

## Swingers and Aliens

Karen and John were known to be having marriage problems. Sexual ones. Their friends gossiped about it, sniggering at first, using lewd hand movements, then they quietly observed - pitying, and eventually, avoided the doomed pair altogether. Irritatingly buff Mike and lovely Lisa, Karen and John's very best friends, had stopped asking them out for those regular dinners; the taint of failing love seeping into the food. John's 35th birthday feast had been an unmitigated pancake - a flatty of the most horizontal order: the Italian dragging on for three limp courses, the creaky silences in All Bar One after, the ill-judged visit to Man-Dem Nightclub, Hoxton where they all felt old, silly and miserably white, despite Lisa's ironic grinding against Karen in a lame attempt to get "dat party started". As pathetic as they looked, Mike felt an unexplained jolt of something watching the wives gyrate like that. It was a hot, acute impulse he was soon to explore.

Since the cooling, Lisa had made small efforts - phoning Karen regularly, sure. They even met for coffee, where they flicked through dull magazines and patted each other's childless backs about their life decisions, but other than that - the friendship was fading like a Poundshop print.

John still texted Mike; running jokes from ten years before; slack quips hung onto by mortgage-chewed nails; youthful iPhone jests held up by the tragic emoticons of older men in skinny jeans.

The group of friends was no longer a group: and all because Karen and John were having marriage problems. Sexual ones.

Their love had started well enough. John Doran, a successful illustrator at a Pi-More Marketing had met Karen Grant, an attractive and intelligent Account Director "heading up the McVities Boasters account." Work banter segued into flirting, into after-work drinkies, and one night, as they laboured late together on a sales-promotion pitch for a new type of low-sugar Jaffa Cake, John had fucked Karen to dust on the floor of the Creative Director's office; her heel piercing the plastic shell of the Samsung laser printer as she pulsed into the screamy spasm of primal orgasm achieved in a forbidden location. They'd sat, 2am, staring at each other, giggling at their subversive shag, and within 2 months, were hopelessly in love.

So what had been lost? Such sexy beginnings only five years earlier. John often wondered, what the caused the drought? Did they "over-fuck"? Why does no one warn

couples against using up all their erotic vouchers in the first years. Turns out, every relationship has a finite number of 'electric fucks'. Vouchers should be rationed. 100 sessions, then a 1000 saved - just in case you stay together forever. But like so many idiot squanderers before them, Karen and John Doran had spent themselves dry. The outer rind of love remained, but the juicy flesh, the fuck-meats, were all gobbled up.

One Friday night, a few months after that joyless 35th birthday gathering, John's crisis broke into full fever. He was naked in his en-suite bathroom, regarding himself - and: boom.

"I'm getting.... old...der..." he whispered, horrified - forcefully hit.

His stomach, never a washboard, now had creamy ripple of fat. A Stilton vein had recently pinged out on his turkey-drummer calf. Already: at 35! What is 35? Fuck. Half of 70. His squirrel-brown hair was dangerously thin, like a spun sugar-nest on one of Karen's posh desserts. He saw all this, all at once, and how the blow landed. He dropped his still-vibrating toothbrush into the sink. Middle-age, the bastard, was approaching. Something radical must be done. Groin-ward, he felt an unexpected twitch: Yes.

Still naked, and sporting what a smartphone would depict as an aubergine, he kicked open the en-suite door and presented himself, star-shaped, fixing Karen with hot animal eyes.

"John?" She emitted an unsure giggle, half-mocking, half-excited at the initiation of.... whatever the hell this was.

She was still an extremely attractive woman, no ripples of fat on her.... and he sprung at her, the lucky bastard, yes he was. He sprung! He'd meant to run into her hungrily, but clambering now over the bedsheets, he looked more like a British Holidaymaker grasping for swimming trunks on a windy beach.

"John. What's got into you?" she whimpered, still in control enough to move her water glass from the trajectory of his hairy intent buttocks.

"It's more what's about to get into you," he replied, "you delicious whore."

She laughed.

"Shut up," he said - but so Middle England, it had more the feel of terminating a PPI call, than an erotic order.

And they made love. No - they fucked. Oh yes, they fucked. Steady at first - as though to be got through, a chore, sorting the recycling out, tin, card, tin, card; then, something happened. The carnal impulse of the moment, combined with the memory of

his curd stomach, his bereaved scalp, pushed him into an abandon: and for the first time in a long time, he spoke whispery filth into her ear. And it was filth of a different order.

“Imagine me...” he said, asthmatically, thrusting, “.... Imagine me... with.... another woman!” It just came out. He expected to be violently Buckarooed, but no: Karen responded, in body, pushing herself against him - and then in speech.

“Yes. Yes, John. And me fucking with a man,” her grammar dislocating with lust, “ A stuffing... fucked by a stud why you watch, you helpless.... gimp... you fucker!”

He was shocked. Instead of insecurity, insult, jealousy coursing through him - a shot of something utterly porno was released.

“Yes, you bitch... yes!”

And that was how it happened: like that, and without warning, as they both climbed into new heights of lust, the secret of their marriage had been revealed.

Six months later, after their online Groupers Profile had proved so instantly popular, Karen and John were back in the business - of love as well as the bawdy; and not only in their polyamory, but dinners, regular socialising, all again on track.

The biggest, most delightful turn-up, had been the shock blending of the two worlds: fucking and friends. Yes. Sit-ups God Mike Berger and big boobs wife Lisa Berger - they too were deviants. Yippee!

The realisation had happened one drunken bantering session back in Karen and John’s conservatory. Mike had spluttered into a conversation cul-de-sac, inadvertently revealing he and Lisa shared similar curiosities.

“Bloody hell. You’re perverts too!” cried John.

“Too?” said Mike.

And then they all knew and how they howled, but the edge of the howling was laced with imminent sex. Karen had tightened her grip on a cushion. Lisa, just returned from the bathroom, sensed the tingling, primed atmosphere. The girls laughed tartily together, delighting that each had been keeping the same dirty secret.

“Well, well, well,” said John eyeing his friend’s wife greedily. Lisa was a beautiful woman too. He’d hardly noticed her in that way before - so asexual had the whole world been until recently. But seeing her that evening, as she mischievously sipped her sambuca shot, John found himself wondering what her cunt was like, and he knew, as moments later the wives began deeply kissing, husbands agog, Christmas faces, he knew, that very soon, he would find out.

Yes, Karen and John had humped their way through an electric summer of 2014. Foursomes, sixsomes, a European party in a castle near Berlin 'Der FickenFest'. It was all so easy, friendly, down to earth - and so bloody exciting too. The invites, the adrenaline journeys to the venues; the functional mundane chitchatting with gorgeous people, Vodka failing to take the edge from nerves. And then - at some unspecified point in the evening, the tipping was reached - and the room became a beast of hot limbs and screams.

Oh, they were happy now.

Happier at work too - blowing teenagerish kisses across MacBook Airs - knowing that at the weekend, for example, Karen would be heartily rogered by their new African friend Olatunde, while John steadfastly serviced Olatunde's French wife over the Habitat breakfast bar. Life was indeed sweet. The only slight danger, sensed rather than acknowledged - were urges by the pair to ramp things up - increase the thrill each time. That must be managed. Policed.

It was in fact that very weekend when Olatunde Latumba told them about 'The Mayfair Elites' party. At the end of their evening, 3am, as Olatunde awkwardly awaited his Uber, post-orgasmic French wife lolling against him, he leaned into John and Karen with a conspiratorial whisper.

"Mayfair Elites - it's the most exclusive... secretive party of the year. I have always wanted to go."

"Why haven't you?" asked Karen, cheeks flushed, extremities throbbing.

"It's hard to get in.... and a little bit... daunting."

Turned out, to get into this one, they would need to supply photographs, written statements and most sinisterly - blood samples.

"Blood!" John said, smirking.

"Yes - I know." said Olatunde smiling, as though they were the most normal buddies, but a sudden recollection of Olatunde's ebony shaft glistening with wifey Karen, put pay to the illusion.

"Why on earth.." said Karen.

"The event is totally clean. Everyone is checked." put in French goddess wife.

"Ach. That's probably a step too far of us." John said. But everyone knew it wasn't, and by the time they'd told Mike and Lisa about it on the Wednesday, they had already couriered two vials of red body fluid to a PO Box in Folkestone, Kent.

Mayfair Elites would prove to be an event which way exceeded anticipations. The build up, the security - it made *Eyes Wide Shut* look like an estate agent's open-house day.

John and Karen had travelled with Mike and Lisa, who, miraculously, had also been accepted by the 'Elites Committee'.

The four convened in a local bar, knowing that meeting at Karen and John's would result in premature groping. At least in the St John's Wood Winelodge, everyone had to keep their clothes on. After 20 minutes of hot flirty chat, John swiped for a taxi and they traveled to the West Gate of St Hilda's Park, Mayfair.

The subversive smiles vanished from their faces as they pulled up: not a single other soul was at the rendezvous point.

"Is this a wind up, John?" said Mike getting out and turning up his collar against the summer breeze.

"Doesn't look good, does it mate?"

The huddled by the black gothic park gates, the girls killing time with vanilla chat. John gave into an impulse to cup their arses. They giggled, but the group's creeping doubt could not be defeated with cheap caress.

"How long shall we give it - ten?" said Lisa.

"Like Olatunde's dick," said John. And they all laughed, though a little weakly.

They were reaching the extent of their patience, when a stretch Daimler pulled up.

"Fuck!" said Lisa.

"Get in the car first," said Mike beaming.

Their chauffeur, a pale-faced elderly man with indistinct European accent, walked around the car, "Please..." he said opening the doors.

They were driven in stunned happy silence for a few minutes, now and again grunting into suppressed giggles like 13-year-olds in a biology lesson.

"Err, how come," said Mike shouting through the divide to the driver... "how come there were no others..."

"Everyone has there own collection point," said the driver. It's for maximum security. Now if you'll excuse me."

The partition glided shut. The windows were so blacked out that as the car turned into some sort of tunnel, the four of them had no clue where they were - only that they'd been moving for 15 or so minutes at an indeterminate speed.

“Any else quietly shitting themselves?” said Lisa. She had a feisty, swearsy quality. John couldn’t have been married to her, but she was thrilling to know, to touch, to fuck.

The Daimler entered a giant doorway, a thudding, sealing noise came from behind them. The car crawled for a few more metres in darkness, then came to a stop. The door was opened. Generic R&B, and the smell of freesias flooded in. Low mauve light fell onto a handsome face which leaned in to greet them.

“Welcome,” said a youngish, stupidly-handsome man dressed as a butler from the waist up. He was at least six feet three, eyes that seemed to scan the barcode of your innards - and from the waist down: Naked. Proudly so.

“Well... err... shall we find the bar.” said Karen to the others, “I could do with something to swallow.”

An hour later, and they still hadn’t adjusted to the oddness of the venue; a type of vast underground hanger. Gigantic, grey and concrete. The walls were garlanded with flowers. Each corner had a bar with a po-faced catwalk model serving drinks; and everywhere John looked, gigantic beds. Improvised bathrooms were located along a fairy-lit corridors, staffed by absurdly chiselled Russian sounding men. The whole event had an industrial chic just on the right side of on-trend-grubby.

John and Karen mingled with the other couples. Everyone was in the same bemused state, having arrived in similar fashion. The overall shag-standard was much higher than usual - the females at least. Even the male guests were moderately attractive, and John felt in a lift in his body confidence. There were perhaps 20 couples in total - but no sign of Olatunde and Celeste, who had failed to return texts phone-calls in the previous month..

The various gods and goddess dressed as butler and maids hosting the event were stationed around the airy space, but they would not engage in proper conversation, as though they were playing parts in a cheesy futuristic movie. When John asked one stunner precisely where they were in London, the tall female, red hair, velvet-smooth cunt, replied:

“I cannot share that with you. I am here simply to enhance your evening - and if at any point you wish to leave, a car will of course be brought.”

“Oh No that’s fine...what’s your name.”

“That’s not important,” and she placed her hand on his throbbing groin.

“Hokkay!” he said admiring her.

He walked back to the others.

“Well... where are we?” asked Karen.

“She wouldn’t say. Horny as hell though”

“Oddest. Evening. Ever,” said Mike, “Get trolled?”

And they went more drinks. Lots of them. And soon, they were very pissed.

Two hours later, and the party clicked in. Much like any other orgy event, couples had paired off. John and Karen had stayed with Mike and Lisa for a satisfying sessionette near the North Bar. Karen was entangled with Lisa while Mike and John watched like proud parents at a nativity.

“It really is a thing of beauty,” said Mike.

“It really is my friend,” said John, “It really is.” It seemed the most normal thing in the world to be stood with your best friend, dick out, watching your respective wives eat each other as though they were Victorian urchins gobbling up a bowl of hot oats.

A imposing clock struck midnight startling the nymphs from their play. All of the revellers looked up; men stopped mid thrust. Something was happening. The butlers, the maids. They had shed their remaining garments and were approaching the beds. Coming towards their group, was the black-haired butler, the one one who earlier had welcomed them. He was extremely well built, but the eyes - they were alive, just.... too much so.

“Right,” said Mike, “ I was about to get the shots in, but this I want to bloody see.”

The handsome butler crawled onto the bed and into the middle of Karen and Lisa. The pair turned glassy eyed, welcoming the limbs, folding him him, sugar into cake mixture, kissing; and very quickly, the fucking was frantic.

“Mate...” said John.

Mike watched, mouth agape: “Maate.”

And then, things accelerated. No - they switched up. An exciting violence swept through the hangar. A sexual energy. An extra groan, and, as the butler was fucking Karen, scraping at Lisa’s breast with clawed hands, he looked back at Mike and John.

“What the....?” John said.

Mike grabbed John’s wrist... he was sure he’d seen the same thing: the buff butler’s eyes. They were changed - the pupils longer, cat-like - yes, they had both seen the lizardy slits.

“Is he... was that.. contact lenses?”

“That’s fucking creepy.” said Mike.

Karen and Lisa began making strange noises. Not sex noises, but sort of fitting sounds - like epileptics under a pillow. Karen's eyes were rolling back into her head. Lisa, instead of jumping up from the bed, nuzzled in under the butler's elbow, which he pressed firmly into her temple. She too began emitting bestial gurgles.

"Mike?" said John. But Mike now wasn't moving. He was staring down at the floor. A string of dribble stretched from his bottom lip down to his belly button and hung in diamond-like thread all the way to his slack scrotum.

"Mike!"

John tried to move, but found he too was fixed. He dropped to his knees, vision blurring - the smell of freesias overpowering. A crunching noise came from bed. The butler had his mouth locked over Karen's, as though he were..... feeding something into her.

"Karen... baby!" John tried to speak - his tongue was wasp-stung swollen in his mouth and he could not move - out of fear, out of something else, he did not know. The other orgy beds around the hangar swelled into a chorus of grunting, grinding and slurping. Clear fluid pooled onto the beds, soaking the sheets and gathering underneath the frames. The model maids were moving now, connecting with the men, slowly lowering them to the floor, fixing on them with their pretty mouths - munching, sucking. Only John remained. He saw the red-head gliding towards him. Noises in the hangar were building to a pitch, a cracking peak, until, there was a loud pop and then: total blackness.

"Hello! Heloooooo!" screamed John, he was anticipating the touch of the redhead, "Help!"

"Sssh," she hissed, cold hands gently circling his wrist. She kissed his neck.

Another pop. Then an explosion. Concrete breaking, shifting, moving.

"It's a fucking earthquake!"

"Sssh" - he felt her tongue on his cheek.

The ground beneath him bulged and vibrated. He felt something warm on his leg, and realised he had pissed himself. The floor moved, roared. He fell backwards, redhead on top of him, Mike's stomach under his head. More rumblings. The floor was lifting... not the floor, the bloody building, like it was rising, the sensation of an elevator - but faster, much faster. Light sprayed back into the hangar, a deep purple light, and through it, he could make something out. A panel - on one of the far walls. Not a panel - a window.

"Relax, John Doran," said the redhead. She kissed his mouth, grabbed his crotch. Her tongue slid deep into throat, and he gasped uselessly. She squeezed at him, working



him painfully. He couldn't breathe. But that window: what was that? *My god*, he thought. *That's London*. London was moving... no... idiot.. not London, it he was them who were moving. The building was lifting. London was getting further away, beneath them. They were moving upward, all of them.

He spasmed a few times, tried weakly to shake the thing choking him. *Karen! Karen!* He wanted to scream. *I love you*. But he could not speak. He could not breathe. And through the panel, through misty glass, London looked tiny, a dot. And they were moving, oh they were moving, and everything he knew now, was far, far away.