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I welcome all comments from readers (wiseguy35@hotmail.com).

Table for Two

A Secret Santa story for Christine Indigo

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It was Laura who noticed them first. Quietly content, her meal mostly finished and the warm fog of the champagne beginning to embrace her mind, she found her gaze wandering around the restaurant.

At first they were just another couple enjoying New Year's Eve dinner out. They had a round booth in a corner of the restaurant. She was blonde and lithe, a classic black cocktail dress clinging in all the right places, accented by discreet but shining jewelry. His grey suit had a European cut and his tie was silk, held in place by a pin that matched his cuff links. Laura followed his right cuff link as it disappeared behind his date's back. The blonde leaned closer to him, lifting her face for a playful kiss. Then the blonde's eyes closed. She leaned back and smiled and let her head roll slowly from side to side for a moment.

That was when Laura noticed that the shapely symmetry of the blonde's dress had been disturbed. "Jeff?"

Her date swallowed and snapped to attention. "Yes?"

"That man in the grey suit over there," she said, indicating the booth with the faintest of nods. "Is he doing what I think he's doing?"

"I don't know," he replied after a cursory glance. "What do you think he's doing?"

Laura looked around quickly and lowered her voice. "I think he's feeling up her right breast."

Jeff studied the couple closely, allowing his eyes to thoroughly explore the low-cut black dress across the room. "Either you're right," he concluded, "or she's smuggling a small pet in a very sensitive area."

"They can't do that in a restaurant," Laura complained. "Somebody might see."

"Somebody did see," Jeff pointed out. "But that doesn't seem to bother her. I'd say nothing seems to be bothering her at the moment, wouldn't you?"

As Laura watched, the woman twister her body slightly to give her date a better angle. His hand moved, and her head dropped back for a moment. "What should we do?"

For answer, Jeff found the champagne magnum and refilled her glass. "We should have another drink," he said, "and relax. Let them have their fun."

A tiny flush of heat rose up Laura's cheeks as she took a long pull from her glass. "She does seem to be enjoying herself," Laura observed. For a moment she imagined Jeff's arm snaking behind her and inside her red halter dress, cupping a breast and squeezing the way he does. The imagined sensation caused her to shiver in her seat.

Laura sipped some more champagne and tried to look away, but her gaze kept returning to the couple at the far table. The look of bliss on the blonde's face was becoming more and more obvious. Was that her left arm moving toward the man's lap?

Jeff noticed the movement as well and shifted slightly in his seat, imagining what it would be like to feel Laura reaching for his zipper. He was mildly surprised to notice that he was becoming hard at the idea. Then he looked over at Laura and noted how her nipples had become very clearly defined through the slinky red fabric of her dress. Her face held an almost entranced look as she stared at the couple at the other table. He started to bring up his left hand, intending to wave it in front of

Laura's face and break the spell. Before his hand broke the plane of her vision, though, he had a different idea: he slipped the hand gently behind Laura's neck and began to gently caress it.

"What are you doing?" she asked immediately, wrenching her eyes from the other table just long enough to give him an annoyed look.

"Rubbing your neck," he explained. "If you keep staring much longer, it's going to get stiff."

She gave him a sour look and was about to retort when a movement at the other table captured her attention again. The blonde had shifted; the black dress had receded, showing more leg and thigh. She was about to call Jeff's attention to it, but then the gentle pressure of his fingers in exactly the right places drove all thoughts from her mind for a moment. "Mmmmmm," she purred. "You know what that does to me."

"I know," he agreed, while his eyes measured the flush of color that began forming in the scooped neckline of the Laura's dress. His fingers moved down her spine, causing Laura to arch her back and smile.

Laura's eyes once again locked onto the couple at the far table. The blonde's dress continued to move as the unseen hand worked its magic on her breast. Her left hand, Laura could now see, was resting on the man's thigh and squeezing; her right seemed to be gripping the edge of the table. Her eyes seemed unfocused, and her mouth had fallen lazily open.

So intent was Laura's concentration on the other couple that she failed to notice that Jeff's hand had stopped rubbing her neck and, instead, were creeping around her arched back and into the left side of her dress. His fingers rounded the side and seized their prize: an erect, firm nipple aching to be rolled between them.

Laura's body tensed as a thousand nerve endings fired at once. "What the hell are you doing?"

Jeff smiled and squeezed Laura's breast in her favorite way. "I should think that would be obvious, Sweetie."

Laura's mind went into vapor lock. Her common sense demanded that she make Jeff stop this unseemly display in a public place immediately, before the manager asked them to leave. Her impulsive side, on the other hand, felt delightfully decadent wallowing in the sensations of it all.

With three glasses of champagne added into the mix, it was no contest. Laura relaxed against Jeff, giving him an easier angle, and idly stared at the couple across the room while Jeff worked his magic.

The blonde's breathing was notably faster even from that distance, Laura observed. Much like her own must be, as she felt the warmth radiating from her chest and all through her body. Her legs opened, taking advantage of the high slit in her dress to let the fabric hang loosely. Laura felt her own hand slowly inching toward the slit and stopped it – even in her current state, there were limits.

The blonde had no such limits, it seemed. Her free hand dove below the table and made an obvious bee-line for the junction of her own legs. Laura imagined the blonde fingering herself, and for a moment it felt incredibly real to her. Then she realized it wasn't her imagination but Jeff's other hand, using the high slit to steal inside her dress and slip quietly underneath the G-string she'd chosen to wear. His fingertips moistened themselves on her flowing juices and slowly traced their way up and down. Up and down. Up ...

Laura panicked as she caught herself about to moan loudly. Stopping Jeff now wouldn't help – she was going to come, and come hard, any second. She grabbed a strawberry from the dish by her plate, where they had been soaking in champagne, and popped it into her mouth. When the first waves of orgasm stuck, she bit down on the strawberry and groaned quietly with pleasure. By chewing slowly and carefully, she was able to breathe through the climax while, at least she hoped, seeming only to be really enjoying her strawberry.

When Laura's wits returned, Jeff had quietly withdrawn his hands and was sitting innocently beside her. "That was evil," she told him.

Jeff looked back in mock innocence. "My dear," he insisted, "I have no idea what you're talking about." Then he pushed the strawberry dish closer to her. "Have another?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I'll wait until we get home."

Then her gaze returned to the far table. The blonde was sitting upright again, smoothing her dress over her upper body. The man sat next to her, idly sipping from his glass. As Laura watched, his eye met hers for a brief moment. He raised his glass, gave a barely perceptible nod and winked at her. Laura felt the color flowing over her face; for the rest of the meal, she kept her attention strictly on Jeff.

"They're gone now," he told her some time later. "It's safe to look around again."

Laura smacked him lightly on the thigh. "Brute," she kidded. "How would you feel if I had yanked your pants down and diddled you in full view of the dining room?"

"I don't know," he allowed with a grin. "Would you like to try it and see?"

Their waiter appeared as the last of the used dishes was carried away. "How was everything?" he asked innocently.

"Great," Jeff assured him. "She loves the strawberries."

"Yes," the waiter replied, looking a little puzzled. "They are very popular."

"We're ready for our check now," Jeff said.

The waiter's puzzled look increased. "It's already been paid," he reported. "By the man who left a few minutes ago."

With their benefactor gone, there was nothing for Jeff and Laura to do but leave a healthy tip and go. They hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address for their home.

Laura snuggled up close to Jeff in the back seat of the cab. "You know," she whispered into his ear, "what you did in that restaurant made me so hot I stopped caring who might see us. That has to be the most amazingly hot thing we've ever done."

Jeff smiled. "It was pretty awesome to see," he agreed.

Laura let her hand come up and caress his cheek. "Just thinking about it makes me hot," she breathed. "How about you? Are you getting hard thinking about how you made me come?"

By the time Jeff swallowed and opened his mouth, the answer was already clasped in Laura's hand. "So hard," she continued, fondling his erection through his pants. "Would you like to know what I felt like in that restaurant, Jeff? Would you like me to make you come right here, right now?"

Jeff struggled to think as the blood rushed to his swelling penis. The more she rubbed him, the less choice he really had. "Yes," he croaked. "Do it."

With a lecherous smile, she unzipped his pants and reached inside.

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