Who's gonna drive you home...tonight?

By WellMadeMale

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We met online and then - at her part time job

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/whos-gonna-drive-you-hometonight.aspx

“It's said that clothes, make the man...Sugar.” I hear you throatily purr into my ear as your agile, lithe and athletic, feminine form saws into my own frame.

Seated in this plush leather couch, I tremble as your thick, light brown hair sashays against my right cheek as I sit upon my tooo eager-to-caress-you, hands...

I feel your soft, warm touch upon my shoulder as your right hand slides just under my coat collar and dives down my upper back, your nails teasingly pressed into my skin through the pinpoint fabric of my shirt...Your pert, natural breasts suspend just in front of my eyes as I feel myself grow harder with every inhalation of your scent...as I notice a tattoo of Winnie the Pooh - on the outer curve of your sidebreast?

You are definitely an exquisite woman, Desiree, gentle curves in all the right places...the kind of woman who inspires men to create monuments to your honor...the kind of woman who makes my dick hard, just thinking about you.

Drive – by the Cars, is echoing throughout the club as I allow my eyes to meander from your frame for just a moment. I also notice forty other scantily clad women, mesmerizing their friends and clients – soaking up adulation and lust, taking us all on vacation with them...

My eyes are still trying to acclimate to the darkness, as I'm fresh off the street and I’m seated here in the back, where the light is just a little dimmer...a little more intimate than out front by the well-lit stages...and I look up towards the ceiling above the main stage and notice a second floor...*Why didn’t I see that before*?

“Mmmmmmm...you smell nice tonight, babe, is that Joop?”

My attention is diverted from your compliment by a knockout in the upper deck, leaning against the balcony.

She was there just a second ago and now she’s not...another tall, slender and beautiful girl with cinnamon toned skin, and waterfall of dark, reflective hair.

Your right hand is busily massaging my left shoulder through the fabric of my coat and shirt, while your right hand coaxes my face back to your show.

My eyes eat the sight of your tan lines as you remove your top and allow your breasts to complete your enchanting effect upon me. I reluctantly direct my gaze upward to your face. Almond shaped, dark brown eyes, sun-kissed complexion and perfectly applied lipstick!

“Close your eyes, and imagine…you and me…together…Let me show you...”

The last thing I see before I close my lids is your sultry face, and your pert, feminine nose…*Such a pretty young woman*, I think..*but you're not*...

“Let me...show you something you’ve never seen, Handsome..."

You...

Two expertly manicured, gentle hands envelope my forehead and cover my eyes from behind as I feel the weight of someone I’ve never known, recede from my lap...A voice I recognize instantly, has just informed me, that she is going to show me something...new.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Des!”

Your soft right cheek is brushing against my left ear as you murmur...“How’d you know?”

I sense a smile pursing your lips, because you voice just sounds like it is grinning...

“Well, babe, clue one was...”

“Her tan lines?” You giggle.

“And number two was...”

“That hideous ink on her breast?”

I feel your hands open and slide down my temple, nails lightly caressing my cheeks and then my jawline...eight differently pressured to rest upon my shoulder.

“And clue number three...”

“I thought I’d picked one who might fool you…”

“No way, Des...your associate is probably a size 4, not the two I knew you, to be!”

“You’ve paid way too much attention to me, Jon..." You voice has calmed and exudes from your throat like smoke, surrounding me in the cloud of you.

Your hands dive down the front of my chest, and your arms embrace the sides of my face. I feel your chin come to rest, lightly, right atop my head. Your warm torso, pressed into the upper back of my shoulders...transmits your growing desire into me.

“Des...I’ve eaten every word you’ve ever told me, every thought we’ve ever shared...every photo of you, babe. How could I not recognize you – up there...leaning against the railing, scoping me out, if only for a moment?”

It’s my turn to smile and I do...My eyes still closed. Just loving every delicious second that you’re near me, Des.

I’ve waited...how long, has it been, babe, eight long months now?

“Can I dance for you, Jonnie?"

“Can either of us handle that, Des?”

“Don’t you get tired of wondering, Jon...don’t you ever get tired of handling things all by yourself?”

I roll my head all the way backwards as I feel you shift your stance and back away from me somewhat. Your fingers still cradling my jaw as I sense your face is now just above my own, as you’ve bent down, your gorgeous hair falling like a veil around us both. I'm tempted to open my eyes, but taunting you with my stubbornness; I savor your breath, Des...I’ve wanted to smell you for so

long, to taste your lips...and yes, to feel you grinding upon my lap!

My cock is literally thumping with every heartbeat, against the tight briefs I'm wearing. I can feel pre-cum moistening the fabric.

“Yes, Des...I am tired of wondering - tired of dreaming - so ready to meet you! But first, before I open my eyes and look straight into yours...Kiss me?” I whisper, and you feel my own warm breath, pillow into your face.

Your first kiss alights upon my forehead...light as a feather, two full, soft lips plant your touch upon my skin.

I feel your tongue snake between your lips and decorate my flesh with your moist affection.

“You know, Jonathan...I’ve always thought it was the man - who made the clothes! And man, you really fucking make these clothes!”

The closest thing to a blush you'll ever see on my face, frames my deep blue eyes as I slowly open my lids to gaze upon you...

“Your face, Jon...just makes me wanna cum all over you.”

“We can probably work something out, babe.”

I smile, as I guess what you’re thinking and I watch your face raise above me as the air-conditioning again cools my brow.

Closing my eyes, I sense your hands have left my shoulders; I feel your presence evaporate and I wonder...*Where's she going now*?

"Sit tight Jonnie, I'm clocking out - it's Wednesday and with forty girls, I won't be needed tonight..."

You squeeze my shoulder.

"Here!"