

If I'm Honest – Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 – Athena & Rita

For the rest of the week, I did everything possible I could to tamp down the power of the bracelet, to keep it in check. I wanted to make sure I wasn't getting completely wrapped up in the power of this thing, letting it take total control of my life, but I was still getting hit on far more than I used to.

I was starting to wonder if this is what it's like to be one of the gorgeous people. We all have that innate curiosity, if that hot girl who's always bitching about people just judging her on how she looks is making too much out of a small thing, if that stud dude with the six pack ever gets bothered that he's mostly just considered a himbo for women to drool over but not approach.

It wasn't constant, but it was *a lot* to handle.

At least once a day, I was getting hit on by some random woman. Most of the time, it was someone I didn't know in the least, but from time to time, it would be someone I'd never thought about in that way before. The worst day of my week was Wednesday when I had to go stop in a Lucky's to get groceries, and I got hit on three times before I made it back to my goddamn car.

The forty-something housewife in the frozen food section was more than a little aggressive about it, grabbing my dick through my jeans before she'd even said something to me, but I was adamant that she wasn't my type, so eventually she left me alone, having a slightly dazed expression on her face when she did.

The nineteen year old check out clerk was definitely cute, but she was too young and skinny for me. After I turned her down, her “honest” statement was that she'd probably have stolen my wallet to buy meth once I fell asleep anyway. So bullet definitely dodged there.

On the way to my car, a woman named Jenny came up to me to tell me that when she was at home masturbating, if she wasn't thinking about her husband, she was thinking about me, and that if I wanted to, I could rock her world once, just to get it out of her system. She would do any freaky thing I told her to. Instead, I told her that her husband, Billy, was too nice a guy for me to bang his wife on the side, and that she should just stay loyal, so she went home in her car and I went home in mine.

Don't eat where you shit.

When I was at my place alone, it seemed like I had a bit more control over it, as there weren't women randomly knocking on my door at all hours. Maybe proximity played a large part of it, I'm not sure. Ken had called a bunch of times over the last few days, asking me to come out with him, to see if I could score with women well out of my weight class. His big idea was to take me to parts of high society we didn't normally dally with, just to see if I could pull from the snobs and uptight, elitists who normally wouldn't give us the time of day.

I told him maybe later, but not for a while.

I mean, I get it, right? I understood *why* he wanted to do it. He's a lawyer for the ACLU, meaning that the people on the other side of the courtroom are inevitably New Empire people. They're owners of mega corporations, businesses so large that they've all set an amount that they consider a death to be worth, in terms of legal cases.

That means, if the problem is killing, say, twenty people out of five hundred thousand, that means the deaths are below a single percentage point, and therefore, it's cheaper to either buy them off or bury them in legal costs than remove their product or change their service.

(In particular, Ken says he's gone after a *lot* of police departments, and you can imagine how many of them feel about being sued by a well-educated outspoken black man.)

As such, I'm sure Ken couldn't wait to drag me to all sorts of political parties so I could screw over (or maybe just fuck senseless) the lobbyists and fixers who'd been making his life miserable for decades. But the thing he kept forgetting was that I'd actually have to be the one to fuck them, and I

suspect that those at that echelon are either terrible in the sack or into some truly *freaky* shit. Probably both, in a lot of cases. So yeah, pass. Pass pass *pass*.

Over the course of the week, though, I tried expanding my ability to use the bracelet's power intentionally. Turned out I was majorly sucky at it, but at least I hadn't fucked it up in any way that was going to cause me real long term problems, except, I guess, not being able to go back to a restaurant I didn't like anyway, and, y'know what, fuck those people.

(Saying over and over again "you should comp my meal," got me chewed out, so maybe that made me the asshole, but this was also a restaurant that went out of its way to refuse any modifications to an order from anyone, because they just didn't want to be fucking bothered doing extra work. I told them once I didn't want any mushrooms on my steak, and you'd have thought I called the waiter a dickless shithead who looked like he was too dumb to use words with more than four letters in them. I *didn't* but believe me, I really wanted to...)

Like I've said before, I tend to work problems in a methodical and deliberate manner, so I was doing research, testing things. It wasn't pure scientific method, but I'm not sure how you'd apply that a magic mumbo jumbo bracelet that seemed to compel people to be overly honest.

I couldn't force anyone to do anything they didn't want to do, which was about what I expected. The bracelet's main power seemed to be bubbling up repressed thoughts, emotions and desires, and compelling people to act on them without getting all caught up in their head about it. Plus there was a limit to what I could get people to be honest about. Asking someone the worst thing they had ever done would get me laughed at; asking someone about the worst thing they did *today* would get me an "if I'm honest" answer. (So that ruled a career as a blackmailer *right* out. Probably for the best.) Based on that, it felt like I was limited to affecting things in the moment or close to it, short term cognition rather than long term.

I also found out that people didn't seem to think anything was odd about what they'd said or done in the moment where they were "being honest." If anything, they seemed to be relieved, as if they had gotten some massive secret off their chest. Colleen and I were still trading dirty pics on the reg, and Madi had come over to tell me that she definitely wanted another go around with me, but not for a few weeks, because she was still wonderfully sore. Nobody was mad or angry. Nobody had any regrets, at least ones they voiced aloud. Ashley seemed perfectly fine with me, but also hadn't hit on me again since then.

Once we'd established what they wanted, what I wanted, what worked about it and what didn't, everyone happily settled in to whatever they wanted it to be moving forward. I was a fuck buddy to Colleen, a sexual mentor to Madison, a one-off work fling for Ashley, and just a one-off experiment for Alina and Brenda, neither of whom I'd heard from since. (I was fairly certain Ken would drag me back to see Alina aka Diamond strip again, but I felt confident that while she might be a bit more contacty with me than she was with most patrons to the strip club, she wouldn't want another go at me, although she might fool around with me some in the VIP area. But another motel rendezvous was certainly out of the question.)

All of that led me to believe that the bracelet wasn't harming these women, or affecting other parts of their lives.

If anything, the person who seemed to be the most affected by the bracelet was me.

When I got hit on by the three women at the supermarket, it was easier to relax immediately afterwards, but that sense of ease quickly passed. Now, having gone almost a week without getting laid, I felt a growing unrest inside of me, almost like a spiritual constipation.

The bracelet *wanted* to be used.

It was *annoyed* to be idle.

I have power to make your life better, it seemed to say, so why won't you let me use it? Let me fix you. Let me help you.

I didn't want to abuse this thing on my wrist, but I also felt like if I resisted its power for too

long, it was going to start exerting more and more control over my life, and the simply day-to-day stuff in living would be complicated by all sorts of unforeseen activities.

When I'd first gotten the bracelet, I hadn't really been trying to get laid, and it had just overwhelmed me like a tidal wave. So far, people generally faded from my life immediately afterwards, except for Colleen, who had been happy to keep in very regular contact. She'd even given me a few hints that I should plan to come up and see her, but she'd also told me that she didn't think we were exclusive, so if I was, in her words, "hitting up chicks on the side," she wouldn't be mad. In fact, she said she'd even be proud of me, "especially if they're super hot." She said "play the field like you fuck – HARD."

That was just *weird*.

That sense of apprehension that was building again, the bracelet not having gotten its fix in days, and it was getting stronger faster. The tempo in which the pressure was building was escalating. I knew that I desperately didn't want to resist letting the power out for too long. I wasn't sure what would happen if it went boiling over, but I was pretty sure it wouldn't be good for me.

I had an image of hoards of bikini clad women doing a Day of the Dead zombie swarm around me as I was trying to climb onto a helicopter. It made me laugh. I mean, right? It's a funny image. Er, it would be, up until they tore me apart.

Right, definitely a thing to avoid. It's only sexy until you're dead.

By Friday morning, the pressure was starting to get to me. It was definitely beginning to affect my judgment and I felt like I didn't have my normal usual legendary patience. The people who work for me will tell you that I handle stress and adversity very well, and I never ever take it out on my crew. But for most of workday, I found myself having to hold my temper back. Because I wanted to yell. Fuck did I want to yell. I wanted to snap, to let loose, to vent these emotions building inside of me. I *didn't* but damn did I really want to. Shit that would normally just slide off me was like nails on a chalkboard.

My team could feel it, too.

I didn't blame them for giving me a wide berth for the day. They all wanted to avoid me, but still needed to get things done, so they kept their conversations short and sweet, and everyone was hypercompetent. I felt bad for wondering why they weren't always so on point. I realized how much my odd demeanor must have frightened them, so I actually told everyone to take off a few hours early, and apologized if I was short tempered.

That put everyone back at ease and they all took me up on the offer to head out early, with a couple of them saying whoever I was mad at, they hoped it wasn't them. I assured them that it wasn't, and that I was just on edge about some stuff in my personal life.

(Telling people "I'm under pressure because of a magic sex bracelet that I recently got given and can't take off. It wants me to be fucking all the time," would've probably gotten me committed to a sanitarium, where I would've been getting overwhelmed by sex addicts in recovery, I'd have guessed.)

I left the office early myself, and headed home, but I certainly didn't plan to stay there, nor did I plan to call up any of my friends or go to any of my usual haunts. That was the last thing I wanted to do with this weird tension building within my skull.

Friday night meant that there would be plenty of people downtown at all the clubs. I knew that I was *so* too old for this shit, but the chances of me running into anyone I know down at the clubs was an absolute minimum, which was just how I wanted it. I remembered when I was young and clubbing, there were always a handful of guys who were just slightly too old to be there, and most of the time, people steered clear from them, but those guys also seemed to head home around bar close with a hottie on their arms nearly every single time, to my shock and awe. Granted, some of those hotties were more than sloshingly drunk, but sometime you have to pick the best of your options.

All this raw sexual energy I could feel bubbling up inside of me – I just needed to let it loose. Being around people I've known for long periods of time felt reckless, so the idea was to just find a

bunch of twenty-somethings around whom I could just let the bracelet do its thing. Having regrets about fucking someone when you were drunk was a common enough story that it wouldn't stand out.

The place I'd picked to be my hangout for the night was a joint called Club Contour. I was at least a decade too old to fit in there, making me one of the old dudes in the club, but I'd put on a good black silk shirt and some nice dark slacks at least. I left the shirt open a bit at the top and put on a gold rope chain around my neck. The look was a little 'sleazy nightclub owner,' and, frankly, with the shirt open to expose the hair on my chest, I figured it would drive everyone but the most desperate away. It wasn't a good look on me, I thought, looking at myself in the mirror, as if I had all the right clothes but was wearing them all wrong. I didn't want to look so out of place that they wouldn't let me into the club, but I wanted to give off the vibe of the guy a hot girl could get to buy her drinks all night, only for her to leave him high and dry when she decided she'd had enough fun. Someone like that getting a slight push from the bracelet to actually fulfill the promises she'd been making all night to get free drinks still seemed a bit shady, but manageably shady.

My thinking was this – if the bracelet expended power to bring people into my sphere of influence, then the more power I could make it burn out in one go before it all started charging back up again.

This damn thing was getting in my head, and trying to hold in it was eating me up inside. The last thing I could do was shut it down until it burst, because who the fuck knows what would happen then, right?

The people who are going out clubbing, they're looking to get loaded and have a good time. The dudes are trying to get laid. The women are trying to get free drinks, have fun dancing and find guys they think might be good fucks. Basically, everyone's trying to get something from everyone.

I knew I was going to be drinking quite a bit tonight, so I called an Uber to ferry me down to the club. The guy who picked me up in his silver Beamer scowled at my look, which meant that I'd nailed it perfectly. He was big and bear-like, like a lumberjack. “Aren't you a little old for Contour, man?” he asked me. “Usually I'm just dropping off twenty-somethings to check out some local DJ. You sure you don't want something a little more your speed?”

Tonight, I was playing a character, someone else. I wasn't going to be Deke, the smart and accomplished businessman. Tonight, I was Fast Eddie, the kind of guy who'd tell girls he could get them booked as models or dancers. “Nah, brah,” I said. “I wanna be where the hotties are, find a little cutie to break me a piece off of.”

The guy (whose name was Brian according to my Uber app) rolled his eyes a little and shrugged. “Okay, dude, but I think you'll be wasting your time.” He just turned up his music, and we didn't talk the rest of the drive.

I got to the club just about an hour before midnight, and it was clear that a rave somewhere nearby had just let out, because there were girls in bright neon leggings and sports bras, with ribbons in their hair pulled into pigtails and glowsticks braided around their necks. I saw a number of them sucking on pacifiers, with fur cuffs around their ankles, weird fishnet sleeves on their arms connected to nothing... Say what you like about the rave kids, they've definitely got a look to them, and you can spot them a mile away.

It had started to rain, so they were huddling together, scrambling to get into any buildings they could, begging bouncers to let them in. The ones too young to drink were mostly scattering, heading home or diving into any place they could get a late night meal, while the older ones were just carrying the party onward in any port in the storm, quite literally.

Contour didn't have a line, which surprised me, but as I got to the door, I figured out why – they had opened their back patio, which had a giant tarp over it, and lots of people were carrying on with their party there. They had room to spare, and if you can pack the people in, you can pack the money in. The guy DJing there wasn't the guy who'd been over at the rave, obviously, but apparently he was playing the kind of music the ravers were into.

To me, it all felt like basically minor variations on the same thing, but hey, I'm not judging what kids these days like. Shit, they're sampling the hip hop and punk of my youth all the damn time, so it's not like I'm completely in the dark here. But most of the time, rave music feels like cutting and pasting drum loops and keyboard synths in long sections designed to just blend together.

The giant bouncer at the door looked at me and decided not to even bother carding me. I'm not sure if I should've been offended by that or not. I stepped inside the door and found a girl in her early twenties manning the admissions booth, and boy, did she look like she'd rather be anywhere else. "Twenty for admission." She wasn't making an effort to draw the eye, dressed in a thick flannel shirt and hefty baggy jeans, like she just wanted to do her job and be ignored. I'd had those days and I empathized. Her makeup was heavy, her eyelashes thick and black, like some sort of Pacific Northwestern lumbergoth.

I reached into my pocket, fished out my wallet, pulled out a fifty and held it out to her. She went to get my change and I waved at her. "Keep it. Just don't let these kids get you down."

She took the ten and the twenty she'd been about to hand me and pocketed them, smiling sheepishly at me. "Thanks dude. I don't know if you're gonna find much of what you're looking for here, but good hunting, I guess."

I mean, she was absolutely right. I stood out like a sore thumb here, but that was fine. The music from outside was being piped in here, and like all nightclubs, the speakers were set to boomingly loud. Everywhere I went, I could feel the bass reverberating through my whole body.

Because most people were out on the dance floor, almost half of the small booths that lined the walls of the club were empty, so I decided to slide into one, and before I'd barely even got seated, a blonde, fae-like waitress in a short little cocktail dress shimmied over to the table.

"What can I get you?"

"Just a Guinness."

"Can okay? We don't have beer taps here."

"I mean, if it's what you got, it's what you got."

While the waitress headed to the bar to get my drink, I took in an eyeful of the rest of the people in the Club. The rave kids made up a lot of who was out tonight, but there were plenty of college students and early-to-mid twenty-somethings strewn about the place. At one of the booths, there was clearly some kind of bachelorette party, which the penis balloon crowns gave away immediately. Another looked like they were professionals trying to cut loose after a long week, and they sort of stood out even more than I did, with a graveyard of empty drinks scattered across their table.

More than anything, I just wanted to blend into the background, to enjoy my drink and see what happened when the bracelet was getting taxed by large numbers of people. I kept my eyes drifting over all the people I could without focusing, so it wouldn't have any specific person to latch onto.

So far, the bracelet had been given an easy time, with environments where there'd only been one or two women that had been attractive to me. I suppose the strip club was a bit different, but we had been there to focus on Diamond, Ken's great white whale, so I'd had a bit tunnel vision. Here, however, this was what we called in business "a target rich environment."

The waitress brought over my Guinness, bringing me a can and a tall glass, and I gave her a twenty and told her to keep the change. "Out on your own tonight?" she said, as she insisted on pouring the can into the glass for me. "This so doesn't seem like your scene."

"I just needed to disappear somewhere tonight, and figured the best bet was to wander into a scene that was as far from mine as possible."

"Well, if you decide you want someone a bit more mature, I get off half an hour after we close," she said with a smile and a wink.

"Aw, thanks for the offer, but you deserve someone far better than a sleazeball like me trawling a bar," I laughed. "Hope your night picks up."

She laughed and headed off back into the sea of people, searching for more people to liquor up

in an effort to buffer her tips.

For the next couple of hours, I did everything I could to become scenery, so no one was looking at me. It was actually easier than I suspected, since a lot of people seemed to get caught up in their own little scene, or focused entirely on the dance floor, where the singles were inviting the attention.

The rave kids mostly came and went, and before I knew it, I heard the bartender yelling for last call. The booth I'd been holding down could've fit four people in it, but nobody decided to try and join me. I wondered if maybe I'd simply found a way to overload the bracelet, just by giving it too many people for it to handle, until...

"Why the hell is a good looking guy like you sitting all alone at last call?" a voice said from behind me. I turned to look, and an attractive woman in her early twenties not only slid into my booth, she slid right onto my lap.

She was dressed to the nines in a little black dress, the kind designed to get a man's attention and hold it until she felt like letting it go, painted onto her slender form, the top low cut and the bottom only maybe halfway down her thighs if she was lucky. She had brown wavy hair the color of oak that hung down to her shoulders. Her skin was ever so slightly tanned, and her face had an almost model look to it, with maybe a nose that was just a touch too large to keep her from getting approached by every talent scout in a five mile radius, not that she didn't look gorgeous with it. Around her neck was a leather choker with a steel O-ring at the center of it. She pushed her ass down onto my lap as she settled atop me, reaching one hand to graze those ridiculously long blue fingernails along the back of my neck.

"We can't all be blessed with looks that make the entire room turn and look the minute we walk into it," I told her with a smile.

"You didn't turn and look at me when *I* walked in," she pouted.

"Well, the entrance to the club is behind me, so I didn't *see* you when you walked in."

"Who sits with their back to the door?" she teased. "I thought all you macho men wanted to sit so you could see all the exits at all times, like some kind of goodfella."

I rolled my eyes with a smirk. "That line's for kids and poseurs, my dear. Some of us have better things to do with our time."

She leaned in and pressed a kiss against my cheek. "I'm Athena," she said, smoothing her other palm against the black hair of my exposed chest.

"Eddie," I said, lying to her. "And it makes far less sense that you're alone than I am, Athena. Aren't you meant to be the goddess of the hunt?"

She rolled her jade green eyes at me and frowned a little. "I just got dumped, if you can fucking believe it. After I got all dolled up for him and everything."

"Why did he dump you?"

"He said I wasn't fucking spontaneous enough, the shithead," she sighed. "Like, what the total fuck, am I right?"

She was more than a little drunk, but didn't seem blackout drunk, not that I'm an expert in recognizing it. To me, getting completely plastered was a sign that you didn't care about how the rest of your evening went.

"Anyway, I'll show him spontaneous. So, like, after he dumped me, I decided to find the most experienced guy in the bar, that's totally you by the by, and let him show me a good time, so I learn what it's like to fool around with someone who isn't some fucking clown." She was shifting her hips to grind her ass down on my cock through her skimpy black dress and my slacks. "So why don't we get out of here and you can show me what I'm missing?"

"Sure, I'll call us an Uber," I said.

"No no, let me get it," she said. "I wanna go back to my place instead of over to some place I don't know..." She fished out a phone from her little clutch and opened the Uber app, as she slid off my lap. Her other hand reached down to rub my cock through my slacks. "Quite the dick you got there, Eddie... I bet you've broken some hearts with that monster, not to mention stretched some pussies."

“You're not fooling around with kids any more, Athena,” I said as we slipped out of the club and into the crisp cool night air.

It was just after last call, which meant the sea of Ubers was thick. The accomplished drinkers knew to actually bail at 1:30 am or to hang out until 2:30 am or later, because right now, minutes before 2 am, it was surge pricing, and Athena was paying a premium for getting us out now.

“We're looking for a blue Chevy Volt,” Athena said to me, her body shivering a little bit, pressed up tightly against mine. “Our driver's name is Rita.”

A minute or so later, we found our vehicle and slid into the backseat. I took a quick glance at our driver, and was very surprised to find that she was a fit Puerto Rican girl in her mid twenties, with a semi-sheer top that was practically painted on, and I could see the outline of barbells through her nipples which the gray shirt did nothing to conceal, as she clearly wasn't wearing a bra. Her jet black hair was pulled up into a sporty ponytail, and she was wearing baggy track suit pants. It looked more like she'd planned to go out clubbing herself instead of working as an Uber driver.

“You're Rita, right?” Athena said as she pulled me to slide up against her, her body framing directly behind the driver's seat.

“Ay, tha's me,” she said. “Athena, right? Thassa dope name, gurl.”

“Thanks. You don' mind if we fool around a bit back here, do you?”

She popped her tongue against the top of her mouth, and grinned. “You do you, boo boo, as long as you don' get my seats messy. It gonna be 'bout fifteen minutes before we getchu to your place.”

“Cool cool,” Athena said. “We'll just be back here having fun.”

I was about to say something, but Athena grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into a hard kiss, searching for my tongue with hers, as she spread her legs wide, practically lifting one of her knees over one of mine.

When an invitation is presented to you like that, you don't turn it down. My hand dropped to rest on the inside of her thigh and started moving up until I felt that lacy thong covering her pussy, and the fabric was damp to the touch, so I pulled it aside and pushed my index and middle fingers inside of her cunt, feeling her chest tighten as she gasped air from my mouth and then moaned it back into me, her hips squirming beneath my caress.

Her snatch was completely clean shaven, and my two fingers twisted and crooked inside of her pussy, and I could feel her body tense up as my fingertips pressed against a particular point within her walls. Once I knew what that point was, I started to bear down on it, the base of my hand bearing against her clit, as those two fingertips assaulted her g-spot.

Athena began to whimper furiously, and I moved my lips from hers, trailing downward along her neck as my other hand pulled one of the straps of her dress off her shoulder, tugging it down enough to expose one of her tits to the cool night air, even as the vehicle zipped through the Seattle streets.

The driver couldn't see from her vantage point, as I brought my lips down to kiss at Athena's exposed tit. She had very large areolas, and it was evident the skin was sensitive as my tongue flicked along the edge of it before drawing in to tease the nipple, her whole body shivering, goosebumps covering her flesh.

“Oh fuck, I don't ever want to fool around with boys again,” she moaned, biting her bottom lip in a feverish pout. “You're so fucking good at this.”

My two fingers continued their work, curling in a come hither motion against that bundle of nerves, as my thumb moved to press down against her clit. Her breathing was starting to grow quicker and more erratic, her fingernails dragging hard against my back through the shirt. She had to be careful otherwise those nail extensions were going to pop off, but at that point, I don't think she cared much. “Shit shit shit, that's so fucking good, oh fuck, oh shit, fuck fuck fuck, that's fucking good, oh my fucking god, don't fucking stop, finger my tight little pussy, fucking work it you bastard...”

We were only a minute or two from our destination, so I decided to turn up the volume. My ring

finger moved to push inside of her cunt as those digits swiped again and again against her g-spot, my hand buried inside of her pussy deep enough that I'd had to go back to bearing down on her clit with the base of my palm. My teeth grazed on her nipple, pinching on it. "Oh fuck oh fuck I'm gonna cum I'm gonna cum fuck you gotta stop you gotta stop you gotta stop or I'm gonna fucking cum..." she hissed, her voice a high shrill.

"Then do it."

"Oh fuck oh fuck I'm cumming I'm cumming I'm fucking cumming shitshitshitSHIT fuuuuuuuuck!!" she moaned, as her pussy clamped down hard on my fingers, her body overwhelmed with clenching contractions around my digits. I kept my hand still, to let her slowly ease down off of it, as her breathing slowly returned to normal, her lips giving way to tiny, short whimpers of delight, as she pulled my mouth from her tit back up to mash against her own, her tongue welcoming mine once more.

"Okay, papi," Rita said to us, bringing the car to a stop. "You two are here."

Athena kissed me again, then put her hand on her chest. "That was so fucking dope, but if I'm honest, I'm in a really vulnerable place right now, and I should probably just go inside alone. But you can have the Uber take you home on my dime." She leaned in and kissed me hard again, while she pulled my hand out of her pussy. "I'm so fucking sorry, but I just can't fuck you. Thank you for making me feel special, though. I've never cum that fucking hard in my life."

She tugged her dress back up, pulled her thong back over her dripping wet snatch and then slipped out of the car, closing the door immediately behind her, as she ran into the darkness, heading towards the front door of her apartment building.

"Damn, man," Rita said to me. "That's fucking cold. Where am I taking you?"

I sighed, and gave her an address a couple of blocks away from my house. The last thing I wanted was Athena knocking on my door a few days later, having changed her mind yet again. I'd never had to do that myself before now, but Ken had told me about how a girl had done that to him once, and since then he'd always done it himself when getting dropped off on someone else's Uber account.

As Rita brought the vehicle to a roll again, I brought my fingers, still soaking with Athena's pussy juice, to my lips and licked them clean, chuckling slightly. "Can't win'em all, I guess."

"That's girl's fuckin' stoopid, papi," she said, shaking her head. "If you dat good wit'cher hands, damn, I betchu fuck like a beast."

"I mean, I don't get a lot of complaints, Rita, but tonight's just not my night, I guess."

"Oh, I dunno, papi," she said, as she pulled the car off the street, heading along a driveway up to a school parking lot that looked mostly secluded, with heavy trees around the outskirts of it. It was a secluded area and she brought the vehicle to a stop in the middle of the parking lot, killing the headlights. "You should listen to Lou Bega."

As soon as the vehicle was in park and the headlights went dark, she hopped out of the driver's seat and crawled into the back seat, kissing me hard, as her hands immediately dropped down to my slacks, practically a frenzy to get them open and fish my cock out.

"A little bit of Rita's all you need," she said, in between fierce kisses, as she stroked my thick shaft with a carnal hunger. Her hand pushed on my chest to keep me in place as she turned around, and slipped her track pants and panties down to her knees. With me pinned like that, she backed that ass up against me, one hand reaching down to grab and aim my cock, as she pushed her vice tight pussy down onto it with a quick snap of her athletic body.

"¡Ay, dios mio!" she whimpered. "¡Joder mi coño! Pound it!"

Her hips were doing most of the work, but I did my best to try and thrust up, but her agile little body had all the control with us positioned like this, and each time her toned booty bucked down into my lap, I was pinned against the leather seat.

"¡Que bicho gorda!" she whimpered, as one of my hands gripped on her hip, the other sliding

up under her top to claw at one of her perky tits, my ring finger nudging that pierced nipple a little, flicking it as best as I could. “That dumb puta didn't deserve this magnificent dick anyway! Harder, papi! ¡Profanar mi coño!”

I pinched my thumb and forefinger on that barbell and gave it a twist, and her head leaned back suddenly, a visceral moan blasting out of her throat right up against the ceiling of the car, as one of her hands balled up into a fist and punched the driver's seat, the sensations threatening to overwhelm her.

She kept bouncing harder and harder in my lap, one of her hands reaching down to rub on her clit, as she turned her head to kiss me, but the angle was awkward and it was hard to hold her lips against mine. Her pussy was creamy and frothy, as she was certainly more than a little worked up, letting her slide along it as much as she wanted. “I'm gonna cum, papi,” she wailed. “You gotta cum. wit' me! ¡Dame esa crema en mi coño! FUCK!”

As I felt her clamping down on my cock like a vice, I couldn't help myself, and blasted my load right against her cervix, my dick buried hilt deep inside that tight Puerto Rican pussy as she orgasmed hard and loud, the shriek certainly going to attract attention if anyone was at all nearby.

Her back slumped against my chest as she rested her head on my shoulder, my hand reaching up to turn her head enough so that I could kiss her tenderly, stroking a few long black strands of hair that had broken free from her ponytail during all the activity.

After she had a minute or two to compose herself, she pulled her hips up and then tugged up her panties and pants, before sliding off my lap. I was about to tuck my cock away when she reached over and swatted my hand away. She moved to sit down on the other side of the back seat, then leaned her head down and began to lick my cock clean. I was only semi-hard, and I was glad to see she was just giving me some aftercare rather than going for a second round. She purred and giggled as her tongue swiped along my flesh, making sure to get every drop of both our fluids.

About the time she was tucking my cock away and climbing back into the front seat, a set of police lights flicked on in the distance, as Rita turned the headlights on again and immediately rolled all the windows down, waiting for the cop to pull in behind the vehicle, turning on his spotlight.

Rita made the excuse that she'd needed to pull over and pee, so I'd been a gentleman and minded the car for her while she ran off into the bushes to do it. I suspected he was mostly checking to make sure nobody was drunk or being raped. The cop looked at me, looked at Rita and took a whiff of the car, and I'm 100% certain he could smell the funk of sex lingering in the air. He smiled for only a tiniest fraction of a second, then nodded. “Just wanted to make sure everyone was okay, and that nobody was driving in a state they shouldn't,” he said, patting the top of the car with his hand. “Maybe next time, miss, you should just go use the bathroom inside your passenger's house. You folks get home safe, okay?”

He headed back to his car and drove off, and a minute or so later, Rita was giggling, rolling up her windows and getting us back in motion. “Thanks for that, papi,” she cooed at me. “I ain't supposed to do somethin' like that, but if I'm honest, if a puta's gonna leave a toro like you wit' bolas azules, you deserve someone to drain'em for you. And I've always wanted to fuck a passenger just once.”

As we pulled to a stop in front of the address I'd given her, she looked into her rear view mirror and started giggling frantically. “¡Dios mio!” she said, bringing a fingertip up to her cheek. “I still had your cum on my face when I was talking to that cop.” She wiped the dollop away and brought it to her lips, licking her own finger clean, grinning when she did.

The pressure in my balls, and in my brain, had been released as I got out of the car, the bracelet no longer pounding on the inside of my skull like a rat in a cage for the time being. I wondered how long the calm was going to last as Rita drove off into the night.