

Play With My Pumpkin!



A Hotwife Halloween

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By

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Adultery is the application of democracy to love.

~ HL Mencken

CHAPTER 1

Mary's hand trembled in panic. The statement fluttered in her vision as she tried to read the proof before her eyes. He's a cheater. Adultery. I somehow knew it, didn't I? She couldn't breathe; only try to scan the listings of the District Motel down the pages of the statement.

The business district was the hub downtown for any business with a mind for profile. The area was referred to as The District. Several high rises commanded the skyline while picturesque mountains in the distance provided a reminder of man's origins.

She put the statement back in the briefcase sleeve with a thrust of disgust. Dean had even told her that he often skipped lunch to work with his assistant Felice. DB Industrial Engineering provided consultation to manufacturers and gave Mary and Dean an excellent income. Or used to.

"So it's all going to Felice now, and I'm the one that's married to him." Anger burned bright in her. In love in college, they had married. Dean had been such an energetic man that he had pulled Mary along like a magnet does metal. Always wondering if he really loved her or had married her as part of an acquisition, their love had vaporized suddenly after the marriage. Her mother had spent her life savings on the wedding and there was no way Mary could just walk away from a marriage that had become a prison. She felt little better than his latest flat screen TV.

"Fuck," she said. She walked out of his in-home office. She normally didn't bother with anything of his. He paid all the bills and deposited in her household account what was necessary to run the house.

She looked around at their McMansion. She had embraced the purchase with hopes that it might ignite – or reignite – in him the fires of love. A nest of their own. So much money went into it, and he had been claiming for the past year that his income had shrunk. Yeah, all of it going to three visits a week at the District Motel. Plus jewelry? Dresses? Lingerie? Fucker.

She wore the last piece of jewelry he had ever bought her: her wedding ring. She wanted to fling it at the art-deco print on the wall. No, she normally left his things alone. But she had wanted to see if the credit card had enough available to order up a nicer Halloween costume. The party at the Sunset Hills Country Club was one of the biggest events of the year among those in business. Only the Christmas event was bigger. Hundreds of people – wealthy and powerful people – flocked to the two events every year.

They had gone for their first time last year and Dean had told her she had embarrassed him with her cheap costume. He had told her she better put more effort into this year's event. And that requires money, so I had to look. And now I know.

Divorce immediately ran through her thoughts and just as rapidly vanished under the weight of all her mother's lost savings. The anger grew until she was gritting her teeth. Topping off the rage was the knowledge that Felice would be accompanying them this year. Her and her fake fucking dyed red hair. It's always a redhead, isn't it? It was always a redhead in the Lifetime movies and romance novels. Or, no, that's only if I walk in on them. The other woman is often a sultry brunette, or a big-titted brainless blonde who breathes through her mouth. Well, I didn't walk in on them, but her hair color is fake anyway.

She slumped into her computer chair and looked at the costume screen. She had been looking at a Bavarian cultural costume but now looked at it as evidence of her naiveté. She felt sick just looking at it.

Dean came out of the bathroom, fixing his tie.

Do you tie her up with it? Jerk? She glared at him, wanting to yell, kick and scream.

He leaned over her shoulder and looked at the screen. "Good. The sooner you order it the better. Don't want to be late with it."

She choked out, "Is two hundred dollars okay?" A vicious thought ran through her mind.

"Hmm, it better be good. But yes, I think we can do that." He gave his tie knot a quick push upward to settle it in place.

Are you going to spend more on her costume? "I could always sit home."

"You're my wife." He said it like, you're my TV. "It wouldn't look good if I only show up with my secretary."

"Mm hmm." I tapped my fingers on my mouse without looking at him. What is it about her that's so much more exciting than me? I have bigger boobs, a better brain, and nicer curves. Does she fuck better, or something? Blow better? Does she grunt like a man and that excites you?

He leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek – nothing romantic or remotely interested. "I'll be home a little late. Just leave dinner in the oven for me."

Mary rolled her eyes, but he couldn't see it. "Sure." Getting an after-work blowjob? The anger inside her was like a stain that colored her bones and soul. Stuck, trapped, and lacking options, she clicked a different page as he left the room. She felt like being evil to him, wicked even. Yes, definitely something in the witch line.

CHAPTER 2

The anger did not go away. There was no hurt, only passionate hate. She had known early in the honeymoon vacation that there was no honey and no moon. No promise, just a life as his trophy wife. She had been duped, tricked, deceived. And his attentions which should have been on her turned to his secretary, Felice. The redhead had been nice at first when they met, but in later encounters had slowly turned arrogant. It was no wonder.

Mary filled her days, waiting for the parts of her costume to arrive, with a darker and darker disgust. Darkening her was a deep spark of revenge. She wanted to burn down the house, but it was also hers. She acted the part of a dutiful wife, sickly-sweet rictus of a smile on her face, acting as if nothing were wrong. Somehow, she was going to get back at him, and she hoped something at the Halloween event presented itself: some way she could shame him in front of Felice and other associates. Something that didn't shame herself.

She had visions of Dean and Felice running off to frolic on the adjoining golf course – as many had the previous year. She imagined following them and waiting for them to be naked together, then suddenly turning on enormous stadium lights on their indelicate position. Of course, she didn't have any massive stadium lights waiting in the wings, but she imagined them.

The first bit of the costume to arrive was the coat. It was a very short black raincoat that ended high-thigh. She received the bustier and garter set the following day. The stockings followed and finally the witch's hat.

Dean nosed about the packages in her closet once and she snapped at him, "It's not all arrived yet."

"Didn't you order it from the same place?" His impatience was evident.

"No."

He scowled, waiting for an answer.

She didn't give him one and he went away puzzled at her uncharacteristic behavior.

He asked later at dinner, "What's the costume?"

She grimaced with her fake smile and said sweetly, "I'm going as a witch."

He grunted an acknowledgment, suddenly uninterested. "It better be nicer than that cheap garbage you wore last year."

She fought to keep a frown off her face, but it only made her lips firm. "What is Felice wearing?"

His eyes brightened. "I got..." He stopped suddenly. "I mean, she bought a burlesque outfit." He forked his food as if wildly curious about what it was.

She lifted an eyebrow at him and lowered her chin. He saw none of it. Well, that fits her. A whore's outfit for a whore.

He did not look at her.

She studied him, wondering why she had been picked to be his possession and Felice had been picked to be his sex toy. What's wrong with me? Why her? What's wrong with what I do in bed? Is it me? Or are you just a jerk who wants it all? Why didn't you marry Felice and then I could have been the sex toy?

~ ~ ~

Mary was sitting with Jackie over mint green tea. Their once a week get-together at Angela's Homestyle Café was a diversion for Mary.

Jackie leaned over her cup. "How's that handsome husband of yours doing?"

Mary's fingers tightened on her cup handle. Has she been seeing him, too? Or has he come on to her at some point? Or is she oblivious? "He's struggling to find new clients."

Her friend frowned. "He should be pursuing industries that make military goods."

"Why?" She turned her cup as if to look at things differently.

Jackie leaned back, eyes wide. "The whole Syria thing. This is the endgame of decades of maneuvering."

Mary tried not to rub her face and turned the motion into a scratch near her ear. "Oh?" Jackie was one of those who delved into things Mary didn't want to think about.

Her friend lowered her voice. "All these staged attacks by our side to make it look like we're coming to the rescue. We're the ones funding and supplying the terrorist rebels there. It's all a pretext to start a war."

"Huh? We're funding them?"

"Of course, don't you read the news? We've admitted funding and supplying them."

"But we're supposed to be fighting them." Mary felt confused.

Jackie nodded. "We're playing both sides to force Russia and Syria to make a wrong move."

Mary went still. "That sounds...devious."

"You bet it is. False flag attacks, phony bombings, staged raids..."

Mary had stopped listening - the seed of something sinister sprouting in her mind.

CHAPTER 3

The afternoon of Halloween had Mary laying out her costume.

Dean announced arrogantly, "That's not a witch's costume."

She tossed the floppy hat on the bed and gave him a stern look.

He blew out a breath and rolled his eyes. Then he shook his head in his best business pose of rejection.

"You could have bought mine when you bought hers."

His face grew overly offended. "What are you talking about?"

She turned away from him and lightly fingered the stockings. "Nothing. It's too late now. Are you going to get dressed or stand there frowning at me all day?"

"Don't embarrass me tonight."

She hummed softly. "Oh, hmm, like I embarrass you all the other times?"

"You know what I mean."

"Maybe you should just take Felice to the Christmas party. I'm sure you wouldn't like my costume then, either."

"I'm supposed to bring my wife if I have one."

She turned to him and raised her eyebrows as if having a great idea. Her words flowed with silky malice. "Just buy her a ring and put it on her finger. I'm sure no one will know the difference."

His defiance sounded a little too eager. "Well, maybe I will."

Mm hmm.

He went into the walk-in closet and began undressing.

Mary began putting on her costume, quickly. She wanted to be done before him.

When he came out, she already had everything on, the jacket buttoned and cinched. She was attaching the garters.

Dean muttered, "Looks a little sleazy, don't you think?"

Of course it does. "Not as sleazy as the burlesque costume, I'm sure."

He leveled a finger at her. "Hers was an expensive costume."

Only then did the hurt introduce itself, but she hid it. "Oh? She can afford such a thing on her salary?"

He straightened and frowned. He looked good in his ring master costume. Colorful and commanding, he would strike a powerful presence at the party.

But Mary wasn't fooled. Am I deficient in some way? Doubts piled on her like an avalanche until she hurried to the bathroom. She looked closely in the mirror. Forty one and still looking good. A few stray whites, but still a good color to my hair. No wrinkles on my face. What's he see in her?

He called, "Better hurry, we need to pick up Felice."

She pouted in the mirror. Is this thing lying to me? I look better than her. In every way. She raised her voice, "Yes, fine."

~ ~ ~

Dean pulled the BMW to a stop in the parking lot of a condominium as if this were his office.

Mary puzzled it for a minute. He didn't read a paper for directions; he's been here before. How many times?

He looked over at her. "Be right back."

She rolled her eyes away and looked at the meager Halloween decorations adorning some of the doors. The association probably prohibited any more than that. She watched him go in the vanity mirror. His walk was brisk and breezy. He's handsome, I'm pretty. What's the problem?

He came out a moment later after apparently knowing exactly which door was hers. Felice clung to his arm, all giggles. She let go suddenly when they neared the car. Her outfit was certainly flashy. Exposed all the way up in front, her fishnet stockinged legs ended at the tiny, fluffy miniskirt at barely crotch level. Her little plumed caplet sat jauntily in her hair.

Felice got in and said, "Hi, Mary." It was delivered neutrally and without any flair.

"Hi. Nice costume."

"Oh... Thanks!" The hitch in Felice's voice confirmed Mary's deduction that Dean had bought it.

Mary crossed her arms, unable to help feeling angry. Her husband appeared oblivious, probably because he kept checking the rear-view mirror.

~ ~ ~

The Sunset Hills Country Club was a sprawling building faced with river rock and set on a slope. Large inward-slanted windows showed the glow and sparkles of golden lights inside. Parking was directed by valets with lightsticks. While not technically Halloween, the slightly chilly Saturday evening air offered the hope of warmth inside the clubhouse.

Mary tugged at her jacket to cover her upper thighs, but realized some of the women she could see in the parking lot were more exposed than she was. One woman had butt cheeks in full display with her tiny Supergirl outfit. Seeing that made Mary almost feel overdressed. She set her hat on and yanked it down onto

her head.

Dean took her arm like a gentleman.

She hesitated for only half a second. Despite his apparent affair with Felice, he was showing her and the world that he could still be nice. I bet he ditches me as soon as we get in there. Felice took a few steps with them and then grabbed his other arm and giggled at Mary.

Oh. Ha. Ha. How cute. Is that what I'm supposed to say?

Dean disengaged himself at the door and fished out the three tickets. At two hundred dollars each, the buffet and bar were free. The doorman, thick with muscle under his coat and slick of jaw, checked them over. He stamped them and handed them back. He gave a nod and another man pulled open the front doors.

CHAPTER 4

The interior overhead lighting was off. Little lamps were on each table and the enormous room was filled with a golden glow and costumed chatting people. Teeth flashed in smiles and women leaned back to look at each other's costumes in approval.

Felice tugged on Dean's arm. "We need to find a table with two extra seats." She pulled him towards one.

"They're coming?" He sounded curious as he sat.

Mary frowned. Who?

Felice wore a big smile displaying her uneven teeth. She nodded excitedly and then winked at him.

Her husband shifted in his chair and Mary looked at him askance. What's this about?

Felice was watching the door.

Dean got up. "I'll get drinks. What are you both having?" He didn't have the grace to ask Mary first; his gaze was on his assistant.

She beamed up at him. "Martini."

Mary sighed quietly. "Screwdriver." I'd love to shove a big screwdriver up your dickhole and twist vigorously...

He made his way to the mix of people waiting at the bar.

A jolly looking man in a tux and top hat with what looked like a real handlebar mustache leaned over both of them. His eyes were on Mary. "Hello lovely ladies. May I get you two a drink?" He struck Mary as the banker character in the Monopoly board game.

She said, "Oh, no. Thank you, but my husband is getting them now."

The man's eyes twinkled and he nodded. "Perhaps later, then?"

But, they're free...

Felice gave him a bright smile and he left. She leaned a little towards Mary. "You should try to be nicer. That's Carl Dobson."

"Who?" I wasn't rude.

"Billionaire about town. Owns a lot of businesses."

Well, I didn't know. "Oh." She looked over to where the man had gone. If he was a billionaire, he didn't look anything like the romance novels. He wasn't shirtless with rippling abs, a brain surgeon at nineteen, a pilot of his own jets and helicopters, and he wasn't brooding while holding a spanking paddle. He was portly, jolly and red in the face.

Felice scowled. "What is this music?"

Mary gave her an eyebrow. "It's called chamber music."

"Chamber? What is that twangy—"

"That's a harpsichord. Classy stuff for classy people." As in not for you.

The young woman wagged her head a little and half-lidded her eyes in a look of superiority. She put out her hand, fingers splayed. "Give me Beyonce, any day."

Mary licked her lips as if tasting something bad. Uh huh.

Dean returned with three glasses held together in both hands. He set them down and gave Felice hers first. "Here we go."

Mary wanted to upend her screwdriver over his costume. "Mister Dobson was disappointed not to have gotten me a drink."

Her husband straightened, glancing around. He located the dapper man and a look of consideration came over his face. "Yeah...maybe you should see where that leads later. Having him as an ally would definitely benefit our business."

She took a gulp of her drink. See where what leads? Are you kidding?

Felice grasped his arm excitedly as he sat. "There they are; I'll go get them."

Mary watched her shimmy across the floor to the front door almost exactly like Peg on Married with Children. Felice's voice went chipmunk-high in a squeal of greeting.

Dean was turned, twisted in his chair away from her, craning his neck around to see.

Felice was hugging the arm of a cute woman dressed as a stewardess. Her black hair was short and curled under with neatly cut bangs. The woman was with a man dressed as an airline pilot.

Mary gave an appreciative once-over of the man – just a good glance that filled her in on the appearance. He was at least as handsome as her husband, but his nose was more angular and sharp. It was probably his only feature that stood out as being not attractive. She turned back around and set her glass down, waiting for the introductions. She rose when her husband rose.

Felicia was gushing. "This is my best friend, Andrea." She was looking only at Dean. "And this is her husband, Keith."

The pilot stuck out his hand. "Keith Rossi."

Dean shook it as if from businessman to businessman. "Dean Bradley, and this is my wife Mary."

She shook Keith's warm hand.

Andrea was looking at her uneasily. She held out her hand. "Hi...Mary." She shot a look at Felice that held question.

Mary shook her hand, noticing Felice squeeze Andrea's arm, though the woman was looking around smiling as if nothing was going on.

They sat, filling the chairs of the table. Dean was sitting to Mary's left, Felice on his other side, Andrea next to her and Keith in between his wife and Mary. There was one extra chair in between her and Keith. Felice and her friend were leaned

together, whispering. She looked up, "Would you all excuse us a minute?"

Mary shrugged; she needn't have asked.

Keith leaned near her but was talking to her husband. "So what do you do?"

"I run an industrial engineering company. Advising clients on setting up factories and assembly lines with an emphasis on robotics."

"Nice. There's a call for it?"

"A little less than a few years ago, but we get a lot of foreigners in that need a... guide, so to speak. We connect them with the equipment manufacturers, staff training, and employment agencies."

Keith nodded. His nose was just sharp enough to look like it was accusing. "Marketing here. I manage the demographics division."

Dean sounded interested. "How do you collect...?"

"We parse computer activity by zip code and build a picture based on websites visited, ads clicked, surveys answered. A program does it, but we sift it."

Dean nodded.

Keith leaned back a little and looked at her politely. "So what does Mrs. Bradley do?"

She shook her head. "I'm a stay at home housewife. I studied to be a nurse, but Dean wouldn't have it. Bad hours."

The man smiled. At least his teeth were clean and straight. "And here you are dressed as a witch. Are you cold?"

Her jacket was still on. "It's actually part of the costume."

He looked dubious. "A witch in a coat?"

She smiled at his honesty. "Well, partially. I suppose I can take it off for you." She felt more confident in seeing some of the skimpy Playboy bunny style costumes walking around. There was a lot of skin showing on some of the

women, even some of the heavier women. She stood and unbuckled the belt. She caught his eyes dart down to the top of her stockings.

Dean drew in a breath when she removed her coat. "Um, isn't that a little flashy, dear?"

She hung the coat over the back of the chair and paused. "It covers more than Felice's outfit."

Keith swallowed. "It does, actually."

She could tell her husband wasn't pleased. Too fucking bad. And it does cover more than Felice's.

She sat.

A woman leaned in between her and Keith. "Pardon me, is anyone using this chair?" She gently tapped the empty seat.

Mary said, "No."

"Mind if I snatch it?" She indicated the table next to theirs and an extra man standing without a seat.

Dean waved a hand. "Go right ahead, we won't be using it."

"Thank you so much." There were chairs along the wall, but this one had been closer.

The music changed from chamber to techno and dancing lights came on over the dance floor.

Keith looked towards the bar.

Felice and Andrea came back then, the assistant looking smiley and Keith's wife looking more confident. She glanced at Mary for about a second too long; but as to why, nothing was said.

Keith said, "I'm going to get drinks. Andrea?"

"Margarita. Strawberry, if they have it." She had sat where Felice had sat before

and was leaned a little towards Dean.

Mary couldn't figure out what was going on. "I'll come with you."

Keith grinned in surprise. "Certainly. It would be my pleasure."

CHAPTER 5

Mary walked alongside the pilot. Costumes of the more serious types were pouring in. No one showed up dressed as a sandwich. Not to this event.

Keith said to her, "You all been waiting long?"

"Oh, no. Maybe ten minutes at the most."

He chuckled. "Andrea was insistent we be on time. Said this was the big business event of the year."

"Oh? You weren't the one wanting to come?"

"I wanted to, but it was her suggestion. Said that Felice really wanted her to attend. Said she wanted to get her involved, or something like that."

Involved? In what? She glanced back at their table. Andrea was leaning very close to Dean, all smiles and shoulder-wiggles. Oh...you have got to be kidding. She looked back ahead, pursing her lips. Keith smelled good. The leathery aroma tickled her nose and gave her mind a comfortable motion of rocking. Felice has the audacity to have an affair with my husband and then invite her friend into it? Does she think she has exclusive rights? He's mine, not hers. The nerve.

He ordered drinks while she leaned over the bar next to him. Somebody from behind brushed her ass. She ignored it; people were pressed close. The touch came again, this time more of a squeeze. Irritation flared in her. She turned slowly so as not to draw any attention. A couple were behind her and two other men. None of the four looked at her and she acted as if she were scanning the room behind them. She was angry, but thoughts of incredulity morphed into consideration. I just got groped in public. How infuriating.

At the same time, a warmth spread up her insides and made her heart beat a little faster. One of the four did it. Was it the woman? Her husband? Did she watch? Or was it one of the other two men? Did the others watch while he did it? Mary

turned suddenly, looking at the floor as if she had dropped something. Her gaze swept across the crotches of the three men. A vampire cloak hid the husband of the couple, but the other two showed excited lumps. She turned back just as Keith was picking up the drinks.

He said, "Here we go."

She turned with him and made to move. She said seductively, "Excuse us." She wasn't trying to entice; she just couldn't help her tone. I got grabbed, mashed, mauled, and brutally violated, and I'm turned on?

They moved past the crowd. He said, "Felice seems to be almost a part of your family." His voice suggested nothing, but she could detect question.

She gently nudged him and motioned with her chin. Andrea was almost in Dean's lap. Felice had moved Mary's coat over and taken her chair on his other side. "It looks like Andrea is very pleased to meet my husband."

His steps slowed.

She pulled his arm lightly until he stopped. "Keith, may I be frank with you?"

He gave her a sidelong look. "Frank? I'd rather you be Francesca with me. I'm not into guys."

Mary looked at him curiously and then snorted. She wiped at her lips and then laughed. But it died quickly. "Felice is a lot closer than family, it seems. And I think she wants to introduce your wife to the mix." She waited, watching him.

His eyes darted to the table and back to her. A frown of concentration coupled with the intelligence in his eyes told her he was coming to the same conclusion as hers. "I don't think my wife would—"

"Look at her and tell me I'm wrong."

A quick look and a tightening of his knuckles told her he knew. He muttered, "She's never done anything like this."

Mary turned her back to the table, facing him. "Neither have I. And neither have you?"

"No. I've always been faithful." His lips tightened. "Why would she—"

"Because of Felice. Don't blame Andrea."

His face took on a pained look. "Felice? But you're way prettier than her."

Mary shifted uncomfortably as a swell of pride lifted in her that mixed with the heat of getting publicly groped. She stammered, "Well, th-thank you."

He looked down at her as if realizing what he had said. "No, I mean it. So your husband is having...an affair with Felice? Sorry if I'm being rude."

She touched his arm. "You're not. I'm sorry to have to ruin the night with something like this with us just meeting and all."

He grunted. "This is insane."

"Tell me about it."

"I'm going to put a stop to this."

Mary laughed. "Here, in front of the entire elite of the business community? I wish I could do the same, but this isn't the place."

Now he seemed at a loss.

"We might as well let this play out."

"Are you serious?"

"What else are we going to do?"

Keith straightened and sighed. "How are you enduring this? Watching two women flirt with your man?"

She fiddled with the lace edge at the bottom of her bustier. "I don't know. I'm mad at him, not Felice. I mean, I don't like Felice all that much now because of it, but I blame him. He could've kept his dick in his pants." She left out the part about being disappointed that she wasn't the play toy she was supposed to be.

He blew out a breath. "We should get back to the table."

She turned, taking his arm and holding him close. "See how close she is? Wanna take bets on whether or not she's touching him?"

He growled quietly. "In front of everybody?" But she knew he noticed no one could see. The orange tablecloths hung down to lap-level. He asked, "What do we do?"

She shrugged against him. "Follow my lead. Play along. I want to see how far his obsession goes."

He chuckled. "Uh..."

She squeezed his arm as they came up to the table. Andrea gave her a penetrating stare that lasted about three seconds, then she turned to smile at Felice as if to talk.

Keith delivered her drink.

They sat in the available chairs and as she sat, she scooted her chair closer to Keith's. She watched Andrea out of the corner of her eye as she gulped at her drink. Eventually, she caught movement. Andrea's right arm flexed slightly and kept going.

Keith didn't seem to notice.

Mary nudged his foot under the table.

He leaned close to her and said, "Hmm?"

No, look over there. She made a quick motion with her finger below table level. Then she rubbed his thigh in demonstration.

He jerked upright and then acted as if he had an itch on his back to cover it.

Mary had let go of his leg, but felt a surge in that heat again that had hit her when she had been groped. She leaned across Felice. "Honey, why don't you take advantage of the dance floor? I'm sure Felice and Andrea would love to dance."

Felice looked stunned, but Andrea's eyes lit up at the possibility. She said, "Oh,

yes."

Dean cleared his throat and Andrea sat up straighter. Her arm no longer moved.

Mary wanted to tell everyone she had noticed her husband getting felt up under the table, but she bit her tongue.

CHAPTER 6

Dean seemed surprised at Mary's suggestion. He cleared his throat again and said, "Yeah, sure. Why not? Ladies?" He rose, trying to remain somewhat bent over.

Mary nudged Keith.

Dean's pants showed a long bulge of excitement down his leg. He turned quickly, trying to hide it.

She waited until the three had hit the dance floor. She said to Keith, "Told you."

He shook his head. "I never would have thought it of my wife."

They watched the three begin to dance together. Dean danced with Felice first while Andrea danced close next to them. Nothing overt took place.

She waved her glass. "I'm dry." She was feeling the first push of buzziness.

He said, "Let's refresh." He got up.

Her eyes glanced at his crotch and she was stunned for a second as he showed a bulge. What is this? He's excited? Over me? Or over what's happening? Is he kinky?

They moved to the bar again and ordered drinks. She waited to be groped again and was pleased she wasn't. At the same time, she felt disappointed. She felt an urge to be back at the table. She didn't know if it was the drink or not, but she felt a strong desire to touch him under the table to see what he did.

His arm circled her waist as they walked and a wave of satisfaction swept through her.

After they sat, she sipped her second screwdriver and watched her husband on the dance floor. He was dancing now with Andrea, and they were tightly pressed

together. She glanced over at Keith. What's he thinking? She heard him breathing audibly over the music. Heavy breathing. Is he angry? Or turned on? This is it. Do it.

She reached over under the tablecloth and rubbed up his thigh to his crotch.

He gasped and jerked, but went still. His eyes darted everywhere.

She whispered, "Shh. No one can see." She moved her hand very lightly until she found his bulge. She traced her fingers down its length. "Oh my goodness, someone is excited." She stroked more firmly, feeling his thickness. "Very nice."

He croaked wordlessly and shifted in his chair – not away from her, but at an easier angle for her hand. His bulge lengthened.

She smiled and winked at him. She saw his eyes looking back and forth. Looking at her husband, she could see his head bent down and nuzzling Andrea's ear. Felice moved with them, pressed in from the side. Dean's hands moved up and down their backs, occasionally dipping down to squeeze at their butts.

Mary whispered to Keith, "Are you liking what you see out there? Or what's happening right here?" She gave his erection a squeeze through his pants. Heat flared at her clit and spread inward.

"Um..."

Her question went unanswered; they were coming back to the table. Dean's arms were around both and they hugged him from the side. He still showed a very obvious bulge.

Mary let go and sipped at her drink again.

Dean took his seat and the two women on either side of him. He lifted and drained his glass. He said to Mary, "If you finish that off, I'll fetch us more."

She giggled. She was feeling good. And wicked. Maybe he didn't know she had gotten another. She drained down her drink, fast. "I think that sounds wonderful."

Andrea smiled prettily at her husband. "Maybe you should take Mary out to

dance while he gets drinks?" Her eyes shifted to Felice quickly, and back. Mary knew they wanted to talk in private.

Keith said, "Well, sure. Why not? If you don't mind, dear?"

Andrea appraised her husband with a surprised and thoughtful look and then laughed. "No, of course not. Don't be mean to her."

He chuckled, but it sounded strangled. He rose, offering Mary his hand.

She stood too, a little unsteady. The room felt as if it were floating in water. "I'd love to dance with such a charming man."

Felice actually looked happy with her brilliant smile, even with her slightly crooked teeth.

Keith led her to the dance floor and they embraced. She clung to him to keep from tipping over. She wasn't trashed, but the swaying motion threatened to tip her at any second. She giggled. "Sorry, I guess that last drink is really hitting me."

He said, "No worries. This feels nice."

She considered his words and realized that they were pressed together in a way that left no imagination to how their bodies felt. His bulge was pressed against her crotch and his hands were cupping her ass from behind. She squeezed her arms around him, feeling his muscular chest and firm body. Why was Andrea flirting around after my husband? She has a fine one right here. Is she bored? Or just interested because of Felice's stories?

Thrills shot up her back as his hands stroked upward to cup her neck from behind. His mouth moved near hers and their breaths mingled for a moment. Her mouth was open, ready, but he moved his face away.

Someone tapped his shoulder. "Excuse me, but may I butt in?" Monopoly guy was there, smiling under his handlebar mustache.

Keith said, "Of course." He nodded to Mary.

But, wait... She was swept up into Carl Dobson's embrace. She felt him press

against her just as Keith had, but his portliness was thankfully in the way of feeling whatever might be hanging around down there.

She giggled. "Um..."

He said slyly, "I've been eyeing you all night. The most beautiful woman here."

She laughed. "Oh please."

His eyebrow twitched. "There's something demure about you that excites me."

That's all you're getting dude, because I'm not going for some old guy. I'd rather have Keith. She spotted him, lingering near the pumpkin display and watching.

Carl said, "Thank you for the dance. How about a little kiss?" He wasn't waiting, and his puckered lips touched hers and his mustache tickled her nose.

Mary's eyes went wide at the touch of his mouth. Oh my gosh. But he only kissed with his lips and she puckered back, wanting to laugh.

Carl seemed to perk up at her return kiss. "Well, now. Mrs. Bradley was it? I know your husband does good work. I'll keep that in mind." He winked at her.

She moved over to where Keith was standing. "Whoo, I'm feeling unsteady."

He chuckled. "He must dance better. He got a kiss, I didn't."

"You want to go dance with him?" She rubbed at her forehead and pushed her hat back.

He leaned his head back and laughed. "Um, no. Hey." He fished in his pocket and pulled out his phone. "How about a picture?"

"Of me?"

He leaned his head over and said drily, "No, him."

Mary laughed. "Well, sure, whatever."

"Sit on the pumpkin."

She looked at the closest one. It had a stem sticking straight up like a cock. "Er, why don't you sit on that thing?"

He chuckled. "No, not that one. The big one."

She looked at the biggest one. It had no stem. "Oh, right." His eagerness warmed her already heated insides even further. He took a picture of a night that she would never forget.

CHAPTER 7

Keith helped Mary up. "Thanks, that was a very...nice pose."

She giggled, feeling the drink.

He escorted her back to the table. A fresh drink was in her place and the two girls were leaned together towards Dean, nuzzling his neck and ears. They settled back as if she hadn't noticed.

Dean asked, "Anyone want the buffet?"

Andrea said, "I might try something." She rose up and offered to take his hand.

His eyebrows twitched and he got up with her. They left together, arm-in-arm.

Felice smoothed at her lace front and tried to act cool.

Mary snuck her hand over and squeezed Keith's thigh. I didn't think I'd enjoy the evening, but I'm definitely enjoying this. Without a decision to do so, her hand crept up and found his package again. I want to see this... She glanced over at Felice, but she wasn't paying attention. Instead, Mary noticed Dean pulling Andrea out the large doors to the patio on the golf course.

Mary let go of Keith and rose quickly, picking up her drink for a huge swallow. "Keith, come on, I think I saw a dish I'd like to try." Her urgency alerted him and he rose slowly with curiosity. She set her half-finished drink down and pulled on his hand. Felice looked relieved they were leaving the table, but began looking around for Dean and Andrea.

Keith said, "What's going on?"

Mary hurried to the patio doors. "My husband just dragged your wife outside."

"Oh. So?"

She gave him a look. "That's where everybody goes to make out."

He made a choking sound.

She led him out and into a small crowd of people chatting and kissing on the patio. She looked around past them all. There! She spied Dean and Andrea walking briskly towards the cart house. She ducked left and moved along the hedges lining the walkway.

Dean looked back once, quickly, but saw nothing through the occasional lights of the complex.

Mary said excitedly, "Come on."

Her husband had ducked into the open-air attendant's area where they waited for members when on duty.

She pulled Keith along, trotting low along the hedges. She slowed, and then squatted. "Stay low."

He followed after her, panting.

She waddled awkwardly and then stopped. She saw her husband embracing Andrea. She tugged on Keith's pilot shirt until his face was next to hers. She pointed through the shrubbery.

He moved his head until he could see, and then froze. He was no longer panting or making any sound – until he expelled his held breath. "I can't believe this."

Mary watched wordlessly. Her husband's hands were all over Keith's wife and their mouths were locked together. Her hands were moving between them. She whispered, "I wish we could see better."

Keith grunted. "Yeah."

Mary's eyes widened. "Uh oh..."

Keith's head bumped hers. "What?"

"Look."

Dean was unhitching his pants. He turned and sat on the bench while Andrea knelt. Her hand grabbed and moved in his lap until Mary and Keith could see his erection full and exposed. He whispered, "This is really happening? My Andrea?"

Mary twisted her mouth to the side. More like Felice and my husband working her over.

Andrea moved up and put her head down over Dean's cock, hiding it from view. His head leaned back and her head began moving up and down, but her black hair hid it all.

Mary glanced at Keith to see how he was handling it. His eyes were wide and his mouth was hanging open. "Are you okay?"

He nodded slowly, still watching. Her knees were beginning to cramp and she tried to shift. She went backwards and down onto her ass, legs wide. She stifled a laugh and got back into a crouch.

Dean had pushed her away, saying something. He rose and started fixing his pants.

Mary leaned over, "I guess the show's over. We better go."

Keith fell over sideways and caught himself with his hand. "Oh, yeah."

They moved back along the hedges until they were at the patio and then walked inside. She grabbed up a plate and threw some carrots on it. "Come on."

They returned to the table, but Felice wasn't there. They leaned shoulder-to-shoulder. Munching on carrots and sipping their drinks, they waited until Dean and Andrea returned to the table.

Mary watched Keith's wife. She looked at Mary with a shy look and licked her lips unconsciously. Then she wiped at them.

Keith said, "You two go out for some air?"

Andrea blushed a bright red. "Um, yeah. It's hot in here."

Felice returned to the table and sat between Mary and Dean. Ignoring Mary, she pulled on his arm until his hand slid over to her underneath the table. Unfortunately, it was obvious. Her speech was a little slurred. "Where did you go?"

Mary watched Dean's arm move. Does he have to be so obvious? Her friend Jackie's comments about playing both sides swam through her head. She straightened a little and said, "We should go back to our place for a drink. I agree, I think it is a little hot in here."

Andrea and Felice's hungry smile told her she had hit the bittersweet jackpot. Her husband perked right up. "That's a great idea. Keith, why don't you follow us home?"

Mary watched Keith. His eyes took on a look of deep thought. He looked at each around the table, briefly, hints of different expressions registering on his face. Only a few seconds passed. He said slowly, "Okay. Sure, why not?"

"Excellent, let's head out then."

Mary rose excitedly and purposely fell against Keith. She clung to him and laughed. "Oops."

Felice, Andrea and Dean were too wrapped up in their own little secrets to even notice.

She grabbed up her coat. "Maybe I should ride with Keith, in case we get separated."

Dean's eyes lit up with hunger. "Great idea, dear. Andrea can ride with us." He had both women in his arms.

Mary smiled seductively. Give him all the rope he needs to hang himself.

CHAPTER 8

Mary stepped in after her husband. Andrea was on her heels. She looked around with wonder. "Wow, what a great home." She looked like she meant it. Whereas Felice always looked jealous.

Mary said, "Thank you."

"I love your wallpaper." It was blood red with silver stripes.

"I picked it out. I wanted something unique."

Keith was looking around. "It goes with the art deco. I like it."

She hugged his arm, taking possession of him. "Why don't you and I go make drinks?"

Dean spread his arms towards the leather couch. "Ladies?"

Mary led him into the kitchen.

Keith said, "This is a lot of space. We have a luxury townhouse, but nothing this big."

She gave him a tired look. "It's a lot of space to clean."

He chuckled.

She set out tumblers and poured Bloody Marys. He watched her, eyes dancing with interest. She glanced down at his pants and smiled. Just by looking at it, she caused it to grow – bulging out against his pants. He took off his pilot's cap and wiped his forehead.

She piled the drinks on a tray. "Do I get a reward for making drinks?"

"Reward?"

She slinked to him and licked her lips, bending her head upwards. His eyes danced faster and he grabbed her up in his arms, crushing the breath from her in a kiss that went so deep she couldn't feel her feet. One hand cupped her ass and pulled her against his bulge. Her insides melted in a lava flow of lust. She wanted to be kissed. She wanted to feel him. She wanted to feel his skin all over her.

He released her and she panted happily, catching her breath. She blinked and licked her lips. "Well now, I certainly hope there's more of that."

Freshly kissed, she picked up the tray to deliver the drinks to her husband.

He was in the middle on the couch, arms around both girls and legs open wide. Their hands were high up on his thighs. He was saying, "...and a pool table, too. We have a jukebox, but it needs service."

Andrea removed her hand quickly. "I want to see."

Felice kept her hand where it was.

Mary set the tray down, noticing her husband's tented pants. Play both sides. "I don't go up there much; I'm not really into pool. Why don't you go show them, honey? I was going to show Keith our garden." It was in the backyard, at the other end of the house from the game room over the garage.

Dean grabbed up his drink. "A fine idea. You don't mind if I show your wife how to play pool?"

Keith waved his glass. "Nah, as long as you don't teach her to smoke cigars."

Andrea blushed a deep red and looked guiltily at her husband.

But Felice was pulling them up. She said slowly, "Yes, let's go...play some pool."

Mary almost laughed. As if that wasn't obvious. She ditched her coat and stood hands on hips posing for Keith after they had left the living room.

He frowned. "What was all that about? Am I missing something?"

"You won't be. I'm giving them all the chance they need to do the wrong thing."

"Is that wise?"

She cocked her head to the side. "Do you think it's possible to stop them?"

He licked his lips and glanced towards the hall to the garage. The stairway was there that went up to the game room. It was lit, then went dark.

She came over to him and sat across his lap. "Now then."

"What about—"

She placed a finger on his lips. "We're going to sneak up the stairs in about five minutes. Knowing my husband, the only light will be the pool light. He likes the effect. Thing is, you can't see crap outside of the pool table. The walls are all paneled wood and don't reflect any light."

"We're going to sneak?"

She nodded. "I'm betting they're already kissing up there."

Keith shifted underneath her. His pulse raced visibly in his neck. He glanced to the stairs again.

"Come on, Dean is nothing if not thorough. He'll want to know if we've actually gone outside." She got up and pulled on him. She slid open the sliding glass door and pulled the curtain back. Then she pulled him into the kitchen and turned out the lights.

A moment later, the light in the garage hall stairway flicked on and Felice came creeping down the stairs. She tiptoed around the living room and glanced at the sliding glass door. She straightened and walked back hurriedly to the hallway.

Mary nudged Keith. "Told you."

"Are you sure about this?"

She snorted and swayed a little. "You want to see what happens, don't you?"

His voice was a ragged whisper. "Yes."

Mary led him to the hallway, wondering if Keith was interested or horrified. He sounded both. She led him slowly up the stairs. It turned once and had a wooden railing. The room was dark ahead, with that telltale glow of the pool lamp. She stopped just below the floor level and listened.

There was giggling and Dean chuckling. A couple of gasps and then silence. Then a muffled moan.

Mary peeked over the edge of the floor and pulled Keith up next to her. Andrea was pressed back against the pool table, legs spread and Dean's hand up her skirt. Felice was sitting on the table and kissing Andrea. Mary looked at Keith, checking his reaction. His mouth was open, and eyes wide with wonder. She detected no anger. So he's interested... She moved back, maneuvering him to be on the higher part of the stairs. Then she attacked his pants. His hand gripped hers to stop it. But instead of removing her hand, he just held it there, pressed against his growing bulge.

In the room, Andrea and Felice had stopped kissing. Andrea was leaning back, skirt raised for Dean's fingers. She wasn't wearing panties. In and out, Dean's fingers fucked her pussy. Felice had moved over and was kissing Dean.

Mary began moving her hand. She felt Keith tremble and then his hand let go of hers. She worked his pants open and freed his manhood. It was engorged and hot, and she stroked it with wonder as it firmed further.

Dean looked around and they both ducked, but he hadn't seen them anyway. He unfastened his pants and let them drop. His arm moved with his back to them, fondling himself as Andrea watched him. He moved between her legs.

Keith gasped quietly and Mary stroked him faster. She loved the smooth feel of his shaft in her hand. It was rigid and silky and she stroked it happily.

Dean lifted Andrea to sit on the table and spread her lean thighs wide. His butt moved forward and Andrea moaned out in wonder.

Keith tensed and his cock flexed in Mary's hand. She stopped, and then began again when Dean's hips and butt began moving back and forth. Mary moved her hand at the same speed. The cock in her hand felt fantastic and it bulged and flexed as he moved his hips. She realized she was wet. Her pussy was clamping on emptiness and aching with the need to be filled.

She looked across the room to where her husband was slowly fucking Keith's wife. Her face was visible occasionally and she wore a rapturous look. Mary felt no anger toward her and thought she looked great getting fucked by her husband.

Keith was trembling.

She tugged at him to come downstairs.

He whispered low, "Wait."

She knew what he wanted to see.

It wasn't long before Dean's movements got faster. Keith's eyes were shining with fixation. He humped his hips as Mary stroked him and as he watched Dean fuck his wife. His whisper was barely audible. "Oh fuck..."

Andrea was moaning and gasping, her legs flailing wildly on the pool table. Dean began grunting, and then his butt tensed tight. He was pushed all the way in. Then his butt began jerking and he grunted in short bursts.

Mary began pulling on Keith. "Come on." They moved down the steps and back into the living room. His cock stuck out hard and ready. "Come on, he'll probably play with Felice a while."

"But..."

She gave his cock a squeeze. "I want this. You can't imagine how badly."

CHAPTER 9

Mary led a speechless Keith away from the game room.

She could scarcely walk straight she needed it so bad. She led him into the master bedroom and shut the door. She unhitched her garters and then helped him remove his clothes. She pushed him back on the bed and said, "Lay down."

When he was lying on the bed, she climbed over him and gripped his erection. It was thick and veiny and long – bigger than her husband's. She shook her head. "I don't know why Andrea wanted Dean's dick. It's not this big."

"She complains about me being too big, sometimes."

Mary made a face. "Probably because she's so small." She climbed up and savagely yanked aside her panties. She rubbed the head of his cock against her lips and quivered in delicious delight. Swirls of heat twisted inside her, spreading up and out. It prickled and tickled her skin. She couldn't wait. She dropped her pussy down onto Keith's cock and felt his thickness stretch her open. The head entered and lodged there against her tension.

He whispered, "Fuck, you're tight."

Not too tight for a good fuck. No way. I'm getting this baby in me, no matter what. She dropped her weight and closed her eyes. His fat cock began sliding up into her, filling her with what she needed. She dropped down on it, feeling it fill her pussy as she lowered onto him. She felt her insides stretching and taking it all in.

He breathed out in wonder. "Wow, what an awesome pussy."

She let out a giggle as she wriggled down on his shaft. It was all the way in and she felt stuffed. "You like it?"

"You feel great."

She squeezed her pussy on him and he groaned. His hand gripped her hips and he moved underneath her, his shaft moving in and out in small thrusts. Her lips felt the sliding and wetness and she trembled with pleasure. It felt so good to have a cock up inside her.

He moved faster, driving his hips up into hers. She moaned happily. "Yes, do it. Fuck my married pussy. Fuck me. Fuck me deeper than my husband." He groaned louder and moved faster. She rode him, head back and mouth open in stupefied satisfaction.

He gasped, "Should I pull out?"

She clawed his chest and said fiercely. "No! Don't pull out. I want your cum as deep as you can get it."

"But you're married."

"Do it. Fill me. I want to feel your cum in me when I sleep next to him later."

"Are you sure?" He was panting.

She cried out quietly. "Yes. You feel so much better than my husband. I want your cock in me. I want your cum in me. Do it. Do it deep and hard." Her own words pushed that heat inside her to levels of fire and freedom. Her orgasm burst over her and she grunted gutturally, shoving her hips back and forth on his cock. Waves of wonder rippled through her in electric bursts until she whimpered with relief and exhaustion.

She laughed. "Wow, that was good. Are you getting close?"

He chuckled. "I was holding back."

"Well, hurry up and fill me up."

Dean's voice was outraged. "What the fuck is going on here!"

Mary stiffened and twisted her head around. She began moving again. "Just keeping Keith entertained."

Keith was stiff below her, trying to get up.

She leaned on him, keeping him down. She moved more confidently.

Andrea and Felice were beside her husband. Andrea looked as if she were going to hyperventilate in breathless outrage. Felice was covering her mouth, eyes wide.

Dean slashed his arm through the air. "What the fuck are you doing with my wife in my bed, Keith? What the fuck gives you the right—"

Mary scowled. "Shut up, Dean." She moved more forcefully on Keith's cock. "Don't pretend all the outrage; we saw what you did to Andrea upstairs."

Andrea went from fake outrage to insta-pale. Felicia caught her and steadied her.

Dean went quiet and looked all confused. "What? What are you talking about?"

Mary shook her head. "Don't act all innocent. We saw the blowjob at the country club—"

He coughed, but the look on his face was priceless. "How—But—"

"And we saw you finger her on the pool table and fuck her."

It was Dean's turn to go pale.

Felicia had let go of a swaying Andrea and was backing slowly out of the room, hands spread out as if to avoid bumping anything.

Mary ground her hips around. "And I know you've been fucking Felice, too. It's not a secret anymore. Dear." She said the last word with sarcasm.

Keith said, "Maybe I should get up—"

"No, you stay right there. He fucked your wife. You're going to fill my pussy while my husband watches, if he has the guts." She looked back to her husband while her pussy ground down on Keith's shaft.

Dean was open-mouthed, arms spread and throwing his hands up and down in the air. But no words came from his mouth. Finally, he turned and walked out, shaking his head.

Mary had never seen him at a loss for words. She watched Andrea follow him out, leaning heavily on the doorframe. Felicia was already gone.

She looked down into Keith's eyes. "I think you liked seeing my husband fill your wife."

He closed his eyes and groaned. "Yes..."

"Well now. If you like it, then why not let him. That is, if you want to have more of me."

"After all of this?"

She stopped moving. "Allow me to let you in on a little secret." She began moving with her words. "He's going to keep fucking your wife. His dick is going to be inside her two, three, four times a week."

Keith moaned heavily, thrusting his hips up and his cock deep.

"So you might as well get used to it. We could, of course, break it all up in nasty divorces, but why not come to another arrangement?"

"Andrea won't want a divorce."

"Good. So how about you and I have our own fun and let them?"

He looked up at her seriously. "You want more of this?"

She laughed. "Oh, yeah..."

"I thought maybe this was all revenge or something."

"Sort of, but I like you and this feels fantastic."

He smiled up at her. "Yes it does." He grabbed her hips and began moving with her. "So you want more of me?"

She nodded. "If my husband is going to be fucking your wife—"

He moaned loudly.

"Then you're going to need a way to relieve all that pent-up lust."

He growled, thrusting up into her harder. "As much as I want?"

She laughed low and sexy. "Now you're talking." She leaned over and whispered, "I want your cock to use my married pussy like I was your own bride. Fuck me, Keith. Fuck me good and hard. We both need it."

Keith tensed, crying out loudly as his hips quivered, suspended up off the bed. "Yes, I want you. I want more. Oh, fuck!" His shaft impaled her fully and expanded, flexing large and then pulsing with strong jerks. Cum flooded her and she hummed happily at the spreading wet heat inside her.

She knew they could all hear it out in the living room.

EPILOGUE

Mary was happy. So maybe it wasn't a perfect marriage but it had turned into something meaningful. The hot words and accusations all failed in the face of what he had done with both Felice and Andrea. And Keith had been right, Andrea had sobbed and wanted forgiveness. They had left together, talking calmly.

Dean looked so lost, so uncertain, and so unprepared. He just blinked, open-mouthed. He tried to be angry, but it evaporated after three words.

Mary loved it. She said to him later that week, "Did you really think the marriage was all about you? Were you seriously so arrogant and selfish. Well, now I've included myself. This marriage is about me, too."

"But—"

"Oh please, don't even try to wiggle out of this one. We all know you'll be fucking Felice tomorrow at the District Motel. Why don't you save the money and just go to her place?"

"Um, well, appearances..."

She put fists to hips. "I don't think appearances matter anymore."

He drew in a deep breath. "But, she means nothing to me—"

"Which is why I know you'll keep fucking her. If you really like it, I can't stop you. So, just go ahead."

"But—"

"And in the meantime, I'll find the same satisfaction from Keith. The poor guy, if you're going to be fucking his wife—"

He held up his hands and squeezed his eyes shut. "Okay, okay, no need to be

crude."

"Crude? Come on. Once you've had her you'll want more. I know you."

He looked defeated.

Mary smiled. Maybe not a perfect marriage, but a happy one. And satisfying, too.

~ ~ ~

The confirmation came in a text.

Keith: All ok on your end?

Mary: yep

Keith: So...

Mary: lol

Keith: Where could we?

Mary: our home. he's at work all day.

Keith: Nice. Tomorrow?

Mary: sooner.

Keith: HAHA, I'm getting hard.

Mary: tomorrow's good.

Keith: See you then.

And so it began...

Thank you for reading Play with My Pumpkin! All reviews are greatly appreciated! I have no "street team" giving me a hundred 5-stars before it's even released.