



CHECK OUT

E L I S E H E P N E R

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Checkout

By Elise Hepner

“Jennifer, for the last time—get your pink hair out of your face and scoot your ass out to the registers. You have a customer whose about to file a complaint and I won't have that on my record, do you hear me?”

Another dull night at the local Lucky Shop in my small town. My job consisted of scraping cobwebs off the rafters of the shop and scraping gum off the candy machines in front of the store. We hadn't even had a robbery to date and I'd been working here for over a year.

I'd already arranged the corn flake boxes by brand as well as size. I had also reviewed the condom section quite thoroughly. The boss always frowned upon me lingering in a section of the store he only deemed appropriate for men, but he had outdated moral values from the 1950's.

A quick roll of my turquoise eyes aimed at my boss was enough to suffice as I grumbled my way back up to what I lovingly referred to as “the post from doom”. A guy about my age was leaning against the counter holding a newsboy cap and a bottle of shampoo. From the look of his mashed platinum curls he needed a shower pronto.

Once I got closer the smell of cologne was overpowering. I wondered why he hadn't just stood in the rain yesterday. At least it was a step towards hygiene.

Instead, I got behind the counter and tried to shove my distaste for earthy scents and unwashed skin into the back of my brain and rang him up.

“Did you find everything you need today, Sir?” There was no eye contact between the two of us as I did my nice girl routine.

“Um, yeah. I did.”

He was mumbling so low I could barely hear him but it didn't much matter to me. I looked up once as the shampoo made the little beep sound to tell me it had been scanned and his dark brown eyes were staring at me intently.

"What?"

I couldn't help it. The hostile question was spat out of my cynical thin lips before I could stop it. My perfectly shaped brows knitted together along with my eyebrow ring. I was still holding the shampoo bottle aloft in the air about to turn and put it in a bag. I had made it perfectly clear I wanted nothing to do with this boy. I couldn't take it back, my body language said it all.

"I was, um, wondering if I could, well, get your number and maybe take you out on a date sometime?"

The boy smiled showing all his teeth. They were sparkling. Which was at least one point for him in the hygiene department. I busied myself putting the bottle of shampoo in a bag. I was dragging out the inevitable "no" which had hit my tongue running since he had mustered the courage to ask me out. I quirked a small smile in return and saw his eyes darken with hope and lust. Then I pulled out my trump card. I sweetly quirked a finger in his direction. He leaned in towards my face with hope. My hands grasped at his shirt. My breathe easing over the lip of his ear.

"I only eat pussy. Thanks for asking though."

He had this sweet, quizzical look mapped out all over his movie star cheekbones and straight nose as he scratched his forehead. I shoved the squeaky plastic bag across the counter and busied myself at the register counting the money in the drawer without looking up.

“Uh...okay” He frowned softly, screwing with the plastic bag in his hands.

“Have a good night.” I mumbled, my good Samaritan duty done for the day.

I heard a snuffle and watched the back of his tan hand wipe over his nose and mouth. A passing glance across the room. He gave me the finger and stomped out of the store. Fine with me. The only thing he wanted to do was fuck me anyway. Wasn't that the whole point?

My hands smelled like ink. My fingers were smudged with black. Another privileged customer had just happened to grace my post. I looked up and was about to unleash another scathing remark before I found myself speechless, all arrogance lost. I was staring at my own personal kryptonite.

The man in front of me was in his mid-forties with salt and pepper hair buzzed into a severe crew cut. I remembered the feel of it under my fingers, course and fine all at once as I straddled his waist and his vert green eyes scoped out my chest. The pulse at his neck was probably just as steady as it was when he fucked me and got caught by the dean of students. A small smile was toying across his chapped lips and his fingers were strumming the counter making my thoughts scatter.

I was caught. My pussy instantly pulsed and became wet at the sight of him standing in front of me, a touch away. A sudden flush had begun to creep up my chest and into my pale cheeks as my nipples hardened under the stiff apron I was required to wear on duty. I brushed my hands across my stomach, a long time nervous gesture, before settling into a terrified smile.

“Paul, Hello. What can I do for you?”

I had managed that much dialogue with him. Go me.

“Jennifer.” His smooth nod and southern drawl made my stomach clench. I leaned against the counter breathing in the scent of his odor and nothing else. He smelled all man with a heady, complex mix of chemical pheromones and sweat.

I eyeballed the cable knit gray sweater and slacks before turning my back to him and plugging in some random numbers into a calculator. By his stance it was evident he was here on business. There was no playfulness hidden for me under his eyebrows, no open-armed hugs. But he was my safety. The strength that I would listen to when my life twirled in confusion. He was there when everything went down my first semester. My body would not forget him so fast.

His body language was imposing. Arms crossed over his broad chest garnered from years of high school football and working out. A wide stance, I knew, with his firm thighs he could hold all day long. One look from his hazel eyes and I was back in his good graces. A place of submission. I was nothing but a mark of shame in his past. The sexual fantasies I had been inventing to lead up to this moment fell away. I would have to live up to the person he knew me to be before I could be restored in his eyes.

He cleared his throat and it made me think of the advisory meetings to plan my future. There was always a tickle in his throat before his dick got hard. He would shut the door of his office to the outside hallway, delaying all other student meetings. There could be a line out the hall for all he cared. The memory made me turn around and give him a confident grin.

“I need a pack of cigarettes.”

I already knew the brand he smoked. I had them in my hands in seconds, transferring them over the counter for his inspection. His cold hand clamped down over

mine and it made me sigh with a mix of anticipation and disappointment. I pulled myself away before he could do any more damage and promised myself an orgasm later when I could get the chance to lock the girl's bathroom door. The cigarette pack was still in my hand. An idea whispered through my skull. I could have him back if only for a moment. All I had to do was be myself.

"I need identification, Paul."

"You...what?"

"Identification. For your cigarettes, it's state law here. If I don't check it I'll get fired."

I knew I wouldn't get fired. I just couldn't watch him move away from me as the ache in my pussy grew worse, untouched. I pushed the only button I had left and watched his eyes smolder and bore into me with his anger. I knew what was coming next. I had baited it.

"What the fuck, Jennifer? Are you serious? You know how old I am!" He hissed under his breathe.

He was close to me now. Hovering over the counter-top with his hands spread apart. They were larger than I remembered. It formed a lump in my throat. I could smell the mint on his breathe. Feel the cloth of his shirt as it rubbed against my wrist. A faint pounding in my head. I twirled my pink hair around my finger feigning disinterest. Leaning against the counter so my v-neck shirt gave him a good view of my ample cleavage.

"ID. Please. Sir." Each word soft and slow.

I smirked and smacked my lips together trying to look as innocent as possible when his hands plunged down to the sides of my shirt collar and lifted me from the ground. I dangled like a helpless rag doll. A secret laughter bubbled up inside me from his angry touch. The feel of his now warm hands on either side of my neck made my pulse quicken, mouth dry. My fingers roamed over the crotch of my pants. I giggled in relief as he pulled me against the counter so hard I knew my hip bones would bruise in the morning. He flicked his tongue over my lips. The light sensation undid me at the seams and my body shuddered in his grip. A gasp that made the lines he was tracing on my upper lip cold, sensual.

Then he was kissing me, pulling at my lips with his teeth as the distant rip of fabric pulled me back to a solid reality. He, with help from gravity, had torn the collar off my polo shirt. I was back on my feet, his arms around my waist, a solid immovable force. Several layers of concrete separated my hands from the straining cock in his pants. My hands were pressed against the cotton of my hips by his grip. I longed to have his solid length pushing against my throat. I could see if I looked down over the edge of the counter.

He watched me looking at his slacks as they became a cage of flesh for his hard-on and he yanked me up, out, and over the counter top. One minute I was standing straight, his hands along my lower back, fingers a vice against my hips. The next minute he had lifted me up and placed me on my stomach over the counter. My head hung down underneath the register. The wind knocked out of me as my head swam from the swift blow to my stomach. I could smell my fear. My hair obscured everything in cotton

candy rainbows. There was no time for a protest. I wouldn't dare. But my hands grasped for purchase along the underside of the counter. I gripped it for dear life.

Blood thundered towards my skull. The silence after every movement made me freeze up. I could taste the rush of adrenaline lacing my limbs as I heard the familiar click of the pocket knife. A solid rip of pressure down the seam of my jeans. I prayed he wouldn't flinch as a whimper passed my lips. The knife blade grazed my skin. A pins and needles tickle that ran down my ass crack and taunted my clit. He was carving at the fabric. Every push-pull made the jeans ride up higher against my slick pussy. Every inch he gained made me gasp from the cold air prickling on my skin. Adrenaline made me faint with the need for contact. I was sure he could feel the wetness of my hungry cunt. The sweet smell of my uncontrolled pussy juices as he peeled away the cloth from my ass cheeks.

My jeans were slinking down my legs in his tight fists. His cropped nails grazed my calf and I tried not to writhe. He wouldn't like me to writhe. A slight tug at my shoe and I was exposed. Hot breathe trailed up me from ankle to ass as he moved from his crouch eliciting a shiver.

He murmured in appreciation before rubbing his thick calloused hands over the globes of my ass. My whimpers became audible to my own ears and he hadn't even done anything yet. It made him chuckle before I could hear his strained voice and feel his breathe along the center of my spine.

"I saw you reject that poor boy, Jennifer. You lied to him when you should have been moving on from me. Good girls don't lie, right, Jennifer?"

I bit my lower lip to keep from talking and nodded, simply knowing what he wanted me to do in my role. My breasts ached heavily against the counter they were draped over as my thighs and knees grew tense and raw with the need to stretch. My ass was in the air and my feet couldn't touch the ground. I tried my best not to squirm into a more comfortable position as his hands smoothed down my taunt leg muscles.

I heard the blow zing through the air before it hit me on the right ass cheek, making me suck in a sharp breathe. The palm of his hand cupped me gently for just a second longer. My pussy clenched rhythmically as the next blow fell on the opposite side. Heat melted from my ass to the rest of my body. A pleasurable sore tingle mounting along my spine.

I couldn't help but struggle against the sticky Formica. He held me in place with one bruising hand along my hip and delivered one hot smack after the other, alternating sides of my ass. The sound of it echoed up to the rafters and the store was alive with my moans. I began to pinch my hard nipples in time to his spansks as my stomach and breasts juttet up and down across the table with every thrust of his palm. Everything grated against my sore, eager flesh.

The flashes of pain were growing closer together now. My arousal made the edge of the counter slippery. I struggled to hold my place without falling from either end of my makeshift stage. Somewhere between the counted strokes I had begun to keen with pleasure. The flames from his touch became bright red palm marks on my lily white ass. Each jerk of his palm brought me to the edge of euphoria. But the immediate escalation in bruises across my ass grounded me to the intimate moment we were having. I was more present in my emotions than I'd been for months.

I heard the metallic clink of his zipper along the slacks and a drop of heavy fabric to the floor. I whimpered as his beating across my tingling, warm ass stopped and I felt the head of his cock along my pussy, gliding forward for entrance in my tight hole.

We both jumped as feet stepped forward and a cascade of swears erupted out of a baritone throat. I was all too familiar with the voice for comfort. I felt Paul back up behind me, my legs now too weak to support myself and my arms holding on to the counter so I didn't fall on my head.

"Would you like a turn? I'm sure there is something you want to punish her for, isn't there? Our Jennifer isn't very good at being good."

His velveteen voice was soothing, appealing. Excited tears spilled down my cheeks at the loss of a decent fucking and the shameful, delicious punishment I was about to receive. Paul moved in front of me and angled his cock, shiny with pre-cum into my throat. He opened my taunt jaw wide before beginning a vigorous thrust of his hips which left nothing but the smell of his balls in my nose when they smacked against my chin.

I jolted as my ex-adviser took a hunk of my hair in his fist driving his large shaft home into the back of my tonsils. I eagerly shifted my tongue up and over his head as he face-fucked me. There was a clang of metal on metal. A whippet of air movement near my ass. The immediate thrust of supple leather on my backside. My boss was spanking me with his belt.

My eyes grew wide and Paul moaned as he fucked my face harder. His silken dick a torturous object of lust when it was put in the wrong hole. My ass already stung and dimpled with the start of blisters and bruises from Paul's firm ministrations. Now my

pain seared white hot behind my eyelids as the leather bit into the already punished meat of my ass. I moaned with pleasure around Paul's twitching cock and heard my boss's grunts of concentration. Every blow anchored itself like a lead weight across my pussy. I was rapidly coming close to coming. My head cleared to a blank slate. I sat in my submissive space where there was only want, do, and feel. It was so simple and clean.

I didn't need them to fuck me anymore. The insistent burning of my jaw and ass in tandem with the gyration of my hips against the cool air made me shudder and then cum in a whimpering mess as Paul shot his semen into my swollen mouth. The beating at my back slowly eased up as my muscles unclenched. A faint bruise began to flare across my abdomen. Paul lifted me off the counter which had become my platform of passionate shame. My boss walked off, eyes averted to see to something else in the store.

My eyelids fluttered with sleep as the man in front of me steadied me before zipping himself up and grabbing a pack of cigarettes behind me in the glass case. I looked up into his eyes, my ass awash with the feelings we had unsaid between us, aching in all the right ways. My panties and pants were unusable. Thrown to the floor in bits and threads. He shook the cigarette pack twice giving me a long, hard look through those eyes I thought I had known so well.

"Be good, Jennifer."

Then he walked out of the store and my life, forever. I was left to raid the woman's department for decent attire to work the rest of my shift. It got taken out of my paycheck. My parent's bitched about it for two weeks straight. My ass beat with a

heated, pulsing rhythm every time I moved. An ache inside my pussy so deep no amount of sex could tame it.

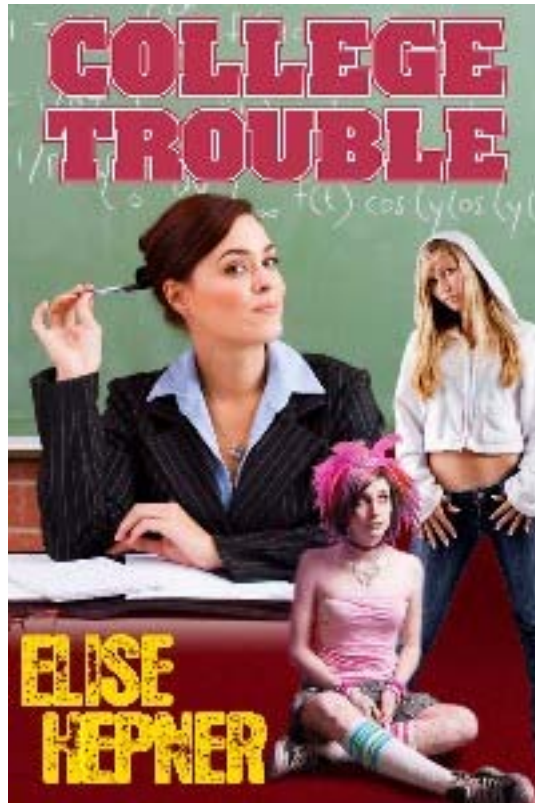
But I got a promotion.

The End

ABOUT ELISE HEPNER

Elise Hepner has been previously published in The Erotic Woman for “Joy Button” as well as Clean Sheets for “My Little Pony”. She got her erotica wings from writing short pieces for Alison Tyler’s blog contests every Saturday and found her calling. This is her first foray into erotic literature though she has multiple non-fiction publications from travel magazines to medical magazines on her resume. She hopes to make erotica her main focus in the upcoming years. She enjoys getting down and dirty while exploring sexuality in a variety of ways which is why writing smut makes her heart sing. Look for anything new as well as tips and tricks of the erotica trade at <http://celise91writer.blogspot.com>

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COLLEGE TROUBLE
By Elise Hepner

Clair and Marie have been best friends for years. As college roommates their late night study session for biology becomes an exploration of *their* biology when these drunken slackers need some relaxation. During their test they are faced with the consequences of not passing when their professor gives them a crash course in extra credit.

Warning: This title contains lesbian sex.

Excerpt From COLLEGE TROUBLE:

Underneath her tacky purple skull pj's Marie's ass and hips continued to swivel as she stalked her prey. She felt way too sexy for a dorm room. Imagining herself crawling across a stage at a strip club lit with florescent lights her face morphed from carefree to completely lust laden. Her eyes zigzagged over Clair who had swallowed six

beers in a matter of minutes and was now tapping her nails along the wood of their bed to a Britney Spears slow jam.

Without a care in the world the girl placed her cavalier sway right in the way of her drunken friend's face, slowly wiping a stripe of hair from her cheek.

"You doing okay, hun?"

Clair slurred a little trying to pout before giggling and falling to her back on the floor. This was her chance. The one she'd been meaning to take with all these weekly sleepovers for years.

With ease Marie crawled up Clair's body before sliding her hips in a straddle over her friends. Before Clair could stop her chaotic blinking, her eyes large, chest heaving, Marie laid her lips along her best friend's collarbone. She was barely breathing, afraid of making her skittish.

Clair smelled of tangerines and clove cigarettes. Her skin was pressed with Urban Decay sparkle powder that twinkled in the low lighting from their room's lamps. Marie's fingers skimmed over her roommates exposed shoulders taking away chunky sparkles on her fingertips. She knew it was flavored when she popped her fingers into her mouth and tasted Gimlets. Sparkles clung to her tongue like pressed squares of bursting lime.

Before she could think her tongue was pressed against her collarbone, tracing it and lapping like a cat with cream. She was slicking her tiny pink tongue over the moaning girl's cleavage as Clair gasped underneath her weight. She breathed softly over the wet trails that tracked through the sparkle powder making the girl squeal and bite her lip. She had never thought skin could be so soft and palpable.

Marie paused for signs of discomfort, but Clair simply writhed as Marie ripped into the v-neck of her top pushing her small breasts into edible glitter mounds. There was no more caution left within her horny mind as the slightly squishy breasts lay before her eyes, Marie's for the taking. Claire had lost a few buttons from the mauling but Marie cared nothing for the distraction. Anything that got in her way would be removed.

Lavishing her tongue on the pierced nipples of her best study buddy she drew them into her mouth, sucking hard so that Clair bucked against her hips. A ragged moan made Marie smug with satisfaction. With one hand still cleaving to Clair's breast, twisting her nipple with desperation, Marie wiggled back her hand, arching her back to pull down the pajama shorts hindering her exploration. Clair's eyes whipped open at the fingers seeking access to her pussy. She tilted her hips up for easy access so Marie could slide the shorts and underwear over her curves.

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