eye pulsating and being

shoved into the In-Ceram she was restraint to. The alien finished secretion and both her fluids and the aliens ceased to flow through the tubing.

No sounds were emitted from the alien or Sasha, so her orgasm wasn't achieved, Tag had no idea if this alien even had orgasms, it might just be some penetration experiment on its part.

The alien returned to its original structure and exited the room and joined the other two aliens in the next room which Tag could see on the monitors for a second before all screens in the room went blank.

“You okay Sasha?”

“I'm fine Tag.”

“Fine, that fucker just fucked you!” he shouted, he could see it on the monitors, the aliens heard that and gave a quick glance at their monitors, and returned to their intercommunication.

A moment later the screens in the room flashed on in a strobe like session and went blank again. Suddenly their restraints were loosened and they could move freely once more.

A minute later two aliens entered and spoke in our language. They also must have a universal translator.

“We are Hibachi and Cylinder. You are on the planet Syiinger. Welcome to our planet.”

Tag looked at Sasha and held back a laugh, what the fuck were they saying, Hibachi and Cylinder, planet Syiinger? What gibberish, obviously their translator sucked.

Sasha gave Tag a stern look, “They’re not translating well, I’ll reformat their translation and clear it up for you Tag, and also, stop being rude.”

“Ah...excuse me, we’re held prisoner and you got raped and you’re telling me not to be rude?”

“Different beings have different values.” she explained to him, obviously not being phased by being raped by an alien or several aliens.

“Oh come on Sasha, that’s ridiculous! These fucks don’t get my respect!”

“Tag, calm down, they’re not happy with the way your acting.”

“The way I’m acting, are you kidding me!” he shouted.

The aliens entered the room and hovered around Sasha. Sasha spoke to the aliens in their language excluding Tag from understanding their conversation, which he was really annoyed at Sasha about, but the aliens were calming down, because God knows what they were like if angry. Tag did have the acknowledgement of reality to know when to stop being an asshole and shut up and see what happens next.

The aliens left the room. Tag and Sasha were still naked and standing in the room for the longest time.

Cylinder came in and asked them to have sexual relations with each other, Sasha agreed, Tag wasn’t really happy to have an audience, but what the hell, better than being vaporized he thought.

Sasha and he already had tried having a relationship once a few months ago, it didn't go well, he thought, the way they bickered all the time wasn't his idea of a good relationship, but having sex with her was really pleasant, so he'd have no trouble doing it, but with an audience?

"Don't think about them," Sasha said to Tag, "think about me and we could give them a nice show if you want."

Tag nodded in agreement, sure, why not, it would be like a porn movie, except he was a participant and not a viewer. What the hell, let's do it.

Tag and Sasha laid on one of the slabs and started to go at it. Screens lit up the room once more, the walls were a glow of the image of the two of them together. Tag thought, all righty, film at eleven.

This went on for a few minutes before Tag saw something out of the corner of his eye, another alien entered the room and was making its way towards them. They didn't stop fucking even though the alien was as close as the two of them were to each other. It reached out his hand or tentacle whatever they have for appendages and started to insert itself into their closeness. Tag was a bit taken aback, but Sasha calmed him down to let things happen as they might. The idea of a threesome was gaining more momentum for Tag as he noticed the alien had a female form, could this creature be some sort of a shape-shifter and take on another image or was that just a mind fuck with some sort of telepathy. Sasha could see right through any of its mind fucks, but Tag was a little more susceptible to suggestion.

The three of them continued their engagement with all screens lit up in the room, and biofeedback monitors tracing and analyzing each of their bio data, including the alien, itself was sending bio data to the lab in the next room. The aliens were even analyzing each other's response to this combination of relationships among different species. The lab technicians in the other room were amazed at the stats of Sasha's the most, Tags was a typical human bio, but Sasha had fascinating data readings.

The alien withdrew from Tag and Sasha and fell to the floor. It remained in prone position and slithered across the room to the door and exited.

Tag and Sasha remain continuing having sex.

"You think they had enough of our participation?" Tag asked withdrawing from Sasha's vagina.

"Oh yeah, I think they have more than enough information on us." She said getting up from the lab table. Tag remained prone stroking his half limp dick.

"We could continue?" he said getting hard again.

"I know I'm half robot, but I've had enough for one day."

Sasha returned.

"Okay, just had to try." Tag said getting up from the table.

They both stood there waiting until an alien would either communicate through the sound system or enter the room. Tag and Sasha didn't have to wait too long before an alien entered the room.



“You have been extraordinary species to observe, but we’re through with you now.” The alien said giving their clothes back to them.

“You may leave the compound.” He continued, showing them a new door that just appeared in the wall. The door led to the surface of the planet and Sasha and Tag without a word left the ordeal they just encountered, thinking how lucky they were to survive the incident.

Not wasting time on trying to understand the whole idea behind what just occurred, they both left quickly to the warm and sunny surface. The removal was speedy, a bounce tube of some kind Sasha concluded. Tag, was just happy to be out of there, although, he did like the sex, even with the alien. Tag was always up for something different, and liked experimenting with life in general.

Like the time he and his friends, stole some new strain of cannabis his mother was experimenting on with *Methylobacterium ajmalii*, that she scrapped off the interior of their spaceship, The Albedo, when travelling from Earth to Mars. That was a whole strange trip in itself, for Tag and his friend Kelley.

He and his friend were conscious of the fact that they were totally out of control of their bodies, their heads felt like they were beheaded from their bodies, warm one minute, cold the next. Having strange hallucinations and feelings

of doom, it was quite the experience. Tag had a few, and yet, never seemed to learn from them.

Tag was happy to come out of the last incident happy, he felt the sun on his face and saw the drones hovering above, thinking how nice it was to just get back to “normal”.

Sasha was happy too, she had some wild thoughts that the aliens were going to eliminate them once their experiment was over. Luckily, that didn't come to pass. Her thoughts of being devoured by the alien species were just thoughts. Even though, she felt from the aliens such an idea.

Her thoughts of the aliens surrounding their bodies and exploding once the alien had orgasmed also didn't come to pass.

She also envisioned the alien severing Tag's penis when Tag was coming, which didn't materialize, making her happy.

Tag, remained oblivious to any of this mind meld, only was consumed with his orgasm. Just like all men, self-absorbed.

Sasha once to the surface contacted ARI to say they'd be coming back soon.

ARI, relieved that the both of them were still alive reconnected to Sasha to say the drones and the ship were welcomed back anytime.

“Sasha, you remember how to get home?” Tag asked.

“Of course I do, all we have to do is follow the drones.”

She said grabbing his hand to comfort him.

“Don’t worry about a thing, we have this handled.” She assured him.

Thinking that all they had to do now was get back to the ship and try and find a way off this planet as soon as possible.

The walk back to the ship was quicker than the walk to the ruins. It felt like they were home in no time. ARI opened the ships door and they all returned and were happy to be together once again.

The idea of the separating was jarring to all of them. ARI missed Sasha’s constant communication and Tag’s off the fly comments. The whole ship was back to normal, even though, normal was stranded on an alien planet with strange aliens who they didn’t trust completely.

Sasha made a complete report to ARI about the incident with the aliens and they both processed the information internally and came with alternative conclusions if the opportunity presented itself to them in the future. Making all sorts of counter responses to whatever conflict might arise in the near future with the aliens on the planet.

ARI took major upgrade defense precautions if the aliens were indeed to make another “attack” in the name of science of both Sasha and Tag and even the ship itself.

“I’m cold” Tag said once on board the ship.

ARI quickly turned up the heat in the ship.

“Sorry Tag, but with you and Sasha gone for such a long period of time I made the ship more comfortable for my electronics.

“That’s okay, I just felt cold from being outside in the warmth and now it felt chilly.”

“Maybe if I make you some soup, you’d feel better.” Sasha said to Tag.

“You don’t have to mother me. I can make my own soup if I need it.” Tag said.

“Oh, so now, you’re a big boy.” She said, “Funny, all these weeks here on this planet and all the complaining I heard from you, how this, how that, I can’t do this or that.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know how I sound. I know how I can be.” Tag continued to her.

“But sometimes, I do learn my lesson, and this last experience taught me something.”

Tag went to the kitchen and made himself a bowl of soup. He chose chicken dumplings in white sauce. All he had to do was go to the replicator and say, “Chicken dumpling soup, please.”

Sasha clapped as the soup was being prepared. Tag smirked and then a genuine smile.

“See, I can do it.”

Sasha clapped again, in a Nancy Pelosi way.

“I’m glad you’re a big boy now Tag, maybe now I can get something done to find a way off this planet without constantly trying to pamper to your desires.

“Oh man, that’s brutal!” Tag responded half serious half joking.

ARI interrupted and said, “When the two of you are done bickering, perhaps we can find a way off this planet.”

“I agree.” Sasha said sitting back at her workstation and hooking up to ARI’s mainframe to work out new ideas of getting off this dying planet.

“Well, in the meantime, I guess I’ll eat my soup and catch up on some reports to send back to home base once you two figure out how we can leave.” Tag said settling in at his own station and eating at his place.

“Don’t get any soup on your console.” Sasha reprimanded Tag for a future mishap.

“Don’t worry Mama’, I’m not going to fuck shit up.” He replied, accidentally spilling a bit of soup on his desk.

“Oops.” He said smiling while cleaning it off with his sleeve.

Sasha rolled her eyes and switched back to intensifying her research. The faster they find a way off the place, the happier she’ll be getting back to something sane. Mainly getting back to her friends on home base and getting some free time away from Tag.

“Oh gee, this is going to take forever to get this information.” Tag said finishing up his soup.

“It may.” ARI replied, “We have time.”

Sasha smiled in her monitor so ARI could see her, they communicated silently without Tag overhearing their secret discussion.

Tag back at his station, unaware as usual of the secret chat between computer chips.

He was more interested in completing his own report about what just happened in the ruin underground alien compound. Writing about how it was having sex with an alien.

## **CHAPTER 4**

### **Reversion**

#### **DAY 0000: TRIP LOG**

##### **0000**

Haven't been able to make an entry log for some time and also, not really knowing where I am in space, I mean I know, where I am, how I got here, I don't know, but I'm willing to try and make some statement about what's going on here.

I have been on this unknown planet for a while now. I know what it's called. I just haven't been able to describe anything recently.

This is harder than I thought it was going to be.

All I know is, I and Sasha and ARI are on a uncharted planet, well, uncharted from our Solar System records, but hell, isn't that really my job anyway, record and find and scan and send back new information from new planets and asteroids, etc.

Anyway, while we are stranded here, we came upon a species of aliens who reside on this planet's underground. They are a dying species, I think because their world is dying. Having a dwarf and giant binary off axis situation meaning, they're dying in years to come, well, shit...

I need to regroup myself and get back to writing this later.

**END OF LINE...**

Tag rose up from his console and stretched his legs, and walked around the room a bit and then finally got his thoughts together to sit back down at his station and start typing again.

**DAY 0000: TRIP LOG**

**0001**

Needed to regroup, I'm good now.

Sex with an alien is much like sex with an android, different than with a human.

That being said, it wasn't that bad, a little strange, but shit's basically where shit should be. Anyway, I managed to get through the situation without dying and now we're back on the ship trying to figure a way out of here.

How we got here is another thing, I don't know how we arrived on this planet.

We were in the solar system, when we crashed here. Sasha informed me of where we were and probably how we got here, but I didn't see the wormhole that scooped us out of our time and space. It just appeared out of nowhere very quickly.

Now we're here with a crippled ship and we need to repair it if we want to get off this planet before I die.

Sasha and ARI are going to be able to exist long after I'm dead, and I'm not too happy about dying out here alone. I know, I'm not alone, Sasha and ARI are here, but let's be real, they're not really human. I'm alone out here. I miss my mom and dad. I love my mom and dad.

**END OF LINE...**

Tag stopped his writing and chuckled at the last sentence. What a strange thing to say, he'd been so alone in space for so long, his mind was going back to an adolescent state.

I should erase this and start over again, but why, no one will read this. I'm never going to be able to send this message. No one will be alive that I know. I should just face the truth and just give up and try and make the best of my time.



Sasha and I can go back to enjoying each other on a weekly basis and ARI and I can catch up on some other stuff while I wait my demise.

Tag lowered his head at his station, Sasha was aware of his sudden change in behavior.

“Are you alright?” She asked.

Tag looked up and nodded, “Yeah, fine.”

Tag went back to looking at his screen. He suddenly felt more depressed and alone.

Mom and dad are probably dead now anyways. He was billions of miles away from Mars. His old life was just a memory for him, everyone was probably gone who he knew. If he did manage to get off this planet, he'd still have years to journey back to his solar system, and with his mediocre space ship, that would take years to complete, he'd never survive the journey.

I really could use a drink, he thought, maybe the replicator and make me one, ARI could reprogram it to make alcohol, it can't be that hard to do, there's tons of vegetation on this planet to conjure up something. Hell, maybe he could grow some weed to spend the rest of his days, getting drunk and stoned all day.

He smiled, he had a plan. He was happy again, now that he knew what he could do with his remaining time.

“Hey you guys, what'd you think about making alcohol and growing marijuana while we have nothing to do?” he asked.

Sasha stopped typing and looked at him curiously. “Are you serious?” She asked.

“I am.” Tag rose from his chair and went over to her workstation.

“Seriously, we’re never going to get off this planet, and if we do, I’m going to die on the way home anyway, why not just stay here until my time is up.”

Sasha looked at him, “I agree.” She said as she unhooked her set up to ARI.

“What do you think ARI?” She asked.

“If Tag wants to revert back to his teen years and get wasted for the remaining time he has, that’s up to him. I can synthesize anything from the plant life that exists here. Mushrooms, cocaine, LSD, Meth, weed, PCP, whiskey, vodka, tequila, rum, whatever he wants, between you and me Sasha, we can create anything.” ARI said.

“Well, that’s sounds great!” Tag added, “I wasn’t thinking about all of that, but what the heck, sounds good to me, and Sasha, you can be my party partner, we can have sex, drugs and rock and roll. It will be just like the old days on Mars with my pals, except we didn’t do anything more than beer and weed, but what the heck, who’s to know, I’m on a strange new world. Thanks ARI for all the info.”

Sasha stood there looking at Tag. “You’re unbelievable you get all happy and joyful on the idea of getting wasted, but would you help fix the damn ship, fuck no.”

“What?” Tag defending himself, “I’m not leaving this planet alive, what the fuck, do I care if I’m wasted every day.”

Sasha looked down for a moment, trying to understand what was going on.

Tag was never this way before the encounter with the aliens, he was always looking forward to leaving the planet, and he even helped out, in his own way, as much as he could, but now he’s different.

Maybe the encounter with the aliens changed his mindset. Maybe they altered him in some way. He was different, and not in a good way. It was as if she didn’t even know him anymore.

“Let me think about this for a moment.” She said sitting at her workstation.

“Oh come on, Sasha!” Tag said loudly. “You don’t really have to think about this, you’re an android, you have split second tabulations.”

Sasha looked stunned. After all they’ve been through, the bonding, the cuddling, the sex. And he thinks of her as a robot machine. She was hurt. She was more than a machine. She was half humanoid, how dare he treat her inferior to him.

“I should leave you stranded on this planet all alone Tag.” She said getting up from her chair feeling angry. “I should just leave you here to fend for yourself you ungrateful little shit!”

Her anger was building up inside, then she hesitated. She started to see what she was saying and caught herself. She changed also since the encounter with the aliens. She was never this angry, and if she was she never stated it out loud before.

Sasha took a deep breath, sat down once more and looked at Tag.

“I’m sorry.” She said creating a slight smile. “I think I may be having a moment.”

“That’s okay I think I’m having a moment too.” Tag said squatting next to her. He placed his hand on her thigh. “I know you’re not just a machine, I know you’re human too. I’m just ...” He couldn’t find the words to finish his sentence.

“That’s alright Tag.” Sasha said holding his hand. “I understand completely, and you’re right, we probably won’t be able to get off this planet and we might as well enjoy the time we have. The weather is great, and like ARI said we can devise a bunch of stuff to occupy ourselves until time runs out.

In your case, until your liver gives out.”

Tag smiled, and then laughed out loud, “That’s funny, really funny, my liver giving out.”

“Well, you’ll probably start drinking at ten in the morning and smoke and consume the rest of the day until you pass out, am I right?” She asked.

“That’s probably true.” Tag confessed. “I mean what else is there to do. We could have a whole lot of sex.”

“That’s probably true.” Sasha said smiling, “We could have sex all day long.”

“I’d like that.” Tag confessed. “That would be totes awes, while high on acid. I could imagine you as a prostitute in the old west and me a hired hand or gunslinger.”

“Wow Tag, you have a vivid imagination, even without LSD.” Sasha exclaimed surprisingly.

“Oh you don’t know the half of it girl.” Tag boasted.

Sasha smiled, thinking this might not be a bad idea after all.

ARI interjected, “I could start calculations in mere seconds for all the information to create all of the plantations and chemical compounds to create all the substances we talked about. I am going to need your help Sasha, since I don’t have a body to actually perform the needed tasks.

“No problem ARI, I’d be happy to do the chores, since I do most of the chores around here anyways.” She said looking at Tag, and then smiled.

Tag got it, he knew what she was saying, and he agreed. He was a stick in the mud and not very helpful, but now he was rethinking his attitude about his role on this voyage. Prior to the engagement with the aliens he left all the work up to ARI and Sasha. He now was one of the crew, and he needed to step up his game. He’d actually would help in planting and helping around the ship, maybe even clean his own toilet, even though, ARI had that task, but he’d help out more around the place.

“This is all great, now that we have a plan.” Tag said.

“How and when are we going to start producing this stuff,

and how long will it take to make it actually happen?" He asked.

ARI spoke, "It should take only a few weeks for some things and probably only a matter of hours for the chemical equations for making the distilled drinks and drug compounds."

"Well that's awesome." Tag said, "What do you need me to do?"

Sasha handed Tag a list of his chores, if he chose to do it and started on her own projects.

Tag sat in his chair and placed his arms behind his head. "You guys are so good to me. I really can't believe you're actually going to do this for me."

"Well Tag, you are the captain of the ship and we are here to help in any way, besides, we're not going anywhere, and there aren't that many options for us." Sasha said sitting at her console typing out searches for creating chemical compounds for drugs.

Tag had his list of things to gather from the plant life outside the ship and brought back most of the items on the list.

Sasha placed the ingredients in the receptor and it mashed the plants into chemical blocks. She placed the blocks in the 3D printer. Sasha switched on the machine to enter the sequence to get a printout for inscribing to the printer.

The printout emerged and Sasha went to the replicator and entered the chemical sequence. In minutes the 3D printer produced five hundred tabs of LSD.

Next was cocaine, meth, PCP, and other opioids and five hundred vials of each were replicated.

Tag rose up from his chair and went over to Sasha standing by the 3D printer.

“This is working out really fast, why didn’t we think about this before?” He asked.

“Well Tag, we were not giving up before, now we are.” She said grabbing a slice of product to hand to Tag.

“Do you want to do the honors of first taste or me?” She asked.

Tag smiled, “Let’s do it together.”

Sasha nodded, and licked a tab, gave Tag a tab and waited to see what would happen.

The trip started almost immediately, the synthesis that ARI contrived.

Extremely potent and they started to get off quick. It was overwhelming at first for both of them.

Tag first felt the drug coming on by feeling a little strange at first, and then the auditory hallucinations came on, then the sensory and visuals kicked in.

He felt one with Sasha as soon as it kicked in. He was even knowing what ARI was thinking and communicating with each of them. The abundance of information Sasha and ARI had was making Tag’s mind explode with overwhelming insight.

“How can you live like this?” He screamed. The colors, the sounds, it’s like ...” he couldn’t describe his feelings or what was happening to him. Maybe this was a mistake, maybe he should just stick to weed and beer. This trip was just starting and it was going to be a long time before he could feel “normal” again.

The potency of the compound was way beyond anything people on Earth had created back in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. This was out of this world. Tag was wondering what the other compounds they had in mind would do like PCP, meth, mushrooms. Those would be just as potent as what he was on now, and maybe more. Could he handle all the doses, he knew Sasha could handle everything, but could he.

He was just in the second hour when the whole planet’s ecosystem came in contact with his brain. He could feel the planet, all three climates at once. He could remember the sex with the alien like it was still happening. He was one with the planet, the aliens, his computers. He was totally engrossed with the whole system in front of him. He felt the red giant, the white dwarf, the cold side of the planet, the hot side. He stood outside his ship looking at the palm trees and flowers and wild life. This was a good place to crash. He felt good about the fact that they didn’t crash on another part of the planet that would have been certain death.



Could he handle doing this the rest of his life every day? Did he want to do this all the time? He had to rethink this. Did he make a mistake coming up with this idea? Sasha came up behind him and hugged him. "I'm here darling, don't freak out, it's all good." She said kissing his neck. "I'm here, ARI's here, it's all good." She continued to ease his anxiety.

"I can't believe---" Tag halted his sentence. He settled down with Sasha comforting him, she wasn't freaking out at all, even though this was the first time she ever tripped. Her genetic makeup was equipped to handle any kind of behavior foreign to her body and mind. She was able to transcend her mind to completely envelope her surroundings and was able to trip and enjoy it without having a bad trip.

Tag was having a bad trip it seemed. He never did this, and if he was on Mars, the chemical equation used wouldn't have been introduced. ARI's compound was primo level.

ARI interrupted their trip as he spoke, "I'm sorry Tag, I didn't mean to make such a potent chemical, but I assure you nothing will happen to you physically, all the substances that were created aren't harmful to your body or mind, you just have to walk through it and it will be alright in the end, and the end will be here soon, so don't worry."

Tag felt better hearing this and calmed down and actually started to enjoy what was happening. He even thought for

a moment that maybe he'd try this again tomorrow. It was getting really good the feelings, the sights, the smells, the tastes.

"We should have sex." He said aloud, that would be cool to do right now.

"Sasha, do you want to have sex?" he asked.

Sasha smiled, "Sure, if that's what you'd like."

"It is." He said, let's do it out here in the sunshine on the grass under the palm trees."

"Out here in the sun, on the grass, on my ass?" She said about to laugh.

"You don't think that's a good idea?" Tag asked sadly.

"Oh I don't mind, I'm just fucking with you, well, I will be fucking with you momentarily." She said heading out the door stripping off her clothes.

"Are you coming?" She asked as the door opened.

"Yeah, I'm coming out in a second. Let me get my clothes off first." Tag said.

"Shall I keep the temperature the same when you two get back?" ARI asked.

"Sure ARI." Tag said leaving the ship.

ARI continued calculating more chemical compounds for upcoming drug mixtures as Tag and Sash went outside to play.

As the two of them were at it, Cylinder walked up to them as they lay in the sun making out.

"Hello." He said to Sasha's translator.

Tag and Sasha were stunned that he was there.

“What can we do you for?” She asked.

“I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of seminal coagulum from the human.” He asked with a cup in his hand.

“Are you serious?” She said amazed at the request.

“Oh I’m quite serious, we’d like to conduct more experiments and we ran out of the last batch we had.” He said moving the cup towards her.

“Well, you’re in luck, because, Tag hasn’t come yet and he was just about to, so we’ll fill your cup, but it might take a few times, and if you want to wait, you can wait inside with our mainframe ARI.” Sasha said.

Tag grabbed her arm, “You don’t want him inside our ship do you?” Tag asked concerned that Cylinder might gather information about their ship.

“Tag, he’s not going to steal anything and our information has been out there since we landed, it’s not like he’ll do something drastic to us, we’re already here forever.”

Tag calmed down and lied back down. “Are you serious about giving him my come for his cup?”

“Sure, why not, we don’t need it. You jerk off all the time, why do you care.” Sasha said straddling his body. “You can come and come again, we have all day.”

“Well if I’m going to come I might as well start with your mouth.” He said sticking his hard cock in between her moist lips.

“Yeah baby, come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be.” She said laughingly sucking his dick.

“Oh yeah, baby.” Tag said, “wait, I need the cup.”

Sasha handed it to him. “That was fast.”

“Well I have people waiting.” He said, “Let’s do it some more.”

“But of course, we’re on the clock now.” She said.

“You mean you’re on the cock now.” Tag said sticking it in her vagina.

“A man with words you are.” She said as she grabbed his shoulders and continued to thrust him upon her.

“This is like a porno movie.” Tag said as he pumped her for a few minutes before coming into the cup once more.

“How much more do you think he wants?” Tag asked.

“Probably enough to fill the cup, don’t you think.” She said waiting for the next position.

Tag started to get tired of trying too hard to accommodate the alien. Two times is as much as I can do, and besides, the more I do it the less come comes out.” He said getting off of Sasha and lying in the grass tired.

“Well, I’ll just give Cylinder this much and if he needs more, he’ll have to come over again tomorrow.” She said placing the cup near Tag’s penis head and grabbed his shaft and stroked the rest of it out, like milking him.

“Finally, I can rest.” Tag said, “This turned out to be more of an ordeal than I thought it was going to be, I just

thought we'd go outside and fuck and come back in and eat."

Cylinder nodded at Sasha and headed back to his underground bunker.

After a few moments when Tag knew that Cylinder was out of hearing range, he confided to Sasha.

"I don't know if I really want those guys coming over here asking for my semen."

"Oh I know, and I told him so before he left, he understood and won't bother us anymore, unless we ask them over, they can recreate what they need of your semen in their lab." She said putting her clothes on and heading into the ship.

"Well, that's good then." Tag continued, "I just don't trust them."

"Well, they're harmless." Sasha said opening the ship's door, "Come inside and let's get you something to eat, I know you wanted to fuck and eat, and since you were such a good sport with the aliens, you deserve a treat, unless eating me was the treat." She said smiling licking her fingers.

Tag laughed.

ARI was waiting for them as they entered, dinner was already prepared and warm with a side of wine to accompany the meal.

"That's more like it." Tag said sitting at the dining table in the mess hall.

“Fit for a king.” Sasha said sitting beside him, “Today, I too, will eat real food.”

“You’re funny.” Tag said, “I know you always eat and drink, you’re more human than you let on to be.”

“Your right, I do indulge quite frequently.” She said taking a bite steak that ARI prepared like on the grill.

“ARI does do a good steak.” Sasha said as she finished her bite and commented to Tag as he gobbled up a large chunk of meat.

“He is rather good at barbecuing. Maybe we should have done this outside.” Tag said taking another huge chunk to eat.

“Did you see that?” Tag asked Sasha, seeing a bright flash of light momentarily.

“I did.” Sasha said, “ARI, what was that flash of light we just saw?”

“What flash of light?” ARI asked.

“Your sensors didn’t pick that up?” She asked rising from the table and walking towards where the bright flash just happened.

The residual effect of the flash still remained with her optics. Tag, still had a few floaters of blue in his eyes as well. ARI not picking up anything was unusual. He always was one step ahead of everyone when something happened.

“Sasha, what’s going on, why didn’t ARI pick that up?” Tag asked as he walked close to Sasha to see the spot the light happened.

“We’re tripping, remember?” She said realizing they were still on LSD. It was a few hours and the trip was not as apparent at this phase of the journey. It was just like being normal. Just a few instances of mild hallucinations were happening.

Tag also thought he was normal and the flash of light was just a current flashback of their current trip.

ARI interjected his theory to the both of them. “It seems that the chemical compound I used for the synthesis of the Lysergic acid was not as potent as I thought and the two of you were experiencing a mild mister natural trip.”

“So that’s why we saw the flash and you didn’t.” Sasha said to ARI.

“Correct, the next batch of LSD will be better.” ARI assured her.

Tag silently laughed, “If we even take another trip.” Tag said mostly to himself. Looking around the room and everything was back to normal in his eyes, he settled back to his very tasty dinner, but before Tag could place another fork of food in his mouth.

A bright light entered the room, just big enough for a person to enter through. Which did happen, a person emerged from the bright portal.

Sasha and Tag rose from their positions and stood back from the light.

Both were frightened and curious about what was happening.

Were they still having mild flashbacks?

ARI responded to the light.

“Unsystematic transmission detected.” He said.

Tag and Sasha braced for something irregular to happen.

A young man emerged and the light faded. He stood there with them in the ship and smiled. Tall and handsome, wearing all white, he nodded and blinked softly.

“Hi, I’m Ketan.” He said. “I would have arrived sooner but I was having some difficulty configuring the correct coordinates.”

Sasha approached the man. “Who are you?” She asked reaching out to him. She felt she knew him, a feeling of kinship.

“I’m your son, Mom.” Ketan replied.

“What?” She asked.

Ketan smiled and looked at Sasha and Tag, “Both of you, are my parents.” He said raising his hand to touch his mothers.

Tag came closer, “I don’t understand, what are you saying, we don’t have any children.” He said feeling confused and also feeling angry.

“I’m your son, I came here to save you, but then again, it was my fault you ended up here.” Ketan continued.

Tag and Sasha stood there trying to understand.

ARI interrupted and said. “I understand.”

Ketan smiled.



“Ketan is your biological son from previous sexual encounters that you had. He created a wormhole, just like the one he arrived in, except larger and sent you here.”  
ARI said.

Sasha asked ARI, “How do you know this?”  
ARI answered, “It’s quite logical, plus I read the signature from the wormhole and saw the equation of what was created and surmise a theory.”

Ketan inserted, “I happen to dabble in the sciences and like to try out new things and accidentally made this situation happen. I’m sorry, but I did finally come up with a solution.”

Tag spoke, “Do you have any idea what we’ve been through!”

Ketan again apologized and said he fixed it.

Sasha touched Tag’s arm, “It’s alright, I finally understand now.”

“Great, everyone understands but me!” Tag jolted out.

“Look Dad, I created a new equation and it’s all been formulated, you won’t even know what happened, I’ve worked out a solution, and I’ll send the two of you back to your time and space, and you won’t even know this happened.”

Sasha spoke, “You can do that?”

Ketan nodded, “I already have, I just have to hit the enter button.”

Tag approached Ketan, “So, are you here or are you somewhere else right now?”

“Oh I’m here.” Ketan said, “It’s just a wormhole, it’s not like I’m splitting atoms and creating different universes or anything.”

Sasha looked at her son, smiled, “Wow, a son, I had a son, amazing.”

Tag hugged Sasha and the three of them embraced as a family.

Their son enjoyed the family reunion and then asked.

“When would you like to return home?”

Tag and Sasha looked at each other “As soon as possible.”

After saying this, they realized that they were still tripping and the idea of getting to know their son didn’t even enter their heads.

ARI made a quick decision to have Ketan and family at least get to know each other before having them drift off into another realm of existence and not bond.

A mind meld was used in order for the family to get to know each other before disappearing into the void.

. . .

Finally the button was pushed and parents and son were separating to their separate parts of the universe.

In seconds they were off world and back in their own space and time. Memory erased and ship intact.

## EPILOGUE

“I can’t wait until the next planet, oh joy, what fun that will be.” Tag said as he turned the infrared video scanner on to do another sweep of the surface, for the geographical PHD’s to moon over back home. The scans would automatically be sent to home base once they completed their final pass, like in twenty minutes, then off to the next destination.

Sasha continued to scan and send information back to home base, Tag stood up and stretched. “Sasha, I’m going to the bathroom, watch all the stuff for me, will you?” he said as he started to leave the control room.

Sasha turned to look at him and say, “You’re going to the bathroom, you just got here!” She shook her head side to side, “humans, am I right?” she muttered under her breath, like she was telling another droid, and for all Tag knew she probably was.

Tag went to pee and came back in under two minutes.

“Well, that’s a record time.” Sasha said as he returned to his station.

“That’s very funny.” He said.

Tag went back to scanning the planet below, when Sasha said to him she wasn’t feeling well.

“Maybe you should go see Doc Hammon.” Tag suggested.

“Yeah, I think I’ll do that.” She said getting up from her workstation.

Moment later Sasha felt queasy and went to the medic room to consult the Doctor.

Doctor Hammon sat Sasha on the table and confided to her.

“You’re pregnant.”

Sasha looked shocked, “Can I get pregnant?”

“Of course you can you’re fully functional bio-hybrid.”  
Doctor Hammon said.

“The only thing is, I see Tag’s DNA, your DNA, but then there’s a new unknown strand of DNA, and it looks alien.”