



HOTWIFE EROTICA

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**If a man doesn't deserve a woman, she'll find a man who does.**

# CHAPTER 1

I affixed the gunbelt at my waist in the mahogany floor mirror. I tugged at the banded collar of the Han Solo shirt under the black vest.

The dark of the room around me was only exceeded by the pitch black of the hall out the bedroom door.

Our Victorian was over a hundred years old and well maintained.

I was getting ready for Halloween.

In the master bathroom, my wife was applying the finishing touches of her geisha makeup.

Our home was always shadowy. Black walls and dimly lit sconces didn't light to penetrate much of the dark, even on the brightest of days. We had blackout curtains on everything.

As I considered my costume, the light from the single lamp cast a weak, amber light around me.

We were used to it. We certainly weren't vampires, but we definitely loved the dark comfort of our old home. The blood red walls of the bedrooms provided the only alleviating effect from the black walls of the hallways.

It was dark in the master bedroom; it always was. The lamplight glinted off of music boxes and crystal ornaments.

I was satisfied with my outfit. Expensive, but worth it. And it fit my name.

There was a ping next to me - a single little chime.

I knew it instantly.

I heard my wife coming down the hall from the bathroom. "Ford? Are you almost ready?" she called.

The ping sounded again. Then another, higher. Slowly at first, and gaining speed, the music box on the old shelving began playing. Faster and faster it went, chiming a little song of melancholy and loss.

Tammy came out into the bedroom. "Did you wind that?"

I plucked up the box. "No, it's playing by itself again."

I turned the box as the music continued to play, accelerating in speed. The music box hadn't been wound in over fifteen years. Every three years or so, it began playing on its own as if so tightly wound it might burst from the tension of the spring inside.

But we never wound it.

The hackles on my back and arms rose in terror, as they always did. But I was not afraid, despite the reaction of the hairs all over my body.

The music box played as if someone was forcefully turning the little drum inside and making it play music. I knew the spring wasn't responsible. Springs don't wind themselves.

I set it back on the shelf as it played.

The music continued to accelerate until finally it just stopped. Springs didn't do that. They slowed to a stop, not accelerated.

But we had seen and heard this before. It was nothing new. Just startling when it happened.

I regarded myself in the mirror as the strains of the music box faded in my memory.

Tammy said, "Getting a good look at yourself?" Amusement flecked her voice.

The music box was already forgotten – the occurrence was that common.

"It took me no more than three minutes to get all this on. Almost an hour for you back there with that white paint?"

She gave me a dry look. "You want to apply it to me next time?"

"Pass, thanks, bye."

"Are you ready?"

"No, I have to pick my nose for a half hour."

She plucked at her sleeves. "Then let's go before you wind the other music boxes."

I followed her out into the dark hall. "I didn't wind it." We descended the stairs.

"I still think it's creepy." She sounded spooked.

"Look, it's like I've said, if that's the worst some spook can do, then who cares?"

"It's scary."

"It's dumb." And I felt that, too. I didn't believe in ghosts; I believed in demons. They came and went in old places like ours: attracted back by age or whatever, until I chased them away with prayer.

It was sort of an endless battle.

Other than being startled by the suddenness of the events, there was little to cause concern.

We were in the entry by the parlor. People described our place as a Victorian vampire brothel: reds; blacks; velvets; lace; and furniture that fit the style.

I said, "We can cut out early if you want. Ten?"

Tammy twisted around.

I heard the running footsteps.

The basement door closed softly, but with enough of a snap to catch our

attention.

I asked, "Is Angela down here?" I peered into the darkness of the parlor. The basement door was around a corner in there.

My wife said, "Last I saw, she was asleep."

Our daughter was in college and staying at home while she hiked to campus every day.

I went into the parlor and back farther to the rear hallway. I opened the door to the basement. Pitch blackness greeted me in a yawning invitation to tumble down the steep stairs.

I thought to myself, No way would Angela go down there in the dark. Still, I flipped on the light.

Stairs led down to the old concrete below.

I flipped them off and closed the door. "It wasn't her."

Tammy waited, huddled with her arms crossed and begging for warmth. "Can we go now?"

"Sure, sure. I'd just like to know who's running through my house and shutting doors."

She blew out a sigh of frustration.

It wasn't directed at me, really. It was given as recognition of the hopelessness of trying to logically explain the weird shit that happened in our house.

I considered her and tugged at her wig. "Okay, you look good."

"Don't mess it up; it took a lot of time."

"I was just trying to help."

We went out the back door to the old barn that served as a garage. I unlocked the padlock and slid open the large door. Our black Mercedes sat sleekly inside, resting as if a predator in its den.

We got in.

I was nervous and I'm sure she was, too. Something about the barn made us move quickly in and out. It was more a sense of someone watching than anything else. Just enough of a tickle at the back of the neck to cause haste.

Neither of us ever wasted time in the garage. Or barn. Whatever the fuck it was supposed to be.

The Mercedes purred to life and I immediately put it in drive.

Outside, I got out and slid the barn door shut as if I was sliding the final barrier against an onrushing horde of evil and horror. As always, my hands were shaking by the time I snapped the padlock shut.

Just a normal night.

On the Saturday before Halloween.

## CHAPTER 2

The company threw the party every year in a couple of locations. We were the guts of distribution no one ever heard about. If a company manufactured something, we likely collected it for distribution – sometimes even before it reached Amazon.

Though they had cut into our business.

But being the larger of the distribution middlemen, we survived and snapped up the competition as Amazon drove them under.

It was business. Nothing personal.

The convention hall at the Candlelight Hotel wasn't as big as the newer super-hotel halls, but it was cozy. Built in the thirties, the place maintained that art deco feel of the twenties when it was designed.

Where the Candlelight dug up velvet furniture in period style was beyond me.

There was a knot of people at the door in costumes. We didn't bother with much extra help, so there was no guard to deal with.

Consequently, people all piled up right at the entrance, greeting and entering right into conversations.

*Just move, dammit. I tried to pull my wife through the people, squeezing and excusing myself as I went.*

"Ford." The voice stopped me cold.

I knew who it was and I didn't care if he worked with us or not. Didn't give a flying whoop-ass if he was responsible for bringing in new accounts and keeping the company afloat.

I said his name like Seinfeld acknowledging Newman. "Rod"

His sneer wasn't hidden. "Still holding out for an award tonight?" He laughed derisively.

*Cock. The company gave out cash awards to employees for a variety of reasons. Rod had collared Best Salesperson three years in a row – and some other awards. I was lucky to squeak by with Most Efficient. I started to say something wise-ass, but I saw the woman with him.*

Someone had moved out of the way and now Tammy and I were in a conversation with Rod and his escort – and blocking the way.

Rod saw my look. His lip curled in superiority. "Yes, the rumors are true; I got married. This is my wife, Alice."

I couldn't stop my hand from reaching out to her. "Alice, I'm—"

Her small voice was smooth as silk. "Ford, yes I heard..."

We shook hands. Her skin was as delicate as her features, hinting at some kind of vulnerability. I indicated my wife. "My wife, Tammy."

Rod was bouncing his head like he'd heard it all before and was impatient. "Nice costume." It wasn't a compliment.

He was dressed as a ghostbuster. I looked at it and made a gruesome face. "Yours is suitably dingy-looking."

Tammy reached a hand to Alice. "Pleased to meet you."

Alice lowered her eyes and smiled. She was dressed as a sexy bunny, sort of Playboy style, but a little more demure.

Rod sniffed, "I know you'd love to stand around and talk, but I need to find a washroom. My hands feel a bit grimy." He brushed past me.

I gave way. As she passed, Alice locked eyes with mine. A flutter of excitement banged around in my chest for a second.

She tried to hide her face as she passed, but there was something there in the way she had looked at me.

I smelled the cigar smoke before I heard the voice. "Ford, good man. What are you dressed as?"

Carl was a husky old man with white hair and a perpetual cigar clamped in his fingers. He was dressed as a ringleader, as always. He owned CRC Distribution Systems.

I said, "Han Solo."

The look on his face didn't register recognition.

"Star Wars?"

He grunted. "Ah, never saw it. Good evening, lovely Tammy." He offered his arm.

For the last six years, he had appropriated my wife from me almost on entry.

Tammy gave me a wistful look of resignation as she took his arm. "Hello, Carl."

The old man's eyes sparkled. "I have a lovely red I corked a bit ago. Shall we?"

I nodded at them. I was sure Carl had something for Tammy, but whatever it was, he never scored. But neither did he try. He just chatted my wife's ear off every year and plied her with wine.

I went to the bar and ordered vodka; it was time to circulate. I checked my watch while the bartender poured: 7:39. Dinner would be served in twenty minutes.

"Hey, Ford." A meek greeting.

I turned and shook David's hand. "Dave, how's it going?" He was dressed as a gorilla.

Dave was anything but meek behind that voice. Even though he was friendly in off-work settings, he ran the warehouse side of the company with a steel fist. His wife or girlfriend next to him looked extremely disinterested in everything. She was dressed as a ketchup bottle.

Dave already had a drink. He lifted the mask and sipped. "Well, you know.

Bullying the help."

He wasn't; he never did.

He asked, "Old guy got your wife already?"

"Yep."

"You remember Carlene?"

I shook her hand. "Of course." I didn't.

She rolled her eyes at me.

I had nothing more to say to her and turned to David. "I think you're going to win Most Efficient this year."

He winked at me. "I just do my job."

"Nah, you deserve it. Even I can see it from the office side."

He beamed at me and his eyes shifted curiously to my side.

I followed his gaze and found sexy bunny next to me: Alice. I grinned at her, delighted. "Hey."

Other than look at Dave and Carlene, her eyes settled on me. "Buy a girl a drink?"

The drinks were free. I said, "I think I can manage that."

Dave clapped my arm and towed his tedious tart after him.

I gently laid a hand on the satin material at the small of her back. I guided her back to the bar. "What will you have?"

"What are you drinking?"

"Vodka."

It was a simple exchange delivered so smoothly I felt like we had known each

other for years. There was an ease about the whole thing that felt enjoyable.

We waited and watched each other, both of us likely feeling the same thing: amused interest. Her face was pale and smooth, and framed by soft brown hair down just a little past her shoulders. She had the palest gray eyes I had ever seen.

I was captivated.

So was she, though I don't know what she saw in me. I might have been good-looking, but even I had to admit, Rod could really turn on the good looks when he wasn't trying to be an ass.

Funny how personality came out and ruined good looks.

If Alice's face was any hint, there was nothing but beauty, through and through. There was no phony model look about her and she was far from being cutesy. It was a beauty that was graceful. Someone like Lauren Bacall came to mind when thinking of grace. Maybe it was all in the set of the eyes: suggestive of smoke. Cutesy eyes were big, round, and bubbly.

Alice was all smoke. Very sexy.

I let my eyes drift down rapidly over her figure. Breasts right for her size, a long and lithe abdomen, a pronounced but compact flare of feminine hips topping shorter legs than the average.

Very attractive.

I looked back up. The entire glance had taken no more than one second.

Her eyes registered a knowing look and she smiled. Her hand reached out and took the offered glass from the bartender without breaking eye contact with me.

I indicated the velvet couches. "Shall we sit? Or will Rod be looking for you?"

"I would like to sit." It was a comment full of promise.

I led her to a free couch, feeling that something was going unsaid. Her personality did not seem used to what she was doing, but she handled it very well.

I settled and twisted towards her, letting others know she and I were in a conversation for just the two of us. She was likewise shifted towards me. I said, "I'm surprised Rod isn't over here forbidding you to talk to me."

"He told me not to talk to you."

I chuckled knowingly. That sounded exactly like Rod. "Well, we're rivals."

"You work in the same department for the same company." It was a statement, not an argument.

"Indeed. But Rod has always taken it personally. I maintain many of the active accounts. He brings in new ones. While my account list has shrunk a bit over the years, his has grown."

"Yes, he's told me."

"It doesn't bother you to sit and chat with your husband's declared rival?" I was feeling very comfortable with her and the words flowed so easy it was silky.

She sipped her drink, watching me over the rim. "It doesn't bother me at all; why should it?"

"Because it bothers your husband."

"I have permission to talk to you."

I looked at her suspiciously. "I thought you said he forbade it?"

That secretive smile widened her sensual lips.

A French Fry named Greta went bouncing by.

I glanced, looked away.

Alice said, "I had permission before he singled you out."

I was trying to understand. "I—"

My wife stood before us. "Carl had to use the boy's room." She said it to me, but her eyes were on Alice. She deliberately looked down the woman's body to her

shoes and slowly back up with a sneer.

Alice took another sip, letting her gaze fall all the way down and then back up to my wife's eyes. There was no sneer, but there was a look of amusement.

So graceful. Delicate.

Tammy said, "What was your name again? Agatha?"

That little smile teased at Alice's mouth and she looked down as if backing down from a superior species.

But I detected no such backing down despite the gesture.

My wife was apparently satisfied. "He asked me to sit with him for dinner."

I checked my watch. Five minutes to go. "Like usual."

With one last glance at Alice, my wife swished away.

Alice looked up at me and we resumed that strange civil connection. "So you are dining alone?"

"I am." I finished off my vodka.

"Perhaps I could join you?" There was no hint in her voice of distaste, trepidation, hesitancy, or anything else I could detect. However, her features held a trace of hope.

I studied her eyes for a second. "What about Rod?"

"I have permission to talk to you." Again, that cryptic hint.

I raised my eyebrows as if to doubt her. But I didn't want to doubt her. I wanted to lean close and smell her perfume. I said, "I'd be honored."

The smile widened into a tiny flash of white teeth, indicating her satisfaction at my response. "I was hoping you'd say so."

That was when my dick began to twitch like some zombie coming to life. I wanted to be near her and hear her voice.

She was intoxicating.

## CHAPTER 3

Dinner was served and Alice and I sat together after getting plates at the buffet.

"I can't imagine your husband thinking you talking to me is a great way to spend his evening."

That playful look subtly crossed her face. "Have you..." She faltered, looking for the first time uncertain.

I wanted to touch her arm to reassure her, but I feared if I did, I would scoop her up and press her body to mine in a fevered frenzy I would be unable to resist. "Please, go on."

Her eyes looked into mine from under her eyelashes. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly."

"Even though I'm Rod's wife?"

I stated it simply, "You're not Rod."

She toyed with a piece of barbecue beef using her plastic fork. Her hesitancy showed in the nervous throbbing of the pulse in her neck. She finally swallowed the nothing in her mouth and looked back up at me. "Rod inflicted an indiscretion on our intimacy."

I digested that tidbit for a moment. I thought it impolite to laugh, so I didn't.

She asked, "Do you know what a hall pass is?"

"Permission to...?"

"Have my revenge."

It dawned on me – the whole thing. She wanted to be with me. "Oh... you're cruel."

Alice actually looked hurt. "I'm not. I'm really not. But when I saw you..." She bit her lower lip. "It has to be you. I don't want any of the other men here. They didn't give me the kind of vibe you did. It was electric."

Even the timbre of her voice was resonating in my pants. I was stiffened down there just listening to her.

I said, "I'll admit you're striking quite a vibe with me."

Her smile returned, hopeful.

I asked, "When does this happen?" I looked over at the executive table where my wife sat with Carl. She looked quite occupied by his gesticulations and proddings. She was taking large gulps of wine.

Alice fiddled with her fork. "Tonight. It has to be tonight. We have a room here."

I met her eyes again. "He's not expecting to watch, is he?"

"No."

"Good."

"You'll... do it?"

I looked again over to my wife and weighed my commitment to her over my desire to crush Rod. Of course, any other woman I would've rejected. I didn't play around with other women like that. But with Alice? Wronged Alice? The sweet woman wanted to take her revenge but had standards, and I had met them.

My sympathy for her and the desire to help her take her revenge was not something I could pass up. "I'll do it. One time only?"

She nodded.

That suited me fine. "But why me? I'm your husband's worst enemy."

"That speaks more for your character than you know. I understand that now."

I took that as a compliment.

She asked, "Do you mind if I film it? To torment him later?"

As much as the idea appealed to me, my response was automatic and immediate. "No." There was simply no way I could be sure Rod wouldn't find a way to use it against me – like showing my wife.

One little fling to help this sweet woman against my most bitter rival.

*Sorry, Tammy. Gotta take this one.*

Alice reached over and squeezed my knee. "Follow me in about thirty seconds."

I could feel her hand trembling. Poor thing was scared. I waited the time and got up to go.

Rod intercepted me at the door. "How dare you." His voice was quiet.

I kept my voice very carefully neutral; I didn't want to create a scene. "I'm just being nice."

He pursed his lips shut and fumed quietly. "And what if I go after your wife, huh?"

I whispered, "Do you really want Alice to rack up another hall pass there, buddy? She might choose me again."

His hands were balled into fists but he spun away.

I left the hall as fast as walking allowed.

She was waiting by the elevator and pushed the button. When we entered the lift, she said, "Thank you."

"Your husband tried to stop me."

Her eyes drew down in anger and her lips firmed. "Then I have no regrets." Her words were passionate and melodious. So Lauren Bacall it hurt.

Their room was simple, economy class. There was a tripod with camera. She immediately took it apart and put it away. Then she whirled on me. "Take me." Her lower lip trembled. "Before I lose my nerve."

I didn't want her afraid. She looked too delicate to be afraid. I gripped her shoulders and pulled her into a hug. She trembled against me and I just held her. I stroked her back with my right hand for several minutes – until she stopped shivering.

She pulled her head back and looked up at me. "You were the right choice."

I ran a finger across her cheek.

"Definitely the right choice." There was a tremor in her voice now, but not from fright. She lifted her chin.

I mashed my mouth to hers gently, tasting the lips of this fragile woman. I wanted to scoop her up and protect her, crushing her to me possessively.

Our hot tongues clashed and then danced, moving almost waltz-like against each other. It was neither intrusive nor forced.

It was perfect.

I could feel her breathing quicken.

My own heart thundered in my chest, sending blood to my manhood and thickening it in response to her soft form pressed against me.

Her hand dropped hesitantly, then faster. Reaching down. I felt the brush of her fingers against my pants.

Even though the costume was expensive, it wasn't made of thick fabric. She felt me. Really felt me.

She breathed in awe, her shaking exhales filled with trembling anticipation. Her fingers molded around my erection, feeling its length and girth. She broke the kiss, pulling back just enough to search my face.

She said words that might have made me laugh in derision at her husband, but only inflamed my passion more. "You're so big..." She began tugging at my pants.

That was my cue for which I had waited. I wanted to let her make the first move.

I didn't want to give the impression that I was just going to do my thing if she had second thoughts. And who wouldn't have second thoughts? Even now, I knew my Tammy was somewhere downstairs, bored to tears by Carl's chatter. And here I was with Alice and she had made her decision. Now that she had, I took over. "I'll do it." I undressed.

Her eyes didn't register fright anymore, but hunger.

My cock stood straight out, hard and ready.

She breathed, "Oh my gosh."

I helped her out of her costume.

She was even more beautiful naked. She wasn't bald down there, but her patch of hair was very trimmed.

She looked, felt, and smelled like a goddess.

And I wanted a taste.

## CHAPTER 4

I pushed her back onto the bed and parted her knees.

Her eyes went larger than I'd seen them. "Rod never does that."

"Lucky for you, I do." I moved in and pressed my tongue to her clit. I moved my tongue sideways, back and forth as it hardened.

She had a clean taste and the tickly hairs against my nose were soft. She gasped with the light tongue assault I was giving her. The creamy skin of her thighs moved with her clenching muscles and I could tell she was enjoying this.

I eased two fingers inside. The slide was moist and velvety.

She groaned and I felt the walls of her canal squeeze my fingers.

I moved slowly, in and out, and continued to use the flat tip of my tongue to stimulate her clit. When it hardened to the point of protruding from her hood, I began climbing up her body.

Her eyes were closed, but she opened them and watched me. Her chest heaved along my line of sight and I stopped to tongue her pink nipples.

She moaned low with desperation. Her hips moved, undulating with need.

I had her ready, but I asked anyway. "Are you sure you want this?"

"Don't stop now." It wasn't an answer, directly.

I had the feeling she still had reservations even though she claimed she had made the right choice. Even if she was excited.

It probably was just something she would never do on her own. The hall pass gave her permission but it was still outside her personality.

I hesitated, the helmet of my cock brushing her pussy.

Her eyes were on mine, her mouth open and lips moving slightly with unspoken desire. Her hands trembled on my skin – perhaps fright again.

I felt her hips lift, nudging my cock.

Yes, she was ready, open, and willing, even if nervous.

I pushed gently and felt the lips part. I adjusted for angle and pushed again. The tight ring of her opening cupped around the head of my erection and began stretching open. It wasn't a difficult insertion, though she tensed up as I started sliding in.

Her mouth was open in shock.

I didn't have a massive cock, so I assumed Rod had a little one. Which meant Alice just wasn't used to a nice thick one. I had no worries of hurting her, really. I wasn't that big to cause pain.

Her tension began to lessen when I was in about halfway. Only the initial stretching had panicked her. She let out a long sigh of satisfaction as I slid deeper. "Oh my gosh... so deep..."

I held back the laugh, but not the smile. I didn't want to laugh at Alice. I wanted to hold her and make her feel comfortable. I wanted to laugh at Rod, but I didn't think that was ever going to happen to his face. I would have to laugh to myself in private.

As if meandering along some of the same thought paths, she asked, "Your wife would be mad, wouldn't she?"

"Yes." I reached the end and held it there, flexing with the feeling of her silky pussy on my shaft. But you're worth every thrust, Alice. Every thrust.

I began moving in and out. It was impossible to go fast and hard with her – I just couldn't do it. Every thrust inward was delivering such a swell of sensation in my cock and soul that I wanted to savor every sliding inch of movement.

I had one time with this graceful woman. One time only.

I was going to enjoy it and I wanted her to enjoy it.

She closed her eyes. "You're so... gentle."

I whispered, "I hope that's okay; I can't seem to want to act like this is just a fuck."

Moisture accumulated at the outer corners of her eyes. "Thank you."

"I want it to be special. For you."

Her eyes opened. "Why?"

"Because you deserve better?"

She closed her eyes again and her eyebrows drew together in thought. It was a delicate little pained look that I imagined crossed her face whenever she closed her eyes to think.

Her hands on my shoulders began squeezing. Her hips began moving. She let out an audible combination of a gasp and a moan. She shook her head. "I didn't think I'd enjoy this. I thought it would be horrible and dirty."

"I hope it isn't."

Her eyes looked up at me, filled with water, but not crying. "It's not." Her eyes squeezed shut and her hands squeezed harder on my shoulders. They relaxed until she slid her arms around my neck to hold me closer. "Thank you, Ford. Thank you for being the one."

A tiny bit of my constraint chipped away and I moved a little more forcefully in her. Not hard - just deep and with a more insistent pressing when I was all the way in.

She moaned at the change and her hips moved with mine. She clutched her arms around me harder and began trembling.

Assuming her movement was indicative of her proximity to pleasure, I held it in and ground my pubic bone against hers. The mash together rubbed her clit.

She moaned more until she was breathlessly wailing quietly in wordless wonder.

No, I didn't take her to be a loud woman. Quiet, reserved, sensual by virtue of that feminine grace. I could never imagine her raising her voice. Had she with Rod when she had discovered his indiscretion?

She closed her mouth, eyes, and pursed her lips together in concentration. Her body went rigid and trembled against mine. A hum began in her throat.

I rubbed against her clit just a little more forcefully.

An explosive rush of air burst from her mouth and her head flopped down. Her eyes rolled up into her head and she gave voice to her euphoria.

Heat radiated up to my skin and her body seemed to lose any rigidity. Everything went soft, like warm butter.

I moved more now, half out and then back in, pressing with passion. It was my turn and I was going to share with her my appreciation of her beauty.

After a moment of quiet panting, she opened her eyes and smiled. She tried to say something, swallowed, and began again. "I... don't think..."

I kept going.

She swallowed again and firmed her lips. "I don't think I can be satisfied with just once."

I didn't slow my moves – I was close. "You mean tonight? I can't; I'm sorry—"

"No, I mean in the future."

I dropped my mouth open.

"I want to see you again. Have you again. Please, Ford; don't make me beg. Please don't make me beg!"

"I..." I shook my head. My orgasm was tickling and stampeding towards the inevitable. What she was asking was something far deeper than a revenge fuck. She felt something for me inside as surely as I felt that invasion in my own heart.

Now the tears did leak – slowly – and her expression became pained. "Please. I

would crawl at your feet... Anything."

I slid it all the way in and unleashed a flood of cum larger than I expected. That she wanted me wrenched my guts inside and forcing my cum out in great gushes.

I had to admit, being with her only once was not a happy thought.

I filled her beautiful pussy with my seed. I grunted hard, blasting her deep and full. I panted, "You're so beautiful, and you feel so good. Fit so good... I don't know if I can only be with you just once, either."

Hope lit her eyes. "Can we? Sometimes... be together?"

I swallowed, feeling I had gone over the cliff and there was no turning back. She had captured me. "Yes. Somehow."

"Just so you know, I'm going to make him lick you out of me later."

I could not contain quiet laughter at that one. "Oh... now you really are cruel."

"Is that bad?"

"No, not at all. At least in this case." We looked at each other for a few seconds, bodies tingling and pulsing with pleasure. I said, "I don't mean to sound crass, but you know he'll probably cheat on you again...?"

Her eyes shifted away. "I know."

"If you don't mind me asking, why'd you marry him?"

She burped a bitter little laugh. "You know, all the normal reasons: he swept me off my feet; told me everything I needed to hear; and made all the right promises." She looked back up at me. "A romance for the ages."

"I'm sorry."

She touched my face with those soft fingers and shook her head. "Don't be... Without him, I wouldn't have met you."

*Oh, Alice. There just isn't any way this can be. It was a hopeless effort between*

*us – one filled not with promise, but pain. And yet, we both knew that we were going to walk this perilous path of passion to the inevitable end. Doom, depression, destruction. I took a measured breath. "I guess I should go."*

Tears watered her eyes again, but did not fall. She just pursed her lips and nodded.

I dressed as she sat on the bed clutching a sheet to her chest and watched me with sad eyes. I pulled my phone out and activated it. I handed it to her. "Put your number in."

She took it and looked down through her watery eyes. "I don't have mine..."

"I'll text you, don't worry."

She looked up at me and searched my face for signs of duplicity.

I sensed the pain and misplaced trust caused by that idiot Rod. How horrible to ruin such a fine woman.

I sat on the bed next to her because I knew what she was thinking: I was never going to text or call. I hugged her. "I will text, Alice. I just can't promise that I'm the man who can replace Rod."

She heaved a shuddering sigh. "You're married, I know."

I nodded against her head.

She sniffed. "And yet, I knew as soon as I saw you..."

"And you're married, too."

She stiffened in my arms and thumbed her number into my contact list. She handed my phone to me without any more words. She didn't even look at me.

I rose and left the room.

## EPILOGUE

I had scored against Rod in a way that far exceeded losing the Most Efficient award to David. The cash award went to he who most deserved it. Perhaps he could buy a smile for Carlene.

But Rod... It was a bittersweet victory that left me conflicted. Fucking his wife would've been the greatest of victories in any other circumstances. But Alice made it so much different – not a victory, a loss.

As satisfying and beautiful as it had been, there was an element of hopelessness about it all. I would text her later and confirm our deceitful deal.

I drove home to our haunted Victorian in the darkness of the night and my thoughts. I had a new haunting that plagued me now – a haunting of the heart.

**Thank you for reading Hot Halloween. All reviews are greatly appreciated.**

**For other Holiday stories, check out the following by Laran Mithras:**

I Was a Halloween Hotwife – she is seduced by a married man on Halloween and loves it

My Wife's Christmas Tradition – wife made a promise to another man

Independence Lay – a wife takes up with a biker friend in a sexy swap

Play with My Pumpkin! – she wants revenge on a cheating husband

Thanksgiving Theft and Thanks – Violet watches her husband fall for a black woman

Wishing Every Day was Christmas – her friend's husband begins the chase