

The Galactic bestseller



THE DAY THE EARTH MOVED



A saucy roller-coaster of a novelette
of alien abduction, mindless sex, soiled pants and chocolate
addiction in eleven sizzling chapters

Miranda S Givings

First published in 2004

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First edition © utterpants.co.uk 2004

Printed and bound in England by Gusset, Crotch & Gusset, Purley.
Set in ITC Century Schoolbook Roman 11/13pt
by Lisa McIntosh at Pants Phototypesetting ink.



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Chapter I

Introduction

On a hot summer evening somewhere in a small coppice on the outskirts of Purley a young couple were doing what comes naturally after two bottles of Vin Rose, a deplorable ignorance of the use of prophylactics and a wanton disregard for any passers by.

“Oh, Gerald! I think the earth really moved that time!”

“Did it? It did! It really did! Oh Romola, my darling..I - I ohhh!”

“Oh Gerald!”

“Oh Romolaaa..”

A passing sparrow considered alighting on what looked like a very comfortable hemispherical perch, but then thought better of it as the perch began to rise and fall in the most alarming manner.

“Ohh, Gerald — the — the earth really IS shaking - I think I’m going to come!”

Unfortunately she didn’t. But something else did. With a noise that woke the dead in Purley Cemetery and caused a gentleman who was relieving himself behind a tree to ruin a perfectly good pair of cavalry twills, it roared across the sky like a very big chainsaw in the hands of a clinically depressed Texan who really hates trees.

Romola uttered a piercing shriek as the object passed over her head wobbling like a leaf in a gale. It staggered on through the tree tops, making the most dreadful grinding and snapping sounds before hitting the ground in a manner the drunken pilot of a hanglider would be thoroughly ashamed of. The earth heaved and shuddered in protest. Romola also heaved and three primulas received an unexpected boost to their nitrogen levels. Gerald simply protested.

“Bugger!” snorted a hideously ugly green creature as it wrestled ineffectually with the array of shiny knobs and flashing lights before it. Well, what it actually said

was ‘Varz d’argh b’gulakh!’ but as that won’t mean much to those of you who don’t speak Zilogh, ‘bugger’ must suffice. Though it does not begin to convey the anguish, rage and frustration that the author of the phrase was experiencing at the exact instant the satisfaction of Romola’s desire was cruelly snatched away from her. By one of those curious coincidences ‘Bugger’ was exactly what Gerald said when he discovered he’d made a mess in his best moleskin chinos.

“Why did you jump? Look what you’ve made me do!”

“You selfish sod!” shrieked Romola “You were the one who jumped! You could have had the decency to wait for me!”

“Wait for you?” snapped Gerald. “Didn’t you see that bloody great UFO that just flew over us?”

“What UFO?”

“*That* UFO!”

Romola’s pretty mouth opened and shut several times as she tried to focus on a very big silvery disk that was wobbling precariously on three spindly legs not 100 yards away. Her even prettier legs also opened and closed as she discovered that Gerald had soiled more than his chinos.

“Oh — shit!” she exclaimed.

“Shit,” repeated the alien as it surveyed the sickly green liquid oozing from the control panel.

“The spatial inverter’s imploded.”

It climbed over a tangled maze of twisted cables and started poking about in what looked like a very high tech electric egg-boiler. Actually it was a very low tech electric egg-boiler and there wasn’t another one to be had within six light years. Yyerg, for that was the alien’s name, flung the device against the wall. A well boiled egg was the nearest he’d ever got to perfect happiness and the loss of the means to attain it really annoyed him. He started inspecting the rest of the equipment. One shoddy component after another was either damaged or malfunctioning.

“Bugger, *bugger*, BUGGER!” he snarled as he spotted two elongated stick-like beings gesticulating

frantically on his vidscreen. As fast as his tentacles could carry him he rushed to the main door and opened it. He leaped to the ground and crouched down behind one of the twisted landing rods and focused his three eyes on the two entities.

The two entities were rooted to the spot in open-mouthed amazement.

“Now we’re really fucked,” said Gerald.

“No — *I’m* fucked,” replied Romola, frantically pulling up her pants while trying to fasten her bra at the same time.

“I didn’t come — remember?”

“I don’t care,” said Gerald. “If we don’t get out of here right now, neither of us is going to care very much who came, are they? Get you bag and let’s go!”

Romola tucked her skirt into the back of her knickers (something which she was going to regret later) and swung her bag at Gerald’s head. It missed and its contents spilled out onto the grass. Unfortunately the alien had never seen a young woman’s handbag and the sight of Romola’s hand trying to grab the Acme relaxomatic deluxe massager before it hit the ground reminded him only too painfully of a Klaxasian disrupter in the tentacles of a very vicious Varzian with a particularly bad haircut.

“Now I’m really fucked,” he said.

Chapter 2

Abduction

“Turn that thing off!” snapped Gerald.

“What thing?”

“That disgusting dildo!”

“At least it doesn’t suffer from premature ejaculation,” retorted Romola.

“Will you turn it off —”

“ — Look, you dipstick!”

“Wha — Where?”

“The alien. I think he’s scared of my vibrator.”

Gerald turned. What he saw was a hideously ugly creature about 5 feet tall with four — or it might have been three arms, or four arms and three legs, crouching in the grass and shaking from head to bottom. If that was a head or a bottom. Alien anatomy had never been a big topic of conversation at the meetings of the Purley Rotary Club. For all Gerald knew it was perfectly normal to have three eyes and what looked two shiny green bottoms. Whatever it was, it was clearly scared shitless of Romola’s vibrator. He relaxed and silently blessed the proprietor of the Purley Adult Shop.

What the alien saw was a hideously ugly creature about 23 zlati high with two — or it might have been four arms, one of which was pointing a Klaxasian disrupter straight at his bottom. He had no idea what the two hemispherical things protruding from it’s middle were. Alien anatomy had never been on his training course. For all he knew it was perfectly normal to have two eyes and a very shiny black bottom with something white tucked into it. Whatever it was, it was armed with one of the deadliest weapons in the galaxy. Yyerg shivered and cursed the idiot who’d forgotten to stow any disrupters on the ship.

“Try turning it up,” said Gerald.

Yyerg broke wind noisily and began walking slowly towards them.

“Is that a weapon?” asked Romola, turning the

vibrator to maximum. “Or is he just frightened?”

“Probably both,” said Gerald as the alien farted again.

“What shall I do?”

“Try turning it off.”

“We’ll be defenseless!”

“Get a grip, Romola! We’re alone in the middle of a wood with a bloody great flying saucer and a flatulent alien and you think a battery-powered dildo is going to protect us?”

Romola frowned and switched off the vibrator.

Yyerg stepped out of his space suit and began to fiddle with the control panel of a small gray box attached to one of his tentacles. What sounded like the voice of a BBC radio announcer played backwards emerged from a small orifice below his three eyes. Romola realized with a start that what she’d thought were the creature’s two bottoms was really a space suit. His ‘head’ was actually quite human-looking in a greenish sort of way except for the eye at the back. Without the extra pair of legs, or arms, or whatever they were above his waist, he might almost pass for normal. Except for the fact that he appeared to be hung like a donkey.

The alien wobbled the impressive bulge between its legs and said: “greyy si eman ym.”

“Hello,” said Romola, “Welcome to Purley.”

“Sounds like a recording of a BBC radio announcer played backwards, to me,” said Gerald.

“It is a recording of a BBC radio announcer played backwards,” said Romola. “He just said ‘My name is Yyerg’”

“How the devil do you know that?”

“I worked as a sound editor for BBC radio Purley for two years, remember?”

The alien fiddled with his control panel.

“Hello, RO—MO—LAH. Yyerg surrender. Please decaffeinate your disrupter.”

“I think he’s pretty harmless,” said Romola, switching off her vibrator and putting it in her handbag.

“*He?*” asked Gerald.

“With a lunchbox that big he’s hardly likely to be a girl, is he?”

“Oh — you saw that, did you. It might be his stomach..”

“Between his legs?”

“Perhaps they’re part of it’s space suit.”

“I don’t think so”, said Romola, cautiously stroking the alien.

The bulge promptly divided into two, expanded several inches and began to wave about excitedly.

“There — I think you’ll find that’s a stiffy, Gerald.”

“Argghh!” said Yyerg, “Earth girl abduct Yyerg for sex?”

“We’re not abducting you,” said Gerald.

“Yyerg been abducted eight times,” said the alien.

“Snap,” said Romola. “My friend claims she was abducted, but I don’t believe her. I think she made it up when the manager of Tesco’s asked her what her knickers were doing hanging from a coat hook in the baby changing room.”

“Could we skip Portia’s sexual adventures?” asked Gerald.

“OK,” said Romola, “But we can’t leave him here.”

“Are you seriously suggesting you take it home with you?”

“*Him*,” corrected Romola.

“We haven’t clearly established that —”

“— Oh, I think we have, Gerald.”

“Isn’t a green alien with eight legs going to look a bit conspicuous wandering around Purley?”

“Two legs and four arms,” repeated Yyerg, “and my —”

“— Can we just get out of here!” interrupted Gerald.

“And leave him where?” asked Romola.

“He’s got a space ship, hasn’t he? Tell him to climb back in and fly the hell back to wherever he came from!”

“Ship fucked, said the alien dejectedly.

“Which is more than I’ve been,” muttered Romola.

“Don’t start that again!” snapped Gerald.

“Put this on,” said Romola, handing the alien Gerald’s sports jacket. “and let’s get back to my car before Mr Plod arrives to investigate the noise.”

“Mis-ter-plod?” repeated the alien.

“POLICE. The Law. Nosey wankers in blue pointy hats —”

“Ah — police! We have police on home world. Police worse than aliens. Always putting nose in private parts. That why I escape.”

“Escape?” asked Gerald “To Earth?”

“No, to Delta system many million zlati from here.”

“Then how did you —”

“— Map fucked. Took wrong turn at wormhole. Miscalculated planetary entry, crashed.”

“Much like Gerald, then,” muttered Romola.

“Will you *stop* saying that!”

Romola ignored him and put her arm around the alien.

“So, you’re stranded here, Yyerg?”

“Yess. Spatial inverter fucked. Ship fucked — Yyerg abducted by Earth girl.” Tears welled in his big yellow eyes.

“For the *last* time!” shouted Gerald, “We’re NOT abducting you!”

“Oh yes we are”, said Romola, leading the alien toward a silver BMW parked on the edge of the wood. Yyerg couldn’t take his eyes off her black lace knickers. He felt himself growing weak at the tentacles and shuddered. “She really is quite pretty in a strange sort of way..” he said to himself, “And very strong. She could do anything she liked to me and I wouldn’t be able to stop her..”

Romola sighed deeply and unlocked the car. “He really is quite good-looking in a strange sort of way..” she said to herself, “..and very well endowed. I could do anything I liked to him and he wouldn’t be able to stop me..”

Yyerg fiddled with his control pad and pushed a red button. “You’re going to use me for meaningless sex,

aren't you?" he said, tearfully.

"Why have your vocabulary and grammar suddenly improved?"

"I finally found the right library for your language in the translingulizer", he explained.

"Oh, I wondered what that was."

"You will use me for meaningless sex?"

"What's wrong with meaningless sex?"

"It's shallow and selfish."

"So's Gerald, but he seems to thrive on it."

"Will you please get into the car!" shouted Gerald.

Romola bundled Yyerg onto the back seat. "Cover yourself with the blanket and don't make a sound!"

"Haven't you forgotten something?" said Gerald

"I don't think so.." said Romola, sliding behind the wheel.

"His bloody ship! Don't you think someone might notice a 60 foot flying saucer parked out here?"

"Wait a moment," said Yyerg, "I'll see if the cloaking field still works." With that he leant out of the car and flicked a switch on his control pad. The ship wobbled and disappeared. Romola felt an unaccustomed draught around her bottom as Gerald got in beside her but didn't have time to investigate it. She slipped the clutch and floored the accelerator.

Unfortunately so did the driver of a yellow and blue police car.

"Damn!" said Gerald.

"Shit!" said Romola.

"Varz d'argh b'gulakh!" said a voice from the back of the car.

Chapter 3

Interrogation

“Step out of the car, please Miss,” snapped the crop-haired policewoman.

WPC Tracy French was not having a good day. Sharon had broken up with her at breakfast. Then, baby Shaun threw up over her new uniform and she had to put on the blue serge outfit which made her bum look big. But that hadn't stopped Inspector Bolger groping her in the canteen after lunch. Then she'd lost her contact lenses arresting a pickpocket who'd nicked a packet of hobnobs from Tesco's. Finally, PC Boddington said he'd seen a UFO and insisted they chase the posh tart in a flash BMW who was now giving her lip. To cap it all she had a splitting headache and had left her tampons at home. She pinned Romola to the bonnet of the car and ran her hands up the back of her legs.

“That's an expensive pair of knickers you're skirt's tucked into — Dolce & Gabbana, are they?”

“Oh shit!” said Romola, and spun round.

“Don't move!” snapped the policewoman, sliding her hand into Romola's expensive lingerie.

“I don't think you'll find a flying saucer there,” said Romola.

“Or in *there* - ohh, your hands are cold!”

“Perhaps it was a bouncy castle you saw”, said Gerald.

“Bouncy castle?” repeated PC Boddington.

“Like the one over there”, said Gerald, pointing to the spot where Yyerg's ship had been.

The officers heads swiveled round.

“Bugger me!” said PC Boddington. “Where did that come from?”

“My knickers?” suggested Romola.

“You're really asking for it”, said WPC French, plunging her hand deeper into Romola's panties.

“Ohh, I can tell you've done that before.”

“So, where's the green alien with eight legs?”

demanded the policewoman.

“Perhaps he’s disguised himself as a dyke with a big bottom.”

Romola winced as the policewoman grabbed her crotch.

“Where’s the alien?” she repeated.

“I keep - telling you,” gasped Romola, “I — I don’t know anything about an alien.”

“Or a flying saucer”, added Gerald.

“Then why didn’t you stop when we chased you?”

“I thought you might be muggers.”

“In a marked police car with the siren going?”

“It might’ve been stolen. Can you smell fish?”

WPC French spun Romola round, kicked her legs apart, and jabbed her truncheon into her crotch.

Gerald was about to object when PC Boddington gripped his arm and said warningly:

“Don’t even think about it. The last guy that fucked with WPC French is still looking for his nuts.”

Romola clutched at the bonnet, breathing hard. “Ohh, you’re good. “Did they teach you that at Police College or do you just like getting into a girl’s pants?”

“You think you’re very clever, don’t you, Miss tiny tits?”

“Apparently not clever enough to fool a dyke with a fish up her big backside.”

“OK, that’s it. You’re nicked!”

“What for?”

“Tucking your skirt into your knickers will do for starters, you posh slut!”

“Now, look here, officer —” objected Gerald.

“Either you tell us where the fucking alien is or I’ll arrest you both for gross indecency in a public place,” snarled WPC French.

“I knew it must be an offence to have a bum that big.”

WPC French slapped her truncheon viciously across Romola’s legs. “I’m going to really enjoy making you regret you said that”.

“Promise?”

“I’ve found it!” shouted Boddington.

“Where?”

“On the back seat!”

“Oh Hell!” said Gerald.

Romola’s hand flew to her mouth as the policewoman pushed her aside, wrenched open the back door, and reached for the blanket.

“Not quite so cocky now are we? Well — is there anything you’d like to tell me, Miss Designer panties?”

“You could lose the fish scent, it doesn’t do much for your sex appeal.”

WPC French brought her truncheon down on Romola’s shoulder.

“That HURT!”

“It’s all her fault!” shouted Gerald

“You idiot!” said Romola, rubbing her arm.

“I wanted no part of it. I knew it was illegal, but she insisted we —”

“— So you admit you DID see a UFO”, interrupted Boddington.

“Yes.”

“I can explain —” began Romola.

“— Shut it!” snarled WPC French. “Unless you want this up your designer bottom!”

“What about the alien?” continued Boddington

“Romola insisted we take him with us.”

“I can explain everything, Offic —”

“— I won’t tell you again, bitch!” said WPC French.

“So there *is* a green alien with eight legs hiding under that blanket!” exclaimed Boddington.

“NO,” said the policewoman, pulling back the blanket, “but there is a large green monkey in a checked sports jacket having it off with a Prada handbag”.

“What?!” said Boddington, craning forward.

Gerald gaped. Romola giggled.

Yyerg had turned into a small chimpanzee which was rubbing it’s bottom enthusiastically against her handbag while munching contentedly on a chocolate hobnob. She realized he must have cloaked himself and turned her sweetest smile on the policeman.

“I tried to explain but your butch colleague preferred to listen to the fantasies of a lunatic”

“I’m not a lunatic!” objected Gerald.

“You know you are, darling. He’s a very sick boy, Officer. I’m his therapist. I took him into the woods to calm him down. That was when he tried to bugger my monkey. I’m sorry if we’ve caused you any trouble..”

Boddington trembled as Romola leant over him to comfort Yerg. A perfumed tendril of long, dark hair brushed his cheek; her deep, blue eyes brought a lump to his throat. Her black lace panties brought an even bigger lump to his trousers.

“So t-this is y-your monkey, Miss?” he stammered.

“Exactly, officer. He’s part of the treatment, too.”

“So w-where’s the alien?”

“There isn’t one. It was my monkey you must have seen playing in the bouncy castle.”

“So why did your b-boyfriend — your patient - say he saw a flying saucer?” asked Boddington, trying very hard to ignore the jeweled belly button inches away from his face.

Romola showed a bit more midriff. The lump in his trousers grew bigger.

“I’ve told you — he’s sick, officer. He doesn’t know what he’s doing. Last week he thought he was a gorilla and tried to push a banana up my bottom in Tesco’s.”

Boddington felt himself growing uncomfortably hot as he pictured the scene. Romola felt Boddington feeling himself growing uncomfortably hot and hitched her blouse up higher. The policeman swallowed and took a step back.

“I - I’m n-not convinced, Miss..”

Romola took a step forward. Boddington took two steps back but the bulge in his trousers remained where it was. Romola leant against him and brushed his cheek with her soft lips. The bulge was anything but soft and struggled to get closer to her knickers. Her lips moved on to his ear.

“He did *that* in a packed supermarket ?”

“Yes - and not just over the cream cakes.”

“Pervert!” shouted Boddington. The bulge in his pants shouted something quite different.

“It’s a pack of lies! I stained my trousers in the toilet when she turned the tap full on,” objected Gerald.

“You see?” said Romola, pulling her skirt out off her pants and smoothing it down. “He really is a very sick boy”.

Boddington stared at Gerald. “I c-can see that, Miss. But I definitely followed a UFO into these woods.”

“Leave it, Frank”, said WPC French, “Who knows what you saw. All I know is I’ve got a splitting headache and the last thing I want is to spend all night explaining to the duty sergeant how a crashed UFO changed into a bouncy castle and why we arrested a nympho and her twisted boyfriend for shagging their pet monkey.”

“Well - when you put it like that..” said Boddington. “Perhaps we could just arrest her?”

“Do you really want to shag a flat-chested slag who’s being screwed by a chocolate eating monkey?”

Chapter 4

Seduction

“You spineless bastard!” said Romola through clenched teeth when they were back in her flat. “You could have stood up for me!”

“How did I know he was going to turn himself into a bloody monkey?”

“Because he turned a space ship into a bouncy castle?”

Gerald sat down next to her on the sofa, put his hand on her thigh and leant over to kiss her.

“Fuck off, Gerald.”

“Don’t be like that.”

“Like what?”

“Remote and indifferent. You weren’t like that this morning in the shower.”

“This morning I hadn’t had some wanker prematurely ejaculate all over me and then stand by while a psychopathic lesbian with a big bum tortured and insulted me.”

“What could I do? She was a policewoman and I’m deputy-chairman of the Law and Order Committee.”

“No, you’re a total wanker, Gerald. Please take your hand off my leg.”

“What’s a ‘wanker?’” asked Yyerg.

“Someone who stands by while a sadistic dyke with a big bum shoves her hand in his girlfriend’s knickers and then chickens out when she tries to get him off the hook.”

“You called me a lunatic!” protested Gerald.

“Would you have preferred to spend the weekend in a cell with a sadistic dyke with a fat bottom?”

Gerald relapsed into silence. Yyerg regarded them sorrowfully with his big yellow eyes and muttered something in his unintelligible language.

“So how did you turn yourself into a monkey?” asked Romola.

“I extended the cloaking field from the ship.”

“Have a chocolate hob nob.”

“Hob nob?” repeated Yyerg.

Romola handed him the packet.

“Oh - those.. No, thank you.”

Romola lowered her voice and leaned closer to Yyerg.

“You seemed to enjoy them in the car.”

He shuffled uncomfortably and avoided her eyes.

“They make you randy, don’t they?”

“No.”

“Then what were you doing with my handbag in the back of my car?”

“Nothing.”

Romola gazed deeply into his frightened yellow eyes and said huskily. “You’re sooo cute..”

“What are you two whispering about?” asked Gerald.

“Nothing,” said Romola.

“So what’s the range of this cloaking device?” he asked Yyerg.

“About two of your miles.”

“Shame - it could have been useful.”

“Useful for what?” asked Romola. “Disguising the fact that you’re a complete knobhead?”

“You’re not going to let me forget this, are you?”

“Why should I? That bitch really hurt me.”

“What’s a knob —?”

“OH, SHUT UP YYERG!” they said together.

“Can you turn into anything?” asked Romola.

“Only living creatures.”

“That rules Gerald out then”.

Gerald scowled and got up. “I need a stiff drink.”

Romola smiled sweetly at Yyerg and wondered, not for the first time, just what the impressive bulge between his lower legs concealed. “He really is rather good-looking in a strange sort of way..”, she said to herself. “I wonder what it would feel like to have four arms wrapped around me..?”

Yyerg trembled and wondered, not for the first time, what the two hemispherical bumps beneath her garment were and just what unspeakable acts she could perform with them.

Gerald went into the kitchen and poured himself a whisky and wondered why there was no tonic (again). “Just how far will she go with that alien?”, he said to himself. “I wonder what it’s like to be hung like that?” Next door, the curtains twitched as Mrs Froggitt wondered what a rather attractive monkey with four arms wearing a checked sports jacket and a pair of women’s jeans several sizes too small for it was doing in Romola’s flat. The jeans wondered what the hell they’d done to deserve such humiliation and ripped noisily.

“Come and sit next to me, Yyerg,” said Romola, patting the spot vacated by Gerald, “and tell me what the girls are like on your planet.”

Yyerg reluctantly obeyed and perched himself on the edge of the sofa as far away from the intimidating Earth girl as possible and surveyed the tear between his legs with mounting alarm. The jeans glared back at him and ripped a bit further.

“Yes, tell us”, said Gerald, coming back into the room. “We’re dying to know.”

“Like me, only bigger.”

“B-bigger!” spluttered Gerald, choking on his whisky.

“In what way?” asked Romola, edging nearer, her eyes riveted to the widening rip in her jeans.

“They’re stronger and taller”, replied Yyerg edging further away from her.

“Like me?”

“None of our females are as tall as you — or as strong”, he added warily.

“I won’t bite you, you know.”

Gerald snorted derisively. “Don’t bet on it.”

“Have a hob nob,” said Romola.

“No thank you”, said Yyerg.

“Do you have a girlfriend at home?” she asked him.

Yyerg was drowning in her eyes and clutched at the arm of the sofa for support. The sofa shrank back.

“I’ve never had a girlfriend..” he added shyly.

Gerald uttered an exclamation and stalked into the kitchen to get another drink. Romola gazed longingly at the bulge bursting out from between the alien’s legs.

Yyerg twisted away, lost his balance and fell at her feet. The bulge shrank back in alarm.

“Alien Earth girl only want Y-Yerg for mindless sex..” he said in a trembling voice.

“I don’t know about mindless..,” replied Romola, huskily. “Go on, have a hob nob”.

“No.”

“One won’t hurt you.”

“Well - just one then..” Yyerg took a biscuit and bit off a corner cautiously. Tears gathered in his big yellow eyes. Romola moved closer and whispered:

“What about those abductions? Didn’t you say you’ve been abducted eight times?”

Yyerg swallowed. “Those aliens didn’t have the right bits..”

“But I do?” asked Romola, no longer trying to conceal the excitement in her voice.

“Yes.”

“How do you know?”, she asked eagerly.

“I saw what was in your pants.”

“Did you like what you saw?”

“No. Yes, I can’t remember..” said Yyerg, turning a deep shade of green.

“Have another hob nob.”

“No.” The bulge between his legs told her a different story.

“Oh, go on. You know you want to.”

Yyerg took another biscuit and swallowed it whole. Then he took two more.

Romola giggled. “I could make you very happy — Yyergie. Would you like that?”

“Yes - no - yes,” he replied indecisively. The bulge between his legs was anything but indecisive and grew a bit bigger. Romola felt herself getting ever so slightly moist and rewarded it with a playful squeeze.

“Well — I’m off home,” announced Gerald from the doorway. “I need to get something hot inside me.”

“So do I,” murmured Romola.

The door closed.

“NOW..” she said, “Let’s get those jeans off you..”

Chapter 5

Addiction

Romola had one leg in her panties and the other caught in the duvet when the doorbell rang.

“Quick!”, she whispered, “Get your clothes on and hide!”

The duvet hissed with disappointment as she withdrew her shapely ankle from its clinging embrace. A naked figure clutching a pair of women’s jeans several sizes too small for its abnormally long legs, leapt off the bed and stumbled into the bathroom.

“Shit!” she exclaimed as she snagged her bra strap on an ornate Chinese wind chime hanging from the ceiling. The wind chime trilled with excitement as she struggled into a tee shirt and pulled on a pair of jeans. What the jeans felt was entirely drowned out by the sound of someone shouting loudly through the letterbox. Romola ran down the hall and cautiously opened the door.

“Oh it’s you, Gerald. I thought it was that psycho dyke.”

“Do I look like a lesbian policewoman?”

“No, but you were making enough noise for one.”

“I was worried sick about you, darling. I haven’t heard from you for three days.”

“I was busy..”

“Are you going to take your foot out of the door?”

“Not until you apologise for behaving like a total wanker.”

“OK - I apologise. Can I come in now?”

“If you must.”

Gerald attempted to kiss her but Romola ducked her head and flounced into the lounge.

“How’s Yyerg?”

“He’s sleeping”, answered Romola, hiding her face to conceal the colour mounting to her cheeks. Fortunately Gerald couldn’t see into her pants, otherwise he might have discovered the cause of her embarrassment.

“Caught you at a bad time, have I?”

“I - I was asleep.”

“I guessed that from the fact that your flies are undone.”

Romola swore and zipped up her jeans.

“So what are you doing tonight?”

“Soaking in a hot bath.”

“And afterwards?”

“Portia’s coming over”.

And then?”

“What do you think?”

“You’re not - you’re not SLEEPING with Portia, as well, are you?”

“As well as what?”

“C’ mon. I’ve seen you drooling over the alien. I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re shagging him.”

“I am NOT sleeping with Portia”, said Romola, ignoring his second question. I sleep with men, remember?”

“I’m a man.”

“No you’re not, Gerald. I thought you were, but last Saturday afternoon I discovered you’re just another wanker and if you don’t take you hand off my leg I’m going to shove this wine glass up your backside.”

“No chance of a quickie, then?”

“NO!”

“What about tomorrow?”

“I’m going shopping with Yyerg”

Gerald gaped at her. “Sh-shopping with Yyerg?”

“Yup.”

“B-but won’t he be just a little bit conspicuous?”

“Not when Portia and I have finished giving him a makeover.”

“Shouldn’t I come with you?”

“You won’t have time.”

“Why not?”

“Because Yyerg’s given me a list of stuff you need to get to fix his ship.”

“Like what?”

“Computer stuff. Electronic thingies. Here - read it

yourself.”

“So why are you taking him shopping?”

“To buy some other stuff.”

“Other stuff? What ‘other stuff?’”

“Electric egg boiler, liquid soap, knickers, four alarm clocks, vodka, five litres of olive oil, a dozen pairs of tights, a packet of Benson & Hedges and some other odd and ends.”

“What the hell does he want all that for?”

“The knickers and the vodka are for me.”

“And the tights?”

“To repair the filaments in his spatial inverter.”

“And the oil?”

“Fuel for something or other.”

“And the egg boiler?”

“His is broken. He likes eggs.”

“What’re the cigarettes for? You don’t smoke.”

“They’re for Yyerg.”

“Yyerg *smokes!?!*”

“He does now.”

“When did you discover that?”

“I’d rather not say..”

“You dirty slut! I knew your were shagging him.”

“He was lonely. I took pity on him.”

“I’m lonely, but you won’t fuck me.”

“He doesn’t fall asleep afterwards.”

“But he’s not human!”

“Neither are you.”

“B-but you don’t know anything about him!”

“I know he’s intelligent, charming and considerate.”

“I’m intelligent, charming and considerate.”

“Then you’ve hidden it very well.”

“What’s so great about him?”

“He makes me laugh.”

“So do I, but you won’t fuck me.”

“You don’t have two dicks.”

“Romola, You’re sick!”

She looked at Gerald pityingly from under her long eyelashes and wondered what she’d ever seen in him. Not only was a he pompous, spineless wanker who

thought foreplay meant unzipping her jeans but now he was developing a possessive streak and had hair growing out of his nostrils. "He's such a knobhead", she said to herself, but I suppose I'll have to shag him or he'll never leave. Gerald gazed back at her hungrily. "She's so beautiful!" he said to himself. Her tee shirt had ridden up over her flat stomach and her tiny breasts strained against the thin fabric.

This time she didn't resist and let him plunge his tongue into her throat. Gerald slipped off her bra and kissed her taut breasts. She took off her jeans as his tongue circled her nipples and moved slowly down her belly. She moaned convincingly and arched her back. Then he was on top of her, his hands tugging at her panties. Ten minutes later it was all over and Gerald lay in her arms.

"Promise you won't have sex with the alien again." he asked.

"I only did it because of the chocolate."

"Chocolate?"

"Didn't you notice what he was doing in the car?"

"No."

"The chocolate hobnobs made him shag my handbag."

"Chocolate hobnobs?"

"Chocolate's like sex."

"So you've often told me."

"No, you don't get it. Chocolate makes them uncontrollably randy. I had to do something to stop him shagging every piece of furniture in the flat."

"So that was all there was to it?"

"Yes", she lied prettily, crushing her lips against his.

"So you've thrown out all the chocolate?"

"Yes" she lied.

"So where is he now?"

"Running my bath".

"As long as that's all he does."

"That depends on whether Portia brings any chocs with her..."

"Romola!"

Chapter 6

Indigestion

Portia Prettyman hitched her dress higher up her tanned thighs and settled herself more comfortably on the alien's lap. "Have another chocolate hob nob, Yyerg."

Romola swore as she narrowly avoided two elderly women pushing a trolley and swung the BMW into a parking space.

For goodness sake, Portia, someone will see you!"

"Let them," said Portia and gasped as the two hot slippery things inside her and did a little jig.

"You'll ruin his disguise!"

Portia ignored her and started rocking gently back and forth. The car rocked with her. Romola swore again and crouched lower in her seat. Yyerg devoured another chocolate hob nob

It took me two hours to put that mascara on."

"My bottom's nowhere near his - ah - mascara.."

Portia threw back her head, closed her eyes and moaned. A little girl passing behind the car stopped and clutched at her mother's hand.

Mummy, what's that woman doing on the back seat? Is she sick?"

The woman blushed and hurried her daughter away.

"For goodness sake, hurry up Portia! There are two trolley attendants coming!"

"They're not the - ah - only ones.. Oh Yyerg, yes, YES, YESss, ohh — ah, ah, ah — ohhh!"

Five minutes later Romola was wiping the last of the chocolate from Yyerg's face while Portia did her best to cover his green skin with foundation.

"You could have waited til we got home!" complained Romola.

"You're a fine one to talk, you had him twice this morning."

"But not in Tesco's bloody car park!"

"Portia giggled and smoothed down her dress.

“You should try it, it was fantastic.”

“So I heard,” said Romola, dabbing at Yerg’s chin with a cotton bud. “He’ll have to do. Is the coast clear?”

Portia nodded and cautiously opened the door. They guided Yyerg out of the Ladies and retrieved their trolley.

“Now what?” asked Portia.

“You promised me an egg boiler”, said Yyerg. “And the vegetable oil for the fuel system.”

“Essentials first.” said Romola, and headed for the lingerie section.

“What’s *‘Everdry Komfort wings?’* asked Yyerg, picking up a packet with the picture of a girl playing tennis in a pair of tight, yellow shorts.

“Put that back!” hissed Romola.

“What’re these for?”

She snatched the tampons out of his hand and hastily put them back on the shelf.

“Hurry up, Romola!”

Romola tossed twelve packs of tights and a two pairs of knickers into the trolley and wheeled it round to the hardware section.

“Can I have my egg boiler now?” asked Yyerg.

“In a minute”, said Romola, searching the shelves.

“Why an egg boiler?” asked Portia.

“He likes eggs.”

“So do I but I don’t have an egg boiler.”

“They’re a very scarce where he comes from.”

“Egg boilers?”

“No — eggs. They use them as an aphrodisiac.”

“But why does he need an egg boiler to cook them in. Don’t they have any saucepans where you come from Yyerg?”

“What’s a saws-pen?”

“Don’t start him off again, Portia. It took me three days to answer all his bloody questions when he first arrived - ah, here’s one! Will that do, Yyerg?”

He snatched it from her. “Mmm, Eggsess...” he murmured ecstatically, tearing open the box and rubbing the egg boiler against his crotch.

“He’s weird!” Said Portia.

“Mummy, what’s that man doing with that egg boiler?” asked a little girl.

Her mother blushed and hurried her away.

“They’re weird” said the assistant manager to the security guard. “You’d better keep an eye on them”.

Romola threw the egg boiler into the trolley and headed for the vegetable section. “Keep your eye on that security guard, he tried to look up my skirt when I was putting the tampons back.”

Portia was reaching for an alarm clock on the top shelf when Yyerg howled with fury and pounced on the fresh veg counter.

“Put those *down!*” said Romola. “We don’t need them.”

“Filthy alien sex toys!” he snarled, and started throwing courgettes onto the floor.

Romola tried to grab him, but he twisted away and continued hurling the vegetables in every direction.

“What’s the matter with you? They’re only vegetables!”

“Don’t you know?”, asked Portia, struggling to retrieve the courgettes.

“What do you mean?”

“They’re exactly the same colour and shape as his two —”

“Shit!” said Romola. Two elderly women ducked as another courgette sailed over their heads.

“Are you sure it was her?” whispered PC Boddington to the short, crop-haired woman paying for her sandwiches at the express checkout.

“I’m hardly likely to forget that posh tart, am I? I’d recognise that arrogant face and those tiny tits anywhere.”

“You really think that’s an alien with them?”

“Well it’s too big for a fucking monkey and most blokes don’t have four arms.”

“Four arms?”

“I saw him putting stuff in their trolley”

“What should we do?”

“Nick ‘em!”

“What for?”

“You’ll think of something, Frank.”

“Can I search her?”

“You can fuck all three for all I care.”

Romola had just managed to convince the assistant manager that their friend was not really dangerous when she spotted Yerg staring longingly at a display of chocolate eggs.

“Would you like some?” asked Portia teasingly.

“Leave him alone, Portia!”

“No — yes , I *hate* your filthy sex drug!”

“You know you don’t mean that, Yergie darling,” said Portia, stroking the outer of the two legs that were crammed into a pair of Gerald’s striped trousers.

“Don’t we make you happy?”

“No.. I hate you!”

“Even when I kiss you where you like it?”

Yerg squirmed with embarrassment.

“Stop teasing him, Portia. That bloody manager is watching us.”

Portia blew the man a kiss and ground her crotch seductively against Yerg’s legs.

Romola pulled her roughly behind a display case. “What’s the matter with you? Are you mad? Stop behaving like a pissed schoolgirl on her first date.”

Portia regarded her with a puzzled frown. “I’m sorry, Romola. I can’t control myself when I’m near him. What’s happening to us?”

“You’re swallowing it, aren’t you?”

Portia blushed and giggled. “I might be.”

“I can’t get enough of it either, it’s so yummy.”

Portia’s eyes widened. “Could it be some kind of drug?”

“How should I know? Ask Yerg, he’s the alien. Yerg? Where the fuck’s he got to now?”

Portia spun round. Yerg was cramming two chocolate eggs into his mouth and had another three in his hand.

“Shit!” said Romola. “Now you’ve done it!”

Yyerg belched noisily and staggered toward them, his eyes staring hungrily at Portia.

“No Yyerg! not here!” hissed Portia, trying to hold down her dress down while he groped her.

“Whassa matter? he asked in a slurred voice “Don’t you want to - hic - sit on my —”

“Stop it Yyerg! People are watching!”

“Let me kisshh your -hic - snow white breasts.. and drown between your silken — hic —”

Romola clamped her hand over his mouth and drove her knee into his groin. Yyerg doubled up and collapsed into her arms giggling inanely. “Quick - pay for the shopping while I get him back to the car!”

“Are y-you sure y-you can manage?” asked Portia.

“Yes - hurry!”

“Now would be a good time”, said Boddington, breaking into a run. WPC French raced ahead and caught up with Romola just as she reached the doors.

“Got you, you bitch!”

Romola ducked as the policewoman’s fist flew out and connected with Yyerg. The alien gasped and heaved. WPC French staggered back as a stream of brown vomit hit her in the face. Romola spun round and kicked her viciously in the shin. The policewoman lost her balance, slipped in the vomit and went down clutching at Yyerg’s legs. Boddington tripped over her and knocked her out as he fell heavily on top of her. Romola kicked the policewoman again, picked Yyerg up and staggered into the car park.

“We forgot to get any more chocolate,” said Portia as they pulled out of the car park. Romola brought the BMW to a tyre shredding halt, unfastened her safety belt and leant into the back of the car.

“Then you’d better get some from that sweet shop across the road, hadn’t you?”

“Why can’t you get them? ”

“Because I’ll be busy,” said Romola, sliding her panties down her legs.

Chapter 7

Sexploitation

“Yyerg has locked himself in the bathroom and won’t come out.” The pretty young woman who said this was naked apart from a pair of red high-heeled shoes and a pink blouse knotted below her breasts. The blouse looked as though it had been used as a napkin at a chocolate eating contest and the chocolate had clearly had the upper hand.

“For goodness sake put some knickers on Soph!”

“They’re in the bathroom.”

“What are they doing in there?” asked Romola.

“We wanted to do it in the shower.”

“We?”

“Charley and me.”

“Where is Charley now?”

“Locked in the bathroom with your gorgeous alien.”

“Lucky sis.”

“Maybe not — the chocolate’s just run out.”

“Oh shit!”

“Romola?”

“I’ve got a party of eight coming in twenty minutes!”

Sophie’s pretty hands flew to her mouth. “You mean you’re *charging* for his services?”

“Don’t look so shocked. It was Portia’s idea. We need the money to pay for the repairs to Yyerg’s ship.”

Romola spun round as a long howl echoed through the flat.

“Sounds like your sister got lucky after all.”

Seconds later the bathroom door flew open and Yyerg staggered out clutching his genitals and babbling incoherently in his alien language. Sophie pushed him aside and rushed into the bathroom. Romola followed her. Charley was lying in the shower with her legs apart, her knickers around her ankles and her dress pushed up under her breasts. Her mouth hung open and her big brown eyes stared vacantly at the ceiling.

“You bastard!” shouted Sophie. “You’ve killed my

sister!”

“Oh, shit!” exclaimed Romola, “There’s no pulse and she’s foaming at the mouth!”

“I think she choked” said Yyerg miserably.

“CHOKED!?” shrieked Sophie.

“S-she asked for oral sex..”

“You stupid sod! She meant oral not head!”

“It’s OK”, she’s coming round”, said Romola, cradling Charley’s head in her arms. “Are you all right, darling?”

Charley nodded and smiled weakly, tasting the fiery sweet liquid running out of her mouth and feeling the wetness gather between her aching legs again. “I want him so much, Romola..”

“This time sit on HIS face, OK?”

Yyerg fainted.

The Bishop took off his glasses, put down his paper and addressed the pretty young woman sitting at the other end of the breakfast table.

“You’re very quiet this morning, Portia, m’dear?”

“Monosyllables are all the rage now, Daddy. Haven’t you noticed that Freddie’s vocabulary consists entirely of ‘ugh’, ‘um’, ‘like y’ know what I mean’ and ‘wha?’”

“Your brother is sixteen, Portia, you’re twenty-three. And you left out ‘wicked”.

“Wicked is so five minutes ago, Daddy. No one says wicked any more.”

“This chap did — twice.”

“What chap?”

“Mr Justin Toland.”

Her father picked up the paper and read from it. “Mr Justin Toland claims he was buzzed by a UFO on Saturday afternoon while walking his dog in Westwood Spinney. Mr Toland, an Estate Agent from East Purley, told our reporter: “I ruined a really wicked pair of cavalry twills when that bloody great UFO swooped over my head. Those trousers cost me two hundred quid and were well wicked.”

Portia dropped the croissant that was halfway to

mouth and choked on her coffee.

“Wha?”

“Are you alright, darling?”

“Wha?”

Her father regarded her quizzically. “Please don’t say ‘wha’ again, Portia.”

She put down her cup with a trembling hand and wiped her pretty pink lips with her napkin. The napkin blushed. “Sorry, Daddy. Did you say *UFO*?”

“That’s what it says here. ‘Another eyewitness stated that he saw a monkey dressed in a checked sports jacket leaving the scene in the company of an attractive young woman. Mr Toland is convinced the animal is the alien pilot of the strange craft which buzzed him - why, Portia, You’ve turned as white as a sheet. Are you ill?’”

“Pale and interesting is cool this year, father”, she replied, tucking a strand of her long, blond hair behind her enchanting left ear. The strand crept back. Her lips were on the point of complaining about it when her father spoke again.

“I hope you’ve not been playing with fire again? That flibbertigibbet Romola Spencer has a Police record, you know.”

Portia swallowed. “Wha - Whatever do you mean, Daddy?”

“Don’t play the innocent with me. I’m a Bishop, not a monk. I know you’ve been sleeping at her flat, my girl.”

“Wha..?”

“Will you *stop* saying that!”

“D-did you say a m-monkey in a checked sports jacket?”

“Yes, monkey. That’s what it says here. ‘Mr Toland told this reporter that he saw the young woman sexually abusing the animal. When we contacted the Police, WPC French, an officer with the Purley Vice squad, said she couldn’t rule out the possibility that the chimpanzee may be at the centre of a bizarre sex cult involving several local women’. Portia? You’re choking! Do you know something about this? Portia! PORTIA! Mrs Pratt

- come quickly, I think my daughter's fainted!"

Romola slipped noiselessly into Yyerg's room. He was naked, the duvet lying in a heap beside the bed. It would have much preferred to be wrapped round Romola's silken thighs, but even a threadbare carpet was preferable to being wedged up an alien's bottom. Romola marveled at his human-like appearance. His muscles rippled in the moonlight filtering through the blinds; his sultry eyes were half-shut. Her legs were half open and getting wider by the minute. Silently, she slid into bed beside him and took him in her arms. The duvet trembled with anticipation and crept further up her shapely calf.

"I promise I'll be gentle this time", she murmured softly.

Yyerg awoke with a start. His lunchbox awoke slightly later. The duvet had never been asleep.

"Nooo.." he cried, "Not again! I've had enough of your filthy drugs. - you, y-you sex-devil!"

"Just a teeny nibble.."

"I won't, I tell you!"

"Pleasee, Yyergie, *darling*. Just a little bite.."

Romola dropped an After-Eight wafer into her mouth and crushed her lips against his. Yyerg struggled as the bittersweet chocolate melted under her probing tongue. His lunchbox gave up the struggle and leaped towards her. The duvet rustled with delight. Romola caressed his pert young bottom, feeling his lunchbox stiffen as she popped another mint into his resisting mouth.

"Take my panties off!" she commanded.

"First more choclit!", he demanded sulkily.

Romola giggled triumphantly, and fed him with her tongue. Soon the packet was half empty and joined her panties and the duvet on the floor. The duvet embraced the panties with a shiver of delight. The chocolate nestled down contentedly between them. Romola just moaned. Yyerg's organs were like two gleaming courgettes on the ends of his flexible tentacles. He looked at her with his big yellow eyes, irises dilated to

wide circles.

“One pipe, or both?” he asked, eager to please her now the filthy alien drug had worked its evil spell on him.

“Silly boy..” she laughed, guiding one magic wand under her bottom and the other between her thighs. She squealed as he entered her. The duvet positively yelped with pleasure. Even the remaining chocolates did a little jig to impress her knickers. Yyerg made love to her while her tongue played havoc with his tonsils. He cried out as her fingers raked his back.

“You promised to cut them!”

“I lied,” giggled Romola, and dug her nails in. The duvet tried to dig in too, but got caught by her left foot and made do with wrapping itself around her shapely ankles. He cried out as her nails raked his bottom and she came in a shattering, explosive orgasm. What the duvet felt can only be guessed at, but the noise it made caused three chocolate mints to jump out of their sleeves and into her knickers. Then she came again. Yyerg came rather later. The duvet didn’t come at all, but the three chocolates did, melting spectacularly into the warm folds of her designer underwear.

Romola lay back with a sigh of contentment and reverently stroked the twin authors of the wonderful glow suffusing her grateful body. They were coated with a pale brownish fluid. Romola’s tongue flicked out.

“Yummy!” she said greedily, “I’m sure this is alcoholic.”

Yyerg watched her lap up the glistening liquid and trembled. Would he ever escape these alien sex devils and their filthy drugs?

Romola kissed him passionately and said: “Have another chocolate mint, darling!”

Chapter 8

Investigation

"I wish to report an alien abduction."

"An abduction?"

"No, an alien abduction."

"Aliens?"

"No, just the one alien."

"An alien abduction involving just the one alien; is that right?"

"Yes, that's right, Officer."

"Inspector," corrected the policeman, wearily.

He stifled a yawn, pulled out a form from his desk drawer and began writing.

"This better be good. Name?"

"Yyerg."

"Beg pardon, Sir. Did you say 'E Erg?'"

"No, Yyerg."

"How are you spelling that, Sir?"

"Big 'Y', little y, e, r, g."

"Y, y?"

"Why what?"

The policeman crossed out what he'd written.

"Can we start again, Sir?"

"I wish to report an alien abduction."

"No, sir, not from the beginning, just your name."

"Gerald Bolton".

"Gerald Bolton?"

"Yes."

"So why did you just tell me your name was E Erg?"

"I didn't, sergeant."

"Inspector."

"Sorry, Inspector."

Yes, you did. You said your name was E Erg."

"No - that's the alien's name."

The policeman put down his pen, rubbed his forehead and looked pityingly at his visitor.

"You were on first name terms with this, er, this alien, were you?"

“Well, yes, I’ve known him for three weeks.”

“Him?”

“Yes, he’s um - er, a male alien.”

“I see, Sir. Male.” he underscored the word ‘male’ and rubbed his chin. “May I ask if acts of a homosexual nature formed any part of this — alien abduction?”

“Certainly not! Yyerg has never laid a finger on me, well, tentacle really, as he doesn’t have hands as such. Anyway, he’s not remotely interested in men.

“So what *did* he do to you?”

“To me? Nothing. Though I am doing rather a lot for him. Two oscilloscopes, half a dozen programmable logic controllers, several circuit boards and —”

“— I can’t help noticing you keep using the present tense, Mr Bolton,” interrupted the policeman.

“Well spotted, officer.”

“Inspector, Sir, see the pips? That means I’m an inspector. Not a sergeant or an officer.”

“Sorry, inspector.”

“I used to be in Special Branch. We’re trained to notice these little nuances. The implication in your use of the present tense suggests that the alleged abduction is still going on. Would that be a fair assumption, Sir?”

“Yes — except..”

“Except what, Sir?”

“There’s nothing alleged about this abduction.”

The policeman sighed wearily, leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. “Are you taking the piss?”

“Whatever gave you that idea, Inspector?”

“Three teeny little clues, Sir. One, you came in here to report an alien abduction. Two, you assure me the abduction is still going on. Three, the fact that you’re sitting in that chair telling me this clearly demonstrates that you are not presently being held against your will by little green men.”

“How did you know he’s green?”

“NOW LOOK, Mr BOLTON, or E ERG, or whatever your real name is, I’m a Detective Inspector, not a bloody psychiatrist, and if you waste any more of my valuable

time with this nonsense I will bang you up so fast your feet won't touch the ground. Am I making myself clear?"

"Quite clear, Inspector."

"Good."

"There is just one thing.."

"Yes?" said the policeman sharply.

"I'm not being held against my will."

"I think we've established that, Sir."

"But Yyerg is. By my fiancée. She's the one who abducted him."

"So you've not been abducted by aliens?"

"No, inspector. That's what I've been trying to tell you all along. It was Romola's idea to abduct Yyerg in Westwood Spinney after his space ship crashed. I would have left the ugly green bastard to rot"

"Romola?"

"My girlfriend."

The policeman raised his eyebrows and underscored the word 'Romola' three times.

"Romola's keeping Yyerg a prisoner in her flat."

"Let me get this quite clear. Your girlfriend, one Romola..?"

"Spencer".

"Romola Cassandra Spencer?"

"You know her?" asked Gerald in surprise.

"Let's just say she is known to me. A little matter of some white powder. Unfortunately her father is the Lord Lieutenant of the County so my enquiries were unexpectedly cut short. What does seem rather far-fetched is that she abducted a little green man in Purley three weeks ago and has been holding him against his will ever since. That IS what you're telling me, isn't it, Sir?"

"Yes."

"Where is the alien being held?"

"In Romola's flat at 14b Curlew Crescent, Purley."

The Policeman continued writing.

"For what purpose?"

"I'd rather not say, if you don't mind."

"I do mind. I mind very much." The policeman stood

up, kicked back his chair and grasped Gerald by the lapels of his expensive armani jacket. "NOW LOOK, MUSH, I've had about enough of this. I don't know what your game is, but if you're not out of here in three seconds I'm going to lock you up and throw away the key. Am I getting through to you?"

"There's no need to take that tone", replied Gerald, shaking himself loose. "I'll have you know I'm one of Purley's leading Rotarians. I'll lodge a formal complaint with the Chief Constable."

"I don't care if you're a freemason and shagging the Chief Constable's wife. Get out of my sight before I give you some police brutality to complain about!"

Gerald slumped down in his chair and put his head in his hands. "Romola's having sex with him" he sobbed. "And so are most of her friends. In fact, I think she's charging them for it. He - has t-two dicks, you see. This morning she broke off the engagement.."

"Do you have any proof of this?"

"There are bundles of notes in her flat and the neighbours have started complaining about the droves of women coming and going at all hours of the day and night."

"How many women would that be exactly, Sir?" said the policeman, licking his pen excitedly.

"I don't know - about sixty.."

"SEX - SIXTY?!" The policeman's eyes popped out on stalks. something else popped out but was restrained by the tightness of his trousers.

"Who are these women?"

"Portia Prettyman —"

"—Not the Bishop's daughter!?"

"Yes."

"Good grief!"

"Sophie Mountjoy —"

"—the daughter of the Marquis of Staines?"

"I'm afraid so, Inspector, and her two younger sisters, Charley and Vikki —"

"—Lady Charlotte and Victoria, but they can't be older than sixteen, Mr Bolton!"

“Seventeen and fifteen actually.”

“Shocking, Sir, shocking”, said the policeman, dropping his pen. “Who would have thought the teenage daughters of a peer of the realm could be so hot - ahem, hot headed, as to sink to such depths of depravity. This puts a very different complexion on things. It must be investigated with the full rigour of the law. Under age sex is a criminal offence. Under age sex with an alien is probably a hanging offence. TWO dicks, you say? Shocking! Did you actually see them?”

“Yes!” groaned Gerald miserably.

“Shocking, Sir, shocking. Did the little girl take it up both bottoms at once or give it head while it shagged her?”

“I don’t know.” sobbed Gerald bitterly.

“I have to get to the bottom of these offences, Sir, however unsavoury.”

Gerald nodded and buried his face in his hands.

“Well!”, said the policeman, rubbing his hands together, “I’ll take some time to get the right team together for something this spicy - er, dicy. WPC French is on leave ‘til Monday.”

“WPC F-French?”

“Do you know her, Sir?”

Gerald blushed furiously. “Er, no, not exactly..”

“She has a lot of experience of sexual debauchery among loose women, Sir.”

“I can well believe it, Inspector”, said Gerald with a shudder.

“I take it the alien will still be at Ms Spencer’s flat on Monday?”

“I’ve told you, the women have imprisoned him.”

“Shocking, Sir, shocking. The lengths to which some young women will go to satisfy their unnatural urges. I’ll pick you up at 6 am on Monday morning then - unless you’d rather not be involved?”

“No - I want to see the filthy bitches get what’s coming to them.”

“I think they already have, Sir.”

Chapter 9

Tribulation

“Why didn’t you see your own GP — Miss..?”

“— Smith”.

“Miss Smith?”

Portia Prettyman crossed her long legs and avoided the woman’s eye. “I - I didn’t like to, Doctor. He’s known me since I was a little girl..”

“Don’t you think you should at least tell your boyfriend?”

“Er.. I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“Well, you didn’t get that rash from wearing woolen underwear, did you?”

Portia blushed and shook her head.

“It’s not the rash that bothers me, Doctor.. I’ve had them before. It’s the nymphomania.”

The Doctor put down her glasses and regarded Portia pityingly. “Nymphomania is no longer recognised by any medical practitioner, Miss Smith. In fact, nymphomania is not a disease at all, since a very high female sex drive is perfectly normal.”

“B-But this can’t be normal, Doctor. I’m doing it a dozen times a day. Even when I come I want to come again ten minutes later. When I do come I can’t stop coming. I had two orgasms in the car on the way over here just thinking about him. Oh God..ah, ah — ah — ohhhh”

Portia writhed in her chair and slid onto the floor clutching at her crotch.

“So, Ms, er — Jones. How long have you had this rash?”

“About three weeks Doctor.” Lady Charlotte Mountjoy smoothed down her Calvin Klein skirt and crossed her beautifully tanned legs.

“And when did the uncontrollable urges start?”

“About three weeks ago, doctor.”

“May I ask how long you have been sexually active?”

“About three weeks, doctor.”

“Well it’s quite normal for someone who’s just started having regular sex to feel this way about their partner, though the rash is a little unusual..”

“B-but I can’t get enough of it!”

“That’s normal too.”

“Ten times a day?”

“Well, perhaps that’s a little excessive..”

Charley lowered her eyes and whispered: “I think it’s this funny brown stuff that makes me so hot.”

“Brown stuff, Ms Jones?”

“His - stuff, you know, his, er —”

“Do you mean ejaculate?”

Charley blushed to the roots of her pretty brown hair and coughed. “Yes, his - ahem — cum..”

“That’s most unlikely, Ms Jones. The constitution of male semen is well documented. I think you’ll find it doesn’t have any intoxicating or aphrodisiacal properties no matter how much of it you swallow.”

“So what’s making we want sex all the time, doctor?”

“I have no idea until I get the tests back from the lab.”

“How long will that take?”

“About two weeks.”

Charley’s jar dropped. “I can’t wait two weeks! I need help NOW! I only have to think about him and I go all gooey inside. She slumped back in the chair, her eyes glazed over and a long moan escaped her parted lips.

“Ms Jones? Are you all right?”

Oh God..ah — ah — ah, ohhhh”

MS JONES!!”

Charley convulsed and fell face forward onto the desk.

“Well?” demanded Romola, scratching her crotch, “What did your friend say?”

Sophie sank down onto the sofa and read from the report in her hand: “It’s a sugar-based molecule with powerful narcotic and aphrodisiac qualities not unlike alcohol but infinitely stronger and more complex.”

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“That Charley was right. It’s his cum that’s making us all so horny.”

“Don’t tell me we’ve all been over-dosing on alien viagra!”

“It look’s that way, darling.”

“And the rash?”

“Simple skin reaction to the chemicals in his cum. Mark said it should clear up in a day or two by itself.”

“What about the spontaneous orgasms? I had three at work this morning. I had to tell my boss it was a bad stomach ache but I don’t think he believed me. Then I had another in the car coming home and nearly hit some old guy on a push bike.”

“That’s because you shagged Yyerg this morning. Mark says the chemicals take twelve hours to clear from your system.”

“How the hell did you get all this out of him?”

“Mark’s an old boyfriend — remember? I knew fucking a nerdy microbiologist would come in useful one day.”

“Wasn’t he the teeniest bit curious?”

“Only until I took his mind off it.”

“Soph, You didn’t!”

“Twice. Once in his office and again when he came round with the report.”

“This stuff is dynamite, Soph! Forget viagra, men’ll kill to get their hands on this. All we have to so is find a way to mass produce it!”

The Honourable Lady Sophie Mountjoy leant back against the sofa and broke into peals of hysterical laughter.

“What’s so funny?”

“Your face, Romola! I haven’t told you the bad news.”

“I thought the rash and the spontaneous orgasms WERE the bad news?”

“They’re just the side effects.”

“So what is?”

“It only works on women.”

“Shit! Still, that’s half the population.

We'll still be rich, Soph!"

"No we won't."

"Why ever not?"

"Mark fed massive doses of the stuff to some mice in three separate tests."

"What happened?"

"The females shagged the males senseless."

"And?"

Sophie stopped laughing abruptly; the colour drained from her face and her voice was hollow: "The females died."

Romola's hand flew to her mouth. "WHAT?!"

"They all died within a week."

Romola fainted.

Chapter 10

Retribution

“Ms Romola Cassandra Spencer?”

“Yes.”

“I am Inspector Plodder and these are my colleagues from the Purley Vice Squad. I arrest you for keeping a disorderly house and living off immoral earnings. Boddington, take three men and search the flat! I want that filthy slut naked, WPC French! If she complains, cuff her!”

Tracy French pinned Romola to the wall, twisted her right arm up behind her shoulder blade, and kicked her legs apart. “My pleasure, Sir!”

“Just a minute!” said Sophie. “You can’t just barge in here and arrest Romola on some trumped up charge!”

“And who might you be, madam?”

“*The* madame, more like”, said WPC French, running her eyes enviously over Sophie’s expensive Calvin Klein frock and emerald earrings.

“Lady Sophie Mountjoy.” said Sophie coldly.

“You’re under arrest too”, said Inspector Plodder, seizing her arm. “Now get your clothes off!”

“Take your filthy paws off me, you horrible little man!”

“I’d watch your mouth if I were you”, snapped WPC French. “We know all about the games your baby sister has been playing here. ”

Sophie shook the inspector’s hand off her arm and laughed.

“You think sex between an alien and a fifteen-year-old girl is amusing, do you?” asked Plodder.

“No, I was thinking how funny you’d look in a pointy blue hat when the Chief Constable puts you back on the beat directing traffic.”

“And why should he do that?”

“Because you’ve just arrested the daughter of the Marquis of Staines on the evidence of a certified looney who believes an alien is having sex with his girlfriend.”

“Is this true, Mr Bolton?”

“I am a voluntary outpatient at Purley mental hospital, Inspector, yes.”

“Since when?”

“Since my nervous breakdown.”

“Can you prove that?”

“Here is a letter from my Doctors.”

The inspector snatched the note from his hand, scanned it briefly and threw it down with a snarl of rage. “I’ll get you for this, Bolton!” he muttered under his breath and rounded on Sophie. “What about all the money?”

“What money, Inspector?” asked Sophie innocently.

“Boddington! Where’s the fucking money?” shouted Plodder.

“Er -we couldn’t find any, Sir.” replied the policeman, running back into the room.

“Have you found the alien?”

“Er - no Sir.”

“You won’t get away with this, you know! I’ll not be made a fool of! We have the space ship under twenty four hour surveillance!”

One of the officers took a call on his radio, reddened and passed it to the inspector. The inspector put it to his ear and then flung it across the room. “Blast! I’ll get you for this - you, you fucking sluts!”

“Don’t tell me you’ve found another bouncy castle, inspector?” asked Sophie.

“Release them!” said the Inspector through clenched teeth. “And let’s get out of here!”

The door slammed behind them.

Romola collapsed into Gerald’s arms and burst into tears. “How long... how long have I got, Soph?”

“Your whole life, my darling”, said Gerald, kissing away the tears running down her cheeks.

“You passed out before I could finish”, began Sophie. “Mice only live for two years. A week to them is like eight months to you and me and they had a hundred times as much of the stuff as we did. I think we’ll live

long enough to draw our pensions.”

“Are you sure?” asked Romola doubtfully.

“The rash has gone, hasn’t it?”

“Yes, but..”

“And the craving?”

“Yes..”

“And the spontaneous orgasms?”

“They were a bit embarrassing..”

“There you are then - we’re cured!”

“Have you told the others?”

“No - I thought you should do that. But I did tell Gerald.”

“Soph!”

“He deserved to know the truth, Romola. We’ve treated him dreadfully. Or rather you have.”

“ME!?”

“You’re the one who started Yyerg on the chocolate.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Everything, actually. Without the chocolate his cum has no effect on humans. It’s the chocolate that triggers the chemical changes that turn it into a drug.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because there were traces of chocolate in the sample Mark analysed. When he removed it the stuff broke down into harmless compounds.”

“Where’s Yyerg now?”

“Back on his ship making the final repairs.”

“Oh Gerald! I’ve been such a fool..”

Gerald drew her closer and their mouths met in a long, lingering kiss.

Chapter 11

Consummation

Yyerg pressed an array of buttons beside the hatch and turned a key. The lights on the main control panel blazed into life and a faint whine began. The whine slowly increased in pitch until it was a steady hum that filled the cabin.

“Brilliant!” exclaimed Gerald, slapping him on the back. You can leave now!”

“No I can’t,” said Yyerg sadly. “Romola has the coil for the spatial inverter. Without it the ship won’t have enough power to escape your atmosphere.”

“The thing that looks like an egg boiler?”

“No, that IS an egg boiler.”

“The thing that looks like a vibrator?”

“No, that’s her sex toy.” said Yyerg bitterly. “If I’d known that’s all it was when I crashed we wouldn’t be in this mess..”

“What then?”

“It’s made of metal wound into a spiral.”

“Her coil?”

“If that’s what she keeps in her pants - yes.”

“I have it here,” said Gerald, she asked me to give it to you after the police left.”

Yyerg hung his head. “I’ve been so cruel to her..”

“No you haven’t. You made her and a lot of her friends very happy for a while. None of us could have known this would happen. We were all a bit off our heads. I’m sure she’s forgiven you for leaving her tied up all night with her vibrator up her bottom.”

“I — I wish I could tell her that..”

“You can — she’s outside.”

Yyerg spun round and flicked a switch. Romola’s pretty face smiled back at him from the vidscreen. He opened the hatch and trembled as she took him in her arms and kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

“Chocolate will never taste the same without you, Yyerg.”

Tears gathered in the alien's big yellow eyes. "Promise me you'll destroy the formula."

"Oh, you know about that, do you?"

"Yess... Sophie told me."

"If you promise not to get abducted by anyone but me."

"I'll try..."

"Give me those glasses!" barked Inspector Plodder, crouching down behind a rose bush.

"Dammit! I knew the bouncy castle was a bloody fake. Did you see it? Four long arms and those enormous great —"

"—Yes, I saw it, Sir," said WPC French, "The point is what are we going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" repeated Plodder, savagely. "I've got thirty armed men in these woods and five patrol cars. We're going to bust the fucking lot of them, that's what we're going to do, constable!"

"Aren't you forgetting something, Sir?" asked Boddington, fingering the trigger of the semi-automatic weapon cradled in his arms.

"Like what?"

"If it can change that ship into a bouncy castle what's to stop it changing it into a challenger tank, or a whole battery of missile launchers?"

"Because that pillock Bolton told me they're just illusions. They're not real, you idiot!"

"How can you be sure he was telling the truth?" persisted Boddington.

"Because the alien is a spineless piece of shit, that's why. If he had any bloody weapons don't you think he would have used them by now?"

"Well, yes, there is that..." admitted Boddington.

"Idiot!" grunted Plodder. "Take Smith and Jones with you and get into position behind those trees."

"And me, Sir?" asked WPC French.

"You'll be leading the attack, constable. When I give the signal I want you to make a frontal assault with everything you've got."

“And if the woman or her boyfriend get in the way?”
“Shoot the fuckers!” snarled Plodder.

WPC French fought down the excitement gathering between her legs and passed on the inspector’s orders to her team. She was really going to enjoy splattering that posh tart’s arse all over the clearing.

“What’re they doing now?” asked Romola, slipping her arm around Gerald’s waist.

“Plodder is still behind the rose bush. The charming Ms French is about fifty yards away with ten big lads armed to the teeth and Boddington is trying to sneak up behind us with a rocket launcher.”

“Don’t turn it off until we’re in the spinney, Yyerg — OK?” said Romola.

Yyerg nodded and moved to the control panel. Romola kissed him and held Gerald’s hand while the alien turned a dial.

“Did you see that?” whispered Plodder.

“See what, Sir?”

“Those rabbits that just crossed in front us”

“This IS the country, Sir.”

“I don’t trust that fucking pair. Shoot them!”

“It’s too late, Sir, they’ve run into the spinney.”

WPC French swore as the saucer rose slowly into the air, wobbling like a leaf in a gale. It staggered on through the treetops, making a deafening racket like a very big chainsaw in the hands of a clinically depressed Texan who really hates trees. She felt a blinding pain between her legs and knew no more.

“Bugger!” muttered a gentleman who was relieving himself behind a tree, “Not AGAIN!” and ruined another pair of perfectly good cavalry twills.

By one of those curious coincidences ‘Bugger’ was exactly what Inspector Plodder said when the UFO passed over his head, though it does not begin to convey the anguish, rage and frustration that he was experiencing at the exact instant Romola’s desire was fulfilled in Gerald’s arms.

Oh Gerald, my darling..I love you so much..”

“Oh Romolaaa!”

A shadow fell over them in the lumbering form of Inspector Plodder “You’re nicked!” he rasped.

“What have we done this time?” asked Romola, making no attempt to cover her nakedness.

“Gross Indecency for starters” said Plodder.

“Sex in a public place”, added Boddington.

“I think you’ll find this part of the common is private property,” said Gerald, settling himself more comfortably between Romola’s silken thighs.

“If you don’t believe me, ask the owner.”

The policemen’s heads swiveled round.

“Good afternoon, officers,” said a smartly dressed middle-aged man, stepping out from Romola’s BMW. “Can I offer you a glass of chilled Chablis?”

“Not while I’m on the job, Sir,” said Boddington.

“That’s when I enjoy it the most” , said Romola.

“May I ask who you are?” asked Plodder.

“You don’t recognise me without my regalia, then, inspector?”

“Er - no, Sir..”

“I’m Romola’s father: Henry Spencer.”

“Good grief! The Lord Lieutenant!”

“And the owner of these woods, inspector.”

“I, we, er, we had no idea, Sir..” began Boddington.

“Just a minute,” said Plodder. “Don’t you mind your daughter lying naked in a wood in broad daylight in the arms of a certified lunatic?”

“Lunatic, officer?”

“Didn’t you know that Mr Bolton is a patient at Purley mental hospital, Sir?”

“Was, inspector. He was discharged last week and married my daughter yesterday.”

The two police officers were rooted to the spot in open-mouthed amazement.

“Now we’re really fucked,” said Boddington

“No - I’m fucked,” replied Plodder, “My career is ruined.”

“Perhaps you should argue about who fucked whom

after you have removed the rather large rose bush from the bottom of that unfortunate female police officer I can see over there. I imagine it's rather painful, inspector."

The End

The Day The Earth Moved is as intriguing as it's author, the former IT girl and recovering chocoholic, Miranda S Givings. It begins innocuously enough one hot summer's afternoon in Purley, a somnolent English market town plagued by impecunious estate agents and retired schoolmistresses with a passion for bowls. Their tranquillity is rudely disturbed by the unexpected arrival of a rather shabby UFO and it's unusual occupant. When an upper class Englishwoman of uncertain morals, makes the mistake of leaving a packet of chocolate hob nobs on the back seat of her car we are plunged into a world of unbridled passion, unspeakable depravity and soiled underwear. For the discerning reader, **The Day The Earth Moved** is a complete waste of trees. For everyone else, it is a saucy roller-coaster of a novella of alien abduction, mindless sex, soiled pants and chocolate addiction in eleven sizzling chapters.



about the author

The **Day The Earth Moved** is Miranda S Givings' first novel.



Ms Givings is a pioneer in the field of post-modern trisexual gender therapeutics and the genius behind the internationally acclaimed website: utterpants.co.uk. This stunning former IT girl and recovering chocoholic has appeared as a guest on numerous television shows in Byelorussia as well as commercials for Entwhistle's Gentlewoman's Herbal Rub, The Llada Motor Corporation and Dipsi. **HotBabe** magazine recently included her in their list of the 'Most Intriguing People of the previous week.'

Conceived behind the Lingerie counter at Selfridges, Ms Givings was educated at Rutland College for Precocious Young Ladies and has lectured on Pseudo-sexual therapeutics in Tesco's Baby Changing Rooms. She has also written 147 other books including:

[Ms G's guide to the 'G' Spot and why men can't find it.](#)

[How to spot a Wanker](#)

[My 101 favourite chocolate recipes](#)

[How to wash your Pussy](#)

Miranda is currently single and thought to be living somewhere in Bermuda with two monkees, the world's largest collection of Ladies underwear and her Icelandic therapist, Ms Marit Sigmundsdottir.

For more information, visit www.utterpants.co.uk

Utterpants publications ink, Purley, UK
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