

Dinner Date

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She goes out to meet a friend.

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by AaronTraugott

narrated by SensualSharon

A young woman stepped into the crowded restaurant. It was like any other chain family restaurant on a Saturday night. The waiting area was full of disgruntled patrons waiting for a table. It was cluttered mostly with families and dating couples and she had to push her way past many of them to get to the dining area. When she finally broke free of the crowd, she scanned the room, vainly searching for him.

"How many?" the slutty hostess asked her, smiling politely. The waitress was wearing a tight, plunge v-neck shirt. One quick look at her chest and it was easy to see why management had put her at the door to greet the incoming guests.

At that moment, a commotion from a table of rambunctious teenagers caught her attention. When she looked over she spotted him. He was sitting nearby, but in a secluded corner booth near the back. She waved off the waitress and proceeded through the labyrinth of tables, bus boys, and waiters.

When she finally got to his booth she quickly slid into the seat opposite him. He smiled seductively at her and their eyes locked.

"Hi." It was all he said but that alone made her melt. She had seen pictures of him already, heard his voice, but it had been a long time since she had actually been with him. Pictures of his naked body and massive cock flashed into her mind as she remembered their late night exchanges of emails and phone calls.

"Hi," she replied, trying to compose herself, pushing the mental images from her mind.

"I'm glad you made it. I've wanted to see you for a long time," he said.

A waiter approached their table asking for their drink order. They both ordered beer and the waiter left. He turned his gaze back on her. It felt like he was looking right through her. Already she could feel the moisture building in her panties.

"So, how was your drive," he asked her politely. She knew he really didn't care and was only trying to make small talk. All they wanted to do was rip off each others clothes and fuck like wild animals right there on the table. Unfortunately, that wasn't to be just yet.

"Fine," she replied, "no traffic or anything."

"That's good," he said as she felt something touch her calf. She knew instantly that it was his leg. She rubbed him back and smiled. It was nice to have dinner with him and spend some time, but was this all they could do, flirt and play footsies under the table.

She looked at the edge of the table and pondered the possibilities. There was a short tablecloth, and next to them was a partial wall and a small potted tree. Since they were in the back of the restaurant, there was no traffic, save for their own waiter.

"I asked for this table specifically," he said watching her study the layout.

"Not a bad choice," she responded and removed one of the strappy heel shoes she was wearing. She moved her naked foot up his pant leg, touching his bare ankle. She breathed heavily enjoying their first skin to skin touch. As she glanced over at him she noticed his eyes were closed, obviously enjoying it too.

Just then their waiter wheeled around the wall presenting their beers.

"Are we ready to order then?" he asked as he set the beers down in front of them. She quickly withdrew her foot. Neither one of them had even thought about looking at the menu yet.

"Maybe a few more minutes," the waiter said as he noticed the menus folded at the end of the table, exactly where he had left them earlier.

"Yes, please," her man instructed.

The waiter left and they both turned to each other and chuckled. They picked up their respectively

menus and began to look them over. She was only half-reading it though, and she returned her foot and moved it further up his leg. She heard him draw a deep breath at her touch, and figured that was permission to continue.

When her foot reached his knee she found his pants would go no higher. She tickled his calf with her bare toes for a moment and then let his pant leg fall back to its place. Her foot however, continued moving higher until she was past his knee and pressing her toes into the inner part of his thigh.

She looked at him over the menu and saw that he had his eyes closed again, enjoying the sensation. She pressed on, her foot extended almost completely out, until she was also able to put her heel into his thigh as well. Her foot was now flat against his leg, with her toes dangerously close to his groin. She could tell by how tightly drawn the crotch of his pants were, that he was already hard and erect.

She then felt his hand grab the top of her foot. He stroked it slowly and delicately, tracing the outlines of her toes and each one of its small bones. He then picked it off his leg and began to massage her soles. She leaned back with a quiet moan, enjoying the deep foot rub she was getting. It was making her so relaxed, so aroused, and so wet.

As she opened her eyes lazily she spotted their waiter over the partial wall that screened what was happening below their table from the rest of the restaurant. She withdrew her foot just as he turned the corner.

"Are we all decided yet?" he asked.

"Um, yes," her man spoke up, "I'll just take the, um, special burger." She could tell he hadn't been reading the menu either. His fumbling gave her some time to give it a quick scan.

"And I'll just have the chicken Caesar salad please," she said.

"Very good, I'll put this in right away," he said as he scribbled down their orders in his notebook. "Is there anything else I can get you?"

"No, we are fine," her man said turning back to look at her with a smile. She returned it with a devilish one of her own. She scooted herself down in her seat allowing her to extend out her legs fully. She placed her foot back in his lap, but this time, pushed it up against his hard cock.

The moment she touched it a tingle went through her pussy. It was rock hard and she could feel its warmth through his pants. She imagined it, all cramped in his jeans and how painful it must be. She rubbed his crotch with her feet, staring at his face the whole time. When he opened his eyes to look at

her, she mouthed silently to him to take it out.

He looked around nervously to confirm no one was watching, and then, in a few quick motions, he unzipped his pants and his cock sprang free. Using the large cloth napkins he covered it under the table as best he could. Anyone passing by wouldn't notice, or at least that's what he hoped.

With his cock now free of its confines, she slipped off her other heel and brought both naked feet up to his groin. Tenderly she placed his member between her feet, hugging it. It felt like it was on fire, and she could feel it pulsing against her, begging to be milked. She decided to oblige.

She spread her knees so that she could cup his cock with the bottoms of her feet. Her silky soles and soft arches slide easily along his length. Applying a little pressure she began to move her feet up and down his long shaft. When she reached the head of his prick, she could feel the wetness of his pre-cum and she smeared it around with her toes, lubricating her motions.

She looked over at him and saw that he was breathing rapidly as his pleasure built. Watching him like this made her pussy cream and she moved a hand in-between her legs. Pulling her damp panties to the side she began to rub her slick clit. She bit her lower lip against the pleasure and squeezed his cock even tighter with her feet.

She stroked him as fast as she could and could hear the occasional muffled groan coming from him. She could tell he was close and she drove her fingers deep into her own pussy as she watched him. He now had her feet in his hands and was squeezing them together, moving them up and down even faster. She let him take over. He was pressing her so hard against him that she could feel every individual vein and ripple on his huge dick.

Then with a groan she felt him tense up. His cock swelled slightly and then his hips began to buck in uncontrollable spasms. She felt a warm liquid spray against the tops of her toes. As he continued to fuck her feet, it smeared all over her soles and arches as well. She could feel the sticky warmth being spread across the tops of her feet and in-between her delicate toes.

Eventually he was spent and he released her. She continued to stroke him slowly, milking his semi-erect cock. Pearls of cum appeared at the tip with each squeeze and she collected them on her feet, which were now drenched in his cum. Large globs hung from the tops of her feet and dangled from her arches. When she wiggled her toes, she could feel web of sticky sperm between each one.

She spied the waiter coming toward them again, this time with a tray of food. Quickly she sat up and dropped her feet to the floor with a wet squish. He reached down and with a napkin covered his cock as best he could. They both froze, hoping the waiter hadn't noticed anything. He didn't even look at

them however. He quickly unloaded the food in front of them, asked them if they needed anything else, and turned and left. It was a busy night and one of the larger groups was monopolizing his time.

When the waiter had left she looked back over at him. He was inspecting the mess she had made in his crotch and trying to tidy up with a paper napkin.

"Don't worry about that just yet," she whispered seductively over at him, "I'm not done with you yet."

He looked up at her, just as she dropped underneath the table and out of sight. The next thing he felt were her soft hands on his cock followed by her warm breath. He slid down in the seat to give her better access and she began to lick the cum off of him like a Popsicle. As she licked and teased him with her tongue he began to get hard again.

Under the table, she was on her knees, her face in his crotch. With one hand she cupped his balls and rolled them gently between her fingers. With the other, she held his cock up. As she continued her cleaning, she could feel him getting hard in her hand. Diligently she continued licking and kissing every part of his glorious member, coaxing it to grow and become strong again.

His cock was now polished, spotless, and again fully erect. She admired it for a moment, letting the head swell up purple and wanting as she blew on it teasingly. Holding him firmly at the base of his shaft, she took him into her mouth. She held him in her warm, wet mouth for a few minutes, swirling her tongue around the tip. She then positioned her tongue underneath it, pinning him to the roof of her mouth. Moving her face back and forth, she began the blowjob. His thighs twitched uncontrollably as she quickened her pace, and increased her depth. Each thrust took him a little bit deeper until eventually he was hitting the back of her throat.

Relaxing the muscles in her neck, she swallowed him on the next thrust, plunging her face on top of him until her nose touched the base of his giant member. She held him there for a moment, her throat muscles spasming around him, until she couldn't take it anymore. She lifted off of his cock with a wet cough. She took a couple of quick breaths and then swallowed him down again.

She repeated this over and over and it became easier each time. They had now moved from pleasant blowjob to a violent throat fuck. Each penetration drew out spit and saliva that ran down her chin and neck. Her eyes were watering causing her makeup to pool in dark black blotches. He grunted and she felt his hands dig into her hair at the back of her head. With one forceful motion he pushed her down on top of him. She felt his balls tighten and lift up as he unloaded his seed. She felt the steamy jets hit the back of her throat and she coughed, gagged, and clawed at his legs wildly, but he held her fast, forcing her to swallow it. She knew the gag reflex in her neck was only squeezing him tighter sending his orgasm even higher.

When he had finished he released her and she pulled herself off of him coughing up sperm and saliva onto her chin and the ground. Although the ordeal was uncomfortable, she knew he loved it and held nothing against him. She slid back up to her seat and wiped the spooge off her face as best she could. Looking over at him he smiled and mouthed a silent thank you.

"You owe me mister," she said sternly.

"I know, I know," he replied smiling, "I will make it up to you when we get in the car."

"I think it is time for us to go then," she said looking at herself in her compact mirror. Her hair was disheveled and her eye make-up was running down her cheeks. They hadn't touched their food but they both knew this encounter wasn't about eating.

He zipped up his pants, a very noticeable wet stain covered his crotch and ran down part of his pant leg, and threw a couple of twenties on the table for the meal. She slipped on her heels easily, her feet still coated in his slippery cum. An audible squishing noise could be heard from her feet as she took a step and she looked down embarrassed. They both hurried out of the restaurant and into the parking lot toward his car.