

The Robbery

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What kind of control do you have on a first date?

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Work went well and it was time for my date. She was a thick woman of Latin decent. Her hair flowed down her back in waves and her body was to die for. I was impressed by her nice set of perky tits, beautiful green eyes, and she had enough ass to blot out the sun. Antonia truly was amazing. She approached me while I was shopping a few days ago. Her search for a birthday gift was becoming tedious and she could not make a decision between a nice pair of watches for her brother. After leading her to what I thought was the correct direction, I had no choice but to ask for her contact information. I always had a thing for women south of the border and Antonia was enough to put Jennifer Lopez to shame. After a couple phone conversations and flirty texts from work, we decided to see each other again for a proper date. I was new to the area, having just moved to North Carolina, so I had trouble locating a solid spot. I asked around and was able to find a good Italian restaurant called Vivace. The area was brand new and growing rapidly with townhomes and condos everywhere. A new mall sat directly across the street with a variety of other shops and cafes around. It was definitely a place I could see myself living, coming from Washington, D.C. in the heart of the city. I arrived a little early and was seated in a comfortable corner of the outdoor patio. The evening could not have been better weather wise, a light 78 degrees with minimal breeze. The restaurant sat beneath some condos and was a lot nicer and romantic than I had expected, which was a really good sign. As I was seated I decided to wait and order a nice wine once Antonia arrived. I ordered Voss water and made myself comfortable. Taking in the scene, I just so happened to lock eyes with a woman a couple tables over from me. It was a casual glance but I felt something strange, almost as if I had known her previously. Trying not to think too much into it, I looked down at my phone in case I had received anything from Antonia. As I began browsing through some work emails, I found my attention locked on this woman. The minute I would look down at my phone, before I knew it my eyes were right back glued to her. She was gorgeous. Her figure was slim with really long legs. Her hair was jet black and fairly long down to her mid-back. Seated, I was guessing about 5 feet 9 inches tall with a solid C-cup chest and ass perfectly round. Her skin was a nice mocha and overall she reminded me of Paula Patton. Truly a beautiful woman. The woman was enjoying dinner with a friend. Her presence was dominant, one of intelligence and sophistication. I could tell she had a good mind

and a sexy confidence that most women lack. She also had an impressive collection of diamonds accompanying her ears, neck, wrist, and hand, her left hand. At her feet sat a Chanel purse with a Mercedes Benz key similar to mine hanging from the side pocket. A Mercedes S550, the black one parked directly in front of the restaurant door just on the other side of the fence my table was up against had to be hers. A very classy machine for a very classy woman. I looked at the car then back at the woman. She carefully sipped her wine, fully engaged in conversation with style. Her manicured hands gripped and brought the wine glass to her succulent lips. Her pedicured feet set off her Louboutin heels. A nice set of hands and feet was always my thing and this mystery woman had my body temperature on the rise. I continued to make random eye contact with the woman, but nothing too serious. As I drank my water waiting patiently, Antonia informed me that she was in the area but not exactly sure of the exact pinpoint location for the restaurant. This was understandable because I had the exact same issue on my way over. It was also a good issue because I wanted more time with this mystery woman. I checked on a few more stock options with my phone and continued with my water. My eyes and mind were in a full-blown argument over this woman across the way. To make matters worse, every time my glances found her face, her glance was finding mine. Very interesting, I thought as her waiter offered her another glass of wine and she kindly accepted. Perfect! This meant more time with her. Our date had barely begun and she did not even know it. I was hooked. I was moist from a light sweat with my heart and mind racing. I felt the burn coming on. Not just any burn. This was lust, desire, temptation, and definitely greed. Our last glance became a stare. Before we knew it a smile approached both of our faces. Just then Antonia arrived and as I rose to greet her, I realized power of this mystery woman as my dick rose as well. As it began to swell, I could feel the wetness down low. Surely this woman saw her work bulging from my khakis as the wine glass rose to her mouth again. With my head in a daze, all I could picture was her lifting my dick to her lips and sucking my natural wine as a toast to her goddess like presence. Antonia looked great. She actually looked better than when we met and mentally I tried to regroup. The mystery woman was loaded in the pockets and married so my fantasizing was ridiculous. After all, it was definitely wrong and silly of me to allow myself to get caught in this madness. What if she thought I was a creep? I did not really know, plus sitting directly across from me was the most attractive woman I had ever been with. I was a fool. After we ordered, Antonia informed me that the gift worked out well for her brother and thanked me multiple times. She continued on about a new career opportunity that she was offered across town. The bits and pieces of the conversation that I heard made it sound like a good deal. However, I could not be sure because the other half of the conversation was mute as my focus shifted directly on the mystery woman. Our eyes continued to meet randomly as Antonia spoke. She had a thick accent along with the thick curves that she was revealing through her purple mini dress. I was really turned on. A flurry of erotic vibes came alive within me. The shock was intense and hurt so good. The fire was so good yet so wrong. I was bound by a sexy contradiction in a trap impossible to escape from. These two women had me floating and I had nine full inches of solid evidence. The mystery woman had reached the end of her wine and removed herself from the table. Fuck! The date is over. As she gathered her things and sent off her friend who also had a boulder on her finger, I saw that she made

her way back into the bar from the restaurant patio. Decisions, decisions. I had heard it so many times before yet here I am like some rock star trying to choose between two women gorgeous enough to make Beyoncé lose self-confidence. I excused myself from the table and Antonia did not mind. I decided to go on a quick search. I had to at least get a name and know what she was thinking. I searched and searched but no sign of the mystery woman. She had vanished. I made my way to the bathroom disappointed and wanted to tidy up before returning to my real date. I straightened my tie, tucked in my shirt and headed out. As I left the bathroom another woman was simultaneously coming out of the women's directly across from me. Through the mirror I saw the mystery reflection. Sparks shot through me once again. I knew I had to go for it. I took a good look around and bust into the women's restroom without warning. I startled her as she belted out a scream twirling around. I approached her quick, leaned in and planted my lips right onto hers and sending my tongue as far as it would go to her throat before she could speak a word. I wrapped my arms around her tight and held her close. It was something I had not felt, well, ever. I did not care what consequences would follow. It was well worth it. When I finally broke away, I gazed into her eyes awaiting a slap or punch to the face. She returned the gaze with a smile and I knew I had her. It was time to begin my work. My hands searched for the proper position but there wasn't one. Every inch I came across seemed to add an inch on my erection. I turned her around and bent her over the sink, raising her dress. Straight to my knees I went sending my tongue directly into her from the back. It went from side to side, back and forth trying to get her crease as wet as possible. Her juices began to trickle down her inner thighs and I made sure I cleaned it up. I made my strokes longer from clit to ass, top to bottom, back and forth before really giving her ass the proper treatment. It was delicious. I attacked the entire region as her moans grew louder and louder. I spread her cheeks with both hands for easier access and made sure my tongue went in deep, twisting and twirling before adding my lips for the sucking therapy. I took two fingers and entered her pussy at the same time noticing her clit was swollen. I massaged it gently until I unleashed a rampage inside her pussy walls. Harder and harder I went with my finger fuck and the mystery woman sent out a scream loud enough to be the fire alarm for the entire restaurant. I dropped my face down to receive her moment with her shooting her cream in a perfect bull's-eye cumshot. Squirting was a big fetish of mine. She set me off with her powerful delivery to my face. With my horny meter now at astronomical levels, I immediately rose to my feet, dropped my pants, and revealed my nine inches. I sent my piece directly into the mystery woman from the back. Her soaking wet pussy walls surrounded me perfectly. I proceeded by lifting one of her legs on the counter for a different angle and began to stroke, beating her goddess pussy like a slave. She pulled her head back and laid it on my shoulder for support with her mouth wide open and eyes closed receiving her treatment. I reached around her body and revealed her left nipple, massaging it firmly to add to her sexual tension. I switched up my stroke pace to keep her guessing and I could feel my moment coming on. This mystery woman gave me a feeling so foreign. It was unlike any that I had ever felt and it sent shock waves throughout my entire body. I was weak in the knees. 5. My strokes increased rapidly 4. Juices began splashing and running down our legs. 3. Our hands gripped each other tighter. 2. Our bodies began to shake as our sexual tension, anxiety, and vibes came together

as one. 1. I love her. Our passion met for a long climax cry as we both released ourselves in an ecstasy unimaginable. I sent my load as far into her as I could while her pussy began to spasm and tense up around my dick. We had reached exhaustion, too weak to do anything but breathe. I opened my eyes. Trouble. I peered into the mirror and the reflection back at me was no good. It hurt. It displayed devastation. The reflection that stood looking before me and just as I finished my Windsor knot she said smirking, "Oh, and by the way, you're mine." She came close and kissed me, then grabbed my tie. "Now bring your sexy ass and buy me a drink," she said while pulling me like a poodle on a leash. We exited the restroom a new couple while the massive wedding ring lay alone on the counter top. -Shawn Bronson