

A woman with long, dark hair and a confident expression is the central focus. She is wearing a light-colored, patterned bikini with thin yellow straps. Her hands are placed on the top of her bikini top. The background is a soft, warm gradient of orange and yellow. The text 'Moist Moments' is overlaid on the lower half of the image in a large, white, serif font with a subtle drop shadow.

Moist
Moments

Marmie

Back Room Boots

I walk in the door and hear a jangle as the bells hanging from the door announce my arrival. Looking around I see a few heads turn my way. Trying not to be self-conscious I wait for someone to seat me although this bar & tavern doesn't really seem the type to have a hostess. A waitress hurries by and says "Sit where you like hun." I move toward the rear of the dimly lit row of booths. My boots seem to sound louder than I'm used to on this wooden floor. I get some looks of interest from some of the other diners, mainly men. Well, it is more of a biker's bar so what do I expect? Especially with how I'm dressed; dark purple blouse, black skirt that ends mid-thigh and tall leather boots with a six inch stiletto heel. I keep my eyes forward and find a seat as close to the back as I can. I can see the door to the rear storage room Ralph had told me would be in the back. It sits next to the two doors marked Men and Women. I slide into the booth so my back is to the storage room and I can see down the row to the front. I'm nervous about meeting Ralph here today but excited too. He had told me last week how much he liked leather and I had told him about my one splurge of the leather boots. He'd begged me to let him see them. When I had finally given in he had been quite specific about where to meet.

Ralph and I had met about a month ago. He had come into the bank where I work to put in a deposit. The fact we'd attracted each other's attention was a mystery. Ralph was a burly biker who worked in construction. I was a conservative bank teller. But he

had flirted a little and I had responded. We spent a lot of time chatting online and met for lunch or dinner a handful of times. He'd always been a gentleman each time giving me a goodbye kiss but never pushing for more. Actually, I was ready for more by now and was beginning to wonder if he wasn't really interested in me in that way.

I hear a loud roar as a motorcycle pulls up at the front. I look up and my heart gives a thump when I see it is him. He is wearing jeans, a black t-shirt, a leather vest, and work boots. I smile when he walks in and heads straight to the back to where I am.

"Hey baby," he says and sits down across from me, slipping off his shades and laying them on the table.

"Hi babe," I say and blush at how he is looking me over.

The waitress had followed him when he walked in and asks "So what can I get you to drink?"

"I'll have a Dr. Pepper," I answer. Then wonder if they even have Dr. Pepper. This place seems sort of bare basics but she nods and looks at Ralph.

"A Coke is fine," he says.

The waitress nods her head to the end of the table saying, "Menus are right there. I'll be back with your drinks." She heads off and we each grab a menu out of the little plastic holder that also has a space for salt, pepper, and ketchup.

Ralph says, "They have great burgers here." He looks through the menu for a minute before his attention goes back to me. Leaning out, he looks under the table and says, "Hot boots."

Blushing again I say, "Thank you. I don't often splurge but I just had to get them. Although they kill my feet." I laugh. "Seems kind of silly to buy boots that kill your feet, huh?"

He smiles. "No baby. With those boots on, you wouldn't be standing too much anyway."

I know I'm bright red now when the waitress comes back with our drinks. We each decide on the bacon cheeseburger and fries and she leaves after writing it down on her pad.

"Come here," Ralph says standing up. "I want to see all of

you.” Holding out his hand he helps me out of the booth. I feel as if I’m towering over him now. Without heels we are about the same height since I’m fairly tall, but I feel like Amazon woman now. “God, you are sexy baby,” he says then starts to walk toward the rear storage room door pulling me along with him.

“Um, where are we going?” I ask hesitantly.

“Just somewhere a little more private,” he says. He opens the door and pulls me inside the storage room. I look around. There are shelves with cleaning supplies and some unused pots and pans. A table sits over to the side and a ladder is against a wall. Ralph holds me out at arm’s length and lets his eyes roam up and down me. With a small groan he pulls me into his arms, wrapping them around my waist.

We start to kiss, at first soft and gentle, then harder and more urgently. His lips are warm and firm against mine ... his tongue soon probes between my lips, into my mouth where it explores and flicks against my tongue. I almost lose my balance when he moves me back until I feel the table behind me. He pushes me back further till my rear is sitting on the edge. Breaking the kiss he runs his hands down my legs and down my boots before he comes back up again. At my knees he pushes my legs apart and steps up against me before I can try to close them. Capturing my mouth again with his he pushes my skirt higher up my hips before sliding his fingers down between my legs. I can feel them press against the crotch of my panties and I moan softly against his lips. His fingers run the length of the crotch from front to back and return again to front. My breathing is becoming ragged as his lips move to my neck and shoulder; kissing ... licking ... nipping ... My pussy is throbbing and swollen as his fingers slide over the fabric. I want to rip them off so I can feel him touching my skin.

Ralph tugs on the crotch pulling my panties away from me and pushes them to the side. Gasping, I feel two of his fingers slide inside me. His breath tickles my ear as he whispers, “So wet.”

God yes so wet. So wet and so horny. He starts to finger fuck me hard with his thumb over my clit. I start whimpering as I cling to him, my mouth pressed against his neck. I’m feeling

tension building as I squeeze down on his fingers. He pauses for a moment then adds a third finger pushing hard and deep and fast. I start to cum and buck against him, gritting my teeth together to keep from crying out and giving us away.

He keeps thrusting until my jerking slows down, then moves back from me. Grabbing my panties he pulls them down my legs and off over my boots, tucking them into his pocket. He unzips his jeans pulling his stiff cock out and places my hand on him. I start to stroke him firmly as he groans with desire. He reaches into his rear pocket and pulls out a square package. Tearing it open he unrolls the condom over his erection, smoothing it over the shaft. Grabbing both my boots, one in each hand, he brings my legs up and puts my ankles up on his shoulders. I have to get my hands down behind me to keep from falling back before his hips thrust forward and his cock fills my pussy tight.

“Oh fuck!” I cry out then press my lips together embarrassed someone might have heard. Ralph just laughs and starts thrusting into me. The only sounds in the room are heavy pants, moans, and the sound of his body slapping against mine. Reaching up under my blouse he squeezes my breasts over my bra. My nipples are pressing against the fabric as they tighten into hard points. He pushes his hand underneath and pinches the tight peaks, making me gasp as he twists them, not too hard but firmly. With one hand I reach down between my legs and start to stroke my clit. He grabs my boots at the ankle and pulls my legs wide apart watching as I rub and stroke my erect and throbbing nub. His cock buries deep inside me with each thrust until I feel like I’m going to explode. He moves deeper and faster until I feel hard and heavy throbs pound through me. Biting down on my fist I arch and jerk with my second orgasm. Watching me cum sends Ralph over the edge. He grunts as he cums, his cock pulsing inside me.

He finally releases his hold on my boots and lowers my legs. We are both breathing hard as I slide my skirt back down and Ralph tosses his condom in a corner trash can. Someone who works here will probably get yelled at for having sex in the back

room. I ask Ralph, “Can I have my panties back?” as I hold out my hand.

Patting the pocket he had tucked them in he smiles and answers, “Nope.”

Opening the door we quickly slip through and I hurry through to the door of the women’s restroom to try to at least clean up a little bit. I feel a little exposed wearing this short skirt now with no panties underneath and my thighs are slick from my excitement. Leaving the restroom after washing my hands I see Ralph already biting into his burger. I wonder if he has gone to the men’s room or not to wash me off his fingers. I get my answer when he looks me straight in the eyes as I sit down and licks his fingers with a wink. “Much better with the special sauce,” he says and I feel myself blush but can’t control the smile that steals over my face.

We eat in a comfortable silence before he pays the bill for both of us. We walk out the front and the waitress gives us a look that tells me I may not have been as successful at staying as quiet as I had thought.

Ralph gets on his bike and kick starts it with a roar. I lean forward and give him a kiss and he says, “I love your boots baby.” I watch him as he slides on his helmet and shoots down the street, just a little too fast. I walk to my car with a little strut feeling just a bit wicked with nothing on under my skirt and my hot and sexy leather boots.

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