**Helen's**

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**Helen's Meal**

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!

**Helen's Day**

**Chapter 2**

The next outing was not to be an evening. It was to be during a day. A morning in fact. She was under instruction to be ready for picking up and was currently preparing herself.

Sat at the mirror naked, she applied her makeup and wondered about the forthcoming events. She had been told to not bother with a bra but to wear proper knickers, nothing lacey. Strange in itself. She couldn't remember the last time he had said that. Usually the opposite. Usually, to wear as short as she possessed, and don't bother with underwear.

A skirt was expected today, one that ended above the knee, a blouse and of course her stilettos. They were a staple every time. She was so used to them now, she felt undressed without them on. Her movement on them almost balletic. The Bambi like movements a distant memory.

She looked over her shoulder at the floor inside the doorway and wondered which pair would go well with the skirt she had chosen. She had recently lost a couple more pounds and was eager to show off the effort she had been putting in.

She finished the final touches and got to her feet. Twisting herself back and forth in the mirror, she had some admiration for what she saw. It had been a long road, but ultimately worth it when the image presented was looking more toned than ever. The fitness regime was paying off in spades.

Slipping her clothes on, she fitted her feet into a dark blue pair of heels, a quick squirt of perfume at her neck and she was ready.

Not a moment too soon either, as the doorbell started to ring. She made her way down the stairs and smiled as she opened the door to allow his entry.

The usual passionate kiss. Her arms around his neck, his at her waist. Their lips locked together. Devouring. Hungry.

Breaking apart, he patted her bottom before reaching for her jacket and helping her into it.

One last check and they were out of the house and climbing into the car.

She lay back in the seat contentedly. No idea where she was going but then, she didn't care. He had organised something for her and she loved surprises. It was too early in the day for a meal, or the cinema. They were heading for town. Open to his every whim as ever, she was along for the ride.

After parking up, they left the vehicle and leisurely wandered about the shops stopping on occasion to look through the windows or poke through a place full of curios. Until they came to the focus of the excursion. It was a tattoo parlour. It didn't seem a seedy one. It wasn't down a dark alley. Bright and attractive, it looked a welcoming and professional place.

A large fronted building, the artwork behind the large pieces of glass looked fascinating and detailed. The variety of example work was almost too much to take in. He steered her to the door. Was she about to have a tattoo? It didn't occur to her to object. Since she had started to say yes to everything, she had had more fun in her life than at anytime previous. He wouldn't jeopardise her well being - she was sure of that.

It was soon evident that that was not the case; it was not going to be a tattoo. The young girl on the desk was asked about piercings and they were both shown into an adjoining little room. Again, holding his hand, she was more intrigued with the art displays than with what he had planned for her. She lingered momentarily at the doorway, fascinated with a board full of rings and barbells. Bending slightly to look at the bottom row of jewellery, her eyes widened. Some looked very fun indeed.

The girl looked in her early twenties. Tattooed herself, she had both a nose and a lip ring. Hair drawn back in a no-nonsense manner and dressed in a gothic style. Her manner was professional too. This was a job for her.

Helen looked at her and was rewarded with an instruction to lie on the table.

Following orders, lying there she looked up at her blue-eyed man expectantly and melted a little at his returned smile. He then pulled up her skirt and indicated that she removed her knickers.

Again, it didn't occur to her to object. The tattooist seemed almost ready for whatever she was about to do and had turned to find a pair of rubber gloves from a box under a small shelving unit. Lifting her bottom from the bed and using both hands, Helen slid her knickers down her thighs, to her feet. He helpfully extricated them from her heels, and balled them into his pocket. He slipped her heels from her feet and placed them on the floor.

The tattoo girl was now smiling down at her. Rubbery hands guided her to lift her feet up the table and drop her legs open. Her skirt bunched over her belly and her pussy gaped in the room's harsh white strip light for all to see. She felt her lower lips gape slightly under the circumstances.

His face at hers now. A kiss. A comforting face stroke. Her hand held in his. Their eyes on each other.

Still with no idea what was happening to her, it was a surprise when she felt her labia being pulled. It was obviously a girl down there for she was gentle and considerate. A knowledge of female genitalia and it's limitations. Her flesh seemed teased and eased not twisted or mawled. Her heart rate was calm and she smiled up at him.

A brief sharp prick between her legs.

As her immediate grimace to the unexpected pinch diminished, there was a second. A look of consternation crossed her face and her querying look was comforted by the brief shake of his head and the hush of his voice. It calmed her; trusting him completely.

She wanted to look at what the girl was doing, but that was impractical. Her skirt remained bunched and a barrier to the view. Lowering her eyes from his face, she could see her bending over with both hands at her thighs.

She felt her flesh moving. An unaware knuckle had rubbed her clit. The panic Helen felt was more from a desire not to get turned on. Not to start to leak. As soon as she started thinking about it, it had the opposite effect, felt the moistness collecting.

A quick pull on both labia and tattoo girl had straightened up and started to pull off her gloves. That had been incredibly quick. Her blue-eyed man shot her a smile and then all of a sudden they were alone in the room.

Broadly smiling, he assisted her rising from the lying position and turning to sit on the side of the couch. Her pussy felt different. Swollen somehow. She pulled the skirt into the tummy and leant forward to see what tattoo girl had done to her.

Sitting, glinting in the bright light, were two shiney rings, almost clinking together; one in each of her labia directly opposite each other. She reached down to adjust the private folds between her thighs and took in the size and locations of two neat holes. A surprise grin crept across her face as she tenderly touched herself and marvelled at the simplicity and speed of the whole thing. She opened herself up and smiled at the bling effect on herself. When they were healed, she would be able to wear far fancier jewellery there, but for the moment, simple rings were enough.

Taking her knickers from him, she pulled them up carefully and eased her skirt back into place, before they left the room to return to the main shop.

No sex for a week she was told; swift healing would happen because of it's location but she must keep it clean. That took her a moment to get her head around but there would be no option except to cope. No doubt he knew that this would be the case and obviously had planned a contingency.

They left the shop and meandered their way back through the streets to pause this time at a relatively quiet coffee shop.

It was nice to stop. Though neither of them had felt rushed that morning, the day had felt relaxed; unhurried, it felt right to stop and watch out through the window as the busy crowds bustled about.

Seated with their drinks, their coats thrown over the chairs, she felt the fascination and thrill of having the new additions to her body and couldn't help but discretely run her fingers up her thighs to tuck them into her gusset. He smiled at her but warned her about keeping it clean for the moment.

Aware that they were both quite turned on at the excitement of the morning, she extricated her hand from her own crotch, and snaked it onto his lap beneath the table. Rubbing a growing bulge between his legs, she felt as excited as he obviously was: This was a building problem that needed resolution.

Looking around, they spotted a bank of toilets on the inside wall of the coffee shop, including a wider disabled door.

Unspoken decisions made, she left the table and accessed the room, followed by him a few moments later. A gentle tap on the door had her open it and then close it behind him.

She knelt down on the floor at his feet submissively in a very practiced position. Her legs were apart, she sat on her heels her back straight, her chest thrust foward proudly and her hands facing upwards on her knees. She watched as he lowered his trousers and sighed appreciatively when his cock bounced up from between his legs at her head height.

Leaving her hands resting palm upwards on her knees, she moved her face forward to watch him closely knead it up and down a few times to get it accustomed to it's temporary freedom, before finishing the movement, ducking her mouth over his head and taking it deep to the back of her throat.

A welcoming groan of pleasure left his lips and she felt it touch her tonsils. Slobbering slightly but keeping the suction, she bobbed her head back and then back down again.

She was incredibly wet between her legs but didn't dare take matters there into her own hands following the instructions about keeping it clean for the moment.

Instead, this was all about his pleasure, and it most definitely was pleasing him. His cock felt rock hard in her mouth, the veins on her lips, the precum liberally coating the inside of her mouth.

His hands were on her head, holding her, manipulating her, using her mouth. Fucking it. Watching her in the mirror on the wall behind her, her heels staying still as her body moved willingly.

All too soon, she felt and heard the familiar sensations of his imminent ejaculation. Unable to help himself, he pulled his cock from her mouth and took hold of it himself.

Hissing at her to keep her mouth open, he pumped his shaft a few more strokes before it was all too much. A bead of cum shot from his little eye and hit her squarely in the mouth. This was followed by another couple of spurts, most of which went to the same location, one landing on her upper cheek.

Her hand instinctively went to wipe it, but his own restraining hand stopped her. She dropped it back down to her thighs and resumed her meek position, the gusset of her knickers a hair's breadth from the floor, her legs still.

He continued to wank the last few drops into her mouth and returned himself to it's home below his fly and with a broad smile watched as she gratefully swallowed the helping and licked her lips in satisfaction.

Still very aware of a large drop of spunk sitting resolutely on her cheek, she allowed him to help her to her feet, and giggling like a school girl, she followed him out of the toilet and back to their coats in the cafe, wondering if it would be noticed by anyone.

They returned back to their chairs to continue the coffees, sharing a giggle as he felt the need to adjust himself discretely to make sure his tackle rested, supported properly whilst she took a compact mirror from her handbag to see the effect of the drying sperm on her cheek.

Still quite obvious, it looked very white against the makeup on her skin. She resisted touching it, though it was slowly turning to liquid and feeling like a stray dribble running towards her mouth.

He reached forward and scooped it up off her face with his index finger, then looked her in the face at her expression as he wiped it on the edge of her coffee cup. Pausing a moment, he brushed her cheek clean and leaned in for a thank you kiss. She responded with clear relish and some urgency, very turned on and almost bubbling over with desire.

As he raised his own cup, so did she, squaring her mouth over the spunky smear. Closing her eyes in mock pleasure, she drained the cup and looked into his eyes as she licked it's rim, happy at his obvious delight. She had had a good mouthful earlier courtesy of his aim and was actually quite used to the taste anyway. Relished it in fact. She licked her lips as though having tasted a delicacy.

Deciding to leave the quaint lacey-dollied cafe, they laughingly got to their feet and collected their belongings. She discretely cupped her lower lips beneath her skirt to feel the firm edges of the recent additions beneath the thin material and then traced an exploratory finger along her slit, aching to feel the new rings in her fingers as well as rubbing against her clit.

Pulling her arm away jokingly, he guided her from the room. She followed his lead, huffing in mock annoyance.

They continued their sojourn through the town attractions. Stopping in the local well-known sex shop franchise was half an hour of fun. A look through the rack of outfits, she wondered if she could do them justice. He didn't seem keen on them though. She thought she might need to be anorexic to get them on.

The fluffy handcuffs looked fun, but he told her that a zip tie was far more effective if she needed restraining. They looked a little plastic.

The range of sex toys looked exciting. She hefted a few models in her hands - marvelled at the range. She was used to him controlling her orgasms though but the remote controlled egg looked fun. They checked the box to see the maximum range of control and laughed together.

There was a decent sized lingerie section, but he told her he preferred her naked. She didn't disagree. As her resolve for exercises had developed, so had her body confidence. It was nice he appreciated her efforts. Nice he preferred her in all her glory.

As they were leaving he asked her to wait at the doorway for a moment, and popped back into the store. For a future time, he told her on his reappearance clutching a small bag, but not what he had bought. She didn't press him. It would be fun to find out at that time.

They visited a couple more stores before walking around the local park, hand in hand. The exercise was good. Gentle. Stimulating. She found that the more she moved, the less aware she was of the effect that the piercings had on her pussy. She was actually a little disappointed. It had started as a pleasureable dull ache, drawing and keeping her attention on her own sex, giving her a glow of excitement, of naughty self awareness, a personal secret that only she (and her man) were privvy to. But as time moved on, that ache had diminished, lessened by the sheer ability of the human body to cope and heal.

He told her not to worry - when they were healed, he had plans for them. Many plans!His raised eyebrows were slightly comical. It made her giggle girlishly.

She so desperately wanted to touch herself right at that moment, to stroke her flesh, to scratch that itch, to feel that flood of arousal down her leg. He had had his pleasure, and she was feeling bratty. She wanted - needed that pleasure.

Knew she shouldn't.

Knew that she had to keep it clean.

For the rest of the day at least.

After stopping to watch the ducks, they continued on and found a deserted bench on the park outskirts. After another passionate kiss, his hands on her breasts this time, she was begging for her pussy to be touched. Her earlier resolve ebbing and fading to nothing. She was feeling desperate.

Pleaded.

Beseeched.

Implored.

At his shaking head, a sudden idea took her. Rising from the bench and standing before him, she squatted down on her heels, her back as straight as possible, and placed the backs of her hands onto her knees. A classic submissive pose. She had seen it somewhere.

An act of supplication.

One she was positive he could not resist.

One that would get what she wanted.

One that offered her complete obedience.

An opened eye from the tall man. Was he impressed? Was he going to relent.

She crossed her hands across her chest.

Of course that did the trick.

He was left without an option.

She looked too damn cute.

Of course he consented.

For the second time that morning, she found herself pulling her knickers to her feet, sitting back on the bench and opening her knees up wide to her chest without a care for who else could possibly see her. She needed that itch scratched.

Both of their hands were then on her thighs, stroking the length of her legs, still extended beautifully by the stilleto heels which pointed her feet alluringly. She started deep breathing at the excitement of having her lower lips open for inspection in public; bejewelled, on display. Blatant engorged and horny. Her lips had parted wide. The rings now very obvious and their weight helping her openness. The original slight swelling caused by the piercing had already started to recede.

Her pussy looked like erotic art.

A quick glance around the immediate vicinity. There was no one around, not that she cared. The emotions of the day were still running high. She could still taste spunk in her mouth and smell it on her top lip where it must have splashed. It was her time for a moment of pleasure.

She briefly wondered what he had planned for her piercings. His earlier comedic raised eyebrows betrayed a crafty and calculating brain that always had something in store. She wasn't about to ask. At this juncture, it was always more fun to experience new things fresh and unbiased. No preconceived notions to spoil or hinder.

She was anxious to touch the rings, to rotate them, to polish them. He dipped his face close to them and she could almost feel his breath stimulating her clit. He didn't touch but smiled as he admired their size and locations; pleasure on his face.

The problem was, as ever, her inability to orgasm without an explosion of squirt to accompany it every single time. She was a leaker and the concern was for the freshly made punctures in her outer lips.

He had an idea.

At his instruction, taking hold of her lips, one in each hand, careful not to catch the fresh wounds, she opened them wide. She pulled on her flesh hard to extend her pussy to an opening that luridly displayed her inner folds. It put her clit front and foremost. Opened her private place like a blooming rose.

Her nipples felt on fire too. The public nature of the moment. The complete focus on her own body. The total exposure of her body. Harder than they had been for some time. So pointed, they threatened the integrity of her blouse.

Unaware and uncaring of any passing spectator, she pulled her knees even higher to her chest and pulled the lips as wide as possible, resting her head on his close shoulder as she felt his intruding finger cautiously on her clit.

She needed to cum.

He was cautious to stimulate only the clit and then push deep into her middle well. Slowly he stimulated. Rubbing and sinking deep inside.

Repeatedly.

Intrusively.

Forcibly.

The eroticism of the day proved too much for her. It didn't take long for the feelings to explode and her head to swim with the powerful crescendo that occurred all too quickly. A stream of squirt poured from her in a steady stream that hosed the slabs around the bench and almost reaching the grass beyond. A powerful stream that splashed and coated his hand too.

Eyes fluttering open, she smiled into his happy face as he offered his soaking wet fingers to her mouth and she suckled them greedily cleaning them of all drips.

Glancing around for confirmation of their being alone; a quick mop up using a fresh paper hanky and she could lower her feet to the floor. He helped her sit up straight.

A quick restoration of her public comforts: feet now back on the floor, skirt pulled back down, her jacket tugged back to cover her prominent nipples. Knickers reluctantly retrieved and pulled up to protect herself.

She was getting so used to being without underwear while in his presence, it almost felt awkward to put them on. Privately convinced she had no need for them but following his instructions without argument, she smoothed the gusset over her lower adornments.

The dull ache of excitement back between her legs, her sex the focus of her attention, they once more took to their feet to continue back to the car.