A Halloween Party

alwayswantedto©

Erica had it all. Except children, of course. But now that Derek had been promoted to Regional Vice-President, she could quit work, as they had always planned. After seven years of marriage, the attractive thirty-four year old would finally have the opportunity to ruin her figure. She was ready for it. But that's not the way her friends saw it.

"You're crazy," Janice said. "Derek will be making so much money and he'll have more time too. You'll be able to go to Hawaii and Europe."

"Ya," Samantha chimed in. "Definitely go to Hawaii. I thank god Jim and I went before we had our kids, otherwise we never would have got there. We won't get to Europe now until the kids are grown."

"Oh, come on," Erica challenged her friends. "You guys loll around at home while your older kids are in school and the younger ones are in daycare. If I don't get on with it, I'll be a senior citizen by the time mine are school."

The women all laughed. Janice and Samantha didn't counter Erica's retort. The truth is hard to argue with.

"What do you think, Alice?" Erica asked the only one of the group who, like her, didn't have kids. Alice was the quiet one of the old group of friends and she always had her head screwed on tight. She was a reader, which was a good thing because she didn't work or do anything else, at least, that the girls were aware of, to fill her time.

"I think you should take a trip and then get on with having your rugrats, if that's what you really want to do."

"There, see?" Janice wasn't going to waste the rare time Alice agreed with her, even if just partly.

"And get a C-section," Samantha advised. "You don't want to wreck that wonderful figure.

"No way," Janice cried. "It's about time she gave someone else a chance to be body beautiful. You'd think she would have slacked off after getting the class president, but no. Look at how much effort has gone into that well-oiled machine."

It was true that Erica was the prettiest of the four women, and had been since their highschool days, but there wasn't an

unattractive one among them which is partly why there wasn't a hint of sour grapes in the laughter that followed Janice's jibe.

While the others were laughing, Alice offered further counseling, "You shouldn't get a C-section Erica unless it's medically necessary."

More laughter followed, at Alice's expense.

"Ya," Samantha bellowed. "Definitely don't get a C. Let that body go to hell. It's your turn."

That was rich coming from Samantha. Neither she nor Janice had their kids au naturel; both had C-sections and their figures confirmed it.

"Yup. Do it the natural way. But don't worry about Derek," Janice said. "He'll be too happy with your new, bigger breasts anyway."

Now that was a bit of a sore point. Erica was definitely the prettiest and slimmest of the group, but she had the smallest breasts and, even though she knew Janice didn't mean anything by it, she felt a painful twinge at the memory of

catching Derek several times in the past looking at her friends' tits. It was her one point of insecurity.

"God, Bill wouldn't leave mine alone. It's a wonder there was anything left for the baby."

"Oh, that's just disgusting," Alice got up.

"Are you going already?" Erica asked.

"Yes. Lot's of things to do."

"Me too," Janice and Samantha chimed in together.

"Well, Derek may have more time on his hands but he's certainly not spending it at home," Erica complained. "We may not be able use the hot tub at the Halloween party if he doesn't get home in time to change the filter and do the chemicals. "

"Oh, don't worry," Samantha waved like there was no problem. "I'll send Bill over."

"No, no," Erica replied. "Derek can do it."

"Don't worry about it. Bill doesn't mind. It will be good to get him out of my hair."

* * *

"Hi honey. How's it going?"

Erica listened for several minutes, nodding here and there while she listened to her husband on the phone. She looked around a couple of times, not really being that interested in the details of Derek's work.

"Mmmhmmm," she mumbled a couple of times. Then, when there was a break, she said," Are you going to get home in time for the party?"

She listened to Derek's answer.

"The halloween party we have every year. We're celebrating your promotion, this time, and my retirement, remember?"

"Can you get home in time to do the hot tub?"

"Oh. Ok. Well, don't worry about it. Samantha said she'd send Bill over. Uh huh. Ok."

"Love you too, honey." Erica glanced down and noticed the call display. "Say how come you're calling from the hotel phone?"

"You forgot your blackberry?...Are you sure?...Do you want me to look for it?...No?...Well, it might be here. Ok, if you're sure you left it at the office."

"Ok, bye honey. Love you."

* * *

Erica was running out to the store when Bill dropped by.

"The house is open. Thanks, Bill. I'll be right back.

She was almost to the car when she saw Derek's blackberry lying in the grass next to the driveway, right where his car had

been parked. She picked it up and rushed to the store. After she picked up her things, Erica felt a bit swamped and stopped to pick up a coffee. She took her latte to a table and sat down.

I'll call Derek and let him know I found it, she thought.

Erica started up the blackberry and searched for a note with Derek's hotel details. She knew he would have them in there somewhere. She didn't find anyting in the phone list but she did notice something strange. Derek had their friends' numbers listed. There wan't anything odd about that, per se, but he didn't have their home numbers, he had the cell numbers for Janice and Samantha, but not their home or husbands' numbers.

At any rate, there wasn't anything about the hotel. Maybe it would be on the calendar. Erica looked at the calendar for the day he left and sure enough, the information was there. But there was something else that made Erica take the rim of her latte cup away from her mouth and slowly set it on the table. Using two hands, Eric manipulated the blackberry to examine the previous week, then several more weeks, and then months and months. She was shaken when she finally put the blackberry in her purse. She didn't call Derek.

Erica got up and left, leaving her latte behind. She started her car and started to back out but put it back into park. She began to cry, quietly at first, but within a minute she was sobbing. Several minutes passed before she got hold of herself. She started to put the car into gear, then burst out in anger, slamming both hands on the steering wheel.

"You bastard," she cried. "You dirty fucking bastard."

Eric could hardly see on the way home, but not for tears. Her vision was impaired by anger and pure, raw hatred. How could they? Those fucking bitches. Her so-called friends.

Samantha's Husband

She was surprised to see Bill still there when she looked out the kitchen window onto the deck. Her mind, now numbed, revived some of its anger but that quickly subsided. It wasn't Bill's fault. Bill was a nice guy and he was as much a victim as she was. She felt drained, and sad. A sympathetic sense of companionship with Bill welled up inside her. The poor guy, he doted on Samantha. Did he know? She doubted it. Nor, probably, did Don. Erica was certain, looking at Bill working on her hot tub, that none of her friends' husbands knew their wives were fucking her's, and had been for a long time.

Erica walked out to say hi to Bill, trying to act as normal as possible, bringing him a tall, cold glass of beer.

"I'm sorry I took so long, Bill."

"No problem, Erica. Thanks," he said, taking the beer.

"Was there something wrong with the filter?" Bill should have been finished long ago.

"Yeah, kinda. The pump wasn't working right but I think I've got it now. I'll be out of your hair pretty quick now."

"Oh, don't go Bill," Erica implored, suddenly wanting him to stay. "We should test it out to make sure it keeps working. Have you done the chemicals?"

"Oh yeah. I put those in a long time ago. Almost two hours now," Bill looked at his watch.

"Perfect," Erica said. "You finish your beer, and I'll go get changed.

"I don't have a suit," Bill complained to Erica's retreating back. Too late, she was already in the house.

Bill was almost finished his beer when Erica reappeared carrying another tall one for him and a highball for herself. Erica could feel his appreciative eyes on her as she walked toward him in the skimpy bikini. The material was so thin it did little to hide what was underneath. Her long, blondish-red hair covered more of her body than her swimsuit but Erica, normally a bit prudish—this bikini had only been seen by Derek—wasn't in the mood to hide her body today.

There was a thin string joining the two cups of her top together, strung below and between the swell of her small breasts. Bill's eyes drank in her small cleavage with an intensity sufficient to count the individual freckles sprinkled across and between the upper swells of her breasts. Erica handed the beer to Bill, then turned her head sideways to look at the tub but kept her body facing squarely toward him. She took a sip of her drink, carefull to keep looking steadily at the hot tub so Bill was free to continue scanning her tits. She asked Bill to explain what was wrong, not once diverting her eyes from the tub, and managed to stretch, arching her back so her breasts strained upward against the flimsy bikini top.

Erica had no idea why she had deliberatively dressed so provacatively or why she was parading herself before him. Was she trying to get back at Samantha? Though she didn't want to admit using innocent Bill, Erica knew she was. It was wrong but Bill's attention felt good, made her feel attractive, something examining Derek's blackberry had ripped away from her.

"So, should we get in?"

"I don't...I don't have a suit."

"Just go in your underwear," Erica said in a voice that left little room for argument. "I'll get us a couple more drinks. I wan't to be sure it's working for the party, Bill."

Erica knew Bill was watching her as she sauntered back to the house so she put an extra twitch at the end of each sideways sway. She stopped before reaching the house and, striking a movie-worthy pose, drained her glass. A wicked feeling spread through her, like a warm glow with hot tendrils spearing out from her groin. She had never done anything like this before. She wasn't sure what she was up to and, uncharacteristically, she wasn't bothered that she didn't have a plan. This was fun and Erica wanted to play some more.

She was surprised that Bill wasn't in the tub when she returned; and then again, she wasn't. Erica set the drinks, two beer and two more highballs, on the deck beside the tub. Bill was standing awkwardly in his boxer shorts. Erica thanked god they didn't have polka dots, she wouldn't have been able to keep a straight face if they had.

"See," she said, looking at Bill's dark maroon boxers. "Those look just like a bathing suit."

Erica was pleased to see how much Bill's shorts swelled in front, a fact he was trying to hide by turning partly away from her. I'll bet he wishes he'd got into the tub.

Erica decided to have some fun with Bill. She stopped him as he tried to get into the tub, pulling him around to face her. She reveled in his discomfort as he visibly strained to rid himself of the problem he had grown watching her walking to and from the tub in her skimpy bikini.

"Bill, how much bigger did Samantha's breasts get the first time she was pregnant?" Erica pushed her breasts out, forcing him to look at them. She put her hands under her breasts, cupping

and providing a slight lift as she showed them to her former friend's husband.

"Oh, I don't know," Bill was obviously uncomfortable yet unable to take his eyes away from Erica's small but perfectly shaped gems. "Quite a bit, as I recall."

"Really?" Erica cooed. "That's great. I can use all the help I can get," she pushed her breasts up a bit more and twisted her torso, swaying her goods in front of Bill, laughing inside as his eyes followed her tits as if watching a tennis game.

"No," Bill blustered, "you don't need any help."

Erica laughed, a throaty, confidential laugh. "You mean, more than a mouthful's a waste, Bill?"

"No, no." Bill was really flustered now. "I didn't mean that."

Erica carried on in her sexy voice. "For Derek, anyway. I mean, for a bigger man like you, Bill, a woman would have to have more to offer."

"You don't need...I mean...your's are perfect." Bill looked exceedingly uncomfortable now but he still hadn't taken his eyes off Erica's chest.

"Oh, don't worry. You can't hurt my feelings, Bill. I'm just teasing." Erica couldn't have been more honest. "Let's get in, finish our drinks, and make sure this damn tub's going to keep working."

She started to turn away, then swung quickly back, stretching her hand out to place it on Bill's hip.

"Actually, why don't you take your boxer's off so you have something dry to put on when we get out." Erica tugged at the waistband of Bill's shorts. "I'll look away until you're in the tub," she said, turning away again and letting her hand scrape across the front of Bill's boxers.

My. He's way bigger than Derek.

Erica stepped into the hot tub and, to make sure Bill didn't back out, quickly unsnapped her top and flung it to the side on the deck. She leaned sideways to pick up her drink and stood up again, careful not to look back.

"Come on, Bill. Hurry up and get in so I can turn around."

As soon as she heard Bill get in, Erica turned around and sat down, beside rather than opposite and a little away so she could angle her knees toward him and let her feet brush against his. The water was just deep enough that Erica's nipples were submerged but dangerously near the surface. Bill was enthralled.

Erica reached behind Bill to get him a fresh beer. Half standing, she let her bare tits swing freely in front of his face. She didn't hurry and once her right nipple even brushed Bill's cheek.

Erica chatted away, being careful not to require a response from Bill so she didn't disturb his observations. She raised her foot right out of the water a couple of times to remark about how wrinkled her toes were getting, giggling and asking him if he was getting wrinkled. When she got Bill his last beer, she purposely let her tits bump against his face several times before sitting down.

"Jeez, Bill," she said. "I just realized, you're stark naked."

Bill seemed to stiffen up, surprised by her remark, so Erica went on.

"That's not fair, is it?" she added a bit of a slur into her words as she stood, sideways to Bill, and stretched to make the most of her small breasts with their long, perky nipples. Erica hooked her thumbs into the sides of her bikini and pushed it down. Bill had a brief glimpse of a jutting, bare bottom and a tuft of blondish, red hair that was darker than on her head. Erica sat down and tossed her wet bottoms onto the deck.

"There. We've done it. We never did go skinny-dipping in school. Wow, what a relaxing afternoon," Erica said, sitting back and spreading her arms wide, gripping the edge of the tub behind her, llowing her nipples to poke above the water. "Thanks for your help, Bill, and your company. I didn't feel like being alone this afternoon. I really appreciate it."

"No problem. Anytime," Bill muttered, staring at her nips.

"But I guess we better call it a day soon, huh?" Erica asked, both of her feet finding and rubbing Bill's. "Drink up," she cried, grabbing her drink and tossing it back.

Bill complied and when he was done Erica stood and stepped out of the hot tub. Stark naked, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, she waited for Bill to get out.

"Come on, Bill. You don't have anything I haven't seen before. We're friends, remember? Special friends, now," she added.

Reluctantly, Bill got out. His embarrassment faded when he saw Erica waiting for him, full on, not trying to cover herself or turn away. His eyes, for once, tore away from her tits, down to her pussy on display complete with its neatly trimmed bush. While he was engaged with her lower charms, Erica noticed that Bill had an very nice erection, a long, thick, hard cock.

"Are you going to dress as Superman at the party, Bill?" Erica laughed. "Or The Hulk?"

Immediately, Erica turned and walked away before things got further out of hand. She didn't hurry. She let Bill enjoy the sight of her ass all the way to the house, walking in a way that exaggerated the roll of her cheeks. In the kitchen, she peeked out the window and confirmed what she had suspected—Bill hadn't started to dress until she was out of sight; he had been mesmerized and was still standing beside the hot tub holding

his boxers, proof of his new-found infatuation wobbling at full mast in front of him.

Erica hadn't meant to do any of the things she'd done but it was all becoming part of a plan forming in her mind; a wicked plan of revenge.

Janice's Husband

The next day was Saturday, the day of the party. Erica expected Derek home late afternoon so she didn't have much time.

"Hi Don," Erica's voice was more cheerful than usual, even for the morning.

"No, I know Janice has taken the kids out to her Mom's," she said into the phone. "Actually," she lowered her voice, "I was trying to get hold of you. I need your help."

"Anything?" Erica laughed, infusing her tone with nefarious implications. "Be careful, Don. I just may take you up on that." She and Don had engage in such banter before but this time her voice somehow offered a hint of something suppressed.

Having laid the seed, Erica returned her voice normal. "Anyway," she said, "I really need your help. I don't know if Janice told you but Derek and I are dressing as Dr. Jekyl and Mrs. Hyde and I need your advice on my costume. Derek won't be home until late and I know you have a good eye, I mean, fashion sense," Erica finished with another meaningful laugh.

"You will? Super, Don. Can you come over right away. I have so much to do."

"Perfect. See you soon." Erica hung up. The smile on her face wasn't pleasant.

Don arrived less than half an hour later. He was smaller than Samantha's Bill, the same height as Derek but with a slighter frame. Whereas Derek exuded a brash enthusiasm, there was an air of sophistication about Don. He liked to considered a suave man of taste. Erica was waiting at the door and handed him a large glass of Derek's best whiskey.

"Oh, I think it's a little early for this," Don said, following Erica into the house.

"Don't be silly. It's almost noon. It won't hurt for you to get a head start on the other guys for a change. You're the only one that can hold his liquor," Erica stroked Don's male ego. "Anyway, you need to be in the party spirit if your advice is going to do me any good. Come on, follow me."

Erica took Don's free hand and led him, slowly so he wouldn't spill the tumbler she had filled to the brim. As soon as he was started on the stairs, Erica slowed her pace, staying just far enough ahead that Don's eyes were on a level with her behind. She was wearing a black slip edged with lace that fell to her upper thigh. It was cut so it could be worn under dresses with either a low bodice or an open back and was quite revealing. Erica was pleased that Don had shown as much appreciation as Bill as she chatted with him at the door.

"Sorry for greeting you like this Don but I couldn't wait. I've already tried on two costumes. Don't rush. I don't want to get whiskey on my carpet." Erica wanted to slow Don down to work maximum effect out of her small but prominent behind. She knew men liked it and Derek always said it was her best feature. It worked. Don slowed to a crawl and Erica let her ass sway in exaggerated fashion in front of his face.

When they finally made it into her bedroom, Don had taken a couple of small gulps of whiskey. A glow was already flowing

through him. Actually, Don wasn't the best drinker of the group, despite Erica's flattery. He maintained his relative control by drinking far less than the other men.

Several dresses were laid out on Erica's bed. To Don's disappointment, all were full-length, Victorian gowns, as befitting the era for Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Erica made a big show of trying on each of the gowns, being sure to spend more time in her sexy, brief slip than in any of the dresses. By the time Erica had tried on each of the gowns, extolling their virtues between changes while fussing about in her slip, Don had consumed over half of his glass.

Removing the last dress, Erica casually picked up the whiskey bottle she had left on the bedside table and refilled Don's glass. She smiled to herself when she realized that Don didn't even seem to notice, he was so intent on her figure. Erica was pleased with the way the silky slip clung to her body, the deep cut between her breasts teasingly advertising their erotic presence in a clandestine manner that a woman with larger tits could never achieve. Don was hooked. It was time to pull him in.

"Well," she asked, "shalll we leave Mrs. Jekyl behind and move on to Mrs. Hyde?"

Don looked confused. Erica disappeared into the walk-in closet and returned with an armful of more provacative clothing. Don's eyes widened as he saw how skimpy some of the dresses were, more like Victorian undergarments than proper clothing.

"Oh, but wait," Erica cried. "Would you try on the Dr. Jekyl costume? Please, please," Erica cooed when Don hesitated. "Derek won't be able to try it on until tonight and it'll be too late to make any changes then. Come on," Erica pleaded, taking Derek's hand and easing the tumbler from his grasp, pleased to see he had already drained another quarter of the glass. "You and Derek are so much the same, size-wise," Erica's voice softened.

Don agreed. What else could he do?

"Take your shirt and pants off, then," Erica instructed, walking out of the room. "I'll get the costume."

Erica retrieved Derek's costume and paused in the hallway to leave sufficient time for Don to remove his shirt and pants. Although he didn't know it, she had left one of the mirrored closet doors positioned so she could see into the room. Don was standing in just his boxer shorts and socks as he took another pull from the glass. Setting the glass down, he

nervously fidgeted about, then looked at himself in the mirror above Erica's dresser. Erica had left a bra and panties draped over the seat, just to heighten Don's awareness should he see them. Don's eyes dropped from the mirror to her underwear and then back to his reflection. He sucked in his stomach, then lifted each foot and removed his socks. He was examining himself with a skeptical eye when Erica breezed back into the room.

"Jeez, Don. Have you been working out?" Erica stroked him further.

"Yeah, a little," Don replied, his voice slurring. Erica knew he that wasn't true from Janice's complaints but it didn't hurt to boost his ego at bit.

"You look great. That's good, you took your socks off. Men look silly standing around in their socks. Did you know the costume comes complete with antique socks? Well, antique looking, I guess." Erica laid the suit out on the bed, then turned around with the long black socks in hand, complete with elastic straps to wrap around the upper calf to keep them from falling down.

"Sit," she commanded.

Don sat on the bench seat in front of her dresser and Erica knelt before him, picking up Don's right foot and starting to fit a sock over his toes. She leaned over but kept her head from bending so Don had a clear line of sight down the gap in the front of her slip. She knew her tits were small but was certain it wouldn't matter a damn. A man would look anyway. She was right. As she smoothed the long sock up Don's leg and fixed the elastic just under his knee, Erica peeked at his boxer shorts. Definitely, he liked the view.

Erica put the next sock on but spent more time smoothing it out on Don's leg, stroking his calf and especially the bare skin above the sock and below the back of his knee. She almost laughed at the way Don tried to hold his hands in his lap to cover his burgeoning erection. Bill, she knew, wouldn't have been able to cover his massive root the way Don did, or for that matter, her husband could.

"There, aren't those cute," Erica laughed, putting her hands on Don's knees and pushing his legs wide, ostensibly to examine the socks but really trying to make him feel more exposed. "Stand up, let's do the shirt now."

Don was distinctly uncomfortable as Erica dressed him in the shirt. He couldn't use both hands to cover himself when one was being put in a sleeve and his boxers had an obvious tent in

front but Erica didn't seem to notice. As soon as both arms were sleeved, she began fastening the buttons on the shirt.

Next came the pants. Erica went down on her knees before Don and waited for him to raise his foot to slip it into the pantleg. There was a long pause and Erica knew it wasn't that he didn't know what was expected of him, he was just sidetracked again looking down her front. With both feet in, Erica rose, pulling the pants up Don's legs and tugging them over his butt and cinching it around his waist.

"Let's get that shirt tucked in," she said, slipping her hands around Don's back and pushing the shirt tail inside before he could protest. Holding the right side of the pants up, Erica slipped her left hand around Don's hips, tucking the shirt as she progressed to the front. Don stiffened noticibly when her hand smoothed the shirt down his front, right over his bulging boxers.

"Tight fit," Erica remarked flippantly, changing hands and working her way around to the front again. This time, she tucked the front in more slowly, deliberately letting the back of her fingers linger on the front of Don's now more swollen boxers.

"There you go. Slip on the jacket while I get into my outfit."

Erica put on one of the flimsy dresses that looked more like a fancier version of what she was wearing, underwear. The dress, small as it was, didn't completely cover her slip.

"Oh, dear. This won't do."

Erica removed the dress just as Don was tugging the jacket down from his shoulders to perfect its fit. Casually, she slipped the ribbon straps off her shoulder and started to take the slip off.

"Jeez. What am I doing?" she laughed, turning to face Don's eager eyes, holding the slip against the top of her breasts, barely covering her nipples. "I forgot you weren't Derek."

"Uh...," Don was embarassed, "do you want me to step outside?"

"Oh, don't be silly. How many times have we all been in the hot tub together? Just close your eyes for a moment, or better, look over that way," Erica pointed toward her mirrored closet doors.

Don did as she asked and Erica let the slip fall to her hips, then pushed it down over her hips and down her legs. She was stark naked except for the thong-like panties whose narrow straps swooped over her hips, joined behind her and slung under her ass to cup her pussy after disappearing between her cheeks.

Erica knew that Don could see her through the closet door mirror and the one on her dresser. She was careful not to look that way so that, after the first shock, Don felt safe in openly ogling her body. Erica took her time putting on the skimpy underwear-dress, typical of bawdy house dress in the Victorian era except the buttons in the back had been replaced by more conventional, and convenient, zippers. She turned to face Don.

"What do you think?"

"Fantastic. You'll win the contest. At least," he smiled appreciatively, "you'll get all the men's votes."

"You're just being nice Don," Erica chuckled. "I don't have enough up top to win any contest, even if it is just between four women."

Don looked skeptical. She could win Miss Universe as far as he was concerned.

"Wait," Erica cried. "How can a gentleman judge his woman," she emphased 'his'," without his whiskey to sharpen his eye." Erica topped up Don's glass and handed it to him.

Immediately, without instructing Don to avert his eyes, Erica turned and unzipped the back of her dress. Instinctively, she knew Don was looking directly at her rather than through the mirrors. To increase his comfort, Erica cheerily piped, "I'll let you know when you can look," just in case he looked away, afraid she might suddenly turn around after undoing her dress. Slowly, she pushed the dress off her shoulders and let it fall to her waist. She didn't have to push this loose number over her hips, it just fell to the floor around her feet with a gentle rustle.

In exaggerated fashion, Erica leaned forward to smooth out the next dress on the bed before putting it on, arching her back to teasingly thrust her butt closer to Don. Wouldn't you like to do me from behind? The thought send a thrilling jolt richocheting off her hips bones and then zinging up her spine. She almost fell over onto the bed on her elbows and pictured Bill advancing on her with his super slooper. Thank god it was Don

and not Bill or she might not have been able to keep upright. Don't let this go too far, Erica, she admonished herself. Stay in control.

Erica straightened, then stooped and stepped into the next loose dress, pulling it up to fit over her shoulders. She reached behind herself, then paused and asked Don, "Can you zip me, please?"

"What?" Don croaked.

"Can you zip up my dress, please?"

Don bumped into the dresser bench, as if turning around, and then fumbled with the delicate zipper of the dress. His hands were shaking and a thrill of victory surged through Erica. Three can play at this game.

She urged Don to drink up as she pirouted before him, stretching her legs and arching her back, displaying her wares to best advantage.

"Next?" she asked in a little girl voice when she thought she couldn't dangle herself in front of him without making it

completely obvious, even in his partly inebriated state, what she was up to. Erica turned as his head began to nod, before he could speak.

"Undo me," she commanded in a husky voice.

Don was more adept an unzipping. He stood, looking into her back, peeking past her angular hips, eyes finding and latching onto the start of her crack, the panty thong diving into oblivion between Erica's cheeks.

"Can I have a sip," she asked.

"What?" Don's voice was far away, almost lost.

"Of your drink. Can I have a sip?"

Don passed his glass over Erica's shoulder, then stood unsteadily behind her, staring at that disappearing thong. Erica took several long sips. She didn't drink very much but she let lots of time pass between sips.

"Mmmmm," she purred. "This tastes quite good, if you're in the mood for it, doesn't it?"

The texture of her voice stopped Don's in his dry throat. The sound made her even more sexy than she already was and that was probably the sexiest woman Don had ever encountered, wife included. Her next command cranked the erotic tension even higher.

"I guess we can't take all day to do this, though I'd like to. Push the dress dress off my shoulders, will you? My hands are busy." Erica waved the glass out to her side, then brought it to her lips for another sip.

Don's trembling fingers landed gently on Erica's shoulders close to her neck, then slowly spread apart, pushing the dress along until it fell over the cliff of her upper arms. Don sucked his breath in as the dress fell, catching in the crook of the elbow of the arm Erica was using to hold the drink but slipping past the other one, onto her hip and beyond. The dress hung precariously below the edge of Erica's upper buttocks, allowing Don to see most of her ass.

Erica calmly took another sip.

"Should we finish up?" she asked.

Don nodded. His mouth was still too dry to speak. Erica took one last sip, giving Don lots of time to admire her cheeks, then passed the glass back to him.

"Thanks," she said throatily. "I guess you better avert your eyes now."

Erica waited a few seconds, no more than three, then let the dress fall. Again, she knew Don hadn't turned away. She leaned forward to smooth out the last dress, deliberately pushing her ass back toward Don, then, in a move that audibly caught him by surprise, Erica hooked her thumbs in the straps of her panties arching over her hips and slowly tugged them down until the joined center piece freed itself with a snap from her clenched cheeks. Holding herself up with a hand on the edge of the bed, she slid the panties down first one leg, and then the other, letting it fall to the floor on top of the discarded dresses.

As if she was alone in the world, Erica smoothed her hands over her bare buttocks, pulling them slightly apart before slowly getting into the last dress. She asked Don to help her

pull it up onto her shoulders and, after a long pause, asked him to zip her up.

Don gasped when Erica turned around and asked him for his drink. The front of the silky dress was open to Erica's waist. They were no buttons, only two pairs of loops that were meant to be tied together. In their undone state, Erica's small but perfectly shaped tits were not covered all the time, in fact, not even most of the time. One or the other was almost constantly on display.

"I couldn't find the ties before you got here," Erica complained. "I'll have to find them before tonight." She made a production of looking around the room, leaning slightly to the side to make sure one tit was almost completely bare. She could feel how hard her nipples were. If Derek was here, she'd fuck his brains out, cheating bastard though he was.

Erica chatted with Don for a while, then suggested he put his own clothes back on, that Derek should be home soon. It was laughable how Don hurried to get the suit off. He started to pull his own pants on over the costume socks but Erica stopped him, pushing him back onto the bed and kneeling before him to remove them herself. She allowed her soft, feminine fingers to stroke several times up and down the back of his calves and

over and around his feet. Her dress was wide open the entire time, flagrantly displaying her excited tits.

Erica walked Don down to the door, told him she was really looking forward to the party that night, especially with her new appreciation for fine whiskey. She thanked him effusively for helping her that afternoon and cautioned they should keep it a secret because they had dipped into Derek's best whiskey, adding that they should sneak off together for another sample at the party. Then she surprised Don one last time by stretching up and kissing him full on the mouth.

"Thank you, Mr. Hyde" she husked, and closed the door.

The Party

Erica was pleased with the way things had gone. Samantha and Janice may be up to no good with her husband but they wouldn't miss their own husbands' new infatuation with her. And in the safety of surrounding company, Erica meant to make it seem that each of them was having an affair with her.

The drinks flowed freely at the Halloween party that night. It was still early when the couples began dancing in the darkened

living room. By then, Erica had changed from the prudish Mrs. Jekyl dress into the saucy Mrs. Hyde number.

Everyone was wearing a Halloween mask but there was no question who everyone was so, after a few dances, as usual, they donned blindfolds and then fumbled around to find partners. It was a game they have played before, changing partners every song. A couple of times, to enormous giggles, two of the women found each other and danced together anyway, feigning reluctance to replace their partner with a male.

Erica was wearing the most revealing costume she had modeled for Don that night and when she knew she was partnered with him she pressed her body tightly to him, pushing her pelvis into his groin. It didn't take Don long to respond, given the events of the afternoon. On the second pairing with Don, Erica took his elbow and guided his hand through the two pairs of loops onto her bare breast. Don gently squeezed and manipulated her extended nipple throughout the rest of the dance and Erica rewarded him by refusing to exchange partners for the next song. Don was a considerate man and Erica was truly worked up when they finally parted. He hadn't grabbed and rushed her, instead taking time to tease her nipples to full alert. She truly didn't want to change.

Her next partner was Bill and the state of his manlihood couldn't be mistaken, large as it was. He didn't try to press it into Erica but there was no way he could hide it. Erica let him know he didn't have to. She pushed her belly against it in the dark room. Remembering they were all blindfolded, she literally shoved her pussy onto his cock and rubbed vigorously, leaving no confusion about what she thought of Bill's equipment.

It was hard for Erica to dance with Alice's husband Ray. Like Alice, Ray was quiet and reserved, but he was a man and in Erica's worked up state, she found it hard not to press against him. Erica's mind screamed at her: Alice's number wasn't in the blackberry! With difficulty, she left Alice's man alone.

Erica was cycled back to Don who immediately slid his hand inside her dress, possessively taking hold of her hardened tit. True to form, Don's aggressiveness subsided as soon as he achieved his goal and Erica was treated to a competent, thoughtful breast massage. Bill followed again and wasted no time in calling her attention to his hardened member. Though he lacked finess, Bill possessed a physical attribute that couldn't be ignored.

Ray was next again. Erica was relieved to to pause her game for she was in danger of losing control and because she wasn't

sure where she was taking this beyond the simple notion that she could easily seduce her friends' husbands too, if she wanted to. There was no doubt in Erica's mind that with the simplest of gestures, Samantha's and Janice's husbands would have buried themselves in her moist pussy in an instant. So what had they proved? But Alice hadn't played that game and Erica felt secure in Ray's arms as they danced to the long, slow song that happened to play on his turn. Ray was a rock. Ray was comfort. Erica buried her head, murmurring into Ray's shoulder.

"What was that?" Ray asked.

"What's Alices cell number?" Erica repeated.

"She doesn't have one," Ray replied. "Doesn't believe in them," he added. "She hates the idea of anyone being to track her down any time of the day or night."

Ray's words sent a chill down Erica's spine. Alice didn't have a cell phone!

Erica lifted her blindfold and looked around the darkened room. In the dim light, she could make out her husband. Who

was dancing with him so closely, skin to skin? Was it Samantha? Janice? With a sinking feeling, Erica recognized Alice. It was Alice that was pushing against Derek, Alice pushing herself into Derek's groin, Alice that was hugging her husband so tight, shoving her large breasts into his chest.

How could she be so blind? So stupid. Derek was fucking them all. Is this what started it? This slow, blindfolded dancing followed up by the skimpy bikini hot tubbing, trying to prove they were still young and hot. Had this started it all?

So Alice was involved after all, Erica felt grim. What was so special about Derek? After all, Bill was far better endowed. Was it just because he was the class president so many years ago, the one that every girl was after and that Erica had won? Was it that simple, that common?

Or was it Derek's aggressive personalitiy, his get-ahead nature, the winner take all attitude?

Would all men take it all if it was offered? Erica decided on the spur of the moment to test her on-the-fly theory. She gave Ray a little bump and grind.

Ray instantly held her tighter. Unsure, Erica did it again. Ray grasped her tighter yet and pushed back against her, bulging against her Bill-sensitized mound. Christ! She didn't mean to but Erica responded automatically, pressing back against Ray's mid-sized lump. So Alice has to be taught a lesson, too. Erica pushed her drink-softened puffiness against her prey and he, so easily led, responded instantly.

It was time to get on with her plan. Erica shouted, "To the hot tub! Derek, take the girls out to the hot tub. I'll show the gents where they can get changed."

Erica had told her friends to wear something suitable underneath their costumes to wear in the hot tub but she had 'forgotten' to ask them to pass the same message on to their husbands.

"Go on girls," Erica repeated in a voice drink-laden far beyond the amount of alcohol she had actually consumed. "I'll show the men were to get changed."

The women dutifully filed through the kitchen behind Derek on the way to the backyard. Samantha and Janice were already undong their dresses. Erica led the men upstairs to her and

Derek's bedroom. Three baggy bathing suits were laid out on the bed.

"There you go, men. Get changed," Erica said, walking past the bed to look out the large, open window onto the deck and the hot tub below. Samantha and Janice had already doffed their dresses and were hovering around Derek in skimpy bikinis. Alice was still dressed. Derek and the two women got into the tub, to much fanfare, hooting and laughter. Alice watched them calmly, and Erica watched her, intrigued, while the women's husbands changed behind her. Was she wrong about Alice?

Well, Erica thought, the other cat's are in play. Let's see the claws come out.

An evil feeling washed over her. This was so delicious. Revenge was so sweet. Now, her preparations would bear fruit. Each woman, she was sure, would soon realize they weren't the sole object of his Derek's desire, and that would ruin it for him, for their pride wouldn't allow them to be anything but 'the' one. And Erica would let their husbands who had followed her upstairs to the perfect observation post for an ulterior reason, another peep show. Well, she would give them one while they watched their wives obviously vying for another man's attentions. And to top it off, as soon as Alice was

in the tub, Erica would make sure the other women saw her entertaining their men.

Ah, yes, Erica laughed to herself, delectable.

Samantha and Janice cosied up close to Derek and he immediately soaked up their attention. Soon, neither one could help but notice his familiar way with the other. Erica smiled. Good, good.

But then something unexpected happened. Derek turned his eyes to the demurely clad Alice still standing on the deck in front of the tub. Once she had his attention, Alice began to disrobe. Unlike her two friends who had rushed to gain the coveted positions at Derek's side, Alice made a tantalizing show of removing her dress. She didn't just drop it to the floor in a hurry to display her bikini-clad body as the others had. Instead, Alice removed her dress slowly, twisting her body with brief pauses to emphase particular charms.

Samantha and Janice fell silent. There was little they could do since Derek ignored their attempts to distract him from the capivating show put on by their quiet friend. When Alice was done, she stood before Derek and his two consorts in her

skimpy bikini, no more revealing than the others, but the only one Derek was watching.

Then Alice delivered the coup de grace; she unsnapped her top, slid it off her shoulders and slowly down her arms, opened her hands, and let it fall to the ground in front of her. Erica was sure she heard a gasp from her other two friends but knew she was too far away to actually hear. Alice stepped over her top and slid gracefully into the tub, settling herself directly opposite Derek to take possession of his line of sight.

Erica was shocked, even given her recent suspicion.

Alice's move was disconcerting. She may have taken the game past the mutual horror of not being Derek's only mistress to an intense competition to become the chosen one. Well, that would still lead to a falling out between her former friends but not a comeuppance for her husband. Maybe this was even better, for the husbands might not appreciate the subtle chagrin of their spurned wives but they would certainly notice and dislike seeing them compete for Derek's favor, to his disadvantage.

"Come see how much fun your wives are having," Erica invited the husbands to join her.

Erica was joined by Don, then Bill, and finally, Ray. They stood around her, looking down at the deck below, at their wives flirting with their friend. They didn't seem to mind yet; it hadn't gone too far. With her back to them, none of the men were aware that Alice had removed her top. In fact, they were more focused on Erica; they had seen their wives in the hot tub before. That was fine. Erica wanted to take her friends' husbands right to the point where it was obvious that they would go to bed with her. And while they were competing for something she already had, she could easily take what was theirs, at the drop of a hat, or bra. She would throw that in each of their cheating faces. She could have any one of them, any time she wanted.

"That looks like so much fun. Can you loosen my dress for me, boys? I have my suit on underneath too."

Not surprisingly, Don's hands were the first to touch her, caressing her shoulder before grasping her zipper and deftly running it down the curve of her back. Ray knelt down and urged her foot off the floor, slipping her sandals off as soon as her knee bent. Bill stepped up behind her, replacing Don, who stepped around to her side, reaching across her front to guide the dress off her shoulders. He let it drop. The dress caught at

her waist, but only for a moment, sliding down her legs to a heap on the floor.

"Oh my god," Ray gasped, looking up from his kneeling position at Erica's feet.

Erica looked down, feigning surprised horror. Quickly, perhaps not so quickly, she crossed her arms in front of her bare chest.

"Oh," she squealed. "I forgot my top."

Don, standing beside her on the opposite side from Ray, was looking down at her breasts, specifically the swell at the side that couldn't be covered by her hands. Bill was looking at Erica's almost completely bare ass, not the least bit covered by the thong bikini. Ray's eyes shifted to join Bill's.

"Could someone please get my top. It should be on the bed."

Sure enough, the skimpy top was lying on Erica's pillow. Don retrieved it and brought it to her.

"I can't drop my hands, or you'll see," Erica said. "Can you put it on for me?"

This didn't make any sense but Don wasn't about to argue. He stretched the top across Erica's front. Ray was now standing and he took one end from Don. Together, they brought the top against Erica's torso under her breasts and eased it up until it pressed against her hands. Erica 'stumbled' and Bill placed his big hands on her waist to steady her, his fingers curling around to cover her navel and her pouting tummy.

"You'll have to pull your hands out of the way so we can lift the top over you," Don suggested.

"Ok guys, but don't be naughty."

Don and Ray pulled the strapless top up, covering Erica's hand-covered treasures and she began sliding her hands away to the sides. The deed accomplished, Erica stood at the mercy of the men, her honor depending on their willingness to keep the top covering her breasts.

"Can you tie me up?" she asked.

Don and Ray passed the ends around to Erica's back where Bill grasped each end and pulled it together, trying to find out out it fastened. Just then, a mild exclamation burst from Erica's lips.

"Oh, my."

The men turned to look, following Erica's gaze, down to the hot tub. They were just in time to see Samantha's arms falling to her sides and Alice turning to look behind her at Samantha's bikini top lying on the deck. Now, all could see that Alice wasn't wearing a top. Her breasts jutted from her chest, nipples standing in full excitement from her tits. Over her shoulder, the men could see Samantha's breasts still bouncing freely up and down. As they watched, Janice stood, removed her top and flung it over Alice's head to the deck. She sat down wearing a defiant, 'so there' look on her face.

Bill let the ends of Erica's top go and it fell from her breasts, grazing her belly as it dropped to the floor. Erica didn't try to cover herself.

Alice stood and waded across the tub to Derek and sank to her knees in front of him. The observers could see Derek reach out and knew, though they couldn't actually see, that he had taken hold of Alice's tits. Janice put her arm around Derek's neck and

kissed the side of his mouth. Samantha did the same on the other side. Both women moved their other arms around his front, under the water.

Bill's hands circled Erica's waist again and Don and Ray each took possession of a breast, gently cupping the meat of her swells, fingers folding around to lightly pinch her rapidly extending nipples. Erica hadn't planned on letting the men touch her. Look, yes, but not touch. But she had to let them enjoy at least as much leeway their wives allowed Derek. And she needed an opportunity to catch the attention of the women below, something that wasn't about to happen right then.

Don and Ray each kissed Erica's cheeks, then nibbled on her neck and ears. Bill's lump pressed into her rear and his finger dipped into her navel. Janice had pulled Derek's face toward her. She kissed him. Don, watching, turned Erica's toward him and placed his mouth over her lips. His tongue slid inside and he was kissing her while Ray tugged her nipple away from her chest.

When Don finally released her mouth, Erica saw through hazy eyes that Samantha was already working her mouth on Derek's face. Ray pulled her face toward him and right away her mouth was filled with his tongue. Now her right tit was manipulated more deftly as Don applied his full concentration. The lump

grew larger behind her and pressed more firmly into her butt, lifting her heels from the ground so she was almost on tippy toes.

This is going too far, Erica thought. Ray was an excellent kisser and he held her much longer than Don. She looked down at the tub and was shocked to see Alice's head lowered in Derek's lap, bobbing gently up and down. She was sucking him!

Just then, Bill's big fingers dipped down to cover the front of her thong. Erica jerked in reaction, but the wrong way, against him. She struggled for a few seconds but Bill's big hands easily held her in place. Wait, wait. Janice stood up in the tub and eased her bikini straps over her hips. She stepped out of them and tossed them outside the tub. Samantha, watching, followed suit. Janice gently pulled Alice's head up and nudged her aside. Quickly, she swung her leg over, straddling Derek, and sunk slowly down, one hand reaching in front and below, clearly guiding Erica's husband's cock inside her.

Erica ceased struggling and Bill's fingers dipped inside her bikini. He lifted her off her feet, urging her ass against his bulge, and started backing away. The last thing Erica saw was Janice moving up and down, fucking her husband, while Samantha stepped onto the submerged seat and swung her leg across Derek's chest, fitting herself between him and Janice and

pushing her pussy onto his face. Erica fell back onto Bill on the bed. She could feel his bare cock slip down the crack of her ass and fit between her legs. When had he pulled down his swimsuit?

There was a man on either side of her as she lay on Bill. Mouths were on her tits, working her nipples up, sucking. Fingers were on her pussy, slipping inside her slit, digging deeper.

Oh, god. I have to stop it. Ohhhh, it feels so good. So much happening at once.

There was a loud smacking sound as one of the men, she didn't know which one, started sucking her tit really hard. Erica arched her back, pushing her long nipple deeper into his mouth, as deep as she could get it.

"Ohhhhhhh, yessss."

When she sagged back onto Bill's chest, she felt something bigger nudging at her slit, something very thick. A large hand covered her mound and the thickness was pushed into her slit. It began to move, nudging back and forth. Ah, god, he was

sucking hard again. Erica arched her back high, she couldn't help it.

She sagged back onto Bill's chest and the thickness pushed inside her an inch, maybe more. He was so big. Big, affable, average-looking Bill who possessed this incredible weapon was pushing it further into her pussy. She looked down at her chest and new it was Ray that sucked her tit so well. She felt the big paw covering her mound being pushed away and a slender set of fingers took its place. Her pussy lips were treated to an amazing tickling massage and her clit to a teasing brush and run thumb attack. Immediately, Erica began to moisten, rapidly becoming wetter. Bill's huge organ slipped deeper.

Erica was in the middle of another deep, arching response to a hard tit-suck when Bill's cock sank fully home. When she fell back to his chest, Bill started moving steadily in and out.

Oh, god. Yes. Fuck me with that thing.

Don's fingertips were gently rubbing her clit.

"Oh, boys. Oh boys," Erica moaned.

Bill started moving faster inside her. Don's delicate fingers were replaced by a very talented tongue and Erica knew it was Ray.

"Fuck me," Erica cried. "All of you. I want all of you to fuck me."

She had meant to ease any concern that Don and Ray may have that she would be done after Bill was finished, or that they might feel inadequate after she had been filled by their bigger friend. Erica just wanted them to know that she was woman enough for all of them, and that she wanted each of them inside her. She no longer cared what was happening outside.

But Erica never thought they would all try to do her at the same time. Ray's mouth pulled away and he straddled her, pushing his long slender cock on her pussy, keeping it firmly pressed there as Bill shoved up from below. His eyes locked onto hers and then he walked on his knees towards her. He slid his cock into Erica's mouth and Don's fingers returned to her pussy. Erica raised her head, pushing her mouth over Ray's shaft, taking in as much as she could and Ray slid his hand behind her head so she could relax onto it but he soon pulled her onto him again. Erica didn't mind. She was entering a zone she'd never been in before and she liked it.

Erica couldn't believe how easily she was now accommodating Bill's big cock. She was so fucking wet. Don was running his fingers all around her soaked pussy, not just her clit, and he was even pushing his fingers into her cunt while Bill fucked her. She was amazed how fantastic that felt, and knowing it was different made it wildly more exciting. One man could never fuck her like this. She was spoiled for life.

It was right then, at the point of this revelation, that Erica remembered it was Halloween. Is that why an evil pleasure lurked in her bedroom, waiting to be consumed? Don straddled her hips and tried to push the tip of his cock into Erica's cunt, sliding on top of Bill's larger member. God. She knew she could take his fingers in addition to Bill, in fact, loved the feel of it, but another cock?

No. She couldn't. He was stretching her. She couldn't. Suddenly, Don's head was in, it was inside her. Quickly, his shaft sunk deeper. He was moving, fucking her. Jesus. They were moving differently. Filling her. Pushing in different directions, different places. She moaned around Ray's cock.

Oh god. Fuck me, fuck me. All of you. Fuck me!

Ray's hands were on both sides of her face now, pulling her onto his cock. She could hear Bill grunting loudly beneath her. He was close, rasping, gasping for air. She couldn't see or hear Don but, strangely, since he was so much smaller than Bill, she could feel his cock most of all.

Bill suddenly lunged upward, lifting all of them a good six inches off the bed, gushing in Erica's cunt, flooding it. Ray unloaded in her mouth and Erica pushed him violently away from her face, suddenly bearing the brunt of his wildly spraying hose, closing her eyes to protect herself from his errant blasts. But Don, Don pulled out and guided his bursting semen directly on target, exactly where he wanted it to be—right on Erica's clit, and that triggered Erica's own convulsing orgasm.

The four of them writhed uncontrollably on the bed. Shaking, settling, then shaking wildly again. Eventually, they all relaxed, sagging onto the bed, Don and Ray falling to the side and Erica rolling off Bill. Ragged breathing gradually returned to normal.

Don rose first, going to the bathroom and returning with a warm face cloth and a towel. Gently, he cleaned Erica's face and then her pussy, including the few shots that had missed their mark and landed on her belly. Nobody spoke but each

man gently caressed Erica's body. This went on for at least fifteen minutes. Erica was beginning to respond to the men's loving touch.

Strangely, nobody knew what to say despite the fact that moments earlier they had each instinctively known exactly what to do. Erica knew there was no way to understand what had happened. It was her who finally broke the silence.

"Should we join our spouses in the hot tub?"

Bill and Ray looked away. Don didn't.

"Why?" he asked simply.

Erica didn't have an answer to that. She was about to say something anyway, something lame like, they're probably wondering where we are, when Ray moved his head down and started flicking his tongue across her pussy. Bill's paw covered her tits and Don kissed her. In the silence, Erica could hear the sound of love-making in the distance.

Some time later, Don stopped kissing her and Ray pulled his tongue from deep inside her pussy. Ray got up and disappeared into the bathroom.

"I think Bill would like some face to face time," Don said, urging her over onto her side and then onto Bill's chest. As soon as Erica's open legs straddled him, Bill fed his renewed cock into her pussy.

"I don't mind," Erica gasped, "but it will be hard to look after all of you this way."

Don got up onto his knees and approached Erica from the side. Erica turned to face him and opened her mouth. She knew what he wanted. She could hear Ray returning from the bathroom.

"But what about Ray?"

"I'm sure he'll think of something," Don smiled and pushed his cock between Erica's lips.

Erica felt Ray's legs straddling her, scraping along the outside of her thighs until his cock was lying on her ass, along her

crack. It was cold, clammy and wet. She felt Ray's hands on her ass, pulling, spreading her apart. His slick cock fell into the widened crevice and his hands closed behind it, pushing it down against her, pushing the tip, down, into her, trying to get inside.

Oh god. No. He wants to fuck my ass. I never...I don't know, I don't know if I can... I don't...ohhhhhhh god, ohhhhh jesus, mmmmmmmmm, ok, yeah, maybe, ohhhhhh, yeah, baby..."

A long time later, a loud grunting, groaning climax shattered the room. It was followed by the same long period of gentle caresses but this time, no fucking. Everyone fell asleep.

Erica woke in the dark amid a pile of male bodies. She got up quietly, not wanting to wake the men in case they wanted to have another go. It was late. Erica crept stealthily out of the bedroom. She walked toward the stairs. Where was everyone? Had the wives gone home?

She heard soft murmurs coming from downstairs. Carefully, she dropped to her knees and crept quietly to the railing, peering at the living room below, lit softly by a single lamp in the corner. Samantha and Alice were sleeping, one sprawled on the couch and the other on the loveseat.

Janice was bent over the ottoman, moaning softly, her long, rich brown hair covering her face. Derek was behind her, murmurring into her ear, cajoling, convincing. He straightened and Erica could see his cock pushing behind Janice, bending, too high to be in her pussy. Janice moaned again. She sounded reluctant. Derek leaned forward again, cajoling softly, pleading his need.

There was a sound behind her. Erica turned. Don was walking up behind her, naked, his cock waggling before him.

"Shhhhhh." Erica motioned for him to be quiet.

Don squatted behind Erica, looking over her shoulder, watching her husband trying to get into his wife's ass. A few minutes later, Derek succeeded in getting just inside her. Erica sucked in her breath, knowing that it had taken her less time to allow entry and that her fears were unfounded. Soon, she would feel that wonderful spreading glow and she wouldn't be moaning so softly.

Erica lifted her head to peer over the railing to get a better look, no longer afraid that Derek might turn and see her. His attention couldn't be diverted now. Erica was mesmerized,

watching in fascination as her husband won from another woman what she had never given him, what he had never asked for. From a woman whose husband was kneeling behind her.

Suddenly, Erica felt the tip of a cock against her own rear entrance. She turned to look at Don.

"Are you too sore," Don whispered.

Erica could see that his concern was real. What a considerate man. Erica raised her hands to grip the railing beside her head. She turned back to watch her husband fuck her lover's wife's ass.

Don pushed. Erica was surprised how easily he gained entrance. Moments later her attention to the scene below waned. Don was very good at this. Much better than Ray had been. But how could that be? Don's wife was clearly getting it in the ass for the first time. Where did Don gain such expertise?

As Don became more urgent, grinding into Erica from behind, flashes of parties in years past flashed through her mind, glimpses of Don and Alice talking quietly together when

everyone else was engaged. Tonight's scene of Alice tossing off her top, setting this wild night into action was vivid. Was Alice the source of Don's prowess?

Erica didn't know and she didn't care. This felt so good. She pushed herself away from the railing, falling to the floor and turning her head to the side on the rug, lifting her ass high to help Don get deep inside her. Nothing was ever going to be the same.

From on, she was Mrs. Fucking Hyde.