

Halloween Party

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

On the way to the party, there were a few things Alex couldn't figure out. He was happy Jill had invited him, even if she had been secretive about it. The way she whispered, telling him it was a "very private and very intimate Halloween party," had certainly gotten his interest.

Riding together in Jill's car, some other things struck him as well. He'd first met Jill in the company fitness center. She was good looking -- in shape, nice figure. He couldn't tell how old she was, though. The way her face looked, and the way her body jiggled and bounced on the Stairmaster, he guessed she was about his age, maybe a bit older -- mid to late twenties -- fit, trim, succulent. Sitting next to her in her car, her face, complexion, skin tone, all said the same thing. But her hair -- he guessed it was colored -- why even try and guess what her real hair color was. He grinned. From the way she'd whispered "intimate," maybe he'd find out.

They drove for a while, up into the hills in Woodside, near the Open Space Preserve, large tracts of land deliberately kept free from development. He liked riding his bike on the trails on the weekends. Maybe she would like that, too.

"Wow, this is quite a place," he said as they pulled off a small road to a private drive, heading back further into the hills.

"Helen has a wonderful house. Oh, you're in for a treat tonight -- we all are!"

Alex laughed along with Jill, enjoying the feeling of her hand on his shoulder.

There were four or five other cars parked in front of the large single-story house. Jill retrieved a clothing bag from the back seat, and they walked to the door.

They were greeted by an attractive woman wearing a white robe. Alex could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, and had the feeling she wasn't wearing *anything* underneath the robe.

"Merry meet!" the woman said cheerily. She and Jill exchanged hugs.

Jill put a hand on Alex's back. "Viv, this is Alex. Alex, this is Viv."

"Oh my," Viv said, looking Alex over and holding his hand. "I'm so happy you're here."

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All three of them laughed at the clearly sexual undertones. Alex stepped forward a bit, and was rewarded by Viv giving him a hug. He was pretty sure she was naked under the robe.

Viv turned Alex to a small room off the entryway. “Alex, in there you’ll find a robe to wear. Put it on -- nothing else -- no jewelry, no other clothes. Then join us in the main room, through those doors. Would you like help changing?”

Jill interrupted, “Ah...”

As Alex started to blush, Viv laughed. “Just checking, dear.” Viv turned to Alex once more. “Join us when you’re ready.” Viv gave him one more lusty look and walked away.

Alex looked to Jill inquisitively.

Jill smiled and touched his arm. Her touch was comforting, calming. “Alex, play along - you’ll be very glad you did. I’ll change and wait for you here. Okay?” She leaned closer and gave him a peck on the cheek.

Alex paused for a moment, bewildered by what was happening, by her touch, and her perfume. Then he chuckled and turned to the small room, closing the door behind him.

The room was small, with wood paneling wood floors, and a central rug. It had a small table and two chairs. Draped over the larger, leather chair was a dark blue robe.

Alex was a little self-conscious as he undressed, folding his clothes neatly. He was wondering how to get into the robe when he noticed small cloth ties on the shoulders. He puzzled with those for a bit, then went back to his first plan -- slipping it over his head.

The fabric was light and smooth. He wasn’t sure how he felt wearing it. His balls had tucked up tight to his body, unsure of what was going on. He was about to leave the room when he remembered the rest of the instructions, and put his watch in his pants pocket.

Jill was waiting outside the door, wearing a white robe similar to what Viv had been wearing. She moved to his side quickly, giving him a hug.

“How are you doing?” she asked with a smile.

They walked to a pair of large wooden doors. “Okay. What’s going on?”

Jill put an arm around his waist. “Alex, relax. You’re in for the time of your life.”

“What?” he started to ask, but Jill opened one of the doors, and pulled him through.

The room on the other side was large, lit mainly by candles. The floor was wood, with some rugs. The walls were also wood, rich and dark. There was a large fireplace with a roaring fire -- he was glad for that, as he was beginning to feel chilled. Near the fireplace, on one of the

larger rugs, was an assortment of cushions. Along one wall was a buffet, arrayed on an old wood table. In the middle of the room was a group of women, all in white robes -- was he the only man here? Two of the women separated from the group and walked toward them.

Alex expected to talk to them or at least be introduced, but they walked right past, walked right to the doors. Alex watched as one of them tied a piece of yarn across the doors, from a hook set into one side of the door frame to a similar hook on the other side. The second woman dripped wax from a candle on both ends of the yarn as two women whispering something.

“Alex, welcome to our celebration,” a woman’s voice said behind him.

He turned -- the rest of the group had moved over to them.

Standing at the front of the group was a tall woman in an ornately embroidered white robe. She had soft flaxen hair cascading to her shoulders.

“My Lady,” Jill said formally, bowing her head.

“Alex, I’m Helen. Again, welcome,” she said, stepping forward to give Alex a hug.

Alex stirred to her embrace. She had a magnificent body.

With similar hugs, he was introduced to Donna, another hug from Viv, who he’d met already, and Cindy and Nora, who had tied the yarn across the door.

Alex turned again, to see Jill standing next to him holding out a cup with something hot in it. Alex took the cup and started to sip, but Jill shook her head slightly. Someone handed her a cup. She turned, using her free hand to turn Alex.

Everyone was holding a cup now, and all were facing Helen. Alex’s heart started to race when he thought about Helen, the sensations that her all too brief hug had sent through him. She was clearly in command here -- she was clearly in command anywhere, he thought.

Helen raised her cup, the others following suit. “Welcome, all,” she said, and took a sip.

Alex could tell some of the ladies were looking at him. The beverage tasted like hot mulled wine. It was nice and hot, aromatic, and tasty.

Helen started to the buffet. As Jill followed, he held her back momentarily.

Jill turned to him. “Yes?”

“What’s going on? Is this the whole group? What was the string about?” he asked, pointing back to the doors.

She smiled and nodded. “This is the entire group for the night.” She ran a hand over his arm, sending shivers of pleasure and anticipation through him. “The seal is part of our ritual, our protection. You’re free to go anywhere enclosed by the string. Oh, bathrooms are over there.” She pointed to an alcove along the left side of the massive fireplace.”

“What now?” he asked.

She smiled and caressed him again. “We eat, we sit, and we talk for a while. Relax, Alex, we’ll take good care of you.”

With that, she took his arm in hers and led him to the buffet. The display and selections were interesting. Wine, meat, fish, and ... “What’s that?” Alex asked, pointing to a dish.

“Parched grain -- it’s symbolic, of us,” Jill said with a smile, squeezing his arm, then picking up plates for the two of them.

“Symbolic?” asked Alex. “Oh, like the string across the door?”

Jill actually shuddered a bit, then smiled. “Oh, that’s more than just symbolic, but yes, that’s part of it.” Picking up his plate, she added, “We eat with our fingers. It’s more fun.”

Alex was led over to the cushions in front of the fireplace. As he sat down, he looked about the room again. It felt warm, with the combination of woods on the floor, the paneling, the ceiling. He noticed a small pair of windows up high on either side of the fireplace. The sun was going down.

The group sat, eating and chatting, all wearing white robes, save for his blue one. Alex knew he was the center of attraction, but there were other things he couldn’t place. How old were these people? Donna seemed to be the oldest -- forty maybe, but still in good shape. He tried to look at hands and feet, to look at skin.

But one of the first times he did that, with Cindy, she caught his eyes, and pulled up her robe, showing him a very shapely leg, and giving him a look that promised a very interesting evening. Others laughed softly and lustily, as Alex felt the redness extend up his neck and face, and felt the stirring between his legs.

He ate until he was comfortable. His cup never seemed to empty -- someone would always take it and refill it. As the eating drew to an end, someone moved behind him -- Cindy again? -- and started massaging his shoulders and neck.

Alex didn’t know what was going on, but he didn’t care. He thought he noticed the ladies getting up and coming back, but he wasn’t sure. His massage stopped, and a different pair of hands took over.

“Alex, why don’t you use the bathroom?”

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He looked up, to Jill speaking to him. He sighed. “Good idea.” Someone helped him to his feet. He was very relaxed. What time was it? There weren’t any clocks visible in the room. Glancing out the windows, it was dark out. The sun had set.

He found the bathroom, small and nicely done in marble. How could someone in their thirties afford a place like this? Well, it was Silicon Valley. He took care of things, washing his hands and face afterwards.

When he stepped back into the room, all six ladies were standing. Their conversation stopped and they looked to him.

Alex chuckled. “I’ve never been to a Halloween party like this before.”

Helen took his arm and said with a smile, “I doubt you ever will, my dear.”

As they walked to another set of doors, Alex glanced to Jill. She had a strange look on her face, almost sad, but still with a lusty smile.

Cindy and Nora opened the doors.

They stepped into a smaller wood-paneled room. It was lit entirely by candles, and filled with the scent of incense. The incense made his head swim, yet it smelled so good, he couldn’t help filling himself with it. In the center of the room was a raised circular area, maybe a foot or two off the floor, seven feet or so in diameter -- a cushion of some kind? Off to the side behind that seemed to be a smaller cushion, almost a cot, rectangular in shape.

Helen let go of him and stepped away. He turned and watched her.

She stepped to the doors. Cords extended from each side of the door. Cindy and Nora handed the ends to Helen, who tied them in a knot. Cindy handed a candle to Helen, who dripped wax on the knot. As she did, all the women in the room whispered something. Alex felt a momentary warming, then the room seemed to fill with a cool, airy feeling.

People shifted again. Helen turned to face him. Alex glanced around -- he was the center of attention. Cindy and Nora moved to his sides, Viv behind him, Jill to Helen’s right, and Donna to Helen’s left. Alex’s heart started beating faster -- he was surrounded.

“Relax, Alex,” Helen said, stepping forward, stepping closer to him. Alex looked to her, to her smiling face. She raised her eyes up. Instinctively, Alex did the same, looking up. The ceiling was ornately carved, blonde wood with darker exposed beams.

“Alex?”

He looked down to see Helen standing close in front of him. Her hands slid up his body, sending tremors through him. She whispered, and he looked into her eyes, sparkling green eyes which got larger, and larger, swallowing him, until he was falling, falling, falling.

He opened his eyes to find himself on his back. Feeling a breeze run over his body, he raised his head to see that he was naked, on the red cushion in the center of the room. Jill was standing on the floor between his feet. His legs were spread, with a soft, large red cord tied to each ankle, and to each wrist. Each cord was held by one of the women in the group. He arched back to see Helen sitting at his head.

“What?” he started to ask.

“Alex?” came Jill’s voice. He looked to her.

And when he did, with a smile she reached to the shoulders of her robe, did something, and her robe fell away to the floor.

Alex caught his breath, and felt his cock stirring as she stepped forward, then went to all fours as she crawled to him on the cushion. She slid her body over his, inflaming him, then moved to straddle him.

Alex looked to her, breathing heavily in anticipation. He glanced aside, noticing movement from the corner of his vision.

Someone handed Jill a cup, more of a chalice. She accepted it with a slight bow of her head, raised it with both hands, sighed, then drank the contents. She returned the chalice, and was given a different one. He felt hands pushing his shoulders up. He raised up a little.

“Drink, Alex, my love, my life,” Jill said, offering the chalice to him.

The contents were warm and heady, fragrant and sensuous, two or three gulps. He swallowed them, and was eased to his back again.

He tugged experimentally on his arms, but felt them held fast. He relaxed, and the cords holding him relaxed as well.

A soft chanting started, and he felt hands on him. The warmth of the drink he’d had spread through his body, turning into fire. Hands were at his temples, and Jill’s hands were on his body. He didn’t understand the chanting, but his body did, filling with flaming desire.

His head was back, almost arched back, his eyes closed, and his body responding to so many things -- scents, touches, sounds, and more.

The chanting shifted, and he felt a hand on his cock. He struggled to look, and felt Jill slide on to him, felt himself slide into her warmth. She cried out, pressing her hips on to him.

The chanting’s rhythm took control, aided by the hands at his temples.

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Alex looked on through a delirious fog, almost as if he were observing from a distance. He watched Jill ride him in her own delirium, moaning and tossing her head back and forth.

The chanting drove them both to a fever pitch, higher and higher. Alex didn't know how he could possibly last much longer -- he wasn't sure how he'd lasted this long.

Jill's breathing changed, and her rocking changed, getting slower yet more intense. Alex could feel the inevitability build, both in himself, and in Jill.

Jill leaned down, pursing her lips, rocking with intensity. Hands helped lift his head a bit to meet her.

They kissed and came. It was like nothing Alex had ever experienced, the sensation of pumping into her, the sensation of her so receptive on top of him. He felt a stronger connection than he'd ever felt before, giving so much, and her taking in so much.

Their kiss continued as their bodies relaxed. The cords holding his arms released to let him hold her gently. Hands continued to hold his head, doing something so satisfying at the junction of his head and spine.

Her lips pulled away, she sat up, and his arms fell back, urged gently to an outstretched position again. With difficulty he opened his eyes.

The women at his feet, Donna and Viv, helped Jill up. Alex sighed -- Jill had looked attractive before, but now she looked beautiful, so young, vibrant, and radiant.

Donna and Viv helped Jill to her feet, and handed her a red robe. Jill put it on with their help, and moved to sit at Donna's place.

Alex sighed and let his head go back again, enjoying the relaxation. He was startled to feel hands on his legs, sliding up slowly, enticingly. Moaning softly, he raised his head.

Donna was naked, climbing up to him. Her breasts sagged with age, but the sensation of them sliding along his cock still caught his breath. The way she moved up his body deepened his breathing, making him pull at the cords holding arms and legs, and moan more. He felt her weight settle on top of him and relaxed back, swimming in sensation again.

Hands lifted his head, and he saw Donna leaning forward, offering him the chalice again. He was thirsty and drank eagerly. He looked into her lust-filled eyes, seeing the wrinkles at their corners and other marks of age surrounding sparkling blue.

Then he took a deep breath as the fire filled him again, and he tried to raise his arms to hold her, to take her in his revitalized lust.

But the hands at his temples started again, and the chanting started again, and Donna's hands started on him, and he let go to it all, let himself be inflamed, mounted, and ridden again.

And when he came to her kiss, it was so satisfying, filling her with his essence, feeling her drink him in, accept him, hold him.

Alex opened his eyes dreamily and watched a vibrant girl get off him, helped by her older sisters. He watched as she put a red robe over her youthful, vigorous body, and he let his head fall back, eyes closing again, floating in bliss.

Alex moaned as he felt fingernails moving up the insides of his thighs. His chest arched up, his head back, and his legs spread wider. Hands moved to his cock, and his balls. A warm body slid up his.

This time Viv offered him the chalice. He gulped greedily, breathing deep, eager for the fire to fill him, for the cycle to start anew.

He tried to keep his eyes open this time, but it was so hard. Finally, to the insistence of the fingers at his temples, and the soft yet commanding voice whispering in his ear, barely audible over the chanting of the rest of the group, he let his eyes close, and gave himself to the sensations, the words. When he came, to her insistent moans through their joined lips, he felt as if he breathed into her.

Alex cried out, almost in delirium, at the touch of another body on his. Through a haze he saw Cindy on top of him, offering him the chalice. Hands helped raise his head so he could drink. The cycle was almost dreamlike this time. Through his haze, Alex was surprised he could still come, and so intensely.

At the next touch, he cried out and tried to move away. The hands at his head helped him relax. He heard Helen say, "Comfort him first." He opened his eyes to see Nora smiling above him, and heard her say, "Yes, My Lady."

He felt cool hands on his body again. What, no chalice? The hands on his body, the hands on his head, and the soft words spoken in his ear were soothing, comforting. He was surprised at how tired and sore his muscles felt; her touch was relaxing and comforting.

He floated for a while, resting, enjoying the attention he was receiving, drifting, floating.

The hands on his body moved in a different manner along the insides of hips -- Alex took a breath, moaned, and smiled. He raised his head and opened his eyes.

Nora was smiling down on him. "Ready?" she asked, stroking his cock.

Alex felt stronger. He felt life surging to his cock once more. "Yes," he said softly.

Nora was handed the chalice; she drank, handed it back, and was handed the other one. Strong hands helped Alex sit up a bit, and drink. He sipped slowly, enjoying each drop, savoring

it, swallowing down the warmth, which spread like fire through his loins. He breathed deeply as he was lowered to his back, and the chanting started once again.

He was in a passionate dream, surrounded by soft voices and warm flesh.

Alex struggled to open his eyes, looking at Nora, rocking in ecstasy on top of him. He tried to reach for her gorgeous breasts; the cords held his arms back.

“Hungry... Nipple...” he managed to moan out.

Nora opened her eyes and leaned forward, her hips moving to the rhythm of the chant still. She leaned forward.

Alex raised his head to meet the nipple lowering to him; hands at the back of his head helped. As he took in its softness, he let his eyes close. He surrendered once again to the chant.

As the rhythms of the chant and their bodies carried them inexorably toward their goal, he sucked hungrily, breathing deeply through his nose, trying to fill himself, replace, something, recapture ... something. His chest hurt and the blood pounded in his head.

The chanting moved on, moved them on, and he sensed it building in him. He sucked more, not wanting that to end, feeling his body begin to stiffen, approaching the inevitable.

The nipple pulled away and was replaced by warm, moist lips and a daring, demanding tongue. He felt hands on his shoulders, holding him. He accepted the lips, the tongue, her embrace, and the inevitability of his own release, pulsing once more, filling, giving.

He gave once more, and fell back to delirium.

Hands touched him once more, hands all over his body. He cried out and tried to pull away, arching his head back.

His eyes dimly saw Helen looking down to him, smiling. The hands pulled away, except for her hands, which returned to his temples, stroking gently.

“Alex, it’s all right. We’re going to move you so you can rest a while. Close your eyes, darling, and let us take care of you.

Alex sighed as his eyes drifted closed.

“Let us take care of you....”

He floated on soft, strong hands, coming to rest somewhere. Something soft and cool covered his eyes. He sighed; it was fragrant as well, soothing and calming.

Soft, strong hands moved him, washed him. He felt the edge of a cup against his lips. He started to refuse, but a soft voice told him, “Alex, this will restore your strength.”

He sipped, just a little. It tasted different. It was cool and sweet, yet filled him with warmth. He sipped more, then more, emptying the cup. The liquid spread warmth and comfort through him, comfort and relaxation that increased as hands moved on him, moving and massaging him.

Alex let himself be turned, moved, and massaged, accepting the gifts offered. He had more of the cool, sweet liquid, and was moved once more, this time to sitting up against a soft backrest. He felt something cover him, and fingers at his temples again. He felt the smile fill his face as he sighed and drifted off to touches and whispers.

“Alex?”

Alex woke, blinking his eyes open. He was back on the round platform again, leaning against something, his body covered by a soft blue cloth.

Looking up, he saw Helen in white, surrounded by the others, dressed in robes of red. He smiled -- Helen looked like a mother surrounded by her daughters. He noticed she was smiling; they were all smiling.

“Alex?” Helen said again.

Alex tried to rise, but his hands were tied again, holding him down.

“Alex,” Helen said sensuously, “Are you ready for me?”

Alex moaned and tried to move forward, move to her. His heart pounded, his body rapidly showed his eagerness. “Yes, My Lady,” he said, remembering how the others had addressed her.

Her smile broadened. “Very well.” She nodded to the women around her.

Cindy and Nora reached to the shoulders of Helen’s elaborately embroidered white gown, did something, and allowed the gown to fall to the floor.

Alex took another breath. “You are beautiful, My Lady.”

Helen’s smile became more impish. “Which of us do you like the best, Alex?”

Alex had recovered enough to laugh a little. “My Lady, how can I possibly answer that?”

The ladies chuckled at his plight.

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Alex thought -- how could he phrase this delicately? “After all, I have not been shared with you all. Perhaps the best has been saved for last?”

Helen laughed. “A very good answer, Alex.” She nodded to the other women. “First, we need to thank you.”

Nora stepped forward, dropping her red gown. With a smile, she sat next to Alex, leaned over on to him, and kissed him passionately.

When she started to pull away, Alex tried to reach her chest with his lips, and moaned as he failed.

Nora paused, glancing to Helen; she nodded. Nora sighed and held Alex to a nipple.

Alex took her nipple eagerly, hungrily, breathing deeply as she moved on top of him, pressing into him.

This time when she pulled away, Alex sighed. Nora gave him one more kiss, then sat by his right hand.

Cindy approached next, going right to holding him to her breasts, then kissing him, and moving to his left hand.

Viv was next, comforting him, kissing him, and moving to his right foot.

Donna was a surprise -- was this the same creature he’d met earlier? She was so vibrant! He thought he could remember sagging breasts -- but her breasts were taut, full, proud, delicious, and satisfying. The kiss she gave him afterwards was almost like making love.

Alex smiled as Jill dropped her robe. Her nipples stood erect. She moved a hand to the enticing curve of her waist, and with a sigh crawled onto the cushion with him. She slid slowly up his body, still covered by the blue cloth, slid up and engulfed him in her breasts, holding his head to her, suckling him contentedly.

Finally, at a nod from Helen, she pulled away, then kissed him.

Alex opened his eyes as Jill moved away, ending their kiss. “Thank you,” he said softly.

Did he see a tear in her eye? She replied, “Thank you, Alex,” and kissed his forehead.

Jill sighed and looked to Helen. Helen nodded. Jill bowed and moved to Alex’s head.

“Are you ready for me, Alex?” Helen asked once more.

“Oh yes, My Lady!” Alex said, his voice wobbling a bit.

Helen smiled, then extended her arms out to her sides, raising them overhead, palms touching, fingers pointed to sky. She looked up to her hands, whispered something, then exhaled, bringing her hands down to prayer at her heart. She looked up and nodded.

Alex felt fingers at his temples again. He sighed and relaxed back. A chant started, similar to the one he'd heard so many times tonight. Tonight? Was it morning yet?

His mind was brought back by the sensation of the cushion moving. He opened his eyes to see Helen approaching, then sitting atop the blue cloth, straddling him.

As she looked to her side, Alex said, almost whispered, "My Lady, please hold me first."

Helen looked down at Alex, her head at a slight angle. She nodded to the women, and their chanting ceased. "As you wish, my love," she said to Alex, smiling and moving closer.

Alex closed his eyes and felt the warmth of her approach. She was delicious, and so gentle, holding him, whispering to him, moving his head slightly side to side.

When she pulled away, they both sighed. Alex forced his eyes open. "Thank you, My Lady," he said. His voice was strangely hoarse.

Helen nodded, and the chanting picked up again. Someone handed Helen the chalice. She raised it above her head, chanting a verse with the other women, then drank its contents. She handed it to the side, and was given another one.

Warm hands helped Alex sit up a bit.

"Drink, my love, my life," Helen said, holding the cup to his lips.

Alex was surprised at the amount and the strength of this one -- more intense than the others had been, by far! Perhaps it was just the tiredness he felt -- he had a right to feel tired, he thought. The fire filled him, fanning his desire, and he moaned, straining to reach Helen.

Warm, strong hands were at his head, and soft strokes at his temples eased him to reclining again.

"Close your eyes and let it happen, Alex," Helen told him. The fingers at his head, and the soft voice whispering in his ear encouraged him to comply.

As he felt the cloth being pulled away, brushing over the strength and need of his erection, he called out, "I need you!"

In response he felt hands on his skin, and then a soft, warm mouth on his cock. He moaned and tried to arch his back up, to go deeper into her mouth. It was so hard to move; he felt so stiff.

“Relax and let it happen,” repeated the soft voice in his ear. With a moaning sigh, he gave himself again to the sensations. He moaned again as Helen took him deep into her.

The chanting took them. Rather than a single buildup, there were plateaus, plateaus of pleasure and delirium, taking them to the edge, then backing off, yet going higher, and taking them to a new edge, more intense than before.

How he wanted to touch her, to hold her, to feel her! He reached with his hands, but they were being held. Not by cords this time, but by hands. He cried out, reaching again.

And his hands were released. He reached for her, his head still arched back and his eyes closed, his head trying to get closer to the intoxicating fingers stroking his head, just as his back arched and his hips thrust, trying to go deeper and deeper within her.

His fingers touched a breast, and he moaned again, almost a whimper. While the chanting and the rhythm of their bodies continued, he could feel her leaning forward.

He guided her breasts closer. As a hand helped lift his head, he opened his eyes momentarily. Before him was the beauty of her breast. But beside it was a hand, pale, withered, and shaking. He was pulled to her breast, and hugged her close, eyes closing again.

Another plateau, and another -- Alex could feel his lungs burning, pain in his chest radiating down his arms and up into his jaw, and knew this next plateau must be it.

And as they reached the next plateau, the chanting intensified, and her breast was replaced by her lips. They kissed, and as he tasted her, and she tasted him.

He felt her coming around him. He was so close, pushing, wanting to go deeper, deeper, more, more. He wanted to give her more; he needed to give her more.

His hands started to fall away in exhaustion as he approached the threshold. Other hands helped his arms down. Rather than hold him though, the hands on his arms and legs massaged him gently, sensuously.

He opened his eyes; his vision was blurred and dim.

Helen was radiant above him -- was she glowing? Her smile, her radiance filled the room, filling him with warmth that eased his pain, so close now, so close.

Helen smiled at him, rocking still. She moved hands to his forehead, and started sliding her fingers to his temples. “Now, my love,” she commanded in a whisper.

Alex sighed and let his eyes close as he came one more time.

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Lieutenant Briggs looked up from the depressing mounds of paperwork on his desk. One of his detectives stood in the doorway holding yet another folder. Briggs didn't like the lopsided smile on the young detective's face. Briggs sighed wearily, put down his pen, and leaned back, chair creaking. "What now, Samuels?"

The detective handed the folder to his boss. "Got the coroner's report and a possible ID on the stiff from last week -- the one the trail bikers found in the open space preserve."

"Good -- lemme see that." Briggs took the folder and opened it. He remembered that one -- the guy had been buck naked, wrapped in a blue sheet, arms folded up nice and neat.

"Well, this is very interesting," Briggs said out loud. "Alex Donovan, age 26, six foot one, a hundred and ninety pounds."

Samuels was still grinning. "Look at the coroner's report -- natural causes, but even though the body had been washed, they found traces of seminal fluid and feminine fluids -- from more than one woman."

Briggs gave Samuels a smile he didn't like at all. Briggs said, "Good for him -- went out with a bang. I should be so lucky. There's just one little problem...." Briggs waved the folder.

Samuels said nervously, "Sir, prints and dental records matched the missing person report filed on Alex Donovan, last seen on Halloween."

Briggs snorted. "Somebody fucked up, Samuels -- make sure it wasn't us. You saw that body -- look at the corner's report. He had to be 90 years old -- leathery, wrinkled, gnarled hands, age spots -- a shriveled, used-up old geezer."

Samuels gulped. "I double-checked the ID myself, Lieutenant. Prints, dental, two scars ... they match."

Briggs handed the folder back with a growl as he stood up. "Look at me, Samuels. I'm too old to play Mulder and you're way too ugly to be Scully. Get lost and don't come back until you've got something that makes sense. I need more coffee."

Fin
Rev 10/7/2000

Halloween Party
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