

A glass of water with an ice cube being poured into, set against a blue and purple bokeh background.

M.M. LOGAR

ALIEN COCKTAIL

SciFi Short Story

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Alien cocktail

She pushed me out of the room. It was a gentle push, but nevertheless it was a statement. I overstayed my welcome. I stood there for a couple of minutes trying to comprehend what just happened. I was fully dressed, although I didn't dress myself. She used me, she used my body, and she cast me out.

I wanted this. I entered the room with the alien, and I just...let myself go. At moments it was disgusting, but pleasurable. I did things people wouldn't believe. My orgasm was cataclysmic, epic, it lasted, it went through every nerve...I was drained of life energy but felt elevated. I wondered what time it was. It took a couple of tries for my hand to pull up and display the wrist chronometer. Ah, I was gone for five hours.

I started to move slowly, my mind was still foggy, my brain overwhelmed, my body tired. I wanted to go back to that room, and continue whatever the hell that was.

I made a stop at the hotel bar. It was near the exit and my legs were feeling heavy.

I sat in the bar highchair. The bartender was smiling.

"Let me give you something to soothe the feeling of numbness." He said.

I nodded, unable to refuse anything at the moment, especially a drink recommendation.

He took a wide and short glass, filled it with a large ball of ice. Then he mixed different liquors in the shaker, added a single drop of something red and poured it all over the ice ball.

"Here you go sir. Alien cocktail number seven. I recommend you drink it before the ice melts."

I nodded.

"The ingredients will energize you, and that little drop of Antuvian tree sap will restart your nerve system. You will be able to walk normally again."

I struggled a bit, but I managed to grasp the glass with both hands and drink the cocktail in one big gulp.

Bartender returned to wiping glasses with a silky cloth, still watching me and grinning.

I started to feel a little better.

"How did you know..." I started.

"What drink to serve you sir?" He ended my question. "Well, sir, I saw you when you entered the hotel with the Hansaker alien. This cocktail is what i call standard procedure."

He changed my glass with a new one, tall one this time. He filled it with ice shavings. He poured something hot over it, tea of some kind, and finished with a dose of rum.

"This will restore your sense of time sir."

"Time? There is nothing wrong with my sense of time." I looked at my chronograph again. "I was there for five hours."

"Not exactly sir. Seventy seven hours would be more accurate, if you don't mind me checking the bookings."

"Oh." I whispered and siped, "mhm, this is quite good."

"Alundrian tea, mixed with honey while hot, poured over ice to make it drinkable instantly. A shot of rum makes it special. I named it Grandma's cocktail."

"So, I was gone for quite some time. Wow."

"Yes sir."

He was mixing again. He crushed some leaves, added some crystals and filled a glass with it. Then he added ice, shaker liquids and a wedge slice of some fruit."

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“This is the most important cocktail in today's menu, for you sir.”

“Really? Why is that?”

“This little fruit, which you will eat first, will clear your current level of addiction to Hansaker Aliens. It is highly toxic to humans, so after you eat it you will have to quickly finish the rest of the cocktail. The liquid will protect you from dying.”

I stared at him confused.

“What addiction are you talking about?”

“To Hansaker aliens sir. To the mating ritual you were just in, to be precise. You were cocooned by the alien for 77 hours. During that time your nerve system was hijacked, shocked, pleased, and essentially sent in overdrive. As we speak you are thinking how to get back in there.”

I bit the fruit wedge. I finished the cocktail. He knew what he was talking about.

“How the hell do you know so much about that?”

He grinned again.

“Oh well, that is part of my business. Also, I did once what you did. I had a gentleman's experience with a certain Hansaker.”

“And you cured the addiction, never went back?”

“There is no going back. Hansaker Alien is only interested in your virgo intacta brain. It gets its pleasure from the shock your brain and nerves produce while it controls you. The second time your brain would know what to expect and the high would be much lower. Hansakers tag you somehow, and no Hansaker wants to come near you. They consider you sucked.”

“Sounds like they are addicted to humans.” I laughed.

His grin was gone.

“That is exactly it sir. They most certainly are addicted to humans.”

“But, but...this is just too much to comprehend.”

“No sir, it is all perfectly simple. After my encounter it took me years to overcome my addiction and the daily cravings, to create this cocktail list and to open this establishment where gentlemen and Hansaker aliens can fully enjoy the experience.”

At that point I realized I felt invigorated. The mind fog was gone, tiredness was elevated, and my legs didn't hurt.

Shaker was in his hands again.

“The last cocktail is on the house, sir. This is your bill.”

Cocktail was dark and bubbly. I checked the bill and whistled.

“This is some price,” I said taking a big breath, “but I guess it's worth the experience.”

I focused on the cocktail in front of me.

“What is this one going to do, is it going to make me fly?”

“Oh no, sir. That is just plain old Long Island iced tea.”

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