

Encounter: 2014: A Space Seduction
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2014: A Space Seduction

Stacey yawns and blinks irritably at the hazy blue light streaming through her window. As pleasurable as their meetings are, she does have work in the morning. So soon? Adair's visits are becoming more and more frequent.

After months of these encounters, she has learned to relax as the beam levels on her prone form. As she drifts up out of her window and into the inky night sky, her nipples begin to harden. She wonders what her alien friend will have in store for her this week.

"We've got to stop meeting like this," Stacey wisecracks, glaring at the blue-skinned being in front of her.

Adair says nothing, his face stoic as he lifts her from the transport beam. He carefully places her in the sumptuous bed and she notes that he swapped for a down comforter like she requested during her last abduction. Nice.

His intent disrobing process is quick this week. She's barely left anything on for him to take off.

Deft alien fingers massage her shoulders, slowly trailing down her arms. She sighs with relief. He's learned quite a bit from her feedback during the past year. He used to go straight for her cunt.

I'm just as much his teacher as his subject, Stacey thinks, sighing when his hands graze her breasts. A second pair of hands slides beneath her, massaging her ass. His purple eyes never leave her face, carefully cataloging every reaction.

"Lick me." She smirks at her demand. Adair used to instruct her to make requests, but now she is well seasoned in the art.

Learning forward, Adair curls his lips around her nipple, intently tugging on the tight bud. Encouraged by her groan, he slowly licks a circle around the peak, then gently nips with his teeth. Both hands knead her tits, pressing them together.

She arches into him and he nips again, alternating between tonguing and biting her nipple. He repeats the process down to the last detail on her other breast, remembering every step. Stacey groans as he nuzzles one breast with his long silver hair and continues to tease the other with his eager mouth.

Huge, pupil-less purple eyes catalog her every sound, her every movement. She stretches her arms above her head, completely freeing her body for his gaze, turned on by his complete attention. Those eyes used to scare her at first. Now they are her boudoir cameras, her skin-flick lenses.

The pair of smooth, printless hands on her ass massage harder, moving upward towards her center where she craves his touch the most. Scaling her hips, his thumbs nudge into her wet triangle of feminine flesh. Stacey wantonly spreads her thighs open for him, her lust reflected in his opaque gaze. Adair only has three fingers on each small hand, which makes it all the more erotic to see him insert an entire hand into her pussy.

Crying out, Stacey stares in fascination as his fingers disappear and reappear, slowly stroking her inner walls. Adair's other pair of hands remain busy with both nipples and the sensations are overwhelming. The fingers on his remaining hand quickly become busy with her clit, drawing concentrated, tight circles that quickly carry her to orgasm.

As Stacey begins to scream, Adair instantly leans down and locks his mouth around her clit. His lengthy tongue laps up her juices, then circles her bud and tugs until she is throwing her head backwards, shattering in his arms. Stomach tightening, breasts bouncing, she is the picture of a complete human climax and Adair captures it all in his photographic vision.

Normally the alien leaves the room with his new information while Stacey gets dressed and returns home, but not today. Today Adair gently holds her as she returns from oblivion, her panting slowing into normal breath. He gently tugs her nightdress back over her head and kisses her on the mouth for the first time.

It's not unpleasant. His lips are warm and soft, and she opens up for him immediately. The tip of his tongue gently nudges hers, a shy exploration of awkwardness and intimacy. She feels one hand on her jaw and she moves to match his gesture.

Leaning into her palm, Adair reduces their kiss into a series of smaller, tender kisses. He backs up to stare at her, soundless as ever, and somehow, even with no expression, manages to look as if...

As if he wants me.

Turning to leave toward his lab, he kisses her on top of the head a final time, caressing her arm like a lover.

Grinning, Stacey relaxes as the beam prepares to take her home. He's such an apt pupil.

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