

Halloween

Annette looked at the invitation again and turned it over in her hands. Even though the party was tonight she still hadn't decided what costume to wear, *why the heck did they have to make it a costume party?* She thought unhappily. She already knew the answer of course, it was Halloween and you just *had* to have a costume party, it was like a law of nature.

It also meant fake cobwebs, rubber bats and drunken frat boy assholes trying to scare the living daylights out of you every five minutes. There was a severe temptation to just not go but it was being organized by Gloria and she seemed to have an almost infinite supply of hot male friends who were only too happy to show up when she threw a party.

It wasn't that Annette had problems attracting men, she was blonde with green eyes and pert slender body that her ex-boyfriend Steve had never complained about, no his problem with her was that she was an ordinary college student while the girl his mother had introduced him to was coming into an obscene amount of money, at which point he suddenly discovered he didn't love Annette after all. That had left her self esteem more than a little bruised and what Annette wanted now was some uncomplicated male attention to boost her ego. That made up her mind about going, and exactly what sort of look to go for.

Gloria watched Annette walking up the driveway, placing her feet carefully on the gravel because of the outrageously high heels on her boots, "Good god girl are you trying to start a riot?"

Annette looked sheepish, "Maybe I went a little overboard."

Gloria cocked an eyebrow, "A little?" She looked Annette up and down. Her friend's costume was clearly supposed to be 'Little Red Riding Hood', with the emphasis on little. The red cloak and hood were fine; the white blouse however was more than a bit on the sheer side, revealing a skimpy red lace bra underneath. The skirt was also red, what there was of it. It was scandalously short, which was emphasized by the knee length red leather boots she was wearing. Gloria's gaze settled on the picnic basket hanging from Annette's left arm, "I hope you've hidden a Taser in there, because I think you're going to need one to get out of here."

Annette laughed, "Oh come on it won't be that bad."

About an hour later Annette was wondering why she had tempted fate like that. Practically since she walked in the door it seemed like every man in the place had given her the once over, even the ones who were supposed to be with their girlfriends. That hadn't endeared her to the other girls at the party, all of whom were dressed more conservatively than she was, of course barring turning up naked they almost had to be. Annette had wanted male attention but the guys who had tried out their lines on her all seemed to remind her a little too much of Steve and that was a definite turn off. In the end she had retreated to a corner and was giving serious consideration to going home. Only a stubborn feeling that it would somehow be giving in kept her there, *I'm going to have a good time if it kills me.*

That thought was passing through her mind at the exact moment she spotted the alien. He wasn't the only guy dressed up as creature from outer space but the others were all cheesy looking variations on those grey things that were supposed to abduct people. This guy though was wearing a spacesuit made up of irregular iridescent panels, almost like it had been cut from a block of crystal. The suit also had a long tail that swished and moved. She had no idea what he looked like, the visor on the helmet was a mass of flickering symbols, *hell at least he made an effort*, she decided.

The spaceman must have felt Annette's gaze on him because he turned towards her, the display on his helmet turned into something like a targeting reticule. The girl couldn't help smiling at that, it was after all more honest than pretending he was fascinated with hearing her life story. The spaceman took the smile as a signal to walk over to her. Since he was tall and broad shouldered he had no trouble parting the crowd, and his presence quickly intimidated the frat boys who had been prowling around Annette desperately trying to come up with some killer line

that would have her falling into their arms.

The spaceman's approach was simple and direct, "*You are the most attractive woman here, what is your name?*"

The comment could have annoyed Annette; if the electronic voice hadn't offered it with such utter sincerity, a simple statement of fact as certain as stating 'the sun will rise in the morning'. The girl gulped for breath, "I'm Annette."

The spaceman pointed to a series of squiggles on his chest, "*Vortul.*"

Annette smiled, "Okay, Vortul, what planet are you from?"

"*Perhaps I will explain that after you dance with me.*" The spaceman stretched a hand out.

Impulsively Annette took it and the spaceman swept her out on to the dance floor, drawing her close to him. Annette expected the spaceman costume to be hard and plastic but instead it was warm and silky, almost conforming to her skin as she was pressed against it. The same was true of the tail; it had swept around behind her and was brushing gently against the backs of her thighs.

Annette felt entwined but not in an uncomfortable way, there was a powerful masculine aura about 'Vortul' despite the all enclosing nature of his costume and as un-PC as it might be Annette liked that, it made her feel safe, and more than a little horny.

"I'd like to see what you look like under that helmet." Annette murmured.

"*Really?*" The bass voice of the spaceman seemed to resonate in her.

"If you'll take your costume off I'll take off mine." The offer was out of her mouth before Annette could think about it, she could have added, *just kidding*, or some other platitude to get herself off the hook but the words didn't come.

The glossy helmet display tilted towards her, "*That is an acceptable offer, shall we go?*"

Annette nodded dumbly and let Vortul slide an arm around her as he guided her towards the door.

As they walked in the cool night air Vortul's arm drew Annette closer and she was warmed by the heat radiating from the suit, more than that there was a vibration running through the material that made her skin tingle. The long prehensile tail slid under her skirt and brushed against her panties and that tingling spread across her butt cheeks.

As they walked by one of the dorm buildings she looked Vortul up and down, and couldn't help noticing the way the facets of the suit around his groin had moved and bulged. Her hand slipped over it and rubbed as the spaceman's tail stroked her behind.

The spaceman stopped and to Annette's surprise the facets slid apart and her hand was resting on a big hard cock. It was dark and oddly ridged but she had known guys who wore exotic condoms. Annette didn't need anymore prompting, she slipped to her knees on the neatly trimmed grass and her lips kissed the swollen tip of his cock, *good god girl you met this guy less than an hour ago and you're going to give him a blowjob!* She admonished herself but truth was Annette didn't care. She had to admit that she wanted more than just attention when she went to the party; she wanted a man who would want her, someone who would sweep her off her feet and never put her back down again.

The thought passed through her mind in an instant and at the same moment the tip of the spaceman's tail pushed under the waistband of Annette's panties and pulled. As they tore and were pulled away by that amazingly flexible tail the girl gasped, letting the tip of the cock slide into her mouth.

The flesh had a salty and almost spicy taste to it and Annette took it deeper into her mouth, running her tongue along it as she did so. The tail of the suit curved over her naked rear, running up between her thighs to rub against her swollen pussy lips. The excitement made Annette suck harder, her head bobbing up and down, letting the shaft deep into her throat, deeper than she had ever let a cock go before she finally felt thick hot cum spurting and swallowed it greedily.

As the cock pulled out of her mouth and the suit closed over it Annette couldn't help

noticing that it didn't look any less big or hard. She could also feel that tail stroking her sex. She was just relaxing into that when the spaceman suddenly scooped her up into his arms and strode across the quad, "*Time to take you home.*"

Experiencing the literal incarnation of her desire to be swept off her feet Annette simply hung in his arms, willing to go wherever he wanted, especially when the tip of that tail began to tease her pussy again.

As they moved into the trees that lined one side of the campus Annette became a little concerned but that was displaced by astonishment as she saw the thing hovering among the trees. The surface had the same texture as Vortul's spacesuit but it was disk shaped, *it's a frigging flying saucer*, Annette thought, less surprised than she might have been; she had subconsciously realized that Vortul's costume wasn't a costume a while back. That didn't scare her, if anything the knowledge just made her feel more excited, *I wanted somebody different from the other guys I know.*

As they entered the interior of the ship Vortul lowered her to the ground and stepped towards a console in the centre of the chamber. Annette realized she had a clear run for the door, if she wanted it, "*I believe you suggested an interesting proposition at the party.*" Vortul's voice was calm and Annette realized he was deliberately giving her the chance to back out

She stared at the helmet display for a moment and made her decision, "Yes I did, didn't I?"

She popped the buttons that held the sheer blouse closed and slid out of it. Annette paused and took a deep breath before she popped the front catch of the bra. The cups flew open under the pressure, revealing her big round boobs, and the hard, dark, nipples at their tips. She arched her back to let Vortul get a good look at them before she peeled off her skirt, the remains of the panties had been left behind on the campus so she stood before him in nothing but her boots, "I think I've kept my part of the deal."

Vortul nodded, "*Indeed.*" The spaceman rested his hand on a panel and the crystalline space seemed to flow into the terminal, revealing the form underneath. Iridescent panels were replaced by coppery scales; scales that ran down over a long prehensile tail and up to a pointed serpentine head. The eyes in that head weren't snakelike, they were almost human except for the golden irises the surrounded the darkness of the pupils.

Annette walked over to Vortul and ran a hand across his chest, "It feels nice." She looked into his eyes.

Vortul's voice was deep and gravelly without the suit, "I was told human females were soft, sensual, and responsive," his hands locked around Annette's waist, "they did not lie."

The girl gasped as though powerful hands lifted her off the floor and poised her hips over his rock hard erection. Annette looked him in the face again, "How far have you traveled to get here?"

"Thirty three point seven light years."

"Just to find me?"

"Yes." Vortul stated resolutely.

Annette practically melted against him, "Then you shouldn't waste another second." Vortul took her at her word and Annette squealed as the alien's cock slid into her wetness.

Vortul's hips twitched powerfully, bouncing Annette up and down on his erection while his tail ran it's scaly surface up and down her spine. Annette whimpered and groaned. She was fucking an alien, a creature from another world, *no he's an alien but he's not a creature, he's a man, one willing to cross the heavens to get me, up yours Steve!* She locked her legs around Vortul and the spaceman sank deeper into her. As the alien fucked her harder and faster Annette didn't need a spacecraft to reach orbit. The ship seemed to shake as she screamed orgasmically, again and again and again.

Gloria walked along the porch of the house. When she had finally realized Annette was missing and asked around all she got from the others was that she had left with the spaceman;

that didn't make much sense since everyone she had invited was accounted for. She was still puzzling about that when she heard a low hum. Looking out to the horizon she saw what looked like a shooting star, except it was going *up*. As it disappeared into the night sky Gloria had an irrational intuition that she was never going to see Annette again.