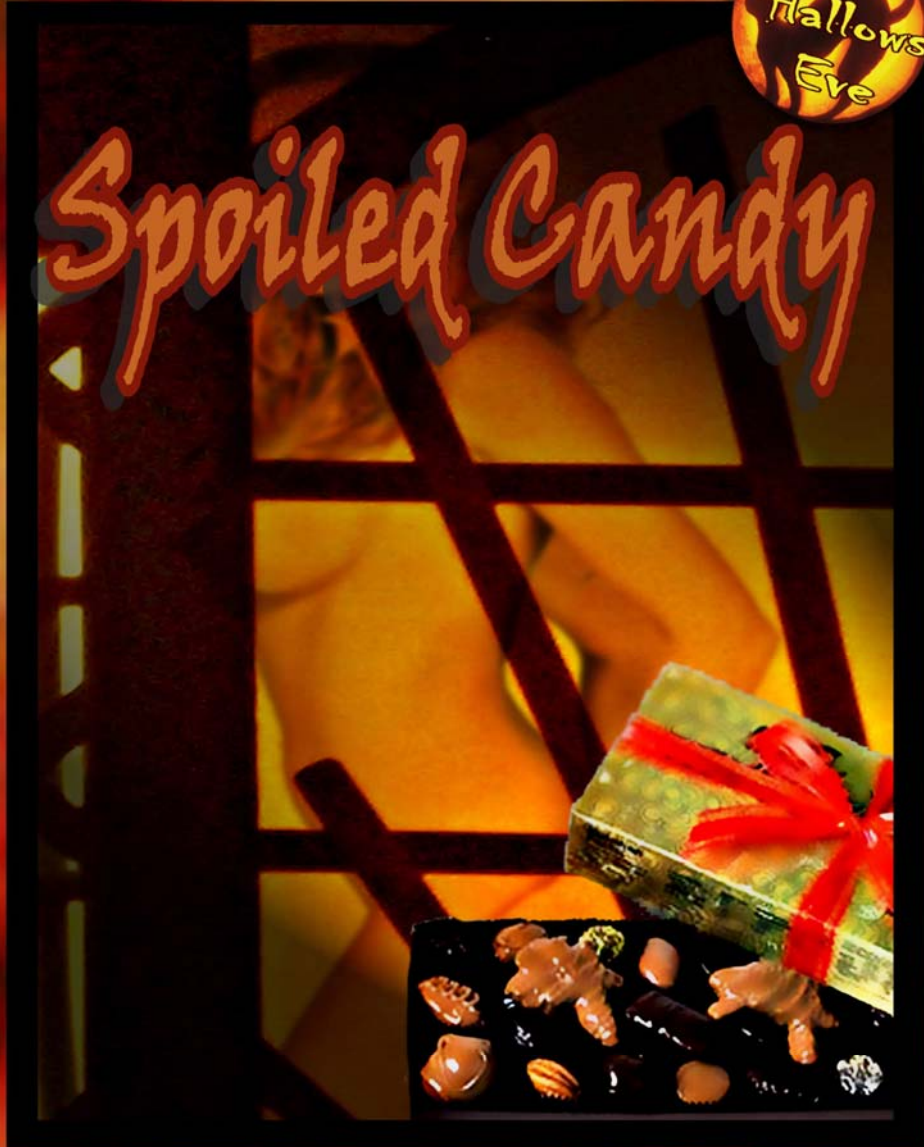


VENUS PRESS



Spoiled Candy



Ann Cory

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SPOILED CANDY
All Hallow's Eve

BY

ANN CORY

www.VenusPress.com

All Hallow's Eve: SPOILED CANDY

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SPOILED CANDY

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Ann Cory

Dedication:

To the sexy spirits that I know are out there and fuel my dreams.

Chapter One

Candy lay on the bed, the light of the afternoon sun draped over her naked body. The burnt red highlights in her hair reflected as she twirled a strand between her fingers. With a sideways glance she watched, uninterested, as her lover buttoned up his navy slacks in haste. She despised mornings. Her eyelids lowered to slits as he fumbled a tie around his neck. "Where do you think you're going, mister?" she asked in a faded, raspy voice.

His shirt wasn't buttoned properly, but she wasn't about to mention it. Let him get caught.

"I--I have things to do. I'm expected somewhere."

The nervousness in his voice was like a shot of caffeine in her system. How dare he revert back to Derek the family man, when she wasn't ready for him to go? She woke up horny and he woke up with a damn conscience.

"Let me guess. Your kid has a Halloween party at school, and you, the ever-dutiful father, are expected to be there. You're nothing but an illusionist."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

He knew it was true. The look on his face confirmed it.

Candy stretched like a cat. "Seriously? A man with a business degree asking such a stupid question? Allow me to explain. You come and go as you please, disappearing out of one person's life and into another. You're nothing more than a little lost puppy. You come to me because I let you fuck the way you really want. Get real with yourself for a change."

She hated the words spilling from her dry lips. They made her sound like a bitch in heat, but it felt good. Why should she sit around all day with pent up anger driving her to a state of utter insanity. Nothing she said ever really got to him, anyway. He would still come sniffing around between her legs, looking for the sex he wasn't getting at home. And she would give it to him because she loved sex, and he amused her.

Candy shifted on the bed and moved her hair from around her breast, treating him to a good show.

He fiddled with his tie again, his fingers moving like spider legs. "Why must we go through this lecture every time? I'm married...it's nothing new."

She snorted. "You say 'married' like it means something to you. If it means so much, then why are you here?"

Derek flashed his chestnut brown eyes in her direction. "You know why."

Of course she knew why. She had it all. Hot bod, hot ass, sexy clothes, and an adventurous spirit when it came to getting down-and-dirty. Sex was meant to be wild, dark, and a spicy combination of pleasure and pain. She gave it the way she wanted it. Hard.

With a flip of her hand, she discarded his worthless excuses. "Look, forget it. I know the routine, but I don't have to like it." Times like this made her sorry she'd quit smoking. The taste of tar and nicotine would be a welcome change from all the garbage he was throwing at her with his words. Complications sucked.

"I'm not going to lie to you. I promised my son I'd be at his school and help chaperone the Halloween party. He's expecting me and I don't want to let him down."

She clicked her tongue. "You better never lie to me. That is what you do to your dear wife."

A reddish streak swept across his cheeks and onto the tips of his ears. The fool.

She stretched and sat up, her back propped against the pillows. "Will you be coming by later?" Her voice had more hope in it than she'd originally planned.

Derek shook his head, his bottom lip set in a pout. "I can't. I'm supposed to take my son out trick-or-treating. With Jan so close to having the baby..."

Candy gave him an icy glare and contemplated throwing something sharp at him. "I've told you before, don't ever say her name in my bedroom."

He knelt down and took hold of her hands, his eyes apologetic. Sweat beaded along his forehead. "I'm sorry, please forgive me. I wasn't thinking."

It didn't seem right to let him off the hook without a fight, but she was more in the mood for sex than war. Her eyes trailed from his lips down to his crotch. "I'll let you make it up to me. Why don't you give me a nice, big treat and I'll forgive you." She brought his hand over to her breast, her nipples reacting instantly. The bulge in his pants was a reminder of how much power she held. It fueled her. "Don't you dare act like you don't want it."

If he hesitated, she didn't notice. His clothes were off in a flash and his body positioned over hers. He held her hands captive and bit at her nipples. Damn if she wasn't turned on.

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"You savage beast," he growled between nips.

"That's right big boy. Try and tame the beast."

She playfully struggled under his grip, her legs parting further to accommodate him.

His voice got deep as he whispered close to her ear, sending pleasurable chills all over. "Where do you want your treat? In the ass?"

Candy's body convulsed at his raw words. Now he had the power. She hated and craved it all at the same time.

"Fuck me in the ass, baby. You know how I like it best."

In the blink of an eye, she was turned over on her knees with a mouthful of pillow. He smoothed a cool gel around her tight, puckered muscle and thrust two fingers in. There was no need for foreplay, she was revved up and aching for a release. The sensations overwhelmed her. His delicious, addictive movements brought her to a quick arousal. Candy sucked in her breath each time his fingers plunged. The friction of his flesh against her sensitive spot brought tears to her eyes.

"Mmm. You know how I like it."

He spanked her ass with the palm of his hand repeatedly until her inner thighs were thoroughly soaked.

"You're such a spoiled girl. Everything has to be your way or you make life miserable for everybody else."

She knew it was true, and had no intentions of changing. "What do you plan to do about it?" she asked, her voice soft and breathless. Her fingers fisted with the cotton-blended sheets as he barreled into her.

"I'm going to tease your clit with a vibrator and fuck you until you come."

Her lips salivated at the thoughts running through her mind. Candy cried out as he removed his fingers and opened her wide with his hard cock. She wiggled her hips and slammed back into him, taking him far and deep. From underneath the pillow he grabbed the silver machine and turned it on. The salacious whir made her nipples achingly hard. The coolness of the vibrator against her clit almost propelled her like a rocket.

"God, make it go faster," she whined.

As the vibrator had her bucking, he slid his cock further inside and stretched her ass wide. She shivered at the feel of him pulling in and out. Her screams and groans drowned out any noise he made.

"I need to come, babe. Please," she begged. The build up was swift and circled her lower abdomen. "Please."

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“Not yet. I’ll stop right now. I’ll leave you with your pussy soaked and unsatisfied.”

“No!” The fear of his words helped stave off the crashing waves inside. She would hold on, with whatever it took.

To test her, he put the vibrator on high and jiggled it around her swollen nub. His cock burned against her taut opening, lubricated with their sweat and juices. She refused to beg again, but the willpower was lessening.

“Okay, come now and come hard,” he commanded, his voice faltering into a single repetitive shout. Candy lost all control and the orgasm stormed through her with aftershocks she never expected.

“God, baby. I swear you torture me.”

Derek pulled out and ran his tongue along her dripping pussy. With a sigh he collapsed to his back and smiled.

“I give you what you want. Spoiled little Candy.”

Chapter Two

A thin layer of sweat coated her skin. Warm and content. Satisfaction oozed throughout her body as the spasms finally let up. She felt a faint chill as he climbed off the bed and stood, running a hand through his hair.

Offended, she frowned. "Whoa, you could at least give me five minutes of cuddle time."

He shook his head and pulled his clothes back on. "I--I wish I could, but I really must go. Besides, you're not like that. You're a free spirit and all that sexy shit. We have an understanding."

Sure, she understood. This was the part where her feelings didn't matter and it all became about him. "Whatever. You know, if I were you, I'd shower first. Your wife is going to smell sex on you."

"No time. Besides, I'll be around candy and kids all afternoon. The only sugar she'll notice will be from chocolate. Speaking of which, before I forget, I brought you something. Maybe it could be a substitute for my not being here tonight?"

"Doubt it."

"You know I'll be thinking about you."

She looked away from him and stared at the green lines of the wallpaper. "Yeah, sure you will. Don't worry about me. I'll be too busy with Jack Daniels and a scary movie to notice your absence."

"Are you saying you don't even want to see what I got you?"

Of course she did, but what was the fun in asking for it? "Unless it has batteries and will give me one hell of an orgasm, I'm not interested."

Derek shook his head. "Is sex all you think about?"

"Yes, and it's why you can't stay away from me."

He chuckled and straightened his tie. "That's only part of it. I'll leave the gift with you. If you don't like it, throw it out." He cleared his throat and walked over to the big oversized chair in the corner where his jacket lay. From underneath, he pulled out a large shiny gold box with orange pumpkins on a black bow.

“Here. It’s not much, but the person I bought it from said it’s for a special woman. Naturally, I thought of you.”

She went to reach for it and then hesitated. “I’ll bet. Did you get one for wifey, too?”

“No.”

Against her better judgment, she took it. Derek was a generous man when it came to gifts. Jewelry, lingerie, and enough sex toys to fill several drawers.

“Good girl.”

He bent down and kissed her. His breath smelled of spearmint mouthwash and a trace of Pinot Noir.

Candy slid the tacky bow off and removed the lid. A dozen foil wrapped candies in hues of orange and black lay in a velvet cushion. Diamonds would have been better. A diamond-studded collar to wear around her neck would have been best. Still, she was a sucker for chocolate. Just looking made her mouth water, and the aroma from the candy made her pussy wet. “I suppose this will do. If you really want to make me happy, you’ll come by later.”

Derek patted her shoulder like she was nothing more than a friend. “I don’t see how I can get away. I’ll make it up to you tomorrow, I promise.”

“You better. I’ve told you before...I’m not one to play the second fiddle. Don’t you ever forget it. There are plenty of other men I could fuck who don’t have attachments. I picked you.”

“I am grateful.”

“I planned to dress up as Elvira with my breasts all propped up and round. Tight black vinyl dress with easy access nylons, no panties.”

“You’re such a tease.”

“Your loss.”

He tucked in his shirt and noticed the mismatched buttons. Candy was disappointed. The guy deserved to get caught and be thrown out of his house.

“I love you.”

She hated their goodbyes. Even worse, she hated the agonizing pain in her chest when he walked away from her. It was a cruel reminder of where she stood with him.

“Get out of here, jerk.”

Derek stood at the doorway of her room, a torn expression on his face.

“Don’t say that. I know you care about me.”

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Candy took a pillow and covered her face. "Leave me alone. Go pretend to play daddy."

"I'm not leaving because I want to. If I had a choice I'd stay."

Lies, more lies. "Bullshit. You're weak. Get out of here."

She listened to the soles of his shoes clack fifteen times across her hardwood floor in the living room and the subtle whoosh of the door as it closed. Candy let the pillow fall to her lap as her heart sank. It was a regular song and dance between them. He arrived when it was convenient, they fucked like fiends, and then the realization hit him that he's a married man with one kid and another on the way. If the sex wasn't so good she would have dumped him by now, but he fulfilled every fantasy imaginable exactly the way she wanted it.

Derek wasn't a bad man, but his priorities were screwed up. Definitely not husband material, though he was perfect lover material. If his wife—*when* his wife found out—she figured that was when he would stop coming around. Like the men before him, he would promise disgruntled wifey anything under the sun, show up to expensive marriage counseling on time, and soon after, she would be forgotten.

Candy reached over and grabbed her stuffed teddy, the one she'd had for twenty-eight years. Its fur was matted, not as soft, and one eye had been sewn on more times than she cared to remember. Regardless, it was a comfort, and that was what she needed right now.

"One year tomorrow," she sighed, pretending for a moment her stuffed animal understood. "A full year of being monogamous with a man who isn't." It was a record for her.

Candy hugged the bear close to her chest and glanced up at the ceiling, watching it churn and sway. The alcohol from one too many bottles of wine they'd shared six hours earlier was still in her system. Damn hangovers. Objects swam together in a bevy of brilliant colors.

She kissed her teddy on the nose and picked away pieces of fuzz from its ear. "I should dump the bastard. I'm much too wild for him. He says he'll leave his wife eventually, but I'm not stupid. His kid will be in college before he'll ever leave her."

Candy set her teddy next to her and slid the gold box onto her lap. The chocolate smell tickled her nose as she unwrapped one. Dark chocolate with thin white stripes splattered across the top. She popped the whole thing in her mouth and sucked on it. Melted chocolate coated her tongue and raspberry syrup trickled down her throat. It was

the most amazing piece of candy she'd ever had. She grabbed another piece and devoured it too. This time it was orange liquor that popped with flavor inside her mouth.

Mixed emotions and a hangover made for a bad combination and she suddenly found herself crying. Candy wiped away the unruly tears, and mumbled her stupidity over seeing a married man. "I should have seen it coming, Teddy. You would think I'd learn by now, but oh no. He was turned on by my carefree, no strings attached style, and then his wife got knocked up. That bitch changed everything." She could hardly recognize the whiney sobs as her own. Candy grabbed a third piece of chocolate and let the caramel melt on her tongue.

When Derek had left the first morning they'd been together with a guilty conscience, she swore it was all over, and that he'd had his last anal fuck. They were still going at it. She wanted to believe that she was the one in control, but days like this made her realize otherwise.

"Don't look at me like that, Teddy. I can't help myself. He's an addiction. A man I can toy with to my heart's desire, but in the end...I'm the one left alone. He goes home to a family, while I sit here." More tears followed but she hardly noticed. The truth loomed before her, and it hurt.

"Asshole," she said aloud. It was liberating to call him names and make him out to be the bad guy. Saved her from taking responsibility for her own actions. She didn't want to believe she was the doormat. It was something she'd sworn to never do. A handful of guys had accepted her need for rough sex, but they either took it too far or not far enough. There was no happy medium. Until Derek.

He wanted to know all her fantasies and acted each one out. Handcuffs, collars, dildos, vibrators, whips, flogs, rope, nipple clamps, anything and everything she could imagine. Her boundaries were something he wanted to test and she willingly let him. He could change from sweet to savage in a single second and right back to sweet again. At the moment, the only sweet thing she could compare him to was the candy.

Holidays were always difficult. They were like a tug of war, only she rarely won. Halloween used to be her favorite holiday. Dressed to kill in barely there dresses with a ton of makeup and her hair full and gorgeous. She called it Goth, but it was just an excuse to be extra daring and have fun doing it. Catcalls and hungry looks followed her until she decided who would be worthy of her own confectionary goodness.

Derek should be with her, right now, unzipping her too-tight vinyl dress and sliding down her thigh-high nylons. He should be bending her over the side of the couch

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while the theme from *Halloween* played in the background, his cock plummeting hard inside her.

She imagined him walking with his son door to door, smiling along with all the other parents as if he was Mister Perfect. In his head he might be confused, in his heart he was committed to only his wife, but his cock belonged to her. She'd branded it with her lips and pussy.

Candy's head felt unusually heavy. She yawned and scooted down the bed until she laid flat, the soft pillow comfortable behind her head. Things had never come easy for her and she didn't expect it to be any different. What she liked wasn't enough to keep men around. They had to be married. She wasn't the cook, the maid, or the nurturer. She was a sex goddess. If they wanted anything more than that, then they had to go elsewhere. It was a role she was content with for the time being. It only bothered her when she was alone.

She sighed. "Oh well, Teddy, it's not like I could be tamed anyway. I'd need a beast for that."

Chapter Three

Candy's stomach grumbled and she turned her eyes to the box lying next to her on the bed. Each shimmering gold foil taunted her. She could almost swear it was calling to her. One after another she tore into the mouthwatering sweets, savoring the taste and moaning in ecstasy as it filled her body with unrequited desire. She licked her fingers to make sure she indulged in every last morsel of the chocolaty goodness.

By the fifth piece she felt like she was on fire. Every nerve in her body had been piqued. A fevered desire for something, anything, to rub against her clit nearly drove her mad. The candy had awakened something errant deep inside her core. Her body screamed and begged for a passion that was beyond her capabilities.

To ease the driving need, she closed her eyes, and followed her fingers down between her thighs. With a flick against her swollen nub, her back arched and the adrenaline flowed double-time. Who needed Derek when she could get herself off like this? Her nipples swelled to twice their normal size as if someone was pinching the life out of them. Candy moaned and sighed as an invisible entity wrapped her body in a threshold of eroticism. A strong force grabbed her hands and held them above her head, palms together. She could feel warm breath on her face.

Through half-glazed eyes she saw someone. The face was blurred but she knew it was a man, probably the devil himself, sent from Hell to snatch her. Candy's body opened up to the stranger, his for the taking, anything he wanted would be fine. The sheer desire beckoned from between her legs with an intangible force. It was an itch she couldn't scratch alone, and she willed him to offer relief.

"Who are you?"

Her whispery question hung in the air and mixed with her fragrant sex. The face remained blurred and then broke apart into three faces, and then five.

Hands traveled all over her body, inspecting crevices and exploring curves. Where their fingers touched her body ignited. A whole new appetite revealed itself. The bed was a plate and she was on the menu, pleading to be sampled anywhere that gave her a moment of delight. Her stomach was a pit of flames where the candy churned. When

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she swallowed, a layer of chocolate silk ran down her throat. The air in the room was warm and made her already parched lips all the more dry. Her head swayed side to side as the bedroom changed shape and dimension.

Above her, a red spiral came out of the ceiling and lowered down. A contraption made of red leather straps. It conjured up images of sexual positions where she was bound and gagged. She was lifted off the bed and hung suspended a few inches from the bed.

Curiosity overrode any fear. Her feet were secured wide apart with the leather bonds until she was spread eagle while her hands were kept bound together. A harness wrapped around her waist. She was trapped, like a fly in a spider web.

Fingers she couldn't see but could feel, ran up and down her legs, inching closer to the torrid slit between her thighs. Her legs quaked.

"I'm hallucinating," she muttered out loud.

Candy blinked her eyes, trying to clear away the haze that lingered. She could make out the silhouettes of five men in her room, hovering over her body. Phallic symbols of horns adorned their foreheads, painted in various bright colors.

"Please, let me see you."

Their bodies became more visible. She drew in her breath as she saw they were all identical. Chiseled naked bodies and long, dark hair that hung straight with stray strands brushing against their bronze pecs, strong arms and legs. Their cocks were raised and larger than any she'd ever seen or had inside her. Vibrant violet eyes stared, their lips set in a seductive smile.

"Wh--who are you?"

When they spoke, their lips remained pressed together. Somehow she could hear their words in her head.

Lost souls. We've waited a long, long time. You have released us from our chains and set us free. For saving us, your reward is a lifetime of pleasure, whenever, wherever, and however you want.

Candy couldn't believe her ears. "Lost souls? What happened to you?"

We died at the hands of a cruel and sadistic witch. Please do not send us back. We will do anything you ask of us. Worship you. Take care of you. Give you anything you want. We promise that you'll never be alone or unsatisfied again.

"I don't understand how you got here. Is this for real or am I imagining you?"

We're very real. Our bodies were destroyed inside large furnaces. Our flesh was burned, but our essence lingered. We waited for someone to come along and give us a

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second chance, to give us a way to fuse ourselves into something where we could have one last taste of freedom.

Candy wondered who gave Derek the box of chocolates. He'd said they were meant for a special woman.

"I still don't understand. How did you get *here* in my bedroom?"

The chocolates. Each one you indulge in releases another soul. Enough questions, we know what you want. You want it wild. Let us prove we can give you the ultimate fantasy.

Candy smiled and relaxed. This was the finest chocolate she'd ever had in her life.

She watched as mouths drew closer to her inner thighs. Maybe the combination of alcohol and chocolate was too much for her, but the twisted exotic dream could go on forever, for all she cared.

Death by pleasure didn't sound like a bad way to go.

A tongue slithered and rolled inside her pussy, lapping at the dampness. Her nipples stood erect as one of the horns slipped into her pussy and found her G-spot. Thick liquid warmed her thighs, a welcomed heat to her bewildered mind. A bevy of naked male flesh surrounded her, all attention on her. She took turns watching the ceiling and the collage of men. Her body was charged. Fingers, lips, teeth, and mouths kissed, suckled, probed, and manipulated her into a frenzy. One man floated above her, his enormous cock dangling in front of her eager lips.

"You'll suck it until I say otherwise," he demanded and then shifted his body into a sixty-nine position, burying his face between her legs.

Candy opened her mouth wide and welcomed his tantalizing sweetness. He tasted like chocolate, the texture smooth and creamy. She felt him plow his expert fingers and tongue inside her while another man slid his fingers inside her ass. The third man fastened on nipple clamps and flicked his tongue against her tits while the other two stroked and fondled any exposed area. Every part of her was filled and she was on sensory overload.

An orgasm was close. Her legs trembled. Something large and cool slipped into her pussy. One of their horns, soft as it spread her inner folds, plunged in and out of her. She didn't know if she needed permission to come, but she couldn't ask with the man's succulent cock in her mouth.

Come now. Come now. Come now.

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Their erotic voices filled her head and gave her the extra push she needed. Her body jolted from the fierce explosion between her legs. She'd never come so hard in her life. Candy wanted the man to feel the same and suckled hard at his cock until he shuddered. Rich chocolate milk dripped down her throat for several minutes before he pulled out. The man smiled and then continued pleasuring her clit with his tongue.

Her body trembled and twisted in the leather straps as she screamed and cried for them to go harder, push further, fuck her faster. Each entity was solely intent on what they were doing. Their phallic adornments pulsed and thickened around her, smelling of sex and chocolate.

Candy shook hard as another horn filled her ass. It was only minutes before they brought her to a second raging orgasm. Her body, light as air, was drained and bucked violently. Still they serviced her.

Would they ever stop? True to their word they pleased her beyond any hope she could ever have. Was there a point of too much? She wanted to find out.

A knock at the door echoed through her apartment and suddenly the bonds released her and she fell to the bed.

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Chapter Four

The sound of keys in a lock and the door closing brought Candy back to reality. Her arms ached from the strain of the bonds and her legs wouldn't stop quaking.

"There you are. Didn't you ever get out of bed today?"

It took several minutes before her eyes focused. She stared at Derek, her body still buzzing.

"What?"

"Are you okay? You don't look so hot." He knelt beside the bed and rested his hand on her forehead. "God, you're burning up."

His touch was foreign, unwelcome. "What are you doing here?"

"I finished taking my son around the neighborhood and thought I'd stop by to see how you liked the gift I brought." From under his jacket he pulled out a DVD cover. "I also rented *Halloween* to watch together. Thought you'd get dressed up like Elvira and let me strip you."

Candy glanced at the clock. It was ten. Where the hell had the time gone? "I had no idea it was so late."

"I guess not. You must have liked the chocolate. There are wrappers all over the floor. Would it be okay if I tried one?"

"No!"

His brows furrowed at her abrupt outburst. She smiled sweetly and cleared her throat. "I mean, if you don't mind, I'd like to enjoy them all myself. Where did you say you bought them?"

"From an old woman in the park. I went back there later, but she was gone. I'm glad you like them."

She fumbled around for a sheet and covered her body. "It was the nicest present you could have ever got me."

His eyes sparkled at her words. "You liked it that much?"

"Mmm hmm. I'd say it's my favorite."

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"Well, I'll have to buy you chocolates again soon. For now, I hope you'll accept another treat I have for you."

Derek stood and reached for the button of his pants. Candy shook her head. Everything was falling into place. She couldn't do this anymore. "I don't think we should see each other anymore, I'm sorry."

His hand faltered at his zipper. "What? You can't be serious. I had to go today, there was no way around it."

"I'm not mad at you, I swear. Things have changed. I've changed."

"You can't have changed that much in eight hours, silly girl. You're so moody sometimes. Come on, give me a second chance."

She was empowered and it felt damn good. The lost souls she saved would satisfy her for the rest of her life. And all their dark contraptions.

"No, it's not you. Derek, I think it's time for you to stop playing daddy, and go *be* daddy. We've had good times, and I'll never forget them, but what I need, you can't give me."

His face turned red, his lips screwed up in an angry scowl. "You're so spoiled. I don't think there's a man alive who could possibly satisfy your sexual appetite."

Candy grinned. He had it exactly right. "I agree. It *would* take a room full of men to get me off the way I want. Now, if you'd give me back my keys, I think it's time for you to go home to your family."

"But, I need you," he whined and placed the keys on her dresser.

"No, you don't. You need to grow up and be the man of the house to your wife and kids."

Naked, she got up from the bed and led him to the door.

"Did I do something wrong? Was it the candy? It wasn't enough of a gift. I'm sorry."

She gave him a peck on the cheek and opened the door.

"Yes, it was the candy and it will be more than enough to last me a lifetime. Goodbye, Derek."

He stared at her blankly and then walked out.

Candy ran into the bedroom and threw herself on the bed. She stared at the box of chocolates. Five had been fun, but she wondered what *noir* pleasures six could do. She unwrapped another piece of candy and let its texture melt against her tongue. Figures appeared in the dark, their eyes seducing her willing body, their voices filling her head of how they planned to fuck her next.

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She could get used to being spoiled.

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About the Author

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