Sex On The Menu (MF, nosex, feet)

It seemed a little boring after Roger and I ordered our food. As a way to spice things up a little I take off my shoe and put my foot in his lap as the tablecloth disguise my actions. I begin to rub his groin with my foot as we stare into each other eyes.

He tries to focus on his pleasure as I feed off his desire. I begin to feel him becoming hard under my foot. I continue to rub just as he catches my foot in his hand halting my game. With his other hand he unzip his pants freeing his fully erect dick. Still holding my foot in his hand he begin to guide it up and down his shaft while maintaining eye contact.

In an attempt to cause him some surprise I remove my foot out of his grip. He began to stare at me with disbelief. His face displayed that his mind was starting to race as he was trying to figure out what kind of game I was playing.

So cut off guard he did not notice that I took my other shoe off until he felt both of my feet hugging his dick. He used his hand to wrap them tighter around his shaft as he guides them up and down. As he close his eyes he begin to speak through clench teeth. He suggests that we leave the restaurant and head to his place. I remind him that we had ordered food. He tries to convince me to forget about the food and go back to his place with him. Trying to stop him self from cumming he begin to slow the strokes. I would not budge on leaving.

He keeps his eyes locked on me in hoping that the patrons around the restaurant would not notice what we were doing. Grabbing the cloth napkin from the table he drape it over the head of his dick and begin to use my feet to stroke his shaft faster. I can feel his hands starting to hold my feet tight trying to use every restraint not to react too much to the climax he were preparing to reach.

 Feeling him near I take over jerking him off with my feet giving him the opportunity to use his now free hand to grab the bottom of the table. With his eyes fixated on me, one hand holding the napkin over the head of his dick, and the other gripping the table he ejaculates.

Just as he begins to clean him self the waiter brings our food. At the same time not taking our eyes off each other we tell the waiter we wanted to go boxes. After he finishes zipping his pants and washing his hands we leave the restaurant heading for his car laughing.