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Petals of Passion 1 Dinner for One Tales Of The Slave Girl Edition Copyright©2006 J.J. Massa Cover art and design by Nix Winter

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Dedication:

To all of the real women in the world, all beautiful with our without company. We all like a little acknowledgement from time to time, don't we? Tales Of The Slave Girl

Petals of Passsion 1 Dinner For One by . I.I Massa

M aura followed the stuffy maître d' into the dim room populated with sedate diners seated primly at carefully stationed tables covered in flowing white linen. Conversation was hushed, the clatter of silver cutlery against fine china a soft background music as she followed the tuxe-

do- clad gentleman to a small, square table off to the side.

A curt nod from the austere man brought a white-jacketed busboy scuttling up to whisk away the extra chair. "Would Madame care for an aperitif?" the maître d' inquired stiffly, adjusting the tablecloth discreetly to hide the emptiness vacated by the missing chair.

"Please," Maura smiled. She felt the center of attention and wanted nothing more than peace and a lovely glass of wine. "A dry red wine if you will." Sweeping her loose skirt under her, she sat carefully on the padded chair, allowing the gentleman to scoot it in for her.

"Michele," he turned to a swarthy young man, Mediterranean, no doubt. "See if you can find a nice Pinot Noir for the lady." Turning back to Maura, the older man promised her, "I shall leave you now in Michele's capable care."

I wish, she thought, her eyes sweeping the sexy young man. Aloud she said, "Thank you, Michele."

With a wicked wink, Michele leaned down to her ear, ostensibly adjusting her chair. "Anything for a beautiful woman."

Maura shook her head with a smile. For those words alone, Michele had earned his tip tonight. She was glad she'd decided to treat herself. The last few months had been hard on her and she was rebuilding her life, finding new places to belong. A place that had such attractive and delusional young men waiting tables certainly had possibilities. *Beautiful. Sure.*

She sighed heavily, toying with her fluffy white napkin. She knew she wasn't beautiful. Far from it, in fact. Any illusions she'd had about that were long gone these past three months, thanks to her estranged husband Frank and his candid description of her.

Old and fat, he'd called her, just before he'd walked out. The old part didn't bother her, she might be a year or so past forty but he was a year or two older than she was. She'd earned every minute of those years and wasn't at all ashamed of her age.

Fat, though? That *did* sting. She was closer to two hundred pounds than one hundred, that was true, but she was healthy. Who didn't have ten or fifteen pounds they'd like to shed, anyway?

Well apparently Frank and his new, younger, svelte girlfriend were the perfect size. She sighed heavily.

"Such a sad sigh for a lovely lady." It was Michele, placing her full wineglass in front of her. Had he meant to brush her breast when he placed her wine on the table? "What can I do to please you this evening, hmm?"

She gave him a knowing smile, promising herself that his tip would be a very big one. She didn't believe his foolishness, but it was fun to flirt again.

"What I want isn't on the menu, Michele," Maura grinned, teasing.

"No?" the handsome young man inquired, tilting his head, his swarthy, chiseled features rich and intriguing in the half light, his short black curls bouncing softly.

"Alas, no, so I'll take a fruit and cheese platter if you have it." She was sure her face really did look sad. How she wished that Michele could be hers to enjoy tonight.

"It would be my pleasure, Madame, to provide you with sustenance, but one such as yourself should never settle for less than her heart's desire."

Before she could respond, Michele was gone. What a sweet young man, she thought. Sweet, hot, hunky... well, she wouldn't be a candidate for his Saturday nights. That was fine. It cost nothing to dream, though.

Lost in thought, Maura aimed a distracted smile at him when, minutes later, he placed her light meal in front of her, silently stealing away as the lights dimmed and a stringed instrumental group began to play.

The classical music was soothing and just loud enough to make her forget that she had no one seated across from her. Sipping her wine, Maura leaned back in the wide chair, crossing one leg atop the other. A glowing wall sconce behind her cast a dim light over her shoulder and she could see her plate, should she want more to eat from it.

When she felt something brush her calf, she startled, leaning forward to sweep it away. Her hand encountered a linen jacket and she caught her breath, looking under the table into two sparkling obsidian eyes reflecting the gentle light as Michele gently lifted one of her crossed legs off of the other and placed both her feet on the floor.

Balanced on his knees, he stroked the tips of his fingers up the backs of her calves, caressing the sides of her thighs and gathering the loose skirt she wore.

His eyes focused on her face as one long and elegant finger traced the side seam on her French cut panties, making its way down to the elastic lace at the juncture of pelvis and thigh.

Her hands gripped the edge of the table for dear life, her knuckles white in the dim light. She didn't care that her skirt was pooled in her lap, exposing her ample thighs. Instead she was just grateful that she'd worn thigh- high stockings.

That wicked finger followed the elastic from the top of her hipbone, along her abdomen and between her inner thigh and her pubis. A movement to her left caught her attention and a thrill of fear coursed through her.

What if someone walked up to the table? What if she was caught? She forced a smile and shake of her head at the busboy that glanced her way, proffering a pitcher of water. Her excitement gushed at the near miss and again when the tip of Michele's finger slid under the elastic to stroke the soft fold of her outer labia.

Maura shifted, wanting more contact. "Ah, ah, ahh," Michele murmured, his voice barely audible through the haunting music of the violinist's solo.

Distantly, she heard the rasp of a zipper, and then felt the caress of hot flesh against her leg. Any doubt she'd had about his state of arousal vanished in that moment. He was very large and she felt a clawing hunger low in her belly as she greedily eyed what she could see of his glistening cock.

His elegant hands slid forward to her hook the elastic of her panties, tugging gently. She lifted her bottom and he pulled them over her hips and off, stuffing them into his pocket with a sinful wink.

Still frozen, Maura started as one of Michele's hands landed on each knee, parting her legs as far as the small space of the chair would allow.

With a dissatisfied grunt, he reached behind and under her, cupping a fleshy globe in each hand. Before she could reason out what he had in mind, he pulled her forward to the edge of the chair.

She leaned back against the cushion, unresisting as he spread her legs as wide as they would go. Holding one inner thigh with an open palm, she saw him fish in his pocket and come out with a small flashlight.

The tablecloth obscured any light from escaping, but she could see him clearly as he shone the tiny light on her weeping pussy. She knew she should have been horribly self-conscious – and she was. That didn't stop the juice from flowing unchecked as he stroked up one outer lip, around the top, and down the other side.

The tip of his searching finger next traced the source of her cream, sneaking inside and then out. She shifted a little, wanting much, much more. His dusky thick shaft beckoned to her and his finger wasn't doing enough to please her. She shifted again, a small whimper escaping. Michele turned his head and nipped the tender flesh of her thigh and then looked up at her sternly. She understood. *Be still*.

She couldn't bite back a low moan, she needed him to fill her, assuage the ache building in her somehow, and she needed it now. The finger that was just brushing her inner lips came away to cross his lips in the universal message of silence.

"Shhh," he hissed, moving the cream covered finger from his lips to suck it into his mouth. It glistened with saliva as he sucked it off and leaned forward.

With one hand he continued to aim the tiny flashlight while a finger probed between her cheeks to tease at her hole that was exposed to him as she reclined in the chair. She groaned as he breached it just slightly with the tip of his finger, flicking off the small light. Was he holding himself? Working his large cock with one hand while he probed her anus with his finger?

Her breath caught when she felt his full and sensuous lips suck, first on one inner thigh, and then the other. His finger pushed a little further into her puckered opening and his tongue traced her inner labial lips.

With a strangled sigh, Maura leaned back in her chair, no longer trying to watch the curly black head bobbing between her legs, just feeling. That devilish tongue plunged deep into her slit, pulling out too quickly only to be replaced by two fingers. His clever mouth then found her throbbing clit, sucking and nipping. He continued to frig her dripping sheath with one hand while he continued to slide his other finger in and out of her anus, fucking her in two places at once.

Nearly overwhelmed, she felt the stinging zaps of his teeth nipping at her aching hood, while the smooth slide of his fingers in her pussy and the one finger in her other hole stole every thought, every breath.

She felt like she was riding the nose of a space shuttle, closer and closer to the pinnacle, a starburst building behind her eyes. Every stroke of his tongue, every slide of those wonderful fingers so deep inside her, she felt the explosion climbing.

He had to know she was near the edge, so close to coming. The juices were pouring around his fingers, lubricating the way for the third finger that continued to glide into her nether hole, a place no one; certainly no man had ever visited.

Tears had begun to trickle down her face, teeth clamped tight, she knew any moment would find her wanting to scream her culmination.

Suddenly, Michele sucked her clit into his mouth, curling his fingers deep inside toward her pelvis, finding the fabled g-spot. Maura sucked in a deep breath, white light flashing behind her eyes. Michele bit down slightly on her clit and plunged his index finger to the hilt inside the tight flower of her ass. The wave of orgasm crashed over her, slamming her back against the chair as he groaned his own release into her pussy.

How she kept from screaming aloud, Maura would never know. As she came down from the earth shattering experience, she felt Michele planting tender kisses on her sex, her thighs, her knees, as he repositioned her legs and righted her clothing. Once again, she heard the rasp of a zipper as he put himself back together.

She didn't need to look to know that he'd moved out from under the table. It felt decidedly empty. Reaching forward, she snagged the flute of Pinot Noir still barely touched on the table.

Her heart rate finally slowed and she placed her empty glass on the table, wondering what the protocol was for facing her waiter after such an event. Did it call for a thirty percent tip as opposed to the standard twenty percent she always gave?

A folded leather sleeve slid onto the table near her hand just as the last note of the cello resounded and the lights lifted a little at a time. Diners who'd stayed for the recital clapped softly.

"It isn't often I receive such a generous tip in advance of settling the bill," Michele murmured, dipping a finger into his pocket and displaying a flash of white satin and lace. Her panties.

She tilted her head back to look up at him. "I, ahhh..." she started.

"I hope you'll dine here again, beautiful lady," he grinned mischievously.

"I think this may become one of my favorite places to visit," she smiled back at him.

Yes, she did feel like a beautiful lady. Frank was an idiot. She'd be back. She realized that she really appreciated the way that Michele expressed himself.

The End

Tales Of The Slave Girl