

# Wine Bar Date

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*A woman risks discovery to please her friend*

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Miranda walked down the street in a daze, trying to ignore the lingering moisture between her legs. After her surprising, yet incredibly rewarding experience at the coffee shop, she could hardly wait for dinner later with the mysterious Heather. Even if nothing sexual happened, she still wanted to know more about the woman who was brazen enough to take control of a complete stranger in public place. Knowing that Heather was likely very busy, Miranda held off on calling about dinner plans. Not that this was a conventional dating situation by any means, but the old rules about not calling too soon were still quite ingrained. Upon reaching her apartment, she took a quick shower to rinse off the thin layer of sweat that seemed to be clinging to every inch of her body, particularly under her ample breasts, much to her annoyance. She retrieved a pair of dark blue, low-cut panties and slipped them on, set the matching bra aside for later, and returned to her living room to air dry in front of a fan. Upon flopping down on the couch, she was surprised to see the notification light on her phone flashing to indicate a voicemail. She unlocked the phone and checked the recent calls, even more surprised to see the call was from Heather. That was fast! she thought. Her stomach fluttered from excitement. I'm being ridiculous! The message was benign - a simple request to call back when she had a chance. Miranda dialed back immediately, deliberately throwing the stupid "rules" out the window. Heather answered on the first ring. "Hello?" "Heather?" "Oh, hey you. Didn't look at my phone before I answered. I was actually afraid you might not call me back. Are you still interested in dinner?" "Of course!" "Wonderful. There's a wine bar that just opened up across town. It seems popular, but not too crowded most nights. You do like wine, right?" "Are there people that don't like wine?" Miranda giggled, more from excitement than her weak joke. Over the next few minutes, details of the rendezvous were worked out, with the women planning to meet at eight o'clock the next night. "One last thing," Heather said as they were about to hang up, "what are you wearing?" "Oh, just some dark blue lacy panties. Too hot for much else right now," Miranda responded playfully. Heather chuckled. "Sounds delightful... I'd quite like to see that. Actually though, I meant what are you wearing out tomorrow night? You're so adorable, and I'm sure you have a wardrobe to match, and I just want to make sure I don't clash." After a few minutes of wardrobe discussion, when Miranda was just about to hang up, Heather spoke up quickly. "I almost forgot. Those blue panties you're wearing..." "What about them?" "Take them off please. Save them for tomorrow if you like." "Okay, sure. Is there

something else you would like me to wear tonight?" Heather listened to what sounded like shuffling on the other end of the phone, as Miranda wriggled out of her panties while trying to keep the phone against her ear. "No. Remain bare." "Why?" "You sure do ask a lot questions, dear. Because I want you to, that's why. Anything else you'd like to know?" "No, I guess not." "Alright. I'll see you tomorrow night. Sleep well." The next day passed with agonizing slowness until seven, when Miranda got dressed and took a train across town. The air-conditioned car was a godsend after her sweltering apartment, and she took the opportunity to touch up the small amount of makeup she wore. A few minutes later, she found herself standing outside a neat little wine bar tucked between a two larger establishments, looking around for her new friend, and wondering what the night would bring. What if we don't have anything to talk about? A light touch on Miranda's elbow jolted her out of her reverie. Miranda turned to find Heather standing next to her, looking stunningly gorgeous in a narrow black skirt that fell just below her knees, slit almost to mid-thigh, strappy heels, and a sheer blouse that just hinted at flawless skin underneath. Miranda nearly swooned at the sight. The stares from people milling about outside were not lost on Miranda, and she felt genuinely privileged to be seen with someone so classically beautiful. Heather had the sort of timeless look that skipped fads and looked natural in any era. Miranda was dressed in dark pants that followed her curves until flaring near her ankles. A print halter top clung tightly around her neck, and contrasted with the way evening light turned her hair a much deeper red. Finally, a pair of wedge heels added about an inch to her height. Even with the height boost, she was still a few inches shorter than her statuesque new friend. Miranda stared, grinning, at Heather. "Wow, you look fantastic ! Are you sure I'm qualified to be seen with you?" Heather simply smiled and leaned forward to place a light, wet, kiss on the corner of Miranda's mouth, then motioned toward the door. "Shall we?" The host seated the women in a U-shaped booth against the wall towards the back of the dining area. It was secluded enough to be semi-private, but exposed enough that its occupants were well aware of being in a room full of people. The bar was busy without being loud or crowded, quiet enough to carry on a conversation but loud enough to mask it. Butterflies danced in Miranda's stomach and caused her to shiver in anticipation of what could happen. Underneath her clothes, she wore exactly what Heather had requested. And last night? She'd also done exactly as requested then, even going so far as to refrain from pleasuring herself "all the way." A waitress stopped by to take orders. Chianti for Heather and a pinot grigio for Miranda, with a cheese plate to share. Avoiding the elephant in the room, the two women chatted about the city, their hobbies, and work. Both enjoyed the pace of the city, although, as Miranda was not surprised to learn, Heather was from a completely different part of it. A part that required money. Lots of money. Miranda also learned that Heather shared her interest in yoga and in fact was a yoga instructor at a local health club. Most interesting was Heather's ability to keep the conversation focused on others while revealing very little about herself. After 45 minutes of conversation, Heather still seemed a mystery to Miranda. Quiet, polite, always listening and observing intently, and simultaneously a little intimidating and just a tiny bit aloof, but without a hint of arrogance. Heather's mystique and personality made her seem significantly older than Miranda, even though they were at most only five or six years apart in age. As the wine continued to work its magic

on Miranda, she failed to notice Heather discreetly scooting closer to her in the booth until their thighs were brushing together as they talked. Miranda's heart jumped when she felt a light touch just above her knee. She demurely sipped her wine in an attempt to hide her emotions behind the glass. "You snuck up on me." "Mmmm-hmmmm," Heather replied. The two women hesitated for a moment, enjoying the tension thickening the air between them "Will you do something for me?" Heather whispered, her voice soft and sultry in Miranda's ear. Miranda turned slightly and brushed her cheek against Heather's. "Maybe. What is it?" "I've been wanting to see those pretty blue panties you mentioned earlier. Will you show them to me." Miranda blushed deeply. "Here? You can't be-" "I'm being completely serious my dear. No one's watching except me." She paused and stroked Miranda's delicate jawline softly. "Please?" The skin on Miranda's arms and scalp goosebumped as Heather's light touch caused her senses to work overtime. Heather's hair and warm breath tickled her ear as she waited expectantly for her request to be followed. The wine certainly helped loosen her inhibitions, but really it was Heather's scent and touch, and that silky voice that dripped with gentle authority, that were absolutely intoxicating. Miranda felt like she was being pulled into an insulated bubble where Heather's touch was the only thing she wanted, yet remained just out of reach. Miranda sighed softly, dropped her hands to her lap, released the button on her pants, and drew the zipper slowly downwards. The sudden release of pressure around her waist caused her stomach to flip. She felt exposed, even though she had yet to shed any clothing.. "You were so daring at the coffee shop today, I'm surprised you're so hesitant," Heather said, sternly. Miranda looked at Heather in surprise, "that was sort of spur of the moment for me," she pouted. Cautiously, she raised up from the booth and slid her pants over her butt and down around her knees, then dropped quickly back out of sight. Heather drew back to take in the sight of Miranda's milky thighs contrasting with the dark booth and blue panties. Heather kept a serious face for a few more seconds, then broke into a smile and gave the younger woman a small kiss on the cheek. "I know, sweetie. I'm just giving you a hard time." She glanced down toward Miranda's lap. "Now, those ARE sexy." Heather sipped her wine with one hand, and with the other, lightly traced her fingertips along the inside of Miranda's silky thigh. Miranda instinctively spread her legs slightly to encourage Heather's fingers to move closer to the subtle heat emanating from between her legs. Heather's fingers stopped just as they bumped into the moist lace covering Miranda's pussy. Miranda shivered and let out a small whimper while Heather played her fingers over her mound. "You are soaked !" Heather said in a loud whisper. Miranda blushed. "All your fault," she responded. Heather flashed a devious grin. "May I have those panties please?" "That might be a bit tough..." "I'm sure you can do it. No one's paying any attention to us right now. We're just two old friends out for a drink." Miranda sighed, letting her overwhelming desire to be touched by her new friend win out over caution and self-consciousness. She wiggled the panties down, along with her pants, and worked both over her feet. She handed the damp fabric to Heather, then quickly hoisted them back up to her thighs. As she raised up from the seat again, Heather stopped her. "I didn't say you could put those back on." Miranda left her pants at mid-thigh. Heather wafted the "stolen" panties under her nose and inhaled Miranda's musky scent. "Mmmm...My god, you smell delightful." She turned back to Miranda, now playing nervously with the hem of the tablecloth which

draped across the tops of her thighs. "Tell me, how do you feel right now?" "Exposed. Vulnerable. I feel like everyone in here knows what I'm doing under this table. What if the fire alarm goes off or something? I feel tingly...the air's a bit cold...and, I feel like I'm sitting in a puddle right now." The stream-of-consciousness answer elicited a small laugh from Heather. "Let me see." Miranda scooted back in the seat and spread her legs to the extent that her constraining pants would allow, opening herself up for Heather. The slightly puffy, light pink lips of her pussy were framed by a neatly trimmed bush that matched the hair on her head. "Lovely... more please," said Heather quietly. Miranda obliged, and used two fingers to spread her outer labia, exposing herself as much as possible. Her juices left small dewy drops in her pubic hair, and Heather could see that her entire slit was slick with creamy moisture that was indeed gathering on the seat under her. The women turned their attention to the wine list upon noticing their waiter headed back toward their table, and Miranda slid forward to cover herself with the long tablecloth. They ordered additional wine, and waited patiently while he took the order and returned with two more glasses. "Now that he's gone," Heather paused to sip from her fresh glass of wine, staring at Miranda over the rim of the glass. "I want you to pleasure yourself for me. No cumming, though. Not until I say it's okay." "O-OK," Miranda responded. The sexual energy alone was almost enough to push her over the edge. The fear of discovery, of being exposed and shamed, just made it that much more intense. Her face clearly illustrated the conflict between wanton lust and inhibition raging in her head. All she really wanted though, was to please Heather. Cautiously, Miranda dropped one hand to her lap. The other fingered the stem of her wineglass. She spread her legs and slipped two fingers downward toward her engorged clitoris, which had emerged from its hiding place between her lips. Then, without taking her eyes off her new friend, she began to stroke herself slowly and deliberately. A small gasp escaped her parted lips as she found just the right spot, despite the limited access. Heather remained silent, taking in the delicious sight of the younger woman's incognito self-pleasure. She continued to sip her wine, and lightly stroked Miranda's leg, delighted by her quivering muscles. "What are you thinking about?" Heather asked. "I'm thinking that I hope you don't expect me to hold out for long," Miranda responded with a hitch in her voice. "And, I was just thinking about... mmm... you... your lips, and how I want to lick them. How I just want to curl up in your lap and do this all night. I want you to hold me while I cum, and then..." another hitch and a sigh, "I want to return the favor." Heather smiled. "Keep going sweetie." Miranda worked her fingers with more urgency, balancing her desire for release with Heather's instruction to wait until she was told. The result was that she hovered at the brink of orgasm, the thin line between tension and release. Between control and abandon. More muscles in her legs began to quiver, and she fought to keep her breathing under control. She found herself enthralled with the pair of full, red lips hovering near her own, the faint scent of wine on Heather's breath, and the muted candlelight glittering from her eyes. "Are you ready?" asked Heather. Miranda nodded, her eyes pleading. "Just a moment," said Heather with another devilish grin. "Here, take a look at this menu with me." Miranda whimpered. She was so close. Heather unfolded the conveniently oversized menu and held it up with one hand, blocking the view of anyone who happened to be looking in their general direction. Then she leaned in again, stopping just millimeters from Miranda's face, her hot breath tickling Miranda's lips. "Now,

darling. You may cum now," she whispered, then pressed her soft lips to Miranda's, and slipped her tongue between them. The instant their tongues met, Miranda gave up the control she'd been holding onto. Her eyelids fluttered and she held the kiss, groaning into Heather's mouth while her pre-orgasmic tension built even further. Finally, when she couldn't no longer stand it, Miranda broke the the kiss and pressed her face into Heather's shoulder as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over her trembling body. Her thighs involuntarily clamped down on her own hand while she continued stroking her engorged clit, trying to eke out every ounce of pleasure that she could from her overstimulated body. Heather watched her date's entire body shake and twitch, which in turn created small ripples in the two glasses of wine sitting on the table. "That was beautiful," said Heather, once Miranda relaxed and slumped back into the booth. The unmistakable scent of Miranda's sex seemed to hang in a cloud around the booth. Miranda leaned forward and placed a gentle, lingering kiss on Heather's parted lips. "That. Was. Wonderful," she breathed. "Thank you." Heather gently pushed Miranda's hair behind her ears. "I wish I could show you how beautiful you looked." Miranda blushed at the compliment. She'd always felt particularly self-conscious about how she might appear in the throes of orgasm. Something about her new friend - the gentle demands, the feeling of being watched over - pushed Miranda past that. Heather paused and looked around, "I hate to say it sweetness," she said in a conspiratorial whisper, "but we're starting to get some funny looks. Why don't you run to the ladies room and freshen up for a minute while I take care of the bill. I'll meet you just outside." Miranda remembered that she was still exposed between her waist and her thighs, so she slipped her pants back into place. "OK," she said, and gave Heather a quick peck on the cheek. Five minutes later, they stood outside under the restaurant's awning, avoiding the light rain that pattered against the street. "You mentioned some things earlier that I think I'd quite enjoy," Heather said, pulling her new friend closer. "Mmm-hmm... go on..." Miranda responded dreamily, still basking in the last remnants of her orgasmic afterglow. "May I take you home with me?" "Do you even have to ask?" Heather slipped her fingers down Miranda's arm to the crook of her arm, led her away from the bar and through the people milling about on the sidewalk, trying to find a place to get out of the rain.