

## Date Time

*\*Ding Dong\**

*\*Ding Dong\* \*Ding Dong\* \*Ding Dong\**

You walk out of the shower to the impatient ringing of your doorbell. There's no way, you think, that it could be your date. She was supposed to come at 6 p.m., then you two would grab a cab to the restaurant for the reservation at 6:30. The clock on your wall reads 5 o'clock. You shake your head as you throw a towel over yourself and head downstairs and open the door.

Oh no.

Your date stands impatiently at the door, giving you a sideways glance from her watch. From the looks of it, she's been standing there a while.

"Um, aren't you supposed to be dressed?" She snarks.

"Uh... aren't you?" You reply as you look her up and down.

Your date wore a tight latex dress that didn't even cover her red bumpy areola, and her nipples stretched the fabric out like fists. Yet, still, was her cock that jut out from between her large cleavage, precum pouring out of the tip with every breath she took. She turns to you in a huff, completely oblivious to the globs of precum flung around by her.

You managed to rip your eyes away from her breasts to meet hers only to stare at a thick stream of precum bridging both her heads. You think about how hard her cock must be right now, and what it must feel like to be constantly tit-fucked. You realize you're just as hard, and apparently so does she.

"Ugh, whatever." She rolls her eyes as she steps in and plants a deep wet kiss onto you, her tongue eagerly invading your mouth. You bring your hands up and are barely able to wrap your fingers around to grab both her nipples. She moans as you lead her into your house and onto your bed by her nips. A feverish smile spreads across her face as you two prepare to change plans for the night. As you drop your towel you glance at your digital clock. 6:10p.m.

"That's right," you think to yourself. Daylights Savings.

