

Private 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 third in a series of Halloween stories)

Alex smacked the steering wheel of his car with a fist, yelling. "How fucking stupid do they think I am! Intimate, my hairy ass!" 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.

What with being upset, and not being too sure of where he was, he quickly became lost. But the night was still young -- Alex knew he'd eventually reach the coast, or civilization. He wasn't worried.

He opened the sunroof on his car. The sky was crystal clear, with an eyelash moon in a sea of sparkling stars. He took a few deep breaths to calm down. No sense getting upset.

Coming to an intersection a few miles later, he turned to the right. After another few miles, he thought he recognized where he was. If he was correct, up around the next bend, the road should straighten out for a bit, and he'd pass the old barn.

Alex smiled as he came around the curve, and the road straightened out, revealing the old barn in the clearing on the right. He was on the road to the coast -- it would meet up with Old Pescadero Road in another few miles.

He pulled over to the side of the road, parking on the wide gravel area and getting out. The barn had been here for as long as he could remember. It seemed to get repainted every ten years or so, whether it needed it or not. He smiled and took a deep breath of the crisp fall air, looking up at the stars and stretching.

"The sky is beautiful tonight, isn't it?"

Alex was startled by the soft feminine voice next to him. He turned and saw her standing about three feet away, her head raised, looking up into the sky. He looked around -- no cars -- how had she gotten here?

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“Yes, it is,” he answered. He smiled. “Trick or treat?”

She lowered her head and looked at him, laughing softly. She was two or three inches shorter. She looked to be well built, but it was difficult to tell, as she was wearing a long cape-like robe which extended from her shoulders to within a few inches of the ground. The hood was back, showing long brown hair glistening in what light there was. The sparkle of her eyes and smile put the stars to shame.

“Treat?” she said with amusement in her voice, extending an arm through a slit in the cape.

Alex stepped closer and took her arm in his. Her sleeve seemed to be of a dark velvet-like material, similar to her cape. As he stepped closer, he caught her perfume, and her warmth. It contrasted with the chill of the evening air -- he was wearing a long-sleeved dress shirt and no jacket.

“Do you come here often?” he asked, looking into her attractive face and impish smile.

“Often enough,” she said, stepping closer, bringing her body next to his.

Alex stood there, drinking her in with his eyes, his nose, smelling and feeling her presence next to him.

She moved, leading him.

Alex looked out across the field to the old barn. Why hadn't he noticed the gate in the fence before? It was open, a path extending from the gate down through the field, to....

He was sure he hadn't seen a tent before, but there it was. From this distance, it seemed to be good sized, twenty or more feet on a side, supported by poles on the four corners and a higher pole in the middle. The path led to the tent's entrance, a flap supported by two flag-bearing poles.

“Join me?” she asked.

Alex looked at her. He could feel the questioning and confusion on his face, in his brows.

She laughed lightly, softly. “Come on, I said treat!”

She led him through the gate and down the path.

Alex was feeling chilled as they walked along. As they stepped on to the canvas at the entrance to the tent, underneath the canopy, he could feel warmth radiating from inside.

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“Shoes?” she said softly, bending a leg and slipping off one simple shoe, then the other.

Alex slipped out of his shoes.

Once again, she took him by the hand, leading him through the flaps of the tent, inside.

Alex took a deep breath and looked around in wonder. It was light, airy, and warm inside. It seemed almost as if it was larger on the inside than the outside. The floor was covered with carpets, and a pile of cushions was on one side, ranging from larger than a king-size bed to much smaller. The large cushion was covered in a deep blue velvet, with a similar colored throw folded on one corner. A low table filled with a variety of finger foods was near the cushion. Two champagne flutes sat on the table, next to an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne.

“Please?” her soft voice asked.

Alex turned to his hostess. She had taken off her cape, and was holding it out in front of her, glancing to a wooden stand in one corner of the tent. Alex took her cape and walked over to hang it up. It was soft, and surprisingly light, a rich blue velvet on the outside, lined with a dark blue satin or silk on the inside. It was full of her warmth, and of her scent.

He turned to see her sitting down, gathering cushions around her. She was indeed shapely -- full figured, wearing a burgundy velvet dress with a scooped neck, transitioning into a long velvet skirt. Her skin was pale pink, her lips full. The lush rich brown of her hair contrasted with the sparkling green of her eyes. She patted a spot next to her, her hand moving against the blue background.

Alex sighed and walked over, sitting beside her. “What is your name?” he whispered.

She smiled, another enigmatic smile. “That’s not important. We chose ‘treat,’ remember?”

“That we did,” he said, his brow still furrowed.

She laughed softly, then reached up and touched his forehead. “Then relax and enjoy.”

He sighed at her touch, inhaling her scent. The whole place seemed full of her scent, peaceful, enticing, relaxing, yet invigorating.

She moved her hand gracefully from his head and waved to the bottle sitting on ice.

“Would you open and pour for us?” she asked.

“Of course,” Alex said, moving to pick up the bottle.

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It was a good bottle of French Champagne. As he undid the wire cage holding the cork, she picked up a small intricately cut crystal bottle, and poured a small amount of a golden liquid into the bottom of each champagne flute.

Alex did as he'd been taught, releasing the cork softly, letting the bottle sigh. He poured carefully, not wasting the bubbles.

Whatever she'd put in the glasses gave the champagne a golden hue, almost a glow. Alex replaced the bottle on the ice, and handed her a glass. He picked up his.

Once again, she gave him an impish smile, raising her glass a bit.

"Here's to 'treat,'" he said. She took a sip, and so did he.

It was cool and tingling at the same time it was warming and invigorating. Alex was used to good champagne, but this was something else. A warm glow suffused through him as the bubbles tickled his nose.

After a few more sips, she leaned forward and picked up a small piece of meat from a bowl. She leaned over to Alex and offered it to him. He accepted, cleaning her fingers with his lips. The meat was spicy and delicious. She leaned back on her cushions and opened her mouth a little, inviting him to respond in kind.

Alex smiled and moved some cushions over closer to her, where he'd be able to relax back and feed her at the same time. He got a piece of meat out of the bowl and brought it to her mouth.

As his hand approached her, she closed her eyes. Alex's hand wavered a bit, but he placed the morsel in her mouth. She took it slowly, and just as slowly sucked his fingers as he withdrew them. Alex watched in awe, heart racing, as she chewed and swallowed, then opened her eyes.

She moved, and he expected her to feed him another morsel. But before she did, she moved their cushions a little closer together, and pulled the table in a little closer. She extended her legs off the end of the cushion, and placing a hand between Alex's shoulders, urged him a little closer to her.

Alex moved over, extending his legs, feeling them gently intertwine with hers. As she lowered the hand she had on his back, he followed it, reclining. She picked up another morsel of meat.

Alex sighed and closed his eyes. The sensation of letting her feed him was more delicious than the meat itself.

They played at that game for a while, interspersing the meat with sips of champagne, succulent pieces of fruit, something like scallops in a spicy ginger sauce, and more.

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Alex learned to lean more into her, relax more into her, and to allow himself to be led, just as she allowed him to lead her.

Then, eyes closed, expecting a scallop, or maybe a piece of fruit, he felt a different motion. Where a soft breast had pressed gently into his side before, now both her breasts touched his chest. He felt the hardness of her nipples in the midst of softness, and then felt a piece of fruit touching his lips. But this piece of fruit also had with it another pair of lips, soft and moist, more tantalizing than the morsel they offered. They shared the fruit, and a juicy kiss.

As he expected the kiss to continue, to deepen, it broke off. He sighed, relaxing on the cushions. He heard her soft laughter, and opened his eyes.

She leaned back, holding his eyes in hers, impish smile once again filling her face as she reclined and closed her eyes, licking her lips sensuously, then pursing her lips in invitation.

Alex selected a piece of fruit, placing it in his teeth, and leaned over her gently, softly, sharing it with her, kissing gently.

And as her tongue started to dance with his, he pulled back, reclining.

This time she sighed, and opened her eyes. Her smile returned and she chuckled.

The dance continued with the fruit, and the occasional scallop, adding soft caresses. Alex took his time, allowing her to set the pace, allowing her to invite him further.

As they continued the dance, she gradually unbuttoned his shirt. She led his hands over her body, and they explored each other gently yet passionately.

It was Alex's turn to feed her. All the bowls were empty. The champagne bottle was empty. He sighed.

"What's wrong?"

He turned to see her smiling, looking at him from her reclined position.

"What should we share now?" Alex asked.

She smiled again, closed her eyes, and extended her arms.

Alex moved in to a passionate kiss. After a while she started moving, as if wanting to roll to one side. Alex put his arms around her, holding her, enjoying the mixture of tastes and textures, sounds and scents as they moved together on the cushions.

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Partially on their sides, her on top of him a little, he felt her hand reach back and guide his. Their lips still together, she guided his hand to a tie at the back of her bodice. He tugged gently, then used both hands to loosen it.

She pulled away from his lips, kissing his neck and up to his ear, where she whispered warmly, "Pull it out."

As she kissed his neck, moving back to his lips, Alex unlaced the tie, which seemed to extend down to her shapely bottom. Spreading the cloth apart, he ran his hands over her skin gently, hearing her appreciative sighs as he caressed her skin.

She pulled away, and moved to sitting, her legs under her. She gathered the lower part of the dress around her waist, and extending her arms, asked, "Help me?"

Alex moved to his knees, and helped her pull the dress off over her head.

He sighed -- she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

She held one of his wrists, and pushing gently on his chest, urged him to reclining again. Straddling one of his legs, she unbuttoned the cuffs of his shirt, then undid his belt, pants, and zipper.

She leaned forward, brushing him with her breasts and hair as she freed his shirt from his pants and slipped it off, tossing it over with her dress. She held his head in her hands and let her weight go down on him as she kissed him. Alex ran his hands over her back and sides, feeling the softness and warmth of her skin.

She moved her hands down his sides, and he lifted his bottom up so she could slip off his pants and underwear. She also hooked his socks, and tossed his clothes on to the pile.

Alex looked to her, sitting near his feet. She smiled once more, and started running her fingernails up his legs.

Alex closed his eyes and sighed, feeling her hands go up his legs slowly. He gasped as her hands strayed around his balls and cock, caressing him gently before moving on to tease the insides of his hips, and then up to his neck.

Then she was on him again, and his arms went around her waist as they rolled together, kissing once more.

As they moved over to the middle of the large cushion, she reached for the crystal bottle again, sitting up.

Alex watched from his back as she turned the bottle on its side and righted it again, then removed the glass stopper. She held his eyes in hers as she took the stopper to her left nipple, and coated it with the golden liquid. He watched as her nipple tightened visibly, taking on a

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golden glow, making his mouth water. She restoppered the bottle and reclined back, smiling, extending her arms.

Alex moved in to accept her gift. She was warm and delicious. His arms found their way around her waist as hers found their way around his head. They rolled around in mutual pleasure. She switched him to her other side, and pulled a soft cover over them.

After more slow, sensuous kisses, Alex sat up some. He reached for the crystal bottle.

“May I?” he asked.

She nodded.

Alex did as she had earlier, upending the bottle, looking at it closer. He let the liquid coat the bottom of the glass stopper. He slid down her body, and gently moved her legs apart. He leaned down and kissed her mound. She smelled so delicious, so moist, so warm.

Spreading her nether lips gently with one hand, he touched the glass stopper to her central jewel, standing out pink and proud, inviting his attention. At the touch, she sighed and quivered. He stoppered the bottle and put it back.

He moved lower, kissing his way up her thighs. She moved underneath him as he worked his way up slowly, and surprised him by putting a hand on the back of his head and urging him to her center.

He inhaled deeply, and touched her with his tongue. She moaned and moved her legs closer around him. He tasted her, enjoyed her, lost himself in her.

Responding to her cries, he kissed his way up her body. They rolled on the cushion, rolled in a tangled embrace on a field of dark blue, dark as the night sky.

They slid together, drawn by desire. Soon she cried out again, her cry muffled by Alex's lips as he joined her in ecstasy.

They slid apart some, panting and hearts pounding. Alex moved a bit to his back, but she reached for him, pulling him closer again. They snuggled together as she drew a coverlet over them, a coverlet the color of the night sky. Alex wrapped his arms around her. She sighed and held his hands in place. He nuzzled her neck, tasting, smelling, touching. He sighed and closed his eyes.

Alex woke up to the alarm going off. He turned over in bed and whacked the clock, silencing it. He sat up, more than a little confused. He was home? What? What had happened?

He raised a hand to his face. He could smell perfume, spices, her. Had it happened? Had it been a dream? He rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom to shower.

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He certainly had slept well, and felt better than he had in a long time. He laughed softly to himself as he dried off, wondering how Jill's evening had been. Looking at himself in the mirror as he combed his hair, he still wasn't sure how his evening had been.

Once dressed, he headed to the kitchen. He walked into the room and stopped.

Hanging over the back of a chair and on to the kitchen table was her cape. He picked it up, holding its softness to his face, his eyes closing as he inhaled. Alex let the scent and softness flood him with memories. Lowering the cape with a sigh, he saw a small velvet bag on the table. The bag was dark blue, the color of her cape, the color of the bed they shared, the color of the night sky. He picked up the bag. Opening the drawstrings, he took out the small intricately cut crystal bottle. He undid the glass stopper and raised it to his nose. He inhaled deeply, his eyes closing as the scent filled him again.

It hadn't been a dream, he thought as he stoppered the bottle and placed it back in its bag. There on the table was a note -- had it been there a moment ago? He picked it up.

"Alex -- use wisely, and enjoy. Trick or treat!"

Fin
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