



# THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

BY

GABRIELLA BRADLEY

**The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal, and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.**

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

TheMidnight Hour  
Copyright © 2006 Gabriella Bradley  
Coverart by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books 2006  
Look for us online at  
[www.extasybooks.com](http://www.extasybooks.com)

## ALL HALLOW'S EVE

“Where the fuck is Michael?” Sally asked the image in the mirror. She grimaced. Was that really her? That day, she’d decided to dye her hair black. Gone was the drab mousy color her hair had become. Once she’d been a honey blonde, but now she was in her early thirties and that golden shine had disappeared. She’d so wanted to surprise Michael with her new look. But of course he *had* to be late again. He worked late so often nowadays.

She shouldn’t complain. After all, he was anxious to get their bills paid off before they started a family and that’s why he worked so much overtime. A family? How the hell did one get pregnant when your sex life had come to a standstill? Well, almost to a standstill. They did still have the occasional quickie. But that’s all it was—a quickie. The excitement, intense passion that had once ignited them, had also faded. Was this where married couples drifted apart? Ended up in divorce?

The phone rang. She looked at the call display and saw it was Michael. Her heart sank, knowing ahead of time that he would cop out of going to the Halloween party that evening, she clicked the button.

“Michael?”

“Hi, hon. Listen, I have an unexpected meeting to go to. You go on ahead to the party and I’ll join you there later.

“Fuck you, Michael. Don’t bother coming at all.” She clicked off, madder than hell now. She’d really looked forward to the party that evening. It was so seldom the two of them went out anymore to something fun.

Doreen, Sally’s childhood friend, was hosting this party and had made a point of inviting Sally and Michael. It certainly was to be something different. They had to drive out to the country for it. Doreen and her husband lived in a small town about two hour’s drive away from the city. The party was going to be at a very old cemetery to give it Halloween character. Sally shivered at the thought of partying among the buried dead. Then again, what was left of those people? Dust and some slivers of bone. She knew the cemetery. Doreen had taken her there once. It was kind of creepy, with the tombstones crooked and some of them crumbling. The graves neglected. Some very old mausoleums overgrown with creepers and

moss. Even in daylight it was spooky. She could imagine it tonight in the dark. But now Michael had buggered things up once again, like he usually did. She sighed deeply, jabbed at the numbers on the phone and dialed Doreen. Just before she hit 'send' she hesitated and clicked the 'off' button instead. Just because Michael decided to be a stuffed shirt once again, did that mean she couldn't go by herself and have a good time? Why not?

She chucked the phone on the bed and walked back to the mirror to look at herself. "Dowdy," she muttered at the old witch costume she'd dug out of storage. "I need something more exciting. Okay, where the hell can I get a costume at this time of day?"

After phoning a few costume shops, she gave up. A thought occurred to her. Doreen had tons of costumes as she often attended renaissance affairs. Quickly, she dialed Doreen's number.

"Hey, girlfriend, do you have a costume I can borrow for the evening?"

"Sure, Sally. Actually, I already had one ready for you. That witch outfit of yours is rather outdated. Why don't you swing by my place before you head for the cemetery. I'll leave it all on the bed. Oh, and you can use my makeup as well. You know where I hide the key."

"Thanks. Michael has to go to a meeting. He

said he'd come later, but knowing him, later won't happen."

"Never mind, Sal. There'll be plenty of single hunks there. You deserve a good time for a change."

A thrill coursed through Sally at those words. Little charges of electricity she'd not felt in a long time. A familiar pulse started to drum inside her pussy, her clit suddenly aching with a deep longing. Oh, it was time she got laid. Not just laid... she needed to be fucked. A good old fashioned fuck with no holds barred.

"My, God. What am I thinking?" she said aloud as she stripped off the witch costume and stood naked for a minute. "That'd really be playing with my marriage. Maybe it's dull and all, but I do love Michael. I just wish the old Michael would surface..."

She thought back to their early married years, those wild days and nights of love. Michael was insatiable and he'd created the most romantic and exotic settings—his imagination had no limit in those days.

The throbbing of her clit increased and the familiar wantonness returned, a wantonness she'd not felt for a long time. Maybe Michael would be home when she returned from the party. She'd leave fairly early and jump his bones soon as she got in the door. Maybe that would perk up their

love life...

She fell back on the bed and spread her legs. As she so often did nowadays, she ran her fingers up and down her slit, her thumb on her clit. Maybe she should invest in a dildo. She knew Doreen had a couple and had told her whenever George was away, the dildos helped to satisfy her cravings. She made a mental note to ask Doreen where the best place to buy them was. Rubbing her clit hard, her fingers inside her vagina, she felt temporary release as she came. Uttering a sigh, she got up off the bed. She glanced at herself in the mirror, at the black bush between her legs, hiding her clit, her slit. She'd always had an abundance of pubic hair and once she used to get a bikini wax, but lately she hadn't bothered.

"Mm, little late to get a wax now. But I can shave..." she muttered and hastened to the bathroom. She lathered her bush with Michael's shaving cream, putting it on her pussy lips extra thick. Putting her leg up on the toilet, she shaved the tender areas first, the lips, around her clit. Even doing that, caused her to feel horny again. She was about to leave a small triangle, but then decided to take it all off. After rinsing off the area with a warm washcloth, she doused it all with cream. She felt naked. As she looked at herself in the long mirror on the shower, she looked naked without any hair there at all. She saw her clit poke



from the slit, just visible above the V of her legs. As bare as a newborn babe, she thought.

Humming a tune, trying to ignore the throb between her pussy lips, the aching of her clit, she quickly yanked on her jeans and a sweater. It was time to leave. As it was, she wouldn't get to Doreen's house until well after eight, that's if the traffic wasn't too bad getting out of the city.

\* \* \* \*

Doreen had left the outside light on for her. Sally retrieved the key from its hiding place and quickly unlocked the door. When she entered Doreen's bedroom, she saw the costume on the bed and frowned. A skimpy bodysuit that was slitted down to the navel. Long shiny latex boots, a black jeweled mask and horns. Should she? Maybe it was better just to don the mask and keep her jeans on.

"Chicken," a little voice inside her said. "Party pooper."

"Oh well, here goes..." She stripped off her clothes and pulled on the bodysuit. It was very snug and the thin strips barely covered her nipples and the aureole. She fastened the snaps at the crotch and noticed if she moved the wrong way her breasts popped out from under the narrow bands. The boots were a little harder to get

on. Though she didn't have fat legs, they were muscular and so she really had to tug the latex to get them up high enough.

Doreen's makeup was ready for her on the dressing table. She'd seen Doreen put it on often enough so from memory she applied the heavy Goth makeup in a similar fashion. After loosening her braid and brushing her hair, then ruffling it so that it looked mussed, she stood back to look at the image in the mirror. Now she hardly looked like Sally VanderVeen at all. The small black mask hardly hid her features so everyone would know who she was anyway. Did she dare show herself dressed like this? "Oh, why the fuck not. Be daring for a change, Sally..."

Just before she headed back to her car, she noticed the staff with a forked end on its end, a skull resting inside the forks, against the wall. She grabbed it and made for the door. It was inky black outside but thankfully a dry, clear night.

\* \* \* \*

When she arrived at the cemetery, the party was already in full swing. The cemetery was decorated with eerie red and blue lights and lanterns. Shadows moved through the headstones, eerie figures against the shadowy lights, but Sally knew they were just partiers having fun. She parked the

car and headed for the voices, the eerie music she now heard as she approached the old rusty gates.

“Hey, beautiful, where did you come from? Did you just rise from one of the graves?” a deep dark voice said jestingly and two hands grabbed her by the waist and pulled her into an embrace. She didn’t recognize the voice, but when lips met her own and forced them open and a tongue stealthily explored, she didn’t protest either. Her body was suddenly on fire, a fire that needed to be quenched. A fire that had only smoldered up till now, awakened into an inferno by a stranger.

Suddenly let go, the figure grabbed her by the hand and pulled her along a path between the headstones. “Hey, look what the devil hauled in,” he shouted to some people near a mausoleum at the far end.

She saw goblins, skeletons, witches, vampires, all masked. She had no idea who anyone was. “Hi,” she greeted. “My name is...”

“No names tonight. Did you forget?”

“Right. I’m sorry.”

She had forgotten. Doreen had told her... no names until unmasking and scary costumes only. Well, her own that Doreen had lent her was far from scary. Sexy...but scary? Nope.

Someone shoved a drink at her. She took it and wondered at the fluorescent blue liquid that looked like it was bubbling and steam rose from it.

"How the hell did anyone make that? What is it?" she asked, gingerly taking a sip.

A witch giggled. "It's good. Witches brew, that's what it is."

It had alcohol in it. Sally made a mental note to sip the drink carefully and make it her only one. She had to drive home, after all.

"She Devil, drink up. Don't worry, no one drives home tonight. Your keys have already been hidden."

"But..."

"It's all taken care of."

The same man who had kissed her grabbed her by the wrist and pushed the plastic glass to her lips. She gulped down some of the liquid and felt it warm her up. A pleasant lethargy swam through her veins. She sipped some more until the glass was empty. Within seconds, she held another.

"Thank you. I'm going to look for my friend," she told the chatting people.

"Friend? What friend? Tonight, we are all single and friendless."

"Yeah, right." She started to wander off, but again two strong hands grabbed her by the waist, lifted her as if she were weightless and swung her into his arms. Her drink fell to the ground.

"How about some fun, baby," the man said in a hoarse voice. He was dressed in a black bodysuit

that showed off every rippling muscle and more. His face was mostly covered by a mask, so she had no idea who he was.

"I'm married..."

"No one is married here. We're all here to have a good time."

He silenced any more protests by kissing her deeply, deeper than before, this time sucking her tongue into his mouth until she felt as if he drew her very soul from her. My God, if he doesn't stop I'll explode... her pussy throbbed, was on fire. She saw fireworks behind her closed eyelids. Her clit ached for a touch, anyone's touch.

As if in answer, she felt his hand between her legs. He pressed hard against her crotch, very hard. It felt comforting, but it wasn't what she wanted. She wanted more, she wanted fingers to explore, a cock inside her...

Abruptly, he stood her on her feet and someone handed her a fresh glass of the blue liquid. Whatever the concoction was, it was starting to grow on her, and in more ways than one. She felt delightfully giddy, silly, as if she'd gone back to her youth. She giggled and rotated her hips provocatively, then thrust her pelvis up against the man's crotch and rubbed against the obvious bulge in his tights. She didn't care who he was, what he looked like under the mask...he was all male, oh, and what a male...

Was it her imagination working overtime, or did she hear the howling of wolves in the distance? It all added to the evening, to the sphere of the party and she felt thrilled she'd decided to come anyway, even without Michael.

Dimly, Michael's face swam through her mind, but faded again fast. Who was Michael anyway? Some man she'd married a long time ago and who had become stale and old far before his time. Pushing the thought out of her head, she started to sway to the sound of the eerie music. Since the hunk in tights wasn't giving her what she craved, she wandered away. Twirling, she danced through the overgrown pathways, in between old tombstones and crypts. Here and there she saw couples making out.

Sally glanced up at the full moon. It was a perfect night for a Halloween party, for fun. All she needed now was a man. She was so damn horny she thought she'd burst at the seams.

Two ghostly figures sidled up to her. She grinned at them and smiled coyly. "Hi, wanna play?" she asked in her sexiest voice. Just then she heard a church bell. It resounded through the countryside and automatically she counted.

It was midnight. The witching hour.

"Come with us," one of them ordered. A hand took the drink from her, then circled her wrist. The man on the other side did the same and they

pulled her along.

She didn't care one bit. If they were going to take her somewhere to have some fun, so be it. She was right into it. At the thought of two men making love to her, she felt her pussy gush.

Gently, they pushed her down onto a marble slab, just in front of a tall tombstone. She tried to read what it said, but the letters blurred. Glancing up, she noticed the marble statue of a man in a cloak. The statue resembled a vampire. Giggling, she allowed her captors to push her down until she lay spread-eagled on the slab. They spread her legs wide, very wide, her arms, too. Vaguely she felt something cold around her wrists, her ankles, but it didn't register what it was. Not yet. Not until one of the ghostly figures produced a knife, ran his tongue along the blade, then bent down toward her. For a moment she felt fear as the knife neared her body, but the tip barely grazed her chest as he inserted it beneath a strap of the bodysuit and sliced through it. He did the same with the other strap. Her breasts spilled free and a surge of excitement filled her as the figures gazed down at her.

Next, the knife slit through the tight spandex of the rest of the suit. One yank and she lay naked, fully exposed. With her legs spread so wide, she felt her pussy lips spread as well and knew they could view everything she owned down there. She

felt especially nude now since she'd shaven off all her pubic hair. This especially left her open to all eyes, totally, every little bit of her private parts. It sobered her up somewhat and a moment of shame entered her as she saw other ghostly figures wander up, whisper softly, and stare at her, their gazes focused between her legs, on her clit, her moist pussy lips, on her vaginal entrance. She was sure it gaped open wide. Sometimes she'd lain on the bed with her legs spread, her knees pulled up, and looked in the mirror at herself and was always amazed at how her hole opened up when she did that.

She tried to pull her legs together, but each ankle had a metal cuff attached to it and she could barely move her legs. One of the men stood between her legs. His skin was black and she finally noticed he wore nothing but a painted skeleton on his face and body in greenish white fluorescent paint. His cock jutted out from narrow hips. It was massive.

Pure excitement coursed through her veins now. Her entrance wide open, her clit throbbing like mad, she felt not only open to all eyes, but to the elements as well. A breeze stroked the tender flesh of her inner lips. It heightened the thrills that coursed through her. The cock moved closer to her and she feasted her eyes on it. Her breath caught in her chest as she imagined that massive tool



inside her. But though the man's cock throbbed and she knew his need was great, he didn't touch her with it. Instead, he bent down and spreading her pussylips even more, until she thought she'd rip in two, he licked her slit. She squirmed, ached, and arched her hips. "Do something," she grunted. "Anything..."

In answer, the man's tongue entered her, rotated inside her channel, dove deeper into her, then rotated again. Then a finger entered beside his tongue, and another finger as he pulled her opening wider to accommodate his tongue and his fingers. Her clit ached, throbbed, hurt so bad for the want of fulfillment that she screamed in ecstasy. When he rubbed his cock against her clit, against her naked pussylips, she felt so excited, her body arched right off the slab. It was as if the removal of her pubic hair had given her extra sensation. The smooth silky feel of his cock against her naked lips felt sensational. He kept up rubbing his cock against her for a while, then once more bent and licked her slit. All too soon he stopped.

But the man stepped back and let another take his place. This man was nude as well, completely painted red, from head to toe. His cock looked like a bloody monster as it came toward her. He had fake fangs in his mouth, horns on his head, a tail. He came toward her, an evil leer on his red face and rubbed his red cock up and down her bum

crack. Spitting on his fingers, he pushed some spittle into her asshole, then gently entered her with his cock, but only barely. She felt empty. She wanted more. She needed a cock inside her. She needed to get fucked and at this point didn't care by who. The red devil continued his assault on her anus, but then decided to play with her naked pussylips and her clit. Gratified that his fingers finally entered her, she bucked her hips up to meet his hand. But it wasn't enough. He was too soft, too gentle. She needed to be filled, she wanted a cock.

"Dammit, someone, anyone, take me!"

Vaguely she saw the crowd of people who now surrounded the slab, saw their eyes all focused on her body. Hands reached out to knead her breasts. A head bent down to suck at her nipples, so hard that it felt as if he or she drew blood out of them. At the same time, fingers pressed her clit, rubbed it, circled it. Other fingers were inside her anus, while a tongue licked her in between her pussylips, then entered her. She squirmed in agony as she came and came again. She felt wet, felt the juices dribble down her slit, down her bum crack. A cock brushed her lips, entered her mouth and slowly moved back and forth. She sucked, circled the cock's opening with her tongue and sucked again until the man withdrew it. A breast dangled above her mouth. She'd never tasted a

woman before, had always wandered what it was like to suck a woman's nipple. The nipple was big, brown, and she took it into her mouth greedily and sucked as hard as she could, wishing her hands were free so she could feel the woman's breasts.

Thrill upon thrill coursed through her at the many hands that touched her body, played with her breasts, nipples that entered her mouth and cocks that rubbed her. She didn't know half the time if it were males or females that touched her clit, rubbed it, stuck their fingers in both her holes. She didn't care. It all felt wonderful, but it still wasn't fulfilling.

A wolf howled from not too far away. Eerie music sounded very close to her. It became louder and suddenly everyone stepped away from her. Through a haze, she saw two figures approach. They carried a bucket. Oh, that's all she needed right now, to be doused with ice cold water. But as they stepped close to her, they produced a paint brush each, dipped it into the bucket, then started to paint her with red paint. *Red paint? My God, it's blood...*

"Okay, this is going too far. Time to quit," she yelled as loud as she could, but no one took any notice of her.

Her libido cooled at the thought that she was to be some kind of sacrifice. "Doreen!" she shouted

at the top of her lungs. Where the hell was her friend?

The blood felt warm, sticky. Finally, they painted her pussy with it. Pulling the lips far apart, they virtually slathered it all over, even pushed some inside her. The music became louder still and she saw the crowd sway.

Then the sound of a drum roll and the throng parted. A naked man, his face painted purple, eyes outlined with kohl, strange marks painted all over his body, danced toward the marble slab, toward her. Two horns poked out from a tangled mass of long red hair. He had a long knife in one hand.

“Oh, my God!!!” She uttered a long piercing scream and writhed on the now slippery slab. The smell of alcohol permeated the air. She saw her breath come out in small white puffs and had not realized how cold it really was until now. “Michael! Michael!”

*Why the fuck am I calling for Michael? He's at work, always at work...*

The figure danced closer, his massive cock bobbing against his flat abdomen. The tip of the dagger trailed from her throat down, slowly, oh so slowly. Between her breasts. Circled each nipple slowly, then dragged slowly to the valley between her breasts. The tip hovered over her heart. She held her breath waiting for a final thrust. Surely Doreen wouldn't be into this cult stuff? Not her

friend. But the knife continued down her abdomen to her clit, then to rest on her pussy. As he pushed the flat of the knife against her pussy, a loud chanting started. What was he going to do? Cut her down there? She held her breath, ready to let out another scream, when she felt the cool blade leave her pussylips and then fingers stroked her, softly at first, then harder. She sighed with relief.

The devil's fingers pulled her pussylips far apart, so far that it hurt and then he rubbed his cock down there, against her wide open slit. But again, he didn't enter her. Instead, a woman, completely naked except for her mask and a wig of yellowish long tangled hair, her body painted in yellow and black stripes, sporting a tail attached to her rear somewhere, sidled up to him. She rubbed herself against him like a cat, like the tigress she was supposed to portray.

The woman climbed up on the slab, spread her legs and stood over Sally. Sally breathed deeply as she could look up into the woman's vagina, see the woman's pussy lips spread wide. Like herself, the woman was shaven bare of all pubic hair. It felt strange to gaze at another woman this way, strange and exciting.

The woman bent over and grabbed both Sally's tits and started to knead them. Then she crouched down until her pussylips touched Sally's. "Oh my

God," Sally whispered. "I'm going to explode."

The man slammed into the woman from behind. Sally felt the impact and wanted him inside her, but instead he was fucking the tiger woman, his balls slapping against her own pussylips and clit. While the woman was getting fucked, she continued to knead Sally's tits and pull at her nipples until they poked out harder from her body than they ever had before. She felt the woman's come drip down onto her clit, felt his come as he grunted loud and shot his seed into the woman. The woman relaxed somewhat and lay on top of Sally for a moment suckling her nipples. The man rubbed both the woman's slit and Sally's slit at the same time.

The woman's lips grazed Sally's, then she kissed her. For the first time, Sally tasted a woman's kiss and it felt good. Her body now twitching with wanton abandonment, she rubbed her breasts against the woman's body, arched her pussy up towards the woman's.

She felt a mouth on her pussy, a tongue enter, and bucked in answer, pushing, wanting, needing more than just a tongue.

The woman got off her, off the slab and ran away giggling into the darkness of the night, followed by the man with the knife.

A tall woman approached her. She was naked as well and her whole body painted red, wearing a

red devil's mask. Again, Sally had no idea who it was. Did she even know three quarter of these people? Doreen had made new friends, she knew that. The woman had a dildo strapped around her.

Well, maybe now she'd finally get fucked, even if it was by a dildo! But no, the woman only played with her, toyed with her pussylips, sucked her hole for a moment, then kneaded her breasts. Another woman climbed on top of Sally and the devil woman entered her with the dildo, while the woman on top of her played with her breasts and kissed Sally's nipples. They licked at the blood on her body as if it were jam.

Once they were done and the woman climbed off the slab, it was quiet for a moment. She saw them join hands and form a circle around her. There was a hush. Nothing stirred, not even the leaves on the trees. Something glittered in the rays of the moon. She opened her mouth to scream as she saw a dagger descend toward her chest.

At the same time, thick green mist drifted over her, its tendrils reaching, seeking. The dagger moved closer and closer. Not a sound came from her lips. Her heart thundered so loud, it echoed in her ears. Where was Doreen?

Suddenly a booming voice that seemed to come from up above somewhere.

"No! First I shall have her. Bring her to me!"

Two caped figures emerged from the swirling

green mist.

They stood on each side of her, then blindfolded her. She thrashed her head from side to side, but it didn't matter. The cloth was wound around her head very tight and she couldn't see a thing.

She felt a sheen of sweat cover her body now, the sweat of utter fear. It wasn't sexy anymore, it wasn't funny, it was horrendous. The warm blood on her body, the thought of them craving it, licking it, sickened her. She wanted out. She wanted to go home.

No such chance. She heard the clanking of the cuffs and next she was picked up by arms and legs and carried like a trussed pig. She tried to kick, to yank her arms loose, but it didn't help. Strong hands held her so tight, they felt like vice grips.

They lowered her and she felt the soft comfort of satin against her clammy skin, a soft pillow under her head. *Geez, what a shame to dirty satin with all that blood they put on me...* She felt a body next to her. *Oh my God. Where am I?* As they let her hands go, she felt around. *It's a fucking coffin!* "Let me out of here," she yelled.

"Get down," a voice hissed at her, "or you'll get your fingers caught in between the lid. "

*They are closing it!* She found her voice finally and screamed, and screamed again, pulled at the blindfold, but it was too late. When she got the



tightly bound cloth off her head, she saw nothing but darkness. She felt something against her body, something other than satin. The putrid smell of rotting flesh filled her nostrils. At least she thought it was rotting flesh, as she'd never smelled it before. But it was foul, whatever it was. She tried to squeeze away from the thing next to her, squeezed hard against the side of the coffin. This was the most horrific experience she'd ever had, ever would have, as soon she'd know no more. She was locked in a coffin with a body, probably a skeleton.

A dull thud on top of the coffin. Oh my God, they're burying me alive! More thuds. Shovels full of soil. It wouldn't take long or she'd not be able to breathe anymore.

Suddenly, she felt a hand touch her face. She screamed again. Until the body next to her moved and she realized that whatever was in the coffin with her was alive. Masculine lips touched hers, forced her lips open and she felt the wanton yearning return as a tongue entered to explore her mouth. This was different. Her fear now turned into such a raging fire, that she squirmed in the confined space. The body next to her moved and slid on top of her. She felt a hard cock rub against her legs, then move up and down her slit. Hard balls smacked against her bum cheeks. The man's head lowered and he suckled her nipples while

strong hands kneaded each breast. Her nipples felt ready to burst as the man's teeth nibbled, pulled and then strong suction again. One hand left her breast to travel down to her clit. His thumb and forefinger pressed, circled, played, until her clit hurt so much that she pressed her legs together.

In doing so, she felt his cock between her legs and gasped. It was hot, hard, and very big and oh my god she wanted it inside her.

She wished the space wasn't so confined so she could take his cock into her mouth, but that would be an impossibility. His mouth covered hers and sucked the breath out of her, sucked her tongue into his mouth. A knee forced her legs apart. She hadn't realized she still clenched them together. The man's cock rubbed up and down her slit, her bum crack. She managed to get her legs around his body and pulled him against her hard, tried to pull him into her, but he resisted her, pulling that marvelous cock back, away from her opening. Instead, he entered a finger, then another, finally at least three from what she could feel and rotated them fast inside her. Her juices flowed, poured almost. She could hear the sloshing as he played with her. Oh, she was ready, more than ready to take him into her. But still he held back. His fingers traveled to her asshole, lathered it with her juices, then she felt the tight hole strain against the pressure of his dick. It was a place that had never

been invaded. Until now. It felt strange, different. And it was sore. But the pain heightened her desire, especially when his cock slowly stretched the rim, entered little by little, and he was halfway inside her anal passage and at the same time his fingers were moving inside her aching cunt.

He'd not said a word. The only sound she heard from him were soft grunts and moans. Who was this man? Did she care? No. All she wanted was to be fucked.

His cock left her then, his fingers pulled out. He drew back. She clawed at him, yanked at him, then suddenly with one slam, he entered her. She gasped at the force of it. He pulled out and slammed into her again. She felt the sweat on his body mingling with her own. He took her into his arms as he buried his cock deep inside her. She felt her womb welcome it, draw it in as far as it could go, then she clenched her pussy muscles and held him there for a moment.

He grunted, then started to move. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he started to shudder. She'd come several times already, but held back her final release until she felt his shuddering body and knew he was about to shoot his load into her. "Yes, yes, yes," she screamed. "Harder, harder, fuck me hard!"

And he did. As his grunts became louder, he slammed into her so hard, she thought he'd come

out of her throat. She felt his load shoot into her, felt it touch her womb, fill her womb's cavity with his seed, to mingle with her own stream of come.

Panting he collapsed on top of her. Her breath came in short gasps as she cradled his head against hers. "Who are you?" she whispered.

All she got in answer was a, "Sssssh..."

Okay, his identity was to remain a secret then. Fine. She could live with that. It was probably better she didn't know who it was. My God, if Michael ever found out about this... Guilt suddenly attacked her. What the hell was she doing?

She started to struggle, wanted out. The idea of the coffin was suddenly stifling, terrifying. "I want out of here. I shouldn't have done this. My God, what's wrong with me? I'm a married woman and I love my husband, dweep though he is at times."

"Ssssh..." again. The man's lips silenced her and for some insane reason, he stilled her fears. She couldn't help but get turned on again as she felt his cock stiffen against her pussylips and his tongue entered her, kissed her again, gentler this time, lovingly almost. There was a familiarity in that kiss. Michael always kissed her that way when they made love.

"Michael!"

A grunt was her response, but suddenly she knew. This was no stranger, this was her husband.

He hadn't lost it after all. His youthful sense of adventure was still there. It had just been dormant for a while.

"Oh, my God, Michael! It was you all this time. What the hell..."

"I love you," he whispered against her lips. "I thought we needed some excitement to spice up our marriage and sex life a bit."

"And Doreen was in on it."

"Of course. I asked her advice some time ago because she confessed that she and George had had similar problems."

"My God, Doreen never told me anything about this."

"No, you were always too distant and too closed about our sex life. She couldn't figure out how to talk to you about it, but she knew you weren't happy, and that I wasn't happy. She could tell."

"It was that obvious, huh?"

"Yeah, now shut up and let me love you again before they open up the coffin."

"But Michael, the dirt, they buried..."

"Silly. Of course they didn't bury us. They just threw a couple of shovels full on top of the lid to make it sound like it."

"The smell?"

"What smell?"

"At first. It smelled like rotting flesh."

"And what does rotting flesh smell like?"

"Hell, I don't know."

"Babe, all props. I know they put something in here that when you lay down, it was activated. I don't smell it now. All I smell is your perfume."

He was right. The horrible smell was gone. "The blood?"

His rumbling laugh stirred her libido back into action. "You mean the strawberry Jelly?"

She felt his tongue lick her neck.

"Mm, doesn't taste bad."

She tried to pummel his chest, but in the confined space, movement was hard. They were sandwiched tightly together. His lips claimed hers, his tongue dancing a tango inside her mouth, playing, teasing. His cock hardened between her legs and she felt him poke against her hole.

"Babe, stop bloody teasing me! Fuck me! Fuck me like you never have before!"

And he did, until someone knocked on the lid.

"They're going to release us," Michael whispered in her neck.

"Yes, sounds like it," she said regretfully. "Hon, let's just slip away and go home?"

"Home? Where's that? I've reserved a motel room for the night, babe. It's waiting for us."

Sally blinked against the flash lights that shone down into the coffin. Someone threw a blanket over them that allowed them to climb out without

everyone ogling them. A short ladder stood against the wall of dirt. Michael drew her up and wrapped the blanket around her. She climbed up the ladder and grabbed the hand ready to help her. It was Doreen's.

"Bitch," Sally hissed at her, but with a broad smile.

"You're welcome," Doreen said with a giggle. "Was it good?"

"Eh...different!"

She turned to face Michael who had his shorts on. He must have had them on when he got into the coffin to wait for her. He whispered something in Doreen's ear, then scooped Sally up in his arms and strode out of the graveyard.

"Happy, Mrs. VanderVeen?"

"I love you, you silly fool."

"Oh, now she calls me a fool. Okay, I'll put you down and we'll go home."

"Don't you dare!"

"Babe, we have to do more crazy things occasionally to stop our marriage from going stalemate. What d'you think?"

"Oh, I couldn't agree more. Now shut up and get driving. I can't wait to get to the motel and continue this night!"