**The Evening Out**

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She sat in front of her mirror in just her merry widow, which was sheer white and embroidered with little flowers, pinning up her hair and smoothing it into place. She looked up in the mirror as he entered and smiled. She reached for her earrings and began putting them into her ears. She watched him walk over, fully dressed in his tuxedo and stand behind her. She reached for her necklace and smiled at him when he took it from her hand and placed it around her neck and fastened it. He stroked her neck with his warm hands and looked in the mirror at her.   
  
"You look beautiful." he whispered, trailing his hands down her bare shoulders.   
  
"Silly man, I'm not even dressed yet." she laughed, and got up and went to the bed where her dress lay.   
  
"I think you're over dressed." He whispered as he stepped up behind her and bent to kiss her neck. He slipped his hands around her waist and placed warm wet kisses up her neck. He heard her breath falter and smiled against her skin. Licking her earlobe, he pushed his hips against her rear. "We don't have to go." He murmured, slowly stroking her tummy. "We could stay home," he whispered suggestively, his hands coming up and cupping her breasts, "watch a movie, eat popcorn" he continued, he sucked her earlobe into his mouth, "fuck hot, heavy, and hard on the sofa in front of the fireplace" he moaned, sliding his hands downward and grazing her thighs and garters, "then come upstairs and make love the rest of the night." He finished by gently biting her shoulder. "What do you think?" he cupped on breast and slid one hand across her mound.   
  
She moaned and laid her head back on his shoulder, leaning her head to let him have better access to her neck with his mouth. She shifted against him and felt him hard against her rear. She brought her hands up to his and held them against her. She rotated her hips against his, bit her lower lip and whimpered.   
  
"We can't," she whispered. "We have to go." She pulled away from him slowly and reached for her dress. She stepped into it and slowly pulled it up her body. She looked at him over her shoulder. "Please help me zip it up?" she whispered. She felt his hands slowly drag the zipper up and then lay against her bare shoulders. He turned her around to face him and gently kissed her lips. Then he grinned wickedly and crouched down in front of her. "What are you doing?" she gasped as she felt his hands slide up her dress and up her thighs.   
  
"Making sure you have something to look forward to when we get home." He whispered wickedly. He pushed her skirt up to her waist and kissed her mound through her panties. He breathed hotly against her and looked up at her. He reached up with his hands and unsnapped her garters and pulled her panties down her legs. He then snapped her garters back into place and blew breath across her pubic hair, hearing her breath catch and felt her hands on his head.   
  
"You're crazy." She gasped, looking down at him.   
  
He smiled up at her and slowly rose to stand up before her, letting her dress fall downward. He took her face in his hands and kissed her deep and long, sliding his tongue into her mouth, stroking the roof of her mouth and sliding against her tongue. She moaned into his mouth and moved her tongue against his and held his hands against her face.   
  
He pulled away from her and panted against her mouth. He took her hands in his and pulled her forward so she could step into her shoes. She slipped them on as he bent over and picked up her panties and put them in his pocket. She turned around and caught him and tried to reach for them but he caught her hands.   
  
"Give me those." She laughed. "I need to put them back on."   
  
"No." he said, kissing her lower lip. "You wanna go to this dinner thing instead of staying home and getting naked with me and having hot monkey sweaty sex, and enjoying each other in every way we like and love, then fine we'll go." He smiled wickedly. "But you go without panties.", then swung them in front of her face while they hung on the end of his finger, and grinned. "And no, you cannot put on another pair, come on let's go." He laughed and guided her toward the door of the bedroom.  
  
She protested but he wouldn't listen and took her down the stairs. He pulled her along with him and took her out through the kitchen to the garage. He opened the door to the car and beckoned her to get in. She slowly walked by him and then made a grab for his pocket where he'd hidden her panties. He grabbed her hand as if expecting it and kissed it and laughed. She sighed and sat in the car and he closed the door and walked to the driver's side. He got in closed the door and looked at her.   
  
"Last chance," he chuckled, raising his eyebrows. "We can go back in and have fun or," he leaned in and kissed her gently, "go to this damn boring dinner." He then sucked her lower lip into his mouth and ran his tongue along it slowly. "What do you say?" he whispered against her mouth.   
  
"This is your boring dinner." She whispered, kissing him back gently. "It's for you, and you should be there so---what are you doing?!" she gasped as she felt his hand slide up under her dress. She caught his hand just before it reached her pussy and moaned. "You've got to stop that!" she begged and laughed. She leaned and kissed him hard. "Make it through this dinner and I'm yours afterward." She whispered seductively.   
  
"Oh yea?" he asked. "Gonna make it worth my while, honey?"   
  
"Yes." She murmured against his lips. Holding his head in her hands she kissed him deeply.   
  
He slowly brought his hand back to her dress and pulled it up. She tried to stop him but he placed his hand at her pussy and kissed her hard on the mouth. He started massaging her pussy in his hand, gently working his hand over it. She leaned back from him and breathed heavily.   
  
"You have to stop." She whimpered, but didn't make a move, only her hips rising up and down against his hand. He slowly inserted a finger in her lips and found her wet already. He groaned against her mouth, and pushed one finger up and down her lips, circling her clit when he reached the top.   
  
"How can you wanna go anywhere when you're this wet, baby?" he whispered into her mouth. He kissed her cheek, her chin, her neck all over, panting into her ear. He felt her hands grip his neck and heard her whimper, which turned him on so much. "Baby, you wanna cum?" he panted in her ear, as he slid one finger deep inside her wetness. God, she was so hot inside. He slid his finger in deep and stroked her clit with his thumb. "Come on baby, let go for me." He murmured. "I got you this way, let's let you have it." He kissed her earlobe and sucked it gently. He felt her riding his fingers. Her whimpers getting louder and her hips moved faster against his hand.   
  
She arched her back and moaned. He felt her hand grab onto his wrist and push his finger in deeper. She clenched his finger inside her and rode it with her hips moving back and forth over and over. He leaned back and watched her, because he loved seeing her like this. Her lips parted, her lower lip bearing teeth marks from where she bit it, her eyes closed, her cheeks flushed, her long moans, God she turned him on. She opened her eyes and looked him, panting hard.   
  
"You're going to make me cum." She whimpered.   
  
"I know honey. I'm so mean." He laughed, and kissed her on lips and swept his tongue into her mouth and caught her startled cry in his mouth as she came, thrusting up against his hand over and over, wetting his hand with her juices. She held his face in her hands and kissed him back, moaning into his mouth.   
  
She quieted and leaned her forehead against his and breathed deep. She gently kissed his lips and ran her fingers over his mouth.   
  
"I can't believe you did that." She whispered.   
  
He grinned and reached into the glove box for a tissue to wipe his hand off. He then took several and reached down and wiped her pussy. She watched him with wide eyes, as he wiped her gently and then leaned down blew gently onto her pussy to help dry her off. He then raised his head and kissed her on the mouth gently.   
  
"Feel better?" he whispered against her lips, stroking her neck.   
  
"You are so bad." She laughed against his mouth.   
  
"I know." He chuckled and settled back into his seat and put the keys in the ignition, turned on the car and raised the garage door. He raised the moon roof to let the night air into the car. He pushed a button the CD player and classical music flooded the car. He guided the car out onto the street, hit the button for the garage door and proceeded to drive. He reached over and took her hand in his and brought it to his lips and slowly kissed each finger, then lowered it and held it in his.  
  
She watched the road for a few moments then looked over at him and sighed over how handsome he was. Women looked at him all the time and he never knew it. If they knew how good he was in bed, they'd throw themselves in front him naked. She chuckled softly to herself. He looked over at her.   
  
"What?" he asked  
  
"Nothing, just thinking." She laughed and brought his hand up and sucked on one finger. He glanced over at her when she tongued his finger.  
  
"I can turn this car around on a dime, just say the word." He murmured, still watching the road.   
  
"No. We have to go. Just to dinner." She said softly and licked his finger gently. "Then we can go home and discuss hot sweaty monkey sex, as you referred to it." She laughed and laid his hand in her lap.   
  
"Oh, we won't be discussing it honey." He said. "We'll be doin' it."   
  
They rode to the hotel in comfortable silence the rest of the way. He parked the car and got out, going over to her side and opening her door. She loved it when he was chivalrous like this. She slipped out of the car, rose up on her toes and kissed his chin. He closed the car door and placed his arm around her waist and they walked to the lobby of the hotel. They entered into the ballroom where the dinner was to be held and he pulled her into a corner before they reached the door. He leaned into her, pushing against her body and leaning down and kissing her neck.   
  
"Don't forget," he murmured into her ear, "I've got your panties in my pocket."  
  
"How could I forget?" she gasped, realizing she was actually not wearing any panties in a public place and then remembered how she got that way. "Don't suppose you'd let me have them back, would you?" she whispered seductively and kissed him on the lips longingly.  
  
He opened his mouth against hers and kissed her back, gently at first, then wrapping his arms around her waist her pulled her to him and deepened the kiss, tangling his tongue against hers. He lost his head for several minutes while plundering her mouth then he heard glasses clinking and people laughing and remembered where he was. He pulled back away from her and set her away from him.   
  
"Not a chance babe." He winked and took her hand and pulled her with him to where several people were standing and talking.   
  
They made polite conversation before dinner, his hand always on her back, touching her skin in some way. He would hold her hand, touch her shoulder, kiss her constantly, and whispered suggestively in her ear all the things he would do to her when they got home and what they could do to each other.   
  
They were seated for dinner and he pulled her very close to him and kissed her neck slowly. He then reached underneath the tablecloth and began pulling her dress up her legs. She gasped and tried to stop him.  
  
"No no, honey." He whispered. "You don't want people to know what I'm doing, do you?" he chuckled softly into her ear. He slowly raised her skirt and massaged her thighs, letting his hand graze her pussy very lightly each time he circled her thighs. The whole time he smiled and looked at her and looked as if he were behaving normally. She looked at him with wide eyes and pleaded with him in whispers, not sure if she wanted him to stop or continue. He stopped and withdrew his hand, lowered her skirts and smiled wickedly at her.   
  
"If it makes you feel better," he took her hand in his and guided it to his crotch where she could feel him stiff under his pants. He leaned into her ear and said, "I can't take much more honey."  
  
How they made it through dinner neither of them knew. They managed to make conversation, eat dinner, and make it through a very boring presentation without touching each other too much. She noticed women looking at him, as he kissed her neck during the presentation. He noticed men looking at her when she leaned over to whisper something into him that was for his ears alone. Finally, the evening was coming to an end and he excused himself and left the table for a few minutes.   
  
She sat at the table for several minutes waiting for him to return, and nodded politely to the people at the table attempting to make conversation with her. She wanted to be nice, but quite frankly all she think of was that she wasn't wearing any panties and she wanted to be made love to bordering on desperation at this point.   
  
She got up and began walking the room, wondering where on earth he went when she saw him walking across the room straight toward her with purpose. He stopped in front of her and leaned over and kissed her lips. He then took her hand in his and led her from the room out into the lobby. When he didn't head toward the door, but to the elevator, she looked at him questioningly. He smiled devilishly at her and reached into his pocket. She gasped and thought he was going to pull out her panties, but whatever she was going to say left her as she saw that what he held in his hand was a hotel room key.   
  
He stepped into the empty elevator and beckoned her with one finger. She slowly walked into the elevator, never taking her eyes off of him. As the elevator doors whooshed shut, he pushed her against the wall with his body, placing both hands on either side of her head. He leaned against her, pinning her against the wall.   
  
"Do you know," he whispered, as he began trailing her neck with warm wet kisses, "that I have never been driven so crazy before? Sitting there next to you at dinner and watching you and knowing you had nothing on underneath and thinking about your orgasm in the car before we left." He groaned and kissed her hard on the mouth. He pushed his tongue into her mouth and held her head in his hands. "There was no way I driving home in this condition, honey." He took her hand in his and guided it to his crotch, letting her feel just how hard he was under his pants.   
  
She kissed him back, moaning into his mouth. She reached up and undid his tie and began unbuttoning his shirt. She opened the shirt several buttons and broke off from kissing him and trailed wet open mouthed kisses down his neck and down his chest. She opened up more buttons, anxious to touch him, to feel his skin against hers.   
  
He pulled her head back up and sealed her mouth with his. He groaned into her mouth, and swept his tongue into her mouth. She pushed her hands into his open shirt and ran her fingers over his nipples. She moaned into his mouth, she couldn't get close enough to him. He pushed his hips forward and she widened her legs. She felt her skirt being lifted and he shifted his thigh up between her legs. She cried out against his mouth and began to ride his thigh.   
  
She was aware of the elevator zooming them upward and him pressed against her and that was about all. She heard a ding faintly and realized the elevator doors were opening. She pushed against him, realizing there were people waiting to get into the elevator. She blushed and felt him pull away from her. She almost groaned out loud at the loss of the feel of him. He wrapped his arm around her waist and guided her out of the elevator and nodded politely to the couple waiting to get into the elevator, acting as if his shirt wasn't unbuttoned to his waist. He thought he heard the man comment something about not making it to the bed, but wasn't really concerned with anything but getting her naked and getting inside her at the moment.   
  
She was about to ask him what room number they were looking for when he tugged her down the hall. She laughed breathlessly and followed him to a door down the hall. He attempted to put the card key in the slot, while she placed hot wet open kisses at his neck and down his chest. She pulled the shirt out of her way and licked at his nipple. He groaned and slapped the door.   
  
"Sweetheart, let me get the door open." He panted.   
  
She pulled his shirt from his pants and sucked his nipple. She licked her way up his chest, up his neck, and sucked his earlobe into her mouth.   
  
"I'm not stopping you." She whispered and continued her assault on him with her mouth. "But you better hurry." She panted and began unbuttoning his pants.   
  
The lock clicked and the door swung open and he pushed her inside, slammed the door closed, and pulled her to him. He reached around her and unzipped her dress and pushed it down her hips to the floor. He pushed it away with his foot and shrugged out of his shirt and jacket in one movement. She reached down and finished unzipping his pants and pushed them and his briefs down, watching his cock spring up as she pushed them to his feet. He pushed her against the wall and placed his hands under her butt and lifted her up, kissing her hard on the mouth. He felt her arms and legs wrap around his waist.   
  
He groaned as he felt her warm pussy against his cock. He buried his face in her neck and lifted her up farther.   
  
"Put me inside you now." he growled against her neck. He felt her reach down and take his cock in her hand and moaned. She guided the head to her opening and he let her slide down onto him all at once. He groaned against her neck as he felt her pussy encase him. She was so hot inside. He heard her gasp and felt her hands clench against his back.   
  
"Oh God you feel good." She moaned and leaned her head back against the wall. He lifted her up and let her come back down and groaned. He wasn't going to last long; he wanted her all night ever since he saw her sitting in her lingerie. He lifted her up and brought her back down again, feeling her lean her head down and he felt her bite down on his shoulder. She clenched him inside her, writhing against him, pumping her hips against his. He couldn't take it anymore and began pumping his hips against her.   
  
"God baby," he grunted as he thrust up into her. "I'm not gonna last baby."  
  
"It's ok." She moaned. "I'm gonna cum."   
  
He felt her clench around him and whimper. He pumped harder and felt her body spasm. She moaned loudly and buried her face in his neck and whimpered her pleasure against his skin. He slapped one hand against the wall and hammered into her, seeking his release. He felt her licking his neck and heard her whispering.   
  
"Cum inside me baby." She panted into his ear.   
  
He groaned and pushed her hard into the wall as he came and shot inside her pussy. He pumped until he couldn't anymore and leaned against her. He couldn't stand anymore and slowly sank to his knees with her attached to him. He felt her still panting, and held her as she calmed down. He kissed her neck and ear, murmuring to her.   
  
She slowly raised her head and laid her forehead against his. She kissed him softly, lightly sucking his lower lip. She smiled shyly at him and buried her face in his neck.   
  
"I can't believe we did that." She whispered. "Was this what you had in mind when you said hot monkey sweaty sex?" He laughed and kissed her neck.   
  
"Well, I guess the guy at the elevator was right, we didn't make it to the bed." She lightly slapped his shoulder and bit his earlobe gently. "Oh and baby," he pulled her head back and looked right at her. "The next time you want to come to one of these things, we must do the no panty thing. Sure made my night much more enjoyable." He laughed as he held her hands away from him and kissed her hard and deep. "Can we move to the bed for the next session hot monkey sweaty sex?"