Eating Out

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Sep 2011

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Eddie couldn't stop himself from sneaking glances at a couple at another table. From the corner of his eye he caught some movement and watched enthralled as the guy slipped his bare foot from his shoe and pushed it between the knees of the girl sitting opposite. She had let her legs part to accommodate the action but was still sitting demurely as if nothing was happening.

"Well, she wouldn't be writhing around in a busy restaurant as if she had a big toe in her pussy, would she?" Eddie thought to himself.

He tried to keep his focus on the conversation at his own table but felt compelled to watch. The girl looked his way and smiled at him. Eddie averted his gaze and could feel himself reddening.

"So, what do you think, Eddie?" he heard Marcus ask.

Eddie didn't have a clue what they'd been talking about.

"Whatever you think, Marcus," was all he could muster.

"Miles away," Marcus informed the rest of the group. "I'll ask him again when he's back with us."

"Yeah, sorry, Marcus," Eddie said. "Don't know where I was then."

Again he tried to stay focussed on the proceedings but another movement drew his eyes back to the couple. The guy's foot was back in his shoe now but the girl's ass was making little movements on the seat. Her skirt had ridden up exposing yet more of the shapely thighs that Eddie had already noticed and appreciated. The hand on the blind side was doing something. Eddie couldn't quite make out

what.

"Oh fuck," he suddenly realised. "She's taking off her knickers."

Both of them turned to look at him and Eddie looked away quickly.

"Bastards," he thought. "They know I'm watching them."

Still he couldn't stop himself from taking quick looks in their direction and he caught the moment she bent and reached down to remove her knickers from around her ankles. Screwing them up into a ball in her hand she passed them to the guy opposite her and he put them in his pocket before they continued eating as if nothing had happened. Eddie looked around at the other diners. Surely someone else must have seen what was going on? If they had, no-one was letting on. Then again, they wouldn’t would they?

Eddie tried to stay unflustered by what he had seen and only the throbbing cock in his trousers would have given away the excitement he felt at that moment.

"Got to go to the loo," he announced to the table.

"Well, thanks for letting us know that," Marcus said.

"Cunt," Eddie thought to himself as he stood up. He didn't like Marcus much, smarmy git that he was. He pulled his jacket over to cover the bulge of his still hard dick and made his way between the tables towards the back of the restaurant. He was vaguely aware that the girl responsible for his discomfort had stood up too and was following him. Pushing through the door marked ‘Toilets’ he allowed his hand to hold his cock.

“Jesus, I need to do something about this,” he said to himself.

The girl had followed him through the door and Eddie walked past the ladies room and on towards the gents. He had expected her to go into the ladies, obviously, so he was a bit surprised to hear her footsteps close behind as he pushed open the door. She followed him in and as he turned to look at her she pushed at his chest forcing him back towards a cubicle.

“There’s something I want you to do for me,” she informed him.

Eddie was still in shock as he was pushed backwards and the door of the cubicle locked as the girl squeezed into the tiny space with him. Any notion that he might resist had gone straight out of the

window as he felt her hand on his cock. Her perfume smelled rich and sensuous. He looked at her made-up face and ruby-red lips then down at the cleavage showing between the unbuttoned material of her blouse.

Overwhelmed he sat as she slammed down the toilet seat and pushed him.

“How was your main course?” she asked.

“Yeah, good,” Eddie replied feeling confused. It was a good restaurant but surely she hadn’t come in here to discuss the finer points of its culinary offerings.

“I’ve bought you some dessert,” she informed him.

Before Eddie could say or do anything she had pulled her skirt up to reveal her shaven pussy. She parted her legs to expose the luscious lips between her thighs and Eddie gasped. With the dexterity of a gymnast, and before Eddie could move, she had hooked her left leg over his right shoulder and had reached up with both hands to hang on to the top of the cubicle partitions.

“Now eat me,” she commanded.

“Be a bit rude not to,” Eddie thought to himself. “After all the trouble she’s gone to.”

Leaning forward he kissed her mons before allowing his tongue to trace up and down the inside of her thighs. He could smell the musky sweetness of her scented pussy.

“Come on, you fucker,” she ordered him “Lick my pussy.”

“Only too happy to oblige, ma’am,” Eddie said and he let his tongue play over her lips.

“Oh yes, that’s it,” the girl squealed as she hung further back and pushed her pussy forward toward his eager probing.

Eddie focussed on her clit. Light flickering made the girl tense her thighs and bum. He reached around to squeeze her ass and pull her closer to him. This wasn’t the most comfortable way to perform cunnilingus, Eddie thought, but like a real trooper he soldiered on. The girl began to moan as she got closer to coming and Eddie hoped to hell no-one else came into the toilets now. What the fuck would happen if they did? Then she was shuddering. Her legs were trembling as she let out a low feral moan and she arched backward.

“Thank you, thank you,” she murmured.

“My pleasure,” Eddie assured her. “Now, what are you going to do for me?”

She pulled him up from the seat and squeezed passed him turning him as she did so that she could sit in his place with Eddie facing her. He felt the pressure of her breasts on his chest as they manoeuvred round each other. He felt how soft but firm they were.

Seated now she pulled at the belt around his waist and quickly unfastened it. Undoing the button and sliding down the zip Eddie felt his trousers fall to the floor. Next she pulled at his underwear to release the pulsating cock that had been hiding there all this time, just bursting to get out.

“We’ll have to be quick,” she said. “If he knows what I’m doing he’ll kill me.”

She took Eddie's cock in her right hand and began to stroke at it. She cupped his balls with her left hand and began to fondle them gently. Leaning forward she gently kissed the very end of his cock. Eddie wanted to ram it into her mouth but he resisted the temptation and let her carry on at her own pace. She traced her tongue around the head and lifted his cock so that she could lick it from his balls all the way along its length.

“Hmm, quite a good size, aren’t we?” she said looking up at him.

“I thought you wanted to be quick?” he asked in reply.

Hmm, not *that* quick,” she responded as she sank her lips over him and slowly drew him in.

At that moment they heard the door of the toilets opening.

“Eddie. Where are you?”

Fucking Marcus.

“Eddie, is that you in there?”

They heard a banging on the cubicle door.

“Come on, mate. What the fuck are you doing?” they heard Marcus ask. “You got a bird in there or something?”

Marcus and the girl looked at each other and could barely supress their laughter before she buried his cock in her mouth again.

“Yeah, I’ll be there in a minute.” Eddie managed to blurt out.

“Well, don’t be long. Your birthday cake is on its way.”

As she quickened the pace Eddie could feel his legs tensing in anticipation. He could feel the cum rising and before he knew it he was shooting into her mouth. She moved her head back and the second load spilled out of his cock and fell between her tits before she replaced her mouth and sucked the rest of the sperm from him. She looked up and smiled at him as she swallowed.

“Yeah, yeah, just coming,” Eddie truthfully informed Marcus

“How was that?” she asked after they’d heard Marcus leave.

Eddie's head was still bent back and his eyes were still closed.

“Fucking fantastic,” he whispered.

The girl grabbed some tissue and cleaned the cum from between her tits.

“Give it a minute before you come out, won’t you?” she asked.

Eddie nodded. He sat on the loo and listened to her stilettoes as they clacked across the tiled floor and out of the room. After a minute or so he stood up and left the cubicle. He checked himself over in the mirror as he washed his hands and then dried them with a paper towel before making his way back to the dining room. Threading his way back through the tables the noise seemed incredibly high. People were getting drunk now and the volume was increasing proportionately. He looked over towards where the couple had been seated and saw that they were no longer there. A cake with lit candles was at the centre of his table and the dozen or so people surrounding it were laughing and joking as he approached.

“Come on Eddie,” Marcus yelled. “You’ve just had the longest dump in history. There must be room for some more now.”

“Wanker,” Eddie thought to himself. “Just because I work with you doesn’t mean I have to like you. And if only you knew ….”

Eddie smiled and let out a whoop. Bending forward he blew out all the candles in one go. This was his best birthday ever

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“Who’s for more champagne?” he asked. “Remember, this is my treat.”

He hadn’t realised yet that his wallet had been stolen.