Movie Date

by KarennaCÂ©

"So we're on for the movies tomorrow night?" Tori asked.

"We're on," Marc replied. "I'll pick you up at six thirty. Make sure you wear a

skirt and no panties."

"Why?"

"You know why." Marc lowered his voice to a sensual growl. "What have we talked

about? What am I going to do to you in that movie theater?"

"You're really going to do it?" Tori squirmed in her seat. Marc had given her

vivid descriptions during their recent phone calls of what he would do if he got

her alone in the back row of a movie theater. The ideas had been exciting, hot

enough to give Tori fuel for her masturbation fantasies for days. But she'd

thought Marc had just been talking, his version of phone sex. She hadn't thought

he really intended to try it.

"We're really going to do it," Marc corrected. "Not just me. So make sure you

wear a skirt tomorrow, something short and not too tight. Otherwise, we won't

go."

"I'll do my best," Tori said.

"Make sure you do."

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The next night, Tori came home from work and changed into a plain white blouse

and a flowered cotton skirt that hit her mid-thigh. She was ready to leave well

before six thirty, which was good because Mark hated to be kept waiting. But

being ready so early gave her time to get nervous about what might happen at the

movie. And to build her anticipation of it.

Mark pulled up in front of the apartment building at exactly six thirty. Tori,

who had been watching for him through the window, hurried out to meet him. She

settled into the passenger seat of his car, and he leaned over and gave her a

peck on the lips. "Very sexy," he said. "The skirt is perfect."

"Glad you like it." Tori tried to kiss him again, but Marc turned away. "What's

wrong?"

"Nothing," Marc replied. "We don't want to get too turned on before we get to

the movie. The fun wouldn't last as long." He patted her thigh. "Just think

about everything we've talked about. That will turn you on enough. We'll be

there in a few minutes." He pulled away from the curb.

Tori closed her eyes and pictured herself and Marc in the back row of the

theater, his hand under her skirt, touching her... She sighed. "Good thoughts?"

Marc asked.

"Very good."

Tori slipped her hand between her legs, but Marc reached over and grabbed her

wrist. "No fair starting without me."

"Then you shouldn't have told me what you're planning," Tori said.

"Maybe I should have tied your wrists behind your back before you got into the

car," Marc said.

"You wouldn't do that."

"Don't tempt me. Keep your hands still, sweetie. I'm the only one who's going to

touch you tonight."

Tori's pussy was wet; she badly wanted to touch herself. But she kept her hands

in her lap as Marc had instructed for the few minutes it took to drive to the

movies.

Since it was a weeknight, the cinema wasn't crowded, to Tori's relief. Letting

Marc touch her and maybe even fuck her in a public place would be nerve-wracking

enough without the threat of being seen by a lot of people.

Marc bought their tickets and a soda for each of them, and they went into the

theater. They sat in the back row, as far from the door as they could get. Tori

appreciated this concession to her comfort; when she and Marc had discussed

this, he'd teased her by threatening to make her sit where they would be visible

to anyone entering or leaving.

Until the lights dimmed, they simply sat holding hands. As the time approached

for the movie to start, Tori's heart beat faster. Was Marc really going to go

through with this? Would she really let him?

Finally the lights went out. In the dim light from the screen, Tori could barely

see the people in the rows ahead of them. That gave her a bit more confidence;

if she couldn't see them, they probably wouldn't be able to see whatever she and

Marc did.

A few minutes went by and Marc did nothing. Tori began to relax; maybe he hadn't

been serious. For nearly half the movie, they just sat hand in hand. But then

she felt his hand on her thigh, and she tensed. "It's okay," he whispered. "Just

remember, whatever I do, keep quiet."

Tori nodded and tried to relax again as his hand slid up her thigh. She looked

at the people ahead of them, but everyone seemed to be focused on the movie.

Through her skirt, he pressed his fingers against her pussy. Tori hissed in a

breath. Her clit was ready for some attention, but the rest of her was scared.

She'd never done anything like this; her sex life had been blander than vanilla

until the past few months. She trusted Marc; he hadn't asked her yet to do

anything she didn't want to do, and she knew if she asked him to stop this, he

would stop. But she wanted him to continue; she wanted to find out what would

happen.

He took his hand away, which both relieved and disappointed Tori. Then she felt

his hand on her knee. He moved it up her leg slowly, pushing her skirt with it.

Part of Tori's mind screamed for him to stop; in a moment her pussy would be

exposed to anyone who might look. But no one was looking; no one could see. She

took a deep breath and kept her mouth shut as one of Marc's fingers found her

clit.

As Marc lightly stroked her clit, it became harder for Tori to stay quiet. A few

soft whimpers escaped her, but they weren't audible over the noise of the movie.

"Slide down a little," Marc whispered.

Tori did, and Marc thrust two fingers inside her. To keep from crying out, Tori

had to push her fist against her mouth. For a few seconds, Marc thrust his

fingers in and out of her, then he pressed against her clit again. That was all

it took to bring Tori over the edge; she fought back a shout as she came.

Marc withdrew his hand. Tori heard the whisper of his zipper just before he took

her hand and brought it to his thick cock. She squeezed and stroked it; although

he made no sound, she heard his breathing get heavier. After a few moments, he

grasped her wrist and whispered, "Stop. Get on my lap."

"Here?"

"Yes, here. I want to feel your tight pussy around my cock. Get on my lap."

Hesitantly, Tori stood and held up her skirt. Facing the movie screen, she

carefully lowered herself, allowing Marc's hands on her hips to guide her down

onto his hard shaft. Still no one in the rows ahead noticed; no one knew what

they were doing back here. No one would know, as long as they were quiet. She

sighed as she settled down, his cock fully embedded inside her. God, he felt

good! Forcing herself to stay silent, Tori moved up and down on him until she

felt another orgasm build. "Don't stop," Marc whispered. "I can feel your pussy

clutching my cock. You dirty little slut, you love this, don't you?"

Tori nodded, and raised and lowered herself on Marc's cock. With his hands

encouraging her, she fucked him faster and harder, until she came so hard she

had to catch her breath. A moment later, she felt Marc tense as he came in total

silence.

He helped Tori lift herself off him, and she settled back into her seat, feeling

his cum between her legs. Marc put his arm around her and pulled her to him, and

for the remainder of the movie, they cuddled.

When the lights came up, Tori leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes.

"Tired?" Marc teased.

"Just a bit." She opened her eyes and looked at him. "I can't believe we just

did that!"

"I would think the moisture between your legs would help you believe." Marc

stood up and held out his hand to her. "Come on. Time to go."

Tori stood slowly and felt his cum trickle down her thighs. She smiled. "This

was fun. Much more exciting than I'd expected."

Marc grinned in return. "If you liked this, wait till you find out what I have

planned for our next date."