

S2 Chapter 17

Henry's POV

After persistently asking Samantha all week, we finally had lunch together on Thursday, and she gave me her number! I was euphoric, but Melissa wasn't helpful and scheduled a meeting right during my usual coffee time with Samantha.

I promised to video call her that night. When I got home, I was eager to see her. I took a shower and put on just my boxers, wanting to tease her a bit. But she was the one who teased me with that excuse for pajamas. It wasn't even lingerie, just a tiny piece of transparent fabric on that voluptuous body.

When I saw her wearing that, I couldn't resist - I wanted her more than anything. If she was going to tease me, she'd have to handle the consequences. But she surprised me again. Samantha was a beautiful woman, seductive, responsive, passionate, and ardent. She was stunning! I've never been so turned on watching a woman naked through a camera. It was the best virtual sex of my life, even better than many in-person encounters I had, and I was desperate to have her in my bed for real.

After we hung up, I had to pleasure myself again and take a cold shower to calm my body down. I could have stayed on that call all night, but I didn't want to scare her off. And she was tired. I needed to find a way to get her out of that store - it was exhausting work with terrible hours. She had told me she'd just graduated with a business degree, and when I offered her a job at my company, she immediately refused. She didn't want to mix things up, that's what she always said. But I would figure something out.

We agreed that on Friday I would pick her up and take her home after



work. I arrived a few minutes early and waited outside the store for her to come out. When I dropped her off at home, we had a small argument about the dress and sandals I had bought for her, but in the end she accepted them, assuring me that I wouldn't be the one taking them off and reminding me we were just friends with benefits. I opened the car door, and she gave me an innocent kiss on the cheek. I was burning for her, but I controlled myself - it had already been hard enough to get her to accept the dress. I watched her go inside and drove away.

We were going out together on Saturday with a group of friends, and finally, we'd meet outside that mall. I was anxious when I parked my car in front of Samantha's house. I sent her a message letting her know I had arrived, got out of the car, and waited leaning against it.

When she walked out through the gate, my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Samantha was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. The golden dress beautifully contrasted with her black skin, her curls cascading in perfect layers down her back, her toned legs were completely exposed and looked even more seductive with those sky-high heels. Samantha wasn't just beautiful, she was perfect!

"Wow! You're an absolute vision!" I said before greeting her with two kisses on the cheeks.

"Thank you, Henry! You don't look too bad yourself..."

"Ah, thanks!"

I watched Samantha's smile fade from her lips as she looked across the street. Following her gaze, I saw a car parked on the other side, slightly behind us, but couldn't make out the driver inside, hidden by the shadows of night. I didn't miss how Samantha became nervous.

"What's wrong, Sam? Do you know who's in that car?"



"Henry, let's just get out of here." She got into the car, and when I sat down beside her, she was typing a message on her phone.

"Is everything okay?" I asked, trying not to be intrusive, while starting the car.

"Yes, it's fine. I'm just letting my mom know there's a suspicious car parked near the house. She's going to call the police."

"Want to go back? We can stay with your mom," I offered.

"No need, her boyfriend is home today, and she'll call the police."

"Okay. Well, you can call her again later, and we'll go have some fun." I smiled at her when I stopped at the light.

"Thank you, Henry," she gave me a brief smile.

We arrived at the bar the girls had chosen, and it was truly an excellent place - fun, attractive, and stylish. After introductions were made, it didn't take long for Melissa to take charge and lead the girls to the dance floor. I remained seated with the guys, my eyes glued to Samantha, who was dancing and swaying her perfect bottom on the dance floor.

When the girls returned to the table, Patrick and Alexander had already arrived, and Patrick was already drooling over Virginia. The band started playing a slower song, and I asked my goddess to dance. On the dance floor, I pulled her by the waist, pressing her lovely body against mine.

"You look stunning, Sam. I mean, you are stunning, but this dress was made for you," I whispered in her ear.

"Thank you, Henry. I love the dress and the sandals."

"Me too!" I sighed.



"If you want, I can lend them to you," Samantha teased with a mischievous giggle.

"Oh, please, of course I want that. Let's go to my place so you can take it off for me." She laughed at my suggestion. "What? Didn't you say you could lend them to me?"

"Yes, but I didn't say you'd see me naked again."

"Don't be cruel! Do you have any idea how much I'm restraining myself from taking you out of here to my place? Though I might not hold back from giving you a kiss."

"I told you you're not taking off my dress tonight."

"We'll see..." Samantha laughed. "Tell me you're wearing decent underwear because this little dress is way too short."

"And why wouldn't I be wearing underwear?" Samantha asked me, confused.

"Because after our conversation Thursday night, I got the impression you're not big on wearing panties," I teased her, making her remember our video call.

"Hmm. You have to agree with me that the shorts from that baby doll are basically underwear," she whispered in my ear, making me shiver.

"That doesn't cover anything at all. And you know it," I grumbled. "But you really wanted to tease me, didn't you?"

"Oh, you didn't like it." Samantha looked at me with a regretful expression. "Next time, I'll wear one of those animal onesie pajamas with a hood that only shows the face. Maybe you'd prefer that."



"Or maybe I'd prefer you naked."

"You naughty boy," Samantha giggled.

"Oh, you have no idea how much!"

After the song ended, we went back to the table and saw Catherine and Alexander getting cozy. Things seemed to be going well for my friend. The night was great. I took advantage of every slow song the band played to have my goddess's body pressed against mine. That little dress was driving me crazy. When we left the bar, I pulled her close before getting into the car.

"Are you sure you won't let me take off your little dress tonight?" I said, running my fingers along the thin strap of her dress.

"Yes, I'm sure. You're going to be a good boy and take me home."

"And how will I know if you're really wearing underwear?"

"You won't," Samantha laughed and got into the car.

"You're evil!" I closed the door and walked around, sitting next to her with a sigh. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, to my house, Henry. I have the first shift at the mall tomorrow."

"You need another job." Samantha laughed.

When I stopped the car at her house, Samantha turned to me with a playful gleam in her eyes and pulled my hand to her thigh. I looked into her eyes and sighed, letting her guide my hand.

"You wanted to know if I'm wearing panties..." She said seductively, guiding my hand under her dress.



I gave her a slow smile and let her guide my hand between her legs until I felt the thin fabric of her panties, and I pressed my palm against her, caressing her warm intimacy. I felt her wet panties and groaned while looking into her eyes.

"Damn, Samantha! How am I supposed to leave you here now?" I huffed, and she pulled me in for a hot, passionate kiss.

I caressed her through the thin fabric, my palm pressed against her bottom, moving my fingers up and down. Samantha moaned into my mouth, and my cock throbbed in my pants. I was burning with desire for this sexy, gorgeous woman. She teased me but kept me on a tight leash. She gave me a taste of her delicious body but wouldn't let me lose myself in it. It was getting harder to control myself.

While kissing me, she placed her hand on my erection and began massaging it through my pants. My cock was rock hard and desperate to be where my fingers were touching. It was a long kiss accompanied by this sweet torture. When she separated our lips, I wanted more.

She released my cock and pulled my arm, moving my hand from her pussy to her ass, and I realized she was wearing a damn thong. With my other hand, I lifted the hem of her dress and saw she had on a tiny, transparent black thong.

"That's barely even underwear, Samantha!" I groaned ecstatically, looking at her standing there with her dress lifted, allowing me to see all her beauty. "It doesn't cover anything it's supposed to."

"Oh, no? Well, I should ask for my money back!" She put on an innocent face. "But since it doesn't cover anything..." Samantha said and pushed my hand away from her body. She quickly removed her thong and tossed it in my lap. "...I guessed I didn't need it."



"Holy shit, Samantha." I was speechless. She stretched across me, gave my lips a quick peck while adjusting her dress, and got out of the car.

"Sleep well, Henry. Loved the night," she said, batting her eyelashes while leaning on the car window, then turned around and went inside.