**Helen's Meal**

by[ThisWillBeFun](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5474435&page=submissions)©

She felt she had been getting ready for the evening date all afternoon. The shower had been particularly luxurious. A full shave of everywhere lower than her neck and lots of scented soap whilst the hot water cascaded over her flesh.

Stepping out, she towelled herself dry and applied moisturizer to her skin, careful to rub lots of invigorating balm to her pubic mound to calm the skin. Her lower lips swelled under the ministrations and her breathing deepened in anticipation of the night ahead.

Face now made up, the perfect choice of jewellery, a more reddish than normal lipstick applied and hair dried and teased into design, she pulled on a pair of lacey panties and fitted the patent black stilletos onto her feet.

Feeling sexy she got to her feet and stood before the wall mirror to open the wardrobe door. She needed to check the rail for an appropriate dress. A glance into the mirror.

It had been a long while since she had lingered in front of a mirror, but her endeavours with exercise had obviously started to pay off. The squats had begun to tone her thighs. The situps her abdomen and the press ups her arms. Jogging had been getting easier too over the last few days. Hard to see immediate results, perseverance meant more gradual promise plus a general feeling of fitness.

She twisted slightly to mirror and regarded her ass. That had always been pert. Fuckable. Not skinny, not bulbous. Just right in fact.

The heels too made her legs seem longer some how. They stretched her frame. Compensating for balance, she was also stood upright, shoulders back, her remaining tummy pulled in and breasts thrust out. Each a good cup.

Watching herself in the mirror, her hand squeezed each one in turn and pinched their nipple to make it protrude a little more. No need for a bra - more trouble than it was worth. She smoothed her hand down over her tummy, and flicked an exploring finger under the elastic of her panties to find the smooth slit between her legs. Lingered on her clit a moment.

She squarely faced the mirror again and a smile crept over her face. She felt good. Her shoulders back and taking a few deep breaths, she felt tension leaving her body. It had been worth the effort she had put in. He had always said she was sexy, and right at that moment, looking at the results of her hard work, she could see it for herself. Encouraged her in fact.

But what to wear?

What would set this effort off.

And what coat?

Her mind skipped back to Carleon. Which coat had that been? It was a warmish evening tonight. She didn't want too long a coat. A jacket would be enough.

She saw the perfect ensemble and smiled.

He would be in for a treat.

The eventual knock on the door. Excitement flooded her belly.

He was here.

The evening had officially started.

She walked carefully down the stairs, gripping the handrail for support. This was not the moment for a twisted ankle or to arrive at the bottom quicker than she expected. Her previous practice around the house had built confidence and she was able to almost sway her hips with each step in order to create a sensual movement through the space.

Plucking her keys from the dish by the door, she opened it wide and smiled at her beau in welcome.

Tall and powerfully built, the man greeted her vision in the doorway with an appreciative low whistle. She twisted one knee to the other on the ball of her foot in a coquettish manner, and playfully popped the tip of her thumb in between her broadly grinning lips.

She had chosen a classy double-breasted leatherette jacket in midnight blue which came to just above her knee, and clinched around her midriff with four overlarge buttons. It matched her black stilletos and she felt on top of the world.

Ever the gentleman, he took her proffered hand, locked the front door, and escorted her to the car. After he opened the passenger door she sat cautiously and kept her knees together to swing her legs in.

The journey was not long and the remote pub that he had chosen for the meal was surprisingly quiet. They found a booth away from the main thoroughfare for more privacy and slid into the crushed velvet seats alongside each other.

He slid off his own jacket and folded it over the armrest, then looked expectantly at her.

She shook her head in reply, happy to keep hers on and crossed her legs instead, one her hands taking the stem of a wine glass at her place setting and starting to caress it.

He couldn't help but notice the allure of this simple act. The heels pointed her feet, her heel pointing directly at him. She flexed her calf muscle and this made the jacket ride up an obviously naked thigh. His eyes almost bulged from his head in response.

She noticed and was pleased. Her recent personal improvement efforts were paying massive dividends. She undid the upper studs from the jacket and pulled the lapels back, allowing the curviture of her breasts to arc the material forward and show the upper soft mounds of her breasts.

He shifted in his seat, obviously in slight discomfort between his legs. She inwardly giggled as he surreptitiously tried to rearrange himself without being noticed, pretended to look away while straightening her back and allowing her breasts to move sensuously.

Wine was ordered and the bottle breathed between them as the menu was perused.

The meal was a welcome treat to themselves after the months apart. Conversation flowed and an occasional hand on each other's arms kept unmentioned desires at the front of each of their minds.

His hand on her leg whilst waiting for the main course. Her changing her crossed knee on occasion, very aware of the jacket's high hemline and the tantalizing glimpse she was giving him of her thigh below.

It was during the Coq Au Vin that his hand, placed on the warm flesh at the top of her leg, crept beyond the hemline. All of a sudden, she became aware of his little finger stroking the front of her panties caressing the bulging slit between her legs and the moist area in the vee.

Her body shuddered appreciatively and her legs parted almost instinctively. She had been getting progressively more and more damp - her body betraying the need she bad, the lust she was feeling.

She took her last mouthful of chicken and placed the cutlery together at the side of the pushed back plate.

A shared look of desire and then her hands reached for her jacket buttons.

One by one they popped open and all too soon the two sides of her coat were apart.

Aware of her posture, she sat back in the seat and pulled her shoulders back.

There was no resisting.

No mortal man could.

A distant jukebox sprang into life and Stevie Nicks was suddenly accompanying their moment.

Feeling exuberant and more alive than at any previous point in her life, Helen glanced down at her unbuttoned jacket with the clear view of her cleavage and belly to her bare thighs, unshielded by any skirt or dress and a mischievous and knowing smile curled her rouged lips once more.

She had earlier decided on nothing beneath the jacket, hoping it would make a nice, tasty and unexpected desert for him after the meal. To her own ends, it was time to make good on her fantasies - to explore her own limits. It really was now or never.

At a cough from a neighbouring table and suddenly aware of her surroundings, she gave a quick glance around the ornate, sculpted, Tudor wooden pillars at the entrance to the booth, to make sure she wasn't being watched by anyone else. The second chorus of 'Edge of Seventeen' added perfectly to the mood.

Already his hand was at her face, cupping her cheek and pulling her into a long overdue kiss.

No resistance on her part. She responded hungrily and their breath mingled heatedly; her eyelids fluttering closed momentarily - caught in the heady delight of the romantic interlude. A searching tongue; both soft and slightly harder kisses. Momentary abandonment and submission to their entwined arms.

After a few moments the kiss broke apart leaving a thin trail of saliva hanging between them for a second. Her breathing heavy; her chest heaving; her pussy almost uncomfortably moist and now leaking quite copiously into the thin gusset of her panties.

Talking of which, his hand was at their elastic; another kiss to her lips; a grin of his own on his lips.

Her mind made up and after a last quick look around the room to make sure that they weren't being observed, she lifted her bottom imperceptibly from the seat. She used both hands to pull the panties swiftly down her thighs, past her knees and allowed them to drop to the floor where they immediately entangled in her five inch heels.

Intuitively, his hand was there to guide them off completely and save her blushes from a noticeable predicament; balling them quickly into one of his large palms.

Remembering to sit up straight again, aware it thrust her breasts out and showed off her new figure, his face was again millimetres from hers - and once more they were twisting to face each other, kissing; both incredibly lost in the moment.

Her hand was at his thigh, a couple of her fingers searching and finding his expanding flesh through the denim of his dark jeans. His hand first at her naked waist, then taking turns between stroking and cupping a breast, and searching the wetness between her legs.

She moaned and settled back against the seat back rest. She allowed her senses to fill completely by his whim, her coat falling further open, aware that it was only his body offering any screening against inquisitive eyes but trusting him completely.

Their passionate interlude was over all too quickly as the waitress telegraphed her imminent arrival by briefly pausing at another table to collect menus obviously for their perusal.

It gave him time to rewrap her jacket across her chest and a quick check on her decorum before he returned sitting square in the seat and to face the smiling girl as she stepped around the pillars into the booth.

A dessert with two spoons arrived surprisingly swiftly, punctuated with the departure of another two couples, leaving the restaurant room somewhat empty. Another glass of wine each meant that the bottle was running on empty, her glass betraying the quantity consumed and the colour of her lipstick with countless lip marks.

The obviously senior bar staff engaged themselves in a discussion at the far end of the room and the table waitress busied herself cleaning up the recently vacated tables.

Helen looked at him, her long handled spoon touched to the tip of her exposed tongue, lips parted in a come-hither expression that left no misunderstanding as to what she needed. A pronounced lingering sideways stare at his crotch compounded the expectation by implication. Her one breast was exposed by a carelessly drooping right lapel and an indecent amount of thigh still remained visible.

His hand at his fly was swiftly followed by her hand delving into it's revealed depths to extract his manhood - which started to unfurl itself gently in the draft beneath the table. Desperately trying to stay gentle and sensitive, keeping her haste to minimum, she started to stroke the temporarily short length with the back of two fingers, the angle awkward.

His happy sigh was encouragement enough for her to duck her head forward and down and take the bulbous, exposed head into her mouth with drooling lips.

His comforting and supportive hand on her head told her she was doing the right thing. He stayed seated upright. He would look out for dismayed spectators. She had a mission.

Pursing her lips, she created the required encircled contact and sucked it gently as though a child sucking a lollipop. She was immediately rewarded with the feeling of his flesh hardening against her tongue, the girth filling her mouth, the knob head gradually reaching the back of her mouth.

Passably aware of her own body, she felt her nipples harden and was sure that the position she was in, meant that her breasts were swinging slightly and had been almost totally exposed by her opening jacket.

At full stretch now, it filled her mouth. She kept her breathing steady as she kept complete contact with her lips, the suck consistent as she slowly lifted her head fractionally from his lap. Just the head was in her hot moist mouth now, her eyes angled up to join with his, her tongue probing his tiny eye.

Pushing back down firmly, the length disappeared back into her mouth and she was rewarded with his hand gripping across her back and it becoming even harder as a result. She aimed it straight along her tongue, feeling it almost prodding at her tonsils. She held the base of his cock to keep it steady and true.

Happy at that result...

She repeated the action.

And again.

And again.

A lick, a wank, another long suck.

He stiffened in his seat as well as in her mouth, soft moans of appreciation escaping his mouth. Her own pussy swelled with it's appreciation.

He was obviously still conscious of their surroundings, still in protective mode considering her state of dress, but also thoroughly enjoying the decadent, erotic experience from his barely clad and willing date. It was doubtful he would relax enough to create more than precum in her mouth but this visual, sexual and emotional experience - he would remember for the rest of his life.

A swift urgent tap far too soon on her back indicated that it was time to cease.

She sat back in her seat once more and adjusted her clothing, picking a fleck of mixed fluids from the corner of her lips, an amused smile on her face as she watched him hurriedly squashing his erection back into his trousers. Between her legs was completely soaked. She prayed that there wasn't a pool of her own arousal soaking into the seat. Her other hand stroked over her belly beneath the jacket and her forefinger found and flicked her own centre of pleasure.

Not a moment too soon.

They smiled their assent to the staff.

It was late, the restaurant needed to finalise their transactions and to clean their booth.

She rebuttoned her jacket, smoothed it down and to all intents and purposes she was the model of sophistication as, hand in hand, they exited the room to step out into the late evening stillness. The only sound - the clicking of her heels first on the hardwood floor and then concrete front steps. No one would believe that beneath the veneer of decency she was cock hungry, completely naked and the wettest she had ever been in her life.

They stood in the outerdoorway and facing each other, he took her head in his hands for the longest kiss in the world.

The pair of large ornate doors closed. A click in the lock behind them; neither of them were going to be used again for the moment. The dark shadow of the landlord visibly retreated away behind the opaque glass. Darkness within.

A glance around the carpark confirmed that apart from a staff car parked a fair distance away and their own, much closer one, that they were alone. The glow from a small exterior lantern style lamp was the only light source.

No hesitation.

No preamble.

No permission requested.

Turning her roughly on the spot he pushed her onto the almost waist high railing beside the steps. She felt his hands on her ass, opening her cheeks and then a stiffened finger or two probing at her sopping wet pussy. His hands were caressing; massaging; kneading her flesh. Abrasive followed by sensitive followed by loving, followed by intrusive. She grunted submissively - no thought to dissuade him; she was thinking entirely with the soft flesh between her legs.

With little choice, she opened her thighs more to accommodate his strong large hand. Grasping the top rail for support, really feeling the delicious precarious tottering predicament of stilleto heels, her balance was totally at his mercy.

Felt another gush of excitement leave her lower lips and obviously coat his intruding hand as the knuckles were now opening her wider and wider; making her feel full. Opening her grip on the rail wider, she leant further over the bar and felt her jacket ride a little further up her back.

He stepped back leaving her totally naked now from her ass down, her legs apart and the entire slit from clit to asshole open for all to see. It made her feel slutty. Wanton. Shameless.

Heard him fumbling at his fly.

Heard his excited breath.

Heard the nightlife in the stillness.

Felt the almost palpable eroticism.

And then he was in.

Thrusting. Fucking. Moving.

Filling. Slamming. Grunting.

Her kegel exercises were paying off. He felt huge as he forced his way in and out. Her pelvic floor clenched his irrefutable power. The slap, slap, slap of thigh on thigh. The mawling of his hands at first her thighs, then up under her jacket at her breasts.

It seemed only moments before the emotions of the evening caught up with her. Having spent most of the evening at the risk of being caught naked, completely surrendered to his whims and whiles, having given a blow job in the most public place, tottering around in spike heels and now being fucked in the open air on the steps outside a pub...

It was all too much. Her orgasm built to a crescendo and broke like a wave of ecstasy that seemed to last forever -

Pussy clenching again, it was almost a split second before he joined her; his fluids flooding her inner depths and his hard flesh pulsing rhythmically.

A moment spooned together and then he broke away leaving her gasping and her pussy gaping. She sagged slightly onto the rail, legs buckling a little after the previous exersions, her ass reddened from the repeated body contact, and her lower lips swollen with her arousal.

She felt herself turned around. He was guiding her to perch on the rail, his hand between her legs to keep them apart; both her hands gripping the cold steel tightly for purchase. His mouth on hers, she surrendered to his urgent kiss.

Felt his other hand unbuttoning her jacket.

Felt that the experience was not over.

Felt on top of the world - the only two people left and she was his for the taking.

Her breathing intensified as the lapels were wrenched wide, her breasts were exposed once more and the jacket fell back from her shoulders leaving her torso as naked as her legs. All her flesh on display.

His fingers worked their way once again into her sopping hole, centering briefly on her clit to increase her heart rate and then tugging on her labia...

And then those fingers were in her mouth. He had liberally coated them with the mingled fluids of their love making and was now feeding them to her. She suckled greedily until they were cleaned. Then, stroking down her body briefly pausing to sharply pinch her nipples, he went for more - a second helping - another cup of sexual ejaculate.

Again, her clitoris was on fire. Her senses full of sex. The smell. The taste. The feeling. His smiling face, blue eyes and inch from her, the sound of her disgorging pussy as once again; the rub on her clit took her another notch towards a second release.

Another handful of spunk was fed to her eager lips, her tongue instinctively searching for every last morsel. Her eyes closed and her head rolled back as his fingers were once again stimulating her.

It was approaching.

Oh my God.

It was too much.

Desperately trying not to wail too loudly, but failing miserably, her body crashed over to orgasm.

Oblivious to the world.

Oblivious to him.

Oblivious to everything.

...

How long had she been sitting there?

As her eyes gained focus, she saw him comfortably seated on the opposite rail, grinning at her. He looked sanguine. Dressed and at ease. She looked down at her naked body - naked save the black stilettos and the fact she was sat on the edge of a jacket that had fallen away behind her. Goodness knows what the state of that would be when she pulled it back over her.

A streak of spunk had dried on her inner thigh, and a dark spray of her squirt coated the concrete floor tiles around her. Her lower face and jaw felt crusty and her nipples felt painfully hard. Smacking her lips, she tried to restore feeling...

And then thought about restoring her dignity.

It soon transpired that her jacket had fallen back and dragged itself in a rain water puddle. Not spoilt but too damp to slip back on, it had lost its shape. The debate she was having with herself was solved when he whisked it away from her, folded it and looped it over his arm.

Gentlemanly as always, he held out a steadying hand for her to take and guided her tentative progress down the steps and across the tarmac to the car.

Unnecessary flicking her surprisingly undisturbed hair back and gripping his arm, she sashayed alongside, listening to the delicious click of her heels in the quietness of the night.

Naked in heels in public.

Confidence exuding every pore. Confidence that she so rarely felt.

Confidence to show off her improving figure; her voluptuous breasts, her rounded womanly thighs and ass.

Naked as the day she had been born, but feeling a million dollars.

He helped her into the car.

This time she opened her legs teasingly and was rewarded with a glint of lust at her swollen and red labia in his eyes as he closed the door for her, the interior light illuminating her chest, face and the pale crusty white recent additions around her lower jaw and neck.

As he rounded the bonnet to the driver's side, a moment of panic rocked her. It was over. He was spent. She smelt like teenager's bedroom. It was time for home.

As sore as her pussy was feeling right now, as open as she was, there was the crushing reality that it was home to bed and the sexual escapade was over.

On second thoughts, maybe it was the moment to curl up in bed together, time for sleep and recuperation. On second thoughts, too much of a good thing could be a bad thing. On second thoughts, maybe it was the moment to rest her pussy for another night. On second thoughts, maybe she didn't have another one in her.

Resting her head on his left shoulder, both hands holding his one hand tucked in between her legs cupping her mound, she dreamily let the late night radio station play love songs as a background accompaniment to the post coital pleasure she was feeling.

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The journey from the car to the house was very daring. Though late, she felt as though the eyes of the world were on her as she climbed out of the vehicle and clacked her way up the drive. Of course she wasn't allowed her jacket; she didn't expect to be. She did notice him position his body in relation to hers strategically, and was grateful for that consideration. Grateful when the key was quickly found and the comfort, security and safety of home attained.

She had prepared the bed many hours previously, and after a good facial scrub, she climbed in, faced away, tucked her ass backwards into his groin, and rested her head on his outstretched arm.

Feeling a protective arm encircling her and resting on her breast, hearing his breathing slow to a quiet rasp, it didn't take long to join him in deep contented sleep.

Epilogue

The following weeks and months were a time of enlightenment for Helen. A budgoning realisation and confidence that came and built upwards from that one positive evening experience. A redoubling of efforts to lose remaining excess weight, to increase body tone, to wear clothes that showed off her figure rather than hide it. A transformative time that was having remarkable benefits. A chrysalis of her outlook on life. A regenerative time that gave her a stronger tone to her voice, a more assertive nature and sturdier resolve during times of confrontation.

Trips to the supermarket saw her in the stilleto heels that accentuated her legs and firmed her muscles; that made her stand tall and proud; that kept her posture up. Saw her wearing tighter tops that showed some cleavage or crop tops that alluded to the pleasures beneath. Saw her in jeans or skirts that showed her legs. Clothes that made her a focus of a room rather than hide her within it.

Encouragement came from the double-takes from random men she passed. She was being 'checked out' and her inner voice giggled with glee, craving the next such fix. It gave her a provocative wiggle in her walk and body confidence to do so became the norm.

It gave her a smile.

It have her confidence.

It gave her a reason to continue.

On colder days, with the memory of that night still fresh in her memory, at the very front of her mind, and with the need to wear a longer or thicker coat, she found it often negated the need for undergarments or a blouse. It made her feel naughty; made her exude a sassy air.

On these occasions, it became a matter of course to send him a cheeky selfie from a public place or supermarket, her coat opened to tease him. Leaning against the biscuits, no one around and an opportunity to show off her own nibbles. Bending over a chest freezer, her own chest swinging for the picture. Squatting down for a bottom shelf item, phone ready on the floor, her own expanded for delectation.

It became a game. A prick tease. A way to feel close to him and put her at the front of his mind, no matter what he was doing at the time. Knowledge that he was expending his own fluids thinking of her, perhaps leaking as much as she was at the precise moment she shared the image, the taste of his cum still etched on her buds.

The quantity of squirt she was producing each night from just the memory of the eroticism of 'that meal' meant she had to develop a robust plan for its collection. There was no way her washing regime could keep up otherwise. Despite original concerns, she found a wide lipped glass was the simplest and the most appropriate method.

With each subsequent day's erotic events playing repeatedly in her mind's eye; the quantity she produced was nearly always extremely copious.

Kept by the bed and tucked between her legs whenever she climbed in for the evening, it became a necessity to save sleeping in a pool each night. A matter of course.

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So when the next event was planned and his surprise phone call shared the premise with her, she was ready. She was prepared. She could barely wait. Her pussy leaked immediately at even the thought of the intended day. Thank goodness she had systems in place.

This was going to be a good one!