

## **A Promise Is A Promise**

### **Lunch is not always about the food**

#### **Chapter 1 ( F/F )**

I had gotten a text from an old friend Devon, whom I had not had any contact with in quite some time. It read, "Hey Katherine, how about lunch for 3, 2morrow if you're up for it at 1?"

Staring at my phone, I read his message again and before I could stop my fingers, I had sent "K" back to him.

My phone just about fell out of my hands as another text came in right away, "You pick the place" followed up quickly with another message, "Please."

He always made me weak and wet; I wasn't going to get away with a quick answer this time. I sent back, "The restaurant in front of the craft store in town, will that be alright, I was going shopping there this week anyway."

He sent back, "perfect!"

The next day, I left early so I could shop before lunch. Shopping is a great aphrodisiac for me. I got everything on my list and proceeded over to the diner.

The backwoods looking building with the giant front porch has these great rocking chairs out front and checker boards. I sat down and played a game of checkers against myself while I waited for them to arrive.

A quiet but deep voice spoke close to my ear, "I do remember that you like to play with yourself."

When I was introduced to his wife Katrina; that is when it hit me. When he and I were close I had always said that we would be each other's third in a threesome. Looks like today may be the interview for our "someday."

I giggled my contagious laugh which can be very loud and cause me to be embarrassed at times. I turned and made eye contact with her first. "Would you like to play a bit before we go inside, or are you anxious to eat?" I was trying to be clever but I don't know if I succeeded.

She sat down without speaking and started resetting the checkers on the board. We both reached for the same piece and as our hands touched we looked up at each other and then up to him. Devon was wearing a huge Cheshire cat grin and placed his hand over both of ours.

I am not sure if I started the laughter off that continued for several minutes or one of them did. When it was clear that the ice was broken, he asked if the ladies were ready to go have lunch.

I was a little confused at first when we got our table when he took one of the four chairs and put it at another table. He moved the lone chair on that side to the middle and sat down, making a hand gesture that we should sit on the other side facing him. She sat first which put me on her left.

After we were done eating and catching up with each other's lives, the sexual conversations kicked in high gear. Before long we were all giggling and laughing just a little too loudly. It was very relaxing. He

got this look on his face when he announced he was having a good time with Kat and Kitty, as those were his nicknames for both of us since we had each known him. He leaned in closer and whispered, my two favorite pussies.

Suddenly, I felt my right leg being forced up against her left leg as Devon surrounded our legs in his strong knees. It was such a simple move on his part but seemed to draw out some hidden lust in both of us as we were pinned together by him.

He began with “the” conversation that I was almost sure that I was ready for. “I was always afraid of this blowing up in my face, if I one day decided to follow through on your promise from years ago, Kitty. You both know that. I think that I have proven my love for you, Kat, my lovely wife. I believe it is time that we see if this “could be mistress” thing is going to work out.”

“I am ready to try, if you are,” she said as she turned in her seat slightly to face me.

“I am ready, follow me to the women’s room and I will show you,” I said with a devious smile aimed back at him.

We got up from the table, leaving him with his mouth hanging open. A text went off before we even reached the handicapped stall, “Pictures please!”

I showed her my phone and we both laughed as we entered the ladies’ room. Once inside the big stall, I told her that I don’t know what he is hoping for but if she was game, we should make it good.

She told me to get my camera phone ready and she reached inside my shirt and bra then lifted a hefty breast out. It was all I could do to hold the camera still to take a picture of her sucking and licking my hard nipple. I was panting almost right away and had to make her stop so I could send the picture to him.

I also sent a text stating that if he wants any more pictures of what is going on in here, he needs to go to the men's room, and get in a stall. Then send us a picture of how hard it is making him to know that his wife is biting his could be mistress's nipples while she gets her pussy stroked through her shorts.

By the time I sent the long message, she had my other breast out also. She was wedging them together and biting both nipples at the same time. I took another picture from the viewpoint I could see. It was hot, very hot!

I showed her what I had sent to him about her pussy getting stroked and she lifted one shoe onto the toilet. I put my fingers inside her shorts and past the useless thong, three fingers spread out and made her sloshy, quickly.

My phone buzzed with a picture of his hand wrapped around his dick which was engorged and clearly excited. The text was, "Who is getting their pussy stroked! You were not specific!"

I pulled my hand from her pussy after I pinched her clit and almost made her fall over. I asked her to take a picture of me licking off my hand and he will get the idea of who got their pussy played with. She snapped the picture just as the 3 fingers were coming back out of my mouth and milky cum was strung from the fingers to my tongue.

She sent him a couple of pictures, like her pinching my nipple with the tip of her tongue touching the beet red nub. She sent a message that he was to send us a video of him beating off but not to cum.

We started kissing while we waited for the video; I told her I wanted to make her cum with my hand while we watch his video. I confessed that knowing what we were doing was turning Devon, was turning me on also.

I reached behind her and unhooked her bra, taking the bra and her shirt off of her at the same time. I lifted her leg off the toilet and gently but firmly pushed her against the wall with a crushing kiss as I squeezed her tits. She was moaning in my mouth as she reached up and grabbed both my nipples and mashed them between her fingers and thumbs.

My phone went off and hopefully it was the video. I plugged my earphones in and put one in her ear and one in mine. I asked her if she was able to reach the toilet again and we shifted slightly to make that happen.

He must have been alone, or so I would hope, while he was in the bathroom. The video was award winning. I put four fingers in her pussy and fucked her hard as she held the phone so we could watch the movie.

He was calling out both our names, telling us how hard his dick was, zooming in on the slit to show all the pre-cum that was flowing. He was stroking it so hard that the head was turning a deep red almost purple color.

She lost it when he said he cannot wait to see her getting her clit sucked on by me and started begging for that to be the next picture. She came so hard and began to get loud enough that I had to cover her mouth with my mouth. I would have used my hand but I was having troubles of my own as her orgasm hit. She had grabbed handfuls of the sides of my breasts and was pinching so hard I couldn't breathe. I came all over myself while I watched her fall apart and felt the pressure of her hands on my tits as they gripped me to help her stay upright.

I brought her foot down so she did not fall and we both lay against the wall trying to catch our breath while we replayed the video.

"You heard the man, he wants to see my face in your cunt, let's get your shorts off," I urged. She took my phone and started typing to him while I worked on her shorts and that itty bitty thong down her legs careful not to let it touch the ground.

She showed me what she sent, "she is about to eat your wife out, I suggest you think about that while you beat off on the stall door and send me a picture so I can cum right after you, PS she came at the same time that I did as her four fingers fucked me and I tortured her tits. Oh my, I have to go now; her tongue is so cold from the ice she was just sucking on"

"Hand me my drink and I will make that happen for you," I said as I squatted in front of her, admiring her furry pussy.

I stuck my tongue inside her lips with a force that made her KNOW that I was there. None of this light touch stuff, I was feeling another orgasm building and I needed her to be ready too. She had one hand on her own tit and another on mine, twisting and pulling at

the same time as I watched her from her crotch. I was spearing her clit hard, practically fucking it, and then started circling it round and round. She started moaning and I was afraid she was going to explode before we saw his money maker shot.

I stood up and put my tongue in her mouth which surprised her because her eyes were closed so she didn't even see me approaching.

My phone went off so before we checked it, I dove back into her honey hole and nodded for her to open the picture. In the next few seconds as his dick exploded all over the stall door in the video, I reached around her and put a wet finger into her ass. I thrust so hard it lifted her up and she came all over my face with such a force that I was knocked out of her and to the ground. I sat there watching the cum drip down her legs in spurts. It was amazing, I leaned forward and started licking from her knees to her crotch again as she played with her clit. Played is the wrong word, she abused it! Tweaking and pushing on it with more force than I thought she could possess. She flowed and flowed and forgot to breathe.

Just as we were calming down and washing up in the sink in our private stall, the first ladies came through the outer door. We both grinned as we could hear them talking about trying to figure out what the sweet scent was. We both agreed later that neither of them had been laid in a while, and we laughed.

We walked out of the bathroom looking refreshed and happy. He stood near the cashier stating he already took care of the bill.

As we got to my car which was closer, Devon pulled me to him and kissed me. Not a little peck on the cheek, a full on and holy crap kind of kiss as his tongue searched out my mouth. "I have wanted to taste my wife on you for a

very long time,” he whispered as he pulled away, “till next time.” They both waved as they walked away and we got in our cars heading for different destinations. No doubt with the same agendas though, to get fucked silly by our spouses and relive our afternoon.