

Another 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.

(The second in a series of Halloween stories -- thanks to Wiseguy)

It was a dark and stormy night as Alex crawled along the country road, peering intently through the dense rain and cursing the ill luck that had deposited him there. "Intimate Halloween gathering, my hairy ass!" he snarled. "Fucking multilevel marketing sharks. How stupid do you think I am?"

His tirade was directed to an empty passenger seat. Jill -- the intriguing woman who had lured him up to the house in the hills near Woodside, ostensibly for a "small and intimate gathering," then delivered him to a smarmy salesman -- would have to find her own way home. In between bursts of profanity, Alex found himself wishing he'd paid more attention to the road on his way up and less to the tempting promise of Jill's legs.

He didn't recognize the roads, and wasn't even sure he was going in the right direction as the rain became more intense, whipped by blustering winds. He was in the middle of nowhere.

Was that a deer running by the side of the road? He flicked on his high beams and slowed. It was a girl! Running along the side of the road! She turned and waved to him.

He pulled up beside her, unlocking the passenger door.

She opened the door, sticking her head in the car. She was soaked, and breathing hard. Her hands were empty; she was wearing a blouse and a short skirt, and no shoes.

"Help me, please!" she managed to say, looking around, terrified.

"Get in," Alex told her. As she got in, he reached into the back seat and grabbed the towel off the top of his gym bag, handing it to her.

"Don't know how much help I'm going to be, I'm lost," he muttered as he started out again.

"Turn around if you want to get back to Palo Alto," she said, still panting, drying herself off as best she could.

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Alex turned the car around and headed back the way he'd come. He started to ask her something when they saw the lights of another vehicle approaching on the road.

She flung herself down, her head in his lap, shuddering and holding on to him. He felt her wet hair and face pressing in to him. Instinctively, he put a hand on her shoulder. She was cold and shivering. The other car drove past.

"It's all right. The car is gone. What's going on? Should I call the cops?"

She sat up slowly, her teeth chattering as she tried to get dry.

Alex turned up the heat in the car.

"No, not yet at least," she said, holding her hands in front of one of the vents, warming herself.

"I'm Alex. What were you doing, running in a storm like that?" he asked.

They were on a straighter stretch of road, with an old barn on the left. He took a better look at his damp passenger.

She seemed to be in her mid to late twenties, short dark hair, cute face, very nice build -- wearing a short skirt, hose, and a sheer top, everything soaked by the rain. She wasn't wearing shoes, and the feet and toes of her hose were torn from running.

"Tina," she said, teeth chattering still. "Let's just say it was an evening I'll never forget."

Alex shook his head, paying attention to the road again. "Where am I taking you?"

"Oh shit, I can't go back looking like this..." she said.

Alex looked at the clock -- it was a little after eight. "Look, we can go back to my place and you can take a shower to get warmed up, and I can put your clothes in the drier. Or, I can take you anywhere you'd like. You sure you're all right?"

Tina forced a smile through chattering teeth. "That's the best offer I've had in a while. I'm so cold!"

"Okay then, how do I get back to Palo Alto?"

"Just stay on this road until you get to the stop sign -- that's Skyline."

On the drive back to his townhouse, Alex found out a little more, but not very much. He guessed she'd gone out on a date that had turned really, really bad. He asked a few times if she wanted to call the cops, or anyone else -- she told him no, not yet.

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It was really pouring down rain when he pulled up to the townhouse. He parked in the garage, and quickly took Tina to the master bathroom.

“Go ahead and take a long, hot shower. Toss your clothes out the door, and I’ll get you a robe to wear, okay? You can lock the door.”

Tina was still shivering, and started undressing. “Sure.”

“Like something hot to drink afterwards?” he asked.

“Hot tea?” she asked as she unbuttoned her blouse.

Alex nodded. She had a dynamite body -- she couldn’t be over five foot six in height, but she was really well stacked. He shook his head and turned to the bedroom and his closet. “I’ll get you a robe.”

When he returned with the robe, the bathroom door was still wide open. He could see her shapely silhouette in the shower, steam rising from the top of the enclosure.

“Oh, this feels so good! I may get warm again before summer!” she called out.

“Good -- take your time,” Alex called out. He picked up her clothes and took them to the laundry.

He gave them a quick rinse in the sink, then checked the tags on blouse and skirt to make sure they could take the drier. He left the hose in the sink -- they were pretty much shot.

In the kitchen, he fixed two large mugs of herbal tea. The warm mug felt good in his hands.

About halfway through his tea, he didn’t think he could hear the shower going anymore.

“Tina? Are you out of the shower already?” he called out.

“Yes! That was great!”

“Want some tea?”

“Sure -- bring it up!” she called back.

Alex grinned a bit, picked up both mugs, and headed back to the bedroom.

She was sitting on the bed, her feet on the floor, combing out her dark hair. He couldn’t tell if it was brown or black, or maybe a reddish brown. It looked quite soft and lustrous though. And, while his robe was a few sizes too big for her, the way she had it wrapped around herself was quite attractive.

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He set his mug down on the nightstand and handed her the other. She took it, touching his hands as she did. Her hands were still cold.

“Oh this feels good,” she said as she held the mug and sipped the hot tea.

“My feet are still freezing, though!” she said.

Alex sat on the floor and gently took one of her feet. They were dainty, with a reddish polish on her toenails. He started rubbing her foot gently. “How’s this?” he asked.

“Mmmm.... You don’t have to stop. Oh, that helps,” she cooed as she sipped the tea, holding the mug in her hands.

“Well, I’m glad things are taking a turn for the better,” he said as he rubbed her feet, warming them.

“Oh, much better,” she sighed, putting down the mug and reclining back on to the bed.

As Alex massaged her feet, he couldn’t help but look up her shapely legs, seeing enticing thighs and what looked to be dark brown curls between her legs. And as he massaged, her feet warmed up, as did the rest of her.

He was massaging her feet, watching her hips and thighs move slightly, rhythmically, hearing the occasional sigh come from her. He became aware of his erection at about the same time he smelled her arousal. He sighed and smiled -- the evening was turning out okay after all - he’d just play it by ear.

After a little more massage, and a little more sighing and moaning from Tina, she sat up slowly.

Alex sat back and smiled, enjoying the look of relaxed lust on her face.

She gave him an intense look -- her eyes looked like they almost glowed. She slid her bottom closer to the edge of the bed, and separating the robe, and her thighs, said huskily, “Why don’t you try warming me up here.”

Alex didn’t need a second invitation. He moved forward and started kissing her thighs. He was about to remark that she was plenty warm, when her hands reached for his head and urged him to her center.

He moved in as she crossed her legs on his back. She was so warm, and so tasty -- a sweet, spicy taste, delicate and energetic. He slipped his hands under her bottom, and to her waist.

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He devoured her eagerly, her ecstatic cries muffled by her delicious thighs squeezing his head.

He couldn't remember when he'd enjoyed eating someone this much. Her scent and taste were so enticing, so invigorating.

He felt her hands pulling him up. As he climbed up on the bed, she helped him shed his clothes. They rolled around on the bed together. Her touch on him was electric -- so arousing, so pleasurable. She pinned him to his back and worked up his body, taking him quickly in her mouth, sucking, and then nipping gently with surprisingly sharp teeth. She worked up his body, taking his cock between her breasts for a few luscious strokes as she kissed and nipped at his belly. Then she moved up and sucked and nipped at his nipples, sending sparks through his body.

They kissed, and she was delicious -- her lips and tongue so tasty. Alex pushed her higher so he could get to her breasts. He took a nipple in his mouth, and was surprised with the ferocity with which she held him to her. She moaned and squeezed him as he sucked hungrily.

Alex was delirious as he let himself be rolled to his back. Tina ran her hands over him again, leaning down and nipping him lightly with her sharp teeth. Everything she did made him hotter and harder for her. She teased his cock with her hands, then slid him into her.

She was so hot, and so tight on top of him. He grasped her trim bottom, then her waist, pulling on her, bringing them together tighter, rocking with her.

Alex couldn't believe how long he'd lasted with her riding him. It almost felt as if his cock were getting bigger and bigger inside her. He felt her stiffen again, and heard her cry out, pulsing around him, squeezing him, drawing him deeper and deeper inside.

Tina leaned forward, sliding her hands up his body, one hand resting on his heart, the other behind his head. "Look at me, Alex -- look at me, lover," she said huskily.

Alex opened his eyes, and looked into the deep brown eyes above him. She had an almost animal smile. Her teeth, so small and perfect, did almost look pointed. She moved her hips so well, so strongly, building the pressure in him even higher. He moaned again, wanting to arch his head back and close his eyes again.

"No, look into my eyes. Look into my eyes, Alex."

Alex looked into her eyes again. They seemed to be pulsing, almost glowing. He felt it coming -- he was getting so close, as she rocked on top of him. He felt his heart beating strongly, wildly, beneath the tingling heat of her hand, and felt her other hand holding his head.

"That's it, Alex. Oh, so good -- almost, almost. Deeper, Alex. Look deeper; go deeper."

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Alex felt himself approaching the point of no return, and felt himself falling into her eyes, eyes which seemed to be pulsing, glowing, taking him in.

The moan accompanying his orgasm started from down at his toes. He looked into her eyes as long as he could, pumping into her, seeing her smile broaden, showing more of her sharp, perfect teeth, feeling her rocking her hips on top of him, milking, milking, milking.

Alex couldn't believe the intensity -- he felt like he was still coming, still pumping into her. He let his eyes close and went with the sensations.

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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 look 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. "The stiff from the townhouse? This is a weird one, Lieutenant."

"Lemme see that." Briggs took the folder and opened it. He remembered that one -- the guy had been found naked on his bed by the cleaning service.

"Weird doesn't start," Briggs said out loud, scanning the report.

Samuels shuddered. "Yeah, I talked to the coroner -- it was like all the guy's blood was sucked out of his body -- through his dick."

Briggs shook his head. "But they found female pubic hair in his moustache, and some fluids -- some payback." Briggs handed the folder back to his detective. "I'd say we're looking for a very kinky vampire. Let me know when you find her -- and keep your pants on."

Fin

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