A night out to remember

By matureguy

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works christmas meal gets real sexy

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Christmas was looming, the annual fun fest which is the works Christmas meal was just days away. I would normally look forward to this annual eat, drink, fall over night out, but this yearwas different. My wife and I have been going through a rough patch. Work wasn't a happy place to be; colleagues made redundant, orders lost etc.

The evening of the party arrived, we all duly tripped off to the Italian restaurant for our meal. Wine flowed freely during our meal. I started to feel a little bit more relaxed. We hadarranged overnight accommodation in town, so we could have a few drinks without the hassle of driving home or having to find a taxi in the early hours of the morning.

The waitress attending to our table was an African girl. She was tall and shapely and very dark skinned. Her skin was like adark chocolate with a mattefinish. She had shoulder length black hair, with a few red streaks added to the fringe, cut into a neat bob style and straightened to perfectly frame her pretty face.

Her name, (fromthe badge on her shirt) was Leanne.

As the meal ended we were discussing where to move on to next.
Leanne was clearing our table, listening to our rather loud debate as to where we should go. She stood, hands on her hips and said in sexy low voice, "I know a place you guys might enjoy and it's only a short walk from here".

I invited Leanne to sit with us and explain; she sat down next to me and elaborated.

"There is a small bar tucked away just behind this restaurant, it's a little off the beaten track, not one of the main bars used by the masses."

As Leanne was chatting I couldn't help glancing across and down her cleavage. I could just see the edge of her pink lacy bra. Thestart of her lovely dark cleavage was also tantalisingly visible.

There were eight of us sitting around the table, six men and two women. The women were not too keen although Tara was already making a play for Rob.

Katie said, “Well you guys can decide where you’re going but I’m heading for home.”

Leanne stood up, “I finishhere in about 20 minutes,” she said, “I have another tee shirt in the back I could come with you to make sure you get in ok.”

Now thisseemed like a plan. We waited for Leanne to change, grab her jacket and join us before making our way out onto the street.

It was now getting on for 11:30 pm. The streets were lively, with groups of people in various states of drunkenness. Some heading for other bars, some waiting for taxi’s home. There werea few who didn’t seem to know what they were doing or where they were.

Leanne led the way to the other club. Down alabrynth of side streets, turning left then right. I was now completely lost. We stopped at a dimly lit door, it looked nothing like a bar or night club. Leanne knocked loudly, the door opened. We were greeted by flashing lights and vibrant soul music pounding out down the stairs, which were now in front of us.

We all followed Leanne up to the bar area of the club. We quickly bought some drinks and headed for a table. “Well what do you think?” inquired Leanne.

“It’s a great place, I would never have found this place without you.” I ventured.

Rob and Tara had already disappeared onto the dance floor. We didn’t see either of them again that evening. My four other colleagues, Leanne and I sat around listening to the music and drinking beer. I was really getting into this mysterious, secret little bar.

I stood to go to the bar to replenish our drinks, “Anyone want another?”

“I’ll have a white wine.” Leanne replied.

“We’re all off outside for a ciggie,” said Paul.

Returning to the table with my beer and a glass of wine for Leanne, I was stopped in my tracks by the sight of the gorgeous waitress. She had now taken her jacket off to reveal her tee shirt, WOW!! It was white with short sleeves, stopping short of the waist band of her skirt exposing a toned matte black

belly.

Nothing very special you may think.The tee shirt was ripped and slashed all over the place exposing lines of matte black flesh, through the thin cotton. In places her pink lacy bra also peeped out through the various cuts in the fabric.

“Thanks,” she smiled as I sat down beside her.

“The others not back yet?” I inquired.

“No but I prefer your company anyway,” she softly replied adding,“I think they have had a few too many.”

We sat chatting for what seemed like an age. Leanne was brilliant company. I found out she was 28 years old, and a student at the local university.She was studying in her second year of law. She explained that after leaving school she didn’t really know what to do, so had bounced around from job to job for a few years before deciding to study law.

As a result she was quite a bit older than many of the other students in her group. Socially she was quite lonely. She explained she didn’t like to go out with the other students.In the main they seemed quite immature, a night out consisted ofsimplygetting drunk. The waitressing in the restaurant was simply a means of supporting herself through university.

“I discovered this little place about six months ago,"she giggled,"I now come here regularly after work just to chill out, listen to the music and have a couple of drinks. Do you really like it here then?”

“I think it’s fantastic, should we dance?” I ventured.

Leanne led me through the mass of swaying bodies onto the dance floor, where we swayed and moved to the intoxicating beat of the music, dancing closer and closer together. Eventually a much slower track pulsed from the enormous speakers at the sides of the dance floor, couples started to entwine,smooching to the intimate rhythm of the slower music,

What the hell I thought,placing both hands on Leanne’s hips Igently pulled her towards me. There was no resistance, soon I was stroking the naked flesh between her waist band and tee shirt in time to the music. I could feel her breasts pressing into my chest.

I reached lower with one of my hands, bringing it to rest on her shapely arse. At this point I was half expecting a slap to my face.

“Mmmm.,” whispered Leanne nuzzling into my shoulder and squeezing me a little tighter. “It’s been a long time since anyone held me so close,” she sighed.

The music ended all too soon for me, we headed back to our table to finish our drinks, just as the lights came up slightly. A voice over the speaker system announced it was time to leave, but be sure to return another time wishing everyone a safe journey home. The lighting was now normal as people started to make for the exits.

Leanne and I soon found our way out onto the street,heading away from the bar. I found my arm draped loosely around her shoulders as we walked, chatting happily as we went.

“Well this is where I live,” announced Leanne after about ten minutes walking. Looking around for the first time I realised we were outside an old town house which had been converted into studentflats.

“Fancy a coffee? Or something stronger?”

“I would love a coffee,” I replied, shivering against the cold December night air.

Leanne walked forward and unlocked the front door. Shelead the way up a flight of stairs, before stopping at the third door along the landing, she pushed her key into the lock twisting it to gain access to her flat.

As she flicked the light on, I took in my immediate surroundings. The main living room was comfortable, intimately furnished with a soft looking sofa with a couple of throws. There was a table towards one endwith a small sink and cupboard. A small electric cooker was positioned at the other end. The walls were decorated in plain but warm colours with several framed erotic prints on the walls.

“Sit down, sit down,” she enthused, “make yourself comfortable, I will be back shortly,” she said while disappearing through one of the two doors in the far wall.

I could hear her rummaging about in the adjacent room. She had been gone about five minutes and I was beginning to wonder if she was ok when the door opened.

I got an instant hard on. Leanne stood, perfectly framed in the light from the doorway of what I now knew to be her bedroom. She had stripped off and replaced her clothes with a flimsy cotton robe. Her arms were resting on each side of the door just above her head.

“I feel much more comfortable now,” she whispered sexily, stretching her arms upward.

I could clearly see the outline of her curvaceous breasts, dark nipples poking at the flimsy cotton. Her full womanly hips silhouetted against the soft light filtering through from the bedroom. Leanne moved across the room and sat down beside me. Her robe fell open ever so slightly as she sat. I could now clearly see one of her breasts in the soft light of the room.

Her breast was firm, full, not overly large but plenty to play with. Her areola and nipple were virtually the same dark chocolate colour as her skin. There was no discernible boundary between the flesh of her breast, areola and nipple.

Leanne noticed me looking at her breast through the gap in her robe; I smiled awkwardly as she caught my eye. My head was spinning; I had this gorgeous dark skinned beauty sitting alongside me, a raging hard on in my pants. What do I do next?

It could all be innocent. She may simply have changed into her more comfortable robe, unaware of the vision she had presented to me as she stood momentarily in the doorway.

“I will get that coffee for you,” she said after a few minutes, starting to rise from her seat.

“No rush,” I whispered placing my hand on her naked thigh which had appeared through the gap in her robe as she moved to stand up.

She looked at me directly. I was sure I sensed the sexual hunger emanating from her body. I moved my hand from her thigh,up onto her shoulder, onto her neck. Stroking her neck,gently I pulled her face towards mine.

Leanne did not resist, as our lips met for the first time, I pressed my tongue against her full dark lips. She responded by opening her mouth, probing into my mouth with her warm wet tongue. I was in absolute heaven.

My right hand soon found its way down to Leanne’s waist,as we kissed deeply and passionately. I loosened the tie which held her robe together and pushed aside the flimsy cotton exposing her magnificent breasts.

My hand wandered slowlyup, over her firm, toned belly, strokingup between both breasts. I cupped her right breast in my hand,caressing it slowly from beneath, up stroking her nipple and further up to the soft flesh of her upper breast.

Leanne broke away from the long lingering kiss. “Mmm feels good,” she sighed. I eased myself back to gaze at her body.

She was truly gorgeous.Smooth matte, dark brown colour all over. Her heaving breasts were virtually the same colour as the surrounding soft skin. there were no discernible tan lines.

I traced the outline of her nipple with my finger,it was only through touch, thatI could feel where the soft flesh of her breast gave way to her wrinkled areola.

Continuing to massage her right breast, I leaned overtaking her left nipple hungrily into my mouth, again tracing the boundary of her areola with my tongue, before nipping gently at herstiffening budwith my teeth.

“I really like the way you play with my tits,” she giggled. Thrusting her breasts forward into my waiting hand and mouth.

After playing with her tits for quite a while, Leanne pushed me back onto the sofa.Standing up in front of me. Her robe was now completely open, my heavenly vision was complete.

My eyes moved down her body, from her breasts, to that lovely toned belly and on towards her secret place. I could see her tight, curly, black pubic hair.She was neatly trimmed to a length just enough to hide her love hole.Shaved away at the sides leaving smooth patches between her mound and the tops of her thighs.

She allowed the robe to slip from her shoulders and drop to the floor. Leanne was now completely naked before me. She turned slowlyto give me a full view of her naked body. Her back was smooth and dark. Her bum was full and round. Shehad a small red cheeky devil tattoo on her left bum cheek. I became aware that she was staring back at me.

“Looks like you are ready for some action,” she sighed gazing at the obvious bulge in my trousers.

Leanne first opened my shirt and slowly removed it. Stroking my chest, pinching at my nipples slowly working her way down my body before kneeling in front of me.

Leanne started to undo my belt,then very slowly popped the button at my waist, before easing my zip down. I raised myself off the sofa to enable her to pull my trousers down taking my shorts with them. My cock sprang out as it was released from my underwear. There was already a drop of pre cum oozing from my circumcised knob. I, too, was now completely naked.

At this point I expected Leanne to feel a little disappointed. I’m not very well endowed. I thought perhaps she may have been with a few black guys.We all know what is said about black guys and their equipment.

“Can’t wait to have some fun with that,” she whispered.Her hand clamped around my erect 6” shaft. She started to wank me very slowly, stroking my balls at the bottom of each stroke.

This was beyond my wildest fantasy. How could a boring night out with my work colleagues have ended up like this, not that I was complaining.

“You have turned me on so much I can’t last long.” I grunted.

“Not to worry we have all night,” she replied softly, wanking me faster.

That was just about it for me. My cock exploded in several pulses of creamy, white sperm splashing down on her hand and in stringy cords up onto my belly.

Leanne smiled, nleaning forward to lick my cum from her hand, before proceeding to lap up every last drop from my belly, working her way back down onto my now limp penis. She sucked my soft organ deep into her mouth working it up and down. Lapping at my balls. A response wasn’t too far away, I soonfelt my dick stiffening up again.

After a few minutes of constant attention from Leanne’s mouth and fingers, my penis was ready for action again. Now I thought I should give her some pleasure first. I stood up and gently eased her onto the sofa. I pushed her legs apart slightly, gazing down at her long dark thighs.

I allowed my eyes to wander to the top of her legs. I could see her love hole as her lips parted slightly exposing the moist, pink fleshy folds of her vagina. The bright pink of her clitoris hood, the inner lips and folds of her love hole werein stark contrastto the surrounding dark skin and black pubic hair.

I moved to kiss her breasts, nibbling each nipple in turn while massaging both breasts with my hands. I worked my way down her body, all the while playing with her tits. I kissed and licked at her firm belly, cheekily poking my tongue into her navel. Leanne was now squirming and writhing, at my detailed attentions to the intimate parts of her body. I think she had a small orgasm as I licked her navel.

I kissed and licked my way down to her pubic patch. I probed at her pussy slit with my tongue, whilst easing her lips apart with two fingers. I now pushed deep into her hole with the full length of my tongue; at the same time pushing her legs wide open with both hands.

Leanne was gasping as pulses of pleasure flowed through her body. Her clitoris was now poking from its pink protective fleshy hood. I flicked at it with my tongue,nibbling attentively, by now I had two fingers sliding in and out of her hot, wet, vagina.

Leanne arched her back forcing her hips up to meet my hungry, lapping tongue. Thiscaused her breasts to point tautly straight up, both breasts crowned with a very stiff, erect nipple.

She now eased me around so that my shaft was once again at her mouth. She guided it home into her warm, wet mouth as I continued to slurp at her pussy. We maintained this 69 position for quite some time, continually pleasuring each other with our tongues, lips and mouth's.

While licking and fingering her pussy, I traced another finger over her bum crack, easing her open just enough to explore her shapely arse.I pressed my finger against her tight,puckered, bum hole.This caused a little squeal to escape from her lips. I continued to press my finger into heranusuntil itpassed the resistance of the tight muscle ring.I sensed she was close to orgasm as she wriggled about under my constant attention.

I moved up to her clit.I gave it a real good licking and nibbling. All the time fingering her love tube and gently finger fucking her anus. Her body started to tremble as her first bigorgasm hit. She grabbed at the sofa with both hands. Her body now convulsing wildly as her orgasm built up. I stopped licking and eased myself up to watch the results of my endeavours.

Leanne let out a squeal as the first pulse of orgasm hit. The first squirt of her love juice was quite small, but it was rapidly followed by three or four longer squirts, which I caught in my mouth lapping up every drop.

Her juices tasted divine, warm and sweet. As her orgasm subsided I parted her pussy lips, once again gazing at the pink inner folds of her womanhood. I gave her clit a playful pinch, which resulted in one final orgasmic squirt, before she relaxed back into the sofa.

"That's the best orgasm I have ever had," she gasped.

We now lay together recovering from our orgasms for a good fifteen minutes. Eventually I sat up on the sofa my cock once again coming up to a full erection.

Leanne hopped off the sofa and positioned herself astride me. Grasping my shaft with one hand, shepositioned it so that I penetrated her love tube as she lowered herself onto me.
No words were spoken, as she rode me, gentle rhythmic strokes at first.
She had her eyes closed and seemed to be lost in the eroticism of feeling me deep inside her.

Her rhythm started to build into a wild, bucking frenzy, she thrashed about, bouncing ever faster and harder on my penis. Her tits were bouncing about with each downward thrust, her pert nipples in just the right position for sucking upon.

I alternated sucking and nibbling at each of her nipples. She started to moan softly. I gripped her hips pushing her firmly down at the bottom of each deep thrust. I sensed she was starting to build towards another orgasm, as her thrusting became faster. She reached behind herself, stroking and scratching at my balls that were rhythmically slapping up and down against her arse.

Leanne’s breathing became more rapid as she groaned to a massive orgasm. I could feel the warm juices pulsing out of her and running down my throbbing shaft. She arched her body and threw her head back causing her tits to point straight up. The vision of her dark chocolate body arched away from me pulling her breasts taut, showing her toned belly, right down to her trimmed mound.I could see my pale, white penis rythmically disappering in and outof her dark vagina. Thiswas just too much for me.

I felt my balls tighten as my cock exploded, forcing pulse after pulse ofmy white creamy semen deep into her warm, wet love hole. Eventually our orgasms subsided, we slumped together on the sofa. After a few minutes Leanne led me into the bedroom.

“Let’s sleep for a while before we fuck some more.” she whispered sexily, as we settled down together. We slept, then sucked and fucked. Slept, then fucked and sucked some more, for what was left of the night.

Finally we showered together, in her tiny bathroom. I soaped her body all over, washing away all remnants of our passion. I paid particular attention to her breasts and nipples making sure they were well lathered and rinsed. I then applied loads of soap to her love hole allowing my fingers to gently probe between the folds of fleshy skin.

Finally Leanne turned around, to allow me to wash her back, working my way slowlydown to her bum cheeks. I forced her cheeks open slightly as I applied plenty of soap. Very gently and playfully I eased my finger just into her soapybum hole. Leanne gasped slightly as my finger probed her anus. I finally completed the task of rinsing away all of the soap. I watched as rivulets of warm water played down her back, running between her bum cheeks before finally splashing down those magnificent long legs.

Leanne returned the compliment washing me off in a similar sexy manner, just as the sun started to rise forcing the shadows of the night to retreat. After dressing, we bid each other a Merry Christmas with a long intimate, kiss goodbye.

I took note of her mobile number and the address of her flat, promising to call her after the Christmas holiday.

Needless to say the return to work couldn’t come soon enough for me. I soon made contact with Leanne again. We now have regular sex sessions at her flat Each time seems to be more mind blowing than the last, I could go on describing our sexy, fun times together but then again I could write another story….