**The Workout**

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Kara had graduated from law school and become an associate attorney with Grayson & Locke, the city's most prestigious, and most conservative law firm. Her severest challenge was, not to make partner, that would automatically happen in seven years, but rather, to enjoy her personal life, without Winston Grayson, the managing partner, interfering with it or hearing about it.

Kara had been a gymnast in high school and now worked out regularly to maintain her youthful figure. She had another reason for working out. Her aerobics instructor, Paul, was her latest romantic interest. Unfortunately, Paul so far was acting as if he hadn't even noticed her. Nevertheless, Kara got weak kneed every time she saw him. He had muscular arms and shoulders, toned chest and abs, powerful legs, and, from what she could tell looking at him in sweats, a package any girl would die for.

Today, in hopes of making the five-thirty aerobics class that Paul taught, Kara had left the office early, if you can call four o'clock early. She was determined that Paul was going to notice her, and the sooner the better. She had come home to change and had only had a few minutes in which to do so, as her friend Suzy was coming to pick her up. She rummaged through the dresser and came across a workout suit she had bought when she was sixteen.

Kara held the outfit in front of her. It consisted of a pair of shorts, somewhat like speedos, and a tight crop top. It was made of a shiny gray stretchy fabric, probably some synthetic material. She had bought it on a dare from a girlfriend at a time when her father was cautioning her not to wear anything that showed too much skin or accentuated her blossoming figure.

The outfit had hugged her youthful curves so closely that by the time she got home and put it on again, she was afraid to show it to her father or wear it out of the house. To this day, she still hadn't worn it in public.

Kara had learned in the two or three years before graduating from high-school that she liked showing off and being at least partially exposed. After graduation, her father, (her mother had died when she was twelve), became more tolerant of her exhibitionist tendencies and even acted as if he might be enjoying them.

Having left home, gone to college and living on her own, Kara was now free to dress as she pleased. She knew, however, that she needed to maintain the conservative look that befitted her occupation, and usually did. However, having observed the dress of the women Paul seemed to notice, Kara was convinced that getting his attention was going to take the kind of exposure she secretly enjoyed.

'This outfit just might be the one to do it,' Kara thought, as she pulled the shorts up and over her hips. They really showed off her legs, but they were so tight her panty line showed. In college she had often gone without panties, once even while wearing a short skirt, but now that she was a professional she dressed more conservatively. Tonight, however, was going to be an exception. She stripped off the shorts and panties, then put the shorts back on without the panties.

She examined the top and noticed it had no lining. It had been designed with the expectation that it would be worn with a bra. While she was considering whether or not to wear one, Suzy knocked on the front door, let herself in and came straight to the bedroom. Suzy looked at the skimpy top in Kara's hands, shook her head and said, "I've got to see this."

Kara was wearing a bra that was meant to be worn under tops like this, but, like the panties, its lines would show. Another exception had to be made. Kara unhooked the bra and tossed it on the bed. Suzy stared at Kara's chest. It wasn't as if she had never seen Kara topless before, and she definitely didn't prefer women to men, but Kara's breasts were so perfect that Suzy couldn't help but admire them.

The tops of Kara's breasts formed a nearly straight line from her chest to her nipples and the undersides of them were nicely rounded without even a hint of a sag. The aureoles were half-dollar sized and the nipples, when cold or aroused, were like pencil erasers. Kara slipped the flimsy top over her head and sucked in her chest; stretching the top to its limit, she pulled it down and over her breasts.

Kara, now a 34-C, had probably been no more than a 32-B when she bought the outfit. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her breasts were covered but just barely; the nipples protruded enticingly through the top's material; the tightness of the shorts hinted at a camel-toe. Had she known how revealing the outfit would be, she probably wouldn't have put it on. Then she thought about some of the outfits she had worn in college and realized that many of them had actually been more daring. She wanted to wear this outfit, but wasn't sure she should.

"That's going to get Paul's attention," Suzy said, "but I'm not sure it's the kind of attention you want."

Kara was looking at herself in the mirror, trying to decide whether or not to wear the outfit. Suzy's question helped to make up her mind. She wanted Paul's attention, even if she had to be somewhat exposed to get it. "How do you know what kind of attention I want," she said. Her decision was made. She was going to wear the outfit.

Kara looked in the mirror one last time and couldn't believe how hot she looked. The workout suit didn't hide much and she tried to imagine what Paul would think when he saw her. Her pussy got wet thinking about how exposed she was going to be. 'Fortunately,' she thought, 'The gym is like the beach; you're expected to show off.'

Kara and Suzy arrived at the gym a few minutes before the aerobics class got under way. Paul hadn't gone into the gym yet and greeted them from behind the counter.

For the brief trip to the club Kara had donned a pair of jeans and a white blouse. However, her arousal at the thought of Paul seeing her in her workout outfit had caused her nipples to harden and protrude slightly, even though there were two layers of clothing covering them.

As the two girls stood before the front desk, Paul conspicuously stared at Kara's chest. She handed Paul her ID but his eyes never moved, causing Kara to become even more aroused. She knew she had chosen the right outfit. Terry, the middle-aged woman who managed the place was also behind the counter and like Paul, stared openly. Kara wasn't accustomed to getting attention from a female but the warmth between her legs told her she liked it.

While Paul and Terry continued to stare, Kara and Suzy turned and went to the locker room. As they stowed their gym bag Kara thought, 'Paul has already noticed. By the time the class is over he won't be able to think about anything else.' The excitement Kara felt caused her nipples to press even harder against the tight top. She stripped off the jeans and blouse and headed for the gym.

Paul started the session slowly and built the pace gradually. Kara wasn't so much doing aerobics as she was imagining that she and Paul were dancing, probably without much in the way of clothes. As she perspired, her aureoles became as visible as her nipples. She knew she should go to the locker room and put the blouse back on, but there was something about the way Paul was looking at her that made her abandon any thoughts of modesty.

Kara's mound pressed against the skin tight shorts. In her heightened state of arousal she pretended it was Paul rubbing her clit, not the shorts. Although, the juices flowing from her pussy couldn't have been much greater if it had actually been Paul. Kara was frustratingly close to having an orgasm when Paul slowed things down.

Even with the slowdown, Kara's nipples throbbed with excitement. Her labia was engorged beyond belief and pressed against the front of her shorts providing a wonderful sensation for her and an exciting view for anyone else, such as Paul, who might be watching. Her top was soaked and her breasts showed clearly. The music came to a stop and so did Paul. He stared at Kara's sweat-soaked body for longer than was polite, then turned and went into the men's locker room. Kara hoped he would come back soon, but he did not.

Suzy had stopped on her way to the locker room to talk to some guys by the bikes. As Kara approached, they stopped what they were doing and looked her up and down. Normally Kara would have been put off by their gawking but she was so turned on that she actually enjoyed their stares. "I'm going to take a shower. Don't be long," Suzy said as she left. Kara remained, basking in the masculine attention. It excited her to see that she had caused each of the men to have an erection.

Kara worked out briefly on several nearby machines, enjoying the glances that frequently came her way. She continued to hope that Paul would return and coach her on the machines, but that was not to be. As Kara exercised, her sexual excitement gradually diminished. Paul eventually came out of the locker room, and unfortunately, at least in Kara's mind, resumed his position behind the counter.

Paul watched Kara from behind the counter. She loved the attention she was getting, not just from Paul, but from the other guys too. However, she knew Suzy was anxious to leave. She reluctantly left her audience and went to the locker room. Suzy had finished her shower and was dressing in street clothes. "What took you so long?" she asked.

"I needed to cool down a little before I took my shower."

"From what I saw," Suzy coldly said, "the whole place needed to cool down. That outfit you're wearing seems to have gotten the attention of every man in the club. Don't take long. I'll wait here."

"I'll be quick," Kara said. Suzy watched as Kara pulled the skin-tight top over her breasts. As her elongated nipples broke free Kara let out a sigh that caused a conversation between two women nearby to be stopped in mid sentence. Then Kara pulled her shorts over her hips. The women's jaws dropped as they realized that Kara was naked under her workout clothes. Kara ignored their critical looks, grabbed her towel and went to the shower.

Kara turned the water on and looked at herself while it warmed. A faint sheen of perspiration covered her entire body. Her nipples were like rocks and at least half an inch long. Her mound was puffed out, exposing the inner lips. Her clit peeked from under its protective hood.

Kara tried to relax under the soothing water but found it impossible. She continued to think of how aroused Paul had become; the more she tried to calm herself the more excited she became. Kara desperately needed to masturbate but Suzy was waiting. She soaped herself thoroughly and dried off quickly. She wrapped the towel around herself and returned to the locker room.

Kara saw that Suzy was gone, probably waiting in the lobby or in the car. Then the realization hit her. The workout bag with all her clothes was gone too! Kara knew it was hopeless but asked the other women anyway, "Did you see what happened to my stuff?"

"The other girl," said one of the women, "took the gym bag and said to tell you she had to leave."

That bitch! Kara thought, she has left me nothing but a towel. Fortunately the towel she had brought was more like a beach towel, considerably larger than an ordinary bath towel. It went completely around her body and extended from above her breasts to halfway down her thighs. Kara wrapped it around herself and fastened it together with a pin she found in the locker room. It was just a towel but she had worn dresses that didn't cover as much.

Kara walked around the locker room, hoping to find her stuff, but knowing that what she really needed was the nerve to walk out into the lobby in nothing but the towel. If she hadn't already attracted Paul's attention, this would do it for sure. Unless he preferred boys, Kara would at least get a date out of this. She felt the moisture grow between her legs as she thought about Paul looking at her.

Kara took a deep breath and pushed open the door. She walked briskly to the front desk, at the front of the club opposite the locker room. There was only the one pin holding the towel together and as she walked it gapped open at the bottom. However, it wasn't enough to expose anything more than a bit of thigh. Her workout suit had probably exposed more. Still there was something about a towel that evoked gasps and catcalls as she passed the men on the treadmills.

Paul and Terry turned to see what was causing the commotion. Their mouths dropped. Kara nearly had an orgasm knowing she was so close to Paul and wearing so little. She hastily explained what had happened as Paul and Terry looked at her. They paid more attention to what the towel did and didn't cover than to what Kara said. Paul backed away from the counter a couple of steps and Kara saw the bulge in his pants. Encouraged by his reaction, she began to think that Suzy might have done her a favor.

"I would love to give you a ride home but I'm the only manager here and can't leave." Terry had finally regained her ability to speak. "If you don't mind though, Paul can take you."

'Oh my God,' Kara thought, 'I'm not sure I can handle that.'

Terry rambled on, not realizing that Kara didn't really need to be sold. "I think you can trust him. He's certainly had plenty of chances here at the club that he hasn't exploited."

'I can vouch for that,' Kara thought.

"I think you can trust him," Terry said again.

Kara had expected that she would eventually go to bed with Paul, but she had expected to go on some sort of date first. "How soon can we leave? I don't really want to stand around like this too long."

"If you don't mind him being dressed like he is, you can leave right now," she said.

Kara wanted him just like he was. She smiled, and feeling more relaxed, said, "Well, considering that I've forgotten my evening gown, I guess it's okay that he isn't wearing a tux."

Paul couldn't believe his luck. He was going to give this beautiful girl a ride home and she wasn't wearing anything but a towel. He quickly came from behind the counter and said, "Follow me; my car's right outside the door."

As Kara walked behind Paul she thought about how little he was wearing. Other than athletic shoes and socks he only wore shorts and a muscle shirt. Probably a jock strap at most under his shorts. Wanting to keep him dressed that way was why she had acted like she was in such a rush. She didn't want him to change. Her breath raced and the perspiration dripped between her breasts. She was naked except for a towel and was about to get into a car with a gorgeous man that was practically naked too. It just didn't get any hotter than that.

Paul walked over to a low-slung sports car, unlocked the passenger door and held it for her. Kara hadn't thought about sitting in the front seat of a car wearing only a towel. This was going to be interesting. Getting in was going to present a challenge. She needed to at least maintain an appearance of modesty. She turned to Paul and said, "Would you mind looking the other way while I get in."

Paul turned away as requested. Kara looked around the parking lot to be sure they were alone before sliding into the seat. As she had expected, the towel rode up exposing the 'V' between her legs but she was able to pull the towel back down. Her thighs were still deliciously exposed which she was sure would be appreciated by Paul, but she bravely said, "I'm ready. You can turn around now." Paul stole a quick look at her legs before closing the door.

Paul went to the driver's side and got in. As he started the car he looked over at his passenger. Kara was tugging the front of the towel as low as it would go. Nevertheless, her thighs were bare, almost to her crotch, and Paul imagined what it would be like to be between those thighs.

Kara watched the bulge in Paul's pants grow as he looked her over. She was beginning to enjoy her predicament. "I hope you like the view" she said as she looked away.

As he looked at her legs and thought about what was just out of sight he said, "Forgive me, its not everyday that..."

"...you have a naked girl in your car. No, I would imagine not. Fortunately I live close. Just keep your eyes on the road till we get there." Kara liked the way Paul was looking at her, but she also wanted to get home without having a wreck.

Paul pulled out of the parking lot and turned the only direction he could. "I'll try to manage," he said as he continued to stare at Kara's bare legs.

"Turn right at the third traffic light, then second house on the right." Kara looked between Paul's legs and tried to imagine what it would be like to pull his shorts off.

Paul watched the road out of the corner of his eye while he studied the near naked creature beside him. He said, "Maybe we could go out for dinner some time."

"I'd like that," Kara said. "I just didn't know I'd have to get naked before you asked." Then she sarcastically added, "I hope you don't mind but I usually wear clothes for dinner."

"Umhh... Well, I must admit I really like the towel, but I have wanted to ask you out ever since you joined the club."

"Then how come I had to lose my clothes before you asked?" Kara inquired somewhat indignantly.

"Well, I hope this doesn't make you mad, but I looked at your application and I saw you were an attorney. I figured you wouldn't want to go out with an aerobics instructor." He turned the corner at Kara's street and pulled into her driveway.

"And I thought you weren't interested in me." Kara saw that her car was in the street. "Pull into the garage so I don't have to explain to the neighbors why I came home in a towel." She began hatching a plan to find out just how interested Paul really was.

Paul drove the car into the garage and turned off the motor. "Let me open the door for you. I'll turn my head while you're getting out." Paul walked around the car and opened the passenger door. Then turned his back. He had turned off the car and offered to open her door in hopes that she would invite him in.

Kara tried to get out but her towel was caught in the seat. She undid the pin and opened the towel. She let it go and stepped out of the car. She stood behind Paul, completely naked. She looked at Paul's firm buns and imagined what it would be like to drop those shorts to his ankles. She considered leaving the towel in the car and telling Paul to turn around.

But she didn't have the nerve for that. Kara reached in the car and freed the towel. She wrapped it around herself and pinned it as it had been before. She tapped Paul on the shoulder. "You can turn around now." She continued, "Will you come in? I want to fix you a drink, sort of a thank you for being so kind." She hoped he would accept.

"I don't drink on weekdays, but I am through for the day and could go for a soda." Paul hoped she was thinking of more than a drink.

"I think I might be able to find one for you." Kara reached over the door for the spare key. As she did so the towel rode up and Paul got a glimpse of her lower butt cheeks. Although she hadn't intended to expose herself like that, as soon as she reached up she knew what the result was going to be. "Oops," she said as the towel dropped back into place. She unlocked the door and stepped in with Paul close behind.

Kara went across the kitchen to the refrigerator, opened it and bent over to see what she had, intentionally exposing her upper thighs but hopefully nothing more. While she was bent over she stole a glance at Paul across the room. As she had expected, he was enjoying the view, but from the look on his face she was pretty sure he wasn't seeing anything more than bare thigh. It made her wet though to realize how close she was to total exposure. She remained bent over and said, "I've got Coke, Sprite and Ginger Ale. What's your preference?"

"I'll take the Ginger Ale," he stammered. He really hadn't seen anything other than her thighs but it had been so close that his cock hardened in his shorts.

Kara got the Ginger Ale for Paul and a Coke for herself. She stood up and closed the door. "The opener is in the drawer on the right of the sink. How about you opening these while I put some clothes on." Kara hoped Paul would talk her into sticking with the towel.

"You do what you want but you don't have to get dressed for me." Paul liked watching her parade around in nothing but a towel and he hoped it wasn't about to end.

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind. I just thought that with you dressed the way you are, it might be better if I put some clothes on." Kara hoped their lack of clothes excited him as much as it did her.

Paul continued with his self serving line of reasoning. "That's why you should stay the way you are. If you get dressed, I'll be embarrassed to be wearing so little."

This was going better than Kara expected. "Well, I certainly don't want you to be embarrassed after you've been so kind. I'll stay with the towel if you promise not to think badly of me."

"Oh no, I completely understand." And he did understand. He understood that Kara liked being watched as much as he liked watching.

Kara knew Paul was lying, but so was she. They both liked the situation, they just weren't ready to admit it.

Kara carried the drinks over to the counter and opened the drawer to get the opener. As she began opening the drinks, Paul came up behind her and put his hands on her bare shoulders. She was glad she hadn't had to make the first move. She didn't want to appear too easy.

"Let me help you," he said as his hands came around her. As he reached for the drinks and the opener, Kara felt his body press into her backside. She could feel the bulge in his pants and liked how he was reacting to her. She just didn't dare let him know that.

Kara ducked under his arms and stepped away. She said, "Maybe I better put some clothes on." She didn't really want to but she needed to slow him down a little. "You can look, but don't touch, okay?"

Paul nodded his ascent sheepishly and finished opening the drinks. He carried them to the kitchen table and put them down, one on each side of the table, then sat down on the far side with his legs under the table.

Kara followed Paul to the table but instead of sitting down where he had put her drink, she picked it up and pulled out the chair at the end of the table. She turned it to face Paul and sat down with one leg under her. The hem of the towel was now even higher than it had been in the car. Kara knew that if Paul slid down a little he'd be able to see her pussy, but she was confident he wouldn't do anything that obvious.

They sat like that silently for several minutes, sipping their sodas. They looked at each other but there wasn't much eye contact. Mostly they were each looking at all the bare skin. Kara was beginning to be sorry that she had played coy earlier. She waited for Paul to look away, then jumped to her feet. She said, "I'm going to get us some ice. These drinks aren't cold enough." Paul nodded his agreement as she turned for the refrigerator.

She took out an ice tray and carried it to the counter. She raised up on her tip toes and took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, providing Paul with a nice view of the backs of her thighs. As she took the ice pick out of the drawer she looked around to make sure he had been watching. The smile on his lips left little doubt. "I need some help," she said.

Paul came over and stood by her side a short but safe distance away. He believed that Kara meant what she said about looking and not touching. There was no doubt she liked being nearly naked. She might even take the towel off if he behaved himself. He wasn't about to give her any reason to put her clothes on. "What can I do to help," he said.

Kara held a glass in each hand. "Hold these glasses," she said while I break the ice and put it into them. Paul reached across in front of her to take the glass from her left hand, but she stopped him. Scolding him she said, "No, no, the glasses need to stay where they are. Get behind me if you're going to help."

Paul was confused. He got behind Kara as she wanted but was afraid to reach around her for the glasses. For comfort sake he was thankful he had removed his jock strap, but if he got as close to Kara's backside as she seemed to want, he was going to be poking her right in the middle of her ass. The last time he had done that she had almost gotten dressed.

Kara solved the problem for him. She reached back, took his hands and pulled him into her backside. She wiggled her buttocks a bit to show him that his cock didn't bother her. She put his hands suggestively on her stomach, just below her breasts, raised her arms over her head, behind and around his neck. She turned her head sharply to the right and pulled his mouth down to meet hers.

As their lips met, their mouths opened and their tongues intertwined. As they kissed, Paul's hands moved slowly upward. He didn't attempt to remove her towel or to get his hands inside of it. He gave her plenty of time to object or stop him, but it was obvious that she wanted it too.

Paul's hands continued to inch upward until he was lightly rubbing the towel on the underside of Kara's breasts. Kara continued kissing him but took her arms from around his neck. Paul was afraid she had reached her limit and was going to put a stop to things but instead she undid the pin from the top of the towel. As she did so she tucked the towel into itself so it remained in place. She put the pin on the counter and again wrapped her arms around Paul's neck.

Kara liked what Paul was doing and wanted him to continue. She wasn't going to remove the towel herself, but she did make it easy for him to do so and hoped it would be soon. Paul moved slowly however, still afraid she might change her mind. His fingertips grazed Kara's nipples through the towel. They were already hard but the light touch from Paul's fingertips caused them to grow and harden even more.

Paul cautiously cupped Kara's breasts with his hands. As he did so the tuck in the towel began to loosen. Kara expanded her chest to help it along. She wanted to feel Paul's hands on her bare flesh.

The towel tried to fall away but the pressure of Paul's hands kept the towel between him and her breasts. He was sure that she wanted to be naked. He moved his hands slightly and let the towel fall away. As his hands came in contact with her bare nipples she gasped and pressed her lips tightly against his.

Body contact was still holding the towel between them but Kara took her arms from around Paul's neck and leaned forward until the towel fell to the floor. Her right arm snaked back around his neck but her left slipped between them. She caressed Paul's erection through his shorts. This was beyond anything Paul could have imagined. His arms were around the sexiest girl in the club and she was totally naked. And if that wasn't enough, she was rubbing the front of his shorts.

Kara could tell that Paul was wearing no underwear, not even a jock strap. She didn't know when he had taken it off, but she was glad he had. She slipped her hand inside his shorts and wrapped her fingers around his cock. This wasn't the way she had dreamed of things between her and Paul. It was far better!

Kara was naked. She wanted Paul to be the same way. Without breaking their kiss she turned and hooked her fingers into the waistband of Paul's shorts. She dropped to her knees and pulled his shorts down to his ankles at the same time. He pulled his shirt over his head. He too was now naked.

Kara's face was just inches from Paul's throbbing member. As she had imagined, he had a package to die for but it was not what she had envisioned. It was a bit shorter but much bigger around than she had guessed. Kara had loved sucking cock ever since the time, just after graduation, with her next door neighbor, but Paul was so big she was afraid she might not be able to get him into her mouth. She was definitely going to try though.

Kara turned Paul around so his backside was against the counter. She wrapped first one hand, then the other, around his cock. One hand alone could not encircle the shaft. Moisture had been seeping from the head, probably for some time now considering how long they had been teasing each other. She bathed her fingers in the clear liquid and used both hands to spread it gently over the length of Paul's cock. She took his cock in both hands and and brought it to her lips. Her tongue slid lightly around the head, lapping up the pre-cum as it dribbled out.

Paul put his head back and closed his eyes. And to think, he had been afraid to ask her out. He could have been enjoying this for several weeks now. On the other hand there was something very erotic about being with a girl wearing only a towel, especially when you barely know her. He felt Kara's tongue on the head of his dick and wanted to grab the back of her head and pull it toward him, but he he knew it would be better if he let Kara do it herself. He gripped the edge of the counter instead.

Kara opened her mouth as wide as she could and slid it over Paul's cock. It was a tight fit and she could only take a couple of inches of the length into her mouth. As she sucked vigorously on what she could get into her mouth, she kept her hands wrapped around the rest of it. Paul began to breath heavily. Then he became quietly vocal, "Oh god, oh god, oh my god, jesus that's good, whatever you do don't stop." Then he grabbed Kara's head and tried to tear it away from his cock. He was loud now, "I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum."

Kara pushed his hand away and as the cum shot from the head of his cock she swallowed greedily. "Holy shit," he said, "you are unbelievable!"

Kara slurped up all of the liquid, then lovingly licked Paul's cock and balls until no trace remained of the excitement he had experienced. Paul ran his fingers through her hair and pulled her upward.

Kara had swallowed every drop of Paul's ejaculation so that when he kissed her, he experienced only a slightly salty taste. His lips and tongue grazed her neck, then traveled downward between her breasts. She turned slightly, presenting one of her delectable breasts to his mouth. Paul nibbled and gently bit an elongated nipple between his teeth. Kara moaned with pleasure.

Paul turned his attention to her other breast and treated it similarly. Kara continued her nearly silent whimpers of pleasure. Paul picked Kara up and sat her on the edge of the counter. He gave each breast a quick kiss and then trekked downward, across her stomach.

Paul lifted Kara's legs, putting them over his shoulders, his head between her legs. He wanted to lick his way up the insides of her thighs but was too far gone for such niceties. He pressed his face to her pussy and licked up the juices. He ran his tongue up and down her lips, savoring the musky taste and aroma of her sex. Kara moaned in delight.

Paul's tongue slipped between her lips and pushed into her pussy. Kara's legs clamped around his neck and pulled him into her. Paul's eyes roamed over her body, his tongue lapped at the insides of her pussy while the tip of his nose tickled her clitoris. He inhaled, intoxicated by the sweet aroma and questioned whether it was all real.

Kara cried out. Her hips shook and she clamped her legs around Paul's neck. He thought he was going to be smothered. Kara mumbled non-nonsensically and impaled herself on his tongue. He gripped her cheeks firmly and drank her nectar as if he were dying of thirst.

Kara reveled in her orgasm as Paul licked the insides of her thighs and drank of the juices flowing out of her. She yearned for more but needed to allow her normal sensations to return. Kara inhaled and exhaled deeply as waves of ecstasy coursed through her body. She wanted more of Paul's touch, but right now she needed the gentleness he was offering.

After a minute or two, Kara slipped her legs off Paul's shoulders and pulled his face to hers. She kissed him repeatedly, savoring the taste of herself on his lips.

"I don't really want to stop... and I hope you don't either," Kara said between kisses, "But if we continue... I'm going to want you to spend the night... and that is not a good idea... at least not tonight."

Paul wasn't sure what Kara was getting at. His cock began softening. "We both have to work tomorrow," she continued. "If you're off on Sunday, we can continue Saturday night." she said as she caressed his manhood with her hands. "That way we can stay in bed as long as we want."

Paul wanted to continue as well, but understood it could be even better on Saturday night. "Yeah, well... I don't work on Sunday either... that would be nice... and I did want to take you to dinner, anyway." he replied.

"How about I fix something for us here. That way we don't have to go out."

"I, uh... work on Saturday. I don't get off until six-thirty or seven, then I'll have to go home and change..."

"No... come right from work. You don't need to change clothes." Kara thought about Paul showing up in his work shorts. "Uh... at that time I should be finishing my shower and might have to answer the door in a towel, though." With a grin on her face she asked, "You wouldn't mind would you?"

Paul shook his head. As Kara turned loose of his cock, he stooped and pulled his shorts on. He picked up his shirt from the counter and pulling it over his head, turned to leave. "You know..." he said, "I don't really want to leave, but Saturday night does sound good... especially the part about the towel... promise?"

"Promise," Kara said as Paul went out the door.

When Paul was gone, Kara jumped down from the counter, picked up her towel and went to the phone. She called Suzy's number. Suzy was watching TV at the time. She got up from her chair and looked at the Caller ID. She saw it was Kara. Suzy had left Kara stranded at the club with no clothes and although she meant it as a prank, she knew she shouldn't have done it. She expected that Kara had just gotten home and was calling to chew her out. Suzy let the phone ring until the answering machine picked it up.

"Hi, this is Suzy," said the machine, "I'm having too much fun right now to take your call, or at least I hope that's why I can't answer. If I gave you my card, and you're calling for a date, the answer is yes. Just leave your name and the time you'll be here. Now wait for the beep."

Kara was pretty sure that Suzy was home but was too embarrassed to take her call. She waited for the beep then said, "Suzy, I can't thank you enough. I just had the best night I've ever had and it would never have happened if you hadn't been so thoughtful. I'll call you tomorrow and tell you all about it." Grinning like a Cheshire cat, she put down the phone and waited for Suzy to call back.

Suzy had heard Kara's message, but for the life of her she couldn't imagine what had happened. Dying to know, she quickly dialed Kara's number, expecting to be rewarded with all the delicious details. Kara, sitting by the phone, glanced at the Caller ID when the phone rang. Not surprisingly, it was Suzy returning her call. She doubted if she would ever tell Suzy what had really happened. She turned off the answering machine and let the phone continue to ring.