

# The Wager: Part 1

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*John and Mandy meet up, John wins their wager, what will be his prize?*

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Thanks to "Mandy" (you know who you are) for her valued opinion and input. John relaxed in a corner seat of the hotel foyer, enjoying the busy hum of the place and watching the constant stream of people passing through. He'd been at the hotel for an hour or so; had checked in, gone up to the room, shaved, showered and changed into a crisp white shirt, jeans and Timberland shoes before coming back down to wait for Mandy. It was almost five weeks since their last date. They tried to meet up once or twice a month, but busy work and family schedule could make that difficult. The anticipation and desire which built between their meetings was almost at its crescendo. He couldn't wait to see her. John looked at his watch. It was quarter past seven now. She was late, the naughty minx! She would pay for her tardiness, one way or the other, thought John. His lips were dry with anticipation and he slowly sipped a refreshing glass of white wine. It was not his normal tippie, but perfect to cleanse his palate for the delightful menu he anticipated they would feast on that evening. John's thoughts drifted off to their last date. He quickly felt a stirring in his loins and had to adjust his legs to make himself comfortable. He sensed a presence close to him and looked up to see a vision of delight. She wore a grey tunic dress which clung to her curvaceous body, black patterned tights and black patent Manolos, her hair tied up at the back. John guessed she'd come straight from work, and even in this simple office attire she was hot. John felt his cock ratchet up another notch at the sight of her and wondered how the hell he would be able to move in his current condition. Fortunately, Mandy chose to sit down facing him on the corner sofa, crossing her long, well-turned legs. His cock twitched again; She was fucking gorgeous and he couldn't wait to get his hands on her. John caught the eye of a waiter and ordered her usual, a G&T. They chatted, catching up with each other's news and some of the things they'd discussed by E-mail or IM. Mandy drained the remnants of her gin and stood, turning towards the lifts. John admired her voluptuous bottom, encased in that tight grey dress, before rising too. He was glad that his arousal had just about subsided, thanks to the innocent small talk they had been making. He picked up a newspaper, holding it at his waist to hide the remnant of his erection. They walked hand in hand towards the lifts and waited in a small queue. The hotel was busy and the lift was packed and they squeezed in tightly together. Their passion simmering with the proximity of their bodies, but they were unable to do anything about it. John savoured the smell of her spicy perfume and he felt his cock rise again. He frantically tried to think of spread sheets, work

procedures, or anything that would stem his arousal and avoid his embarrassment. After what seemed like a week, they finally arrived at the tenth floor. John squeezed out of the lift with a strategically placed newspaper and they scurried down the corridor. After the usual fumble trying to get the key card to work, they entered the room. The curtains were drawn and the lights left dimmed. John grabbed Mandy and squashed her against the wall, devouring her mouth with his. Their tongues entwined and lips engaged as they kissed passionately. John's hands cupped Mandy's ample breasts in his large paws, tweaking her erect nipples with his thumbs: fuck he wanted her. They continued to kiss passionately. John eased his hands lovingly down her body, grabbing two big handfuls of her delightful derriere, his rampant cock straining through his trousers against her pubic mound. They broke away and in one fluid movement. John unzipped her dress, pulled it off her shoulders and to the floor. He stood back to admire Mandy, now wearing nothing but her lacy black bra, tights (no knickers, good girl) and Manolos. He placed one arm around her shoulders, the other under her bottom, picked her up and lowered her gently on the king size bed. He kicked off his shoes and jumped on the bed next to her. They kissed again, John gently teased her neck and that sensitive spot behind her ears with his fingertips. He replaced his fingertips with his mouth, delicately kissing, licking and nibbling her neck, while undoing her bra. Mandy's unfettered breasts sprung proudly free. John took each hard nipple between his finger and thumb, gently tweaking them. His kisses moved down her neck and towards her beautiful breasts, taking each nipple in turn between his teeth as he continued to fondle the other. Mandy moaned passionately as John worshiped her tits, but nothing could stop that relentless inexorable descent of his head towards her Mound of Venus. He kissed down her tummy, tickled her navel with a cheeky twist of his tongue and his hands moved down to her thighs, skimming over the glossy sheer material of her tights. "Do you remember our little wager?" John teased. "How could I forget?" Mandy laughed, "Make me cum twice before you peel my tights off, or you're buying all drinks for the next year." "I can't afford not to oblige," John replied, smiling. "Hunny, I don't think there's any danger you won't meet your obligation," Mandy retorted, "Especially since you're from Aberdeen. Everyone knows how careful Aberdonians are with their money. You'd manage, even if killed you!" With Mandy's encouragement fresh in his mind, John resumed his task, kissing gently down her nylon clad legs, enjoying the texture against his hot wet tongue. He worked all the way down her right leg towards her feet, removing her shoes and tossing them on the floor. He proceeded to massage Mandy's feet, starting gently at first, but gradually increasing the pressure, particularly on the soles which he kneaded firmly. "Ooh, I really enjoy a good foot rub after a long day at the office," Mandy laughed, "But I know you're teasing me. You know the part of me that really needs some attention." John smile mischievously, "I really can't imagine what you mean." "Just get on with it, you teasing bastard!" Mandy exclaimed. "Your wish is my command," replied John, and he proceeded to kiss his way up her left leg. As he reached her exquisite mound he paused, inhaled the heavenly scent of her vagina and blew gently. John's hot breath on her most intimate parts inflamed Mandy's passion, from her very core. John paused for a few seconds, but could not resist his carnal need and plunged his tongue into her pussy. His face squashed against her labia and he licked her slit from top to bottom, the sheer nylon already damp with the liquid of her desire. John hungrily

devoured her pussy, while rubbing her clit with his right thumb. He traced the fingers of his left hand down her cleft towards her bottom and gently massaged her perineum. Mandy writhed in ecstasy as John relentlessly pleased her with his tongue and fingers. “Fuuuck, that’s sooo good,” she groaned “I’m gonna cum already.” John paused for a moment, before moving his tongue up to her clit, and his right fingers down to her labia. He knew that her arousal would be slowed, but it would drive her inevitable orgasm to an even more powerful level. He lapped at her erect clit as he stroked her with his strong nimble fingers and soon he felt a trembling in her body, which increased in intensity until she was bucking her bottom off the bed “Oooh, fuck, fuck, fuck, don’t ever stop!” she screamed as her body wriggled beneath him. Mandy’s pussy exploded, soaking her tights with that delicious nectar which John hungrily swallowed. As Mandy’s first orgasm subsided, John continued his heavenly tongue lashing, maintaining Mandy in that plateau of arousal and mopping up the remnants of her orgasmic fluid from the nylon material. “You’re cheating now,” Mandy chided, “My second orgasm will be easy. I’m still sooo turned on.” John continued to worship Mandy’s vagina with his tongue, lips and fingers, and, as she predicted, it didn’t take long before her arousal escalated. She wriggled, writhed and cursed, and within minutes another crushing orgasm ripped through her body. She collapsed almost lifeless on the bed, pushing John’s head away. Her pleasure sated for just now, she lay still, gently panting. “Okay ace, you’ve proven your point and won your bet,” admitted Mandy once she had recovered a little, “We need to get you undressed and I need to return my side of the wager!” “Mmm, I can’t wait,” said John, smiling in anticipation. Part 2 to follow soon!