

Ocean's Mist Press

MASQUERADE

CANDY CAINE



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

The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is a violation of the Copyright Law. Ocean's Mist Press will aggressively pursue those who choose to violate the intellectual property rights of our authors.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any form without permission. The purchase of a copy of this ebook is intended for the purchaser's viewing ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Ocean's Mist Press.

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. Ocean's Mist Press' e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase.

Copyright (c) 2006 by Candy Caine

ISBN: 1-934057-53-3

Cover art and design (c) 2006 by Jinger Heaston

Look for us on the Web
www.oceansmistpress.com

MASQUERADE

By Candy Caine

“No, Jerry, I don’t think I want to get involved in that kind of stuff.”

“Why?” he asked looking disappointed with my response. Had he actually thought wife swapping would interest me?

“Because when we got married we took vows to remain faithful to one another.”

“And we have. I’m not asking you to break that vow — not now — or ever, only extend it.”

“You lost me,” I replied somewhat confused.

“We’re both going to these once-a-week gatherings.”

“With the intention of having sex with strangers.”

“That’s the beauty of it. If you don’t know who you’ve been with, how could you feel any guilt,” he added with a great deal of excitement in his voice.

“That’s twisted.”

“Come on, Stacey. Be honest here. Haven’t you ever fantasized about having sex with some stranger you’ve encountered?”

I couldn't argue with him about that. I've caught myself, more than once, wondering how it would be with some guy I'd seen on the street.

Jerry saw me hesitate and ran with his crazy suppositions. "Everyone will be wearing a mask. Your identity will remain unknown. It's like celebrating Halloween all year round."

"With all the tricks, it would seem." I couldn't resist.

"It'll be a treat as well. You'll see."

I rolled my eyes. Jerry took me gently by the shoulders. "Baby, just try it once. That's all I'm asking."

"I don't know..."

"It will spice up our sex life."

"I like our sex life just fine."

"Then you'll love it after this," he assured me, coming up behind me and nuzzling my neck as he slid his hands under my sweater until he reached my breasts. The heat of his skin on mine started to boil my juices.

Jerry continued to tease my nipple as his lips clung to mine. He kissed me deeply, seeking out my tongue with his. All the while his hand slipped further down my body and into the waistband of my jeans. I opened my legs so he could slip a finger down to reach my clit. Already I could feel the wetness soaking my panties.

I turned my body and threw my arms about his neck as I felt a moan building deep from within my throat. Jerry lifted me out of the chair and carried me into the bedroom. I could feel how hard and ready his cock was as it pressed against me. My breath came out in spurts, while our hearts beat together in a frenzied syncopation.

Jerry gently dropped me down on the bed and we both quickly undressed. My eyes never left his fully erect cock as it emerged from his shorts.

As I began to lower my jeans slowly in a mock striptease, I could feel the intense heat from his gaze. By the time I stepped out of my panties, his labored breathing resounded throughout the room.

He pulled me down on top of him. Instinctively, I began to rub myself against his swollen member, savoring each stroke. However, my little striptease had really gotten to Jerry. He repositioned me so he could slip inside. His hands slid to my hips and he began to pump me up and down faster and faster until our bodies coming together made slapping sounds. We continued this frenetic pace until I found myself in the throes of an orgasm.

“That was great, baby,” he said after we collapsed into a tangle of limbs.

We remained cuddled like that for a few minutes. My thoughts strayed back to what Jerry had said about the gatherings and began to fantasize about the possibilities. Perhaps he was thinking along similar lines, for he began to

draw circles around one of my nipples, causing small ripples of pleasure to rise within my core.

I felt him growing hard again and slipped from his grasp. I gently ran my nail teasingly down his leg a couple of times which made his body twitch with pleasure. That always makes me smile. I took him in my hand and began to go down on him. Jerry loves when I do this and soon moans in delight as he threads his fingers through my hair. We continue this way until he urges me to turn my body so he can pleasure me as well.

I'd agreed to go with Jerry to the private club. He assured me that not just anyone could go there. In order to attend you needed a special invite. I guess knowing that was supposed to make me feel important and put my lingering worries to rest.

Sex with Jerry was always terrific. However, he'd been my first. I'd always thought he'd be my last, as well. Now he's insisting our sex life could be better. Could it? I'd had nothing to compare it with. Until we began to go to the gatherings every Saturday night.

The first gathering we were going to attend fell on Halloween. Everyone was supposed to come in costume. We'd already received the special masks, which covered half of our face. The rest of the attire was up to us. We found a

costume house and spent nearly an hour deciding what famous pair to go as. Finally, we rented Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara costumes. When Jerry put on those tight fitting pants, it made me hot. The frilly crinolines and tight bodice did it for him.

Dressing for this gathering turned out to be fun. Helping me get into the dress, Jerry found it hard to keep his hands off of me. I almost told him we should stay home and enjoy ourselves. However, I'd promised him I'd go and couldn't back out now.

I swept my long, auburn hair up with a tortoise shell clip, allowing a few curly tendrils of hair to grace the sides of my head.

"You look gorgeous, baby," Jerry ran a finger down my back.

"Too bad no one would be able to tell under the masks we had to wear."

"That's what makes it so exciting," he reminded me.

The idea I was going to be with a total stranger scared and yet excited me. I wasn't even certain how I was supposed to act.

We entered the club and showed the man at the door a printed invitation. He made a phone call and another man escorted us to an elevator in the back. He opened the doors with a key and we entered. When the doors opened again, we were greeted by a man dressed as Julius Caesar wearing a white toga, sandals, a crown and a mask similar to ours.

"Welcome. Now if you'll follow me."

He brought us into a large room decorated with Halloween paraphernalia and dimly lit by artificial candles. The ceilings were covered with what looked like giant spider webs and the walls were black. There was a long table with appetizers and a cauldron filled with champagne punch. People, dressed in what seemed every kind of costume imaginable, were milling about talking to one another. Small sofas and armless couches broke the room up into smaller more intimate sections.

"Well, what do you think?" Jerry whispered into my ear.

"I...I don't know..."

"Have some punch," he replied, handing me a glass.

I sipped the punch, the fruity flavor quenching my suddenly parched throat and nervously looked around me.

"This is where people get to know one another," Jerry explained. If you click, you go off together —"

"To have sex?"

He nodded.

"I'm not sure I can do this," I whispered.

"Drink your punch. It will help you unwind."

I'd given Jerry my word to try to participate. It was obvious he was excited and couldn't wait to mingle. I began to feel guilty I was holding him back.

"Go and have a good time," I told him.

"Are you sure?"

"I'll be fine," I replied, wondering how much of what I'd said was pure bravado as I saw him go.

I stood there sipping the punch, watching the people around me talking to one another making it look so easy. To my right, I watched a threesome, two women and one man, walk off. When I turned back to where Jerry had been, he was gone. A momentary stab of fear pierced my heart.

Just then a deep voice behind me said, "Hello."

I turned to face a tall man dressed like a Roman gladiator. He wore a tan, sleeveless tunic that fell a few inches above his knees. His wide shoulders and muscular chest were appealing. His legs were bare and well-muscled, as well. I truly wished I could see his face.

"Hi. This is my first time," I blurted out. I could feel my face heating from my gaffe.

"We've all been there. There's always a first time for everything," he replied taking the sting out of it. "Let me get you a refill."

He got me a fresh glass of punch and we sat down on a small sofa to talk.

"Do you come often?" I asked.

"Yes. My wife and I wouldn't miss a Saturday, if we can help it."

"Was she..."

"Okay with all this in the beginning?" he said, finishing my thoughts.

I looked at him in amazement. It was as if he'd read my mind.

"No. She was a lot like you. I think it's easier for men."

The stranger seemed nice enough. I had to admit he was trying to make me feel comfortable. We continued to talk a short time before he put his arm around me and drew me closer. The thought of kissing that total stranger began to turn me on.

His lips were soft and he tasted of punch. I allowed his tongue to slip into my mouth. My heart began to beat faster as I clung to his mouth. Suddenly, I wanted this man to touch me.

I felt my nipples harden against the silk fabric of my dress. He noticed and bent to kiss one hard bead through the sheer fabric, leaving a wet spot. Boldly, I touched his penis, which was raising the skirt of his tunic.

"Yes, that feels good," he said, taking my hand and placing it under his costume. He was naked. This turned me on, as well.

I began to stroke his thick shaft. He closed his eyes in pleasure a moment.

"Perhaps we should go into one of the rooms," he suggested.

Taking my hand, he led me down a long corridor. I noticed there were red lights lit above certain rooms. He took me into one without a light. It was as if we had entered a motel room complete with every amenity possible. The bed was round and inviting. A huge box of condoms sat on the night stand next to an array of sexually oriented magazines. There was a TV and a stack of porno movies. Of course we had a private bathroom and shower. Somebody had gone to an awful lot of trouble to design a club like this.

“Now where were we?” he asked, taking me into his arms and kissing me.

That man could kiss. I found myself gasping for another, as he slipped his hands under my dress, exploring my body. Every nerve ending came awake, heightened as his hands glided over me. That stranger excited me to my very core. I never wanted any other man like I lusted for him at that very moment. I couldn't understand why I was feeling this way and had no desire to, either. Self-analysis could wait.

Wantonly, I turned so he could open my dress. I let it fall. He reached for me as soon as I stepped out of it. I stood before him as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“You're so beautiful.” He removed the clip from my hair and shook it free before he fastened his mouth on my nipple and suckled. The other hand teased my other breast before he asked me to turn around.

I did what he asked and he slipped two fingers up my pussy as he splayed the two orbs of my ass and began to tongue my exposed hole. Jerry had never done anything like this to me. As he licked, the stranger continued to finger-fuck my pussy. Before I realized it, I was climaxing. He kissed my back and removed his fingers.

I turned around, slowly lowering my wet pussy onto his cock. Controlling my hips, he lifted me up and down as he brought himself to his own orgasm.

He removed the rest of his costume, revealing a body that was no stranger to a gym. It was simply gorgeous. He poured us both a glass of wine from a bottle left chilling in a bucket and we leaned back against the headboard and made small talk. We had to be careful not to break the rules and reveal too much.

I found myself wanting to touch him—run my hands over his muscled broad chest and kiss his lips. Halfway through the glass of wine, I boldly did just that. I kissed his mouth and slowly worked my way down to his chest until I reached his penis. Wrapping my tongue around its head, I heard him sigh. I began to suck his shaft, taking in as much as I could, as I stroked his balls. He reached down and buried one hand in my hair and stroked my breast with the other.

Moments later I felt his body stiffen and then relax. Reaching for me, he took me in his arms and kissed me, his tongue caressing mine. Then ever so

slowly, he began to lick and suck his way down my body. Every nerve ending in my body began to scream in pleasure.

Instinctively, I spread my legs and he ran his tongue down the inside of my thigh. A bolt of pleasure nearly lifted me off the bed. His attention then moved to my pussy that was already wet and crying for attention. I wanted to feel the flat of his tongue as he licked and sucked me into the ultimate pleasure, so I lifted my body offering full access to my treasure. Instead, he continued to torture me.

He traced a finger around the outside of my pussy, driving me mad. Then he slipped a finger inside avoiding my clit. After a few minutes of this, I'd thought I'd lose my mind. Finally, not able to bear it any longer, I lost control. "Please," I whispered, begging.

He spread my velvet folds open and probed inside with his tongue. Then he flicked his tongue over my clit. I began to grind my bottom into his face. I was so hot, I desired him to suck it. He must have had mental telepathy, because he nipped and sucked my clit as I thrashed against the bed. I needed only a little more to take me over the edge.

He reached up and squeezed my breast. The contractions were intense and enveloped by body like a storm, one wave after another. I screamed out my pleasure.

He kissed the inside of my thigh before rising and covering my mouth with his.

"That was incredible," I said.

The terrific sex I'd had with Jerry didn't compare to the way this stranger had made me feel. The preset alarm clock in the room went off. It was time for us to leave. He took me in his arms and kissed me one last time before I got dressed.

On the way home Jerry asked me, "Did you have a good time, Stacey?"

"Yes."

He smiled. "Would you like to go next week?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," I replied.

"That's my girl," Jerry said, patting my thigh.

I had begun to understand the lure of such a club. Each time you returned was like the first time with a lover, when both parties are new to the game and giving 100%.

Our going to the gathering had a definite effect on us both. Even though Jerry and I tried not to get into a sexual routine, we had one. I guess most couples did. We usually touched one another where we liked to be stroked, because it got results. After that Saturday, though, Jerry began to experiment

with me more and our sex together became more spontaneous. And, like he'd said going to the gathering had made our sex more exciting.

I found myself looking forward to the next gathering. At work while I was transcribing a patient's records into the computer, I'd find myself thinking about my encounter with the stranger. Suddenly, I'd get so hot and horny, I needed to get off. I'd have to take a break and slip off to the Ladies' Room or my car – any place where I could be alone. I'd spread my legs and slip my fingers into my wet pussy and stroke myself until I came. Who was this over-sexed person I was turning into?

It was finally Saturday. Like a child, I could hardly wait to go the gathering. We dressed in casual clothes for the evening and brought our masks. I was just as excited as Jerry. He couldn't wait to meet someone new, but I secretly hoped to meet up with the same stranger I'd met the week before. I realized this would be defeating the purpose of going, but there was something about him I couldn't forget.

We arrived at the club and went through the same routine as the week before. A man dressed in a leisure suit met us at the elevator and took us into the room which now looked like any room in a catering hall. There were hors d'oeuvres and several different kinds of wines and spritzers placed on the

banquet-sized table. Men and women were engaged in conversation and some were already pairing off.

“Maybe we should come earlier next time,” Jerry said.

“Why, what difference does it make? If you don’t know who anyone is, how do you know who you’re missing?”

“That’s a good point.”

I gently squeezed his hand as I looked around for someone remotely resembling my stranger.

Jerry handed me a glass of wine and we both sipped quietly as our eyes flitted around the room. He turned and gave me a kiss. I knew he wanted to go mingle.

I smiled at him and wished him a good time. As he began to walk away, he turned back and said, “You, too, babe.” Then he was gone.

Taking my glass of wine with me as a crutch, I began to walk around the room. A man of medium stature walked over to me and said, “Hello.”

I smiled at him and we engaged in small talk. He had been coming to these gatherings for a few months now.

“Have you ever been with the same person more than once?” I asked.

“It hasn’t happened to me yet. I guess there’s always the chance.”

I nodded, wishing it were so — and my stranger from the previous week would appear.

"This place has done wonders for my wife and me," he said bringing my focus back to him.

"How so?"

"She wasn't very good at sex. Now she can't get enough."

"I'm glad it worked out for the both of you."

"How about you and me getting it on?" he asked.

What the hell, I reasoned. That's why I was here. I extended my hand and he took it. We then went in search of an empty room.

Whoever said *different strokes for different folks* wasn't kidding. If nothing else, I had one interesting time with this man.

"Would you take off your clothes for me?" he asked.

"Slowly."

I began to undress as sexily as I could. By the time I'd reached the last item, he began to strip off his own clothes. His cock was thin and slightly curved to one side. It emerged from under a small beer belly. I half expected him to jump my bones, but he didn't. Instead he asked me to sit down on the edge of the bed. My pussy grew wet with anticipation, but he had no intention of giving me head.

Instead, he lifted my left foot and caressed it. Then he began to suck my big toe. At first I nearly broke out into a gale of laughter, but soon I felt quite a

different feeling. It became a total turn on. The man sucked and licked my toes in such an erotic way it left me gasping.

He told me to turn around and get on all fours, doggy-style. I did so and he took me from behind. After getting positioned with a finger rubbing my clit, his stroke went from slow to fast in a matter of minutes and I reached an earth-shattering climax. He must have come, too, for we both collapsed in a heap on the bed.

We rested for a while before he played homage to my breasts like no other man had before. The man certainly knew a great deal about the pleasure points on a woman. However, even after all his tricks and the good time he'd given me, I would have passed it up for another go with the stranger I'd met the previous week.

Even though Jerry had agreed with me, it didn't make any difference when we arrived at the gathering, the following week we left a little earlier than usual. I thought luck might be with me that night when I noticed a broad-shouldered man leaning against a wall, sipping wine as he watched the others mingle. Not knowing if it was the stranger I wanted or not, I boldly strolled over to him, just the same.

His voice clinched it for me. Flashbacks of the pleasure we'd shared sent ripples of desire throughout my body.

"I know we're supposed to meet new people, but the truth is...I wanted to be with you again," I told him, hoping he wouldn't dismiss me.

He broke into a laugh which nearly made me cry. Here I tried so hard to find him and now it seems it was for nothing.

"I'm glad I amuse you."

He shook his head. "You've got it all wrong."

"Really?"

"I wanted to be with you again, as well. Unable to attend last week, I thought you'd forget me and move on."

Relief quickly spread over me. "Forgetting you is not as easy as you may think," I said, my heart beating with renewed joy.

Without another word, he led me to an unoccupied room. Closing the door behind us, he kissed me hard. The anticipation of our renewed pleasure was simply overwhelming. I kissed him back just as deeply and we fell together on the bed. We undressed one another quickly.

His mouth sought mine again. Our tongues dueled in pleasure as our breaths became one. His hand found my breast and kneaded the nipple as I reached for his shaft. I began to slowly stroke it as his mouth slipped down to my other nipple. My body was in constant motion, as if it had a mind of its own.

Our lips met again as we clung to one another. I couldn't get enough of his kisses. Each kiss sent new spirals of ecstasy through me. I felt a heady sensation as his lips touched my neck like a soft whisper.

I rolled on top of him and slipped him inside. Slowly I rocked back and forth savoring each stroke against my clit. Putting his arms around my back, he sat up and swung his legs off the bed, enabling him to push himself deeper within me. I gasped in pleasure as he held my hips and slowly pumped in and out of me.

Bending his head, he was able to suckle my breast. This aroused me to my peak and I moaned in ecstasy. After I quieted down, he put me on my back and began to thrust vigorously into me. A moment later, he let out a groan as he came within me.

We both collapsed in a heap. He put his head on my chest and I stroked his cheek. We remained like this only until our hearts slowed down to normal rates.

The man began to lick and suckle my breasts, one at a time, slowly stoking my internal engines again. Before long, I wanted him to touch every part of my body.

He tongued his way down to my navel and tarried there a moment before burying it inside the soft folds of my pussy. I gyrated my bottom back and forth

allowing him to tongue fuck me. He grabbed a breast and kneaded its nipple as I moved more quickly and my breathing grew more audible.

“Yes!” I gasped as I felt myself falling into a whirlwind of earth-shattering sensations. As I returned to earth, I felt him slip into my slick core.

He slammed his hardness into me as he alternately kissed my face and breasts. Sensing his need, I raised my legs to his shoulders to make it easier for him. It wasn’t long before he cried out himself.

Cuddled together, as soon as I was able to speak, I knew I had to tell him what was circulating in the back of my mind.

“Please don’t take this wrong—just hear me out,” I began. “Ever since we’ve met, all I could think about was you.”

“I have a confession to make, as well,” he replied. “I visualize you when my wife and I make love.”

“I wonder...do you think...”

“We could only seek each other out each week?” he finished my thought.

Either the man was psychic or he was my real soul mate. “I’d like that very much.”

“What would you say if I told you I couldn’t wait a week to be in your arms?”

“Are you suggesting what I’m thinking?” I asked with growing excitement.

"Maybe meeting outside somewhere."

"And break the rules?" I teased.

"Like this one?" he replied, removing his mask.

I gasped. It was Tom Stoddard! He worked with Jerry. We'd met a long time ago at a barbecue.

I removed my mask. He grinned. "Stacey, right?"

"You remembered. We'd only met briefly."

"Like I could forget such a face," he replied and kissed my nose.

We made plans to meet on Wednesday nights at a motel on the other side of town. Jerry worked late and April, Tom's wife, belonged to a literary group which met that same evening.

Thus I began an affair with Tom. On a conscious level I knew it was wrong, but how wrong could it be if I supposedly had sex with a different man every Saturday night? Of course each Saturday, Tom and I would slip off together, as well.

In the beginning, it was only great sex. However, I soon realized I'd fallen in love with Tom. That didn't mean I'd stopped loving Jerry. I loved him differently and was content to continue loving the both of them as long as I could. I prayed I'd never have to choose between them.

It was Wednesday – glorious Wednesday. I was on my way to meet Tom at the motel. Jerry was working late, as usual. Tom had already gotten the room and I met him there. He opened the door and kissed me deeply.

“Hmmm...you smell good,” he said, nuzzling my neck.

I moved away and began to undress. He watched me a moment before undressing, as well. He came behind me and tongued my ear as he brushed his fingers down the sides of my neck before covering my breasts with his hands. He squeezed and kneaded my pliant orbs sending subtle ripples of pleasure right through me.

Continuing to toy with my nipples a few moments, he soon moved his hands further down my body. One played with my navel, while the other covered my mound. I rubbed my bottom against his hand.

He sat and I straddled him. Our lips met and we kissed passionately. Something, Jerry and I hardly did anymore when we were making love. Sure more pizzazz had entered our lovemaking, but that special love we’d once shared had paled. I felt that special passion and love now with Tom. I was beginning to fear going to the gatherings had its price and hoped we could afford it.

Tom’s kisses brought me back into the now and my body and soul responded to his touch. I breathed in his smell and tasted him. I felt as if I were

drowning in him and desired no rescue. If this wasn't love, I didn't know what love was.

After we both reached orgasms and rested against the pillows, I suddenly began to cry.

"What's wrong, Stacey? I didn't hurt you?"

"Nothing's wrong – everything's so right."

"I don't understand."

"I'm afraid I'm going to lose you."

"You won't."

"I couldn't bear it if anything happened...I love you."

He took me around the shoulders and turned me to face him. "I love you, too. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"But we're both married."

"Only because we hadn't met sooner."

That one sentence said it all. As he wiped my tears, he kissed me. "I live for the moments we're together," I said.

Then he turned, covered my body with his and began to make sweet love to me.

We showered together because it was getting late. The last thing I wanted was for Jerry to get home before I did. As we dressed, we discussed plans for the

following week. I looked around the room to make sure we didn't leave anything, a habit I'd gotten into, and we embraced one last time. I lived for his kisses.

Holding hands and smiling like two old lovers, we left the room. As we began to walk towards the cars, the door to the room on the other side of us opened. Instinctively, Tom and I turned to see who was leaving.

We stood there, mouths gaping, as Jerry and April, Tom's wife, walked out arm-in-arm.

THE END