Tonight's Special

by Mike Franklin Â©

I had been dating Brad for a few months when he invited me to have dinner

with he and his parents the following weekend when they came into town for

a visit. I was kinda nervous; the first meeting with the parents is always

that way I think.

On top of that Brad's parents are very well off and very sophisticated;

me, I'm just a little girl from a little town (with a little pussy that

likes a lot of sex, hehe) and to be truthful, having dinner with Brad's

stuffy parents didn't seem like too much fun. I tried to excuse myself but

he insisted and after he promised to 'make it up to me' I agreed to go and

try and make the best of it.

The big night came and I wanted to do my best to make a good impression on

Brad's parents. I showered and shaved, taking care to see that my muscular

legs were baby smooth. My mother had bought me a classy black cocktail

dress; "just in case" she told me when we went to buy it. Now I was glad

that she had insisted.

Brad picked me up and we drove to meet his parents. Brad an I had met at a

party and stayed up all night talking; he was very sweet, he didn't even

try and get me drunk and take advantage of me that evening. When he called

me a few days later and asked me out on a real date I accepted. We had a

nice evening, some good dinner, and I got him drunk and took advantage of

HIM! Ha, don't you just love women's lib?!

The whole way to the restaurant I teased Brad, shifting in my seat and

causing the soft fabric of my dress to slide way up my thigh. He kept

putting his hand on my leg, trying to get to my pussy but I kept slapping

him away; I didn't want to be all hot and bothered the first time I met

his parents! Luckily, before Brad could break through my defenses, we were

pulling up to the restaurant.

A valet opened my door and helped me out; a new experience for me. They

whisked the car away and I took a hold of Brad's arm and allowed myself to

be led into the posh interior of the town's best restaurant.

Never in a million years would I have come into a place like this â€“ from

the dÃ©cor I estimated that a single meal there would cost me a month's

worth of paychecks! The place was dimly lit giving its diners a sense of

privacy even in the cavernous main dining area. Thick pile carpet lined

the outside of a marble walkway that sparkled brilliantly even in the soft

light.

Brad said something to the matre'de, a slender man who looked very

sophisticated in his pressed tuxedo and thin mustache. He beckoned to us

and we followed him down the marble to a small alcove off the main dining

room; this was obviously an area reserved for those who requested a little

more privacy and were willing to pay for it.

When we got to the table we were greeted by Brad's parents. They moved

away from the table and introductions were made. Brad's father was a big

deal at one of the local tech companies; he was dressed in a cream colored

suit that was expertly tailored to hide his large midsection. His mother

was equally as plump; a very pretty red head with ample breasts that were

pushed together and spilled out of the tight purple dress she wore.

Once the introductions had been made the pleasantries dealt with we all

settled into our seats and began looking at the menu - they were in

French. I mentioned this to Brad who assured me that he would take care of

ordering for me. Brad's father spoke up.

"So Erin, Brad tells me that he is quite fond of you. How did you meet?"

His tone was so stuffy, so upper crust, and he had these beady little eyes

that made me feel like I was the subject of an interrogation rather than

being engaged in a conversation.

For a second, I formulated my answer, not sure how much to tell him â€“

would he be disappointed if he knew that his son and I had met at a keg

party? I was saved by the waiter, who moved silently to the table with a

bottle of wine in each hand.

"Mousier, would you prefer the 72 Chambolle Musigny or the 52 Chateau

Carbonnieux this evening?"

"Erin," Brad's father said again addressing me, "do you prefer white or

red wine?"

This one I knew the answer to. "Red."

He turned back to the waiter. "Pour the Chambolle Musigny and leave the

bottle. Also, chill another one and bring it with our entrÃ©e"

The waiter poured four glasses with an expert touch and placed a glass

before each of us at the table before giving a slight bow and slipping

from sight as quietly as he had come. I sat and sipped the wine; it was

full bodied and tasted great. Wine is one of my favorite things and I

could get used to knocking back this stuff a bottle at a time.

Conversation at the table was scarce and I was thankfully not included in

much of it, I just sat there and drank my wine. Salads appeared and I

concentrated on mine, trying to stay out of the family's conversation as

much as possible. I was totally out of my element and not very comfortable

at all. Brad was certainly going to owe me big time for this!

After the salads were cleared away I tipped back my glass and emptied it

for the second time. Brad's parents looked at me with interest; they were

both still working on their original glass. I felt like I was being judged

by these pompous socialites and I needed to get away.

"Brad," I asked "Would you please show me to the restroom?"

We got up and left the table; I could feel his parent's stare burning a

hole in my back as Brad escorted me to the restroom. They were situated as

privately as the table where we were sitting, way in the back down a dark

hallway. I don't know if it was the wine or the need to rebel against

Brad's parents but as we walked down the hallway, I grabbed his tie, moved

past the door to the women's room led him into the men's room.

He started to protest but I stopped him short with a hard kiss on the

lips. I pulled him down the row of stalls and into the last one; there was

no one else in the restroom at that moment but I'm not sure I would have

stopped even if there were.

Once inside the stall I closed the lid to the toilet, sat down and pulled

Brad toward me; my hands already working on his zipper. He started to

protest again but I looked up and gave him a withering look; he must have

seen the lust in my eyes because he shut his mouth and let me take

control.

I worked his zipper down and reached inside his pants; for staging a

protest he sure was warming to the situation in a hurry. Carefully I

extracted his penis and stroked it in my hand, urging it to its full

dimension. I opened my mouth and slid his hardening cock into my waiting

mouth; normally I like to take my time and tease but due to the situation

I was going to have to get to work immediately.

With his cock not yet fully erect I was able to easily take him into my

mouth completely. I held him there, deep in my throat and swirled my

tongue around his organ. Before long he was as hard as ever and I began to

move my lips over him with fast, long movements. My hand worked in tandem

with my mouth, stroking his shaft as my mouth working his sensitive head.

Brad stood there and let me do with him what I wanted - not that he had

much choice at the moment. He placed his hand on the back of my head and

pulled me down; I opened my throat and took as much of him into my mouth

as I could. His cock caused me to choke and gag and I held him inside me

as long as I could, coming up when I was no longer able to hold my breath.

Thick strands of saliva were strung from my mouth to his cock, clinging to

him like dew to a flower. I slurped these strands back into my mouth and

licked the entire length of his cock, from base to tip, before once again

pushing him into the back of my throat. Brad was really getting into it

and I could tell that if I kept up my effort he was going to reward me

with a mouthful of his cum.

I pulled his cock from my mouth much to Brad's disappointment; no man

likes to be stopped short of shooting his load but I wanted it in my

pussy, not my mouth. I stood up and kissed him on the lips, shoving my

tongue into his mouth. "I have a surprise for you," I said, breaking the

kiss. "I was going to save it for later but now seems more appropriate."

Luckily the stall was larger than normal and allowed me room to maneuver.

I turned around and pulled the material of my skirt up and over my ass

showing him that I hadn't bothered to put on any knickers. Brad seemed to

like his surprise and moved immediately behind me, probing with his hard

cock for my wetness.

He found his mark and slid inside me; I was soaking wet with exhilaration

thinking of fucking in this posh restaurant. Brad buried his cock inside

me to the hilt, filling me totally, and began to fuck me with urgent

strokes.

I braced myself against the stall as he grasped my hips and slammed into

me. My pussy quivered and I came, surprised by how quickly it had

happened. I had to stifle my moans so they wouldn't echo in the small room

and my noises seeming to urge Brad on. He slammed into me with more force,

holding himself against the back of my pussy, driving into me as deep as

he could.

Despite the need to stay quiet, when he came Brad let out a loud cry. I

could feel his cock become even harder inside my tight pussy and then a

warm stream of liquid was deposited in the deepest regions of my sex.

Again and again I felt his cock twitch leaving every last drop of his cum

inside me. He held my hips to his, pulling as much of himself into me as

he was able.

We stood there for a moment and recovered, letting our breathing return to

normal. Brad slid his slippery cock from inside me and I stood up, turned,

kissed him again. He tucked himself back into his pants carefully and slid

his zipper back into place. I could feel that some of his cum was already

running out of my pussy and down my leg; I lifted my skirt and scooped it

from my inner thigh with my finger, put the finger to my mouth, cleaned

the cum from it.

Brad looked totally astonished by my actions; I just smiled at him

seductively. "You just wait until we get home mister; remember you owe me

big time for this."

He smiled at me as we made out way out of the bathroom, checking to make

sure no one saw us emerge, made out way back to his parents table. If they

noticed we were gone a bit too long they were too polite to say anything.

Brad's mother even pointed out that my lipstick was in need of a touch up

and let me use her compact mirror to fix it.

I doubt that she had any idea that I had messed up my makeup sucking and

fucking her son.