# Mary 1985

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"Take off your panties."   
  
"And do what with them?"   
  
"Take them off and give them to me."   
  
"No."   
  
We were at the Four Seasons restaurant for dinner, which may explain her hesitation. Henry Kissinger was a few tables away. Phillip Johnson, the architect who designed the place, was probably there for lunch. Jackie O was there the first time I went in 1979.   
  
"There are people everywhere. How could I get them off?"   
  
"Scootch up your skirt. And just slowly inch them down."   
  
"No. I can't."   
  
"Come on. I want to see the look on your face as they come off. And when I put them up to my face to smell them."   
  
"No. I can't, I'm wet."   
  
"What's new? I'm hard."   
  
"Really wet. It's starting to leak out."   
  
"I knew you'd like this idea."   
  
All the while, the seamless service of the Four Seasons continued. The three or four waiters brought drinks, removed plates, prepared the table for the entrees. And, as usual, you barely noticed they had come and gone.   
  
"I cannot take off my panties in a public restaurant."   
  
"You've fucked me in public men's rooms. You'd bend over a toilet for me here if there wasn't an attendant."   
  
"So? What does that prove?" Her face was a little flushed, even in the dark atmosphere. She was getting wetter, I could tell.   
  
"So slip off those underpants. What are you wearing, anyway?"   
  
"You'll see," she said with a touch of resignation, a touch of self-consciousness, a touch of heat.   
  
She looked around to see where the waiters were and started to rock her ass a little to hike up the skirt. A few inches and she'd stop when a dish was served, and then start wiggling again. She almost looked like she was listening to a song she loved on a Walkman. But she kept going, riding it up. When she wasn't on lookout, she looked down at the table, never in my eyes.   
  
"There. It's up."   
  
"So where are the panties?"   
  
The little wiggles began again. But this time she was looking right at me.   
  
"I hope this is turning you on?"   
  
Nod.   
  
With a slight grin, "Are you going to pop your cork right here?"   
  
My balls were aching, but I shook my head.   
  
"Well, I might." Pause. "There. They're off."   
  
"Hand them over."   
  
"I'm not putting my soaked panties on the table at the Four Seasons. No."   
  
"So stand up, and come around the table and give them to me."   
  
"Without underwear?!"   
  
"You're a feminist from the seventies."   
  
With that she took a fist out from under the tablecloth and reached across the table, and down plopped the damp white lace.   
  
"Bikinis. Teeny bikinis. That's unusual."   
  
"Don't open them up. Don't look at them."   
  
Up at my nose they smelled just like when we fucked.   
  
"Don't!"   
  
But, red as she was, she was smiling, almost laughing.   
  
"What now? Do you want me to lift my skirt high enough that my bare fanny is on the seat?"   
  
She'd been reading her father's "Story of O" again.   
  
"Do you want me to open my lips so I leave a spot? Should I put my finger in?"   
  
Yesss.   
  
"Do you want to lick it? Or should I put it up my ass?"   
  
Our dinner was amazing, too. I think.   
  
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The best upscale Chinese place on the Westside is Shun Lee West. The set decoration is worth the price of admission. All black lacquer with white paper dragons all across the ceiling. And high backed private booths that hold six.  
  
A year or two later Mary and I were there for a "clandestine" lunch.   
  
When she came back from peeing she bumped into me and dropped her panties in my lap.   
  
"Thank you. They smell as sexy as always."   
  
"Don't do that. You know it embarrasses me."   
  
But, as usual, it was the combination of humiliation and exhilaration that had become part of our ritual, the part that mixed her Irish Catholicism with her hippest-girl-in-Manhattan thing.   
  
"Masturbate for me?"   
  
"No."   
  
"Let's not go through this again. I want to see you come. I want to watch you."   
  
"No." But the heat had started to rise, she was breathing deeply. "No," she said again as I saw her hand move down under the table. "No, I will not rub my pussy until it comes. I can't rub it without leaving a spot on my dress." Her eyes were at half mast. "I'll touch it so you can smell it, but I won't come."   
  
"I want you to come."   
  
"Not in public where people can see me. I know I've done a lot things, but I will not give myself an orgasm in a public place."   
  
"No one will notice. It's New York."   
  
"Sit next to me while I do it."   
  
"I want you to be alone, I want to watch you. I want to see you face try and not show it's coming. You're such a moaner, see if you can hold in the noise."   
  
"I can't stop the noise, I can't. I, uh, uh, won't come. I won't, I can't." There was slightly more motion with her right hand. "Do I have to do this?"   
  
"You don't have to. Don't you want to?"   
  
"Yesss. I mean, No! I mean, I don't know."  
  
And she got quiet. Her breathing was deep, but she tried hard to be unnoticeable. She was red, and she was breathing faster. She tried to look around, but by now she didn't really care.   
  
I whispered. "I wish I could be squeezing your nipples." Faster. "Or sucking them." Faster. Or sucking the juice right out of your pussy."   
  
Faster still.   
  
"Shhhhh. It's happening. I'm ...." She came. It was completely silent.   
  
She looked at me. Flushed. Giggling. "I love you."   
  
"I love you too. You are very hot."   
  
"You come, too."   
  
"Get under the table."   
  
Our meal was fantastic, again. At least, they usually are at Shun Lee.