**Gerri**

by [TxRad](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=468397&page=submissions)©

Gerri was forty and had been chunky all of her life. Not really fat, but not anywhere near slim or in shape either. When her boyfriend of two years walked out a week before Christmas, she cried her eyes out. The next day was a bitch, as she had to work and get over a broken heart at the same time.  
  
At lunch, she suddenly pushed her double cheeseburger and fries away and stood up. It was time for a change and she now had a plan. No more fast food and no more pigging out because she was depressed, tired, or alone. No one was going to help her, so she would do it for herself.  
  
Cheeseburgers and fries became grilled fish, chicken, and salads. Fresh vegetables and fruit replace chips and ice cream. She was bound and determined to get healthy and in shape. Things had to change that was for sure.  
  
Being forty and never being married was not a good sign in her book. She mentally went back over the short list of boyfriends and lovers from the past twenty years and a pattern began to form. Everything was fine for two or three years and then she got dumped.   
  
The reasons varied but they were all very similar and boiled down to there being no future with her. Most wanted kids and family. That was out in her case. She had been involved in a horrendous car wreck as a kid and could not have kids after all of the surgeries to repair her internal organs.  
  
So dieting it was and then right after the first of the year, she joined Tony's Gym, which was just up the street from her apartment. It had taken her three weeks just to get up the nerve to walk into the place. One look around at the people there and the shape they were in and she nearly left.  
  
She was halfway to the door when she suddenly stopped and turned back. Fuck it, she thought, everyone had to start somewhere and this was the place for her. Her body was muscles, bones, and blood, just like theirs. If they could do it, so could she.  
  
She bought a years membership and then fled the place, wondering just what she had done. She couldn't wear leotards and prance around the way her body looked. It was crazy. It was scary. It was embarrassing.  
  
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Baggy sweatshirts and sweatpants were her uniform to start with. They hid the flab and absorbed the sweat that poured off her out of shape body as she learned to use every machine in the place. She went in very early or very late, three and sometimes four times a week. She missed most of the crowds that way.  
  
Gerri's body ached and protested for months but slowly she was seeing progress. Her breasts were smaller but they were firmer and higher on her chest. Her waist was narrowing and her hips were slimming. The plump outer lips of her sex had even gotten smaller.  
  
She found that out masturbating one day. Her clit seemed to stick up more and she could find it easier. She had three orgasms that day, one of them while looking at her sex in a mirror as she teased and rolled her clit. This was something she had never done before.  
  
For the first time in her life, a mirror was something close to friendly. Looking at her ass in one, it looked higher and more round than its normal pear shape. It was a hell of a lot firmer and she loved the sound and tingle when she slapped it.  
  
The main thing she had noticed were her thighs, the cottage cheese look had mostly disappeared and they did not rub together as much when she walked. Her high heels didn't hurt as much and her calves looked wonderful. Overall, it was a marked improvement.   
  
She was even starting to get appreciative looks from some of the men at the gym. Especially, after she bought her first leotard around the middle of July. It was light gray and light pink. She felt sexy in it, even if it was one of the thicker support models.  
  
Her sex life had improved dramatically, even if she still wasn't dating. She turned down all dates. She wasn't ready yet, not mentally or physically. Her fingers and a few new toys took care of things nicely. She did miss cuddling and snuggling but a body pillow helped a lot. When she was ready to date, she would be the one doing the choosing. She would be the one in charge.  
  
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Halloween rolled around and Gerri was browsing in her favorite adult shop for a new toy. On a whim, she bought a sexy scarlet red devil's cat suit, complete with horned hood and a tail. The next day while walking to lunch, she spotted a pair of satin black heels with ankle straps that would go great with the cat suit.   
  
The only problem was that the heels were almost twice as tall as the ones she normally wore. Throwing caution to the wind, she went into the store to try them on. She was surprised to find them easy to walk in now that she had some muscles.   
  
She was walking around the store in them and enjoying the way they worked and pulled on her thighs, ass, and calves. They felt incredibly sexy and in a mirror, they looked twice that. Deciding to buy them, she turned and ran right into someone.  
  
"Gary, what are you doing here?"  
  
"Uh, Gerri? Hey, how are you? I work here now." Her ex boyfriend replied as his eyes ran up and down her body.   
  
Gerri knew her new tight skirt and silk blouse fit well but the look of surprise and awe on Gary's face was priceless. "You sure look different. Uh, better.... Uh...."  
  
With a laugh, Gerri said, "I'll take these shoes. Just box my other ones up. I'll wear these back to work."  
  
Gary nodded and went to get her shoes and the box for the ones she was wearing. Gerri waited at the checkout desk.  
  
As he was ringing up her purchase, Gary asked, "Uh, would you like to go out sometime?"  
  
She put off answering until she had paid him and then she said, "If you had asked me that eight months ago, I would have probably said yes." She paused and looked him in the eye. "Now, I'm afraid the answer is no."  
  
She picked up her package and headed for the door. With a big smile, she lengthened her steps and let her hips sway as she put one foot in front of the other. She could see Gary's reflection in the store window looking at her ass as she crossed the store.   
  
As she opened the door to leave, she paused and looked back. "You had your one and only chance and you blew it."  
  
With that said, she stepped out onto the sidewalk and headed back for work. Satisfaction was her companion all the way.  
  
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Friday afternoon after work, Gerri sat in her kitchen nibbling on a salad. It was Halloween and there was a costume party at the local bar. She still wasn't sure she wanted to go. She hadn't been to a party since the office Christmas party.   
  
The only reason she had gone to that one was to pick up her year-end bonus. Then she had fled back to her apartment to hide. Ten months later, she felt like a completely new person, inside and out. The thought of wearing that red cat suit and those exquisite heels kept rolling around in her brain.   
  
She stabbed another bite of salad and then chewed it thoughtfully. She hadn't even tried the costume on. It probably wouldn't fit right, nothing ever did. Anyway, as tight as it probably would be, she wouldn't be able to wear a bra or panties for that matter under it.  
  
That thought made her shiver as if she were cold. One of her recurring fantasies was to go out without underwear. Only in it, she wore a long gown or eveningwear, not a skintight cat suit. She shivered again as she saw herself standing at the bar in the cat suit.  
  
Laying her fork down, she got up and went to her bedroom to get the heels and the cat suit. She rummaged around in her closet and found a black cloak she had worn as part of a witch costume. As she pulled it out, she tried to remember where and when she had worn it.  
  
She stood there a moment and then shook her head. She had no idea. It had been far to long ago. Her eyes dropped to the small ball of red fabric in her hand and she giggled as she mentally compared it to the witch's costume. The long black dress, the flat pointy toes shoes, the white blouse with its black over blouse.   
  
The comparison suddenly struck her as funny as hell. She was laughing hard as she walked back to the living room. She tossed everything on the couch. She was still chuckling as she slipped the large oversized t-shirt she had on, off over her head.   
  
  
Gerri stood there a moment in nothing but her panties and bra. Then she reached back and unhooked the bra. She hesitated a moment as part of her mind asked what she thought she was doing. Trying on the outfit, another part answered. Yeah, right.  
  
She released the straps, shrugged out of the shoulder straps, and let the bra fall to the floor. Her hands came up to lightly caress her breasts. She bit her lower lip and sighed softly. Her palms rubbing circles on her nipples made them harden and another louder sigh escaped her lips.  
  
The more she toned up the more sensitive her skin seemed to become, especially her breasts and nipples. She pinched a nipple and whimpered at the tingling itch it produced. She pinched the other nipple and felt her hips flutter. Her body was so much more alive now.  
  
Without letting herself think about it too much, she dropped her hands to her hips and pushed her panties down. She quickly took them off and dropped them with the bra. One hand went to her sex and she brushed her fingertips over the mound and outer lips.   
  
She jerked her hand away as a quiver ran up and down her spine. Standing naked in her own living room felt exciting and scary at the same time and she wondered why she never ran around naked at home alone. Because, she had never liked her own body was the instant reply.  
  
Picking up the cat suit, she wondered if she had the nerve to really wear it. She unrolled it and shook it out. There wasn't much to it, kind of like nylons when you first opened the package. It was stretchy though and it was supposed to fit her size.  
  
Gerri sat down on the couch and rolled the suit up until she could point her toes and slip her foot into it. With some rolling, pulling and tugging she got the suit on both legs and then stood up. More pulling, tugging, and adjusting, got it up over her ass and hips.   
  
It felt like wearing panty hose. Well, somewhat anyway. It seemed to cling to her sex and creep into the crack of her ass as she flexed her hips and worked her legs. She worked the suit on up and slipped her arms into the long sleeves.  
  
With a lot of work, more pulling, tugging, and adjusting, she finally got the suit on, more or less anyway. It took more time to get the material to cover her breasts and feel comfortable. By now it was pulled up tight against her sex, between her legs, and in the crack of her ass.  
  
She bent, twisted, turned, and even squatted down, trying to get the suit to settle around her body. The clingy material seemed to caress and tease her skin in the oddest places. The way it cupped her breasts was so sensuous, as was the way it cupped her ass cheeks. The seam in the back and under her sex teased the way a thong did.  
  
Running her hands over her breasts made her whimper as she could feel her hard nipples easily through the material. One hand ran down over her stomach toward her sex while the other explored down her side and over her hip. Her hand running over her mound and then down across her outer lips made her hips jerk slightly.   
  
With a soft moan, Gerri turned, picked up the tail, and hooked it on the back of the suit just below her tailbone. She could feel it bumping her ass and even brushing in the cleft of her ass as she got the hood and put it on. It covered her hair and circled her face from her forehead to under her chin.  
  
She sat down on the couch, slipped her toes into the new heels, and buckled the ankle straps. With both shoes on, she stood up. She loved the feel of wearing the shoes. Just standing in them made her aware of her calf, thigh, and ass muscles. It was a pulling, stretching feeling that felt so good.  
  
Gerri took a few steps and then turned and walked back to the couch. She turned again and her eyes fell on the front door. There was a little catch in her breathing for a second and then she was walking toward the door. She paused with her hand on the doorknob and made a soft whimpering sound. She wanted to fling it open and step outside.  
  
Are you crazy, her brain was yelling on one side and go for it, was coming from the other. She moaned, turned, and walked back toward the couch. The cat suit felt so good on her body as she moved. It felt so sexy and sensuous. It seemed to accentuate her nakedness.  
  
Before she reached the couch, she turned and went into the bedroom. She stopped in front of the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, her mouth dropping open at the creature staring back at her. She was gorgeous. She was drop dead gorgeous.   
  
Gerri studied her face as she tucked a few stray hairs inside the hood and adjusted it on her forehead and under her chin. If she angled her eyebrows up from the center, it would make her face even more amazing. It would accentuate the smirky little smile on her lips. This was not the face that stared back at her every morning. There had to be a mistake.  
  
Her eyes dropped to her breasts and she moaned softly. The material was molded to her breasts and her hard nipples made little tents on the end of each one. She reached up and rolled one nipple between her finger and thumb for a second and then the other one. Now the material almost clung to her nipples.  
  
With another soft moan, she looked down across her belly to her sex. A hot flush started in her breasts and worked its way up her neck to her face. Her mound and outer lips were outlined and highlighted by the cloth. Her slit was even visible.   
  
There was no way she could wear this thing anywhere. Then the vision of wearing the cat suit outside and her clit rising up enough to be visible made her hips jerk and shake. Her hand moved toward her sex and she jerked it away.  
  
She turned and then paused to look over her shoulder at her ass. Her mouth dropped open again. Each butt cheek was cupped like her breasts and her ass looked fabulous. Of all the parts to her body, she had never liked her ass in any way, shape, or form. However, with this suit on, it looked incredible.  
  
Suddenly, Gerri said aloud, "No. No way. I'm taking this damned thing off and throwing it in the trash."  
  
She walked quickly into the living room and stopped dead in her tracks as her eyes locked onto the front door. "Don't you dare even think about that," she whispered, even as she took the first step toward the door. Halfway there she turned and went over to sit on the couch.  
  
Her fantasies of being naked under clothes in public were now being replaced by wearing the cat suit outside. Suddenly, she stood up and headed for the door. She was walking the same way she had walked across the shoe store. It was a power walk and it felt so sexy and wicked with the cat suit on.   
  
With tingling skin and a racing heart that had nothing to do with the walk over, she put her hand on the doorknob. Turning the knob made her breath catch. She never opened her door without checking the peephole.   
  
"Fuck the peephole," she whispered as she opened the door quickly and stepped out into the hall. There was no one there but her heart raced faster and her breathing was rapid with excitement.   
  
Gerri forced herself to walk a short ways down the hall in one direction and then a short ways down the other. Her hand was shaking as she went back inside and closed the door. She leaned back against the door and moaned softly. She could not believe what she had just done.  
  
What if one of her neighbors had came home or came out of their apartment and seen her? What if her door had closed with her outside? That last thought made her whimper and her hand went to her sex. She rubbed herself for a moment and then jerked her hand away.   
  
"Oh no, don't even go there." She told her body as she headed back for the couch and her clothes.   
  
Instead of taking the cat suit off, she picked up the cloak and tied it around her neck. Pulling it up and over her shoulders, she went back into the bedroom and looked at herself in the mirror.   
  
The cloak hid everything but the hood and what looked like red stockings. She grinned as she realized how much the cloak overlapped. It certainly had not done that when she worn it before. Then she remembered where she had worn it, to the costume party at the same bar down the street.   
  
There was a Halloween costume contest there every year. She had never even considered winning the contest and hadn't even bothered to go up on the bandstand for the judging. She couldn't compete with the sexy witch, the Elvira look alike, or even the woman dressed as a fairy in a leotard and wings.  
  
Gerri slowly opened the cloak and groaned as a fantasy of her doing just that on the bandstand at the bar flashed through her mind. She would be the devil and there would be pitchfork hard-on's standing up all over the bar. Her fingers rolling her clit around snapped her back to the present.  
  
She turned quickly and went over to find the small red beaded handbag she had bought at a rummage sale. Her next stop was the bathroom and makeup. When she finished with that, she took one last look at herself and whispered, "Wow!"  
  
Back in the living room, she transferred the things she might need from her regular purse to the small handbag. As she did, there was a war going on in her mind. Part of her thought she was crazy for even considering going out dressed this way. Another part wanted its freedom and the fantasies that went along with it.  
  
With her handbag packed, she paused to pull the hood of the cloak up over her head. The gold chain strap of the handbag went over her shoulder. She turned toward the door and then looked down at her bra and panties on the floor. With a sneer, she whispered, "Nevermore, says the Gerri."  
  
With a grin, she headed for the front door, her knees a little shaky at the idea. Her knees might be shaky but there was a fire in her lower belly that yelled for release.  
  
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No one was in the hall or on the elevator as she rode down but Gerri held the cloak tightly around her. The war was partially over in her brain. She had finally come to an understanding with herself. She would walk down to the bar and then come right back. That should be enough for her fantasies.  
  
Fred the doorman watched her get off the elevator and walk toward him. He had a confused look on his face but brightened when she said, "Good evening Fred."  
  
"Oh, Miss Gerri, it's you. I didn't recognize you. Are you off to a costume party?"  
  
"I wish but no, I'm going for a walk. I shouldn't be gone to long."  
  
"You be careful, it's not safe around here sometimes for a woman alone." Fred cautioned.  
  
"I'll be fine Fred. I'm not even leaving this street."  
  
Fred opened the door for her and she walked out onto the sidewalk. The hall and elevator made her nervous and talking to Fred made her excited. Out here on the sidewalk, she was shaking with excitement. She kept clamping down with her ass cheeks and inner muscles.   
  
There was an itchy antsy feeling in her pelvis that had never been there before except when she was masturbating in her bedroom or bathroom. Gerri suddenly realized that no one had ever made her feel like that except herself. That was a very shocking thought.  
  
Turning to her left, she started walking down the street. There were not a lot of people about so she relaxed somewhat. At the corner, she stopped to wait on the light. There was no traffic but she wasn't in any hurry after all.   
  
There was not anyone down the street to her left, so she turned and opened the cloak a little. A light breeze blew over her body and she shivered at its gentle touch. She also became aware that the crotch of the cat suit was wet as the wind chilled it.  
  
She wanted to feel for herself but then she would have to let go of one side of the cloak. She glanced quickly down the main street and then let go of that side of the cloak. There was a couple waking away from her a quarter block away but no one else.

As she rubbed her fingers over the crotch of the suit, she groaned and then jerked her hips. It was sopping wet. Her panties had gotten damp from time to time but nothing like this. Her hips twitched as she pressed a finger to her hot wet opening and wondered what her red clothe covered pussy looked like now.  
  
The light changed and so did the walk sign. Gerri got a hold on the flapping side of the cloak and closed it partially. She turned and crossed the street. The lone couple a half a block in front of her was the only foot traffic she could see.   
  
Cars parked at the curb blocked her from the street for the most part. Anyway, there were not many cars out at all. She opened the cloak a bit more and grinned as she started her power walk. The cat suit rubbed her hips, ass, and sex as she did.   
  
Straightening her back, she pulled her shoulders back and felt the material of the suit tighten on her breasts. Her nipples tingled as the material moved over them slightly. She had the cloak open enough now to expose the whole front of her body and it was thrilling.  
  
Just before she reached the next intersection, a man came around the corner suddenly. Gerri's first instinct was to jerk the cloak closed but she steeled herself and held it open. The man glanced at her and then did a double take and stared openly as he walked past.  
  
Gerri's half smile turned into a grin at the sight of him staring and his open mouthed look of pure awe. Her sex was clenched tightly and her hips quivered as she stopped on the corner to wait for the light. She looked over her shoulder to see him still looking back as he walked.  
  
There was a breeze from this side street and no traffic, so she let go of the cloak on that side and let the wind blow it up in back to expose her legs and ass. The man's steppes faltered and he almost tripped over his own feet. Gerri chuckled deeply and looked back forward.   
  
She had to force her inner muscles and ass cheeks to relax. There was a heat between her legs that she could feel on her inner thighs. She had never had anyone look at her that way before and it was a power trip beyond belief. She suddenly felt to sexy for words.  
  
The light changed and she started across the street. She left the left hand side of the cloak loose and only held the right side lightly. Her heels clicked rhythmically as she placed on foot in front of the other and let her hips swivel and sway. There was power in her whole body now, not just in the walk.  
  
By the time she reached the door to the little bar, she could feel her wetness on her inner thighs. In her mind, she was going to walk past the bar and turn around on the corner. If there was no one around, she was going to step into the side street and masturbate like crazy. The cloak would cover what she was doing or maybe she would leave it open.  
  
The question became mute as two guys stepped out of the door of the bar. One was lighting a cigarette and froze with the lit lighter several inches from where it needed to be. His buddy just stared open mouthed. Both of them were running their eyes up and down her body.  
  
Gerri paused and turned toward the door behind them. "Excuse me gentlemen but I need a drink."  
  
The men moved apart and the one holding the door bowed slightly. With a grin, Gerri went through the door. "Thank you," she said to the man as she passed.  
  
The two guys watched her for a few seconds longer and then they were struggling to see who could get through the door first.  
  
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Gerri walked down the short hall that led into the bar pulling the cloak back around her. She paused at the entrance and looked around. There were two dozen people in the place and most of them were in costume. There were cowboys, a sailor, a caveman, a hillbilly, and several others on the men side.   
  
As for the women, there were several witches, a black cat, the fairy from the year before, a princess, a belly dancer, and even a dancehall girl. Gerri shivered as she thought about opening the cloak on stage. She might not win but the shock would be awesome.  
  
There was a spot open at the bar. It was back in the corner, which was fine with her. Fantasies were one thing but one drink and she was out of here. She drew some looks as she crossed over to the bar and took a seat. She could feel the heat in her sex even more as she sat down on the barstool.  
  
"What'll you have?" the bartender asked.   
  
"How about something tall and red." She replied with a smirking smile at her own little inside joke.  
  
"One Sloe Gin Fizz coming up," he said as he turned to make her drink.   
  
The man sitting in the corner next to her, leaned over and said, "I'm Mike Hall, I own this place. You aren't naked under that cloak are you?"  
  
Gerri gave him a shocked look and he laughed. "I had to ask. A few years ago a hooker came to our Halloween party dressed in nothing but a cloak. I get a little leery when someone comes in all wrapped up the way you are."  
  
She turned slightly and opened the top of the cloak just a little. His eyes went to the opening and the red cloth that showed. "I have a costume on. I'm a little devil. I even have a little pointed tail," she whispered with a shy smile.  
  
"I'll just bet you are. A little devil that is," Mike, said with a grin.  
  
The bartender returned with her drink and Gerri opened the cloak enough to get her handbag out from under it. The bartender's eyes opened wide at the sight of Gerri's breasts covered with the red material of the cat suit. "Uh, this one's on me," he whispered with a glance at his boss.  
  
Mike leaned forward and let out a long slow low whistle under his breath as he took in the view. Gerri smiled and nodded to the bartender. To mike, she asked, "Is there a problem?"  
  
"Uh..." he said and then swallowed hard. "I don't think so but I'll need to see more of that costume to be sure."  
  
"I'm completely covered from the tips of my toes to.... Well, you can see where." She replied with a grin.  
  
"Yes, and a mighty nice where, it is, I must say," the bartender muttered.  
  
"Don't you have work to do?" Mike asked him and then winked.  
  
"Uh, yeah, I probably do." He replied and then shook his head. "How come I always have to work and miss all the fun?"  
  
"Because you're a starving actor and you don't drink," Mike said and then laughed as the bartender walked away muttering to himself.  
  
"He's my youngest brother Carl, so I have to pick on him," Mike said to Gerri. "Now about this costume?" He added as he cocked his head to the side and looked at her breasts pointedly.  
  
Gerri felt a chill of pleasure run up and down her spine and she clenched her thighs and ass tightly for a second. She turned more toward him and crossed her right leg over her left knee. The cloak fell off her lap and revealed her outfit.  
  
Mike gave the same low whistle again and then took a deep breath. "Oh my god," he whispered as he let the breath out.  
  
"I was planning on keeping covered up but since you needed to know...." She let the sentence hang as another shiver ran up her spine. His eyes were driving her wild and the heat in her sex was growing even hotter, the longer he looked at her.  
  
Her hand fumbled the edge of the cloak as she tried to cover back up. When she finally managed to get it back over her lap, Mike asked, "You're not going to enter the costume contest?"  
  
Gerri tried to hide her nervousness at the question by taking a sip of her drink. It was sweet and it was strong. She shook her shoulders and whispered, "Whoo, another drink like this and I just might."  
  
"That can be arranged," Mike said with a grin. "I have pull around here remember."  
  
She smiled at him and nodded as she took another sip of her drink. Quickly she said, "Can I tell you something, just between the two of us?"  
  
"Sure, bartenders, bar owners, and shrinks, we're all good listeners and know how to keep secrets."  
  
Gerri leaned forward and said, "I put this cat suit on tonight just to see how it looked and felt. I liked both so I decided to take a walk just to see how that felt."  
  
"So how did it feel?  
  
Gerri took a deep shuddery breath and breathed out slowly. "It feels wonderful. Ten months ago, no one even gave me a second look. Wearing this thing tonight, people can't take their eyes off me."  
  
Mike nodded and replied, "I know I can't."  
  
Gerri felt herself blush and whispered, "Thank you."  
  
"You felt so good, you had to stop in here?"  
  
Gerri nodded and then said, "Two men were coming out the door as I got there. The cloak was open...." She paused as she wondered if she was saying too much.  
  
"Did they scare you or excite you?" Mike asked in a soft whisper.  
  
"Both but more than that, their looks made me feel like more of a woman than I had ever felt before." She replied truthfully.  
  
"I find that hard to believe."  
  
Gerri grinned and nodded. "Believe it. Who and what you see tonight isn't the regular me. I'm not sure as of yet, who she is but I'm getting to like her. She is so much more than the fat, out of shaped me from the first of the year. The woman who had no self-esteem or sense of who she was."  
  
"It looks and sounds like you are changing all that pretty quickly and easily." Mike replied and then leaned over closer. "The woman I've seen so far is a knock out and sexy as hell. She's pretty damned confident at times, also."  
  
With a smile, Gerri took another sip of her drink. "I'm learning as I go," she whispered a moment later.  
  
"We all do." Mike replied with a grin.   
  
A moment later, he asked, "Would you like to dance?"  
  
A slow song with a waltz beat was just starting. Not giving herself any time to think, Gerri slipped off her stool and nodded. Mike got up and they walked around the bar and across the room to the dance floor.  
  
Gerri held the cloak closed as they crossed the room but let it open as she places one hand on Mike's shoulder and the other on his hip. Moving closer to him she whispered, "One thing about this cloak, it'll hide where your hands are."  
  
Mike put one hand on her lower back, just above her tailbone and then other rested between her shoulder blades as they started out across the dance floor. His warm hands moved up and down on her back as they slowly circled the floor.   
  
Slowly she was drawn into his arms deeper and pressed up against him. Their pace slowed even more and they ended up in the middle of the dance floor swaying together. "It is tempting, isn't it?" He asked just before the song ended.  
  
Gerri shivered as his hand brushed her ass as he spoke. "Yes, very tempting," she whispered in reply. She wasn't sure if either of them were talking about his hand or not.  
  
She held the cloak tightly closed as they returned to the bar. Her nipples were rock hard and aching from being pressed to Mike's chest. His warm body had felt so good touching hers. If her pussy hadn't been wet before, it would have been now.  
  
There was a full drink sitting next to the half of one she already had. "Where did that come from?" She asked, looking at Mike.  
  
"I didn't do it, I was busy, remember." He replied with a grin.  
  
With a little catch in her breath, she looked him in the eyes and whispered, "Get a little busier earlier the next time we dance."   
  
"It will be my pleasure, believe me."  
  
"Not all of it won't," she said with a big grin before she downed half of the drink she had left in the first glass. Her eyes got wide for a second and then she blew out a long breath. "Your brother is a mean bartender."  
  
"Are you talking about me?" Carl asked as he leaned on his side of the bar in front of her. Before she could reply, he added, "The drink is from the two guys on the far end of the bar."  
  
Gerri looked that way to find the two men from the front door looking back at her. She picked up the drink and gave them a little salute with it and a nod. "This is the first drink anyone has ever bought for me like this," she said to Mike.  
  
"Hey, what am I, chopped liver?" Carl asked with a frown.  
  
"Most of the time." Mike told his brother with a big grin.  
  
"I'm going to go drown myself now," Carl said solemnly as he turned and walked away. Gerri and Mike both laughed at the theatrics.   
  
"He is a ham most of the time but a pretty good guy as brothers go. Anyway, he's about the only one I know that has worse luck with women than I do."   
  
When Gerri raised her eyebrows, Mike grinned and added, "I'm working on killing my third marriage as we speak but he's already been married four times and divorced four times."  
  
"I've never been married," Gerri said as her mind took in the fact that Mike was married. "I've never even had a relationship that lasted more than three years."  
  
"You're either smart or lucky." Mike replied with a shake of his head. "Divorces are messy and expensive."  
  
Gerri was silent for a moment and then downed the last of her first drink in one long pull on the straw. It was just her luck to find a nice guy and then to find he was married. That was the story of her life, a day late and a dollar short.  
  
Mike must have sensed her unease. He leaned closer and said, "I might flirt, I might even get a little friendly, but I have never cheated on any of my wives. Not even the one who cheated on me. I've been tempted, don't get me wrong. I'm more than a little tempted right now."  
  
Gerri looked at him for a second and he added, "Just so you know where I stand."  
  
Gerri nodded and whispered, "I'm not looking for anything. I still need to get my head together before I can, but...." She paused and sighed. "Yes, it is tempting, isn't it?"  
  
Mike nodded and stood up. "Do you want to dance?"  
  
Gerri grinned and stood up. "Sounds good to me."  
  
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Once they were on the dance floor and swaying together, both of Mike's hands slipped down her back and cupped her ass cheeks, pulling her tighter to him. Gerri could feel his manhood, hot and hard, against her hip. She quivered as she wondered if he could feel the heat in her sex where it was pressed tightly to his thigh.  
  
His strong hands massaged her ass and she moaned softly into his neck. When a couple of fingers traced the cleft of her ass and pressed inward, she moaned even louder. His arm was not long enough to reach any lower in the back. Slowly his other hand moved around her hip and tried to wiggle between her body and his thigh.  
  
Gerri gasped softly as she moved her hips back and his hand cupped her burning hot sex. She almost stopped moving and then her hips were moving, rubbing her sex on his hand. She felt a finger dipping between her outer lips and she groaned. His finger was rubbing her clit as she moved her hips and he moved his hand.  
  
"I'm.... I'm..." she said sharply and then it was to late to warn him, she was coming in the middle of a packed dance floor. She bit his neck to keep from crying out, her hips working even harder and faster against his hand and finger. Her knees were weak and she was sagging slightly.  
  
Mike's free hand and arm caught her around the waist and held her up as blinding fireworks went off behind her eyes and in her brain. Sparks jumped from her loins to every nerve in her body. She sucked and bit his neck even harder. A moment later, he moved his hand and she found herself being guided back across the room toward the bar.  
  
Once she was back on her stool, she leaned forward and placed her head on her hands on the edge of the bar. She was trying to get her mind, her body, and her breathing under control, all at one time. That had been the grandmother of all orgasms and this was not the place for it to have happened.   
  
Mike put his arm around her and asked, "Are you all right?"  
  
She nodded slowly and mumbled, "Oh yeah, I'm just dandy."  
  
Mike tried to hold back a laugh but could not quite do it.  
  
"I'm going to hit you when I get some strength back," she said threateningly. Then she giggled and sat up slowly. "It's all your fault, you know."  
  
"Sure it is," Mike said still grinning. "I'll take full responsibility."  
  
Gerri giggled again and whispered, "I guess I need to take a little of the blame."  
  
"Is everything all right over here?" Carl asked from behind the bar.  
  
"Go away, Carl!" Both Gerri and Mike said at the same time. Then they were both laughing as Carl threw his nose up in the air and walked off.  
  
Gerri took several deep breaths and then shivered as she let the last one out. "That was a first for me," she whispered and then looked at Mike. "That's one major fantasy down and about a dozen more to go."  
  
"Glad to be of service," Mike replied as he lifted his hand and rubbed his neck where she had bitten him.  
  
Gerri's eyes got wide as she took in the size and darkness of the hicky on his neck. She could even see the marks her teeth had left. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry," she whispered in apology.  
  
Mike laughed and shook his head. "It's Halloween, everyone should get bit by a sexy devil in a red cat suit."  
  
"What's your wife going to say?" Gerri asked as she remembered he was married.  
  
"If and when she notices it, it'll get a little chilly at my house to say the least. My explanation of some customers horsing around like vampires might thaw things out after a while. Lately, I never know one way or the other, though."  
  
Gerri stood up and wrapped the cloak around her body tightly. "I need to go before I cause you anymore trouble."  
  
"You haven't caused me any trouble at all. Anyway, the contest hasn't been held yet and I want to see everyone's reaction to that costume of yours. I especially want to see your reaction when you go up on stage and open that cloak."  
  
Gerri felt another hot blush flow across her breasts, neck, and face. "I'll probably come again and then melt down into a puddle," she whispered more to herself than to Mike.  
  
Then she realized that she was actually talking as if she was going to do it. "I can't.... I couldn't...." She started to say and then laughed as Mike handed her, her second drink. "I'm not even sure another one of these would help."  
  
"Trust me, I can get you more," Mike said still grinning from ear to ear.  
  
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Gerri finished her second drink and was halfway through with a third when the call for the costume contest was made. She looked at Mike with panic in her face. He stood up and held out his hands.   
  
"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," he whispered as he pulled her off her stool.  
  
She made a groaning, whimpering sound as his fingertips brushed her breasts as he closed the cloak. "Go knock them dead." He told her as he turned her around. When she didn't move, he slapped her on the butt lightly.   
  
She looked back over her shoulder and grinned. "In the state I'm in at the moment, spanking my ass is not a threat."  
  
He grinned and replied, "I'll remember that for after you win, now get out there and do it. Spanking your ass would be more treat than trick, I think. At least on my part."  
  
Gerri felt her nipples stiffen at the thought of being draped over his lap and him spanking her ass. Hitting her fantasies wasn't hard since she had so many but that one was very new, very strong, and very recent, like right this moment. It made her shift her hips and whimper softly.  
  
"Go!" Mike said and slapped her ass even harder.   
  
Gerri groaned and took an uncertain step or two and then she was walking toward the far end of the room and the stage. The heat was back in her sex and her breathing was ragged from anticipation. The tingling spot on her right ass cheek drove her on across the room.  
  
She hesitated at the steps and looked across the room at Mike. He mouthed, "Don't make me come over there." And then held up his hand, with the fingers together and slightly cupped.  
  
With a soft groan, Gerri went up the steps. The way the cat suit moved between her legs and the way the heels pulled at different muscles caught her by surprise. Her hips quivered and she whimpered with each step. The seam between her legs worked deeper between her pussy lips and ass cheeks.

By the time she reached the stage, she was shaking and her knees felt weak. Part of the shaking was stage fright but part of it was pure sexual energy. The antsy itch was back stronger than ever, deep in her sex. She was about to show herself to twenty or thirty people.  
  
The guy that mixed the sound for the band was moving three microphones around on the stage and pointing the pickups toward the crowd. He hurried off stage and back to his console. He made some adjustments and then pointed at the lead singer of the band.  
  
The guy on stage had a handheld microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Halloween costume part of tonight's show." He paused a second and looked up and down the line of five women. "We have five contestants, ranging from witch's to the devil herself." He had noted Gerri's headpiece with horns.   
  
He walked around behind the group as he said without the microphone, "I'll tap each of you on the shoulder. When I do step forward into the spotlight and listen to the cheers. The louder the better. My brother will mark the highest peak on his mixing board."  
  
Gerri whimpered and then moaned softly as several spotlights were aimed at the center of the stage. Until then, the stage had only been lit by small colored lights overhead. She felt panic rising and turned toward the stairs. Mike stood next to them.   
  
With a fluttering gasp, she turned back and squeezed her thighs and ass cheeks together. The shaking, which had subsided a bit, now returned hard enough to make the cloak flutter in places. Fear was back but the sexual charge was even higher.  
  
When the petite sexy witch on the far end stepped into the spotlight, Gerri realized she would be last. That calmed her a little but the thought of waiting made her whimper and tense up again. The applause was scattered but loud and calmed Gerri a little for some strange reason.  
  
Next out in the spotlight was the belly dance. She got good applause and it got louder as she moved her hips and turned in a circle. After nearly a minute, the MC said, "I think we have a ham among us." The girl laughed and danced her way back to her spot.  
  
The fairy in the leotard and wings that had won last year was next and must have had friends everywhere because the noise was long and loud. Gerri had been impressed with the woman the year before when she was in such bad shape herself but now.... Now was different.  
  
With that realization, Gerri calmed even more and stood up straighter. The dancehall girl next to Gerri stepped away and entered the spotlight. She danced around shaking her knee length skirt and then did a number of high kicks with one leg and then the other.  
  
Gerri was impressed with the height the woman could kick and the applause was loud, just not as loud as for the fairy. The woman was grinning as she came back to stand next to Gerri. She leaned over closer and whispered, "Next year, I'm not wearing any panties. Then I might be able to beat that fairy bitch. She's a professional at things like this."  
  
Gerri giggled at the idea of no panties and then laughed at the sarcasm in the woman's voice at the last sentence. Then a hand tapped her on the shoulder and she froze. A few seconds later the MC whispered, "Don't think about them. You can't see them for the spots and what you can't see won't hurt you. Pretend you're in your bedroom showing off for a lover or a friend."  
  
A vision of Mike sitting on the side of her bed popped into her mind and she reached up and pulled on the string tying the cloak around her neck. The bow came loose and the cloak dropped to the floor as she shrugged her shoulders. She took a short step to total silence.  
  
Then someone clapped. Gerri reached back, grabbed the devil's tail, and twirled it as she power walked across the spotlight and then back. There were a few loud gasps and then a wolf whistle and then the room exploded with cheers, yells, and loud whistles.   
  
Gerri spun the tail in a figure eight as she walked to the center of the spotlights, flexed one hip, and slowly slid the opposite foot out the side. The sounds got even louder. She held the pose for a second and then turned around. She bent forward and stuck her ass out.   
  
When she reached back and slapped it hard as she grinned over her shoulder in the crowds direction, the noise became deafening. Slowly she straightened and swayed her hips exaggeratedly as she walked back over, bent at the waist, and picked up the cloak.   
  
The noise was still off the meter as she swirled the cloak and settled it over her shoulders. She left it open as she retied the string at her neck and didn't close it when she finished. With a grin, she found the tail again, turned toward Mike, looked him dead in the eyes, and sucked on the pointy heart shaped end.  
  
Mike grinned broadly and then used his whole tongue to lick his lips exaggeratedly.   
  
Gerri groaned around the piece of stuffed cloth in her mouth and wished it were the real thing. For the first time in her life, she really and truly wanted to suck someone's dick. She had always done it in the past because she thought she had to or that it was expected. Now she wanted to do it to drive someone absolutely crazy.  
  
Someone stomped passed her and growled, "Bitch," as she did. It was the fairy and she was on her way down the steps in a huff.   
  
Gerri stopped sucking on the tip of the tail and giggled. Then she was laughing her ass off. She turned to find the dancehall girl doing the same thing. The witch on the far end was laughing also.   
  
The MC stepped into the spotlight and said, "And the winner is?" He paused for effect and then grinned. "Is there anyone here who questions who won?" He turned toward Gerri and yelled, "The Lady Devil!"  
  
The dancehall girl grabbed her and gave her a big hug. "Good job sweetie and a great costume. I just wish I had your nerve. Maybe next year, with no panties." They both giggled.  
  
"Go for it," Gerry whispered, "it's thrilling and to exciting for words."   
  
Then she turned and walked out into the spotlight again as the MC held out a large trophy. The applause was loud and spontaneous as she took the trophy and held it high above her head. She could feel her breasts lifting and her hard nipples rubbing on the cloth as she did.   
  
She also realized that she was showing off as she rocked her hips from side to side, as she held the trophy up and turned her upper body back and forth. Her breathing was normal but her heart rate was way up and she could feel the wetness in her sex as her hips moved.   
  
Gerri slowly lowered the trophy and bowered to the audience. The spotlights went out and she started to straighten up. A hand landed on her ass with a stinging slap. With a deep moan, Gerri froze and wiggled her ass from side to side. A solid blow landed on the other ass cheek.  
  
Straightening up, Gerri looked over her shoulder and grinned at Mike. "You do that so well," she whispered and then she turned and headed for the steps. She could hear his steps as he followed her.   
  
Going down the steps, she shrugged the cloak off her shoulders. She was well aware of the stares from people, both men and women, as she crossed the room back toward the bar. Some faces held lust and wanting, and others held awe and admiration.   
  
All of the looks shot pulses and tingles of pleasure all throughout her body. By the time she reached the bar, she was on a sexual high the likes of which she had never felt. She sat the trophy on the bar next to her bag and drink. She placed her hands on the edge of the bar and held onto it.  
  
Gerri wasn't having an orgasm as much as she was have the same feelings without coming. Her body felt hot and flushed as surges of pleasure ran up and down her nervous system. Her eyesight was blurred slightly and her hips shuddered and twitched in a jerky disconnected fashion. Whatever it was, it felt awesome, totally awesome.  
  
Mike slipped up behind her, pressed his body to her back, put his hand on her stomach, and pulled her to him tighter. Gerri could feel his hard dick pressed to her right ass cheek. He leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "I have something else for you besides that trophy."  
  
Gerri pressed her ass back and rubbed her ass cheek slowly against his hard on. "And what might that be?" She asked with a catching in her breathing as he pressed his hips forward.  
  
"Five hundred dollars cash," he whispered, holding up an envelope.   
  
Gerri stiffened and then asked cautiously, "For what?"  
  
"For winning the contest, what else?" Mike replied softly and then chuckled as he kissed her ear.   
  
"I thought maybe you had me confused with that hooker," she whispered teasingly as she stuck the envelope in her bag.   
  
"No, there is no confusion there at all, believe me," he whispered back, nibbling on her ear as he did.  
  
Gerri was grinning as she picked up her drink and sucked up a big mouthful and swallowed. It made her shiver as it went down her throat and hit her stomach. She sucked again until the straw made a slurping sound. She swallowed and sat the glass down.   
  
Mike still held her from behind and she realized they were swaying to the music from the band. She could feel his hard on against her ass and it felt even bigger and hotter than before. She looked at her trophy and sighed.   
  
It read, "First Place." Under that was, "Halloween Costume Contest," and under that was the year.  
  
She turned around to face Mike and grinned as his hand followed her body and ended up gripping her ass cheek under the cloak. "I think you like my ass," she whispered.  
  
"What's not to like? It's round, and firm, and oh so red."  
  
Gerri giggled and kissed him softly on the lips. Before he could kiss her back she pulled her head back and said, "Hold onto my trophy for me until next year. I'll come back to defend my championship and see if you're still married."  
  
Mike started to speak but she put a finger on his lips. "I've got to go before I do something stupid. Anyway, do you have any idea how long it would take to get out of this damned cat suit?"  
  
She grinned and brushed her lips over his again. "Maybe next year I'll wear something without panties." She paused and looked over her shoulder at the crowded main room. Spotting the Dancehall girl, she added, "Maybe there'll be two women without panties in the contest."  
  
Mike had a confused look as she turned back. With a grin, she winked at him. "I'll let you think on that until next year."  
  
She started to turn away but he stopped her. "What's your name and where can I get in touched with you?" He asked quickly.  
  
Gerri grinned and whispered, "Tonight, I'm the devil in a red cat suit. Tomorrow, I'll be back to being me with a few nice additions to my mental state. I'm not there yet but I'm working on it and you are married, I'm sorry to say."  
  
Mike moved his hands away from her slowly and then took one of her hands in his. He kissed the back of her hand and then the palm. "Until, next year, then," he whispered looking deep into her eyes.  
  
"Yes, next year," she whispered, her gaze locked with his.  
  
A moment later, she turned, picked up her bag, and waved at Carl. She turned back, smiled at Mike, blew him a kiss, and walked away. She didn't look back even as she made the turn into the hall. There was a little smirking half smile on her lips.  
  
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Anyone out at the witching hour that night would have stared open mouthed at the vision of beauty in red that walked down the sidewalk putting one foot in front of the other. Her shoulders were back and her head held high as her hips swiveled and swayed.   
  
The steady tap of her high heels was in marked contrast to the fluttering and flying cloak that blew in the wind behind her. People stopped and stared as she went by. She never looked one way or the other as she headed on her way into a wonderful new world.  
  
A new world of her own making, a new world where she was happy with herself in most every way. She still had a lot of work to do and a lot more things to explore but she was getting there. Tonight had been the turning point for a starting, not an ending.