

## Encounter: Ring My Bell

### Megan Slayer

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### Ring My Bell

Even couples who have been together for a while need those moments to remind them how much they are in love, despite life trying to get in the way. Jace and I were no different. We'd been together for more than twelve years and married for eight. We knew each other inside and out. Except life did get in the way. I spent long hours at the club dancing and he slaved away at the office.

I hated not seeing him so I decided to shake things up. That's when the fun began. Even if we didn't have the time, we kept Friday nights open. No interruptions, no distractions. Only the two of us.

I needed him more than I realized. I thought about Jace all day and rushed to the apartment for our private time. Good thing it was Friday.

I waited in the elevator car for our ritual to begin. Jace liked to keep me waiting. Loved it. Me? I loved it, too.

The car continued towards the first floor where I'd ring for our floor. Nothing exciting, but when he joined me? Things would steam.

The bell pinged for the ground floor. When the doors opened, instead of continuing to be alone, Jace stepped into the car. He'd decided to shake things up a bit? Nice.

He loosened his tie and pressed a button. I didn't see which. The car began to ascend and pinged at passing the next two floors.

"That's far enough," he said, breaking the silence. He pounded his fist on the keypad and stopped the car. "Show me"

My chest heaved as I undid the buttons on my blouse. The silk slid open and revealed the lacy bra covering my breasts. Jace groaned and cupped my boobs in his hands.

"You're wearing too much." He flicked his thumbs across my nipples. "Better be less down under."

I wriggled out of the sleeves of my blouse and the straps of my bra tumbled off my shoulders. Jace tugged the lace cups down, exposing me. He pinched one nipple, then sucked on the other.

I moaned and gyrated my hips. He stuck one leg between mine. "Are you nice and wet for me?"

I nodded.

Jace turned me around, pressing my bare upper body to the wall of the car, then hiked my skirt up over my hips. Cool air caressed my backside and sopping pussy.

"No panties." He swatted me hard. "Very good."

Behind me, he unzipped. I couldn't see him, but I heard him shift his clothes to withdraw his cock. He tapped my bottom with the blunt head of his erection.

"Now it's time to play." He popped the clasp on my skirt, sending the slippery fabric to the floor of the elevator. Save for my blouse and bra on my arms and my stilettos, he had me right where he wanted me-mostly naked and begging for him.

Jace pressed me against the wall, mashing my breasts on the cool surface. I arched into him and moaned. I loved the feel of being caught between hot man and cold wall. He swatted my ass once more. "Tell you like this."

"I do, Sir." I flattened my hands on the wall. "May I have another spanking, Sir?"

"Good girl." He pushed fully inside me, his cock caressing every inch of my pussy from within. "You may." With the fingers of one hand curled around my wrists, holding me in place, Jace used his free hand to swat my ass.

My skin burned and I gasped. "Thank you, Sir. May I have another?"

Jace tightened his grip on my wrists. "You like it too much." He slapped my butt twice more and the pleasure filled pain streaked through my body. "Arch back. I want to touch those tits."

I did as he told me and rested my head on his shoulder.

Jace reached around me and pinched my nipples hard. I cried out and met him thrust for thrust. His cock throbbed in my vagina.

"You see them watching us? They want to see you come apart and scream. They want you to ride my cock and bounce those beautiful tits. I bet they are stroking themselves. Give them a good show."

I rode his cock and writhed. The rest of the world fell away and nothing mattered but Jace and our lovemaking. The orgasm tingled in my belly and my limbs trembled.

"May I come, Sir? I need to come."

He pinched my nipples once more, then grabbed my hips. He drove deep into me, making me feel every inch of his cock. A growl erupted from low in his throat. "Fuck. Come. Come."

I didn't question him and embraced the climax. I shivered from head to toe. The force of my orgasm pushed him out of me. Jace nudged me forward and stuffed himself back in to finish. He slumped on my back and his breath warmed my shoulder.

"That was the best ritual yet, Melissa." He kissed my neck. "I'm glad you came up with this idea. Think they liked it?"

"I do."

“We should work this into your stage act. Or just keep it for my private viewing.” Jace tipped my chin, forcing me to look at him. “Who do you belong to?”

“You,” I replied. “Always you.”

We stayed huddled together until the car moved. When the bell dinged for our floor, Jace scooped my clothing into a pile, then carried me into our apartment. We spent the rest of the night tangled in each other’s arms.

Did I mention it’s a glass-walled elevator? Yeah, it is. Anyone in the atrium could see what we were doing. Maybe that’s why this turned me on so much. We could be caught at any time and evicted for public indecency. Did I care? Not really. I forgot to mention the club I dance for is a gentlemen’s club. And Jace? He’s the CEO of the club. The building is ours and our friends have the other apartments. One of these days we’re going to video tape our ritual. One of these days...

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