A Good Start... Part 2

By conor13

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The First Date

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Part 2--

The summer time wore on, and Monica had met me a few times for coffee. Tonight, however, was different. It was our first real date. I wanted to change things up a bit and not go with the old ‘dinner and a movie’ approach.

For the fifth time in as many minutes, I checked my watch.

6:28 PM.

We had agreed that I would pick her up at 7 PM, and I had just left to do so.

When I arrived at her place, I shut off the engine, and checked my watch again.

6:57 PM.

“You’ve got this,” I told myself. I got out of the car and walked up to her front door. I pressed the bell, and heard it chime inside. Footsteps hurried to the door, and it was opened by her gay roommate, Manuel. He looked me up and down, taking in my black slacks, black shoes, and dark blue shirt.

“Well, well! Did someone say it was my birthday?” he teased.

I chuckled, then said, “No, I’m here to pick up Monica.”

“She’ll be right down, why don’t you come on in?”

He closed the door behind me. “Can I get you something to drink?” he asked.

“No, I’m fine. I’ll just wait here.”

I heard a door shut, then someone coming down the stairs. I looked up... and Manuel started laughing.

“I think he just had a heart attack, sweetie!” he chirped to Monica.

She smiled and laughed in return, and flushed a little. She was stunning. She was wearing a cream colored silk cocktail dress with matching heels.

I collected my thoughts, then offered her my arm.

“Ready?” I asked.

“As I’ll ever be.”

We walked to the car, and, wanting to make a good impression, I helped her into the car and closed her door. I got in, fired up the engine, and started driving.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“You’ll see. It’s a surprise. I think you’ll love it.”

We drove on with the radio playing quietly for a bit, then I turned onto a narrow dirt road crowded by trees on either side.

“This looks promising,” she laughed.

“Just wait, you’ll see.” When the trees let up suddenly, I let myself smile at Monica’s sharp gasp. We had pulled into the parking lot of a secluded restaurant. The building itself was set back against a hill with a small natural amphitheater next to it, while the dining area was set out on a dock, facing the ocean. The water was shallow for several hundred meters out, so it had a very calm surface. There was a small band playing in the amphitheater, its soft melody floating out over the water.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“This is amazing! How did you know it was here?”

“I was just driving around one day and I found it. It’s one of the best kept secrets this area has.”

I loved the location myself. There was a cozy feel to it, and there were enough small animals to keep the amount of bugs in the air to almost nothing. We walked out onto the dock, and were greeted by the maitre d'. He showed us to our table, one of four spaced out on the dock. Two other tables were occupied.

I sneaked another glance at my watch as we were seated.

7:43 PM.

I let out a small sigh of relief. My timing couldn't have been more perfect.

Monica and I ordered talked while we waited, and when the food arrived, we set to it.

"This is amazing!" she gushed, and the maitre d' beamed.

When we finished, our table was cleared, and I got up. I looked at my watch one more time.

"Nearly there," I thought. I offered Monica my hand and pulled her to her feet.

"Night's not over yet," I said.

We strolled over to the amphitheater where there were several blankets laid out on the hillside. I picked the one in the center, and we sat down.

"What now?" Monica asked me.

"Look." I pointed out over the water. The sun was setting, coloring the clouds in the sky vibrant hues of pink and orange.

The band kept on playing, their soft notes a soothing background to the scene before us.

Right when the sun had set, I leaned in close and whispered, "Now look down at the shoreline."

Lightning bugs were coming out, making a valiant effort to roam despite all the animals shutting them down.

Monica smiled and looked at me. Her eyes were half closed, and her lips were parted slightly. I leaned in, and kissed her softly. She held her lips against mine until I pulled back and said, "We should probably get going."

She looked taken aback, and said, “Al-... Alright.”

As we walked back to the car, she spoke up.

“Do you mind if I stay over your place tonight? I don’t want to be alone.”

I smiled slightly. “Of course you can.”

We got back into the car, and I drove home. After we had gotten inside, we walked towards my living room.

“Would you like something to drink? Water, or a glass of wine?”

“Wine, please.”

I pulled two glasses from the cupboard and poured some red wine into them.

We sat on the couch and spoke for a while. She told me of her job, her school work, and her dreams. I told her about my parents, my schooling, and my life goals.

After a while, we both got up and put our glasses down on the table. She looked at me with smoldering eyes, and moved gracefully down the hallway to my bedroom door.

She stopped and put her back against it, then looked up at me through her eyelashes.

I reached out and gently took hold of her chin, and raised her lips to meet mine. As before, we started kissing softly. She put her hand on the back of my head and crushed her mouth against mine. I opened the door and pushed her through.

Her hands fumbled at my belt and managed to get it undone. I kicked my shoes off as she removed her heels, and I quickly unbuttoned my shirt. After I had my shirt off, I caught her hands and told her to stand still. I moved around behind her and started kissing behind her ear, lightly licking and nibbling. I worked my way slowly down her neck, not missing an inch. I gently tugged the zipper down the back of her dress, and pushed the straps off her shoulders. The dress pooled on the floor around her feet, and she turned to face me. I picked her up gently and put her on the bed. She propped herself up up on her elbows and removed her bra.

I knelt on the floor between her legs and pulled her face to mine for a deep, passionate kiss. I began

to kiss my way down her neck, trailing my lips along between each kiss. I nibbled and licked my way around her nipples, teasing her by not touching them. She began to moan softly.

I trailed more kisses down her stomach, and grasped the hem of her panties. I pulled them off slowly and caught her foot. I kissed my way back up her leg,and stopped just shy of her pussy. I admired the thin landing strip she had shaved, then grasped her other foot, repeating the process. I leaned in slowly, inhaling her fresh scent, and breathed out on her lips, making her murmur with pleasure. I slowly licked the outside of her folds, letting my tongue flicker up over her clit. She closed her legs slightly, and I heard my stubble rasping against the inside of her silky thighs. I pushed her legs back apart and grasped her clit between my teeth. I put a little pressure down, sucking on it, as I inserted my finger into her moist pussy. I sucked on her clit and slowly fingered her. She kept making sexy little mewling noises, and it was driving me crazy. I heard her breathing quicken, so I started fingering her faster and faster, sucking on her clit all the while. Her mewlings turned into moans, and suddenly, she stiffened. I felt her pussy rippling around my finger, and as she came, she arched her back and let out an almost silent cry.

She lay there for several moments, basking in the afterglow, the picked her head up and looked at me with smoky eyes. I smirked at her as I pushed my slacks and briefs to the floor, and slowly crawled on top of her. I leaned down and kissed her forcefully, and she darted her tongue into my mouth, setting off sparks in my head. She reached down and grasped my dick, slowly guiding me into her. After I bottomed out, I pulled back until I was almost completely out, then slid back in, savoring every inch of her wetness. I picked up my pace as he hips lifted to meet my thrusts. She moaned into my mouth and ran her nails down my back, sending shivers down my spine. I heard her begin to moan each time I slid back into her. As her moans got louder, I began to feel the beginnings of my own orgasm. I felt Monica once again stiffen as she climaxed, and I hammered away. Finally, I buried myself inside of her and came. I rolled over, keeping myself inside of her, and we both drifted contentedly to sleep.

When I woke in the morning, Monica was sitting up, wearing the shirt I had taken off last night.

She leaned down and kissed my eyes, one at a time.

"Morning," I murmured.

My stomach rumbled.

"Want breakfast?"

"Sure," she said with a smile.

I got up and put on a pair of linen pajama pants, then made my way to the kitchen.

I rooted around my fridge and pulled out eggs, green peppers, basil, onions, and of course, bacon. I scrambled the eggs in a bowl and diced up the vegetables. I set the oven to preheated for the bacon.

Monica came into the kitchen still wearing only my button down shirt.

"You are so sexy in my clothes." I told her with a smirk.

"Well, it's all about how you wear it. And you seem to be wearing those pants wrong," she said with a cute frown.

"Oh, really? Why don't you fix them for me, then."

Suddenly, her demeanor changed. She looked me in the eye, rolled her shoulders back, and walked sexily toward me.

She put her hand on the back of my neck and whispered into my ear, "Let me straighten you out, then."

She sank sinuously to her knees and tugged my pants down around my thighs. She grasped my dick with one hand and slowly licked from the base to the head. She did this over and over until, finally, she took the head into her mouth and suckled on it. She pulled back, lightly dragging her teeth over the head of my dick, then slid my cock into her mouth as far as it would go. As she did this again and again, she sped up. I started to let out involuntary groans, showing her the effect she was having on me. As I neared my climax, she started massaging my balls. Right when I was about to come, she slammed her head down on my cock, and I felt like I was struck by lightning. I shot my load down her throat and she swallowed as fast as she could. After I was done, she let my dick out of her mouth with a small pop. As I was smiling down at her, the oven chimed to let us know it was preheated.

Monica stood up and said, "I'm gonna go freshen up, now."

I pulled my pants back up and stared at her ass as she walked out of the kitchen.

"How did I get this lucky?"

Part 3 soon. Any comments or criticisms are welcomed.