

Erotica

The Urbane Spaceman

By Emy Naso



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WARNING: The contents of this book are intended for mature audiences only. Language, violence, and sexual situations apply.

The Urbane Spaceman
by Emy Naso

Lovemaking was fascinating to the spaceman, but then, he
had something Florina Bird found intriguing.

Did he know how to use it?

Is alien love possible?

Is it even real?

This is a tale of fantasy, magic, and humor-a sensuous and
funny story to touch your heart and make you laugh.

Close Encounter of the Sexual Kind

Florina Bird first noticed the cigarette burn on the upholstery of the car. This was very strange. She didn't smoke and neither did Philip. The automobile wasn't new when her boyfriend got it, so it could have been from the previous owner. It was just she'd never seen it before. Then there was the black scuffmark. Was it her shoe mark from an earlier fuck in the back seat? Should she be studying these when Philip Sanders, her fellow, was trying to give her everything he had? There he was, grinding into her, grunting like a quarterback caught with the ball, and she found it so boring that her mind wandered to imperfections on the upholstery in the interior of the car.

"Oh, Florina." Philip's moment was approaching. She felt about as excited as a condemned prisoner who sensed the day breaking; wonderful to behold if you didn't have anything better to do.

He pulled away and rolled onto his side with as much grace as a swan with a rear-end full of buckshot. She lay there and made a few consoling noises to reassure his delicate masculinity. As Florina stroked his hair and looked out of the window, she recalled days later that it was the first time she observed the strange orange light hovering over the row of pine trees. It didn't move, and neither did she.

"Hey, baby, that was good."

"Can you see it?" she muttered.

"What?"

"The light, Philip."

"The light? Honey, most women say the Earth moved, but you see lights!"

"It's moving now, Philip."

"What, the Earth?"

"No, that orange light. Just a minute, it's going lower. My God, I think it's a spaceship!"

Philip sat up. As he did, the saucer-shaped ship spun around, did a little flying dance, then whizzed off into the black beyond at a speedway beyond that achieved by a hyperactive mouse with a supercharged cat after him.

"I can't see anything," he said.

"No, it's gone now," she said with concern. Florina didn't see his expression. It was just as well. It conveyed Philip's contempt for the sense of women.

* * * *

"Shall we resume patrol, Captain?" Grinteld asked with a cheeky smile as he delivered the words in the language of the planet they were observing. All the crew chuckled at his wicked impersonation of one of the many odd sounds they'd detected on this world. The Captain continued to be riveted to the screen. Two things fascinated him about this world. One was the two billion to one calculation by their computer, Heisenburg, that these people were outwardly so identical to his own species. *How cool is that*, he mused to himself, again in a parody of these people's speech. *We travel 7.87 par-tongs across the galaxy and the first semi-intelligent life forms we encounter look like us.*

The second mesmerizing fact was their antics, one in particular. The Captain had been watching these two in the metal box with wheels. He'd seen other members of the species do it. It looked so peculiar. They called it lovemaking. These people also used other expressions. Heisenburg was still trying to translate "shag" and "fuck."

Oh, and the Captain could add a third spellbinding interest. He didn't understand why, but this tingling sensation ran around his body when he saw some of these people. It was the ones they called women. As he watched the two people "fuck," he got even more of a tingling about the one called Florina. These Earth folk were a real hoot.

* * * *

"A spaceship!" Cynthia couldn't contain her incredulity.

Florina wished she hadn't told her about the night before. They sat by a window in the office taking a break and sipping coffee. Cynthia was also consuming her second doughnut and looked pleased that her friend Florina had refused one when offered. With some people it was food, with others sex, with Cynthia, it was both.

"Okay, it sounds ridiculous, but I tell you, it was a spacecraft."

"Where did it come from?" Cynthia mumbled through a large, sticky, high-octane, calorie infested bite.

"How do I know? Kansas, maybe," Florina answered with more than a touch of sarcasm and frustration.

"Now you're being silly. I've been to Kansas and never saw a spaceship."

Florina rolled her eyes and began to regret starting this conversation, but she persisted.

"It wasn't a mirage. It looked just like one of those flying saucers," Florina said. Her friend nibbled away at the last of the doughnut, wiped her hands across her mouth, licked the sugar from her fingers, and gave Florina a skeptical stare.

"When Philip was stuffing you with his cock, you weren't taking anything orally, were you, Florina?"

"What are you suggesting?"

"Nothing, honey. I just wondered if this image was an illusion from something you were taking."

"I'm not on drugs, Cynthia. There was something else.

I got the distinct feeling whoever was in that spaceship was studying me."

Cynthia rummaged into the paper bag. She pulled out the third doughnut. She decided life was short, her stomach was rumbling, and her friend was crazy.

* * * *

At least home was a quiet detached residence far from the madding crowd. Florina loved to say, "madding" and when her friends corrected it to "maddening," she would give them a very smug look and then quote the book title and the author, Thomas Hardy. It was her piece of snobbery.

The house was her other pride. It came to her through the sad demise of her mother and father, killed when they took up the ridiculous sport of double hang gliding. There they were, celebrating their thirtieth wedding anniversary one minute by jointly taking to the air, and the next, they were

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plunging to their deaths hand in hand. What a way to go! Florina still wondered what they said to each other as they headed earthward.

She shut the door. Florina decided not to telephone Philip and invite him over for the evening. Instead, she put an instant meal in the oven and flicked on the TV. In the fifteen minutes the precooked, fully salted, over packed with preservatives meal needed to heat through, she undressed and took a shower. As she came back into the kitchen wrapped in her silk bathrobe, she heard a pinging noise, which she took to be the timer telling her dinner for one was ready.

Still drying her red hair, she opened the oven and realized it wasn't the timer. She heard the noise again and scratched her head, perplexed at what had now become a buzzing sound. There was something else odd. She hadn't put the light on in the kitchen, and yet the room was flooded with light. It was streaking in through the half closed blinds.

Florina went to the window and looked out. At first, she thought it was a car in the drive with its headlights full ablaze. This was far too bright. Then the illuminations turned orange.

"Geez, it's that spaceship," she muttered in a low whistled tone. *Am I really seeing this? Was Cynthia right? Perhaps I'm going crazy?*

If it was a dream, it got even more bizarre. The craft stopped hovering, the side opened, and as she became transfixed, a figure walked down a lowered ramp.

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Instinctively, Florina reached for the light switch to cloak herself in darkness before remembering that it was the craft itself which was shedding the illumination. In terror, she watched the figure approach her house. It disappeared as she lost sight of it when it stepped onto the porch. The bell rang. Florina froze. The bell rang again. *Shit, I've heard the postman rings twice, but not a bloody alien*, she thought, amazing herself with the joke.

Still, she stood motionless. Seconds passed, then minutes. Edging into the hall, she tried to listen for any sound. There was one-a vibrating shaking noise-as if there were a swarm of angry bees outside. In a hazy mist, an iridescent glow came through the door. As she watched, it formed and materialized. She put her hands over her mouth to hold the panic within herself. This was a nightmare. An alien appeared before her.

"Sorry about that."

"I ... I ... don't hurt me," she managed.

"Don't worry, there's no damage. I did ring the bell, but perhaps you didn't hear me."

She wasn't sure what horror to expect. Would she be abducted, obliterated with a ray gun, or wrapped in icy tentacles? She didn't anticipate that it would be an alien with polite urbane manners. He-and it was a he-moved toward her. The alien may have been supernova gorgeous, but he couldn't mean her any good. Florina fainted. As she fell to the floor at the mercy of this thing, she detected an odor. Perhaps it would be the last thing she would ever recall.

* * * *

How long had she been unconscious? Florina blinked her eyes. Lights danced and played games with her mind. Was it death or a half-world of terror? Into focus came a hideous yellow glow, oval at the head, then elongated in a weird and inhuman shape.

"This is the way it will end," she mumbled in her dread.

"Excuse me, I'm over here. You are staring at a table lamp."

She turned her head. The handsome alien was sitting by her as she stretched out on the sofa.

"What are you going to do to me?" she gulped.

"Can I ask a few questions?"

Was this happening? This man-if he was human-travels across light years. When he discovers the planet Earth, what does he do? A survey!

"Just relax." She smiled.

"Where are you from?"

"Do you know the Gamma sector of Priquilinta cluster?"

"No," she answered honestly.

"Okay, let's just say it's a long way away."

For some reason, she couldn't take her eyes off his lovely face. If this was an alien bent on earthly destruction, it might be worth surrendering. Something struck her.

"You talk English," Florina said and swallowed hard.

"Well, not really, but it's your language, so that's what I decided to try. Is it okay?"

"Better than most of the residents of this district," she said.

"You look better now, Florina."

"How do you know my name?"

He shrugged as if it was a stupid question. She realized it probably was. If these people had the knowledge to conquer intergalactic travel, discovering her name was an easy trick.

"What's your name?" She decided even if he were going to do unspeakable things to her, she'd rather know his name.

He hesitated. Was this the moment cosmic politeness broke down and he pulverized her into a billion particles?

"In your language, it would be unpronounceable and not make sense, but a rough translation would be Kwan Hotbody Planck."

At first, she lay there with her mouth open. Was this a space joke? Then she burst out laughing.

He watched her and waited for Florina to compose herself.

"We've been watching you," he said.

"Why?"

"Research."

"And?"

"Can you tell me a few things?"

She shrugged a yes.

"You and the man named Philip spend much time lovemaking. Why?"

Now the reason for the alien's presence was becoming clear. Soon I'll find myself in their spaceship waiting for this gorgeous beast to violate me.

"Is that what you want to do to me?" she said biting her lips.

"Do what?"

Was he some sort of galactic pervert who liked to talk hyper-dirty before sex?

"Well, you know."

"No."

"It's what a man and a woman do."

"Why?"

"It's pleasurable." Florina wondered about that. Philip's lovemaking was okay but...

Kwan sat straight up and looked into the great beyond.

"Is that the only reason?"

"Well, and reproduction."

"You must be kidding me," he grinned.

"Look, is this some sort of practical joke?" she huffed and tried to get up. A white light flew from the end of his fingers and held her down with an invisible force. *Perhaps it wasn't a tease*, she surmised.

"So how do you make babies?" she asked, seeing he showed no inclination to say anything.

"Selection with an autogenetic stimulator, how else?"

"Could you kick that past me again?" she nervously asked.

"You make the selection with your partner..." he began.

"Is that a woman?"

"Yes."

"Sorry, go on."

"When you both agree to use your reproductive quota, I send your program the requirements, go into the autogenetic stimulator to be scanned, and then you can collect your progeny in about a month."

"Seems like a dull sex life," she said, thinking some of Philip's performances were about as exciting.

The light force field slackened its hold so Florina could sit up.

"So you don't do sex, then?"

"Not what you and this man were doing," he nodded a reply.

Florina took another close look at him. He really was a beauty. Her glance strayed to his loins. He followed her eyes. She became embarrassed.

"Why do you study me?" he asked with curiosity. Then his face lit up. "Oh, I see. Yes, this is what the man Philip put in you." With that, he got up and slipped down his purple uniform. Florina fainted again.

* * * *

This time it definitely wasn't a table lamp. The alien stood over her, naked and with an erection, which was not obeying the uncertainty principle. This shaft had no doubts. It was stiff and about as visible as a comet on a dark night. So here it was. All this chat and now she was about to be impregnated by a spaceman. Nine months time and she'd be trying to explain why her baby had pointed ears. What a silly thought. This man didn't have them.

"Are you okay?" Kwan asked as she looked up at him.

"I thought you said your people didn't do sex?" she protested.

"We don't. That's why I am so fascinated."

Florina's gaze became riveted to his cock-twelve inches of a noble instrument. She screamed in her mind. *My God, he's taken my clothes off. I'm naked!* The force field increased in its hold. It was gentle, but secure. Kwan leaned over her.

"Shall we try this lovemaking?" It was a command, surely. "Just one thing I must ask," he smiled. His handsome alien face became a dream of erotica exquisiteness. *What is it? Is this my final humiliation?*

"What do you want to do?" Florina gasped for breath, feeling the power bind her to his spell.

"Can my fellow Priquilintanians come and watch?"

Florina stayed motionless. Then her mind erupted in anger. Kwan stood back, his eyes flickered, and a tractor beam appeared and he was gone. She shouted after him.

"Go back home, you ... you ... pervert."

* * * *

She slept fitfully. Her dreams were of weird aliens. One chased her around a fairground with flashing orange lights, caught her on the "Tunnel of Love" ride, and when they were speeding through the darkness, tied her to the carriage and got out his enormous cock. Unable to resist his advances, Florina submitted to his demands. When they eventually appeared from the tunnel, the owner of the ride insisted on charging them triple the price because they used the amusement ride for immoral purposes. Florina halfway awoke, slumped half out of bed, and with her hand around the table lamp, massaged it furiously, thinking she was still dreaming.

After a shower, she decided to go to the tennis club early and try to sweat out this mania.

To her frustration, the only people at the club were a party of men who were engaged in a tournament. She sat and watched them play for a while, but it only made her keep thinking of Kwan. Every naked thigh, every male grunt, just brought back the mixed feelings she had for the alien.

They finished their round of matches and went off to the locker room. Florina wanted a cigarette. It was an odd sensation. She'd never smoked before. One thought kept invading her mind-it was a very sensual one. She'd been Philip's girlfriend for five years. Before that, she had-or they had her-eight other guys. Oh, yes, and one while she and Philip were an item. That was Roger; it was one grope and a very drunken fuck on Christmas Eve at the office party. She was no nymphomaniac, but then certainly not a novice. However, the thought still persisted.

It wasn't a philosophical question to trouble Aristotle-at least not that deep. It was just these other men were much the same, but Kwan; well, he was different. *Look girl, be honest with yourself. He had the biggest cock you've ever seen.*

A wicked thought entered Florina's head, did a little jig, pushed aside the sensible brain cells, and shouted to its mistress, "Look at me for a really stupid idea." Yes, it was irresponsible, silly, and ludicrous. It had some bad points as well.

Florina crept along by the hedge, around the clubhouse and to the back of the changing rooms. She knew there was

an old storeroom for the lawnmower. The grounds man, Alistair, had on more than one occasion tried to hit on her. Amongst his banal conversation and one-liners had been the fact that there was an unused door leading directly into the men's changing area from the storeroom.

She pushed past the machinery, found the doorknob, silently turned it, and with trepidation snuck into the men's locker room. All she could hear was eight men trying to sing like Frank Sinatra. Most of them sounded like Donald Duck. She saw that they were in the shower cubicles.

Geez, they're coming out. She didn't have time to think. Florina slid into an empty cubicle, pulled the door partly closed, and got soaking wet. She realized that all the showers worked together; put one on and the lot splashed down.

With dripping hair and clothes, she tentatively looked around the corner of the door. Her eyes widened and her loins shuddered. Eight naked men standing around as if they didn't have a care in the world toweling themselves dry.

She studied, she took note, and she licked her lips. Even allowing for none of their manhoods being on sexual parade, these were delicious but average sized cocks-nothing the length of Kwan's.

After twenty minutes, the men showed no inclination to leave the locker room and their main topic of conversation seemed to be women. Florina had enough of this. She mustered as much dignity as possible, walked from the cubicle, her underwear showing through her soaked clothes, marched passed the men with a brisk and bright, "Lovely day for a game of tennis," and went on out.

Out in the fresh air she continued to walk towards her car. To her horror, she saw Philip coming toward her.

"Florina! What are you doing here?"

"Hi, Philip. Just playing an early game."

"But, you're soaking wet and you just came out of the men's locker room!"

Florina gave him a quick peck on the cheek, continued her march, and called back, "Great game this morning-plenty of new balls."

* * * *

All day at the office, Florina avoided taking phone calls from Philip. She knew what he wanted to discuss and there were no answers-not any that she'd made up yet.

As she got home, the sudden ringing of the phone caught her off-guard and she instinctively picked it up, mechanically repeating the number down the line.

"Is that you, Florina?"

Who did he think was in her house? "Hello, Philip. I've just arrived home from the office."

"It's not the office I want to talk about."

"Did you have a good day, Philip?"

"Fine, Florina, but I was going to ask you something."

"What?" She knew. Her mind was still blank.

"If I just said tennis club, would you understand my concern, Florina?"

"What's the problem, darling? Is it my serve? I am trying to improve it."

"No, sweetie, it's not your serve. If I may be so indelicate, my concern is more who is serving you."

"In what way, Philip?" She was still playing for time but inwardly knew the hole was getting bigger.

"Florina, my honey, I'm going to cut to the chase. Today I saw you come out of the men's locker room. You were soaking wet and your underwear was showing through your clothes. Is there an explanation?"

No. Can you think of one? Would you accept this? "It's my eyes, Philip. Yes, my eyes."

"How does that explain, Florina?"

"I'm so scared of losing you that I haven't been able to tell you how myopic I am. I should wear spectacles."

"How does..."

"I didn't know I wandered into the men's locker."

"And the wet clothes, Florina?"

"I thought I was turning on the coffee machine. It was the shower."

There was a long silence.

Eventually, Philip said, "Why don't you wear contact lenses?"

"Would that be okay with you, Philip? You wouldn't find me less attractive?"

"I think I'd prefer that, Florina, than finding my girlfriend strolling out of the men's locker at the tennis club. It sort of put a crimp in my day."

"I can imagine, Philip. Hey, I must go, the doorbell just rang. Goodbye, darling."

"Well ... goodbye, Florina."

She sank down in the chair. Almost immediately, the phone rang again. Florina hesitated. Perhaps it was Philip checking up and wanting to know who was at the door. Maybe he thought it was a male tennis partner come to teach her how to cure her double-fault. She picked up the phone.

"Florina ... Florina Bird?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Mitchell."

She decided not to encourage him, whoever he was.

"The tennis club. I've seen you around, but today you sort of saw me," he continued and laughed in a way that obviously meant more to him than Florina.

"Sorry?"

"You were in the locker room watching the guys. Well, naturally I knew why you were there."

"You do?"

"Sure, Florina. I've seen the way you looked at me last month when we passed on the court."

At last, she recalled him. "There was dust in my eye ... er..."

"Mitchell."

"Thank you ... Mitchell."

"That line is fine by me, Florina. It will be our secret. I just thought I'd ring to ask if you want to see more of me." Then she heard more of that tonal laughter men adopt instead of saying what they mean.

"We could play a great game of doubles, Florina," he said and then chuckled. She was getting tired of this nonsense.

"Thanks for calling ... Mitchell, but I think you have the wrong impression."

"Okay, I understand we have to be discreet. I'll call you at another time. Love all, Florina." The phone line went dead. That was a pun too far. Almost immediately, the phone rang again.

It rang five more times that evening. Every call was from one of the guys at the tennis club, all of them convinced they were the object of her attention. She didn't give any of them an advantage but kept them firmly pinned to the baseline.

As she settled down into her bed, she wondered what happened to the eighth guy. *Well, there always had to be one!*

* * * *

Morning came much too quickly. Close your eyes and the night is over. The dreams were absurd. Florina ended up winning a galactic tennis tournament played totally naked. She had seven partners on her side of the net and in the finals; matched against an alien with eight arms who had a strung racket head on the end of a very erect shaft.

Getting up and trying to clear her thoughts with a long shower, Florina took a light breakfast, went to the office, and settled in for another boring day.

"Good morning, Miss Bird."

She looked up from the computer monitor, rapidly closing down the screen and hoping the intruder hadn't seen she was browsing through a sex site entitled, "The Best Sexual Positions to Keep Slim."

"Mr. Robinson," she responded to the prim, thin, and very weird head of personnel. He was the only senior member of staff who still called the females Miss or Mrs.-none of that Ms. with him. He was old fashioned. Not old, understand, in fact, he was barely into his thirties. He was quite good looking really, but he had a reputation. Nothing definite, no evidence, but rumors abounded. Some of them appeared in graffiti on the walls of the restrooms.

If only half of them were true, the man was a sexual god. Florina had a vision of one of the more colorful tales. The perpetrator of that particular rumor had suggested Grayling Robinson had a cock big enough to satisfy anyone-and it meant ANYONE.

A glint came into Florina's eyes. Perhaps here was the comparison she was seeking. Would it mean instant dismissal, if she wrestled the head of personnel to the floor and unzipped his pants to inspect the size of his shaft? She decided to refrain.

"Miss Bird," he repeated.

"Yes..." she hesitated. "Mr. Robinson." That was safe and formal.

"Sorry to disturb your work." His eyes flickered toward the dark screen. Had he caught sight of position number twelve, described as a way to sexual joy and thinner ankles? "I would like you to look after a new member of staff. Show them the way we do things. Introduce them to our corporate style. You could even read them the company manual and all the benefits we bestow on our team."

How excruciatingly, fucking awful, Mr. Robinson.

"Would that be okay, Miss Bird?"

And if it isn't, you boring fart?

"Miss Bird?"

"Fine, Mr. Robinson."

The big cheese from personnel smiled as if he'd just been elected as a pallbearer and walked away in a tight-ass sort of manner. Florina wondered if he had a company manual inserted in his rectum.

She debated whether to go back to the sex site.

Mr. Robinson's return made her decide not to. Florina didn't look up as he approached. She knew that tidy, pinched rear shuffle anywhere.

"Miss Bird, I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Shiftshaft."

Florina almost burst out laughing. She looked up. "YOU."

"Do you know...?"

"Think we met at a party a while ago," she covered her exclamation. Mr. Robinson gave her another devastatingly forced smile and went on his way to whatever uptight personnel bosses do all day.

"What are you doing here, Kwan?" Florina blurted out as soon as they were alone.

"I'm here to learn all about this company, Miss Bird."

"Hey, don't Miss Bird me."

"Sorry, Florina. You were very annoyed last time we met."

She shuffled around in her seat. He was so handsome. Perhaps all aliens would be hunky.

"You sort of suggested we get it on together in front of an audience. I didn't like that."

He leaned down to her and held Florina's hand. "I didn't realize. Please accept my clumsiness when dealing with human emotions. This act of lovemaking is so complicated. Sometimes, you humans do it without the slightest thought. At other times, it is part of a great ritual endowed with significance and meaning."

They went on staring into each other's eyes. In embarrassment, Florina pulled her hand away and said, "Okay, well, yes ... we better get on with your training. By the way, have you come here to learn about this company or ... what?"

"Or what, I hope," Kwan grinned.

Florina got up, walked from the room, and signaled for him to follow. All the way down the corridor, she was conscious of this gorgeous man behind her. She turned and entered a room at the end of the hall.

"This is the photocopier. Now with computers, emails, and printers in every department, it's not used very much. That is why we put the coffee machine in here as well, so it would still be a social meeting place."

He leaned over and raised one eyebrow. The lights on the copier flashed like indicators.

"Did you do that, Kwan?"

He grinned, raised the other eyebrow, and the door slammed. Sliding over toward Florina, he took her into his arms and they continued the slither to decadency, landing on the floor.

"What are you doing?" she protested mildly, very mildly.

"It's something else that intrigues us ... sorry, me ... about the Earth males. This allure they have for women's breasts." As he spoke, Kwan was unbuttoning her blouse, dexterously followed by her bra.

"Wow, that is nice ... I wonder why?" he smiled as his fingers and lips tested and tasted each nipple.

"Look, Mister, if you got to..." her sentence ended as he unzipped his pants and offered her the use of his ramrod straight shaft.

"I've seen..." he was going to say, "you," but was beginning to learn she didn't like the idea that he'd been specifically spying on her and Philip. "...certain women in this lovemaking thing suck the male member before they proceed. Would you like to?"

"You're very forward ... and big," she grinned. Her hands moved around, up and down his shaft, feeling it pulse and warm to her affection. Her tongue flicked over his taut skin.

"Why do you humans suck it? Is it the taste or perhaps it can play a tune?"

Florina glanced up. He was being serious.

"That would be fun," she winked.

Both his eyebrows rose. His cock entered her mouth; she closed her lips on it and blew. The music was divine. Her fingers tiptoed along his hardness as if it was a magic flute, the more she sucked, the greater the melody.

Florina fell back in hysterics. Kwan leaned over her, kissed her lips, and continued down her breasts to the roundness of her abdomen. He may have been an alien, but he was catching on quickly to what earth women wanted.

Pushing her skirt up, his fingers went into her panties and found the wetness of her mound.

"You learn fast for an alien," she said as her breathing rate increased.

"Are you a good teacher?"

That was it. Florina turned him onto his back, lay over him, and let her thighs straddle his. Moving slowly back and forth, she managed to remain reasonably passive for five passes, and then as she felt the head of his shaft running over the willing flesh of her labia, Florina lost control. Her one aim was to have that erect twelve inches into her and sense it seeking the depth of her passion.

Their lusty breaths sighed in unison as he palmed her breasts and took delight in watching her ride his cock. She panted, he groaned, the copier flashed, and the coffee machine heated up. He could not only turn her on, but also every electrical apparatus in the room.

Suddenly, the door opened. Florina held still in her compromising position behind the copier. Kwan winked at her and maneuvered his eyebrows in all directions. The lid of the copier flipped up and a voice said, "Please place your bare ass on the glass and press the button so that the picture of your naked rear can be simultaneously sent to every office of the corporation worldwide." Whoever had come in bolted back out and slammed the door.

In their laughter, they finished the human/alien fuck, and after a rest, went back to Florina's office.

They stood without a sound just looking nervously at each other.

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"Well?" she eventually said.

"What?"

"Did you like it?"

"You humans are obsessed before lovemaking, too. What do you say, 'get it on?' and after, you are riddled with questions of performance."

"Next, you'll be saying Earth women are easy."

"A lot easier than the female species on Betahalycon," he grinned. It was a joke. She didn't see it as funny.

"Look, I'm not some cosmic whore, Mister." Her temper was rising. He looked concerned. He wriggled his eyebrows and an orange cone descended, then he was gone.

* * * *

Days went by. Where did the spacecraft go? What was their destination? Florina began to think the whole episode with Kwan was a dream. She kept searching around her apartment, the copier room, and anywhere that would show her something real, something tangible about her experiences. She never found it. Time had lost the memory of the past.

Philip came calling. He was safe, he was a man, and he was here on Earth. At the end of the week, he telephoned her and said he had tickets for an opera in town. He didn't like opera, and she certainly didn't either. They went anyway because Philip said it was an important occasion, and at such a time, you were not supposed to enjoy yourself. Opera seemed a suitable punishment for just being human.

She couldn't understand how the tenor didn't recognize his wife, dressed as she was, in that ridiculous wig. Perhaps all opera singers were shortsighted. She also wondered why it was romantic to have someone a few inches away from you bellowing in high C in your ear.

After the opera was over, Florina and Philip walked along the main street. He stopped outside the Mercantile Bank Tower and said he wanted to say something important. She didn't think it was a very appropriate place but listened anyway. Well, she tried to hear what he said, but there was a fountain in front of the building and it was bloody noisy.

"Florina," he said again. "Did you hear what I said?"

It sounded like, 'Will you carry three?', but she was sure it couldn't have been that.

"Pardon?" she shouted.

"Will you marry me?" he bawled back. This time it was so loud, four passersby also stopped.

"Marriage," she said.

"Why not?" he asked anxiously.

She didn't remember saying yes, but on the other hand, she didn't remember saying no. That night they made love at her apartment. She wondered if Kwan was watching.

* * * *

Another night and another dream-this one had Florina walking down the church aisle, with her two headed, green-eyed bridesmaids walking behind her carrying bunches of violet flowers, that were specially grown on Jupiter and shipped in by space shuttle. The minister was a dung beetle

with a white collar and eighteen arms. He got confused when handed the wedding ring. The choir was a bunch of metal robots that ran amok halfway through the service.

The actual day was nothing like that. The only monster was Florina's mother, who came up from a trailer park in Nevada where she was living with a seventy-five year old leader of the Hell's Angels.

The wedding was at an out-of-town motel. Philip selected it because the view from the top floor looked over a river. He said it was romantic. As the service and reception were to be on the ground floor, Florina didn't follow the logic. She suspected it had more to do with the fact that Philip's cousin, Charlene, was an assistant manager at the motel and got them an extra discount.

"Do you take Philip Graceland Sanders to be your lawful wedded husband?" the minister intoned. They went for the traditional service and wording. Florina looked sideways at her almost husband and thought, *Graceland Sanders-shit, just who am I marrying?*

They did that bit and it was almost time for the final scene. Florina was sure she should have felt more excited. After all, this was her wedding.

The minister was a tall man. She thought it was unnecessary for him to stand on a platform. He must have been half way to seven feet anyway. Now he towered over them and his words came down like someone shouting vainly from a skyscraper. With his badly pressed blue suit, baldhead, and extreme thinness, he looked like a tall, badly constructed tower block with a silver dome on top.

He kept on staring over their shoulders. Eventually, he turned to the hotel manger standing to the side, and said, "What is that noise, the air conditioning?"

By this time, most of the guests were also aware of the distraction. Above them was the glass roof of the wedding room. The sun had been filtering down in shafts of light. As the sound increased, a shadow moved over the roof and slowly obliterated the sun's illumination.

In the far corner of the room sat Amos Jackson, a seventy-five year old part-time organ player at weddings, funerals, and church services. He was far away, dreaming about the young blonde barmaid at the motel, Lulu. Last night, he shared with her his fantasy involving strawberry ice cream and her ample cleavage. He was oblivious to the happenings in the wedding room as he imagined Lulu and her breasts. He didn't hear the noise, but something in the frequency made a signal in his hearing aid.

Amos shook his head and thought it was the sign for him to strike up the closing selected music. He hit the organ keys and played his own idiosyncratic version of "Flashdance" just as the glass roof crashed in and an enormous spaceship drifted down into the room.

As the rest of the guests dived for cover, Amos went on playing, unaware of the current events. The minister took one look at the craft and then beat it the hell out of the room. Philip turned in total frozen poise. Florina had seen this craft before.

From out of the spaceship came a tall man.

"What in the hell do you think you are doing, Kwan? This is my wedding," Florina demanded.

"I couldn't let you go into this marriage without hearing you tell me it's what you want," Kwan said and flicked his eyebrows. Amos's organ flew ten feet into the air.

"Just a minute, Florina, do you know this ... this ... alien?" Philip asked, looking rapidly from his intended to the spaceman. She huffed and said in an irritated manner, "Of course I don't. Please don't interrupt, Philip."

"Well, Florina?" Kwan said, "Didn't our sex behind the copier mean anything?"

"I thought you said you didn't know this man, Florina?" Philip was now confused.

"Shut up, Philip. I told you I don't know him. Anyway, Kwan, just because you've got a musical penis doesn't make you irresistible."

"Florina!" Philip exclaimed. Kwan rolled both eyebrows and Philip landed on the stool next to Amos.

"Well?" Kwan said. Florina looked down at her feet. Then she remembered a foot is twelve inches-and guess who had that? She turned and then threw her bouquet of flowers to Philip. He missed them, but Amos took a perfect catch. These were sure to end up in Lulu's hands soon. She ran to Kwan and then he kissed her. The orange cone descended and they exited in a swirl of color.

The motel manager crawled out from under a table.

"Any idea who is going to pay for this mess?"

* * * *

Heisenburg the computer conjured up an image of sand, sea, and a waterbed. Florina sat on Kwan's knee watching the holograms appears.

"So what else?" Kwan said.

"Well, there is usually a wedding cake, champagne, and lots of people making silly speeches ... but let's forget all that."

"So that's it, Florina?"

"Not quite, Kwan. Humans then go on a honeymoon."

"Explain."

"It's time to relax, see the sights of some exotic place ... and have plenty of sex."

"How much sex, Florina?"

She kissed her urbane spaceman and rubbed her hand over his loin.

"How much do you know about human male erections?"

"Not a lot," he smiled.

"Well, Kwan, it's customary to make love to your wife at least ten times a day."

"Is that true, Florina?"

"In my dream world it is, Kwan."

Later, Florina cuddled up close to the spaceman. As he caressed her breasts, she looked out of the window and noticed a tiny blue planet had shifted from the eastern to the western sky.

"What are you smiling at, Florina?" Kwan asked as he parted her legs and ran his fingers over her moist folds.

"I was just checking to see if the Earth has moved for me."
She grinned.

About the Author

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Emy Naso was born in the mountains of Wales in the United Kingdom. He is a true Celt. Emy now lives in Norfolk, UK, writing novels, poems, and essays for magazines and newspapers.

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