

A sundae to remember

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Mar 2011



Two girls go for a walk with me and get the treatment they were looking for.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/a-sundae-to-remember.aspx>

The evening was over. 9 pm. My date has left but it's too early to go home. One more.

I get a drink at the bar and some booklet with restaurant reviews. Actually more an excuse for more advertising crammed down my optic nerves, but it'll do. Better then going home.

They're dissing a perfectly fine place in favor of a crap-infested dump of a rotten-food-serving diner. Again.

"Is this seat taken?" she asks. I look up from my mood-destroying piece of crap into the face of a fallen angel. Too much mascara. Too much lace. Too much cleavage and legs all the way up to what may well be the best ass I've seen in weeks.

"It is now," I say, and smile at her.

She waves to her friend and sits down. "Thanks."

I extend my hand and say my name as her friend arrives. She looks at it as if she thinks she, and she alone, is responsible for the income of the mascara producers of the world. I like that. Who doesn't like emo, or goth, or whatever the word is for slutty girls these days.

"Marianne," she says with that fake disdain befitting the chosen guise and shakes my hand lightly.

"Mel," says the other one.

"M&M," I can't help but say. "Mouth melters, eh?"

I smile and continue reading my paper as they aim their loathing and sit down.

God damned reviewer needs to be shot. No style. No taste. No writing skill. Fuck me.

I fold the paper and look at M1. They're talking about something but I can't really be bothered to pay

attention. She however notices my attention, and smiles a slight smile before she remembers to scowl and frown. Humanity seeps out, try as you might.

"I'm getting another drink to wash this written bile out of my mind, you dolls want something?"

"Kirr," M2 says, M1 wants a white wine.

"White wine with juice, and one straight," I repeat and walk to the bar thinking that under that crap they could very well be pretty, if not beautiful.

They're giggling as I put the drinks and myself down. "What's funny?" I ask without the inflection of a question.

"You," M2 says.

"Why?" I don't really look up at her. I have a new drink, can't be bothered to fake that I care.

"You're thinking that if you buy us drinks you can get in our pants."

"One, there are gentlemen left in the world, and while I am not one, I sometimes like to pretend. Two, I don't think you are wearing pants under that skirt."

I think there's a blush on M1's face but, much like her actual name, I'm not sure.

"Three, I don't 'think'... I'm pretty sure." I'm staring both of them in the eye, taking turns. "Or am I wrong?"

M2, taking the role of lead-bitch, leans forward, and in doing so shows me cleavage running all the way to her navel. "You can't handle us."

"Hah." I pick up my paper again. "Arrogance, I'm surrounded, better surrender, then, before I make you prove me wrong."

Now M1 is blushing. That or her makeup is failing horribly in keeping a consistent deathly white all over. She turns her head and mutters something only M2 can hear. Fuck, I wish I could remember their names.

And then they manage to actually startle me. Doesn't happen often. Extra points awarded.

M2 kisses M1 in the French style. Both are looking at me. She pulls back her head and M1's lips make an audible 'POP' when the tongue she's sucking is pulled from her mouth.

"Alright, you've raised the bar and the temperature. But we're not there yet. This is amateur stuff, and I'm too old for games." I drain my beer and stand up.

I grab my coat and as I'm making that comic book style swirl to put it on I look at them and ask, "Well? Are you coming or not?"

They look at each other, and to my surprise as much as my rising lust, they stand up and drain their drinks.

"Where to?"

"A walk. It's nice and dark out, and not too cold," I say

Around the corner is a small square with lots of shadows, an archway proving darkness of night befitting these two self-claimed bat-girls. Here I halt.

"Can't go further from here," I say. "Not with pants. You sure it's just skirts or are you hiding something?"

M1's make-up is real crap, or she's red as a star going nova. I smile at her and demand proof. In the dark of the archway she flashes her thong-free ass. M2 is still cool as a Norwegian Vodka, as she squats to remove her panties and hands them to me.

I take care to fold them slowly, neatly, and stuff them in my front jeans pocket. I can't believe they aren't asking the same of me. This is going to be fun.

We walk along the quiet streets north, only sporadically do we pass other people. Far too few to be any fun, so I turn back south in front of a church.

"Oh damned," I say. "This is the no-shirt street."

They help each other take off their coats and then their shirts. White skins and black bra's are all glorious under their long coats as we walk towards the riverside.

I take them up on the viewing ramp along the river, looking out over the water and the city on either side. And just before we reach the top I make them remove all but their boots and coats.

Two girls, naked but for their long coats and boots and loads of makeup. This night would be more fun than expected.

M1's upper legs are glistening. She's dripping fun.

I sit down on the bench halfway the walkway, people are passing by, couples of all ages. A man with a dog. They sit down one on either side of me, lips trembling and full and red.

"You can't sit here with a long coat," I say, and their eyes go wide. "Stand up, or take it off." They stand up.

I grab the belt on M2's coat and take it out. "Tie your friend's hands behind her back," I say, and she complies. M1 is leaking with fear and arousal, now. "Now take off your own belt and tie her to the bench with it."

M1 is sitting naked on the bench under the street light, naked under her unbuttoned coat. The wind is trying to undress her as her friend ties her hands to the seat. She can't move away, can't keep the wind from opening that coat. She has to trust me to fold it closed again after every breeze before the passersby see her as God made her.

"Done," M2 says with a hoarse voice. Hoarse with lust and fear and anticipation.

"Good," I say. I feel my own jeans starting to hurt. I put my hand on M1's upper leg to calm me, but as I hope, it fails and arouses me more to feel her soft, warm and wet skin under my hand. M2's coat is hanging open, as she stands before me with her back to the walking people. "Why aren't you wet?" I ask.

"I'm sorry," she says "I'm never that wet."

"Get wet," I order and move my hand up M1's leg, uncovering more of her, making her twitch.

"How?" she asks, and her eyes widen as I say, "Pee."

"Here?"

"Yes. Standing up. Right there. Now."

She bites her lip. M1 whispers, "Do it. God, do it now, bitch," as my fingers enter her under her coat,

as the wind makes her nipples as hard as the steel bolts securing the walkway.

She trickles at first, trying to hold in the tsunami that's building up inside her, but soon she realizes she's making more noise like that, attracting more attention like that, then by letting it flow all the way down her legs, into her boots.

Her legs shine as if oiled on a Spanish beach and the stone below her reflects her as a mirror. "My boot is full of it," she giggles.

"Take off that boot. Don't spill it." She complies. To M1: "You. Drink it." They both stare at me, wide eyed.

"Do it or I walk away," I say.

M2 puts the boot's edge to M1's mouth and gently tips it upwards. She only gags once before realizing it isn't all that bad. Her body shines in the street and moonlight from the spilled piss. "Now you clean her, only your tongue," to M2.

She licks her friend's face clean, the mascara and blush smearing off and dripping down. She licks her friend's neck and collarbones. She gently opens her coat and sucks the puddle in her belly button. M1 surprises me by standing up and putting her naked foot up on the back rest of the bench and orders her friend to lick it clean. She does so with vigor, her tongue finding all the drops and moving higher and higher up on that gloriously shining calf.

I pull the belt holding her tied to the bench. Time to move on.

We walk back down, towards the city center. The streets are busier here, and people are watching us. Suspecting.

I buy two double ice cream cones in the Australian parlor and take them back to the walkway. We don't go up this time. We go under, to the riverside bank.

I untie her hands and pass them both a cone. "Here. You deserve a treat."

They look at me all lips and eyes wide with lust. "You know what I want. Do it."

M2 stabs her face in the cone and smears the cream all over her face. With the other hand she unbuttons her coat and lets it drop. The cold vanilla and banana drips down her body and M1 attacks it as I had hoped, her own cone all but forgotten, the melting cream dripping down her fingers and

forearm.

Both naked and glistening, wet, cold and horny as hell they turn on me, and I oblige. I sit down on a piece of concrete and open my shirt and pants.

I don't get any respite, no mercy. M1 shoves the cone over my raising worth as if it were her own vagina and uses it to melt me back down to size. Right when I think I can't handle the cold anymore, she pulls it off and replaces it with the scalding heat of her mouth. M2 is behind me now, taking off my shirt from behind. I can feel her icy skin and iron nipples on my back. She kisses me deeply and tastes of banana and I feel my blood retuning to where it matters most.

With an audible POP; M1 releases me, only to turn and sit right down on my lap, pumping me hard and deep right from the start.

"See? You can be wet if you really put some effort into it." It's all I can muster to say as M2 is climbing onto the concrete to stand over me, using her friend's back as a brace. She's fully shaved, and I dive into the vanilla pool between her legs, her ass against my cheeks.

M1 bends all the way forward, and M2 can't keep this position like that so she pushes M2 off of me to take her place. As she positions herself to ram herself onto me, I shift, and enter her in the back. She squeals, but her friend keeps her down on me. "Yeah take it in the ass, Mary," she says.

The name doesn't register right then. She's so tight and warm it's all I can do not to come right there and then. Mel is standing before us, licking what remains of her ice cream. "I want to try that too so don't go all limp on me, boy," she says with a Cheshire grin that'll haunt my best dreams for weeks.

Marianne tightens like a vise on me and lets out a subdued squeal that would have been a glorious scream in any other situation, and hops off me. Mel shoves her face right back over me, as if the taste of her friend is a thousand times better than any ice cream. And it may very well be. Mary is sitting down in front of us, panting and smiling. "Go on Mel, ride him in your ass. Fuck him up!"

Mel straddles me, face towards me. "Hold me," she says, and Mary holds her shoulders from behind as I put her ankles on my shoulders and lower her down onto me. From this angle, I go deep. I imagine I can see her belly bulge every time she goes down. Her eyes are tearing, she drools as she pants and subdues the screaming.

"Deeper! Harder, BITCH," Mary is pushing on her shoulders now and I'm seeing stars. I don't think I can keep this up.

Mel's legs start twitching violently and her eyes roll up, she clenches so tightly, her pussy squirts her juices over my belly and she starts a scream just barely smothered by Marianne's hand over her mouth.

She drops off of me and lies on her back on the cobblestones, on top of Mary, their faces next to each other and I can't resist standing up and blasting my prize all over both of them. They laugh and giggle under the white rain and lick it off of each other with the same vigor they had for the ice cream.

Six cigarettes and an half hour later I am in the bar again. Sipping another beer, cursing at the magazine.

But the anger isn't there. I don't really care anymore. I had a sundae to remember.