Spicy in Mouth and Mind

by rocker\_wifeÂ©

I started shaving my pussy about a year ago. The first time I shaved I gave

myself razor rash so terribly that my white cotton Jockies looked like red

spotted bikini bottoms. They rubbed and rode and stuck as my wounds dried. It

was decidedly un-sexy, and I regretted it; but as I healed, I noticed that I

couldn't stop thinking about it. Everything felt different between my legs and

directly above them. I discovered the feel of my silky underwear sliding around

under my pants and my cotton underwear snugly gripping and holding my lips

together. But by far my greatest discovery was going out in a dress or skirt

without underwear. I did this mostly on short excursions, such as to the grocery

store or video store, and I was nearly obsessed with thinking about it. I would

plan scenarios and hatch elaborate plans. Mostly I fantasized about being out

with my husband and positioning my skirt so that he would notice. I imagined him

tenting his pants and blushing. In my mind it would be just wonderful. I adored

the idea of making him lose control.

I thought a restaurant would be the perfect place. I'm not sure if he thought it

was odd that I suddenly wanted to eat out all the time, but he went along with

my requests. I took great pains to prepare: a sexy dark dress with tight lines,

high backless heels, my hair in a loose bun with a few pieces cascading my neck,

and my underwear in my purse (just in case, I told myself).

The first time we ended up at Chevy's Mexican Restaurant -- not exactly my idea

of romantic -- I was determined to make the best of it. We sat on tall stool

chairs in the bar area and it was very crowded, a Friday night. The stool's seat

was wooden so that I could smash around on my lips through the thin material of

my dress when I sifted my hips from side to side. It felt amazing when I shifted

positions, crossing and uncrossing my legs. I wondered if my pleasure was

obvious. I tried to sit still and feel the look on my face. Reality check.

Nothing seemed out of place. I even managed to order a margarita, a Grande,

while making eye contact with the waiter.

After a few sips I straightened one of my legs, placing my foot close to the

floor and tipping my toes downward, swiveling at my ankle, enjoying the

sensation of my shoe slowly loosing its grip on my skin as gravity overtook it,

slipping it off. I sat completely passive enjoying the feeling of the control

gravity had on me, gently and familiarly snatching away what had been on my

body. It was so normal, so unnoticed, so sensual at this moment when I was

longing to be touched and acted upon. The wooden support of the stool felt

organic against my bare foot as I bent my knee and balanced the ball of my foot

against it, my weight flattening and pushing my sole against the roundness. I

lazily shifted my ankle, moving my foot from side to side, which slightly moved

my leg, which slightly shifted my position on the seat, which mashed my pussy

lips around as I drank my Grande, rubbing my fingers around the salt on the rim

and licking it off. I fantasized that my husband could read me.

I was getting wet on the material of my dress and I wondered if I would soak

through to the wood. My skirt was certainly sticking to me and blotting my

moistness. A flash of worry hit me about being noticed later, but I decided I

would dismiss it from my mind, and I did. I let myself focus on how good I felt,

and I picked up my bare foot, straightened my leg, and tried to subtly trace

against my husband's calf. I wanted him to know my secret, and I smiled. He

asked me what I was being so goofy about. "Me?" I replied innocently.

"You." he asserted across the table and smiled back.

"I have a little secret," I confessed. "And you have to guess."

"Wow -- I have no idea. I couldn't even imagine what you're thinking. I only

hope it's something that involves me."

"Of course it involves you, silly. It's a secret just for you to find, and it's

right in front of you."

"Oh, something new about you?" he speculated.

"Yep, something new about me!" I confirmed.

"And it's only for me to find? I like the sound of that. I have a feeling I'm

going to get lucky tonight when I find it." He then threw his hands back,

slicking his hair, which always made me smile.

My margarita gone, I was feeling flirty and very electric. My mind flashed on

making out with him over the table and I wished we were just home. I so badly

wanted to just throw myself at him, but I held myself back, feeling a delicious

ache pulse in my pussy hole, knowing I would have to wait, but eventually I

would be satisfied. I reasoned that the anticipation was part of the fun, and I

knew it was true.

I decided I would lean across the table and indicate I wanted to be kissed. He

went in for a peck and I surprised him completely. He drew his breath and parted

his lips, my tongue flicking his. It only took him a moment to react as I kissed

him as deeply. Our tongues mingled familiarly, and he laughed. "Well, your

tongue isn't pierced." He observed.

Then I laughed, "I hadn't even thought about that. You're right! I didn't pierce

my tongue."

"Did you pierce something?" he inquired.

"Nope, no piercing." I stated. "It's something under . . . ."

I didn't finish my sentence because I saw the waiter returning, and I motioned

for two more margaritas. When the waiter walked away, I finished quietly,

"something under the table."

"OOOO, I am getting lucky tonight! It could be clothes. I'm not sure if I've

seen that dress before, but I'm going to go out on a limb: I hope it's sexy

under things."

"Well, you could say it's a sexy under thing, I suppose. It definitely feels

sexy, and it is under me."

"Whooo. Now I have my own little surprise for you under the table."

I smiled, loving the idea of arousing him, but as I drew my foot up with the

intention of placing it between his legs, he started and I drew back.

Immediately I noticed the waiter approaching behind me. We thanked him for our

drinks and ordered dinner.

I listened to the background noise and savored being in my own little world of

pleasure while sipping my margarita. It was nice just to tease and enjoy my

husband's company. I again worked my foot up between his legs, but this time he

was expecting me, and his eyes told me so. I looked directly back as I rubbed

around, not searching long before I located his "surprise." Our stools were

fairly high and my move was very obvious. I thought for certain he would caution

me to tame it down, but he actually seemed to be egging me on. I pushed forward

and felt a flush of excitement. Exactly how far should I go? Wouldn't he stop

me?

Out of the corner of my eye, I became aware of a couple a bit to my right seated

behind my husband. I was certain they had noticed us and were watching. With my

leg lifted, I wondered just how much they could see. They seemed very

interested. Suddenly I wanted them to know my secret too. I couldn't believe how

wet I was. Shifting just slightly gave me so much pleasure that I seriously

wondered if I could possibly have an orgasm while in a restaurant.

I first looked at the guy and he smiled; then I looked at the blonde girl he was

with, and she winked dramatically before getting up and motioning toward the

bathroom. I froze. It was one thing to flirt across the room, but would I

actually follow her to the bathroom? I knew my husband wouldn't mind if I messed

around with a girl, especially if I shared. My margarita buzz concluded that a

simple trip to the bathroom was no big deal. I pulled my leg back seductively

and copied the wink the girl had given me, directing it at my hubby. He looked

confused as I eyed the sexy blonde standing a few tables over. Her breasts

looked amazing. He didn't say anything as I walked toward her, and she began for

the restroom with me a few paces behind. I knew he would get it, and I took one

last glance over my shoulder to be certain. Yep, I assumed he understood based

on the flabbergasted look on his face. It was not the look of a man about to

patiently wait for his wife to return from the restroom.

The girl I was following had straight, long blonde hair she had curled on the

bottom. It bounced along in rhythm with her ass, which was barely covered by a

stretchy black mini skirt. It cupped her perfectly, and I felt as if I had

followed her for quite some time before finally arriving at the restroom. I had

grown to appreciate her greatly in that time and couldn't wait to actually

interact with her. Her ass had been such a nice focus.

She glanced back at me as she opened the door, and I was intrigued by the

animation in her face. I could tell that she understood pleasure and wanted to

indulge. She wanted me to look at her and let her know how much she was turning

me on. She wanted me to know how much I was turning her on. I could do nothing

but follow. I dwelt on the aftermath of the swing of the door behind us, a puff

of air physically on my skin and in my ears while I held my breath and hoped for

privacy. My buzz focused me.

She spun around and faced me. I looked directly down her shirt as I avoided her

eyes. I was a little overpowered by her gaze, but when I looked down her shirt

and saw her rounded flesh pushing together, I couldn't stop myself. I knew I

could touch her. She wanted me to. I wanted to. I did. I put my hands right into

the scoop of her neck and cupped her breasts in my hands, drawing my fingers

together and centering my tips on her nipples, giving them a tug. She paused,

allowing me to enjoy her first, and as soon as my touch left her nipples, she

flung up my skirt.

"I told my husband I was still hungry after dinner and wanted to eat your pussy

too." She stated rather flatly, addressing my pussy directly with her finger

tips drumming on her lips. "Be a good girl and give me a quick bite."

I could feel myself dripping thickly with the thought of her eating my pussy,

and I straddled her expectantly as she ducked under me, dropping abruptly to her

ass and looking up. I hovered over her upturned face, and lowered onto her

wiggling tongue. I could feel her licking my juices and slurping hungrily at my

labia. She popped it in and out. She sucked in and pushed out as I wiggled

deliciously with my right hand on the top of my thigh and my left hand on the

top of her head encouraging her. She played me expertly and just the thought of

what I was doing made me build quickly to delectable spasms she nurtured with

flicks of her tongue and pressure from her chin. She lingered until I was quite

done and she looked up with a smirk.

I straightened and gave her my most satisfied grin, offered my hand and helped

her up. I was mentally grabbing for words that just wouldn't form when she then

pressed her mouth to mine briefly but deeply. I could taste myself mixed with

her. She then backed up, smiled largely, and waved before she walked out with an

almost feline air of detachment. What an insane tease! She had utterly taken me.

Dazed and really feeling my buzz, I wiped up, washed my hands and attempted to

remaster my thoughts. I was both disappointed and happy that she had said

nothing, for whereas I would have adored an opportunity to interact with her

further, the idea of no strings whatsoever really turned me on. I thought of all

the moonstruck noises cats made at night when taken with their passion. Did they

ever mate twice?

When I left the bathroom and returned to my seat, she and her dinner date had

gone. I faced the wonder of my husband.

He leaned across the table and whispered, "She kissed me and asked, 'Do you

recognize this?' Before I could assure her I had never seen her before, much

less kissed her, she walked away, and I realized what she meant."

It took me a full five minutes to convince him not to abandon our dinners right

then and there. I really had worked up an appetite, and even the food tasted

sensuous. Besides, I had not finished teasing him, so I filled him in very

slowly by spinning the enticing words now willingly tumbling into my mind and

voluntarily embellishing just a tad for a truly spicy meal in mouth and mind. He

never did remember to ask what was "new" about me, so I decided I will simply

have to initiate that game again.