

Disappearing Act

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Disappearing Act

Dessert awaited them on the table when Keith returned from the bathroom. Jess already sat in her chair but the couple they had arrived with were no longer seated at the table. “Where’d they disappear to?” he asked.

“Not sure,” Jess replied, looking up at him. “They were gone when I got back.”

“Did they stiff us for the bill?” There was more of a tone of irritation in his voice than he intended.

Jess shrugged. “That doesn’t seem like them. Nick and Madra have never dined and dashed. And he’s a lawyer for crying out loud.”

“Then where the hell did they go?” He scanned the dining room of the establishment, but there was no sign of their friends. Sitting back down, he genuinely wondered what happened. “Did you say something to piss them off?”

“No,” Jess replied, picking up her spoon and scooping out a small portion of the dessert, a dark chocolate mousse, smooth and fluffy. “This looks lovely though.”

Keith eyed the dessert with suspicion. It looked too rich for his tastes, but he decided to try it anyways. As he went to taste it, he felt and heard the zipper of his pants come undone. He stopped suddenly, feeling warm, soft feminine hands extricate his cock from the pant material. He turned to Jess, a look of confusion on his face.

“What’s going on?” she muttered and then she suddenly gasped. “Is that you?”

Keith shook his head and proceeded to place the mousse in his mouth. He was correct, it was terribly rich, but it was nothing compared to the wet sensation that enveloped his cock. Taking a slow deep breath, he tried to calm himself. Looking back over at his wife, he was that she was slowly spooning the mousse into her mouth, a look of complete bliss on her face.

It had to be them. Nick and Madra were under the table, having snuck there during the time they were both away from the table. But how? He looked around again, noticing that the restaurant was crowded, but the table they sat at large enough for them both to squeeze under it. The long tablecloth hid them from sight, as did the dimness and shadows of the room.

His cock was hard by his second sampling of the mousse. He had always wanted Madra, desiring her from the first time his wife had introduced her to him. Jess had never mentioned that she found Nick attractive, but in the end, she didn’t have to look at him while he pleased her.

Who exactly came up with this idea?

A soft low moan uttered forth from Jess’s mouth and Keith reached over and took her hand. Though this left him unable to continue eating, he wanted to be in contact with his wife when she came.

Madra gripped his cock at the base, forcing it to jut outward. He slid down in his chair, following Jess’s example. She was slowing falling out of her seat. Nick’s hands peeked out from under the tablecloth, trying to hold her upright. Her seat shimmied in place from his anxious lapping.

Madra’s lips and tongue swirled around his cock, teasing him. His orgasm was far away, but he knew that when it came, it would be amazing. The heat and wetness was incredible, the suction she pulled over his cock. Madra’s hand found a way into his pants, sliding in to cup his balls while the other slid up his shirt, caressing his abdomen. Squeezing gently, she rhythmically massaged them, while her mouth bobbed up and down the length of his cock.

Beside him, Jess clenched at his hand, a little whine escaped her lips, her nails biting into his hand. She was coming, and quite forcefully. Her head lolled backwards, as all the air rushed from her lips. It wasn’t quite a shout, and a quick glance around the room showed him that no one had noticed his wife’s exclamation. Jess sunk into her chair, spreading her legs farther apart, opening herself up further to Nick.

Still holding his wife’s hand, Keith allowed himself to be taken away from the restaurant by Madra’s skilled tongue and mouth. He hoped that this would only be the

beginning of a night of shared pleasure, perhaps they would go back to their house, and fuck hard and fast. He imagined taking Madra from behind, taking her creamy white breasts into his mouth, feeling the wetness of her pussy around his cock and tongue. God, it would be incredible.

Madra gripped him tight, sucking him deep into her mouth. She drew it out with a pop, and immediately dove back onto it with a slurping gulp.

“Are you alright?”

Keith opened his eyes to Madra’s voice. She stood in front of her chair, her husband a few steps behind her, still walking towards them. The shock of the sight of them sent him over the edge, exploding outward. He gasped loudly, unsure of what was happening as he rode the wave of his orgasm over its peak. He tried to answer her but couldn’t.

“Yes,” Jess replied shakily. Her eyes said that she was confused, horrified and unsure of what the fuck was happening. “He’s got indigestion.” Quick thinking on her part.

He felt the hands position his cock within his pants and slide the zipper up, all without making a sound. Keith immediately stood up, reaching for his wallet. He pulled out three twenties and tossed them on the table. Jess was already by his side, her face flushed.

“What’s wrong?” Nick asked as the waiter returned with two more desserts, sitting them down in front of the couple. “Sorry to disappear like that but the sitter was having issues and we had to go outside to get some good reception.”

“Nothing’s wrong, but we’ve got to go.” They said their goodbyes, leaving the couple behind, both Nick and Madra finally sitting down.

As he turned to leave, Keith gripped Nick’s upper arm. “You’re going to love the mousse.”

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