The Dinner Date (+1)

by supergirl75 ©

As I come into the restaurant, you notice the sexy black dress on me, and

how it's configured to my body. It shows just the right amount of skin. As

we hug to say hello, your hand presses against the middle of my back and

you notice I have no bra on (one of those dresses).

After we enjoy a nice long dinner and we are somewhat closer in the back

corner booth and it's late so the restaurant is almost empty. You look me

in the eyes playfully and decide to joke with me about putting your hand

on my leg to see how far the slit in the dress goes. I place your hand on

my thigh and say - go ahead......

As you slowly move your hand up my leg, and as I slowly open my legs for

you - you notice I am wearing your favorite blue lace knickers. Your hand

strokes the knickers between my legs and you begin to feel the heat coming

from my pussy. Your hand gently moves the knickers out of the way and

presses against my pussy, you notice how it is already dripping wet. You

look up at me and I nod to tell you to proceed.

Your finger slowly starts to rub my clit before you gently push your

finger inside me to feel how wet and hot I am. As you rub my pussy with

your fingers, I decide to grab your cock and feel how hard it is. I unzip

you and navigate my hand into your pants to grab your stiff hard purple

cock. My pussy becomes even more wet and you lean in to kiss my neck and

tell me how hot that makes you. You tell me that you are thinking about

how to get under the table to taste my wet pussy and how you want to lick

me and taste how sweet it is. You start rubbing my clit and moving around

in a circular fashion as I start to stroke your cock with a firm grip.

Right then - we notice the waitress return. She asks if we would like

dessert or coffee with a slight smile on her face. You manage to order a

chocolate sundae with a straight face as I vary my grip and circle the

head of your cock with my finger. The waitress is staring at me and can

tell from our arm position what we are doing. She gives us a slight smile

and says she will let us "visit" a while and bring the dessert when we are

ready. She then retreats to the curved opening to the room and continues

to steal glances at us as we continue.

You can feel how hot and wet it makes me to be watched and you pull my

legs open wider so she can get a small glimpse of my juicy slit as you

insert your fingers in and out. We see the waitress brush her nipples as

she looks around nervously but she does not walk away. You look down at my

dripping pussy and whisper that you want to taste me. Since the table

cloth hangs almost to the floor I tell you to drop your fork and tell me

how sweet my juices are.

You slip under the table as the waitresses eyes widen the next time she

looks back at us. From her angle she can see your head between my legs.

You run your tounge between my lips and feel the wetness all the way out

to your cheeks. You insert 1 finger and watch the close up view of it

slipping in and out... then 2.... the waiteress can see it too and begins

to rub her nipples through her shirt. You move your face in again and

circle my enlarged clit with your tounge as you continue to finger my

pussy. The jucies are all over your hand now and dripping onto the leather

seat in the booth. I bring my hips to the edge of the booth and begin to

moan a bit as you begin to suckle my clit. You angle your finger upward

and feel the swollen sweet spot inside me. I slip off my heels and bring

one foot down to your exposed cock. I can feel it throbbing as if it wants

to explode. I look down at you and can see the hunger in your eyes but I

tell you.... not yet and smile. I begin to rock back and forth on your

face as you insert your juice slicked pinky into my ass. I let out a loud

moan and the waitress decides to move in for a better view.

You increase the speed and I grind myself into your face... the waitress

can't resist anymore and raises her skirt to freely rub her clit a while

watching us. You can feel me getting close now and I raise both my feet

onto the edge of the table - taking the table skirt with me so the

waitress can see everything you are doing. She stares at you sucking and

fingerfucking me.... her rubbing speeds up to match the movement of my

hips on your face. I begin to tell you "I'm ready" so you reach your

fingers in to press on my sweet spot as you feel me convulse. A new rush

of wetness pours out of me as you watch it drip down onto the seat of the

booth. You look up at me - then to the waitress who has finished as

well.... you tell her.. "we're ready for dessert now."