

Encounter: Ring of Choice 2

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Ring of Choice 2

Finally, the last Friday of the month and I would get to see my best friends. Hell, considering we were born in the same hospital, on the same day, and each was named after perfumes by our mothers, we might as well have been triplets.

Following an argument long ago, it was decided to take turns picking the club. That's how the ring of choice came into play. Whoever wore it made the decision.

Tonight, it was my turn. Arden had had hers and Helena's was next month.

It'd been a while since we visited my favorite spot, frequented by rugged contractors. There was nothing like being surrounded by a bunch of tough ass men who knew how to work with their hands. Sure got my blood pumping. Looking at my reflection in the mirror, I was already wet with desire.

Long dark hair pulled back into a severe bun showed off bare shoulders and cleavage. Lots of cleavage. Being a big girl was a good thing. The bustier plumped my ample breasts up just right and cinched my waist nicely above a pair of jeans that clung like a second skin to my butt. Damn, I was ready.

We arrived at the club and found three open seats at the bar. We talked about the month, our encounters, and all the good things that had happened. The bartender walked over and sat a fresh bourbon in front of me.

He nodded to the left. "From the gent at the end of the bar."

Peering into the dark corner, I couldn't see much. I raised my glass in a silent salute and turned back to the conversation.

Not much time passed before I felt a marvelous hard-on press into the small of my back. Oh Lord, that felt good. My insides began to melt and sent a rush of warm fluid to the vee between my legs.

"A woman who appreciates good bourbon is hard to find," he whispered in my ear. His face touched mine and sent a shiver down my back when I felt the five o'clock shadow tickle my cheek. I spun on my stool to thank him and bumped his arm, sending a slosh of ice cold drink down my top. Air whooshed from my mouth and my body bowed forward at the feel of a lone frozen cube slipping between my breasts.

"Seems you enjoy the same cocktail." The smell of alcohol filled the air.

"Allow me." He reached into my cleavage and rescued the ice that was fast becoming water. "Nice," he said softly.

"Looks like I'll be heading home for the night."

"Don't bother your friends. I'll give you a lift." A slanted smile showed his even white teeth.

"Sure it's not out of your way?"

"Do you mind a detour? I need to pick up a generator at one of my sites."

"Not at all." *Hell no I don't mind, take me anywhere.* My eyes were drawn to his slightly open shirt and hunky chest, sprinkled with salt and pepper hair. It led to a narrow waist, and his pants sat on his hip bones just right.

He made sure I was buckled in before he exited the lot. Not two blocks away, he swerved into a new home construction site. "Walk in with me, I'll show you my work."

We entered through an unfinished garage and he unlocked a door that opened onto a completed kitchen. Track lighting gleamed on the marble topped island resting in the middle of the floor. He turned, spanned my waist with his large hands and pushed me against the counter.

"Damn, you smell good." His lips crushed down on mine in a searing kiss. Placing my arms around his neck, I slumped into him. His calloused hands brushed

across my shoulders and sent an electrical shock straight to my pussy. He stroked down to my ass where his fingers cupped and massaged my butt as he pulled me tight against his raging cock. My knees felt like jelly.

“Are you sure this is okay?” I murmured, barely able to breathe, let alone talk.

“Nobody’s going to come in if that’s what you mean. Don’t worry, baby, I’ll take care of you.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.” My lips searched his out and my tongue delved back into his deliciousness. His chest vibrated with a deep chuckle. I found his shirt buttons and shaky fingers began to undo them one at a time. My instinct was to tear them off. But that wouldn’t be ladylike.

Reaching around me, he felt for the hooks of my top. “Fuck, I hate these contraptions.” His mouth had lifted from mine and frustration was evident in his voice. “I’ll get you a new one,” he said, just before I heard the tearing of material.

“Shit, I liked this top.”

“Baby, I’ll buy you ten more.” He threw the flimsy material across the room. A lusty moan slid from my throat when his hands palmed my breasts. He swirled and rubbed them in slow, lazy circles. “Damn, I want you.” Fingertips pinched my nipples into swollen, tender peaks. Each bud ached for more.

“Suck them for me,” I rasped.

“Whatever you want.” His head dipped low and he captured a taut nipple between his lips. He suckled, nudged it with his tongue, and teased it with his teeth.

“Ooh!” I couldn’t contain the sound of joy. My pussy clenched, craving attention. I unsnapped my jeans and pushed my fingers into the wet crease of my cunt. I massaged and circled the bump there until I thought I’d scream.

“Give me some of that.” He shoved my pants to mid-thigh, large hands curving around my waist, and he hoisted me onto the counter. He stripped the jeans down my legs and off, taking my heels with them. Strong fingers stroked through the folds between my legs. “You’re so hot and wet. I’ll fix that.”

His head disappeared between my wide open legs. His tongue slid across my nether lips setting my core on fire. He licked, bit and sucked on my clit. "God, don't stop." My hands were buried in his thick, dark hair. I rocked against his mouth, lavishing in the feel of his tongue stabbing back and forth in my pussy. "Make me come." My ass lifted from the counter each time he flicked the swollen nub of pleasure.

He raised his head and gazed at me. "I'm gonna make you come, but not yet."

"I'll do it if you don't."

He stood, stepped away from me and said, "Go ahead." He watched intently, his eyes burning a path toward my cunt. He undid each button of his jeans slowly and pushed them down just enough to let his stiff cock flip out. Thick and shiny, the smooth, flared head pointed at me. He wrapped a hand around his dick and began to pump the tight skin back and forth. "Do it, let me watch you play with your pussy." His voice was low, ravaged with need.

I lifted my feet up on the counter and spread my legs open. I moved my fingers through the moist creases, stopping only to rub and pinch my clit. "Mmm," I moaned. His palm swept over the broad head of his penis, and back down the rigid length of it. A drop of precum slipped out and slid off the tip. "Take me, please." My voice shook with desire as I plunged fingers deep in my channel.

"Want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, now."

He released his erection, edged closer to the counter and put both hands on my waist. He pulled me forward, and lifted me onto his weeping cock. I wrapped my legs around him, locked my hands behind his neck, and took his hard length inside my pussy. All of it.

His knees bent slightly as he began to fuck me. The pace he set was scorching, but I kept up and met each stroke. He rammed his dick in me over and over. I convulsed around his thickness, squeezing and milking him.

"Shit, that feels good, baby. Squeeze my cock." Each thrust plunged deeper and harder. He rose up on his toes, ready to come.

I was ready to take it. "Oooh... yes." My pussy tightened and I let go. My orgasm slid down and around his throbbing erection.

"Shit," he grunted, stabbing his cock in me with short, sporadic strokes. "Damn, I'm coming." His hot seed spurted in me. Moving my ass back onto the counter, he collapsed against me, breathing hard. "Christ, you're good."

After we caught our breath, I asked, "What am I going to wear home?"

"Umm, the guys helped move your things in today."

"I like our new counter. It's just the right height."

Lifting me from the marble top, he laughed as he carried me upstairs.

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