

Amongst them.

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By : **Phyber Optik**

An unusual alien of a race we have come to call Messiahs living on Earth to monitor human activity begins to appreciate the beauty of the human form.



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She is standing out in the pouring rain in her shell.

I imagine she is enthralled by the beauty of her situation, delighted by the moment like a child. I envy her delight, as mine is much harder to come by.

I am in love with her instantly. She is human, but that does not dissuade me. She is the product of her purity, a creature so capable of base deceit and evil but with no desire to assert her power. A simple switch and that could change, and hell would be unleashed. These humans did not know their true power. Good for us.

It's funny, I think to myself and the cloud, as the idea of a literal crimson tide flooded my conscious

// my virtual was in Jamaica having sex and my literal was in an apartment in Brooklyn

and I peeked in for a moment on a scene of carnage from the Civil War that featured just such a river not exactly a proper introduction for such a fine Southern Belle, but it was *their* stupid mascot. And she, even for a cheerleader, was something special.

The game was about to start and she would be gone down the tunnel and into some temporary paradise of a locker room. I knew I could go wherever she was, but there might never be a better time to approach her than right now. I activated my shell and walked onto the field.

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