Overheard in a Restaurant

by MagicaPracticaÂ©

Nancy walked into the local diner for coffee and dessert, waved to the waitress

as she headed toward the back booth and passed several empty ones. It looked

like she might be in luck. She just might have the back booths to herself. A

girl's tinkling laughter sounded in front of her before Nancy got there though

so she slipped into the next to last booth. Oh well.

She took out her sudoku puzzle book and picked one to work on. She loved the

diner because even when it was filled with people, the high booth backs provided

a great deal of privacy; but the couple behind her apparently thought they were

more secluded than they were.

Nancy heard the young woman give a little choking cough.

"Are you okay?" a young man asked in a sweet, concerned voice.

"I'm fine," she replied. Nancy heard ice clink in a glass as if the woman had

picked it up to drink. "My throat's just a little sensitive today."

"Because of what we did last night?"

"No, I didn't deep-throat you. I just took you in as far as I comfortably could.

This is just normal because of my allergies."

"I do love it when you deep throat me though. I love everything you do to me."

Nancy colored. How disgusting! The things people talked about in public these

days. She should complain, or at least clear her throat so the couple knew they

were being overheard, but something made her hesitate.

"That was something last night, wasn't it?" The man spoke in a teasing voice.

Unbidden, a picture rose in Nancy's mind of his hand sliding over the woman's

knee and her breath caught in her throat.

"Well, it was our wedding night."

Nancy heard a little sucking, smacking noise and could picture the way the woman

had probably leaned in so her date could devour her mouth. She rolled her eyes.

Why didn't people just get a room? Nancy closed her book to get up to move.

"What are you doing?" the young man asked, he laughed but his voice sounded a

little shocked. The booth shook with a jarring motion as if the girl had bounced

on the seat and she giggled.

"Just a little wedding present for you. Go on, smell them then put them in your

pocket."

There was a pause then Nancy heard a low moan. She sat back down, riveted.

"Oh, mmm... you are such a tease, you know what the smell of your panties does

to me."

Nancy felt color burning up her face as she pictured red silky panties held to

the young man's face. What would it do to him? Nancy imagined there was some

swelling in his trousers. She scolded herself. She shouldn't be listening to

this! But, somehow, she couldn't seem to make herself get up and leave.

"What? You... we can't do that here!" The girl sounded like she was pretending

to be shocked but was pleased with whatever was going on. "What if we get

caught? Do you want to spend the rest of our honeymoon in jail?"

"Come on, you know you want me to. The booths are high, there's no one around us

and I know just how to touch you. It won't take long to make you come."

Nancy heard a little struggle and a giggle from the girl.

"Is that a challenge?"

"How about a bet?"

"What are the stakes?"

"If I can make you come in the next five minutes, you go down on me before we

leave this building."

Nancy's jaw dropped.

"And if I win?"

"What would you want?"

"Hmmm, tonight, you eat me out... after you come in me." The young man must have

made a face because the girl laughed again.

"You're on," he replied, bravely.

Nancy heard them kiss again and then quieter kisses as if he was kissing down

her neck. She couldn't believe what she was listening to.

The girl sighed and groaned a little.

"Do you like that?" The young man murmured.

Nancy had to strain to hear him.

"Do you like my fingers stroking your clit, massaging your beautiful cunt?"

"Mmmm, oh yeah, ooooh."

"Come on baby, you know you like to ride my fingers. Come all over my fingers so

I can lick it off for dessert."

Nancy picked up her Sudoku book quietly and fanned herself with it. Oh Lord!

The girl's breathing came more rapidly. "Oh... oh... unh. Oh God! Yes... please

baby, oh please."

"Please what?"

Nancy could just picture them, his hand stuck up the girls dress, his fingers in

her, perhaps his other hand groping her breast. His mouth would be nuzzling her

neck. She brushed her hand across her own neck.

"Oh... oh.... unh... oh." The girl's breathing slowed.

Nancy realized her own hips had been involuntarily grinding in her seat. Her

face was hot and she felt a little dazed. She could hear giggling and kissing in

the next booth.

"Four minutes and thirty seconds," the young man said.

Nancy heard the sound of a zipper. She bit her lip.

"And I'm definitely ready for you."

"Oooo, I'll say you are. Mmmm."

"Oh yeah, baby. Mmmm."

Little grunts and moans issued from the booth next to Nancy, then she thought

she heard the sound of humming and the table shook, knocking over something,

maybe the salt.

"Oh baby! Keep going. Yeah, oh yeah. Unh. Mmmm. God, you are so good!"

Nancy heard a slurping sound and groaning from the man.

"I'm coming baby, swallow it. Suck me dry. I know how you like cream. Oh...

unh."

After a minute, Nancy just heard heavy breathing and a couple sighs then the

sound of a zipper.

"Let's go get our bill and get out of here," the young man urged.

"I'm right behind you, baby."

Nancy heard them slide out of their booth then got a glimpse of their backsides

as they walked by. A young man in chinos and a Hawaiian shirt held the hand of a

young blond woman in an emerald green dress. They were still clearly unaware of

the fact that she had been privy to their whole torrid scene.

She sat back, breathing a little unsteadily. She couldn't believe what she'd

just heard but it had been so... so... she didn't even have the words to

describe it.

The waitress finally arrived with a cup and a pot of coffee. "Sorry I took so

long, little collision emergency in the kitchen."

"No problem. I think I'll have a cold drink tonight," Nancy said, waving her

usual coffee away. "Maybe something creamy. I'll have a root beer float."