

Eating Out

By
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Our day starts off as usual. I arose and brought the Mistress her coffee in bed and had done my normal morning activities. I had left for work and not heard much of anything from her through the day. I had been daydreaming of her today but had been good and not touched myself.

It was about midday and my thoughts wondered to the outfit she wore this morning. It was an oriental style dress that had a high collar and went almost to the floor. It had two long slits up the sides almost to her waist.

She also wore stockings and a garter with a silk g-string all in matching red. When she moved you could see the tops of the stockings through the slits and with the right movement you could even see the red garter belt. Well my first erection of the day.

The Mistress had beautiful legs and this dress accentuated them even more. Her shoes were a conservative black patent leather spiked heels with a small strap that buckled at the ankle.

Later in the day my thoughts return to her and since no one is in my office that day, I started to massage my cock and it grew bigger and harder. Slowly looking around the office, making sure no one came in, I slid my hand into my pants and begin to stroke my hardening cock. Soon I am close to coming and needed to stop or I would have an accident right at my desk. I really need to stop this at work. Someone is going to walk in a catch me one day.

I don't have to worry about my co-workers finding out what I am doing since I might as well have called her, the phone rings and it is her. "Are you thinking of me and touching yourself?" she asks. I reply "Yes Mistress, I was just thinking how beautiful you were this morning in that outfit." "Good" she coos "I want you thinking of me all the time."

She then informs me we are going out for dinner. I ask "Where to?" and she replies with "I feel like Asian tonight." I ask if she wants to meet there or should I pick her up. She tells me that she wants to be picked up at 6:00 PM. She has made reservations at our favorite Vietnamese restaurant.

The day passes quickly and at the end I pack up and head to my car. The drive to her office is quick but I am thinking of her in that dress all the way there. I park and go upstairs.

As I enter the office she looks up and orders me to "Close the door." I do as she says and close the door. Then moving into the office closer to her I notice that the front of the long skirt is draped to the side. Her legs are spread and she is not wearing underwear beneath her skirt. She has been masturbating.

She commands me to “Stand there and watch Slave.” I do as she commanded and she throws one of her legs up over the arm of her chair and continues to pleasure herself.

At this point I start to get a hard on again and it strains at the front of my pants. The Mistress says to me “Come over here and kneel down.” I kneel in front of her with her wet pussy right in my face. “Eat me Slave” she commands. I lean over and start eating her as she continues to masturbate.

The pain in my pants is almost excruciating but I continue as ordered. In a few minutes she orgasms with a moan and a shiver. I stand back up painfully. She is eye level with my cock and sees even with the tight fit it is bulging out of my pants. “Drop your pants so I can see your cock.” I do as ordered and she starts to rub the front of my underwear.

She is pleased with what she feels “Good, you need to keep it hard for me. If you do I will reward you with letting you fuck me later.” “Thank you Mistress” I say.

She then drops her skirt down and says “Let’s go eat.” She has an evil look when she says this, which makes me worry a little.

We get to the restaurant and are seated at a secluded booth. It is very dark and in this booth and it is her favorite place to sit. We are sitting next to each other and no one else can see us unless they approach the edge of the table.

We order appetizers and drinks. While we are waiting on the food we make small talk about our day. While we are talking the Mistress reaches over and unzips my pants. I ask “What are you doing?” She responds with her evil grin “Just making sure you are still hard for me.” She slides her hand into my pants and I am semi-erect. She makes a disapproving look and says “You don’t want to fuck me?” I quickly respond with “No Mistress, it is just hard...” She stops me and says “No it isn’t” while squeezing my cock.

She slowly starts to massage it and soon it begins to grow. Suddenly the waitress appears with our appetizers. The Mistress leaves her hand still on my cock and thanks the waitress. I don’t think she can see under the table but I am panicked that she might think something is up.

The Mistress orders me to make her a plate and I start to select some of the appetizers and place them on her plate. She continues to stroke me but can’t get a good grip through my underwear. She pulls her hand out and I quickly zip up my pants.

She begins to eat her food and I start to make myself a plate. “Stop” she says “go to the bathroom and take your underwear off. When you come back make sure you are nice and hard.” I look at her for a second with a confused face. “Go before your food gets cold” she orders.

I get up from the table trying to adjust my beginnings of an erection. I am lucky the bathroom is in the back by our booth. I slip into one of the stalls and remove my pants and then my underwear. I fold the underwear up and put them into my back pocket of the pants.

I then sit on the toilet and begin stroking myself thinking of her at the office with her legs parted and her wet pussy. It isn't long before I am fully erect and ready to come. I slip my pants back on, but the problem now is without my underwear to support me, my cock is at full attention and pushing out the front of my pants. I work to adjust it and nothing seems to keep it against me. I finally slip my belt line down to the tip of my cock and that seems to hold it back. However I look silly with my pants down around my hips.

As I return to the table the Mistress notices my pants and asks “Have a little problem in the bathroom?” I don't say anything and return to my seat next to her. She immediately reaches over to test my hardness. “Ooooh, nice and hard, just the way I like it.” She unzips my pants again and my cock pops out. The cold air of the restaurant doesn't even phase it. She reaches over and grabs it and begins to stroke me again, now without any resistance.

Soon my head is back against the booth and I am ready to come. She takes a little sweet and sour sauce from the container on the table and dribble a little on her plate. She then takes a finger and runs it through the sauce. Dripping from her finger she rubs the sauce on the tip of my cock.

The cold sauce sends shivers through my body. She smiles and says “I didn't get an egg roll” then looking at the sauce on the head says “let's see how your egg roll tastes?” She leans over and starts to lick the sauce off the tip of my cock.

Once she has licked it all off she raises her head and says “Hmmm, I think it needs a little more sauce.” She dips her finger into her plate again and scopes some of the sauce out with it. She then applies the sauce to the head and shaft of my cock. Again she leans over and begins to suck on my cock.

I am squirming from the ecstasy. The feeling of her warm wet mouth on my cock and the tingling sensation from the sweet and sour sauce is driving me mad. She stops and raises her head up, looks at me and says “Now that is an appetizer.”

Before I can answer the waitress is returning. I throw my napkin in my lap to cover my exposed erection. She takes away our appetizer plates and serves our food. It feels as if she is taking for

ever to serve the platters of food and arrange everything. The waitress smiles at me and gives me a little wink. I wonder if she has seen any of the things we have been doing.

Finally she leaves and we are alone in our booth. The Mistress whips away the napkin to expose my cock again. "Keep it out and keep it hard I need to be fucked soon and I want to feel it."

We begin eating and I occasionally reach down and rub my cock to keep it hard. Towards the end of dinner she puts her chop sticks down and looks over at me and smiles. She then starts to get up I start to move out of the booth to let her out. She puts her hand on my chest and pushes me back into my seat. She then throws her leg over my lap and straddles me. Pulling up her dress she lowers herself onto me.

Reaching down with her hand she holds my cock out and then begins to slide her pussy up and down on it. She slips the head up between the lips of her pussy and her clit is rubbing the head of my cock and driving me wild. She is very wet and her juices are flowing down my shaft.

After a couple of minutes of driving me crazy she continues to throw her other leg over and she is out of the booth. She turns and looks down at me saying "Follow me now."

I quickly shove my cock back into my pants not worrying about hiding it. She had already started towards the bathrooms and I knew what she was thinking of. I continue to follow her and she enters the Women's bathroom. She holds the door open but not looking back at me, she waits.

I look around and see if anyone can see me going into the Ladies room. Coast is clear so I continue to follow her. She strolls to the last stall and enters. Once inside she turns to me finally and says "Close the door and strip. I want you to fuck me now." I am so horny and want her badly but I am nervous someone will enter and hear us.

Before I can protest she has already taken her dress off and handed to me. "Hang it up there" as she points to the hook on the back of the stall door. There is a small shelf in the wall running the length of the stall. She hops up on the shelf with her legs dangling just a few inches off the floor.

She watches as I take my clothes off and hang them up as well. I don't have to worry about my underwear as they are already off and in the pocket of my pants. Once I am done she pulls me in close to her between her legs.

I lean over and start to kiss her neck and then begin to lower my kisses until I am at the top of her breasts. She begins to moan and moves her hands under her breast pushing them up and out of her bra.

She pushes my head back and then takes her breasts out of her bra cups and pushes the bra down underneath. She grabs the sides of my head and pushes me back into her breasts. I start to suck and lick her nipples. She is moaning louder now and I am worried again about being found out.

She pulls my head up and throws her legs around my waist and digs her shoes into my ass pulling me closer into her. She reaches down and grabs my cock by the shaft using the head to rub her clit. She soon orgasms and her screams echo off the tile walls. I am sure that they could hear us in the restaurant.

Once she has finished her orgasm she slides off the shelf and looks at me. "Do you want to come now?" she asks. "Yes Mistress, please let me come now" I beg. She stands there with her arms crossed under her breasts heaving them up and out towards me. She then begins to adjust her bra and put her breasts back in the cups. She reaches her hand out and says to me "Give me my dress." She sees the disappointed look on my face. She mockingly pouts and says "You will just have to wait until I am ready for you to come."

I hand her dress over and start to get dressed myself. I pull my underwear out of my pants pocket. She stops me "Did I say to put those back on?" "No Mistress" I say as I refold the underwear and put them back into the pocket. We finish getting dressed and I open the stall door slowly. I peek out and no one is in the bathroom.

I dart for the door and she grabs my belt. "Hold my purse while I straighten up." I stand there looking at the door nervously while she straightens her dress and checks her makeup in the mirror. Finally she is done and retrieves her purse from me and we head out the door. I am amazed no one has come in and I want to get out of here as fast a possible.

We return to the table and sit back down. We finish our dinner and the waitress returns to clear the plates. She looks at me again and I somehow think she knows what we have been doing.

I pay the bill and we get up to exit. My erection is at the point where it is painful. I think about sneaking into the bathroom to masturbate but reconsider. The Mistress will know what I did and be angry. She is tormenting me by rubbing up against me at every possible chance she has. I can feel the fabric of her dress rubbing my cock and bringing me close to coming.

We are finally outside in the parking lot. I open the door for her but she stops. She reaches down and grabs the front of my pants and coos "I better take care of this now or you might explode." "Please Mistress" I beg.

She opens the back door of the car and slides in, I follow her in. I barely have a chance to close the door when she is pulling my pants down. My ass hits the cold leather of the back seat and it

sends shivers up my spine. She grabs the shaft of my cock and sucks hard on the head. "Mmmmm" she moans "still a little sauce on my egg roll. I must have missed it earlier."

She is stroking my shaft and biting the head of my cock. She releases her grip and then kneels on the back seat holding on to the door rest for support. She looks around and says "Fuck me now Slave. But don't come unless I tell you to."

I move her dress aside and enter her. I begin thrusting slowly at first and then faster. She is moaning louder and louder. If anyone walks by it will sound if I am killing her in here.

She looks around and yells "FUCK ME HARDER. SLAM YOUR COCK INTO ME SLAVE!" I do as commanded, slamming into her hard. Within a few strokes she comes. I rest for a second catching my breath. I then sit back down on the seat and she joins me.

She looks down at my sore red cock and playfully says "Poor Slave. It is so red and it looks sore. Let me kiss it and make it feel better." With that she leans over and takes me fully in her mouth. I can feel the tip of my cock hitting the back of her throat.

It doesn't take long and I come. She sucks hard draining me of everything. I lay there exhausted and pleased finally.

She raises up licks her lips and says to me "That was a good desert, but I feel like some drinks now." She begins to fix her makeup and I pull my pants back on. We move to the front seats and I start the car.

We drive to a bar downtown that we both enjoy. I order us some drinks and soon the waitress brings them. We are talking enjoying our drinks when she starts to get her evil smirk again. Oh crap here we go again.

She finishes her martini with a big gulp and then says "Come with me Slave." We rise and I follow her to the back of the bar. We get close to the bathrooms and I start to head for the Women's but she makes a left turn and goes for the Men's door. "Mistress" I protest "that is the Men's room." "I know" she says slyly.

In the men's room there is no one using any of the urinals, but there is one person in a stall. She leads me to the end stall and once I am in she closes the door. She puts the toilet lid down and sits on top. She then grabs my belt and pulls me close to her. She unbuckles my belt and then unzips the pants letting them fall around my ankles. My erection is gone and she looks disappointed.

I hear the other person flush and then leave the bathroom. This is lucky since she leans over and takes me into her mouth, making me gasp loudly. It doesn't take long and I have a decent erection again.

She stops and stands. Then turning she leans over and puts her hands on the top of the toilet. She moves one of her hands back and pulls away the back of her skirt. "Eat me Slave" she commands. I kneel and begin licking and sucking. She reaches through her legs and grabs the front of my shirt to pull me in hard to her.

After a few minutes of this she releases my shirt and then says "Fuck my ass with your tongue." I move up and start to lick her ass hole, darting my tongue in and out. I have my hands on her ass rubbing her cheeks. I can feel that she has one of her hands rubbing her clit and pussy.

She begins moaning loudly. I wonder to myself, can't they make restrooms out of something else than tiles. Her moans echo louder and louder off the tile walls.

She stops and pulls forward away from me. I come up for a breath and she looks around at me and says "Fuck me in the ass slave. I want to feel your hard cock rammed in me."

I ask "Mistress we don't have any lubricant." She motions to her purse. I stand and move to her purse. I open it and find a small tube of lubricant. I squeeze some into my hand, letting it warm up a minute before I apply it. I rub it into her crack and then squirt a little more onto my finger. I take this and insert it slowly into her ass. She moans and rears her head as I enter her with my finger.

I remove my finger and start to insert my cock into her ass. It is tight and I go slowly. Soon I am in and start the in and out motion in short strokes. Then increasing the strokes until my cock is fully plunged into her.

I am going faster and faster. She is pushing back against me as I thrust forward. "Fuck me Slave. I want to feel all of your cock in me." "Yes Mistress" I say breathlessly.

It doesn't take long and she has an orgasm. I am not too far behind and I soon come in her. We both just stand there, with me still inside her both shuddering from our orgasms.

I pull out slowly and move back from her. She stands upright letting her dress fall back into place. I start to pull my pants up and she stops me "What are you doing?" I look a little dumbfounded and reply "Just putting my pants back on."

She shakes her head and says “You need to clean your cock off.” Before I can protest she opens the door of the stall and pulls me out to the sinks. I look around frantically to see if someone is there. Luckily no one is at the sinks or urinals.

She moves me over to one of the sinks and then starts the water. She tests the water and when she is happy with it pushes me over into the sink. She takes some liquid soap and starts to soap my cock up. She then rinses it with the warm water. When she is done I take one of the towels and dry off. I then pull up my pants and we exit the bathroom.

As we are exiting the bathroom door, two gentlemen are coming towards us. One has puzzled look on his face the other gives me a wink as I pass.

We return to our seats and order some more drinks. The Mistress raises her martini to me and says “We will need to eat out more often.”