

# Rocky Mountain High

By Velvet Belle Tree

I tried to get comfortable, but it was to no avail. The seats in economy class on Continental airlines were definitely not made for a woman of my height – 6 feet 1 ½ inches. I noticed women a full foot shorter than me squirming in their seats. Luckily I had been able to get an aisle seat or I don't know where I would have put my legs.

In fact, I was lucky to have found a reasonably priced ticket from Newark Liberty Airport to Denver. And I *had* to go on vacation this week. The library was sponsoring a blood drive and there was no possible excuse for a woman as young and fit looking as me not to participate. If I hadn't had vacation time coming up, I would have had to find another excuse to be out of town. And I'd already used the "dying grandmother" excuse for that little Snoqualmie trip. Of course, today with melded families I might be able to get away with more than two sets of grandparents.

I had read about Rocky Mountain National Park and thought it would be a good place to go on vacation; not too exotic to attract the attention of my fellow workers. Beautiful mountains, fresh air, wildlife ... a definite improvement over New Jersey.

The plane finally arrived in Denver and eventually I spotted my suitcase on the carousel. I took the car rental agency's van and went through the process of

renting a mid-size car. I would have liked to save some money but the compacts were definitely too small for me. The agent gave me a map and directions and off I went.

I pulled out of the parking lot and opened my windows. I quickly closed them again. Fresh air? Guess I'd have to get away from Denver before sampling it.

The drive took about an hour and a half and the scenery kept on getting better. It took me a little while after I got to Estes Park to find my motel. It was on the outskirts of the town, not very close to anything interesting. But it suited my purpose. The rate was comparatively reasonable but most importantly, it was a group of rustic looking cabins set in the woods with space between them and a inviting looking stream running behind the property. My research on the Park showed that although it was a family resort, many young single people came for the hiking, so there was an excellent chance that I would meet at least one appropriate man. And there were always the college guys working at the motels and restaurants for the summer.

I checked in, dropped my suitcase in the room and headed for the Park entrance. I bought a one-week pass and then went to the visitors' center. I picked up pamphlets with park information and maps of the mountain trails. I paid attention to the temperature which varied greatly between day and night. Of course the temperature had no effect on me, but I knew that I had to dress as the other tourists did so as not to call undue attention to myself.

I took the pamphlets outside and sat under a tree studying them. They all cautioned against being up on the mountain trails in the afternoon because of the

strong chance of a lightning storm. But that was exactly what I *wanted* to experience. I knew I would have to go about it surreptitiously, for if anyone saw a car near a trailhead in the afternoon, a search party would be organized.

I drove around a while and did some walking to get my bearings. Then I went back to the room, studied the maps some more and made my plans.

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I put my gold jewelry in a safe place and waited until it was quite dark before leaving my room. I entered the park by leaping over the fence where no one would see me. Then I made my way up the mountain I had selected and found a place to hide when morning dawned.

I sat on my mountain perch and gazed at the stars. Never have I seen such a clear, star-filled sky from Earth. In the suburb where I lived in New Jersey, I was lucky if I could see a handful of stars. It saddened me that even if Velor's sun was visible to the naked eye, it could not be seen from this location. I'd been away from home a long time, and I felt a wave of homesickness wash over me. I missed my friends, and yes, I missed our way of life. I was getting tired of the Earthlings view of sex. Even though the view of sex in the Western world had loosened greatly in the last forty years and sexual references were everywhere in the popular media, their attitude was still far from the open enjoyment we had on Velor and some people wanted to go back to the repressed attitudes of fifty years ago. And the things I read about that happened in some parts of the non-Western world horrified me: young girls being kidnapped and forced into

marriage; victims of rape being blamed and even killed by their own families and women in general being treated like property.

I shook off the mood and tried to think of pleasant things. I remembered the wonderful farewell party my friends had given me. All the guys, and some of the girls, wanted to give me an orgasm to remember them by – I came just thinking about it.

The sky gradually grew brighter and I retreated into a small cave before the early morning hikers could see me and waited until the promised afternoon storm.

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I had taken off my clothes when I entered the cave, since I'm always more comfortable naked. There wasn't much room so I sat with my knees drawn up. I sensed the storm clouds rolling in before I could actually see them. When I heard the distant thunder, I knew there would be no one around, so I stepped outside onto the ledge. The sky had turned dark. I could smell the ozone and I started to get excited with anticipation.

Then the thunder got louder. I could see distant lightning and feel the electricity in the air. I stood with my legs apart, arms raised and head thrown back, waiting for the storm to get close, hoping for a nearby strike. My nipples grew hard. Then I really felt it. An electric tingling started at my ankles, working its way up the inside of my legs and meeting at my clit. I screamed in delight.

And now the storm was at me. Lightning struck all around me making my hair stand on end. Each jolt of lightning was more thrilling than the last and I came and came, my howls of ecstasy competing with those of the wind.

And then it was over, with nothing to show for it but the rain drenched countryside and an old tree that had been struck by a lightning bolt and had been torn asunder. Soon the sun came back out and dried me off. I went back into the cave to wait for dark when I could walk back down the mountain and return, unseen, to my cabin. I pitied the poor frails who could never even imagine what I had just experienced.

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I spent the day driving around the park, walking on some trails, viewing the wildlife and just enjoying the mountains. We had no mountains like these on Velor, the high gravity making them impossible. I never tired of admiring their rugged snow capped peaks.

Around dusk, I joined a Ranger-led caravan of cars to have an evening cookout on the Tundra. There was a small area at 12,000 feet where we were allowed to walk; they tried to keep the damage to the Tundra as low as possible. I had paid attention to the notice giving the temperature at high altitude and wore warm clothes as Earthlings would.

When we got out of our cars, we were warned to walk slowly because of the thinness of the air. Of course, it made no difference to me, but I imitated the tourists.

The Rangers showed us the incredible variety of wildflowers growing on the Tundra and told us of the wildlife living there. We even saw a Ptarmigan in its dull brown summer plumage. Then the Rangers built a campfire and cooked hamburgers. While we were enjoying our meal, some clouds drifted in. But to our astonishment, they were below us, not above us. Everyone seemed to be in awe of this.

I saw one young man standing alone and I went over to him. He seemed to be in his early twenties. He was around my height with short blonde hair. I used my tachyon vision and saw that he had a good physique, although it was hard for humans to tell with the bulky jacket that he wore. My loose jacket also hid my figure from those around me.

He turned to me and smiled. "Magnificent, isn't it? To be up here, on top of the world, looking down on the clouds. I almost didn't make the trip, but now I'm really glad that I did."

I agreed with him. He had spoken in perfect English, but with a precision that showed that English was not his native language. "I'm Marian Adams. Where are you from?"

"Hi, I'm Bjorn Lindquist. I'm a student in Sweden."

Just then, we heard the Rangers announce that it was time to leave. Even though it was June, there were still patches of snow up here. They took some and threw it on the campfire to put it out.

Then Bjorn said: "If you're alone, I'd love to have you join me in town for a drink."

I assured him that I was alone and we made arrangements to meet at the Mountain View Bar and Grille after freshening up.

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When I walked into the bar, heads turned in my direction. Gone was the bulky jacket. I wore a cardigan unbuttoned so that my tight sweater could be seen. And there wasn't much space between me and my jeans. I walked over to the table where Bjorn sat and his eyes lit up.

"What would you like to drink," he asked. "Personally, I always like to have the local beer."

"That'll be fine," I replied and he ordered two Coors.

We talked for a while about the park and then I said: "I think we're a bit unusual. Most people are either here with family or friends."

"Actually, I originally intended to come here with my girlfriend, but after we broke up, I decided to come by myself. Look, I'd really like to talk to you about it, but it's so noisy here, real conversation is difficult."

I took the hint. "I have a cabin outside of town. Why don't we get a couple more beers and go there." He readily agreed and I gave him directions.

He pulled up to the cabin right behind me. We went inside, took off our outer clothing and opened two more beers. He sat on the only chair and I sat on the bed.

"So what happened with you and your girlfriend?" I asked to get the conversation going.

“I met Inge near the end of September, a few weeks into the school year. I guess you’d say that she was a typical Swedish girl: tall, long straight blonde hair, outdoorsy and sexually uninhibited. I had had trouble finding a roommate and was living alone in a student apartment. She wasn’t getting along with her roommate. She spent more and more time in my apartment and by the end of November had moved in.

“We seemed to get along well. She made simple dinners on my tiny stove and tolerated my mess. We went into the country on weekends, hiked and camped out, sometimes with friends and sometimes just the two of us. Shortly after the beginning of the year we started making plans to spend the summer hiking in America.

“But then things seemed to change. I don’t think I’ve mentioned that I’m studying Physics. It’s hard and requires a hell of a lot of work. And I take it very seriously. I want to get an advanced degree and do research and teach at a good university. She’s interested in art ... was studying art history. But she didn’t really take it seriously.

“We went to student parties occasionally. Sometimes I enjoyed them when there were interesting people having interesting conversations. Oh, I drank ... you’ve seen that I like my beer. But some parties seemed to be just about drinking ... and sometimes drugs. And Inge seemed to like that. Sometimes when we got home she just passed out.

“Then she started telling me that I was dull. That all I wanted to do was study when she wanted to party. Hell, I didn’t just *want* to study, I *needed* to study. “



I broke in: "Did she complain that you weren't having enough sex?"

He grinned and said: "Oh, I always found time for that. Great way to clear the mind during a study break. Of course, she didn't always want to wait for me to take a break. Sometimes she'd get mad and storm out of the apartment. Don't know where she went ... didn't *want* to know.

"So to make a long story short, it kind of blew up when I was studying for some important exams. She wouldn't take it seriously. So I told her we were finished and asked her to find a friend to move in with. And I've been alone for a couple of months now."

*He must really be horny*, I thought to myself.

When Bjorn asked me to tell him about myself, I gave him my prepared answer. "I grew up in a small Midwestern town that nobody ever heard of. Then I went to the state university. Very big ... I really got lost there. Didn't really know what to study. When I was a kid, I would lose myself in books from the town library, so I decided to become a librarian."

"Didn't you have any fun in college," he asked.

"Well, there were a lot of parties and a lot of horny guys. Unfortunately, a lot of them were more interested in drinking themselves unconscious than in getting laid."

"And now," he asked. "Anyone special in your life?"

"No one," I responded. "Just casual relationships. Certainly no one I'd want to go on vacation with."

At that point, he excused himself to go to the bathroom. When he came out, I thought it would be appropriate to use the facilities myself. When I emerged, he was holding his jacket and said: "Let's go outside for a little fresh air."

I grabbed my sweater, put my room key in my pocket and walked out with him. We found a rock big enough for both of us and sat down. He put his arm around me and I did the same. There were plenty of trees around the cabins but we could still see the stars.

He looked up and said: "Do you ever think about the stars?"

"Oh yes, they're really beautiful here. I can hardly see any in New Jersey."

"Besides their beauty. I mean, they're really suns ... which might have planets ... which might have life ... which might even be intelligent."

Oh, Skietra! He couldn't come anywhere near guessing the truth. "Yeah, that is a mind blowing thought."

Now he looked at me and said: "You really are beautiful. You look like some of the most beautiful girls back home ... only better."

"Thanks. I do have Scandinavian ancestors, way back." That, at least, wasn't a lie.

He kissed me, and then said huskily, "let's go back inside."

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We went inside and took off our jackets. He came over to me, wrapped his arms around me and kissed me, his body pressed against mine so that I could feel his hardness. I answered his silent invitation by pressing myself closer to him.

“You want it as much as I do,” he whispered in my ear.

“Oh, yes ... yes I do,” I replied. I removed my sweater, leaving my heavy gold chain around my neck and he removed his shirt.

“Such beautiful breasts,” he murmured, as he began kissing them. Then he pressed against me again saying that he wanted to feel my nipples against his chest. I loved the feel of his chest hair against my breasts. With my first Earthmen, I was a bit put off by their hairiness. But I grew to like the contrast of their hairy bodies against my hairless skin, emphasizing their masculinity. And I especially like their thick thatch of pubic hair, so I undid his jeans and put my hand inside, entwining my fingers in his hair and feeling the hardness of his manhood.

He could stand it no longer and finished removing his jeans. I followed suit. He maneuvered me onto the bed and was quickly inside me. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and answered each of his lovely thrusts until we happily came together.

Then he lay down beside me and began stroking and caressing me all over. I did the same for him, noting his well defined musculature. Although he was an academic, he was certainly no couch potato. I was reminded of a book I found in the library from 1882. It was by a Frenchman, Albert Robida and he predicted not only television but the couch potato!



Then Bjorn began kissing my body, working his way down. I opened my legs and he began eating me. I moaned with delight as his tongue and lips worked their magic. My cries got louder and louder until I came with a scream that would have roused the neighbors if the cabins hadn't been so far apart. I returned the favor and he enjoyed it almost as much as I did.

Now he wanted to do something really strange ... he wanted to talk! He talked about many things: what he hoped to do after graduate school, the music

he loved and his love of hiking. Luckily, he preferred talking to listening. Of course, I couldn't tell him anything about my real life and the life I was outwardly leading in New Jersey was pretty dull. Nor could I tell him about Studley or Senator London and certainly not that sweet man Martin in the Northwest.

But even lying next to me, talking, my pheromones had their effect and it was not long before he wanted me again. And he was young and very virile. We had sex several more times, talking in between. At some point, we made plans to go hiking early in the morning.

Finally, knowing that Earthmen needed their sleep, especially before a strenuous hike, I feigned sleepiness and suggested we get some sleep.

We woke around dawn, and he was ready to go at it again. "Do you like it in the morning?" he whispered to me.

"Oh yes, it's a lovely way to begin the day." And he was once more inside me. But this time he was in a teasing mood. After a bit he stopped and withdrew partially.

"Do you want more?" he asked in a low throaty voice.

"You know I do."

"Ask me ... ask me for it."

"Please ... please give me more," I said pleadingly. And he did ... oh did he ever! I was just afraid our cries would wake all the other motel residents.

We lay together for a while, enjoying the afterglow. Then I got practical and said: "We better get going." We reluctantly got out of bed.

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He went back to his own room to change into his hiking clothes and pick up some gear, including high power binoculars. Meanwhile I showered and dressed appropriately. I drove into town and picked up some yogurt, orange juice and trail mix. I then drove into the park and met him at the parking lot for the trailhead we had decided on.

He came over to my car when he saw me and gave me a quick hug and kiss before we started up the trail. He took my hand and we walked together for a while. Then he stopped and said: "You know, it's really great to be with a woman who can match my stride."

We used his binoculars to search for elusive wildlife. Of course, I couldn't let him know that I didn't need the binoculars. At one stop, he focused the binoculars on a distant meadow. "Look! A bighorn sheep," he said excitedly. I took the binoculars." "Is it still there," he asked. "Yes, and it's a beauty!" I replied.



We continued walking up the trail. I heard voices ... scared voices. I used my tachyon vision to try to locate them, scanning the mountainside ahead of us. Finally, I spotted them. There was a family trapped inside a cave. A man and a woman and two young children. The woman was trying to calm the children, assuring them that there would soon be a rescue party. And then she turned on the man, berating him for wanting to explore the cave, for bringing them in there only to be trapped when a rockslide caused a boulder to block the small entrance.

I waited till we got closer to tell Bjorn that I heard voices, afraid that if we were too far away he wouldn't believe me.

"I don't hear anything," he said.

"I have very good hearing. Listen more closely."

When we got close enough, he did hear them.

“Look,” I said. “The boulder is blocking the cave.”

“Let’s go down and tell the Rangers.”

“No, no,” I replied. “They’re panicking. It’ll take the Rangers too long and then they’ll have to get machinery up here to move the boulder.”

“Well, what else can we do?”

I threw all caution to the wind and turned to Bjorn: “I can move that boulder and free them.”

“Are you kidding?” he responded. “That’s not humanly possible.”

“I know it’s not *humanly* possible, but *I* can do it.”

“What are you trying to tell me?” he retorted. “You’re some kind of alien super woman?”

“That’s *exactly* what I am.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, there’s no such thing.”

“Think about last night Bjorn.”

“Last night ... and this morning, was wonderful. I’ve never had such fantastic sex before.”

“Yes, it was wonderful. But think ... did I seem like an ordinary woman.”

“You definitely aren’t ordinary. I’ve never known a woman to have such stamina ... such sexual drive. But that doesn’t make you an alien.”

“Think some more. Did you notice anything unusual when you were eating me?”

“Well, you tasted delicious ... almost like honey. And your smell ... like flowers growing in the wild.”



“And what else?”

“Well, you had a great body wax.”

I snorted. “That wasn’t a wax job ... that’s natural. I don’t have a single hair on my body.”

“Okay. But it’s possible for someone to have a mutation that renders them hairless. You were great ... you were marvelous.”

“Surely you noticed something else. Even more obvious.”

“At first I assumed they were silicone, the way they pointed proudly towards the ceiling when you were lying down. But the way they felt...”

“And no surgical scars under them.”

“Could be another mutation. I’m still not convinced that you’re not human.”

This guy was really hard to convince. “Give me your knife.”

“You expect me to give you a weapon to use against me?”

“Don’t be silly. I’m not going to do anything to *you*.”

I took the knife, and to his astonishment plunged it towards my bare arm. The knife blade broke. “Sorry about that.” I think that did the trick.

He stood gaping at me for a moment and then said: “OK, OK, I believe you. This’ll make some story when I get home.”

“No, Bjorn. You’re not going to tell anyone. You’re too smart. You know nobody would believe you. But just in case they do, I’d disappear tomorrow. You wouldn’t want me to do that, would you?”

“Sorry Marian, you’re right. I wasn’t thinking. My time with you will be my secret. What do we do now?”

“Good Bjorn. I knew I could trust you. I need your help. Move over to the other side of the road where you’ll be safe. I need you to use those binoculars and make sure there’s no one around to see what I’m going to do. Let me know right away if there’s anyone across from here who could see us, or anyone downhill from here who could get hurt when the boulder moves.”

I flew up and around the boulder. I didn’t want them to see me, and I wanted them to think that the boulder moved of its own accord, a continuation of the rockslide that put it there in the first place. I gave it a shove and down the hill it went. I flew down the hill before they could realize what happened and see me.

Bjorn hadn't seen me fly before, but he seemed to take it in stride. And he understood that we'd be hoofing it back -- he'd be the only witness to a flying blonde! I thanked him for his help and we started down the trail, knowing that the family could get out by themselves.

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As we walked back down the trail, I could sense his excitement. I thought it best to walk behind him, to limit his visual stimulation, fearing it would be painful for him to walk. We got to the parking lot, went to our respective cars, and he followed me to my cabin.

As soon as we got inside, he removed his clothes. When he opened his jeans, his cock sprung out, pulsing with desire. I took my own clothes off to spare him the trouble.

I expected him to grab me, but instead he held me at arm’s length, gazing at me; his eyes going from my face down my body. Then he spoke: “When I first

saw you naked last night, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Now that I've seen your powers, and the wonderful things you can do with that gorgeous body, you're much more than that to me. You're like a goddess ... like one of the ancient Norse goddesses. But a goddess who allows ... no, who *wants* a mere mortal like myself to make love to her. And I want to worship you. I want to worship you with my body, as you *should* be worshipped."

And that is what he proceeded to do. He worshipped me with his lips and his hands and his tongue and his cock ... especially his cock. He took me from the front, his hands caressing my ass. He took me from the back, his hands kneading my breasts and squeezing my nipples. I felt his lips on every part, every crevasse of my body. His hands stroked me, his tongue licked me. He didn't want me to do anything to him and I knew the best reward I could give him was to show him my joy. And I did that, not caring if anyone passing the cabin heard my cries of ecstasy.

He was indefatigable, taking me over and over again in every way he could think of. Never has a man, Human or Velorian, made love to me like that. To be wanted for what I *really* was, even though he only had a glimmer of the truth, gave me a feeling of joy and yes, even peace, that I had never known.

Then he said to me: "Please, tell me your real name."

"It's Arish'ka", I replied.

"Arish'ka", he repeated softly. "It's almost as beautiful as you." And with that he fell into a deep sleep.

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And so the rest of the week went. We hiked and enjoyed the Park in the daytime, ate dinner in town, and then came back to my cabin for fantastic sex.



One day, the routine changed. He had bought two tickets for an outdoor concert of the Denver Symphony Orchestra when he had still planned to come here with Inge and he wanted me to go there with him.

We went to the store in town to make our purchases for the evening picnic. We got some cold roast chicken and some salad and melon from the salad bar. Bjorn found a Scandinavian cheese and we selected a chilled California Chardonnay. We also purchased a Styrofoam ice chest with ice and the requisite forks, glasses and napkins and packed the car. Bjorn had already put the blanket he kept with his hiking gear into the car.

On the way to the concert I asked Bjorn to tell me about the music we would hear. "The first piece is "Finlandia" by Sibelius, one of my favorites. He wrote it when his people were under the yoke of Imperialist Russia and longed for their freedom."

"I'm not familiar with Finland," I said. "Will the music mean anything to me?"

"Don't worry," he replied. "Finlandia is the patriotic anthem of all mankind."

"Now Beethoven's Ninth ...," he continued, "that's thought by many to be the greatest piece of music ever written, especially the last movement, the 'Ode to Joy.' When we get there, read the English translation of the Ode. It speaks of the brotherhood of man. But it's not just the words ... the music will make you feel that. And it too is universal. When Chinese students led demonstrations for democratic reform in Tiananmen Square in 1989, they broadcast the 'Ode to Joy' to symbolize the victory they mistakenly thought they had won."

When we got to the concert grounds, we found a spot amid the other picnicking concertgoers and spread our blanket. We enjoyed our food and savored the wine while I read the program. We didn't talk too much, fearing our conversation might give me away as someone unfamiliar with culture.

A few minutes before dusk, when the concert was scheduled to start, we followed the lead of those around us and cleaned up. A hush came over the audience as the musicians settled in. Then the concert began. It was all he said it would be and more. The beauty of the mountains and the glory of the stars above added to the glory of the music. I could see the joy on the faces of the chorus, who Bjorn had explained were not professional musicians, just good singers who did it for their personal satisfaction. I had never understood descriptions of religious experiences, but I felt that this was as close as I would ever come to one.

We didn't say much as we were going to the car, but he could tell from the look on my face how much I enjoyed the concert. When we were settled in the car, I said to him: "Thank you Bjorn for that experience."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. "

"The music indeed spoke to me. I felt it coursing through me as if it were my life's blood, the very essence of my being. It *is* so universal ... and not just to the people of Earth, for I am not of this Earth, and yet it became a part of me.... I wish I could tell you about what is going on in the galaxy. But I can't ... it would be too dangerous for you to know anything. I know you wouldn't consciously discuss anything, but you could slip. We have enemies ... ruthless enemies.

And these enemies have myriads of people on numerous planets under their control, so I understand the longing of a people to be free that Sibelius expressed. And my people ... well I like to think of us as the good guys. We'd like all people, even non-humans, to live in a universe where Beethoven's dream of brotherhood has come true."

"You do understand. And Arish'ka," he continued, "I knew that you had to be from a benevolent people. You're so good. When you saw those people in distress, all you could think about was saving them. And I'm glad I could show you some of the best us humans are capable of."

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Our last night together was bittersweet. We had dinner in one of the better restaurants in town and he insisted on ordering a wine that was much too expensive for a student.

Since I had to leave at 3 AM to catch my plane, we decided not to go to sleep. I packed and paid my bill when we returned to my room. We made love almost up to the last minute, but I insisted that I had to shower before dressing to remove the very obvious smell of sex.

And his lovemaking had a feeling of desperation. As usual, between lovemaking we talked. He told me that he loved me and wanted to correspond, hoped to see me again. And I believe that I was half in love with him. He was the first man who had wanted to share more than just his body with me. And he shared so much: his hopes for his career, the life he wanted to lead, the music he loved, philosophy that intrigued him. And what could I share with him? I couldn't

tell him about my real life, why I was here on Earth, what my people were trying to do here and on other planets. All I could do was utter vague phrases about wanting to do something to help humanity.

And I certainly couldn't tell him that if I stayed on Earth, I would live hundreds of years after he died, hopefully a withered old man. And when he died I would look hardly older than I do now.

So I simply said: "My week here with you has been wonderful Bjorn. But you know it wouldn't work. You know I can't share the real me with you, as you've shared the real you. Better to end it cleanly and keep this week as a wonderful memory."

I could see the pain in his face, but he was intelligent enough to know that I was right and he reluctantly told me so.

We left the room together, he to go to his room and sleep and I to go to the airport and back to my life in New Jersey. The memory of that week has kept me going for a very long time.