

# *One Halloween Night!*

By Dex O'Donald w/QoS Book Club

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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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# ***One Halloween Night!***

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## One Halloween Night

I'm standing on my front porch watching Annalise rearrange pumpkins along the front steps. She's bent over, and that lime green fairy dress she has on rides up her backside to reveal the two perfect curves of her supple white ass cheeks. She strains to lift one of the larger pumpkins onto a higher step, and when she does, for a brief moment, the entirety of her shapely ass is revealed - bright green thong and all.

That's the exact moment my roommate Alec steps out of our rental house and wraps his muscular arm about my shoulders.

"You finally gonna hit that tonight?" he says low. "If you wait much longer, *I* might have to take a swing at."

"Come on man," I tell him, "Don't make me any more nervous than I already am?"

"You know I'm just playing you, Howie," he grins, "I'm excited for you. She didn't come to a Halloween party dressed like *that* just to leave you hanging again."

"You really think so?" I'm still staring at Annalise and the way her ass jiggles while she works. She's relocating the pumpkin I carved to the second step, the one the size of a cabbage with a screaming face and broomsticks for horns. Directly above it and looming large is Alec's pumpkin: massive and round - the one Annalise had strained to lift - and its face is some sort of smiling demon with a septum made of tinfoil through the nose hole.

"I know so man," Alec drains the rest of his pumpkin ale in one draught. "Keep an eye on her though, buddy."

Lots of people coming to the party tonight and you don't want anyone getting handsy with your girl."

"What *are* you boys whispering about over there?"

Annalise finishes her squash remodel and joins us on the porch. Her matching green top is a sort of corset, a tight-fitting bodice that her squished double Ds are in constant collision with. She's got her hair up in this fairy-esque bun, blonde and tall and flecked with green glitter. "This is the best you two could do? Matching Costumes? *Really?*"

Alec and I laugh in tandem, shoulder to shoulder and dressed head to toe in the exact same outfit - a cheap superhero knockoff we found online, red, and blue and webbed all over. Dollar store Spidermen. They even came with masks, though we decided not to don them until our guests arrive.

"Jesus you two even laugh the same," my fairy crush rolls her blue eyes. "Same height, same build...if it wasn't for the obvious contrast in *pigment*, one could hardly tell the two of you apart!"

Alec and I guffaw the way good friends do, and soon enough we're pulling our matching masks over our faces and cackling like fools, dosey doeing around Annalise as a cold wind kicks up and sends golden red leaves to skipping along the sidewalk. The moon is rising and it's red and swollen and as I peer at my ludicrously beautiful girlfriend from behind the eyeholes of my cheap costume I realize that *tonight*, this very Halloween night I'm going to *have her*. All of her. At last.

"OK spider boy why don't you go get me a glass of that pumpkin punch you're so proud of?" Annalise grabs at us,

accidentally taking Alec by the hand instead of me. She pulls him to her. “Unless you’d rather stand here dancing with your boyfriend?”

“Whose boyfriend we talking about?” Alec’s smile is practically audible behind the mask.

Annalise blushes and drops his hand. “I seriously *can’t* with you two!” She turns to the other superhero, to me, and wraps her arms around my waist. “There you are! Pumpkin punch. *Now*. And put some music on because your guests are arriving shortly!” She plants a kiss on my mouth over the spandex mask.

People start to trickle in around eight o’clock, friends of friends and other people I’ve never met at all. Things get louder when Annalise’s friends arrive - they’re drunk already, skimpy outfits disheveled and clearly the jolt of energy the party needed. Soon enough the music is blaring, and The Smiths are singing out of a PA in the living room and Morrissey is on about some depressing thing or another when I find myself cornered in the kitchen by Annalise’s posse - Gwen, Tasha, and Clarissa.

“Nice costume, Howie,” Tasha looks me up and down. “Is that the same one as Alec’s?” She’s wearing a slutty cheerleader outfit - little imagination, even less clothing.

“The very same,” I say, pouring myself another big glass of pumpkin punch.

Clarissa is dressed as a skimpy Harley Quinn, and her eyes keep falling to my midsection. Maybe lower. “That’s funny,” she scoffs. “Looks *different* on him...”

“Well he *is* black, genius,” I say, swilling my cup.

“It isn’t the skin though, Howie,” Tasha pipes up, perhaps the most scantily clad girl of the entire party in a

sparkling green body suit that, along with her flaming red hair, gave her an uncanny resemblance to that Batman villain known as Poison Ivy. “I’d say it’s more of a difference in...*build*?”

The girls laugh together but I’m still not entirely sure what they are hinting at. Just then, I spot Alec hovering in the kitchen doorway. He’s got his mask on and he’s watching me talk with them.

“Tonight finally gonna be the night, Howie?” Clarissa teases me. “We all know what a *patient boy* you’ve been.”

I pull my mask on over my face to hide my blushing. “Butt out OK, Clarissa? It’s none of your business anyway.”

“Look at spider-man getting all touchy,” Tasha giggled. “Lighten up, we’re just joking...besides, you’ve got nothing to be upset about. It just so happens that the sexy green fairy you call your girlfriend told us a little *something special* tonight.”

My stomach fills with butterflies. “Is that so?”

“You’ll see,” she winks.

I look at Alec in the doorway, the same expressionless mask on his face as me.

It’s 9 pm and the party is getting rowdy. The music is louder, and the people are drunker. I’m looking at Annalise out on the dance floor with her girlfriends and I can’t stop staring at the way her tits bounce every time she jumps. There are people everywhere and just as I start to wonder where my roommate Alec has gotten off to I see Annalise and Gwen stepping off to the side together. Annalise is whispering something in her ear and they’re both making faces and cackling like witches.

Then their eyes search the room simultaneously and stop when they see me.

Gwen says something to Annalise, and she nods, biting her lip nervously. That's when Gwen b-lines across the living room, weaving in and out of dancing bodies, a devilish smirk on her mouth.

"I've got good news for you, spidey-boy," Gwen whispers in my ear. I can barely hear her over the drone of Misfits launching into another grungy chorus. "Annalise wants you to go wait for her in that creepy closet downstairs. The one between the rooms?"

My breath catches in my throat. "For real?"

"For real, for real," she laughs. "I know you have a mask on but somehow you still look *stunned*. Get your ass down there and turn the light off...she wants it to be kinky so no peeking. Got it?"

A familiar frame brushes past me but in my excitement I can't quite register who it is.

"The walk-in closet?" I ask just to be sure. "The one that connects the two rooms?"

Gwen rolls her eyes. "Yes, man! Now go already!"

Heart pumping head on, I slip away from the party.

It's a big old house with lots of strange nooks and crannies about it. One of which is a walk-in closet between two rooms with a door at either end. In many ways it's like a secret hallway within the walls, one side leading to the laundry room and the other to the boiler room. It's down in the basement and when I get there the rumble of the party above is only a small din.

I go into the boiler room, it's hissing and mechanical screeches greeting me, and then I make my way through



the door and into the hidden hallway itself. It is *black* in here. When I close the door I can't see anything at all, and I stand there waiting in silence for Annalise.

As the minutes pass, it's almost as if I can hear someone *breathing*. Lurking there in the dark with me. I shudder a bit...but shrug the thought off as a Halloween induced delusion...but still, there is *something* unnerving about standing alone in the dark like that, so far from everyone else and –

Yes I'm *certain* of it now...someone or something is in this closet with me, and they are *breathing*.

A door opens, casting yellow light into the opposite end of the closet from where I'm waiting. There, standing in that sickly glow with his back to the hallway wall, is spider-man.

Or rather, Alec dressed as spider-man.

What in the *fuck* is he doing down here?

And then, stepping from the laundry room, her shadow flickering across the walls, is Annalise. She's drunk and she's smiling and she's falling *into him* as she tugs the door behind her.

The sight of it so shocking I stand there dumbfounded as the door closes behind my girlfriend, engulfing the three of us in *blackout* blindness.

"There you are," she whispers in the dark.

I'm frozen where I stand, mind desperately trying to connect the dots on the situation.

"You're just ready to go, aren't you?" Annalise says, and there's another sound under that of her voice. Fingers and hands squirming over spandex. *She's touching him and Alec is just letting her!*

This is it. The moment when I speak up. It will probably scare the absolute shit out of Annalisa, but she *needs* to know...it dons on me that Alec has been in the closet this whole time, since before I arrived. Which means he saw me enter. Which means he *planned this*.

“Holy *fuck*,” the surprise in Annalise’s voice is palpable. “Why didn’t you tell me you were hung, Howie?”

Alec says nothing of course...but why aren’t *I* saying anything? Why aren’t I speaking up? I’m opening mouth to do it; nervous cold sweat breaking out all over my body and stomach nauseous and I’m *trying* to say it...

And finally, I do.

“Wait,” I say it meek and cracked, as if some part of me knows I’m already too late. That I should have said it fifteen seconds sooner. Because when that word does leave my mouth, it’s at the *precise* moment of another sound...a much louder, sharper noise that blots out my weak plea.

“*AWK!*” Annalise, gagging loudly.

The wet, slobbering noises that follow destroy my will.

It’s hard to admit it but my overwhelming embarrassment keeps me silent. I find myself slowly crouching down until my ass hits the cold floor and now I’m leaning back against the wall in admitted defeated.

“So fucking *thick*, Howie,” she says, and I can tell Alec’s cock must be covered in spit at this point because it sounds like her hands are churning butter. “No offense but I would have *never* guessed it...I took you for the quiet, modest, nerdy type...guess I was *wrong*...”

And then she’s slurping again, moaning with a mouthful while Alec stands there hushed, his heavy breathing like ocean waves under a new moon.

*Weck-weck-weck-weck* the slushing in Annalise's throat gets quicker, transforming into a squelch as Alec tests the limits of her gag reflex –

**WHECKA-WHECKA-WEHCKA- GAK!** Annalise is coughing, sniffing, trying to catch her breath.

“Oh my *God*,” she gasps, “I’ve *never* let *anyone* fuck my face like that, Howie...but *fuck* it’s *SO* fucking hot – do it *again baby?*”

I’ve got my hands over my face and I’m trying to blot out the horror happening down the hall. I realize that I’m purposely breathing as little as possible so that Annalise won’t be alerted. It occurs to me how deeply fucked up it is that *I* should be suffering during a blowjob that was supposed to go to *me*, while Alec breathes loud and *tauntingly* while enjoying what’s mine.

But what choice do I have? If Annalise finds me now she’ll want to know why I let it go on for so long. And what do I say to that? That I was too afraid to stop them? That my indecision clouded my judgement?

No. I was doomed to bear it in the black. Until it was over.

**“GAK-GAK-GAK-GAK! OOOOHHH!”** Annalise is sucking wind again. “*Fuck*, Howie! You’re so rough baby, I had no idea...no idea I’d like it so much, either. Are you gonna cum for me baby?” she’s stroking him, I can hear her eager palms sliding the wet length of him. “Why aren’t you saying anything, Howie? Is it good? Do you like it?”

Alec doesn’t reply and a second later she’s gagging again.

**GAK! GAK! GAK! GAK! GAK! ACK!**

And then Alec's breath is short, almost grunt like through the mask. The gags in Annalise's throat become slighter, turning to the sloppy-wet slurp of lips wrapped around his tip, perhaps the sound of her own stroking hands repeatedly smacking herself in the mouth as she brings him closer to climax.

*Shlep-shlep-shlep-shlep-*

Suddenly a low, partially-disguised moan starts to emanate from Alec. It's obvious to me he's fighting it so as not to let on to Annalise, but she's so occupied with the mess in her mouth I doubt she's aware of much else.

*Shlep-shlep-shlep-shlep-LUG-LUG-LUG-LUG*

Alec's breath becomes *shuddered*. He's cumming in her mouth.

*GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-*

"*Whooooooo...*" Alec exhales long and controlled, the tone of his voice nothing more than a hiss of air.

There's a loud *clunk!* And I realize Annalise has fallen backwards into the door behind her. "Holy shit!" she's coughing and spitting up. "*So much fucking cum, Howie! You could have at least warned me first! I need a towel like now...*"

A shaft of light pours into that end of the closet as Annalise rushes out. For a brief moment she's perfectly illuminated – the high blonde bun on her head is disheveled and golden hair falls about her messy face. Her makeup is running in thick black streaks down her glittery cheeks, and her chin, neck, and cleavage are *glistening* with fluids.

Then she's gone, running off to the downstairs bathroom.

She left the door open, so it's easy to see Alec when he shoves his spongy black cock back into the spandex of his costume. I see it only briefly, but I've seen it before and I know full well how much bigger he is than me. Once, I walked in on him toweling off after a shower and nearly screamed when I saw it. It's something we often joke about, actually. But watching him struggle to stuff it away, knowing that it had just been down my girlfriend's throat...well, there was certainly no joke in that.

"Damn man I thought for sure you would of said something," Alec speaks at last, flipping on the closet light. "I mean what was I supposed to do once she started?"

I'm still sitting on the floor. I take my mask off and stare at him incredulously. "Are you *serious* right now, Alec? How could you do something like that man? And with me in the room no less..." I'm beyond words. The shame in my gut is like poison.

"Bro it was a *joke*, OK? Or at least it started as one. I heard your convo with Gwen and thought it would be funny if we did like a switcharoo before your big moment. I didn't even think she'd come in *my side* of the closet."

"So what? You were gonna sit there in the dark and listen to her blow me?"

Alec chuckles softly, "I mean that's what you did, right?"

"Unbelievable," I shake my head. "You're *laughing* about it. You're making *jokes* about it!"

He walks over to where I'm sitting and kneels down beside me - two spidemen having a casual chat. "Look buddy it was an honest mistake, OK? And besides, who really made out better here? Sure, I got a blowjob. Let's

just get that out in the open. A very good, very *eager* blowjob. Which means she really likes you by the way, not all girls go to town like *that*, trust me.”

I grimace. Is this supposed to be making me feel better?

“But think about it dude – she thinks *you* have a huge cock. She thinks you’re hung! How great is that?”

Nodding, I consider this. It seems a small consolation. “But I’m *not* hung. Not even close man...not close to you, anyway. What’s gonna happen when she finds out it’s not me?”

Alec shrugs. “Does she need to find out?”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Just take a second to think about it, Howie. She’s probably out there right now telling all her friends how she just blew you, what a big cock you have, they’re *all* gonna be impressed. Shit they might even wanna get in on it!”

I shake my head. “Is this not computing for you, Alec? I’m not gonna get shit when she and her friends realize my dick isn’t half the size she thought it was! Honestly, I think...I hate to say this, but I think it’s *over*, between Annalise and I. There’s no way I can continue on like this with her now...so much waiting for nothing, God this sucks. I’ll just need to move on...”

Alec puts his hand on my shoulder. “Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Howie. It doesn’t have to be like this. Look man, *I* fucked up. OK? You shouldn’t have to pay the penalty for that, right? It’s not like I’m trying to get into some relationship or steal your girl. These things are better for me without all those messy feelings...so here’s what I’m proposing.”

“Proposing?” I raise my eyebrows. “What is there to propose man? I’m done...”

“No, you ain’t,” Alec implores me. “Before you go making any rash decisions and ruining the whole damn Halloween party, let’s at least see this till the end of the night, OK? And if you want to dump her then you can go for it, I won’t stop you...but I’ve got an idea that might just fix this whole thing. It’s at least worth a try, OK buddy?”

I come back to the party maskless and it’s even rowdier than when I left it. Make-out sessions are happening on the couch, more women and less clothing have arrived, so have the desperate attempts of vampires, zombies, and Frankenstein’s to seduce said women. Music blares, people are blasted.

Annalise is with her friends in the kitchen and they’re gossiping. When I enter, their conversation ceases. Curious grins follow me, the girls snicker under their breath.

“There he is,” Annalise bites her lip and saunters over to me. She wraps her arms around my head and plants her wet, swollen mouth on mine.

I can *taste* him - Alec.

“Where you been big boy?” Annalise whispers, her lips dancing off my lips. “Been looking all over for you.”

“Just needed a sec,” I say, voice shaking.

“That good, huh?” Gwen giggles from nearby – Clarissa and Tasha follow suit.

Annalise blushes. “Don’t mind them, they’re just jealous.”

She leans in for another kiss, I can see her tongue sliding out and I dodge back just a hair. “Jealous of what?”

This time, Annalise doesn't let me get away. She shoves her salty tongue in my mouth and explores it, a drunken display of PDA I've never seen from her before. We stand there in the kitchen smacking and slurping while her girlfriend's look on.

"Alright you two there's plenty of rooms upstairs," Clarissa laughs. "Go find one why don't you!"

Annalise pulls her sensual mouth from mine and two thin strands of drool run between our lips. "What do you think, baby?" she says seductively. "Could be fun...ready for round two? Only this time...I want it *inside me*..."

The girls behind whistle in unison.

"Damn, old Howie must have a *magic cock* hiding in his spandex," Tasha says.

"Must be a *grower*, huh?" Clarissa adds. "Otherwise Howie here wouldn't be able to fit into that costume!"

Annalise isn't hearing them. She's staring into my eyes, running her fingers through my hair, admiring with something like love. It's hard to resist her affections even though I know they're predicated on a lie. Her ample breasts are pushing into my chest, on the verge of escaping the ties of her green corset....I spot the faintest line of moisture along her cleavage, almost too slight to see...but it's definitely some leftover spit, or something worse, from earlier.

"What's goin' on in here?" Alec strides into the kitchen with red solo cup in hand. He goes straight for the pumpkin punch and stands there ladling it. "Everyone having a good time?"

Annalise's back is to Alec and the girls so she can't see what I'm seeing. There, in the crotch of Alec's blue



spiderman suit pants, is the *perfect* outline of his half-inflated cock. It's snaking down his leg, blue and bulging, and for the love of God there's even a wet spot at the tip. His mushroom head is shockingly defined, the spandex practically vacuum-sealing his manhood.

And I swear to you it's like a light bulb goes off over the heads of Gwen, Tasha, and Clarissa simultaneously. The three of them are staring at the weight in Alec's pants, and a moment later they're staring at *me*.

"It's funny, Howie," Gwen starts in. "Never had you pegged for *Big Dick Energy*...I guess there's no need to brag with that sort of confidence, huh?"

Annalise licks my lips, "there sure isn't," she smiles.

"Oh shoot," Clarissa pouts. "I think I *mixed our drinks up*, Tasha. Which one was yours again?"

"I can't tell the difference," Tasha suppresses laughter. "They look the *exact same*."

"Yeah but this one has more in it," Clarissa wipes a tear from her eye. "Like way, *way* more in it. Must belong to you?"

"Maybe it's Alec's," Tasha says through clenched teeth, biting her tongue.

Alec is grinning, face pointed to the floor, afraid to look up and meet the girls' for fear of losing it. Annalise is still in my arms, oblivious to the others and their remarks. My own penis is shriveling up and I can feel it happening...flight or fight reaction in full effect with no question about what its chosen.

Annalise's mouth comes to my ear. "I'm gonna go freshen up in the bathroom...why don't you meet me in your room in five?"

Panic grips me and she plants one more kiss on my quivering mouth. Annalise saunters from the kitchen and leaves me there holding my cup.

The girls break apart into giggles and shuffle out of the kitchen.

“Do exactly what we talked about,” Alec says, walking with me upstairs to where the bedrooms are. “Don’t deviate *at all*, OK? This will work if you let it...if you don’t wimp out.”

I’m unconvinced. “She’s going to know, man. She’s definitely going to know it’s not me...I don’t even think I want to do this stupid plan anymore.”

“But if you don’t do it then she’s going to find out the truth, man! And so will everyone else at this party!”

We pause outside my bedroom. “Everyone else? What do you mean? She only told her girlfriends and I’m pretty sure they have a hunch already since you walked into the kitchen with that fucking club tucked in your pants!”

“Nah man, those girls were gossiping *way* before that. I already heard people talkin’ about nerdy Howie and his third leg. It’s *all over* the party. How do you think Annalise is gonna react, all drunk and horny as she is, to finding out you let her fuck somebody else?”

“I didn’t let her...”

“You definitely did. And I can tell you exactly how she’s gonna react. She’ll make a big scene and then it’s gonna involve *everyone*...instead of just us three. You don’t want that, do you man? At least not tonight, right?”

I’m drunk and it’s hard to make a clear decision in the moment. Alec is making sense in a sort of half-assed way,

but I'm starting to feel like he's leveraging the whole situation against me.

He pulls me into my bedroom.

"Right here," he says, leading me over to an old dumbwaiter along the same wall as my bed. "Crawl in there and *wait*...don't *do it* until I give the signal. Alright?" He opens the little brown door to the dumbwaiter and nods at the enclosure.

I stare inside the space, a cramped mini-elevator meant for food and grocery – not cuckolds like me. It's maybe three feet down along the wall from my bed.

"You gotta get inside now man, she'll be here soon!"

Sighing, I let Alec help me into the dumbwaiter. I pull my knees against my chest to fit, and then he's closing the wooden door until it hangs open a mere inch.

"What's the signal?" I ask from inside.

"When she tells me to fuck her however I want to...that's when I'm gonna flip her over."

I gulp. "How do you know she's going to say that?"

Alec walks across the room and shuts the lights off. I listen for the sound of him shuffling back over to my bed. I use black out curtains in my room due to working strange hours. Coupled with the fact that there are no streetlights outside those windows my room gets *inky black*. The only light to be had comes from below the door, the hallway light seeping in a few inches.

A moment later someone steps into my room and closes the door behind them.

Light footfalls and then some ruffling as another body slides into my bed.

“Mmm, hello again,” she whispers. “Take that mask off already, Howie. I want to kiss you.”

My heart stops. I freeze there curled into a ball inside the dumbwaiter.

“OH!” Annalise yells surprised, and then a brief scuttle ensues. “Oh, Howie! Are you...oh...oh *my...oh wow...*”

Lips smacking but they aren't Annalise's.

“Oh *wow*, baby...I didn't know you could kiss it *like that...Mmmmm...*” Her voice is breathless and high. “Oh that's so sexy the way you pull them to the side...oh, Howie...*Howie...*”

I frown inside the dumbwaiter; it hurts to hear my name.

“*Oh-oh-oh,*” she nearly sings.

It sounds like someone's playing a wet snare drum with a single stick, and at first I can't figure out what exactly the racket is. Then I realize it's Alec's tongue flicking faster than a bee's wings. There's something else too...like macaroni and cheese stirred in a pot, thick and squishy.

“I've *never...never...never...*” she can't get the words out. “I've *never had it like this baby oohhh...you lick it so good...fuck, like that. Two fingers, Howie. Two fingers yes! Keep licking don't stop-don't stop-don't stop- don't – OOOOHHHHH!*”

I listen in the dark as my girlfriend cums in another man's mouth. She is *screaming*. I can hear her little legs slapping into the bed top, I can hear her trying to catch her breath but failing to.

“*OOOOHHH HOWIE YESSSS!*”

The squelch of Alec's fingers digging around in her cunt becomes rapid fire, like a gang of trick or treaters splashing around in a mud puddle. Annalise screams again and this time it's almost pained – over the edge, and then something tumbles to the floor.

“*OH FUCK HOLD ON HOWIE-OOOHH!*” Annalise is convulsing, her voice coming from below now. In her passion, or perhaps to simply recover for a moment without Alec's expert fingers drilling her, she's fallen off the bed. I listen to her squirming on the floor, moaning, and I'm wondering how long the female orgasm can actually last.

For a brief moment I become hopeful that perhaps she's *too spent*. That despite the horror of listening to my girl receive so much pleasure from *someone else*, perhaps this is over for the time being...maybe there's no need for Alec's “plan.”

But then she's scuttling about again, back on the bed from what I can tell...and ready to go.

“Fuck me, Howie,” she whimpers. “Please I need to feel it inside me, baby...take me...*however you want just fucking TAKE ME.*”

Those words ring in my ears. Outside the dumbwaiter comes the motion of Annalise being repositioned...and then, as if to confirm that she is on all fours, a resounding *CRACK* splits the darkness.

“OH!” she cries out in surprise.

With two fingers I push the dumbwaiter door open. It rotates out silently. There's commotion nearby on my bed but I've got to focus on the task at hand -getting out of this tiny fucking thing without alerting anyone. My knees slide

out and I can extend my legs, then, sliding on my back, I inch out towards the floor until my feet make contact. Using the wall for support, I pull the rest of my body out of the dumbwaiter.

“Oh Howie I can feel it,” Annalise moans in the dark. “Push it inside, baby. Do it...stop *teasing* me...”

I reach out into the darkness - blind and knowing that with one wrong move the jig is up. I feel about for a moment until I find exactly what Alex said I would find – his outstretched arm. He snatches my wrist and pulls me closer, inch by silent inch, until I’m standing directly beside him...directly beside the bed my girlfriend is bent over on.

I try to peer through my mask but it’s useless. There’s no adjusting to this darkness. In my mind I *know* she’s there, bent and waiting for me to fuck her...and I know Alec has his cock pressed against her slit - that sweet, impossible place I’ve so longed to explore.

Alec’s rough hand travels to my shoulder and taps *twice*.

I clear my throat. “Are...are you ready, Annalise?”

“Yes baby *please*,” Annalise responds without hesitation.

*She has no idea.*

“*OH!*” my girlfriend gasps suddenly. Something moves below me slow and lumbering like a monster, and the more it moves the louder Annalise becomes. “*Ooohhh Howie YES...Yes...ooohhh....*”

As Alec begins to grind into her his frame occasionally bumps into me. I don’t know where his hands are anymore

but every once in a while a sickening *SLAP* fills the room and I have an idea.

“*Oh it’s so deep, baby,*” she whines. “*So fucking deep and thick...*”

The friction of calloused hands on soft skin, like paper and sand together. He’s getting his fill, Alec is. And every time his shoulder bumps me I’m a little more emasculated, a little more hopeless that I’ll ever have my chance with Annalise.

Alec taps my shoulder again.

“You like that big cock, baby?” I spit it out fast, hoping this ruse is over soon.

“*I love it,*” she responds. “*Fuck Howie I might love you, ooohhhh....*”

The bed starts to squeak. Alec is picking up steam.

“*Fuck...Fuck...FUCK!*” she squirms on the bed below, tearing at the covers as he moves inside her. “*FUCK HOWIE YES!*”

Alec’s hand comes to my shoulder again but this time he’s using me as *leverage*. He’s resting his weight on me so as to fuck Annalise more fluidly. She’s moaning nonstop and I’m standing there being used as a stepstool but the guy that’s actually fucking her.

“*HOW-IE! HOW-IE! HOW-IE!*” she chants it in syllables, each one punctured by another sickening squelch from her cunt as Alec goes *deep*. “*HOW-IE! HOW-IE! HOW-IE!*”

*Tap-tap* once more on my shoulder.

“Like how I fuck you, baby?” I say as convincingly as I can. “You like that...*big cock?*”

She just moans in response, high and wordless and aching.

*Tap-tap.*

I hesitate, feeling the words form on my lips but not ready to say them.

*Tap-tap. Tap-tap.*

“Take that big dick, Annalise,” I utter, “Take that big dick like a good little...like a *good little whore!*”

“OOOHHH HOWIE YOU’RE SO BAD! OOOHHH!”

*CRACK!* Alec’s hand bounces off her ass in the dark and even I felt him wind up for that one. The bed is squeaking so fast I’m afraid it might break in two, and beneath that awful song is a dark rhythm – Alec’s pelvis slamming into Annalise’s body from behind, going balls deep on every stroke.

*THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-*

“*FUCK HOWIE I’M GONNA CUM ON YOUR BIG FAT COCK BABY! OOOHHH!*”

*THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-*

“*DON’T STOP – DON’T STOP – DON’T – DON’T – OOOOHHH!*”

*THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-*

*Tap-tap...*

“Cum on the fucking dick,” I grimace. “Cum on that fucking dick, Annalise!”

“*FUUUUUUUCK!*”

*THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-*

Alec’s hand shoves me away lightly and I go without a fight. I back up until I feel the wall at my back - my open closet door, and I disappear inside.



Over on the bed, he hasn't slowed down. Annalise's muffled whimpering sounds like a banshee on the hillside and Alec's exaggerated breath is *determined*. I thank God for the thudding music downstairs because from where I sit the creak of the bed frame is *deafening*.

"Oh *Howie*, baby," Annalise moans soft and tired and weak. "I want you to cum...I'm all worn out...you wore me out, baby. I *need* you to cum. Right now...Don't get it on my costume, ok?"

I catch my breath in my throat and hold it as the incessant squeak ceases at last. Alec isn't grinding anymore but Annalise is starting to wail again.

"Oh my *fucking God*," she gasps, her voice returning to a high scream. "*HOLY FUCK OHHHH BABY...I can fucking feeeeeel it...FUUUUUUCK!*"

Long sharp breathes escape Alec's mask, loud enough for me to hear from the closet. In my mind I see him buried inside her, those big exhales of his in time with the load he's losing.

"Oh my God *Howie* it's still cumming...so *fucking* much...*mmmmm...*"

Alec's breathing slows. Annalise continues to moan softly but there is nothing happening on the bed from what I can tell. If he did actually cum inside her (and I hoped against God he had not), then it seemed he'd yet to even take his cock out. There's something disquieting about their silence...something horrifyingly romantic.

The bed frame squeaks as someone rises from it.

"I've got to go clean up," she whispers. "Hand me one of *your shirts* from the floor so I don't *leak*."

In my daze and disbelief I instinctually reach into the hamper sitting beside me in the closet. I find the feel of a familiar shirt...and I toss it across the room.

“Thanks, baby,” she says.

When the bedroom door opens, I can see her perfectly from my corner in the closet. Her green fairy skirt is a ruffled mess and she’s holding one of my favorite shirts against her exposed pussy. The matching corset is untied, and the fullness of her rich breasts is completely exposed, crowded nipples pushing out through the center. I realize in that instant that his hands have been *everywhere* - all over here. I could only guess as to when and exactly where on her body.

Annalise leaves in a hurry and I hear the bathroom door down the hall close.

“Where you at?” Alec whispers.

“I’m here,” I crawl from the closet.

“Nice throw with that shirt man!”

A shaft of hallway light illuminates my room precisely, and I can see that Alec hasn’t yet pulled his spidey-pants up. His swollen prick is a mess along his thigh, beads of cum still pooled at the tip. “You didn’t have to cum inside my girlfriend you know,” I say dejected.

“Where else was I gonna do it?” he says. “She said not on the costume. What you want me to shoot it on your bed or something? I’m your friend, Howie. Why would I do something like that?”

Speechless, I look over my shoulder and down the hall. The bathroom door is still closed.

“Your plan worked,” I say, “she thinks you’re me. But that still doesn’t fix *my* problem.”

“Not yet,” he grins, stuffing his snake away. “But I’ve got the feeling she won’t be able to stay away for long...in a little while she’s going to walk up to you and ask for *more*, trust me on that. And when she does, well, then it’s time for the third and final part of the plan.”

“Which is?”

Alec and I put our masks on and go back downstairs to the party. It’s a while before Annalise is ready to come back down, which seems to make me an easy target for Gwen, Tasha, and Clarissa. The three of them drag me out back to look at the full moon, orange and swollen against a starless sky.

“How was it?” Gwen asks sarcastically.

“Give it to her real good, Howie?” Clarissa slaps my butt.

“Think I heard her screaming from down here, big guy!” Tasha chuckles.

I can hear the mockery in their voice, so I try and ignore them, keeping my eyes up on the moon overhead. As I’m standing there Alec walks out and joins us, and there’s just absolutely no missing the leftover bulge in his spandex. It’s even more noticeable than earlier, obscene in its size.

“How’s it hanging, Alec?” Tasha lets the “c” in his name click off her tongue. “Where you been?”

Alec licks his lips with a smile and approaches Tasha. Her red hair looks eerie in the moonlight, and her tawdry Poison Ivy costume leaves very little to the imagination. He puts his hands on her bare waist and pulls her body flat against his.

“Careful now,” she winks, “that thing gets any more excited it might just rip that whole costume off your body.”

“Wouldn’t that be a shame?” Alec says.

I watch them, more than a little jealous that Alec is able to get with seemingly any girl he wants to whether they actually know it or not. There’s no space between their bodies as Tasha’s tits bud up against Alec’s spidey-suit.

“Sure you have more in you?” Tasha asks. “Seems like you’ve been *shooting your webs* all over this party tonight.”

Alec laughs. “I’m a superhero, girl. I won’t be running out of web *anytime soon*.”

The backdoor opens once more and Annalise steps out into the cool night. She’s more composed than last I saw her but not by much. At least the skirt is straight, and she’s fixed her hair.

“Sorry that took so long,” she says, wrapping her arms around me. “That shirt of yours is *ruined*. I dripped a puddle in that thing on the way to the bathroom. I didn’t even know men could shoot that much!”

I don’t know if she meant to say it that loud, but the others overhear and promptly fall into fits of laughter. Looking over at Alec I notice the way Tasha is standing in front him now, with her back leaning against his strong frame, like she’s doing it on purpose – trying to cover him or something. Either way, I’m thankful that she’s there. The last thing I want Annalise to see is the truth.

As the party drifts into the witching hour our guests thin out a good bit, and soon enough the only people left are the ones who couldn’t hold their liquor - crashing on

various couches and floors about the place, snoring soundly.

I kill the music and Annalise, Alec, Tasha and I take what's left of the party out to the second-floor balcony. The moon is further along in the sky now, and for the first time I wonder if maybe its lunar mysteries are partly to blame for the strange things taking place. One thing is for sure though – Annalise won't stop touching me, she won't stop kissing me. And by the time we crack open a fresh bottle of wine she's asking about it *again*.

“Did I wear you out?” she giggles in my ear. “What's one more go? Maybe we can turn the lights on this time so I can see that big beautiful cock of yours.”

She's squirming in my lap as we sit on the patio furniture. Across from us, ten feet away, Alec and Tasha are in a similar position, and in many ways a reflection – a similarly sized spiderman with a sexy green girl in his lap.

It's clear what Tasha wants from Alec with the way she's nuzzling at his neck, and that's a problem for the next part of Alec's plan. At least for me it is.

“I'm down to go again,” I tell Annalise, letting her ass cheeks drift into the palms of my hands and helping myself to a much-deserved squeeze. “But I have an idea...if you wanted to here it. If you're up to it...”

I'm measuring my words carefully, trying not to let them sound too forced. Annalise is staring at me, inches from my face pouting her gorgeous lips, and she is *curious*. Alec is watching us, cradling Tasha in his arms.

“Well since it's a full moon,” I continue, “and it is *Halloween*...what if we got a little, I don't know – freaky?”

Annalise raises her eyebrows. She's interested.

I recall the directions Alec gave me earlier, careful to deliver this next part *just so*.

“Well what if...what if you and me...and maybe *Alec* went downstairs and...fooled around?”

Annalise looks at me almost cross-eyed, like she’s not quite believing what I’m suggesting. A smirk breaks out on her face – is she blushing?

“Alec?” she says it loud, too loud and now Tasha is interested in our conversation. “Why *him*? Wouldn’t you wanna fool around with another *girl* and me? Jeez you two really are close, aren’t you?”

I lower my voice, hoping perhaps Alec will do his part in keeping Tasha occupied. “We can do that too...later,” I assure her. “It’s kind of a fantasy of mine though, and I thought maybe Halloween would be a good time to try it.”

Annalise kisses me and says, “maybe. *Maybe* Alec can watch if he’s a good boy.”

“Well that’s the thing,” I whisper, keenly aware of the couple watching me from across the patio. “Alec prefers to do it in the dark...he’s kind of shy about his, um...his size.”

“Probably because he’s seen yours,” she giggles. “Fine, Howie. Whatever you want. You keep giving me dick like that and I’m gonna have a hard time saying no to anything you want to do.”

“No to what?” Tasha calls out.

I freeze.

Annalise turns her drunken gaze to where her friend curls in the arms of another spiderman. “Howie wants to *share* me, Tasha. Can you believe that?”

“*Reeaally?*” Tasha purrs. “That’s funny. I’m in a *sharing mood* myself, Annalise.”

I feel the plan falling apart in my hands. It's supposed to be a threesome. In the dark. And somewhere along the way I was going to be able to fuck Annalise and she was going to think it was Alec's small dick and not mine...and then in the morning we'd come clean, Alec and I, and since she'd already knowingly had us both it wasn't going to matter...because she liked me for *me*, just like Alec said she did. This whole Halloween party would be chalked up to a fun sexual adventure and then Annalise and I could get on with our relationship, together and *without* Alec and his giant cock. She wouldn't want Alec's dick anymore because she would have *me*. And I would be enough for her.

I would be enough, right?

"Sounds like a party to me," Alec grins. "I have a request though. Think of it as a Halloween special."

"I know I know," Annalise winks at me like it's some inside joke I'm *not* the butt of, "in the dark, right?"

Tasha jumps to her feet. "Let's do it up in the attic then," she grins. "To make it *extra spooky* for the occasion."

"Don't get too excited," Annalise says. "I'm not convinced I feel like sharing the gift between Howie's legs...but we'll see if you can butter me up, Tasha."

They're all standing now, looking down at me as I hesitate in the patio chair.

"What are we waiting for, pal?" Alec says, donning his mask. "Let's get up to the attic."

A rectangular door pulls down from the ceiling and extends out into a ladder. Looking up into the darkness above I can feel the lateness of the hour; my buzz is

starting to wear off. Suddenly I'm second guessing every decision I've made that day starting with that goddamn closet down in the basement.

"Ladies first," Tasha reminds me, ascending the ladder and thrusting her ripe rump in my face as I hold it steady for her.

Annalise plants a kiss on my spandex mask and whispers in my ear, "see you up there, big boy."

I watch her disappear into the black above, and from where I'm standing I see that her green panties are long gone, now just the perfect smush of her used pink lips teasing me from overhead.

"OK I'm coming up!" Alec calls to the girls.

They giggle from within, upstairs and out of sight.

Alec nods at *me* to climb the ladder.

I sigh and grab hold of the rungs. I falter and he nudges me. "Don't look so glum, spiderman," he says quietly. "Instead of one girl you're about to get two! Worry about tomorrow when tomorrow comes."

I nod agreement to my twin, trying to feel the truth of his words. It instills some small dash of confidence in me, and I climb the ladder.

The girls are waiting by the single attic window along the front face of the house. The glass is bell-shaped and separated into four smaller panes, three of which are completely painted over. The fourth is smashed out, and small dim glow just barely lights the space right in front of the window. It's just enough to tell the girls apart by their hair - Tasha's fiery red on the right, and Annalise's savory blonde on the left.



Alec comes to my side, and together we step close enough for the girls to *just see* our red and blue outlines in the darkness.

“I can’t tell who is who,” Tasha says, stepping towards us.

We take a step back, further from the window, deeper into the dark.

“Betcha’ I can,” Annalise giggles, following her girlfriend. “Why don’t we play that one game, Tasha? The one we used to play on Halloween when we were kids?”

“Oh yeah!” Tasha says excitedly. “Like when you would blindfold me and tell me there were eyeballs in my hand, but they were just grapes. Or creepy crawlies in my hair but they were just gummy worms!”

“Exactly,” Annalise says, her short frame blotting out my view of the back window and covering everything in darkness. “Except we’ll do it with *cocks*. And we’ll guess *who is who*.”

The girls speak so often and incessantly amongst themselves that speech from Alec and I is unnecessary...not that they would know either way, with Alec and I standing so close together.

I feel the spandex pulling down my legs in the dark, exposing me to no one. My legs shake.

“Somebody’s a little nervous,” Annalise says from below me. Then her warm hand is reaching out in the dark, searching my body. When she finds it, so soft and scared, she says *nothing*. Maybe it’s because she’s embarrassed for “Alec.” Or maybe it’s because she’s touching what she thinks is her boyfriend’s roommate’s

penis for the first time. “I guess this one’s *very nervous*,” she says finally.

“Not this one,” Tasha giggles. “This one seems more *excited* than nervous.”

“Let me see,” Annalise says with a touch of jealousy. “Oh my *GOD*. That’s my Howie alright. No mistaking this thing.”

She’s still holding my dick, she’s got it between her thumb and forefinger and she’s wiggling it back and forth, almost as if she might be doing the same thing in other hand.

Then Annalise let’s me go, and a new hand finds my shame.

“Wow,” Tasha chortles. “I’ve got a peanut in one hand and the elephant in the other!”

The girls rip apart into laughter there in the dark of the attic, and I can feel Tasha’s cruel breath on my humiliated dick. Their howls remind me of black and white horror movies that come on TV late at night.

Tasha lets me go.

Standing in the darkness with spandex pants around my ankles I wait for whatever is supposed to happen next. I’ve never been in a threesome before, let alone a foursome. I’m relying on others to show me the way...

But it’s too dark, and there is no *way* to be seen.

That’s when a familiar sound starts up. Busy wet mouth. More than one. Smacking kisses and lapping tongues. If this *is* a horror movie, then something is being eaten alive beside me. It isn’t until one of the girls starts gagging that I realize there are two of them going at Alec -

one on his shaft, the other somewhere else...possibly lower.

And all the while my roommate's heavy breathing.

"Fuck Howie why didn't I suck on your balls earlier?" Annalise's voice. "They're like *fucking grapefruit*. Does it feel good, baby?"

"*UCK-UCK-UCK*," Tasha gags away.

"I told you he's fucking *huge*," Annalise whines. "Wait till you *feel it*."

I pull my mask slowly up my face and look around. Without the blinding spandex on I can almost focus my eyes with help from the window in my periphery. I can tell that Alec is standing right beside me, and I can just make out one of the girls' hair. Annalise. Her head is curved to the side and low, like she's picking fruit from a tree.

"These balls taste so good," she says. "So fucking *fat*."

I feel forgotten, like my manhood was only entertaining enough to laugh at.

"Maybe we should turn the light on for Alec," Annalise whispers to Tasha. "So he can watch? I feel kind of bad that we're not including him."

"He's fine," Tasha gasps. "Let him *listen*."

The saving grace Alec promised me seems like a pipe dream now. If I can't get it together now, if I can't show her some sort of skill sexually...how will she feel in the morning when I tell her the truth? Or will the truth simply be that Alec can fuck with a big cock and Howie can't. And that's that.

No, I decide. I can't just give up like this.

Amidst the constant slobbering happening between Alec's thighs I stepp carefully around the kneeling shapes

in the dark. I know the left body to be Annalise, my girl. So I kneel down and run my hands along her back...all the way to her supple, soft cheeks.

“There you go, Alec,” she encourages, popping Alec’s balls out of her mouth long enough to speak. “Feel me up...have some fun with it...” and then I hear her feasting again as I squeeze her ass, playing with it, shaking it back and forth.

I let go of one cheek to try my luck with Tasha (*we are* in a foursome after all, right?) but she shakes my hand away. Not interested.

“Who gets to ride this beefy cock first?” Tasha asks, breathless.

“Me of course,” Annalise replies. “He’s my boyfriend, remember?”

“You’ve been riding this dick all day girl,” Tasha pleads. “We’re supposed to be *sharing*, remember?”

“Why don’t you give Alec some attention?” Annalise suggests. “Why should Howie have all the fun?”

“I’m good on *that thing*,” Tasha shrugs off the suggestion. “Well go ahead and pull that damn skirt off then girl! I ain’t gonna wait all night to fuck this man!”

Annalise pulls her ass from my grasp and moment later something hits me in the face- her skirt. She must have torn it off and tossed it blindly. I remove the garment from my head and hold it in my hands.

Shapes and shadows adjust before my eyes, and I can make out Spiderman lying flat along the floor. Someone is mounting on top of him.

“It hurts so good, *Howie*,” Annalise whimpers. “Fuck I’m so sore from you today...but I can’t get enough, baby...I

don't want a different dick *ever* again...only yours...it's *perfect...it's perfect.*"

*THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP* she's riding him and the top of her blonde bun catches some shadow along the far wall near the window, bouncing up and down in time with her moaning. I'm trying to ignore the things she's saying, the way she's saying them, but it's so devastatingly intimate I can't. It's like she's forgotten Tasha, or I am even in the room.

*"FUCK it's good, Howie...I love you, Howie. I love you and your perfect cock...I want you to fuck me like this everyday baby..."*

Still naked below the waist, a cold hand comes to my free hanging, confused dick. Annalise is moaning louder and louder there in the dark, and I can barely hear her when Tasha begins to whisper in my ear.

"Aw, what's the matter? Not having fun?" Tasha giggles low, jerking my half-soft prick. "That's OK. Sounds like Alec is having enough fun for the both of you...*Howie.*"

Tasha lets it go leaves my side, gone to join the happy couple.

I pull my mask down and walk across the attic, over to that lonely window that looks out onto the street. I sit within the glow of the broken pane, cast from a streetlamp outside. I lean forward and stare into the inky blackness. I'm following the sounds of my girlfriend bouncing on Alec's cock, her cunt is wet and burping and sometimes she moans like it hurts and other times like she is *possessed.*

I turn my head and look through the broken windowpane and the sound of my girlfriend follows me,

*“Fuck-fuck-fuck- I’m close don’t stop, Howie...please don’t stop...keep fucking me...keep...”*

The moon is almost gone from sight, finally dipping low behind an old oak tree covered in Spanish moss.

I pull the spiderman mask off my face.

*“FUCK HOW-IE HOW-IE HOW-IE FUCK MEEEEEE!”*

Annalise is *screaming*.

I slide down on my elbows until the shallow glow from outside colors my face. I’m exposed now and I know that if anyone looks over here, they’ll see me. The real me.

*“OH-OH-OH- I’M SO CLOSE! SO FUCKING CLOSE! DON’T STOP BABY PLEASE!”*

I suck air into my lungs and brace myself.

I speak.

“Annalise,” I call into the dark. “Annalise...it’s me. I’m over here...”

She can’t hear me. The sound of her riding is becoming more intense, and I’m almost certain that Alec is struggling not to make a sound. Low, thundering moans are coming from his chest.

“Annalise!” I say again, louder. “Annalise that’s *not me!*”

*“HOWIE...HOW...How...”* the sound of her ass slamming down onto Alec slows. *“Howie?”*

I hear Alec say a single word - “fuck.”

*CLINK!*

Suddenly the attic is illuminated in all its gory detail. Tasha is in the center gripping the metal chain that turned on the light. The bulb casts a sick yellow glow on Annalise and the Spiderman below her. Her luscious, swaying breasts are covered in red hickies - surely Tasha’s work as

Alec still has the mask on his face. It appears Alec is still buried deep inside her cunt as Annalise comes to a halt in her riding, still throttling him with both legs.

“Howie?” she says confused, says it different from the last hundred times she’s said my name. None of the passion is there - none of the love. “What the fuck?”

“I’m sorry,” I say standing. “I’m sorry I didn’t mean for any of this to happen I just -

“Alec?” Annalise reaches down and grabs the face of Spiderman’s mask and yanks it off like some old Scooby-doo cartoon. He’s still inside her, and I can see on her face how distracting that it is. “Are you fucking kidding me?” she says, still panting.

Alec just smiles up at her and shrugs.

“I’m sorry...I couldn’t take it anymore,” I say, walking cautiously forward, more than a little confused as to why she hasn’t gotten off of him yet. “But maybe if we just sit down, we can talk about this...I can explain what I’ve done...what Alec has done.”

Annalise gulps, and for the briefest of moments a *severe* anger flashes in her features. In the sick light of the attic bulb it is almost terrifying.

Then she plants her tiny palms against Alec’s chest and leans forward. Her muffin-top ass rises and for the first time I see his erect, throbbing black dick spreading the walls of her cunt. Inch after ebony inch emerges from inside her, and just before she reaches the top, Annalise pauses.

She looks at me. Right in the eyes...and starts to slide back down the throbbing black rod still inside her.

“What are you doing?” I choke out. “Annalise - what are you *doing*?”

She never breaks eye contact with me, breasts swaying as she begins to *ride him*.

“Annalise no,” I stutter. “Please get off of him...you’re *my* girlfriend...we need to talk about this, right? *Annalise...*”

Tasha giggles and walks over to join them. She pulls her panties to the side and takes a nice square seat on Alec’s face, situating herself with a sound thrust of her hips. Tasha takes Annalise’s face in her hands and the two of them begin to kiss with passionate urgency, tongues colliding, all while giving the best part of themselves to Spiderman below.

Unable to take another second of it, I step forward and take hold of the light chain. I yank it down just as my girlfriend begins to scream atop another man’s cock.

And though Annalise may be shrouded in darkness she is no longer in the dark.

The darkness is in her.

THE END...