

Chapter 3

M/F

Best laid plans, sometimes get you laid

The fall air had my nipples hardening even though it was still another week before Halloween. I hadn't seen my semi-yearly lover for over a month and not enjoyed our naked skin touching for almost four months.

Brett was not a planner so I had done all of the planning except his costume. He had asked what I was going to be dressed as but I had refused to tell him. He was concerned that he would not be able to find me since he would not know what costume to look for at the huge party we were going to attend.

I finally caved in and told him to look for two out of my three tattoos that I will have showing. Brett has seen them plenty of times. All have been designed by me with special meaning. I have one over the inside of one ankle and wraps around, which is six inches by four inches. One wrist has a full bracelet and one breast has a huge bear claw. He has never asked what the significance of them was but we have been a little preoccupied whenever they are visible.

I had my Elvira, Mistress of the Dark costume all made and ready to shock him. The deep red bustier with black silk ties push my DD's together and up, creating a fabulous cleavage that reaches my destination way before the rest of me. My waist, smaller than when he last saw me; cinched to create an hourglass figure that begs to be touched as my black silk skirt covers my hips and ass then flares out and down to my feet.

I designed a special pair of underwear. I made a thick almost rope like strap that goes between my ass cheeks to separate them; causing an incredible effect in the gown of black silk that lies between my cheeks.

I put a thin slit up the front of the gown from my right foot that runs almost to my far left hip, with a red sheer lace inset underneath running to my knees. I had a pair of open toe red sexy ankle boots that I planned to offset with black nail polish.

I made a string of black pearls that start at my right wrist and wind up my arm all the way to the middle of my upper arm ending with a fire red snake head with its mouth open and diamond fangs ready to strike. It is absolutely stunning with my fingernails in black.

My left arm was covered in black lace from the bustier, down the arm to the wrist where it hangs to a point then secured to my hand. The fabric comes to the point on top my hand along with underneath. Both points secure to a ring on the middle finger of small black pearls.

I made a stretchy flat two inch wide, deep red and pearl choker for my neck that I can take off later; wrap it around his dick and balls. The arm band comes off to attach to it so I can lead him around by his crotch.

I booked a hotel room for two nights, complete with a king size poster bed with mirrored headboard and canopy. The bathroom had a shower that was six foot by six foot with double showerheads, along with a huge Jacuzzi tub. There was a balcony off the bedroom sliding glass door with a view overlooking the pool. To each side of the balcony, thick privacy bushes. Add to that a breathtaking view of the ocean when looking straight out. A kitchenette and living room completed the exquisite accommodations.

I waited until two days before the Halloween party to send him the website for the hotel, room number, and party time of seven o'clock. I planned on arriving at four o'clock in the afternoon so I could set up the room.

I had all my primping done the day before. I treated myself to a whole day at the spa. By the time I left to go home I was so relaxed, I was able to go home and sleep straight through the night. Every girl feels the need for beauty sleep, I got mine for sure.

I took one last check of everything laid out at my house to make sure that I had everything. The planner in me had list after list of things to bring. I was finally ready to load my suitcases.

My husband "knew" for a month that I had a two day seminar in the middle of the state and would be gone. He made plans to go camping and fishing with his buddies. He figured since I was going to be too busy for him to join me, he would make good use of the time and left two days prior to give him a four day vacation.

I put the full suitcases in the car at two o'clock. Put extra food out for my cat, hit the bathroom once more. I had to change my underwear before I could leave; I was already extremely excited and turned on, knowing what the next two days was going to hold.

I arrived just before four o'clock as I had planned. After checking in, the bellman took the bags to the room. I was escorted to the room by the Halloween Hostess Beverly as she introduced herself. She gave me the itinerary for the party and said that she is personally cataloging what costume each guest will be wearing. I questioned the need but it made perfect sense once she had explained it.

For the hotel guest's protection, Beverly would be able to have any overly intoxicated guests taken back to their rooms. She was intent on a safe party for her guests due to the party being open to the public. She was not discouraging hook-ups, she was preventing unwanted guests of the party from taking advantage of intoxicated hotel guests. She also had arranged to have taxi cabs available starting at midnight to prevent drunk driving.

Before Beverly left my room, she gave me her personal cellphone number, I gave her mine. She already had me in her phone before I gave her my name. I thought she had excellent recall until she showed me she labeled me, hotstuff442. I laughed and asked her why she put my number in as that? "The 442 is obvious, the room number." She put her hand on my arm and said "The code name's obvious also."

I was quite sure she just made a pass at me, but no woman had ever shown an interest in me, maybe she is just a friendly woman. Truth be told, it was kind

of a turn on to think anyone thinks that you are hot stuff but to be another woman was; intriguing.

I stopped her just prior to leaving, almost forgetting to tell her of my lover also registered to the room. She thought it "playful" that his costume is a surprise to me, as mine is to him. Beverly asked that I send a picture of myself once I have completed my transformation. Along with another one once I find him, just in case she has to have either of us brought back to the room.

Once I was alone, I began to unpack. I put tonight's costume items on the bed, extra clothing for the weekend in the drawers. I put lilac scented candles and lilac potpourri in jars around the bedroom.

I placed several candles along the wall side of the Jacuzzi tub. Attached and hid the restraints to the four bedposts. My box of toys fit nicely under the bed. An assortment of lotions and lubes were now scattered around the two nightstands. The assorted porn movies that I brought went inside the drawer under the DVD surround sound system.

I looked around the room; everything looked like it was ready. I still had an hour and a half before the party was to start. Arrangements had been made with my bellhop that when my guest arrived, the bags were to be brought up and placed in the closet. The front desk girl who works until midnight knew not to give him a room key and was told of my plans with the bellhop.

I was completely ready fifteen minutes early and sipping on a wine cooler when I heard a knock at the door. I was so concerned that my plan got messed up; I answered the door in a full length bathrobe so he would not see my costume.

I slowly opened the door; in walked Beverly. She had her clipboard, a cellphone and camera in hand. "Does my favorite guest Beth need any help? Oh, my, I am just in time I see," she exclaimed when she saw only the robe.

"Thanks for checking on me Beverly. But I am ready, I was covered up in case you were my guest," I announced as I began taking the robe off.

"Oh, my, you are radiantly hot! Absolutely breathtaking! I see someone who is going to be ravished!" She said slowly while twirling her hand in a circle indicating that I should turn around and give the whole view.

"Where did you find a costume so detailed and perfectly form fitting?" She asked as she touched various spots on my body. "And this jewelry is exquisite, I have to say, good thing I am not a judge tonight, you would win!" She cooed.

"I designed and made the costume and the jewelry, I had a lot of fun doing it," I said proudly.

"Wow, beautiful and talented!" She shook her head as if in disbelief, pulled out her camera and told me to strike a pose for her newsletter. She took another photo of me from the breasts up for her phone in case I get stupid drunk and couldn't find my way to the room. The way she had been leering, I don't know if I was any safer in her care.

"Thank you, Beverly. You are the first person to see the finished product. I hope my guest is equally impressed," I suddenly had more confidence after her glowing review and gawking.

The door began opening so I jumped behind Beverly to shield myself. The bellman backed into the room with a cart of luggage and was expecting the room to be empty. His jaw dropped at the sight of me clinging to Beverly. We girls both started laughing as she announced, "We are going to be the stars of his wet dreams for a while!" She teased as she headed for the door.

I waited for the bellman to put the bags in the closet as we had planned. "What costume was my friend wearing?" I asked, hoping to cheat and have an edge at avoiding him until he was desperate to find me. "He said to give you this note, have fun at the party," he shouted as he left and the door was closing behind him.

I opened the note,
You are a bad girl for trying to cheat, and when I get you alone there will be red

handprints all over that Lillie white ass from me spanking you. Now behave and come find me before I deny you the orgasms you crave, So there!

Ugh! He played me.

I hurried to grab my room key, put it inside my bustier and headed downstairs. The party had at least a hundred guests already. I checked the clock at the service counter, fifteen minutes after seven. This really was going to be the party of the year!

I mingled in the crowds, trying not to look like I was searching for anyone. I watched for the right height & body frame, hoping to see him before he saw me. I had been searching for nearly an hour when the band announced that the costume contest was beginning.

People were being escorted to the platform by guest services personnel as they were selected out of the crowd to have exceptional costumes. I felt a tug on my elbow but pulled away and declined. Then a whisper in my ear changed that plan! "Oh but I am afraid I must insist," said a deep voice coming from a very tall Jamaican man dressed as the famous voodoo doctor from New Orleans. He moved me to the stage and was quite direct when he again whispered in my ear for me to "Stay put!"

What was it with so many people turning me on? Was I that turned on that I could not turn it off? What was wrong with me?

I had wanted to be out in the crowd, searching for my man. However, I was stuck up there and waiting to be told that I am not good enough to be the winner, I thought it was just dumb. I started to step off of the platform and go back to the crowds. When I looked up my new dark stalker was standing with his arms folded like a bad ass bouncer and shaking his head while mouthing the word, "No." I backed up and remained where I was, I don't know what it was about this guy. I was afraid of him but at the same time, he was making me wetter by the minute the more he just stared at me.

I was not paying attention to the whole process but when I looked to the announcer he was looking at me like I was expected to say something. Instead of looking stupid, I slipped into character, "Darling, is there a reason you are intruding while I work my voodoo magic on tall, dark and handsome over here," I pointed at my stalker.

The announcer bowed his head down and stated in the microphone, "I beg your pardon. Would you please step forward and show everyone how amazing you look? We are down to the final four but no one has been able to see you completely." He stood up and addressed the crowd, "She even smells spicy folks, let's hear it for Elvira, Mistress of the Dark," he put his hand out for me to take and he paraded me around the platform. As I walked the slit in my skirt flew open and caused quite a few gasps could be heard mixed in with the applause.

I could feel eyes burning into me but more than just the regular appreciative crowd. I looked behind me, and there stood my tall dark and handsome. I whispered to the announcer that it would make a great photo for the newsletter to have Elvira and the voodoo doctor together. He signaled to a staff member to bring my new admirer up on the platform.

I figured if he was going to be a problem for me at least there would be photos of what he looked like. It took several rounds of clapping to get him to come forward. Once he did he stood right behind me, I could smell his cologne and his breath was hot on my neck as he was so close to me. He reached around and put one hand on each of my forearms in a domineering way but not violent. I felt his cock laying parallel with my ass crack as he whispered in my ear, "Tonight is about you. Do not try to deflect and make it about others. I shall leave you now but if you need me I am but a scream away," he whispered. He kissed my ear and waved to the crowd, they all seemed to love the "chemistry" that we put off.

Beverly took the stage with the four finalists. There was a ballot box at the door and each guest had been given a card to write in their choice for the winner. At midnight, the drawing would take place. She gave glowing reviews of everyone to be voted on.

“Ladies; I give you Mr. Incredible, look at this body, I may just faint up here. This is no foam filled muscle shirt, I can assure you that these muscles came to us the hard way,” she said while running her hand all over his chest and biceps. “I am curious about the other muscle crammed into this little black speedo though,” sending out the message that he may be packing less than is needed to fill the job properly.

“What do we have here?” she said like she was really excited. A Benjamin Franklin doppelganger stood before her and bowed to the crowd. “If we were back in your day sir, I would surely have been branded with a Scarlett letter with the thoughts that you are making me think about!” the crowd loved Beverly.

“Do we have any cowgirls out there?” several hooted and hollered from somewhere in the crowd. “Let me just tell you that, well, honey, turn around show them your best “Asset”,” she said while making a face and waving her hand like she was going to faint. “Just look at the way these jeans hug his, well, I don’t have to tell you what they are hugging now do I.”

“Last but not least, I could probably stop at, Wow. Absolutely stunning, there isn’t a baggie pair of pants left in the room. Did everyone see the way her dress hugs her? Well, just like the cowboy over here, you don’t need me to say it for you, turn around Elvira,” Beverly ran her hand from the middle of my back and down to my ass. She pushed the fabric between my ass cheeks as her fingers slid down the crack and gripped the bottom of my ass. “Tight ass boys, I know how you love those!” the crowd went crazy screaming. She turned me back around so that I was facing the party goers again. “Ladies, if we get past our jealousy, you can’t tell me there isn’t a woman in here that wouldn’t want a rack like this one,” Beverly ran a finger lightly across the top of my bare breasts. “Men, I know each of you has thought about burying your face down deep, or another part of your anatomy,” she teased as she ran a finger from my shoulder straight down and around the curve of my breast to under my breast and left it hooked on the belly chain at my waist. “Folks, I happen to know that she designed this get up herself; did you all see how the skirt comes apart,” she said as she pulled the skirt out so that the red lace was visible, male onlookers cheered, some yelling “Higher!”

Beverly pointed into the crowd, "You would like that wouldn't you. My security staff is not prepared for a riot, just handsey boys who can't keep their paws off the merchandise," she reached up and manhandled my tit from underneath. "Ladies, do me a favor look at all the men around you, I challenge anyone to find me a guy who is not sporting some wood right now. If you do we will send him away for the night because he clearly did not come here looking for a woman!" and with that she won over the female vote.

"Ballets are due in the boxes by midnight. I suggest that everyone fill them out early, there are no replacement ballets given. My staff has been instructed that if any of them are found they are to vote for a cartoon character of their choice. Have a wonderful; if not epic night tonight but above all else if you are drinking, do not drive; we will have cabs ready and waiting out front as of midnight. Your vehicles will be fine in the parking lot, I want every one of you to have the time of your life but not lose or cost a life!" she yelled over the crowd who had gotten quite boisterous about having an epic time.

Beverly stepped off of the platform and put her hand out to help me step down. "Was it too obvious who I want to win?" she questioned as she licked her lips. "Where is your guest? I wanted to get a photo for my phone. We don't want the wrong person slipping into your bed and satisfying your every need and desire, now do we?" I must be losing my mind, everything she says sounds like a pick up line.

"I have not found him yet," my sadness must have shown through.

"I have an idea, what code name or phrase will he know?" she asked before turning on the microphone.

"Baby steps," I said. She raised an eyebrow and said there must be a hell of a story to go with that.

"Attention folks, just for a second; there is someone here who knows what baby steps are or should be; I need him to meet me at the bar. There has been an emergency! Thank you everyone, enjoy the party," she grinned at me and grabbed my hand to make our way through the crowd to the bar.

Pushing through the crowd was a vision straight from the 1800's as St Nicholas appeared out of nowhere. "What has happened, I know what baby steps are supposed to be!"

Beverly waved to the bartender and shouted, "I have got this!" then she escorted St. Nick to a private room behind the bar with a one way mirror so that the bar room could be seen but not inside of the small comfortably decorated room. She pushed him through the open door and then closed it right away to make sure no one else went inside, it was secured by a digital lock in need of a pass code for entry.

"The emergency is that I still couldn't find you!" I said as I tried to sound sexy but I was more fearful he would be mad at me for the deception or that he had left because he couldn't find me either.

"That was you? I took an important phone call from the office as the selections were dwindling down for the best costume contest. I have been hearing people talk all night about you. You have no idea how many men and holy shit, women want to fuck you!" he walked over to me where I was leaning up against the desk for the first time, he kissed me. It was not just any old kiss; it was the kind that songs were written about, romantic yet erotic, gentle yet forceful. "I have spent all these months wanting to make love to you, but now I am like the rest of this crazy zoo and I want to fuck you!"

"You always know the right things to say," I pulled back the skirt to reveal the red lace, only this time the red matching panties were sitting on the desk. "I need you, right here and right now," I said as I unbuckled the black buckle around his waist. I opened the long burgundy coat and found the drawstring for his pants. One pull and they were piled on top of his boot tops. I squatted down and took his cock into my mouth without laying a finger on it. I wanted to taste his cum so badly but I needed to be fucked really badly. My saturated underwear were a testament to how badly.

When I looked up, Brett had the crotch of my underwear to his face, "I have missed this! I have missed you," he said as he threw the red lace across the desk

and pulled me up to kiss him. He put his hand in my pussy and then brought it to his outstretched tongue, "I need to be inside of you, now," Brett growled.

I sat on the edge of the desk and brought my legs up. He hooked a hand under each knee and forced them up and apart. He stepped in and slid inside of my wet tunnel with a loud grunt. I had tears filling my eyes; I had needed it so badly. I closed my eyes to concentrate on the feeling of his cock inside of me. Brett was pumping fast and hard as he got closer and closer to shooting his load. "Hand me your underwear!" he screamed. He pulled out of my pussy and wrapped his cock in the red lace; he stroked his cock as the spunk was spewing out into my underwear.

There was a steady pounding on the door. I could see through the mirror that it was Beverly. Then I noticed the clock, two minutes to midnight. She wanted me out there as the results were read with the other finalists.

Getting fucked was great but given the uncomfortable edge of the desk, I was not able to cum. He realized it and in his typical fashion, rationalized instead of apologized. "This one was about me; the next one is all about you. That is why I didn't want to cum inside of you. If I get a chance to eat your pussy as soon as we walk through the hotel room door, I am going to take you five feet from the door. I don't want to be sucking down my own cum, I want yours!" nice save; he is good!

We hurried to dress him and headed out the door. I was whisked away and brought up to the platform by my voodoo companion. The crowd was much livelier now that they had been drinking for hours.

Beverly arrived a few minutes later looking out of breath and a bit disheveled. "The tallies have been done by office personnel who have not been in attendance of the party and are completely impartial; I draw your attention to the score board above the bar," she paused for effect. "I do not even know who the winner is! It is going to list the results starting with the lowest number of votes," she announced.

Beverly called them off as they appeared for those who could not see the scoreboard. "Minnie Mouse, fourteen votes. Donald Duck, fifteen votes. Cowboy, thirty- three votes. Ben Franklin, forty votes," she stopped again. "Friends can I get the last two finalists to come take another walk around, show the crowd what they may have voted for, I know I am torn for who I want to win. Let's give a round of applause for Mr. Incredible and his muscles! How about another round of applause for Elvira and her incredibly tasty looking tits!" she had the crowd of intoxicated voters in a flurry as they slowly migrated towards the stage.

She yelled into the mic, "Jason, get her!" and that quick my Jamaican stalker had me thrown over his shoulder and moved to the back of the stage where he stood guard with his huge shoulders and massive biceps. "I need everyone to step back behind the gold line on the floor. Does everyone see this row of bad asses? They are my bad asses. All I have to do is point at you and you will be thrown out before you can take your next breath! Now back it up!" she is no one to mess with and now I know she had, Jason, watching out for me all night tonight. Hell, she probably had him dress the part too.

I moved my head around the mountain of man that was my protector. I saw her point at a clearly drunk and clearly stupid guy who walked right up through the crowd and to the stage. With lightning speed, two equally as big dudes thumped him to the ground; zip tied his legs and wrists and then carried him to the police waiting at the doors to the bar. "Anyone else want to try it? The paddy wagon is outside and holds thirty at a time! My crew of muscle heads are aching to fuck someone up! Any takers? Any more takers?" she was still in her authoritative mode almost daring someone to try it.

Beverly was excellent at what she does; the turmoil had dampened the party a bit and sobered up a lot of people rather quickly. "Are we ready to bring out the two finalists that started a riot here tonight? Let's welcome them back out, show them you care, put your hands together!" she signaled for Jason to let me leave his protection but he went to the front of the stage and stood directly in

front of me. It was obvious people in the crowd were trying to see around him, but by the look of it, he really did not care.

“Patrons at the bar! I need you to start a drum roll until I yell stop,” the pounding was deafening on the polished wooden bar.

“Ok, stop! The winner is Elvira with one hundred sixty-nine votes! Well, doesn’t that just figure folks; even her total has a sexy ring to it.” She turned to face me and said, “Let’s bring up the lucky man that gets to spend the weekend with Elvira, where is St Nick? Does anyone see an old time Santa Claus?” I could see the people moving out of the way as he made his way from his barstool to me. As he climbed up onto the stage she shouted into the mic, “I got your invitation to drinks; I get off at three and will be up to your room” I smiled but had no idea what invitation she was talking about.

“Tell us all about your choices of costumes for this evening. I know that you purposely did not tell each other what you would be. Folks they were playing Where’s Waldo most of the night!” laughter rang out from the more than a hundred guests still left celebrating. “Elvira, you obviously did an amazing job, you worked hard on every detail, why did you pick Elvira?”

“I wanted him to see me as a sexy vixen, it is a side of me that I keep locked inside most of the time and I thought it was time that he sees it,” the crowd appreciated my honesty and I got a kiss from St. Nick.

“St. Nick, what is your costume all about? By the way, I absolutely love that you went with an 1800’s version with the long form fitted coat instead of the commercialized Santa we have today,” she complimented.

“First off, I have always known that this lady here is a sexy vixen!” the men started cat calling and whistling. “Settle down, she is mine! And apparently Jason’s over there, whew, I don’t want to have to fight him for her, but I will dude, I will,” he had everyone laughing at his tough guy act while wearing a Santa suit. “Babe, just because that sexy vixen only comes out behind closed doors, doesn’t mean I don’t know she is always there. I am lucky you are like that or I

would have to hire Jason full time,” Brett laughed and the crowd was eating him up as they had done with Beverly all evening.

“Beverly, my costume was chosen because the first time I ever got to make love to this woman, was on Christmas Eve,” the women all gave out a unanimous aw! He recovered quickly, “If it would have been New Year’s Eve, I would be up here in a diaper!” The entire place went wild; there was pounding on the bar and a lot of screaming as we made our way off the platform.

“Are they not just the cutest couple? Jason escort them to their room, I would say bring some extra back up with you to help you; but you take your left bicep and your right bicep with you everywhere you go. For those of you staying with us, he is the lifeguard on duty from noon until three in the afternoon in case you want him to save you! Enjoy the few hours left of the party folks!” she is amazing the way she works the crowd.

The elevator ride was a quiet one, as we arrived on the fourth floor, Jason handed us each a business card. In that deep voice that sent chills down my spine he told us if we have any problems call him first, he stood outside of the open elevator until our room door was open, then he left.

Before either of us made it through the threshold we both asked, “What invitation?”

Neither of us was coming up with anything until Brett suddenly had the look of horror on his face. “Your cum filled sweet smelling lace underwear, we left them on her desk!”

“I do believe you are right, when she came out of the office I remember thinking she looks like she just got rode hard and put away fast,” flashbacks of all the comments she has made today were flooding back to me.