



The Halloween Party

I can't believe Destiny has me out here in the middle of the night,
Imani Thomas thought as she

slowed her car down on the dark highway.

The almost bare tree branches hovered over the damp pavement. Imani's red Kia Rio made tracks across the scattered fallen leaves of orange and brown. In the day time, Imani might have thought this road through the woods would be a beautiful autumn photo to place on her laptop's screensavers. But in the late evening, when the only light available came from shine of the constantly disappearing silver moon along with the dim beams from her car headlights, Imani felt like this was the last place she would want to be alone.

Too many horror films start out with people being in the woods and some raunchy cabin with no reception, she thought. *That's why my ass stays in the city. There are lights and people to run for help.*

The only reason why Imani was out there now was because her best friend was stranded at a Halloween party. Destiny had called frantically for Imani to come get her.

She had been driving for 30 minutes in this nightmare country area. Imani wondered if how much longer she had to go. She sat up in her car, close to the steering wheel. Her body tense as she peered into the darkness that laid a few feet in front of her. She had to be close to the cabin soon.

Then, Imani stopped the car at a small wooden sign that read: Mt. Cielo Way. As she stared down the pitch-black dirt path that she had to turn off on, Imani body went cold. She couldn't see any nearby cabins.

When she had first come off the I-80, there were cabins spread out every 10 feet. Lights of the evening activities of the residence had falsely reassured Imani that this would be a simple pick up. However, the longer she had remained on this road the less signs of people were seen. Imani hadn't noticed a house in the past 15 minutes.

She warily looked down Mt. Cielo Way and started to have second thoughts. *This girl has me going down an empty road where any fool with a rope or a machete could jump out at me*, she thought.

Imani drove slowly down the road. Her head lights illuminated the shrubs and trees that laid in darkness.

"I'll give her 10 more minutes before I turn back around and Destiny calls her ass a taxi cab," Imani said to herself.

She wished she had her boyfriend there with her. Gabriel was in Reno at a weekend camp retreat with his family. Imani wasn't surprised that he hadn't invited her up there. He knew she wasn't the camping type, and besides, they had only started dating a few weeks ago. It was a bit soon to meet all his family at once. They hadn't even had sex yet.

Also, Imani was nervous to be around country people. She wasn't sure how they would respond to an African American dating someone in their all-white family. Imani wasn't ready to go down that road until she knew Gabriel and her were more serious. *Why make more drama for possibly a short affair?* She had reasoned.

The car slowly descended. At the edge of the horizon, Imani could make out a two-story wood cabin. The only light on was from the porch. If there had been a party, people had left it a long time ago. Imani stopped the car and wondered if she had the right place.

She made sure her doors were locked then she maneuvered the car so it faced the road she had come from. It made it easier for a quick getaway if the car was facing the right

direction. Next, she punched the buttons on her car console to phone Destiny's cell. It went straight to voicemail.

"Girl, where are you?" she left on the voice message. "I've been out here in the dark forever. I feel like I might run into a cross burning any minute now. Call me back so we can get out of here."

After she hung up, Imani debated how foul it would be just to leave and go home. Suddenly, Destiny called back.

"Hey, Imani," she said out of breath.

"Destiny, wassup!?! Where are you?"

"At the cabin. How much longer are you gonna be?" she snapped.

"I'm out here!" Imani yelled back. "But where is everyone? There's no party here. The lights are turned off."

"Ohhh, yeah, well, people haven't shown up yet," Destiny said quickly. "That's why I wanted to bounce. I've spent the past two hours bored out of my mind and I've worked too hard on this naughty maid costume to let it go to waste on some weak ass country party."

Imani rolled her eyes. The only work Destiny did for that outfit was cut out some holes on the sides to make the lingerie look more slutty. *And that was unnecessary*, she thought. *It's lingerie! You don't need to make it look less revealing. It's already there.*

"So, you've been sitting up there on your own in the dark all this time?" she asked her.

"No, girl," Destiny smacked her lips together. "They went off about 10 minutes ago. Ole dude is downstairs trying to get the fusses or some shit. I tell ya it's definitely time to go. No white boy is worth this. I don't see how you put up with them."

"I'm only dating one and Gabriel wouldn't have me up here. He knows better."

"I guess."

"Well, let's skit," Imani said. "Come out to the car."

"Oh, ahhh. I need a minute," Destiny said.

Don't tell me she was in the middle of hitting that while we were on the phone, Imani thought. Slut!

"Why not!?!?" Imani asked annoyed.

"I have a wardrobe malfunction with my costume. You see when Paul's mouth...."

"I don't want to know," Imani stopped her before she could give her the dirty details of how she broke her outfit while getting down with some dude.

"Well, can you come in with a jacket or something to cover my ass?"

Hating the idea of getting out of her car in the dark woods to go into a pitch black cabin, Imani shook her head and thought. *Can't I just leave?*

"Helllloooo?! Are you still there?"

"Yeah, okay," she snapped and got out of the car. "Where are you?"

"I'm....." she heard Destiny say as Imani hurriedly approached the house. When she stepped on the porch, Destiny's voice went silent.

"Hello? Destiny?"

Silence answered.

Imani pounded on the door.

"Hello!?!"

Still silence.

Imani shook her head as she redialed Destiny's cell phone. It went straight to voicemail again.

“Motherfucker!!!”

Imani reached into her purse for her pocket knife. It was a gift from her father when she was small. Mr. Thomas was a Sacramento Police Officer which made him paranoid for his family’s safety. Since Imani was a child, he had filled her head with the horrible stories of crimes that occurred around the city. Her father made it a point for his only daughter to be equipped with a knife and self-defence techniques.

Our ancestors went through middle passage and three wars, her dad would tell her. There’s survival in our blood.

I should have stayed in the car, she thought as she turned the knob to the front door. The unlocked door swung open.

Imani scanned the empty living room. Rays from the porch light came in through the open windows. She checked behind the front door. Then, she flicked the light switch next to the door. The click of the switch moving up and down echoed in the dark emptiness. Her body went stiff. *Where is she?*

Imani’s eyes flicked up to the wooden staircase. No one was there. She quieted her breathing and listened for any sounds upstairs. Nothing.

“Hello? Destiny!”

No response.

Imani worried what might have happened to her friend.

Should I call the police?

Hell yes!

Imani’s cell didn’t work. *There might be a landmine in the kitchen.*

She slowly walked into the kitchen, looking for any immediate danger. A door was open in the corner of the room with a light glowing from below. Imani passed the counter. She

scanned the room looking for a phone as she cautiously walked to the door. It was a set of stairs that led down to a basement.

“Hello! Destiny, stop playin’!” she yelled down.

Imani switch her blade put of jet pocketknife. *Somebody is gonna end up with stitches*, she thought. “Have me out here about to catch a case from a damn game,” she loudly muttered.

While walking down the steps lit by black candles resting on every other step, she shouted, “It’s all fun and games til someone gets hurt! Let’s see how much you laugh when I stick somethin’ in you.” Imani’s voice began to quiver as she yelled out, “I’m not playin’. If anyone jumps out, their getting cut!”

Silence answered her.

“You’ve been warned,” she swallowed the last of her words at the ghastly sight at the foot of the steps.

More Black candles were lit on top of boxes around the room. The cement walls were painted in red images of odd symbols and horns. In the center of the floor was a red star in a circle. Every angle had weird squiggly signs. Pillows were thrown around it. Imani covered up her mouth from a scream when she saw a crumbled up white sheet with red smeared over it.

She turned and ran up the stairs. In fear that she was interrupting some satanic cult, she forgot about Destiny and ran for her car. Imani made it to the dark living room and stopped at the a slight sliding noise. Before she could question what she thought she heard, an unknown figure in black blocked her exit. His face was in the shadows but he raised his shoulders in a threatening way and rushed towards Imani.

She let out a yell as she lunged her knife into his middle. The stranger grabbed her wrist and knocked the knife out of her hands. The sound of metal scraped across wood as her pocket knife slid somewhere on the living room floor. Imani slammed her palm into the intruder’s nose. He went back a step. His hands flew to his nose.

Imani rushed behind him and swung open the door. She snatched the car keys from her pocket. The beep of the car alarm unarming mixed with her blood rushing in her ears.

"Imani, wait!" she heard as she swung the car door open. Imani froze and turned at the familiar voice.

On the porch she saw her boyfriend, Gabriel, standing there and waving her to come back.

"You asshole!" she yelled at his smiling face.

"Haha, Happy Halloween," he laughed and walked down to her.

"What is this?"

"I had Destiny get you out here," he said. He grabbed her wrist and gently pulled her towards him.

At first, Imani resisted him. Then the shock had passed and she allowed him to wrap his arms around her. "You scared the shit out of me," she buried her face into his solid chest.

"I wanted to get you alone and have a little fun," he grinned.

He leaned down and softly kissed her lips. It was quick but the electricity from his mouth lingered on Imani's lips and curled her toes.

"So the satin worship artwork..?" she asked after a moment.

"A joke!" he assured her and he lead her back into the cabin.

"But the sheet had red on it," she said.

"Paint."

They walked inside. Imani tried the light switch again. She gave him a questioning look.

“Oh, I have to go downstairs and turn the fuse box back on,” he said. Then he smiled down at her angry look. Gabriel kissed her hands and said, “Just a little drama. For effect.”

“Well, it had an effect alright. I nearly stabbed you.” Imani worriedly looked into his green eyes. His short dark hair was shaved at the sides and left longer on top.

“You tired, sure. But I got it away from you in time,” his smile on his lips didn't reach his eyes. And, oddly, the golden flicks in his eyes seem to glow. Imani figured it was her mind playing tricks on her. The scare that night made her super sensitive to things.

A dark ooze slipped down one of his nostrils from his long pointy nose.

“Oh, I did get a good hit in though,” she said. She reached up to his face. “You're bleeding.”

Gabriel quickly moved away from her. He wiped away the blood on his hands. “It's nothing to worry about,” he said gruffly. “I'll get the lights.”

Imani rushed after him. She didn't want to be left alone in the wilderness. She moved closely with him when they reached the bottom of the steps. Imani was so close she almost knocked him over.

“Whoa,” Gabriel said. He turned around and rubbed his hands up and down her arms. “A bit nervous there? I must have really scared you.”

“Nah,” she lied.

“Poor baby,” he said unconvinced. More gold flicks shined in his green eyes. “Let me make you feel better.”

He came in close and captured her thick lips. Soft and gentle at first. Then he pressed into her with fire and passion as his tongue slipped between her lips. Imani twirled her tongue

with his, getting lost in the tingling sensation from her head to her toenails.

Her arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him into her as her breasts spread wide on to his strong chest. His hands grabbed hold of her hips. Imani warmed in surprised pleasure when Gabriel forcefully yanked down her jeans. He sank to his knees to free her from her heels. Imani placed her hands on his shoulders while he guided her legs to shift from side to side. His eyes stayed on hers as he seductively slipped each pair off her feet. Then he removed her jeans one leg at a time. Her pink panties were soon to follow.

We're finally doing this, she thought excitedly and pulled off her grey sweater while Gabriel undressed himself. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as though she was a virgin. True, it had been a while since she had been physical with anyone. And she wasn't very experienced. After tonight, Gabriel would make number 4.

As she worked her sweater over her head, Imani began to worry about the idea of having sex with Gabriel. *Would I be all he expected? What if he's small? Should I pretend I'm enjoying it? God, don't be tiny.*

When she had pulled the sweater free from her head, Imani was not disappointed. Gabriel stood naked in front of her. Her eyes swept down his flat stomach to a fully erect penis. And it was far from tiny.

He moved to her. His mouth on her neck. Her hands around his narrow shoulders. His hands cupped Her ass. Gabriel sucked and licked towards her chest. Imani nibbled and sucked his earlobe. Moisture gathered between her legs. He made her skin hot with desire.

One of Gabriel's hands slid to the back of her bra and with one snap her breasts were free from their confinement. Another wave of shocked pleasure rolled through Imani. She grabbed his face and kissed him deeply. Her toes curled. Imani

lifted up one of her legs to his hips and rubbed herself against his hardness.

Imani was surprised how strong he was. He easily held her weight. She barely had to balance herself on one foot. *Damn, Superman*, she proudly thought.

Gabriel pulled away from her lips. He stared her down as he slowly placed two fingers in his mouth before pulling them out. Next, he moved his hand on her raised thigh. His wet, long fingers stroked in and out of her pussy. Imani popped her hips into him.

Her head dropped back in ecstasy. Gabriel kissed her neck. A few moans escaped her, the wetter she got. Then his fingers retreated from her vagina. Imani felt him rub his head over her pussy lips, getting ready to enter her.

In a daze, Imani lifted her head and pushed his chest back. She placed her leg down so she was standing on her own two feet. "Wait. We need a condom."

"It's ok..."

"Naw, it's not," she sternly told him. "We need a condom."

Disappointedly, he searched for one in his jeans pocket that had been thrown on the floor. Then he shook his head and said, "Sorry." He placed his hands on her hips and brought her close. He nuzzled her neck and said, "Don't worry. I'll just pull out."

"Nay, you won't because you won't be pulling into anything," Imani said. Gabriel looked devastated. So, she added, "But don't worry we can do other things."

"Today was supposed to be special, baby," he said.

"It still can be," she kissed him. Then she moved her hand down to cuff his balls while her other hand stroked up and down his cock. Once at the tip, her thumb curled around its top.

Gabriel let out a groan and captured her mouth. Their tongues danced together as she stroked his dick.

“I think there are a few in that desk under the stairs,” he said when he broke away from their kiss.

Imani looked over at the old black metal desk. She looked back at him in skepticism. Then she walked over and opened the top cabinet. Inside were a couple condoms over some old pens and yellow notepads. Gabriel busily placed a blanket and pillows over the only open space which happened to be above the red starred circle.

“How old are these?” Imani looked at the date and was surprised to see that they had a long expiration date. “You think you're slick?”

“What?”

“You put these here. You were trying to trick me into letting you hit it raw.”

“Never. I just remembered that my uncle puts them there for... safe keeping.”

“Hum,” Imani said.

“Don't be mad, baby. Could you blame me?” he threw her a cute smile where he laid on the floor. Then he stretched out his hands and said, “Come here.”

Imani considered what to do next. He had lied about not having condoms. *What else could he be lying about? On the other hand, it's not like other men haven't tried to do that before. Plus, he got me all hot for some dick. We have condoms now. We might as well use them.*

“That was naughty,” she sashayed over to him with a silky smile. “You'll have too pay for that.”

Once she was close, Gabriel sat up and dragged her on top of him. He kissed her again as he rolled her on to her back. His hand spread open her legs and his fingers wriggle over her

clit. Imani's vagina tightened in excitement. Soon Gabriel's fingers slipped inside her. Imani's hips moved up, matching the stroking of his hand. She felt she was going to cum then.

Imani wanted to feel him inside her first. "Put on the condom."

She sat up and watched him open the wrapper. As he slid the clear bag over his hard cock, Imani noticed a dark green smudge on his hand.

"What's that on your hand?" she asked.

"Paint," he said. Then before she could say anything more, he lifted her on to his lap. He quickly slipped the head of his dick inside her. Then his hips moved up. Imani felt his girth push through her pussy, strong and wide. It wasn't long like her ex but after a few strokes he was hitting her spot. Imani bounced on his dick. His strong arms easily lifted her hips up and down as her took in his cock.

The sensation of his dick hitting her area made her moan loudly. Her pussy tightened on his dick as the fire in her belly grew.

"Turn your ass around," came a low growl from deep inside Gabriel's chest. Imani thought it was the fucking that was getting her confused. She wasn't sure but Gabriel's eyes seemed to have a golden glow to them.

Imani rode him reverse cowgirl. He sat up as he pumped into her. One of his hands roughly cupped a breast. Her other chocolate boob bounced at the speed of his intense thrusts. His lips sucked her neck, driving Imani crazy the closer she got to orgasm.

"Ahhhhhh!" Imani screamed out. Her body had exploded from the heated friction of their fucking. Her vagina spasmed hard on his dick.

After a couple of plunges deep inside her quivering pussy, Gabriel bit hard into the base of her neck.

Imani let out a scream of pain. Then she stilled as she felt a stream of cum shot deep inside her.

“Fuck the condom broke!” Imani yelled and tried to quickly get up.

Gabriel slammed her down on to the floor. Imani head rung from the impacted of her head hitting the basement cement floor.

“Ouch,” she slapped his face and raised a hand to the back of her head. “Watch it. That hurt.”

“I’m sorry,” he smiled down at her. Again Imani noticed that his smile didn’t reach his now blazing golden eyes. He grabbed hold of her wrists and placed them over her head. “You have to lie still for at least 10 minutes to make sure it worked.”

“What worked?” A dark green drop fell from his nose on to her cheek. She must have knocked his nose again when she had slapped him. “Why is green paint falling out of you?”

Gabriel looked down at her cheek. He tenderly wiped it away with one hand. His other hand had an unnaturally strong grip that Imani couldn’t wiggle out of. “You know of all the humans here. You are my favorite. You’re strong, intelligent and nice. A real survivor.”

“What do you mean by ‘human’?” she tried to keep the fear out of her voice.

Gabriel was acting odd. His intense stare was freaking her out. *And that wasn’t paint. That was blood. Why does he have green blood?* She thought. Her heart raced in fear. *Is he gonna kill me? Or is whatever he shot in me gonna rip out my belly like the film, Aliens? Shit. I don’t want to die!*

Gabriel moved close to her face. His tongue stretched out like a snake. Long, thin and purple. Imani turned her head in disgust as it licked her cheek. Then Gabriel forced her head straight and kissed her gently on the mouth. Imani kept her lips shut tight. Her heart pounded in her ears.

When he lifted his face from hers, he said, "I do care a great deal for you, baby. That's why I asked the others to bring you with me. See tonight was a special night. Halloween is the only time we can be ourselves."

He slowly stared down at her exposed chest. Imani's chocolate nipples were hard from the chill that ran down her back as he spoke. His lustful, glowing eyes worked their way up to her face. Gabriel looked as if he was ready to enter her again. "Oh, and you make me feel like I can be myself."

He positioned himself on her again. "I think it wouldn't hurt to try mating with you one more time." As he moved inside her again, his pale skin transformed into green scales. "I know you'll be a great mother to our children."

Imani tried to cry out and struggle away from him. But his claws stuck her waist in place over her head as his body moved on top of her. His wet, long purple tongue lingered and slid over her ear and neck.

Her eyes widened. Screams ripped from her chest as Imani saw a bright light surrounding them as their jointed bodies lifted in the air.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

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