

Encounter -- Taking It Back: Little Black Dress Zenobia Renquist

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Little Black Dress

Nami wore a black sheath dress that hugged her body. It was a no frills piece with a scoop neck, long sleeves and a hem a few inches above her knees. Nothing impressive and typical of what could be found in her closet.

Despite the humble appearance of the outfit, Nami felt as if she was wearing far less because of the absence of her panties. She wasn't the commando type, yet her dinner companion had insisted. Considering how he'd insisted, it was no wonder she'd complied.

Kosuke was a master at getting her to do things outside of her comfort zone. So long as he asked while he pleased her body, she would agree to anything. He knew her weakness well and had been exploiting it since they first met.

"Your booth is ready, sir." The host holding two menus smiled at Nami and Kosuke in welcome.

With his hand low on her back so his fingers pressed against her tailbone, Kosuke urged Nami forward. The booth the waiter led them to was situated along the perimeter wall of the restaurant and faced the entrance so they could see everyone who entered.

Nami slid into the booth with Kosuke beside her. After taking their drink orders and assuring them their waiter would be there soon, the host left them to contemplate the menu. The waiter showed a few minutes later with their drinks and took their order.

“A change of scenery is nice every now and again, right?” She smiled at Kosuke, thinking the two of them hadn’t spent much time outside of his hotel room once her conference ended. The restaurant was a change of pace from ordering up room service. This almost felt like a date.

He nodded as he sipped his wine. “I thought being around more people would help you feel better.”

She frowned at him. “Better about what? I wasn’t upset about staying in the room.”

He leaned in close and whispered, “That was not my meaning.”

Before she could ask for clarification, the familiar sensation of two tentacles winding their way up her legs startled her into silence. She stared at Kosuke with wide eyes. He continued sipping his wine as though nothing was amiss.

The tentacles wrapped around her knees and stopped. She was a little disappointed they didn’t go further until they shifted her legs open. She tried to hold her thighs closed but the tentacles were stronger than she was. They pulled her knees apart, shifting her dress up to her waist in the process.

Nami sat pressed against the edge of the table thanks to her new position. The tablecloth hid her display from the patrons who sat nearby... she hoped.

“Kosuke, what are you --” She gasped and bit her lip when the tip of a third tentacle nudged her exposed clit.

It poked the small nub a few times and then started sucking at it. Nami’s whole body went liquid. Her hold on the table kept her sitting upright when all she wanted to do was slide down and open her legs wider for more of the brand of pleasure only Kosuke could provide.

This had been Kosuke's plan all along when he convinced her to attend dinner sans panties, not that panties would have stopped him. His smug smile as he continued sipping his wine gave him away.

A fourth tentacle joined the others, prodding her pussy entrance but not penetrating. Nami choked back a needy whimper. The chatter in the restaurant wouldn't cover her satisfied moans if she let them out. But it was a hard battle. Kosuke knew all the ways to make her scream, whether she wanted to or not.

The blunt tip of the tentacle made quick, small circles over her slick opening. Scooting her hips forward didn't complete the contact. The tentacle kept its distance so it teased.

Nami twisted so she laid her forehead on Kosuke's shoulder. She wanted him to stop before she lost control of herself. She wanted him to keep going until she no longer cared about their surroundings. The indecision made her shake her head.

"Something wrong, Nami?" Amusement colored his words. "Perhaps the presence of others is not enough. Should I remove the tablecloth?" He bunched the cloth in his fist, preparing to pull it away.

"Don't you da-dare." Nami got the sentence out but a loud gasp of pleasure followed it. She straightened and had to force a smile she hoped looked serene when a few curious people glanced her way.

The fifth and final of Kosuke's tentacles slipped under her skirt and down between her ass cheeks. Nami arched against the table, giving the tentacle better access to a hole she knew would drive her to the edge of ecstasy as soon as the tentacle entered.

"I told you it was her."

The familiar voice brought Nami back to reality. She opened her eyes -- she hadn't realized she'd closed them -- and saw three attendees from the finished conference walking towards the booth. They smiled in greeting.

One of the women said, "I thought you had left us."

Nami shook her head, but knew that wouldn't be a satisfactory answer. She took a steadying breath and forced herself to concentrate. "I decided to spend the rest of the weekend in Vegas with my friend. This is Kosuke."

The trio made knowing sounds as they turned their gazes to Kosuke. The man in the group asked, "This wouldn't be the man residing in the penthouse suite, would it?"

"Presidential, and yes." She started to say more but the tentacle prodding her pussy entered in a swift forward movement that so surprised Nami she shook the table. To excuse her actions, she said, "My leg hit something."

Kosuke said, "Nami has been acting as my guide during my visit from Japan. She is very good." He punctuated that statement with a deep thrust of his tentacle.

The second woman in the group said, "Enjoy your visit then. We just wanted to come over and say hi when we saw you. Have a good rest of weekend." They waved as they followed the waiting host.

Nami wasn't sure if she waved back or even acknowledged their words. She was too focused on the pleasure Kosuke was giving her unbeknownst to the rest of the patrons of the restaurant. A pleasure that was seconds from increasing.

The tentacle teasing her asshole nudged forward a little at a time. Nami wanted to scream with how right it felt. She no longer cared how she looked to the others in the restaurant. Kosuke had her full attention.

"Ah. Our dinner has arrived."

His statement didn't make sense until the tentacles retreated from her body, leaving her open and wanting. Nami pouted at Kosuke, who winked at her.

The waiter placed their food and left after confirming they didn't need anything else. As soon as the man walked away, Nami thought Kosuke would resume what he started.

He picked up his fork and started eating.

“Kosuke?”

“The food is delicious, Nami. You should eat.” He grinned. “You’ll need the energy for when I give you dessert.”

Her clit twitched and she shifted her hips in anticipation. Bringing her legs together, she resituated her dress and sat back so she could eat. She squeaked when Kosuke’s tentacles returned and spread her legs once more.

He said, “I have grown fond of the practice of having dessert at the same time as dinner.”

His tentacles returned to their previous positions and Nami knew she would need a to-go box.

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