

Encounter: Appraisal (Or Current Resident)
Zenobia Renquist

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2013 Zenobia Renquist

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Appraisal (Or Current Resident)

Zenobia Renquist

August has Cheyenne on full display to determine the worth of her assests.

Appraisal (Or Current Resident)

August walked to the checkout counter nestled between two glass display cases full of dazzling trinkets. To the older man waiting there, he asked, "Are you Matassa?"

The man spared August a glance before his gaze traveled down the front of Cheyenne's micro-mini sheath dress to the small patch of black curls hiding her pussy. August had made her go out without panties and the dress had ridden up while she walked to the shop, not that it had far to go. It had reached mid-ass before it slipped up to her hips and the top rode low on her chest, revealing the edge of her dark nipples. Ankle cuff stiletto heels finished the look of her most risqué outfit to date.

"I am," the man behind the counter replied. "And the young lady needs to cover herself. This is a respectable establishment for jewelry purchase and appraisal."

August said, "That's why I'm here. I need an emerald appraised. She --" He patted Cheyenne's bare ass -- "Is my carrying case."

"Carrying case?"

Cheyenne turned her back. Before she could spread her ass cheeks to show off her new anal plug with the large emerald housed in the base, August grabbed her waist and lifted. "Bend your knees, baby."

She pulled her knees to her chest as August set her on the counter.

"Thighs open so the man can see my emerald properly."

Sliding her legs open until the corners of the counter stopped her progress, Cheyenne leaned forward and wrapped her arms around August's shoulders. She smiled at the people now looking their way. Matassa coughed a few times and cleared his throat.

August asked, "Pretty, isn't it? The true value of a piece is best seen when it's being worn by the proper model, don't you think?"

"True. True. Very true," Matassa rasped.

"Well?"

"Well..." Matassa drew out the word as if he didn't recognize it. "Well! Yes. Yes. Sorry. The appraisal. Yes. Sorry about that."

"Not at all. I completely understand." With a chuck, August moved his hand under Cheyenne's body and between her legs so he could tap at the emerald -- a light gesture that sent tiny vibrations through the metal and excited her flesh. He tapped over and over as he spoke. "I liberated this from another setting since I thought it would look better this way."

"Understandable."

"My baby prefers sapphires. What baby wants, baby gets."

"Of course."

"But I'm not about to let this piece go to waste, sitting in some case tucked up in a closet. Thus the appraisal so I know what to ask for when I sell it."

Matassa's hot breath caressed Cheyenne's ass, making her yip and wiggle her hips -- the man had leaned in close to get a better look. August stopped tapping the emerald and buried two fingers in her channel. She couldn't stop her high keens of pleasure at finally having him touch her the way she'd wanted since earlier that day when he'd inserted the plug.

Matassa made an appreciative sound. "This is a very beautiful piece."

August said, "And the emerald's not half bad either, right?"

Both he and Matassa chuckled together before Matassa sobered and said, "Yes, yes, joking aside, this is an exquisite gem. I'm glad you brought it to me."

"My contacts said I would be an idiot to take it to anyone else." August churned Cheyenne's pussy, alternating between pumping his fingers and twisting them.

All of it had her panting in time with his motions. It was a battle to keep her hips still so she didn't impede Matassa's appraisal. She stopped caring when August started flicking his thumb over her clit. Her moans filled the shop as she dipped her hips, riding his fingers.

"The young lady needs to hold still if I'm to assess this emerald properly. Though her wiggling does show off the faceting quite nicely."

"Baby, stop moving so the man can work."

That's what August said but he didn't halt his teasing. In fact, he sped up his motions. Cheyenne hugged him tighter and rubbed against his chest. Her dress bunched at her waist, baring her nipples to the sensuous texture of August's silk shirt.

"The young lady is a bit willful, isn't she?" Matassa observed.

August shrugged with a shake of his head. "I can't do anything with her. You should just take it out. There are other jewels embedded along the plug itself that need appraisal as well."

"That would be best." Matassa placed one hot hand on her right ass cheek, steadying her, hooked his fingers around the base of the plug, and pulled.

Cheyenne didn't want to let it go. It felt too good where it was. Matassa managed to get it free, stimulating her more as each of the tiny emeralds gracing the surface of the long, thick conical plug bumped against her asshole. She whimpered loud and moved her hips harder against August's fingers.

"My, my. These smaller ones are impressive as well." Matassa paused with a thinking noise. "A bit cloudy though. I need to clean them before I can properly assess their value."

"Allow me." August reached around Cheyenne's back and there was a sputtering noise from a bottle being squeezed. "That should help."

The cool tip of the plug touched her asshole, making Cheyenne yelp again. A quick gasp followed as Matassa inserted the lube-slicked plug to the base and then pulled it out again. He *tsked*. "Not quite." He pushed the plug

home and then proceeded to pump her asshole -- quick in and out thrusts that buried the plug to the base each time. Every few strokes, he positioned the plug halfway inside her hole and moved it in a wide circle that made the tip dig into the walls of her hole like a questing finger. Questing for her orgasm and getting close to finding it. "Have to get that one on the tip clean as well."

August said in a grave tone, "I completely understand. You're the expert. Do what you must."

Meanwhile Cheyenne was going out of her mind with pleasure. August's fingers excited pussy and rubbed her clit, while the jeweler -- a complete stranger -- toyed with her ass. She rocked for the men, sliding her taut nipples up and down August's chest. She wanted to beg for *more* and *harder* but could only manage high sounds of pleased delight that echoed off the walls.

Her orgasm set her whole body quaking. She whimpered and panted as the explosive sensation had her drenching the counter and August's hand with the proof of her satisfaction.

"There now." Matassa pulled the plug free. "Much better. I can see them clearly now."

"Good. Good." August dropped his hand from Cheyenne's pussy. "How much will you give me?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You appraise emeralds and buy what you like. Or so I've heard. From that grin on your face, I know you like these a lot."

"You're not wrong."

"So how much?"

Cheyenne tuned out the conversation as she tried to get her breathing under control. The other occupants of the store stared at her without shame, the men all sporting bulges that made her smile because she was the cause. The women appeared a bit envious and had hugged close to their men, probably to get the same treatment.

August jostled Cheyenne as he shook hands with Matassa. "A pleasure doing business with you."

"You as well. Please feel free to come again should you have any other jewels that need *appraising*." Matassa chuckled again.

August joined him as he lifted Cheyenne from the counter and helped her straighten her dress. He pocketed the check Matassa had handed him and escorted Cheyenne out of the shop, headed for the alley where they'd originated.

Cheyenne thought August would open a door and her apartment would be on the other side. Instead they exited to yet another alley. She looked at him in question.

He held up his fist with three new anal plugs held between his fingers like claws. "What's your pleasure?"

"We're not finished?"

"Three more plugs. Three more shops. Which one do you want to do next?"

Cheyenne considered each plug -- one had rubies and one had diamonds. The third with the pearls caught her interest. The pearls protruded much higher than the other jewel-encrusted plugs. Her pussy tingled at the thought of someone toying her ass with it.

"Pearl it is." The other two plugs disappeared, leaving the pearl. "And I happen to know of a jeweler with a particular hard-on for pearls. I'm sure you'll both enjoy his appraisal." He grinned at her. "Bend over."

Click here to preview more books by Zenobia Renquist:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=147>

Use the code "ZenobiaRenquistEncounters" for 10% off your next order of any title by Zenobia Renquist!