

# Ring Of Choice

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## Ring Of Choice

Arden, Chanel and Helena. Born the same day, in the same hospital and named after perfumes by our mothers, we were like sisters. The last Friday of the month we'd meet at a club to stay in touch. Chanel and I argued once about where to go. That's when the ring of choice came into play. Whoever wore it got to choose.

Tonight, it was on my finger. I'm Arden.

Short brown hair was spiked, my pants fit like a glove showcasing long legs and they felt good riding low on my hips. A matching vest showed lots of belly button and each time I moved, nipples pulled deliciously against the material.

We'd found three seats midway down the bar. On my second gin, straight up, I had already brushed off two unwelcome suitors when a voice rustled in my ear.

"Leather never looked so fucking good." Turning to face the owner of the velvet voice did nothing to help me stay dry. Hazel eyes swept my body. He wore his blond hair in a ponytail. His shirt opened enough to show the same color hair on his chest.

"Hi." My tongue darted out to wet my lips. The part of my body that metered fluid snapped. My pussy dripped.

"I could buy you a drink, but I'd rather take you for a ride."

"Good, I'm not thirsty." I followed him out the bar.

When his bike roared to life, so did my blood. I watched him mount the machine and “nice butt” just couldn’t describe his tight ass encased in jeans. Scrumptious worked. My legs went high up on the pedals and my crotch pressed tight to his narrow hips. The faster we went, the wetter I got.

My arms around his waist, I moved one hand between his legs. His cock was semi-hard. It changed to rigid as my fingers worked him through the material of his pants. His back shuddered when I applied pressure to his tight balls.

Thick summer air smelled like rain as we rode to a deserted area in the local park. He slipped from the bike and took his jacket off, placing it over the gas tank. Strong as hell, he lifted and laid me with my back on the coat. Thank God for big Harleys.

He dipped his head and captured my mouth in a searing kiss. His lips were hard and insistent as his tongue pushed in to mingle with mine. Nimble fingers released the buttons of my vest and warm hands cupped my breasts. His thumbs stroked the nipples to peaks. He pinched so hard, my body bowed up as I whimpered in delight.

“Damn, you’re sweet,” he whispered against my lips. He moved his hands to the top of my pants and undid the snap. Lowering the zipper, he pushed one inside and teased the wisps of hair. He dug into the crease of my pussy and massaged my clit. Fingers stroked back and forth until two stabbed to gain entrance. There was barely enough room for his hand and me in the crotch of my leather.

“Mmm,” I moaned at the assault while our tongues stayed tangled together. I’d kicked my shoes to the ground and my hands got busy nudging my pants down so they could be taken off and his fingers could explore further. Arching up, I gave him better access to the tightness of my cunt.

His lips and hands left me for a moment while he removed his jeans. Lifting my butt out of the way, he straddled the bike’s seat then wrapped my legs around his waist.

“Come here.” His tight balls bumped my swollen nether lips as he pulled my ass close against him. His cock poked straight up between us. He feathered his fingers over

my rib cage and cupped my breasts. I cried out in ecstasy when he pulled hard on my nipples.

"Yes, baby, harder." My hand grasped his cock and worked the tight skin up and down. The mushroom head was slippery with precum. Lust filled eyes gazed at me as he moved one hand up to stroke my face. The rough way he twisted my lower lip as he plunged his fingers into my mouth made me hungry for more.

"Suck on it," he said forcing his thumb through my lips.

I licked and sucked it hard just like I would his cock if he had put it in my mouth. I bit the tip, circled and laved it with my tongue. Pulling his thumb from between my lips, he slid his hand back down to trace the colorful dragon on my hip.

"I like a woman with claws."

From my position on the bike's tank, I watched his other hand disappear between our bodies. He rubbed my clit in a circular motion and I bucked my cunt against his hand. I drug my nails down his penis until I reached his balls. I pushed and squeezed them together until he threw his head back and gulped at the air. My fingers left his sac and I scraped my nails down his sinewy thighs.

Leaving my tattoo alone, he used that hand to pull and masturbate his erection until the tip leaked some more. It made me nuts to watch the drop slide slowly over the edge and run down his shaft.

"That looks so good."

"You want to taste it?" He swept his thumb across his erection and brought a pearl size drop to my lips. I latched onto it and savored the musky taste of him. Again, I sucked and nibbled wishing it was his big cock in my mouth. When he took it away, I groaned at the loss. But he quickly latched on to my tit.

"Shit, you're making me crazy," I said.

"You want me to fuck you?" He'd lifted his head and his eyes gleamed.

"God, yes." I couldn't wait to feel his thick penis slip inside of me. Unwrapping my legs from around his waist, he placed them over his shoulder. He inched back and nudged the broad tip of his cock to the entrance of my pussy.

He teased me by pushing in just the head of his shaft. My cunt convulsed and tried to take him further in. He pulled out and glided back and forth through the soaked folds of my pussy to wet his cock more. I was delirious with need.

“Damn you, give it to me.” He positioned his penis to invade me. With one push he buried it so deep, his balls slapped my ass.

“This is mine tonight.” He took hold of my hips and stood off the seat just enough to move in and out of my pussy. He pummeled the slick channel, thrusting his cock back and forth. It was a tight fit and the friction drove me crazy.

A warm rain started to fall. It increased the wet, sucking noise of our bodies slamming together in the quiet night.

He pounded his cock in me until I couldn’t stand it. My orgasm began to build. My nails dug into his forearms and I used my legs hooked over his shoulders to lever my ass against him each time he assaulted me with his cock. Moans of exquisite delight rose in my throat and soon became cries of joy as the juices flowed out of me with a force that made me sing out.

“Yes!”

Spurred on by my release, his rhythm grew fierce as he fucked me harder. He slowed to short, deep jabs. I felt his stomach muscles shudder behind my thighs.

“I’m going to come in your pussy.” His body tensed and I felt the hot spurts of seed fill me. “Arrghh...” he groaned as he fell to the seat of the bike. He drew my legs off his shoulders and pulled me from the tank into his arms.

We both gulped in air.

“Damn. That was good, babe.”

“You’re always good,” I murmured against his chest.

“Where are you going next month?”

“I’ll let you know when I get home. It’s Chanel’s turn to decide.”

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