This story is different, more risquee than my other stories. Another

author, who wishes to remain anonymous collaborated with me on it and

it allowed me to explore different sides. I hope you like it as much as

I do.

Jamie's pussy was still tingly, and a little sore as she dressed for the

Halloween party. God, she loved the way Steve fucked her in the shower,

and she would have loved to drag him into the bedroom for 3 or 4 more

hours of fucking. But Steve was on the board of a local charity, and

scheduled to be emcee at tonight's party. She had to admit that it was

very sexy that he took the obligation seriously, and truly enjoyed his

work raising money for the charity.

He was the best lover any woman could ask for, kind and gentle one

moment, aggressive and forceful the next. He was a man's man; he loved

sports, especially football... but he also appreciated the finer things

in life; theatre, wine, and clothes. She always marveled at the way he

could work all day in the yard, strip out of his sweaty clothes, shower

quickly, and be positively glowing in his tux in less than 45 minutes.

And be incredibly handsome and sexy at each stage... especially in the

shower, she smiled.

And that's exactly where he was now as she rushed to finish getting

ready; downstairs in his tux - this time with a European medallion and

a cape as accessories. Oh, and with pointy plastic incisors as well, he

was the very picture of a very sexy vampire. Jamie had finished her

hair and makeup in record time, and was now starting to dress. She

paused in front of the mirror in just her black lace bra that barely

contained her firm round breasts, and the matching thong that almost

highlighted rather than hid her recently fucked pussy. She whispered to

her reflection, "You are going to get the fucking of your life tonight

Mr. Alexander, and you're married to just the woman who can do it too!"

She smiled at her almost naked body, one last time; feeling her pussy

moisten as she did.

"Come on Babydoll, we're going to be late!" Steve's voiced boomed up the

stairs, in a gentle and yet firm voice. "I'll be right there, I just

have to throw on this dress, and grab my shoes." Jamie responded as she

wriggled into her costume. She had decided on the "Sexy Witch" outfit

after much indecision and wavering. With its faux leather bustier and

short skirt, it was very sexy; which she liked. But it also had an

outer skirt of sheer lace that hung to the floor in several places, and

a shawl to lessen the impact of the top. She had chosen it as the

perfect compromise between sexy and ‘appropriate', not that the 4"

heels she was wearing with it did anything to tilt the outfit in favor

of ‘appropriate' she smirked.

She stepped into her shoes before she dressed, and bent to buckle the

straps. Her sweet round tight ass was high in the air as she bent over,

her long sexy legs straight. "What a lovely ass!" The sound of her

husband's gasp made her look up, and she caught her reflection in the

mirror. The tiny strip of black lace that had been covering her pussy

lips had actually begun to slip between her swollen bare pussy lips. At

the moment Steve wanted nothing more than to drop his pants and ram his

rapidly swelling cock deep in his wife's cunt, and fuck her senseless.

Jamie actually braced for him as she slowly rose up and looked at him,

her hands on her hips. "Well, are you going to fuck me, or just stand

there?"

Steve actually paused to consider his wife's question before she

interrupted his thoughts, "don't worry baby, you'll get plenty of what

you see before this night is through... but right now can you help me

with my dress please?" Steve knew his wife loved to tease, and truth be

told he loved that about her. But they also knew they had to get going

before they succumbed to temptation, as they usually did. Steve held

her dress for her as Jamie stepped through. He made sure he got to feel

her body from many different angles as she did, and Jamie allowed

herself to linger as he did.

As Steve went to pull the dress up, they were both startled out of their

erotic haze by a long loud ripping sound as a large portion of the

sheer outside skirting tore away. "OH NO! My dress ripped!! Now what am

I supposed to do?? We should have already left 10 minutes ago!" Jamie

was beside herself, not so much angry; but upset that she had spent so

much time looking for JUST the right costume, and NOW it was torn.

Steve saw the tears welling in her stunning bright eyes, and felt his

heart breaking for her. Suddenly, as he was looking at her, the answer

was obvious.

"Babydoll, you didn't need this part of the dress anyway... it was

covering your sexy legs. You'll look even sexier without it." Jamie

looked in the mirror and realized that Steve was right; the dress

looked better on her without the outer lace, and the torn remnants of

it made the costume look even spookier... and sexier both. "You don't

think it's ‘too much' for your party, do you?" she asked Steve in a

sniffling little girl voice that melted him every time. "No baby, it's

perfect... just like you." Jamie through her arms around his neck and

kissed him deeply. "You are the smartest man in the whole world, and I

am so glad I married you!" As he watched her walk across the room,

Steve smiled at his sexy wife, "Me too." he thought.

As they pulled up to the recently renovated Hilton in Steve's Saab, a

werewolf and the scarecrow from the Wizard of Oz came out to greet them

at the valet parking stand. As Steve came around the car and tried to

hand the keys to the wolf, he completely ignored him. When Steve turned

to see what had him so distracted, he saw where his full attention was

diverted. Jamie had started to get up out of the low-slung car, and had

to part her legs slightly to get enough leverage to stand. In that

moment, anyone looking in her direction was treated to a spectacular

view of Jamie's completely shaved pussy barely covered by the tiny

piece of black lace that constituted her knickers. Jamie suddenly

noticed where the men were looking and held down the hem of her dress

as she rose. As the wolf reached out to take her hand and assist her,

Steve could have sworn he saw his wife wink; "that little tease", he

thought and a subtle smirk crept across his face.

As Steve once again tried to hand the keys to either the wolf or the

scarecrow, he was told in a familiar voice, "I'm sorry sir, but you'll

have to go park it yourself while I devour your sweet wife here."

"Barney???" Steve laughed when he realized that the lecherous wolf was

actually another member of his charity board... that would make the

scarecrow Rob, another board member. Jamie rose up on her tiptoes to

throw her arms around Barney's neck and kissed his wolf snout, "Hi

there, Barney, how is my favorite wolf?" Barney just growled as he

hugged her. He held her just a bit longer than he really needed to,

enjoying the feel of her body in his arms, and coincidentally giving

Rob a good long look at the spectacular ass cheeks tightly snuggled in

her skirt. When Rob realized that Steve was looking at him, he blushed

furiously. When he saw Steve smile, he just shrugged and all 4 walked

inside to the party.

"STEVIE!!!" a woman dressed like Elvira practically screamed as he came

into the room, and ran to embrace him, her sizable breasts wobbling

under the open front costume. It was Joan, the morning deejay from the

local radio station, and she made no secret of the fact that she found

Steve to be incredibly sexy... even when she was on the air. Jamie was

not crazy about her, not because she perceived Joan was any kind of

competition for her. After all Jamie had a vastly superior body; to say

Joan was a little ‘chunky' was a kindness. Not only that, but Jamie's

face was also stunningly beautiful, where as Joan's was barely average.

But Jamie disliked the kidding she had to endure from friends,

co-workers, and even strangers at the gym, because of Joan's effusive

crush on Steve. But Joan had done a lot to support the charity,

although Jamie suspected it was as much so she had a reason to have

Steve in the studio with her as it was for the kids. But it was a

charity event, so Jamie smiled politely while Joan pawed her husband,

knowing that Steve could probably see her entire breasts from where he

was, although he didn't appear to be looking. Besides, her husband

despised being called "Stevie" she smiled to herself.

Not that Jamie wasn't enduring a gauntlet herself; every male board

member and patron who even casually knew Steve used the occasion as an

excuse to embrace his sexy wife. A few had taken advantage of the open

bar as well, and the booze made them a little freer with their hands.

Not only was Jamie having trouble getting the men to look her in the

eye, but many felt a certain need to rub her back and stop halfway down

her lovely ass.. Suddenly, she was having second thoughts about

discarding the longer outer skirt section so quickly. On the other

hand, seeing the "radio slut" all over her husband seemed to allow her

to more easily enjoy the attention from all the other men.

As the dining room doors finally opened, they were both caught in the

sudden crush of bodies as over 300 costumed people pressed to be the

first to claim their seats. Jamie was suddenly aware that she and Steve

had been pushed in opposite directions, and she found herself

surrounded by a civil war general, Chewbacca from Star Wars,

Frankenstein's monster and other assorted party goers. She never liked

crowds very much and was feeling very claustrophobic and panicky.

She also became aware that whoever was directly behind her was pressed

firmly against her, and his cock seemed to be swelling rapidly. As she

squirmed to get away from his clinch, he continued to work himself even

more aggressively against her. She was horrified to realize her dress

was being lifted, exposing her naked ass to the rubbing of his cloth

covered erect penis, even as they continued moving slowly toward the

dining room. She tried to turn around, but the crush of the crowd made

it impossible, and she could feel his hard cock clearly as he wedged it

between the cheeks of her uncovered ass and began to grind against her

harder.

She quickly realized her squirming was probably exactly what he wanted,

and was actually getting himself off. But when his hands actually came

around and grabbed her hips she was just about to scream for help, when

suddenly... he was gone as quickly as he had come. She watched as he

pushed his way through the crowd, only a black cape and a hint of a

white mask visible as he disappeared. She pushed the thought out of her

mind, as she pulled her hem down, and held it securely. She glanced at

the clock, barely 3 minutes had passed; it had seemed like hours.

Had it been her imagination, or had a man actually gotten himself

aroused by rubbing against her ass in the middle of a crowd? The

thought was both extremely disturbing, and yet highly erotic at the

same time. Just then, her mind spinning with possibilities, she was

shocked from her thoughts as her hand was grabbed. She reflexively

recoiled from the unseen attacker grabbing at her, and prepared to hit

her unseen assailant.

"Jamie, what are you doing??" It was Steve. "Did you see the guy in the

cape?" Jamie asked breathlessly. Steve laughed "Only about 50 or 60 of

them. Why?" Sill unsure of exactly what she had experienced, she just

muttered, "Nothing... it's not important." Steve was confused, but

shrugged "Come on babydoll, our table is over this way." She was so

incredibly relieved to see him, she wanted to just throw her arms

around him, and tell him not to let her out of his sight again, but he

was already leading her by the hand now as they made their way to the

head table.

They were the last ones to make it to their seats, and the other men

stood as Jamie came into view. In addition to Barney and Rob and their

wives, neither of whom cared much for the younger and prettier Jamie,

the chairman of the board Paul also joined them. Paul was an older man,

maybe in his late fifties, and had joined the board several years ago

after he lost his wife to cancer. He was tall and well built; but it

was his piercing blue eyes that made Jamie shiver. Paul was a good

friend to Steve, but made no secret of his affection for Jamie. Jamie

had gotten to know him after his wife was gone, and found him to be

both charming and warm in an almost paternal manner.

She certainly felt incredibly honored to have her seat at the head

table, especially the one between Paul and Steve, arguably the two most

attractive men in the room. Although she quickly realized that Paul's

height probably allowed him to see down her low cut top, especially

when he was standing at the podium. Unlike the incident with the creep

in the crowd however, it made her almost proud to have the attention of

a successful and handsome man like him.

During dinner both men rested their hand on her back of her chair as

they talked over the top of her, Paul making the greater effort to

include Jamie in the conversation. But a few times Jamie felt his huge

hand clamp onto her thigh under the table, although it was easy to push

it aside and pretend nothing had happened. Despite his size, Jamie was

confident she could handle any situation that might come up with Paul.

Steve would have had to be blind to miss the way his friend was

practically groping his wife, but it was easy to dismiss it as "just

Paul's way", whereas he probably would have decked any other man.

As the evening wore on, both Jamie and Steve as the official ‘hosts' of

the event were very much in demand as dance partners as well. At one

point Jamie looked over to see Miranda from the country club dancing

much too close, pressing her new 38D breast implants against Steve.

"That bitch may actually spill out of her Wonder Woman costume at any

moment," thought Jamie. She was tempted to go cut in, but she saw Mrs.

Bartlett, a wealthy wrinkled socialite in a Marie Antoinette dress and

fancy dress mask, had beat her to it. A moment later Edna was copping a

feel of her man's ass, and Jamie laughed as he struggled to remain

composed. Many of these women had written sizable checks just to have

an opportunity to dance with him, and they often joked about how much

Mrs. Bartlett and others might pay to get him in their beds. Jamie had

little doubt that the old woman's dreams tonight would be filled with

visions of fucking Steve. As would hers, come to think of it. The

difference being that she planned to actually fuck him to exhaustion.

"What chance do you have ladies?" she giggled to herself.

On the other hand, Steve was less amused to watch the parade of the

wealthy letches that lined up to grind against his desirable wife.

There seemed to be no end of the line of assorted cowboys, pirates, and

miscellaneous monsters waiting to dance close with and hoping to cop a

feel of the sexiest woman in the room. Jamie handled it all with the

same grace and elegance that she handled all social situations; a

cordial smile, a gentle reminder of where hands belonged, and an

occasional casual inquiry in to the health of their darling wife.

Usually that was more than enough to stop the touchy-feelies but if

that didn't stop them, she simply walked away and left them alone on

the dance floor... usually with a boner.

Jamie was starting to grow a little weary of the constant onslaught from

the men with the "Roman hands" when she a man in a Phantom of the opera

mask came over and offered his hand in the international gesture for

"may I have this dance", but never said a word. Nonetheless Jamie

allowed him to lead her to an empty spot on the dance floor, and he

pulled her tight as the band started into a slow waltz. Spooked a

little by the silent demeanor and the eerie mask, Jamie tried making

conversation to no avail. He danced well, and was obviously confident

on the dance floor, and Jamie quickly relaxed and allowed him to lead

her around the floor as he held her tight. With no wandering hands to

fend off, Jamie's mind wandered to thoughts of her plans for Steve when

they got home.

Suddenly, her eyes grew wide as she realized what she was feeling. The

Phantom was apparently having fantasies of his own as well, and his

cock had begun to grow rigid in his pants. At least that's what she

thought she was feeling as he continued to pull her tightly against

him, making his arousal obvious. But the Phantom held her even tighter

as they danced, his throbbing cock wedged between her legs, now

unmistakably erect. He still hadn't said a word, but seemed to be

making a low moaning noise. Jamie was panicking as he began to rub the

swollen rod against her, hitting her clit each time he did. She willed

her body not to respond, but in her already aroused state she was

quickly losing that battle, and she could feel her pussy growing wetter

by the second. Just a few more strokes, she thought, and she would

actually be cumming in the middle of the dance floor, aided by the feel

of the huge cock of a costumed stranger. It was so wrong, but she felt

powerless to stop it.

Suddenly the Phantom pulled away from her. Jamie looked up to see why he

had stopped the delicious stimulation of her dripping pussy. Instead of

the eerie mask of the Phantom, she was staring into the bright hazel

eyes of her husband. "Steve...? What's going on?"

"Are you ok babydoll? I thought I'd come rescue you before that guy

started actually humping you out here on the dance floor, so I cut in.

Who is he anyway?"

Jamie's head was spinning with a thousand different thoughts, and she

had to force herself to focus.

"I don't know... don't you know who he is? It's your party." Jamie was

both confused and a little indignant that Steve felt the need to

‘rescue' her once again. At the same time, she told herself she was

glad that he did...

"I think you need to be more careful with guys like that, Jamie" Steve

said in a serious voice. "Ol' Phantom there looked like he wanted more

than just a dance with you." Jamie relaxed when she realized he wasn't

angry and hadn't realized the Phantom had actually aroused her. "We

don't need any more scandals tonight babydoll. Why don't you come with

me while I thank a few people and pull the raffle tickets."

"I'd go anywhere with you, Mr. Alexander." Jamie whispered, then kissed

her husband deeply as the song ended. They made their way across the

ballroom arm in arm like a couple of horny high school kids, Jamie even

copping a feel under Steve's cape as they walked. As they climbed the

steps of the stage where the band was set up, the rest of the crowd

began to gather and pressed in tight so they were looking up at the

handsome couple as Steve spoke into the microphone.

"Thank you all for coming out tonight to help support us." Steve

started. As he went on, Jamie watched her husband with tremendous pride

and admiration. Besides handling all of the publicity for them, He was

also the spokesperson for the charity... for obvious reasons. Jamie

watched as he held the audience spellbound while he talked about the

children they had helped, and pleaded for continued financial support.

As Steve spoke, Paul joined them onstage, standing off to the side with

Jamie. She could smell the booze on his breath as he whispered to her

"He's so good at this, we're very lucky to have him." Jamie smiled

politely and nodded vigorously, then applauded along with the crowd as

Steve acknowledged several outstanding volunteers. "He's lucky too

Jamie, to have a sexy wife like you" Paul continued and rubbed her back

as he did. "I'd give anything to have a woman like you" his breathing

was heavier now as his hand slid down her back. She gasped as his hand

slid under her skirt and cupped her naked ass, and he moaned as he

fondled her.

Just then Steve introduced Paul, and he stepped forward to acknowledge

the applause. Jamie took the opportunity to also step forward to

Steve's side as he stood aside to let Paul take the microphone. She was

standing to Steve's right as they stepped to the left side of the stage

and ended up right at the edge of the stage itself. As they listened to

Paul speak, Jamie felt herself being watched, and looked down only to

see several men and a couple of women looking up at her. She returned

the smiles of Barney and Rob, and she noticed someone standing to the

side of them, closer to the stage. The handsome man in the Phantom mask

was looking at her as well, a grin playing across his lips, his bright

eyes sparkling in the footlights. She could still see the lust in his

eyes, but it was only when he winked up at her, that she realized... he

could see right up her skirt!

Jamie was immediately horrified at the thought that a complete stranger

could see up her skirt, and even worse - all the arousal from the

night's events had swollen her pussy and her lips were open and wet. As

a result, they were actually protruding on either side of the thin

sliver of lace covering them... much of her bald pussy was exposed to

his lustful gaze. To make matters worse, Steve had decided to take

advantage of this opportunity as Paul spoke to surreptitiously caress

her ass, using his cape to keep his actions just out of the view of the

audience. His touch was driving her wild, and the more excited she

became, the more her pussy opened.

Slowly it crept up on her... she was actually excited at the thought

that his handsome stranger could see her pussy. Between the thoughts in

her head, and the touch of Steve's hand on her burning skin, she was

incredibly aroused! The nectar in her pussy began to flow freely, and

her lips swelled even further. She could only imagine the sight that he

was now being treated to, something akin to a lace ribbon through a wet

flower. She wished Steve would throw her down and fuck her right there

on the stage while the crowd cheered him on. It took all her strength

to resist reaching down and rubbing her dripping cunt until she

exploded for her gawking audience.

Mercifully, Paul stopped speaking, and Steve had to quickly pull his

hand away as attention shifted back to him. Jamie skirted away from the

edge of the stage, carefully avoiding getting too close to Paul at the

same time. As Steve began to read the winning raffle numbers, Jamie

turned to retrieve the prizes from the table where they were on

display. She tried to be as discreet as possible not wanting anyone

else to get a glance at her wet pussy. But the thought of him watching

was exciting to her and she bent a little further until the round

globes of her ass were just barely visible under her skirt. It was only

the sound of Steve clearing her throat that snapped her out of her

erotic trance, and back to reality.

Steve recognized the look on Jamie's face immediately, and truth be

told, her exhibitionistic streak excited him as much as did her. As

they made their way off stage to thunderous applause, it was Steve's

turn to whisper to his sexy wife. "You naughty little slut, I can't

believe the way you show that cunt off to strangers. When we get home,

I am going to put you over my knee and spank that sweet ass you love

showing off. Then I will fuck you for hours... until you scream my name

out loud and beg me to stop!" he moaned in her ear.

The effect of his words was immediate and dramatic; she felt her

wide-open pussy soak the front of her knickers, which was now completely

surrounded by her dripping pussy lips. Jamie had reached her breaking

point, she knew she had to have Steve right then and there or she would

surely burst. She grabbed him by the hand, and led him into a dark

alcove behind the stage. She turned and faced her life's desire, kissed

him deeply and with real hunger, then dropped to her knees before him.

"I need you Steven... right now, and more than I have ever needed

ANTHING in my entire life!" She unbuckled his belt as he looked around

making a feeble effort to protest. "But Jamie...someone could see..."

He surrendered to the mouth that was now covering his cock. She

grabbed him and sucked him with such hunger. He was instantly hard.

Her small hand wrapped around his shaft and slipped him right into her

mouth, taking in all of him. She sucked at his delicious cock as her

hand followed with long strokes; the tip of her tongue licked the tip

of his manhood as she stroked him harder finally swallowing him up

again. The warmth and moisture of her mouth drove him crazy, the fact

that anyone could come looking for them and catch his sexy wife blowing

him put him in a daze. He knew the thought turned her on as well and

that is why she was doing it.

From the corner of his eye, he spotted the outline of someone behind the

curtain; he tried to concentrate on who it was, but as Jamie's tongue

and mouth did wonders, he closed his eyes and tilted his head back. "I

have wanted to suck this cock all night. While those creeps pawed at

me, I could only think of this beautiful thick cock and how much I

wanted to taste it".

"If you think this is it for tonight, you can think again babydoll..."

Her tongue licked up and down the full length of him before heading

down to his balls...She lowered herself a little and opened her mouth

wide before sucking and nuzzling at them. Steve opened his eyes again

and saw the figure behind the curtain; it was the Phantom! He was

enjoying the show...his and Jamie's show. And the way Jamie's was

bent, her skirt lifted practically over her hips, he knew the concealed

stranger could see her bare ass and her cunt. That thought just about

drove him over the edge, and his cock began to swell even more in his

wife's mouth.

"Cum for me Steven...cum in my mouth, the way all those other men would

have liked to." Her words, the Phantom staring at his wife's pussy,

the thought of the men pawing at her fueled him. "You little whore,

you liked being watched don't you?" He slipped one hand in her golden

mane and turned her face slightly so she could see the Phantom. She

almost stopped but he held on to her determined to give the Phantom his

show...after all isn't that what she wanted?

"Suck me good and swallow every last drop, you wouldn't want to

disappoint your audience, would we?" She was surprised at Steve's

exhibitionistic behavior but she was more than happy to comply with his

demands.

She sucked him harder and faster until she felt his engorged member

about to explode. Steve held on to Jamie's head to make sure she would

take in all of him. "Take it all you little slut!" His body

contracted, then shivered and his big cock began to explode in her

mouth. She felt his hot semen blast out of his cock like a fire hose

and slide down her throat, as she swallowed as fast she could. Again

and again he erupted in her hot mouth, and again she swallowed his

load. He shivered again, spent, but not before a last dollop of cum

spilled into her mouth and trickled down her chin. She got up in a

flash, not yet completely out of her erotic trance; but almost

embarrassed that the Phantom has watched the whole thing.

"What a good girl you are Jamie." She seemed a little angry. "That

wasn't fair Steven."

He laughed as he zipped himself up. "Not fair? You showed your pussy

and ass to half a dozen men and that's fair? The score is even now

Jamie. You saved yourself from a spanking"

She wasn't sure if she was relieved or disappointed, the thought of

being spanked had appealed to her.

"Kiss me," He demanded as he grabbed the back of her head and pressed

his lips to hers. She surrendered to his embrace and returned his kiss

passionately.

"Come on, Babydoll... let's say our goodbyes and head home."

"You go ahead, let me freshen up and I'll meet you in a few minutes."

Steve disappeared behind the curtain and Jamie straightened her clothes

and ran her fingers through her hair. She thought she heard a noise

and felt someone behind her.

"Steve?" She turned to speak to her husband, but instead found herself

face to face with the Phantom. She froze as she stared into his

beautiful dark eyes. They were both icy cold and yet, oddly compelling

at the same time. He stepped forward toward her, invading her personal

space, and she retreated a step. She didn't speak. The lust she had

detected in his eyes earlier was still present; with his pupil dilated,

his gaze fixed solely on her. She was backed against the wall. She

wanted to scream, but she found she couldn't. She wanted Steve to

rescue her again as he always did, but he was out there in the midst of

the guests.

The Phantom slipped his leg in between her thighs and parted them

slowly. She was frozen, her eyes locked with his. His hand moved

smoothly under her skirt and slipped into her wet knickers. He felt the

nubile flesh with his fingers and cupped her mound, his eyes never

leaving hers. Jamie closed her eyes and gasped at the feeling of his

soft hands on her wet pussy. He smiled at her response.

In one quick motion, he spun her around and pressed her against the

wall. He pressed against her, demonstrating how hard she had made him.

Her eyes flew open; it was HIM that had groped her in the crowd! She

tried to turn around and confront him, but she seemed incapable of

moving. As he lifted up her skirt exposing her bare ass, he pushed her

legs apart with his feet. His hand moved her g-string aside. He

rubbed one ass cheek at first then the other before sliding his hand

down to her pussy from behind. His hand cupped her bald pussy making

her moan in pleasure. His hand massaged her cunt up and down and Jamie

felt dazed, almost drunk and incapable of stopping what was happening.

She had just blown Steve and was incredibly aroused, and now the

handsome masked stranger was stroking her cunt; she was on fire and

begging for release. She was soaked as his finger glided in between

her cum slickened lips and he thrust one finger inside. She gasped.

His fingers pumped in and out of her pussy, her hands were resting on

the wall to help keep her up. She tilted her head back. His finger

danced inside her wet open cunt as she moaned slightly and pushed back

against his hand.

He pumped his finger in and out of her with speed, his mouth close to

her ear he whispered his first words in a deep bass voice. "Cum for me

witch!" Her body quivered as her pussy squeezed the finger inside. She

squeezed her legs together to prolong the wonderful sensation. He

pumped her cunt harder and faster. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" she moaned as

she exploded again and again. He slowed his pace as her orgasm

subsided. She tried to catch her breath as he removed the finger from

her now dripping cunt. He lowered her skirt and turned her back around

to face him. He was grinning as he stared into her eyes, and slowly

raised his moist finger to his lips. As he tasted her juices from his

finger, he moaned, "Mmmmmmmm" Jamie stared in astonishment at just how

sexy it was to watch him do that.

Jamie tried to focus once again, trying to determine if what had just

happened was real or a dream. Just then Steve appeared through the

curtain.

"Jamie! We're waiting for you, come on!"

Panicked at the thought of what had transpired, she looked back to the

Phantom, but he was gone. She glanced up and down the hallway, but

there was no sign of him

Jamie followed her husband back to the party to say their goodbyes, and

found him with Bill, the ballroom manager. Steve smiled as she appeared

and then said to her, "Jamie wait until you hear this.... Bill was just

telling me about the fire they had at a Halloween party like this one

back in the 80's."

Bill sized up Jamie, quickly surmised why she and Steve were backstage

and smiled. Bill was instantly smitten with her as many men were, and

he was eager to impress her with his knowledge of local history. "It

was actually on Halloween night; the fire started in the kitchen, but

quickly spread to the ballroom where a huge costume ball was being

held. They thought everyone had gotten out safely, and they decided it

had become too dangerous, so they just let it burn." Both Steve and

Jamie were fascinated to hear the rest.

Bill continued, "everyone was horrified when a guy in a Phantom of the

Opera mask appeared at the window.... He was on fire, pounding on the

window and screaming for help until the flames consumed him and he

disappeared." "Wow!" both of them gasped at the same time, but Bill

continued. "The odd thing was, they never did find his body in the

rubble. Nobody really knows what happened to it."

Just then an outside door blew open and the stage curtains billowed in

the breeze. All three turned to look and saw what appeared to be a man

standing on the balcony above the stage. The outside door slammed shut,

and all three spun in surprise. When they looked back, the man was

gone. "Where did he go? Was that the guy in the Phantom mask we saw

earlier?"

Bill's face went pale "what guy? I worked the door tonight; there was

nobody in a Phantom mask. We don't allow any of those since we

reopened; it freaks the old timers out too much. Trust me... nobody got

in tonight with a Phantom mask."

Jamie just shivered at the sudden drop in temperature, and felt her

nipples harden. "Steven... I think its time to go."