

The Stranger at the Restaurant
by Pan

My husband got so mad when the stranger kissed me.

I love Phil, but he can sometimes be quite odd. Of course my mouth was available to the stranger who'd walked up to our table; frankly, I thought my husband's reaction was quite rude.

He even started loudly protesting when the man released one of my breasts from the black dress I was wearing. It was our ten-year anniversary, so I'd really dressed up for the occasion. My outfit was beautiful – a simple black dress that showed off my legs, and highlighted my small, perky breasts.

Fortunately, the stranger was unperturbed by my husband's outburst. He'd been very confident from the moment he'd walked up to the table and started taking my mouth. I had no idea what Phil was so upset about, but I was soon able to put his strange reaction out of my mind and let myself escape into the kiss.

I would have been quite content to simply lock lips with the stranger all night, but I certainly didn't mind when he slipped his hands around my waist and lifted me onto the table. He was quite a bit taller than me (or my husband), so perching me on the table allowed him to kiss me without bending over.

"Samantha!" my husband cried out, trying desperately to get my attention. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

I didn't respond. The stranger pulled back and stared at my face, which was flushed red with passion. His eyes were full of hunger.

I didn't want him to stop.

"Please, Samantha..."

That's when it happened.

As the stranger slipped one hand into my dress, Phil's voice fell quiet, and I noticed my husband's attention had been drawn from me. Now he was staring at the man, too. No, he wasn't just staring – he was mesmerized. I didn't know why, but I was very happy that he'd fallen quiet.

The stranger reached down and cupped my breast through the thin material of my dress. He pinched both my nipples between his thumb and forefinger; one through the dress, one directly.

His touch was hot and electric. I felt the room spinning.

"Oh my god," I whispered. "This is amazing."

He looked over at my husband, as though seeing him for the first time. "You have such a beautiful wife," he said. "She looks so hot in that dress. It's sexy as hell. She should dress like this more often."

My husband stammered an apology – I didn't catch exactly what he said, I was too distracted by the man's ministrations.

"Do you mind if I take a look?" asked the stranger.

Phil shook his head, of course. He had finally worked out how rude he was being.

I stood up, and the stranger slowly, carefully began to undress me, unzipping my dress, lowering it to my waist, and revealing my bare breasts to anyone who could see. The restaurant. My husband.

I didn't care. His gaze was the only thing that mattered to

I could feel his erection poking at my back as he moved behind me. I gasped as he squeezed my ass cheeks, and he rubbed my pussy through the dress.

"Don't stop," I moaned. Please..."

The stranger smiled, and then kissed me deeply. It was as though the entire restaurant fell away; all I was aware of was the stranger, his mouth on mine, his hand on my pussy, stroking, caressing, making me feel things that I had never felt before. Things that Phil had never made me feel.

The stranger's touch was like a drug – as his hands worked their magic, I shivered with pleasure. When he finally pulled away from me, I wanted nothing more than to throw my arms around his neck and kiss him hungrily once more.

But I didn't.

I kept my arms at my side, not moving.

"Would you like me to continue?" he asked, a smug look on his face. "To use your body for my own pleasure? To explore every inch of your beauty until you're moaning in ecstasy, or begging me to give yourself to me completely?"

I did. Of course I did. I wanted nothing more than to give myself to the stranger, to let him take me as his own. I knew that I belonged to him.

But I didn't say a word.

I knew that if the stranger wanted to use me, he would, and that nothing I said could affect that.

My husband, however, didn't stay silent.

"Use her," he begged. "Please, use my wife."

The stranger smiled, and then began to slowly undo his belt and zipper. He tugged at my dress, letting it fall to the floor. I was completely exposed in the middle of the restaurant, and I loved it. It felt so right. He yanked down my panties, and then stripped off the rest of his clothes.

"I want to watch you," he said, leaning back, and I immediately knew exactly what he meant.

Scooting my bare ass onto the table which Phil and I had been eating at just a few minutes ago, I reached between my legs. As the stranger hungrily watched, I began playing with myself, touching myself for his pleasure.

The stranger watched, but he didn't reach out to me – he just watched, and listened. I looked over at Phil, who was still staring at our shared nudity. Suddenly, a flash of anger came across me.

When the stranger had kissed me – as was his right, as was perfectly natural – Phil had objected. He'd been so rude, embarrassing not only himself, but me as well.

He had to be punished.

"You're a jerk," I snapped, continuing to touch myself. Phil nodded. I knew he knew I was right.

The stranger smiled at my words.

"You've never satisfied me," I told him honestly. Phil nodded again.

"I know," he responded, his voice full of sadness and lust. "I know."

"That's why I'm doing this."

That part wasn't entirely honest; even if Phil had been the world's greatest lover, I still would have let the stranger take me. But it felt like the right thing to say.

"You deserve this," I concluded, and even as a tear rolled down my husband's face, I knew he was harder than he'd ever been.

I don't know how long I played with myself, berating Phil as I did, but I think it was quite a while before I felt my orgasm approaching. But before I could cum, the stranger stood up. His cock was rock hard – fully erect and sticking straight out from his body. It was beautiful – so

long, so thick, so powerful.

I had never wanted anything so much in my life.

I dropped to my knees and took his erection in my mouth. Phil watched as I swallowed the stranger's cock, my head bobbing up and down, slurping, licking, sucking.

My husband's face was red with shame, but I knew that he was enjoying what I was doing. Not that I really minded if he wasn't; what we were doing was for the stranger, not for Phil, not for the other patrons, not for me. It was all for the stranger.

Without warning, the stranger removed his cock from my mouth and pushed me on my back. I could feel the thick carpet on my bare back; it was slightly itchy, but I didn't care.

All I cared about was the stranger's erection.

Without a word, he slowly slid inside me. It was all I could do not to cry out with pleasure;

He moved faster and faster, and soon I was panting, gasping, moaning. The restaurant was spinning; all I could think of was his huge rod inside me. I didn't care that I was married, or that Phil was watching – along with however many other strangers in the restaurant.

Only one stranger mattered; the man who was inside me.

"I'm going to cum," I gasped, as he began pumping into me faster and harder. "I'm going to cum!"

"Do it," he ordered, and everything went white as my orgasm crested; the longest, loudest climax I'd ever experienced.

Even Phil has managed to make me cum before, but it had never been like that. The feeling of fulfilment, of satisfaction...the sensations of my pussy pulsing and my legs trembling were so powerful, I blacked out, overwhelmed by the pleasure the strange man had brought me.

When I came to, the stranger was gone, his cum leaking out of my pussy. I was totally spent. I laid there, panting, exhausted, more satisfied than I'd ever been in my life. It was several minutes before I found the strength to look up, to look around.

The stranger had taken my dress. When he'd left, he'd taken all my clothing with him, leaving me completely naked in the restaurant.

Phil was staring at me, in awe.

"Are you okay?" he asked, concerned. I nodded, too stunned to speak.

He grinned.

"That was amazing," he said, and all I could do was nod.

After we finished eating, I was delighted to learn that the stranger had taken care of our bill. It was the second-best anniversary gift he'd given us that night.

I waited outside while Phil got the car, smiling in response to the wolf-whistles some passers-by threw my way. If I hadn't been so wiped, I would have dropped to my knees and sucked them off. I knew that from now on, Phil would never be enough to satisfy me, and I'd be taking advantage of any sexual offers that came my way.

It was almost midnight when we got home. Phil and I were both tired, but happy. At least, I was; I don't really care how Phil felt. The babysitter was stunned when she opened the door to my naked, cum-streaked body.

"Is she okay?" my husband asked. I don't know if it was to annoy or appease him, but I responded by stepping forward and taking the teenage girl's mouth with my own.

After a few minutes, I felt my husband give me a knowing smile.

"Well," he said, "she seems pretty happy."

He tipped her, more generously than usual, and we made our way inside. I didn't even bother to get dressed; I just sat down on the sofa, naked, and took a long, deep breath.

Tonight, I knew, was the beginning of the rest of my life.
And to think, Phil had been so mad about it.