Alien Abduction.   
  
It was nearly two in the middle of the night when I was driving home over Salisbury Plain. A streak of light flashed across the sky in front of me. A shooting star I thought, very pretty as the light appeared to fall behind the hill. I started the gentle climb and pressed harder on the accelerator to make up for any loss of speed. The engine started to labour and I changed down a gear, it was no good the car was going to stop. I just made it to a lay-by at the top of the hill and ground to a halt. What a time to breakdown ! I turned off my lights which were growing dim, pulled my mobile phone from my bag and punched in the emergency number. The display showed no service. Thinking I must be in a dead spot, despite being on top of a hill, I got out of the car and went and leant on the fence at the side of the road. I glanced down into the hollow where the crop circles were said to form and people gathered in my lay-by to view them. I redialled. Still no service. Looking down into the wheat field again I saw a faint circular glow. Must be where the meteorite landed, but no fire, thank goodness.   
In the faint glow I saw three figures making their way up the hill. Must be the crop circle makers, I though as I watched them climb towards me. ‘Hi,’ I called as I waved to them, ‘I’ve broken down. Can you help me, please?’   
The figures came nearer and I saw that they were completely naked, one male and two females, if my knowledge of anatomy served me right. Somehow they were not quite right, thinner, less developed than I might have expected. Hippies or whatever they call themselves nowadays. But they could still help me, I could look the other way.   
I knew that I had not heard the words but they suddenly formed in my head. ‘It’s a female.’   
‘How can you tell ? The body is covered with vegetable matter.’ I looked down at my very nice cotton suit with its knee length skirt.   
‘Females frequently wear a single tube to cover the lower half of their bodies, the males, which you have seen, wear a double tube, one for each leg. They cover their feet in the skin of dead animals. We are lucky, we need a female specimen and this is definitely a female.’   
That’s a nice way to talk about - or at least think about - my suit and shoes, they had cost me a lot of money.   
By this time the figures had moved nearer and I could see them clearly in the moonlight. I was getting worried by their voices in my head. It seemed a good time, if not sooner, to be somewhere else. The car was no good, its lights were now completely dead, I would have to run for it. I tried to move but found that I could not do so, I seemed to have lost the ability to carry out my decisions for myself. By this time the aliens, for that was what I now believed them to be, were close to my car.   
‘Do not be afraid, we are not going to harm you. Come with us to our craft. We only want to examine and log details of a female for our research.’ The deeper thoughts of the male came through to me.   
But not me, I thought as they came and stood beside me. The two females took hold of my arms and I could feel the chill of their hands through my sleeves.   
‘She feels hot, like the males,’ one of them said as her grip tightened, ‘Come with us to our craft.’   
‘That is why they wrap themselves in vegetable matter. It is to prevent heat loss. If they get cold they die.’   
Much as I would liked to have refused my body seemed to respond to their wishes rather than my own and I was led back down the path towards the glow I had seen with the male leading the way and my arms firmly held by the two females. I did not want to go but my movements were completely under their control.   
Their ship sat on three flat pads with a squat body in the middle. I must admit that after seeing so many sci-fi films I somehow expected a fluid slope to come out of it so that we could enter and was somewhat disappointed when I had to walk up steps. The door hissed shut behind us and I found myself in a brightly lit area with various pieces of equipment around the walls. We were greeted by another, rather older, male as naked as his companions.   
‘Ah, good, a female,’ he said - or rather thought as he saw me, ‘We needed one of those to complete our studies of this planet. Bring her through to the medical bay.’   
We passed through a door which opened as we approached and slid shut behind us. The area had a table in the middle with lots of equipment the likes of which I had never seen neatly arrayed at the sides.   
‘I think we will scan her as she is for our records. Place her on the scanner, please.’   
I was stood on a metal disc let into the floor with an optical head on an arm which, when activated by the older person, rotated around my body from top to toe. When it stopped a holographic 3D image of myself appeared near the control consul.   
‘Excellent. Now I think we must remove her covering both for examination and recording and so that we may examine her body. Will you do that, please?’   
The two female started to undo the buttons on the neck of my dress and slipped it over my head. I could do nothing but allow them to do so. I lifted my feet so that my shoes could be removed and my tights eased over my waist, down and off. My petticoat was lifted over my head and removed. ‘She has many layers on her,’ complained one of the females.   
‘They need them for warmth, we will need to provide a warm atmosphere around her or her body temperature will fall and she will become unconscious and possibly die.’   
My bra was unclipped and slid down over my arms leaving my breasts bare, my nipples perked up in the chill air inside the craft. My panties were slid down and off. I was completely naked. I shivered.   
This cause the older member of the team to exclaim, ‘You see when she is cold she shakes. Turn the heat on.’   
‘It will make it too hot,’ moaned one of the females.   
‘The specimen must come to no harm. Turn on the heat.’   
I felt the warmth gather around me as I stood there being scrutinised. ‘Now we will scan her body before making a full examination. Again the scanner circled be and a nude hologram appeared at the control desk. ‘Excellent we will save that image for our paper on earth life forms. Now let us scan her internally. Put her on the table.’   
I was lifted onto the table and my arms and legs strapped down . Another restraint was put across my chest. The aliens went to watch at the control desk as the scanner circled me. ‘She has well developed milk producing glands on her chest,’ said one of the females entranced as the scanner reached my chest.   
‘As yours were many generations ago, she calls them breasts,’ said the younger male. The scanner continued down.   
‘Her gamete producing organs are internal as are ours,’ exclaimed the other female, ‘The male’s were outside their bodies as are yours. They are very like us. Here is the organ in which the young are grown, it must take up a lot of room, thanks goodness we produce the new generation in the cloning room.’ The scan stopped.   
‘I think we can now physically examine her more closely. Release her and we will check all her functions. I suspect they are similar to the male’s.’   
I was wired up to their machines and traces appeared on the screen. My brain. My pulse and what I took to be blood pressure traces appeared on their screens. Other traces from wire leading from patches on my body produced more and puzzling traces.   
‘I think we have enough data now but I would like to examine more closely her reproductive system. Will you set her up so that her external organs can be examined, please?’   
Supports which were only too like those used by my gynaecologist were fixed to the end of the couch and my legs were lifted into them and strapped in place. Again my assets were recorded for posterity - at least their posterity - in immaculate detail. The details of the entry to my vagina, the position of my urethra and the function of my clitoris were discussed. ‘It is merely a vestigial penis,’ opined the elder male ‘It has no real function.’   
‘She believes it is to give her pleasure during coupling with the male,’ commented one of the females. Only too true I thought which caused a smile to appear on her face. ‘We miss much by our external production of young,’ she added.   
A catheter was inserted into my bladder and a sample drawn off, ‘For later analysis’ explained the alien in charge.   
‘I think we can now proceed to an internal examination, we must open up the passage to her internal organs as I fear it is blocked and we will have to use a fibre optic to do the internal checks.’   
One of the females held the cheeks of my bum apart as the other inserted a tube and then fill me with water, warm I was somehow pleased to note, they had been warned that a cold fluid would not be acceptable to me. It flowed out and I was drained.   
A endoscope was inserted first into my rectum which showed a perfectly healthy interior. Another into my vagina at the same time and, as I could see from the screen, slowly made its way up, through my cervix which I saw in greater detail than ever before, and into my womb finally making a trip up the fallopian tube to my ovary. What detail of my interior from both passages!   
‘Most interesting,’ muttered the older member of the group. He turned to the females, ‘Your reproductive organs are now vestigial as I saw in your last scan.’ The fibre optic was withdrawn and another used to check my lungs and stomach. I was then released from the straps and allowed to sit up before being hauled to a machine much like our own mammography machines where my boobs were squashed flat and scanned. Just like home I thought embarrassed by my total nakedness and the females commented on their size.   
‘She is becoming warmer,’ observed one of the females as my blush spread over my body. ‘Can we turn the heat off ?’   
‘Yes, I think we have everything we need.’ said the older alien, ‘Most satisfying. Replace her clothes to keep her warm.’   
Satisfying for you, I thought as I was dressed by the two females, but damned embarrassing for me being stripped, poked, prodded, flushed and photographed by a load of aliens. I was being led back up the hill, carefully sat at the wheel of my car and instantly fell asleep.   
A tap at the window of my car woke me up. A lorry had pulled in ahead of me and its driver was standing by my car.   
‘You OK, luv ?, he asked as I wound the window down.   
‘Er, yes. My car stopped last night and I only just managed to get it into this lay-by. I must have fallen asleep.’ I felt quite dozy.   
‘Open the bonnet and I’ll have a look,’ he said walking to the front of the car. I released the bonnet and he lifted it up. ‘Ah, easy one, just a wire come loose. I’ll soon have that fixed.’ He walked off to his lorry and I got out of the car to peer under the bonnet. He came back with a pair of pliers, squeezed a connector tighter and pushed it back on.   
The wind was blowing up the hill and up my skirt giving me a chilly feeling in a very intimate area. ‘Try it now,’ he said and I got back into the car, twisted the key and the engine roared into life. He looked at the seat beside me. ‘Trouble with the boyfriend ?’ He nodded at my panties, tights and bra laying on the seat beside me.   
I pressed my legs together, it was only too clear why I had felt that chill draft, The aliens had clearly had problems replacing my clothes. My brain cleared. Goodness, could what I was now thinking really have happened to me ? Surely it was just a dream. My imagination. My breasts felt squeezed and I was sore between my legs. It must really have happened but would a lorry driver believe me? No way!   
‘No,’ I lied they’re spares. Anyway, thanks for your help.’   
‘Anytime,’ he walked back to his lorry chortling to himself. What a tale to tell the lads in the cafe later. A girl broken down at the roadside with no knickers on.   
I must have dreamt it. I could not really have been abducted by aliens could I ? Surely I could I have taken off my panties and tights in the dream which was so vivid in my mind ? How could I have got my bra off with my dress still on ? I would check. I got out of the car and walked to the fence, there in the field at the bottom was a single deep circle surrounded by three smaller ones. Another lorry had stopped and the driver came over to join me.   
‘Looking at the crop circles ?’ he asked waving his fag at them. ‘They reckon it’s aliens landing here what makes them. I reckon it’s the locals ripping off the tourists.’   
I got back into my car and kicked off my shoes so that I could get my panties back on. I could not see how to recover my bra without exposing myself to the gaze of any passer by, that would have to wait until I could visit a toilet. I drove off hurriedly, the thought had reminded me how long it had been since the car stopped, it now seemed perfect.   
Aliens ? Abduction ? That examination ? Nobody would believe me. I looked on the passenger seat - yet how could I explain the loss of my undies. It was they who took them off and ran out of time to see how to fit them back on wasn’t it ? Wasn’t it ? Wasn’t it ?  
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