

Burping Frog Publishing



A NEW HAUNT

and other frightening tales

T. S. Fesseln

The Trick and the Treat

“So when are you going to take these things off me?” Tonya asked in her sultry voice, displaying her handcuffed wrists to her husband as he drove their Toyota pick-up.

Grant smiled his lop-sided, ‘I-got-something-up-my-sleeve’ smile, “I left the keys at home ...”

“WHAT!” Tonya nearly shouted.

“I didn’t think we would need them at the Halloween party tonight, Tonya-love, so I just didn’t bring them,” Her husband said, knowing full well that one of the pair of keys hung on his keychain.

“Great, what if we get pulled over or something, Grant?”

“Well, it’ll save the officer time in cuffing you, huh?” Grant grinned, taking his eyes of the road briefly to look over at his wife in her Arabian harem-girl’s costume and taking delight in how her rich, dark African skin complimented the reds and golds of her outfit.

Tonya just growled and sat back in her seat. Their costumes for this Halloween had been her Grant’s idea. He had dressed as the sultan Schariar and Tonya was dressed as his wife, the exotic Scheherazade. Tonya had spent many hours behind the sewing machine to create their costumes and by the stares they received at the party, their outfits were worth her efforts. Grant’s costume was a tapestry of whites, golds, and blues. His vest, which just covered his muscular chest, was done in white and embroidered with gold and blue thread and had glass jewels for buttons. His deep blue,

billowy pants were held in place by a long white and gold sash in which he stuck a cheap scimitar he had bought. Tonya watched him and thought how wonderful her husband looked wearing it had decided he was worth her efforts also. It complimented his swarthy, Italian good looks and his grinning blue eyes. He had even grown a Van Dyke beard for the occasion, making him look even more devilish.

Grant glanced over again at his wife. Tonya could see the boyish mischief in his eyes and crooked smile. She wondered what he was up to. The handcuffs that she wore were not part of her plans for her costume. They were snapped on just before they went into the lobby. Grant just asked her to close her eyes and hold out her hands for a surprise he had for her. Tonya, of course, did and felt the cold manacles click around her wrists. She was very surprised and before she could utter a single word of protest, her husband just ushered her into the lobby filled with Halloween partiers that found the ballroom too noisy. Tonya was still fidgeting with her cuffs when Grant wrapped a leather collar around her neck and fastened it.

“Grant!” Tonya growled under her breath, “take these off NOW!”

“You don’t want to make a scene, do you?” He grinned as he kissed cheek, “you are supposed to be my harem slave ...”

“WIFE, Jerry, Wife! Scheherazade was the sultan’s wife, not prisoner,” Tonya said, holding up her cuffed hands.

“A minor detail,” he whispered, kissing her lightly behind her ear, “besides, it could be fun. Besides, all you have to say is our secret word ...”

“But the collar ...” Tonya’s resistance to the handcuffs was dissipating as her thoughts of what they might do after the party flowed through her like a warm aphrodisiac.

“I need you to keep close to me, Tonya-love, I wouldn’t want you to escape with another man now would I?”

Grant then snapped the chain lead onto Tonya collar, pulled her toward him, and gave Tonya a deep, lingering kiss.

All during the party, that is how Tonya stayed, handcuffed and

leashed. She learned quickly to gracefully drink her wine and hold her veil up at the same time. She also let Grant feed her the hors d'oeuvres from the buffet. Occasionally she would see herself in the long mirrors which graced the ballroom, a slim dark-skinned woman with long, raven tresses and a costume that did not leave much to a man's imagination. The handcuffs and collar added much to the sexual mystique of her character as Grant led her around and talked and joked with the other couples they knew. Even dancing slow, her husband embracing her as smoky jazz numbers swirled about the room as they swayed back and forth, the handcuffs sparking a forbidden kind of wantonness in Tonya that made her feel like the most desirable woman in the place.

The magic of the Halloween party seemed to drift with them into the parking lot and into their Toyota truck. Grant even helped his wife fasten her seatbelt. Now, driving home, her hands still locked in front of her and the warm Florida winds caressing her skin even through the diaphanous silk of her costume, the erotic memories and fantasies of the evening seemed to keep her temper about Grant and the keys at a minimum. It was reckless of him, but also very daring in a sexual way. It was the thought of being like this, the danger of it, that somehow got Tonya's libido moving into high gear.

"I love you," she said, looking at his profile as he concentrated on the road ahead.

"A moment ago I thought you were going to trade me in on a better husband."

"I thought about it, but breaking a new one in would be a lot of work. I think I'll just keep my old, worn husband around. He's broken in and comfortable."

"Like your old bunny slippers at home?"

Tonya smiled, "Yes, like my old bunny slippers."

"Well this old, comfortable husband has cooked up a wonderful dessert just for you."

"So that was what you were doing in the kitchen while I was getting ready."

"Yep," he grinned, "fixing you up a gourmet delight."

“I don’t know, Grant,” Tonya said, “I had a lot to eat at the party and I need to keep an eye on my figure ...”

“I’ll love to keep an eye on that figure of yours tonight, Tonya-love. Besides, you WILL have to eat this dessert. I made it just for this evening.”

“What is it?” Tonya asked, her curiosity perked.

Grant smiled that same wicked smile, “You’ll see soon enough. It’s a surprise.”

“I remember your last surprise,” Tonya said with a smile, jingling her handcuffs.

The streets on their way home were empty save for a few cars passing them. Grant laid his hand on Tonya’s thigh and let his fingers brush up and down it, gently caressing her leg as he did so often at home when he lay beside her in bed. Tonya knew Grant loved her long, lithe legs and she loved the attention they got from him. Grant’s fingers lightly traced little circles on Tonya’s inner thigh and she unconsciously parted her legs as his fingers drew closer and closer to her silk-covered puss already damp from this evening’s games. Tonya closed her eyes and let a little moan out as his fingers began to caress her sex through the silk.

Tonya’s sounds of pleasure always turned Grant on. The more noise she made, the more driven he would become. Her moans were an aphrodisiac that he could not get enough of. Now, as he felt his wife’s pussy slowly thrusting into his hand, he found it hard to concentrate on driving. It was with great reluctance that he withdrew his hand from between Tonya’s legs.

“No, Grant, please?” his wife asked in a wounded voice.

“Soon, Tonya-love, soon. We’re almost home.”

It seemed like hours before they pulled into the parking lot of their townhome. The embers of bliss burning between her legs need more attention but Tonya was always uncomfortable pleasuring herself. Her mother had caught her once and the embarrassment of that moment had stuck with her to this day. Tonya needed the ministrations of a man’s touch to get her off.

The parking lot was deserted save the darkened cars that filled it. Grant pulled their pick-up right underneath one of

the parking lot lights and switched off the engine. He took his time, methodically turning off the headlights, setting the parking brake and easing his seatbelt off, letting Tonya's anticipation fan the desire that Grant knew was smoking inside her. Grant took his time going around the side to open Tonya's door. He was constantly amazed by this woman; his wife. The cards had been stacked against them. He could still hear his mother warning him that mixed marriages don't work and that it wouldn't last a year. From what Tonya said, her parents felt the same way. It took time, but the love and passion they held for each other won over both of their families. They had now been married five wonderful years and the flame had not died.

Tonya was a bank teller when Grant had met her. He would go in daily to make deposits for his small vacuum-cleaner business and he would always make sure Tonya was his teller, even if she wasn't attending the commercial accounts counter. After some time, Grant finally asked her out and Tonya agreed. It was a wonderful evening of pasta and wine and dancing and by the time Grant kissed her goodnight, he knew he would marry her.

"Come on, Grant," Tonya complained, then in a hushed voice only Grant could hear, she said, "I want you."

Grant leaned forward and kissed her lightly through the open window before opening her door and unfastening her seatbelt. Tonya could have done that, but she wanted to feel her husband's hands on her as he unbuckled Tonya out of her seat and helped her out. Tonya still had her leather collar on as well as the chain lead dangling from it. After Grant helped his wife out of the car, he nabbed the chain and pulled his wife towards him, put his arms around her and kissed her deeply. After a moment, Grant felt his wife pull away a bit.

"Why don't we continue this inside," she whispered.

Grant grinned and led his still bound wife through the parking lot to the door of their townhouse on the other side. Amazingly, they found their carved pumpkin still intact and its eerie, orangish eyes were still scaring any trick-or-treaters that may have tried their door. Grant took his time finding the right key and opening

the door, just as he had in the truck. But soon, the lights to their home were clicked on and Grant was leading his wife toward their kitchen.

“Ready for dessert?” he asked Tonya.

“I was hoping for a large appetizer first ...” Tonya trailed off.

“Soon enough, Tonya-love, soon enough.”

Grant clicked on the kitchen light and Tonya saw that her husband had been busy while she was getting ready for the party. One of their kitchen chairs had been placed in the center of the room and lying beside it in neat piles, several coils of rope.

“I see that I am going to be your captive for a bit longer now, hon.”

“Uh, huh,” he said, pulled his wife towards himself by her lead and embracing her tightly.

Their lips met and their kisses were slow and tender at first, but soon their tongues started their heat dance of passion around each other. Tonya’s manacled hands began to caress her husband’s chest, easing underneath his vest. She could feel his erection against her thigh as she began rubbing herself against him seductively, enjoying the attention his warm hands were giving her. Grant’s hands explored her curves beneath the mist-like silks of her costume; the small of her back, the curve of her hip, the swell of her breasts. His thumbs played with her now stiff nipples through the thin fabric sending little whirlwinds of pleasure to fan the wanton embers already glowing in her womb. Soon, his fingers untied the knot holding the front of her halter together and his warm hands cupped and kneaded her breasts until little purring moans escaped her lips.

Her husband’s kisses left Tonya’s lips as he kissed her neck and played at her earrings with his teeth and tongue. Grant’s lips moved lower down her neck and started between her breasts. Tonya lifted her cuffed hands over his head and cradled the back of it with her confined hands. His tongue and lips began to kiss between her breasts as his fingers began to pull at Tonya’s dark nipples. Grant’s kisses travelled still lower as his hands now settled

on her hips and began to play with the straps of her bikini, slowly pulling it down, inch by inch until the black curls of her nest were revealed.

“Now I think you are ready for a treat this Halloween,” Grant said, helping his wife step out of her bikini and pantaloons.

Her husband led Tonya to their oaken kitchen chair and helped her get seated. Her chocolate colored skin now glistened as if her body was made of polished walnut wood. Grant admired her physique as he looped the soft nylon rope around Tonya’s slim ankles and bound each to the back legs of the chair. This made his wife sit on the edge of the chair, her dark nest open and her natural incense beckoning to Grant like opium to an addict. His wife’s thrusting movements towards him did not help either. It took a lot of will to not take his wife right then and continue with their Halloween bondage game he had planned for weeks.

Tonya was comfortable with their bondage games that Grant sprinkled into the love-making to keep things all the more passionate. When Grant tied each of her slim ankles to the back legs of the chair, she felt as if some gasoline had been dumped onto to her inner fires. Her sex was now open to him to do as he pleased as she sat on the edge of her chair. As much as she tried to get him to pay attention to her down there, Grant would not oblige and continued to bind her so that she was more and more helpless.

“So what IS my Treat, hon?” she asked in her most sultry voice.

“Oh, something I whipped up,” he replied as he raised Tonya’s manacled hands over the top of her head and back, tying them off to the backrest, “Comfy?”

“I wouldn’t call it that,” she squirmed a bit, as much for him as for herself, “but I’ll let you know if it starts to get too uncomfortable.”

“Good,” he kissed her lightly on the forehead and disappeared in back of her.

Tonya heard her husband rattling around in the refrigerator. She thought she heard the moving of the ice-cube tray in the

freezer, but she wasn't sure. She tried to look back at him, but the way she was tied, she couldn't crane her head back far enough to look at what he was doing.

"I think this is going to be more a trick than a treat," Tonya said, hearing her husband turn on the water in the sink.

"I think you'll like this. Now close your eyes and don't open them until I tell you."

"I don't know if I want to. I remember what happened the last time you asked me to shut my eyes."

"I could always blindfold you ..."

"Okay, okay, they're closed!"

Tonya heard her husband walk around in front of her. She could smell his after-shave and something sweet and tropical. But nothing happened. Tonya knew her husband was just waiting for her to open her eyes without being told to and she knew she wouldn't do it. She also knew Grant was taking his time and admiring her helpless form so she struggled a bit, hoping her gyrations would prompt him into getting on with his treat so they could get on to other things in the bedroom.

"Open wide," Tonya's husband asked and she did.

The cold didn't come quite as a shock, having heard the ice-cube tray being rattled, but it was a bit of a surprise. She wasn't expecting a popsicle. She ran her tongue over it, delighting in the Pina-Colada flavors that washed through her mouth. As her lips and tongue explored her treat, she realized that he had carved it into a phallus and she began treating it as such; sucking and licking it as if it were her husband.

"Do you like your treat?" Grant asked.

"MMMMmmmmmm," she purred.

"You're going to have to finish it all if you want me to get you out of your bind, Tonya-love. I froze the key into your treat ..."

"What!" Tonya's eyes flew open.

"I didn't tell you could open your eyes yet, darling," Tonya's husband chided, "now I am going to have to blindfold you ..."

"Did you really freeze the key in there?" she asked.

"Yes I did, but it is attached to the stick so you couldn't choke

Look for these other erotic ebooks from Burping Frog Publishing:

A Kink in the Marriage	Yule Tied
The Summer Project	Under The Bridge
She Made Me Do It	A New Haunt
The Education of Richard	Come For Dinner
Lost and Found	Gentle Persuasion
Family Ties	The Hazing
Into My Life	Ethan & Carrie
Confessions of a Size Queen	South Carolina for the Summer
Dans le Murs Part 1	The Third Pact Part 1
Dans le Murs Part 2	The Third Pact Part 2
Dans le Murs Part 3	Blood of the First Night Part 1
Dans le Murs Part 4	Two Thirds Virgin Part 1
Culture Shock	The Lust Factor
Lessons In Bondage	Molly's Little Sister
Confessions of a Cunt	Dad's Camcorder Part 1
Sexcapades	Good Girl Bad Girl
The Disturbing Tale of Michelle and Bryce	Girls Not Named Mary
Dominique	Desire & Regret Part 1
A Night In Jasmy'n's Garden	Desire & Regret Part 2
Home Sweet Home	Desire & Regret Part 3
Den of Iniquity	Grant's Big Day Part 1
Christine is Cherished	The Bigger They Are
Shadow of Doubt	Black Panther Part 1
Daddy Helps Out	Thumper's Friend Part 1
	Trouble Maker

Available only from Burping Frog eBooks: burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com

A Proper Baptist Part 1
Fucked on Sight Part 1

Also look for these mystery novels by from Burping Frog Publishing:

The Viper's Son
Change of Heart
An Innocent Among Them
Widow of Calcutta
The Lennox Conspiracy
Breathe of the Flesh

Please contact Burping Frog Publishing to receive sample chapters and to place an order for any ebook.

Burping Frog Publishing
burpingfrogbooks@yahoo.com
www.burpingfrog.com