

## **Auctioned to the Alien Beast**

### **Extended Epilogue**

*Taygar*

*Five years later...*

“Hurry, up or we’ll be late. Our parents are going to be here any minute and your dad always pretends it doesn’t annoy him when the kids aren’t ready, but it totally does.”

“He can wait,” I shrug. “Tyric flashes his tusks often but has little bite.”

My gorgeous, heavily pregnant mate completely ignores my remark and waddles around both the children’s rooms folding and shoving their clothes into child-sized luggage. Her colorless hair flows down her back and she wears a pink bikini and a thin, sheer white dress as a cover up. She looks sweaty and harried and stops often to place a hand on her back to stretch out sore muscles. I can’t help but gaze hungrily at her full breasts and the curve of her swollen belly. She has no idea how gorgeous she is while pregnant.

My mate stomps a foot. “Oh, you...stop looking at me like that. We don’t have time for any hanky-panky. How can you be so *calm*? We’re not even remotely ready. Tiffany’s hair isn’t brushed. Target isn’t wearing shoes. And...”

“Charlotte...there is no need to hurry. Let me help...”

“You never do it right,” she hisses.

I blink at her.

She turns and starts opening dresser drawers. Charlotte’s labor is eminent, and we’ve learned from experience it’s better to have our offspring settled with family ahead of time. The human mansion I originally purchased for our future family is still our home because we’ve been

pleased with this domicile. Our current offspring and the next one on the way fill this formerly empty house with light and laughter. A swimming pool was added in the backyard two years ago and we are there every day in the summer.

“Female,” I try again, “this amount of stress isn’t good for you, or the baby. Take the children back to the pool and—”

“Dad,” my four-year-old son, Target Tusk screams as he bounces on his bed, “catch this.”

I reach my hands out, ready to grab the ball he tosses at me.

Meanwhile, our busy two-year-old, Tiffany Tusk, toddles past, racing after a cleaning bot that’s trying to stay ahead of her sticky hands.

Both of my half-human, half-Voltare offspring have inherited my retractable tusks and their mother’s colorless pigment and hair and her sky-blue eyes. Claws tip their fingers and they’ve both already shown an inclination towards hard work, as do all Voltare.

My son’s ball bounces off my nose before I can catch it and he’s rolling on the floor, crying with laughter.

“I want a nanny,” my mate huffs. “No fancy robot from Voltare either. I need a professional human who can help us with the children. Now that we’re about to have another and we’ve both returned to work full time, it’s going to be too much. Our parents help a lot, but they go back and forth between Voltare and Earth. We need a live-in nanny.”

“I agree, female.” In fact, she doesn’t know this, but I’ve already contacted an Earth agency and in two weeks’ time we will begin interviews for this human live-in nanny. But I would like this to remain a surprise, so I keep this information to myself.

Charlotte's drawings, referred to as "Tusks, by Charlotte Tusk" have grown into a huge business, ran jointly by her and Rhonda Bing. Charlotte's work is in great demand, and I am proud that a symbol of my own species is beloved by so many humans.

"After our second son arrives, we can discuss a possible nanny. Meanwhile, go downstairs and rest," I order my pregnant female. "I will take care of this. I will get our offspring ready in time."

"But..."

"It will not be perfect, but it will be done."

She grumbles her displeasure.

I place a hand on the small of her back and firmly guide her outside of the room. "Rest. I will get them ready."

The door shuts on her frowning face and I turn and tag both of my offspring with a harsh gaze. "Enough play," I bark, switching from human-speak to our Voltare language. "Get to work. The both of you must be packed and ready and downstairs to await your grandparents in ten minutes."

Their eyes widen but they do as I command. Even little Tiffany tries to put her favorite stuffed animals into an overnight bag.

We work together and have everything ready in exactly eight minutes. Yes, it isn't as perfect as when my female arranges their things, but it is acceptable. Tiffany's ponytail looks crooked, but I am unable to fix it and my son wears socks of two different colors, but it will have to do. We will be on time and this is what is important.

Target glances out the window. "Grandma and Grandpa are landing out front."

“Let’s go.” I lift my giggling toddler into my arms and pull along her luggage and her bag. Target is older so he pulls his own luggage. I guide them both down the hall and then the stairs as my father knocks on the front door.

Tyric Tusk is now the proud mate of Lauren Tusk, Charlotte’s mother.

They left our wedding to start their own claiming and mating bond period. My father took Lauren to his spaceship, where he’d prepared his own quarters for her arrival. The two of them stayed in his ship, which remained parked on my front lawn, for the next five days, barely speaking to anyone else. And when they finally emerged as legal Voltare mates, they were both extremely happy and in love.

This has been perfect because it’s much easier to gain my family’s acceptance of my own human mate, when my own father has also taken on a human mate—who happens to be my female’s mother.

And now that my father has chosen to retire, he and Lauren spend more time here on Earth. I’ve taken my mate and offspring many times to Voltare to visit and meet extended family. My brother often comes to visit us on Earth but does not enjoy it enough to purchase a second domicile here, but he does like investing in the burgeoning med lab business that has grown between our two species.

Jules Bing is away at college and Rhonda Bing lives in the nearby town, busy running the Tusk Art Studio.

Charlotte glances at Tiffany and Target’s state of dress and lets out a long-suffering sigh, then opens the door to let in our parents. “Taygar got the kids ready and packed, so don’t blame me for anything,” my wife whispers in her mother’s ear as she gives her a tight hug. “It’s all his fault.”

Lauren nods and chuckles.

My father smiles wide at me, underneath his gleaming tusks. “I see the children are ready right on time.” He reaches to take Tiffany from my arms. My daughter wiggles with delight and gladly transfers into the embrace of her beloved grandfather.

There’s immediate chatter as the grandparents and children come together. I love my offspring and our parents, but I want my female alone. She is always in need of my tending during her pregnancies. I do not invite them inside. Instead, I open the door and step out onto the porch.

“Please have her rest,” my mother-in-law instructs as she walks out, holding my son’s hand. “She always tries to take on too much and someone needs to make her just slow down.”

“I will care for her,” I promise, guiding everyone outside.

There’s another flurry of hugs and kisses and promises to keep in touch. I remind both of my offspring to continue their studies.

“They will complete their daily Voltare work instruction,” my father affirms.

Finally, the group progresses up the ramp of my father’s hovercraft. Charlotte’s eyes water as our offspring disappear out of her sight. I pull her into my side and kiss the top of her head as the craft lifts in the air, cloaks, and departs for the human farmhouse.

“Now what?” she asks.

And then I scoop my female up into my arms and carry her back into the house.

“Hey,” she cries. “What are you doing? Put me down, I’m too heavy.”

“Female, you are never too heavy for me. I am taking you up to our room so I can service you.”

A huge smile lights up her face. “Oh, well then carry on.”

I take the stairs two at a time. Then I make it to our master bedroom, kick in the door and shut it behind me, pleased that the house is entirely quiet. I retract my tusks, ready to pleasure my female.

“I love you,” she sighs, digging her fingers into my hair and pulling me close for a passionate kiss.

I tear off her sheer covering and the bikini and place my hands and lips all over her swollen belly, her large teats and her delectable neck.

And then I show her my own love, spending a very long time licking her channel and her clit, giving her many orgasms.

“I need you,” she begs, grabbing tight onto my shaft.

So I carefully slide my hard cock inside her wet heat, mindful of our offspring and fuck her slow and steady, just as she likes when she’s this far in her pregnancy.

And then I hold her in my arms, my clawed hand cupping her stomach and we both fall asleep.

I awake with the filtered light of sunset streaking through the windows, in a wet bed.

My wife gives me a rueful glance. “Sorry babe, my water broke. And um, I’m in labor.”

“Why didn’t you wake me?”

She pauses to pant and then continues, “Well, I knew I wasn’t close yet and I wanted to let you sleep.”

“But you’re in pain?”

“Yeah,” she groans, “it’s getting worse and worse. I was actually about to wake you because I think it’s close to time.”

“Let’s go.” I stride around to her side of the bed. “The cleaning bots will deal with all of this.” I can’t stand to see her in pain and the med lab will provide instant relief. She likes to push things, vying for something she calls “natural childbirth” but this is nonsense.

I pull on pajama pants and help her with her preferred thin nightgown. Then I lift Charlotte in my arms and carry her downstairs. She rests her cheek against my chest, crying out as the next contract hits her hard.

I make it to the med lab on my spaceship in record time. I’ve been meaning to build another on the grounds of the mansion, but this one has been perfect so there’s been no need.

The birthing bed is large enough for the two of us. In minutes my female is pain-free and I’m between her thighs as she delivers our son. He lets out a strong cry as I cut the umbilical cord in Voltare ceremonial tradition. The med bots tend to my female and my infant. And then I place the infant on Charlotte’s chest and lay in the bed next to her.

“Our son has red eyes, just like yours,” she says with wonder. “He’s beautiful. And his starter tusks are very large.”

I nod in agreement, pride glowing in my chest. “And he has your pigment and lack of claws. He is indeed perfect. What should we name him?” We always wait until the moment our offspring is born, to look upon their features and then decide. I chose my son’s name and even our daughter’s name from a human first name I thought was perfect. So this time it is only fitting that I leave the choice to my mate.

“How about Taylor Tusk?”

“This is a good name,” I agree.

And we stay like that, together with our new son, soaking up the joy of a new addition to our family.