

Tempted, Teased and Tied Up - Part 3

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I can think of no better way to get even with you for your little clit tweak while I was ordering dinner, than making you wait for your climax. I was planning on teasing you, as it were, but now I'm out for revenge. As I start to recover from my climax, our appetizer arrives and is set on the table. When the waiter leaves, I reach up and with my fingers take a hold of one of the shrimp. Dipping it into the cocktail sauce, I bring it to my lips, slipping a little bit into my mouth in a provocative manner and letting some of the cocktail sauce get on my lips. Grasping the shrimp with my lips, I pull it from my mouth. The shrimp is clean of the cocktail sauce. This seductive game continues until all the shrimp are gone. I tell you that I need to use the ladies' room, to wash my hands and you awkwardly slide out from our table. I close my coat around me and lean up to kiss you, when you turn your head to the side and whisper in my ear to follow you. Quickly taking my hand and leading me away from the table. My plan is starting to fall apart. You're trying to take control, not yet, not this early into the night. With my hand in yours you lead me toward the men's room. You push the door open and quickly glance around, the men's room is empty. Pulling me by the hand into the men's room you hurriedly head to the wall of stalls. The stalls are walled floor to ceiling but have a door that has an opening at the top and bottom. The stalls are much more private than the typical metal dividers. You hurry me into the last stall, close and lock the door behind us. All at once you're pulling me to you and passionately kissing me. Opening my coat and taking an impassioned look at me. Your eyes eagerly move up and down my body taking in my little seductress outfit. I need to find a way to stop you before my plans are ruined. Your strong hands turn me around and I feel my coat being lifted up. Your fingers are sliding my thong strap to the side and the sound of your zipper being undone rings through my ears. I feel your penis on my bottom. You start to slide your hardened penis down the crack of my bottom. You stop only when your penis is pressing against the entrance to my body, the opening of my vagina. Your hand is on my shoulder, pressing me forward, pushing me to bend at the waist. I reach out with my hands and place them on the wall in front of me to steady us from falling.

No, this can't happen like this, my plan is going to end too quickly. Your hard penis is pressing against me and I can't stop you from entering my wet pussy. Your engorged penis slips into me and you don't stop until your hips are pressed against my bottom. Your passionate thrusts feel so good but I need to stop you. I have other things in mind for you. You're going to climax too soon. The automatic toilet keeps flushing every minute for some reason. It amuses me to be in here like this, standing with my legs spread and my hands on the wall, you standing behind me with your penis thrusting in me and the toilet continuing to flush. I'm starting to give up on my plan, you can't last much longer. "Bang!" The door to the men's room opens and it makes the same sound as in the ladies' room. Someone is walking into the men's room. You stop thrusting into me, you don't pull out of me either but you stop. We're standing there, coupled, when I hear the man, mere feet away from us, unzip his pants and start peeing. For some reason I find this amusing and a giggle slips from my mouth and you bring your hand up to cover my mouth. I start to tease you by licking your fingers and finally sucking one into my mouth. I get a faint taste of my own juices from when you were touching me earlier. You decide to do a few playful thrusts into me which cause my wetness to make a little squishing sound and a faint slapping when your hips hit my bottom. The man flushes the toilet, washes his hands and starts to leave, when the toilet I've been standing over flushes again. I start to laugh. Your hand over my mouth does nothing to silence me. Finally, the man leaves and I manage to free myself from your grasp, separating us. I tell you that I'm going to go ask to have our meal wrapped up "to go" and walk to the men's room door. Grasping the handle, I pull. "Bang!" the ceiling makes the noise again and I hear the toilet, in the stall you're in, flush again.