

Boned

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Hot Mom's witch costume gets her a bone for her cauldron

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Rebecca watched the last of the trick-or-treaters head down the street and checked the clock. With the official hours over, she turned out the porch light and put down the bowl, resisting the urge to indulge with one of the few remaining pieces of candy. She took off her witch hat and shook out a wealth of dark hair, trying not to think about the few strands of gray that she refused to dye – yet. No doubt she'd come around in time, but she was still confident enough in her appearance to let a few of her thirty-eight years show for the time being. She dropped the hat on a table near the hall, knowing she would need it back shortly. Next to it, she deposited the black shawl she'd artfully draped over her shoulders. The costume was the only one she owned, and it wasn't exactly appropriate for greeting children at the door without a few modifications. In addition to the shawl which covered up a low neckline and bared cleavage, she'd also put on a longer skirt. It didn't exactly match the rest of the costume, but the original fell several inches above her knee, revealing long expanses of leg clad in black stockings. Now, it was time to indulge in a little guilty pleasure. She knew her son had left several hours before, but she still went to the basement door and listened carefully. When no sound greeted her, she headed downstairs and flipped on the lights, scanning the basement her ex-husband had finished as a man-cave, but which now also served as David's private domain. Even though she was a little worried about what sort of trouble her eighteen-year-old son was getting into, she couldn't help feeling excited that he was out. The odds were that he wouldn't come back until the wee hours of the morning – if he returned at all. That meant that she had the house to herself. Even though her face warmed and turned red as she thought about what she had planned, she couldn't resist. She flipped off the lights, and then headed back upstairs to her bedroom, where the computer awaited. A quick grab snatched up her hat, and she closed the bedroom door behind her. Once again, it was time to modify her costume before logging in to her favorite website. The visits to the forum had started as simply something to pass the time, and she had made quite a few friends amongst the other members. The flirting had started out innocently enough as well, though she'd grown a bit naughtier as time passed by. Careful to safeguard her real identity and never show her face, she felt that having a little fun wasn't hurting anybody, and it made her feel good. Between work and home,

she hadn't had much time to date – and even less luck when she did. The back and forth of flirting with guys online kept her feeling desired and sexy, which was about the only thing that kept her from giving up dating altogether. Over the last couple of months, she'd grown closer to a few of those online friends – and bolder. Tonight, she was going to push the boundaries a little farther. Her hat landed on the bed, ready to put back on when she was finished. The skirt that went with the costume was already on the bed, so she pulled off the longer one to change. As the thick black cloth pooled on the floor next to the bed, she couldn't help a little grin. Her legs had always been her best feature, and there was no denying how good they looked in black stockings. A glance in the mirror and a little turn forced her to admit that the rest of her wasn't holding up so bad either. Her butt looked pretty good in the black panties she was wearing, and the bare skin between the top of her stockings and the lacy cloth contrasted sharply with all the black. A quick lift of the blouse above revealed a tummy that wasn't as flat as it had been years ago, but rigorous workouts had kept her from developing love handles. Blushing as the self-evaluation made her think about what she was about to do, she pulled on the other skirt, which barely covered the top of her stockings. If she didn't hurry up and go through with this, she knew that she might never do it. She popped open the clasp of her bra, and with wriggles practiced over many years, removed it without taking off her blouse. The cloth was somewhat sheer, and had exactly the effect she remembered from when she'd last dared to go braless in the costume. Her large nipples poked at the cloth, while she could see a silhouette of the globes beneath. In the plunging neckline, the sides of both of her breasts were visible. They weren't quite as high in the neckline as in her youth, though they were a bit larger, as they had been since having David. This was it. If she was going to take the plunge, it was now or never. She'd teased a couple of the men she flirted with online about showing off this costume, never really intending to do it. As Halloween approached, dares had encouraged her to follow up on the flirting. Trying several ways had revealed that the best way to get a picture was to run her video camera attached to the computer, strike poses, hold them, and then pick stills from the video. Everything else had simply proven too difficult to do by herself. The camera was already set up, so she put on her hat, and stood in front of the bed. A click of the remote turned the camera on. After ten minutes of posing and squinting at the image in the monitor, she was blushing furiously. Her nerve was beginning to erode, so she shut off the recording and went to work on picking shots. The first pose made her smile. It just hinted at sexuality, standing with her hips cocked to the side. She found a good frame and saved it. The next several poses made her crinkle her nose. She felt that she looked silly, and kept scanning. The pose reclining on the bed looked good, and revealed just a bit more of her left breast where the cloth drooped. In the next one, she'd bent her right knee and rested her hand on her leg. Her skirt had ridden up to the top of her stockings, revealing the barest hints of the bare skin above the lacy band. Though beginning to hesitate, she saved both of the reclining poses, and then moved on in the video. When she settled into her next pose on the screen, she gasped and covered her mouth. On a whim, she'd leaned back on her hands with her legs dangling over the edge of the bed. What she hadn't been able to see from across the room at the time was that her legs were parted just a little farther than she'd thought. Looking at the frozen video up close, she could just see the triangle of her panties

and the bare skin surrounding them in the shadows beneath her skirt. The pose had also thrust her breasts out, pulling the cloth back until her nipples were barely covered. Zooming in, she saw a sliver of darker skin on her right breast – the outer edge of her areola. Rebecca bit her lower lip, and toyed with a lock of dark hair in a nervous habit she thought she'd broken herself of decades ago. In a burst of courage, she saved the frame. A few minutes later, she was staring at the image again. She'd blurred out her face and the background in the previous three shots, and felt just brave enough to send the third. The last was the most risqué – and far more than she'd actually intended. After a few moments of contemplation, she went ahead and brought the image editing tools to bear. Doing that wasn't committing to posting it, after all. Before she lost her nerve, she posted the first two on the costume thread on the forum. By the time she refreshed the thread – less than a minute later – there were already three replies saying how stunning she looked, and they just kept coming. Naturally, several were asking for more, even though a couple of pictures had already been deleted by the moderators for going a bit too far. Riding on the wave of praise, she posted the third image, hoping it would survive the scrutiny of the moderators. The replies popped up even faster, going several forum pages in less than a half an hour. Finally, the person she really wanted to see it reacted – but not on the open forum. Grinning from ear to ear, Rebecca opened the PM from 'bob_newhart'. It had been his username and references to the show that had drawn her into conversations with him. She was surprised to learn that he was only eighteen, and had come to love the show from watching tapes of it with his parents. He was her primary flirtation target, and he didn't disappoint. The message read, "There is NO way you are pushing forty. HOT! If only that top had dipped just a little lower in the third one..." "What if there's more?" She replied, adding a winking emoticon. "Give!" Rebecca laughed at the one word reply, feeling incredibly sexy. "You just want me for my body." "Way more than that, but I sure do want your body." "Flatterer. You'll just drool over the picture and forget all about me once you get what you want." "No way. You'd have to beat me off with a stick." "Beat you off?" "*still looking at pics* Now you're really teasing." Her nipples growing stiff as she thought about the young man on the other end of the conversation admiring her, her thoughts and posts grew naughtier by the moment. "Am I?" "I'd die and go straight to heaven. You'd be there too by the time I got done with you." "Mmm! Now who's teasing?" "Am I?" he echoed, followed by, "Are there really more pics?" "One." "Give! C'mon! Don't be cruel!" "What do I get out of it?" There was a slightly longer pause this time, and she had to refresh the forum page twice before his reply popped up. When she clicked on it, her mouth dropped wide open in stunned, aroused surprise. Like her, Bob protected his identity, and he had gone so far as to never post even an edited photo of himself. That had just changed. Rebecca's thighs clamped together as her sex tingled and her nipples stiffened to turgid points. The picture stopped at his neck, but didn't hide much else. He had no shirt on, revealing a lean, muscular torso. A sparse triangle of hair decorated his chest, while a thin trail on his belly pointed lower. It was where that arrow pointed that had sent her into a dizzying spiral of arousal. Though he was wearing a pair of boxer shorts, they were artfully pulled down just enough to reveal the creases where his legs framed his hidden manhood, and a few curly hairs. After staring for what felt like an eternity, the tingle of wetness flooding her sex causing her to shiver, she snapped out of it. As though anticipating a

question of whether it was really him, he was holding up a piece of paper that said, For Roni , referencing the nickname for her screen name, Veronica. Regaining a little control over her surging arousal, she hit the reply button, but saw a notification that he'd sent another message. She clicked it instead. "Didn't scare you off, did I? Really hope not. Sorry if that was too far." "No. Oh wow. You're gorgeous." "Fair trade for that last pic?" Now knowing the truth of the godly young man she'd been flirting with all this time, she could barely believe it. He could surely see far more of any woman he wanted, any time he wanted. Yet here he was, asking to see more of her. It was enough to push her over the edge, and she attached the final image to her next message, which otherwise consisted only of a blushing emoticon. "In-fucking-credible! Surprised that pic didn't melt my computer down as hot as it is. Wishing the computer wasn't between us." "Oh, stop. You're exaggerating." "Not even close. I can prove it, if you want to see? Camera's still out." Oh my lord, Rebecca thought, guessing what he was hinting at. She knew that she should stop right now, but she couldn't help herself. "Just how do you expect to prove it?" She actually refreshed the page too many times, too quickly, and got a warning page from the website. By the time she waited the torturous sixty seconds before she could refresh again, his message had come through. "Like this," the message said, and she could see the top of a picture just below. Rebecca scrolled down, and couldn't hold back the moan that escaped her. His shorts were gone this time, revealing the most incredible cock she'd ever beheld in her life. Though only about average length, it was thick, with a bulbous head, and smooth – not covered with an off-putting roadmap of angry veins. Everything except for a patch of hair above the root was shaved bare, and the sight made her mouth water. He'd modified his note slightly, adding an arrow that pointed at the hard organ. A hand slipped between her legs of its own volition, pressing her panties into her aching sex. With one hand, she typed the only reply she could think of. "Wish the computer wasn't in the way." "Got to get off here for a bit. Talk to you later?" More than a little upset that he'd just turned her on and was leaving her, she typed, "Okay." When he didn't reply after a few minutes, she shut down the computer. Even though she was let down, it hadn't affected her arousal. Slowly but surely, the heat burning inside her melted through her irritation. Her eyes darted toward the nightstand next to the bed – and more specifically, the drawer where she kept her vibrator. The image of Bob's wonderful body coalesced in her mind, as clear as if she was looking at it again on the screen. She was beyond the point of no return. Out came her vibrator, up went her skirt, and off came her panties. The first touch of the humming plastic cock caused her to moan, long and deep. In her mind's eye, it wasn't the toy, but Bob. She slipped the tip between her nether lips, and buried it to the hilt in her canal. Caught up in her need, she plunged the vibrator in and out of her saturated sex at a rapid pace. Though she did her best to keep them subdued, moans and whimpers of pleasure bubbled from her lips as Bob's cock pounded her in her fantasy. The chilly itch of an approaching climax swelled within her, growing more intense by the moment. On the verge of orgasm, she froze in place as she heard a door open and voices coming from downstairs. "No, damn it," she whispered, nearly in tears from having her orgasm denied by her son and some of his friends coming in the back door to the basement. She turned off the vibrator, quickly tossed it in the drawer, and then worked on composing herself before pulling on her panties again. From the sound of the loud voices downstairs,

her son and his friends were drunk. Listening for a few minutes let her know that a fight had broken out at the party they had gone to. Apparently, the boys had decided to leave before it got any more out of hand and someone called the police. Already irritated, she walked to the basement door, yanked it open, and yelled down, "David!" "What, Mom?" "Do you think you could keep it down?" She could hear him shushing everyone, and then a reply of, "Okay." After a growl that she made sure was loud enough for him to hear, she slammed the door for good measure. Much subdued conversation continued downstairs as she stomped into the living room and sat down heavily on the couch. The dull ache of need remained, as did the memory of Bob's picture, torturing her even as she tried to push them both away. After a few minutes, she heard the back door open again. A look out the window confirmed that David was leading his friends down the street. They were all dressed in costumes, and thankfully not staggering. Her son more or less kept his head on straight when he drank, which was the only reason she tolerated it. She hoped that tonight wouldn't be the time that proved her trust unfounded. Before they even passed out of sight, the possibility of picking up where she left off fanned the coals of passion within her. She took a couple of steps toward the bedroom, but the sound of someone knocking on the door startled her. Sighing in exasperation, she walked over and answered the door. "Trick or treat," Terry said when the door opened, though he winced when he saw the look on her face. He was wearing a skeleton costume with the mask tucked into the waistband of the pants. "Uhm... Is David here?" "They just left," she answered, gesturing toward the back of the house. "Ah, okay. I heard that party that we went to got busted, and I wanted to make sure he wasn't there." He looked behind him and quickly turned back to add, "Can I come in for a minute?" Rebecca looked down the street and saw a police car. She rolled her eyes and waved him inside, guessing that he'd been drinking. "Thanks," he said, and darted past her into the house. "Been drinking?" "Only three. I left the party hours ago. I could tell that it was going to go bad. Frank and Jason never got along. Tried to warn Dave, but he wouldn't listen. Can I hang out for a bit?" She shrugged and sighed again. "I suppose." Terry walked in and stood next to the couch while she closed the door. When she turned around, it struck her out of the blue that the costume he was wearing was very tight. She could see the outline of muscles that she'd never really noticed before, and a tightness in the pants that threatened to hold her eyes like a magnet. Fortunately, she fought down the spike of arousal and surprise, but at the same moment, noticed him looking at her with a wide smile on his face. She remembered then that she was still braless, and wearing a scandalously short skirt. "Great costume, Ms. L." "Yours is nice too," she covered, walking past the kitchen and trying to hide her burning cheeks. "Do you want something to drink? A Coke, I mean." "Yeah, sounds good. A little nectar of the gods." Rebecca froze as she crossed the threshold into the kitchen. "What did you say?" His smile grew even wider. "A little nectar of the gods." It was something that Bob said all the time on the forum, and hardly something that one heard every day. She turned away, wondering at the coincidence, and walked to the fridge. As she opened it and bent over to retrieve a can of Coke, she heard something else. She turned around, and her breath caught in her chest. Terry was standing in the doorway, openly admiring her butt, and whistling the Newhart theme. She quickly stood up and closed the door, backing into it, only to realize that her costume was giving him more of

a show from the front than the back. "Terry, what are you doing?" He shrugged. "Sorry, couldn't help it. Told you that costume looked incredible on you." Her mind reeling, she opened her mouth, but not a sound came out. It can't be. He can't be. Oh my god! He walked into the kitchen toward her, and the realization that had dawned on her caused her to notice his muscles working beneath the black, bone-emblazoned costume again. "I was serious, Roni," he said when he was only a step away, removing all doubt. She shook her head. "This... No, Terry." "I've always thought you were hot." He moved even closer, barely inches away from her. "There's no computer between us now." She snapped out her hand, pushing against his chest. She had every intention of telling him to leave, but she could feel the hardness of his muscles beneath her palm, and it stole her voice. He didn't back away, but he didn't move closer either. He reached up and stroked a fingertip along the underside of her arm, causing her to shiver. When it reached her wrist, his fingers curled around it. Time stopped as he moved her hand lower. She felt helpless, like a puppet on a string, unable to summon up the strength to stop him, even though he barely had a grip on her wrist. He turned her hand over as it moved lower, and then pressed it between his legs. Rebecca gasped as she felt the hard cock that had driven her to such heights of arousal earlier. He groaned, pressing her hand tighter against him, and she could feel the organ throbbing with desire. Before she knew what she was doing, her fingers squeezed around it. "Ah yeah," he said in a voice husky with desire. "I've been hard as a rock ever since I saw those pics." "Terry, please," she breathed, though try as she might, she couldn't order her fingers to release him. She would never know whether he mistook her last, desperate attempt to stop what was happening for something else, or whether he was just too ensnared by his own desire to care. The next thing she knew, he was kissing her, and she was kissing back. Rebecca moaned into the kiss as their tongues slipped over each other. His hand found her breast, easily slipping beneath the cloth to the bare skin. He squeezed and flicked her nipple with his finger, causing her back to arch. She gasped as the motion pulled her away from the kiss and bumped her head into the fridge. Without missing a beat, he parted the cloth of her top wider, freeing both of her breasts, and locked his lips around her right nipple. "Oh god, yes," she whimpered, any hint of reservation now burned away in a bonfire of arousal he'd awakened. Her fingers twined into his hair, holding him against her. She squealed when his hand slipped beneath her skirt and straight into the V of her legs. She pushed her hips forward, pressing his fingers harder into her needy sex, but it didn't last long. He cupped her buttocks in his hands, and only released her nipple from his lips when he lifted her up from the floor with seemingly no effort whatsoever. She wrapped her arms and legs around him as he turned. A single step brought them to the island counter, where he sat her down. He leaned over her, finding her lips with his again. After a brief, hungry kiss, he said, "I want some of that nectar you've been teasing me with all this time." She trembled, a fresh surge of wetness flooding her already tingling sex. "Oh yes." Terry grabbed the hem of her skirt, and she lay back on the counter, lifting her bottom so he could tug up the pleated cloth. "You look so fucking hot in stockings," he said as he tugged her panties down. For a moment, a flash of worry caused her to stiffen. She didn't shave, and thought he might be turned off by the dark hair surrounding her nether lips. That concern vanished as quickly as it had arisen when he parted her legs and slipped his face between her thighs almost before her

panties hit the floor. "Oh! Oh my god!" She couldn't help crying out as his tongue delved a furrow in the curls between her legs and wriggled between her folds. Her breath came in pants and gasps as he devoured her. There was no other word to describe the incredible sensations of his lips and tongue as he pleased her. The eagerness of youth combined with obviously practiced skill to drive her crazy. She writhed on the counter, discovering that she was actually turned on even more by the taboo and danger of one of her son's friends tonguing her on her own kitchen counter. "Yes, Terry," she begged as she reached down to put one hand on the back of his head and gather up the fabric of his costume with the other. He lifted his head from her quivering pussy just long enough to pull off his shirt, revealing the image that had made her so wet when she first saw it. She traced the lines of his muscular back as he dived back in, the sound of his lapping and sucking echoing back from the walls. It hit her without warning, and with the force of a lightning bolt. One moment, she was squirming on the counter, staring in amazement at the hot young man between her legs, and the next, she was screaming in orgasm. Her thighs clamped tight around him. Her fingers on his back turned into claws. Her womb contracted. Her back arched up from the counter. All the while, she screamed to the ceiling above. When the shockwave finally released her, she went limp, grunting as her head dropped to the counter. Terry sat up and took a deep breath, finally free from the trap of her tightly clenched thighs. Though she still couldn't open her eyes, she could certainly hear him. "Ah, hell yeah. Fuck, you come hard." "Uh huh," she whimpered as she fought for breath. With no small amount of effort, she forced her eyes open to see Terry standing above her, his face glistening with her juices. He pushed down on the waistband of his pants, and his cock sprang free. Rebecca squeaked, "Oh god," as an aftershock ripped through her, causing her eyes to snap closed again for a moment. When she opened them, he had his cock in hand, stroking it while simultaneously caressing her thigh and looking into her eyes. "Drink. Please." He grinned, and walked over to the fridge, finding a bottle of water. She held out her hand as he walked back, opening the bottle along the way. The first sip caused her to break out in a coughing fit. After catching her breath again, she drank, sighing deeply as it soothed her hoarse throat. He watched her, his cock twitching and eyes full of desire. She suddenly felt a void in her depths – one only he could fill. "You're gorgeous. I want you," she whispered, and then moaned when he moved in closer. As soon as he was next to the counter, she could tell it wasn't going to work. She was too high up for him to penetrate her without some daring acrobatics. She shook her head and sat up. His brow furrowed, but his grin quickly returned when she pushed him back and slipped down off the counter. Kneeling in front of him, she cupped his balls and flicked her tongue over the swollen helmet of his cock. "Ah yeah, Ms. L," he growled. Again, the deliciously naughty feeling descended on her, making her even more excited. She lapped his shaft, shivering with every grunt and growl her ministrations drew from him. Once he was well wetted and a hand settled on the back of her head, she parted her lips and took him in. "Holy fuck," he exclaimed as she took him deep, nearly to the root. Her lips slid back to the tip, and she tickled it with her tongue before taking him in again. She sucked him deep with every stroke, just short of triggering her gag reflex, her cheeks concave and her tongue undulating. He breathed heavily, his fingers fisting into her hair and his wonderful organ throbbing powerfully. When his hips bucked forward at the bottom of one

suck, she croaked and pulled away. Between pants, he said, "Damn, you can suck dick." As much as she wanted to feel him explode in her mouth, her pussy was demanding attention. She stood up after a kiss on his cockhead. "I need you inside me." Without waiting for a response, she pulled out a stool beneath the counter and bent over to place her hands on it. He flipped her skirt back up to her waist as she looked over her shoulder, and then moved into position. She felt the head press against her folds for a moment, and then begin to glide up and down the parting of her lips. "Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm. Please." "Oh yeah," Terry said, and then rocked his hips forward. The head popped into her canal, and she instinctively clenched at the intrusion, letting out a loud whimper. "Oh my. Easy." "Fuck, your pussy's tight." "So good. More." He growled, pushing harder, and overcame her resistance. Inch after inch of rock hard young cock stretched her, sliding into her depths, until his balls finally settled against her. He pulled back almost immediately, setting off a squeal as his now slippery shaft slid through her nether lips and brushed her clit. A little clap sounded as he penetrated her again, his balls slapping against her. Then again – and again. Her body jolted with every thrust, her breasts swinging and jiggling. His fingers dug into her hips, and he pulled back as he thrust, causing the next slap of their bodies colliding to sound even louder. "Fuck yeah. I love that hairy MILF pussy," he said as he fucked her, and then slapped her ass. Rebecca cried out from the unexpected slap, but felt her excitement surge. "Uh huh. Again." He grunted, spanking her again as his cock sank into her depths. "Oh, your cock feels so good. Faster." "Yeah, you like it?" Surprised at her own words, she replied, "Yes. I love your cock. Fuck me." His next thrust was much harder than any previous, jolting her forward. Usually, she had a difficult time reaching a peak in this position, but for some reason, his cock was relentlessly stroking her g-spot, and tickling her clit just often enough to drive her crazy. Over and over, their bodies collided. He took her hard and fast, forever surprising her with smacks on the ass that made her scream in delight. His grunts grew louder with every stroke as his hard young cock drove her toward climax. The itch in her clit and behind her mound grew stronger, turning into an electric current that flowed all through her pussy. "Oh! Oh! Oh my god!" "Fuck yeah. You gonna come?" "Uh huh. Give it me. Oh, please. So close. Please." He must have subtly changed his position on the next thrust, because it stroked her clit with hot friction, causing her to squeal. Somehow, he took her even faster, and her eyes snapped shut. "Oh! Gonna come! Come so hard!" "Yeah. Do it," he growled, his voice loud and deep. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" She screamed with every powerful thrust, and then she felt numb for a fraction of a second before her body exploded into orgasm. "Oh yesss!" Her cries of ecstasy warbled as he continued to pound into her, overcoming the grip of her clenched intimate muscles as she came. Every stroke caused another spike in the beautiful agony, and bright flashes of light danced behind her closed eyelids. "Gonna come," he growled. "In-s-s-side meeee!" Her cry hadn't even faded before his fingers dug into her hips and he slammed his cock into her depths a final time. A growling scream accompanied the pulsing of his cock inside her, pumping her full of cum. "Oh, I feel it." "Fuck. Still coming." "G-give it to me. Give it all to me!" Another wave of ecstasy caused her to scream. She could feel the wobbling of his knees through the hard flesh connecting them as he leaned over her. Sweat dripped from his forehead, falling in chilly drops on her back. Rebecca spiraled down from the heights of her climax, settling into the most wonderful feeling of fullness and

satisfaction she'd ever experienced in her life. After a minute or two, he couldn't handle the squeeze of her velvety walls on his sensitive organ any longer. She moaned in disappointment as he jerked free, but then chuckled at the comical sound he made as his slowly softening organ emerged into the cool air. Almost instantly, she felt their mingled juices dripping from her gaped canal to the floor below. Terry leaned heavily against the counter, gasping for breath, and wincing from the continued throbbing of his cock. Rebecca stood up and felt a surge of wonder at the sight of such a gorgeous young man trembling from filling her full. She reached between her legs, gathering up the cum dripping from her, and with a moan, brought her sticky fingers to her lips. "Shit," he exclaimed as he watched, his muscles tightening. "You are too fucking hot." "Mmm. You too." A little prudence finally intruded, and she turned around to pull a couple of towels from a drawer. The first she tucked between her legs to stem the surprising amount of cum still seeping from her. Then she cleaned up the evidence of their tryst before it had time to dry. It would be far from perfect, but she had plans that didn't involve housework. After gathering up their discarded clothing, she crooked her finger at her lover and headed toward the kitchen door. He followed – a little unsteadily at first – but with increasing strength and speed as she lifted her skirt, letting her bare bottom sway for his eyes. He was young and virile, and she knew she could coax him hard again. She fully intended to be in the bed where she could watch every moment this time. With a couple of hours left before midnight, she had little doubt that her young skeleton's bone would be simmering in her cauldron well before the witching hour.