

## Liquor Store

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It had been a minute since I've gone to the city.

I've been a dedicated suburban girl for as long as I can remember.

I really only cross over into the city when there was something to celebrate.

I'd been in a relationship all of my adult life with my high school sweetheart. Things were well; until they weren't. We split a week after I made senior partner at the law firm I'd been at since my third year in college. I threw a congratulatory party on the rooftop of a fancy skyscraper downtown that he failed to attend. That argument led to another argument; that led to another. It's actually been a week and four hours since that fight. We haven't spoken since.

Today is Friday.

We always spent Fridays together.

So, this Friday is sort of...taking a toll on me. I'm starting to kick myself for my side of the argument. I was harsh, I was loud, and I didn't allow him the ability to talk. Today just... feels like my fault.

I was on the couch enjoying a new cocktail recipe I found from a popular instagrammer, when I spontaneously decided to get the fuck up and do something with myself. I don't care what I do or where I go, I just need to move. I grab the bottle, my glass, and trot to my car. I giggle to myself realizing I'm being completely impulsive for once- it feels good. I lay the bottle in the seat and my cup in the holder. I pull out of my driveway and head toward the city.

My degree taught me a lot of things, but I'll tell you, it didn't teach me how to grieve a relationship. One second, my mind is racing; the next, it's a peach. One second, I'm driving fast and dancing to trap music without a care in the world; then, (all of a sudden) the music is irritating. I bounced between Gucci Mane and The Isley Brothers track after track. I didn't know if I wanted to rap, sing, cry, or pull a driveby. I pour-and-pour-and pour more drinks into my cup until I'm out.

Time to search for a liquor store.

The area I had gone to sat against a busy 4 lane street that was heavily saturated with common folk.

*Hmph, with that information I'm sure a liquor store is near.*

Taking a glimpse into the cars riding alongside me, I see red cups, half dressed women, and a bit of raunchy sexual activity.

*Sheesh!*

I look up just in time to not run a red light.

*Shit!*

In the distance, there's a partially working flashing sign that catches my attention. The only lettering with working bulbs blinking are, "quor ore".

BINGO! I was always good at hangman!

Liquor store sign!

When the light turns green, I zoom there like this is the only liquor store for miles ahead! People are blowing their horns at me as I'm crossing lanes, but...they'll be fine. I'm starting to notice how drinking and driving can be a problem because I'm normally not this bold.

I pull into the parking lot and park all within one swift motion. I sat there for a moment to decipher what I have taste for, and to ensure that no one who just blew at me followed me.

When the coast was clear, I then focused my attention to a group of guys occupying the doorway. Their conversation is loud and their paper bags are clearly full of liquid courage.

I prance out the car feeling the spotlight nearing.

I shut the door to my 2020 Lexus LC and the conversation halts. I walk past the group like I don't see them, pretending to be heavily engaged with something important on my phone as I trot by in my blue and orange fashion nova satin mini dress. Now, thinking back to that moment, I was entirely underdressed. The dress was shorter than a minute and light as a whisper...a soft intimate wet whisper. I'll be sure to include a picture of the dress in this writing from the site.

My ass seemed to jiggle more than the norm in this moment. The closer I got to them, the quieter they became. Smh, I can't win. Every step felt uncomfortable as I felt their xray vision sucking my nipples for me. I walked passed them through just a small slit they left open for me to travel through. My ass brushed against one guy, and my titties on another. For some odd reason, I felt that was exactly what they wanted. When I entered into the rinky dink store, their conversation loudly started back up. I can hear my dress, along with my ass being the strength of their discussion.

The store was sure to have any and every drunken late night necessity. Every liquor store seems to be set up the same. Fake ass grocery isles of noodles, soups, and canned veggies; snacks up front, cold beer and wine in the back, and the liquor behind the counter. I've never been here, but I've known my way since childhood. The floors were freshly mopped, but the incense made it smell like a fake ass fortune-teller shop.

I walk slowly to the back; wasting time. I skimmed through everything on my way to the drinks. There was a cup that read, "My Daddy Wasn't Shit," when I flipped it around, it continued, "Because My Mom Wasn't Shit."

*Yikes! I've never!*

I skedaddled gently past that rigged piece of artwork.  
Finally reaching the coolers full of drinks and cheap finger food, I'm glancing through my options.

*Definitely not beer...not champagne ...hmm...maybe I'll do hen and coke? Ciroc and sprite?*

That sounds good. I go to the front counter, but no one is there to serve me.

I wait. No one seems to be monitoring the front counter.  
I start sorting through the overpriced penny candy while I wait.  
Still no one.

The front door opens and that obnoxious group of guys come in. I try not to be rude, so I smile at them as they go past me. I take count; it's six of them. Oddly, I'm now noticing how well dressed they are. They were all in undone tuxedos and fancy shoes.

The fuck? ... *Hmph, that's a site you don't see every day.*

I grow curious to tap into the conversations they've been having. They get in line behind me after lightly shopping for juices and little snacks. I assume they're smokers or something. High as hell, maybe.

The front counter is still empty. I wait for (what feels like) another eternity. Still no one. Their conversation starts to subside as they notice no one is coming. It's awkward now. It's completely quiet.

One of them mumble, " So, this shit must be free tonight!"

I giggle and use the innuendo to indulge.

I turn to them, " Rough night?"

They all look at one guy. He looks at me with the, "You have no idea" face.

I'm thinking to myself ....wedding...or funeral..

One guy walks up to me to set his belongings on the counter. He mistakenly brushes up against me, "Oh, my bad." He said as he sat his shit down.

"Oh, it's ok," I say with a forced smile. He looks back at me, "Oh? It was ok?"

His friends seem to know what he was up to as they pull him back playfully yelling for him to chillout. I smirk at their brotherhood. They seem close and very tight knit.

He says, "nah nah let me finish!" as he's pushing off his friends. They let him go and he walks back over to me. "So, you said it was ok?"

"That nigga fucked up!" One of his friends shouted.

I look at him, "Yes..." I hesitate, "It wasn't a problem," I said.

He smirked at me and licked his lips. "So, is this a problem?" he said as he rubbed my nipples clearly blaring through my dress. Chills cover my body. My heartbeat thickens.

I'm speechless.

His friends encourage him to stop again by stepping between us.

"Chill out bro, you're drunk."

They try and push him outside. "Nah, let me finish! Bitches always talkin' bout some shit alright! It's ok! Just weak minded!"

I say to his friends, "Don't do that. Let him finish. I can handle myself." They all look at me like I'm insane. A few of them walk out refusing to be a part of his bullshit. Mr. Tough Guy walks back up to me now grabbing handfuls of my breasts, "I asked you a question," He stated. "I heard your question, but you're caressing me so gently, I'm not sure you're all bark or bite." He threw his hand around my neck and the other up my dress. I smile as his friends try to wrestle him off me. "As gentle as you are, you should just shut the fuck up and let your hands do the talking. It's too confusing."

His friends push him out of the store just as the clerk comes out. To my surprise, it was a black guy working the counter. "I apologize for the wait, there's a flood in the back." He rings me up quickly, hands me a plastic bag, and dashes away again. I decided on the hen and coke. I'm placing my items in the bag I was given when Mr. Tough Guy returned; locking the door behind him. I watched him make his way to me in a hurry.

I didn't move.

He didn't scare me.

Just as I thought he was going for my breasts again, his hand was behind my neck forcing my head on to the counter alongside my things. He went to move my panties aside, but there were none to move. He threw his fingers back and forth between my lips for a spell, checking my temperature until he inserted his two fingers. I let my hips dance on his finger nails to show my approval. He pulled his fingers out just as quickly, and started to undo his belt. His friends began banging on the door yelling, "Gary! Stop Gary!"

I didn't fight.

I didn't tell him to stop.

I feel the pressure of his head looking for my opening. He feels huge. I start to drip like a medicine bag. He slammed his dick inside of me with no remorse for a warm up. This was the first time a dick had entered me that I haven't seen. How reckless. How...enticing.

He has one hand on my neck and the other on my head restricting any bit of movement. He pounded inside of me like he knew me.

Like...he loved me.

Like ...he was mad at something I've done.

I can feel the veins charging fluid through his dick while his ball-sack slapped against my clit. I widened my thighs for him. He lifted his hand off my head but kept me pinned by my neck. He reached around and pulled my breasts from the top of my dress. He pinched my nipple and fucked me fast, "Is this still ok?!" He grunted. "Is this alright too?!"

"YES!" I shouted. My pussy gripped his dick like a belt to a buckle. I leaked passion from my soul like it was pierced with a dirty nail. He was angry. I was angry. We both needed to be reckless. He rapped both hands around my neck as his penetrative invasion slowed. His grip loosened. He turned me to face him. We stared eye to eye. He pulled out of me. He picked me up and sat me on the counter facing him. He pulled my dress down my shoulders, careful to not rip it. My breast looked up to him praying for a kiss, but his eyes were on mine. He brought my knees up to my shoulders leaving me shaped like an M. He strapped his teeth around my nipple causing a pain only caused by passion. My nipple grew larger in his cave. My breast throbbed for more disobedience. Catching just a quick glance, his dick was roughly 9in long and much wider than my grip. His dick hurt me so good.

He pushed into me slower this time.

He allowed me to fully taste his sculpture. His build curved precisely to my g spot leaving every push dangerous to me. This position is dangerous. He pushed inside of me and I can feel my ridges grip every angle and every vein he has. I'm about to cum. His teeth pull at my nipples until he lets go. He's stretched my pussy so fucking wide. He kissed my neck, then again, and again. Each thrust is followed by a peck. Small pecks....like he knew me. I wonder who he was fantasizing about. My palms are flat on the counters surface to help hold myself firm. We rock against each other's pain in a loose rhythm. His friends grew quiet watching in envy. The clerk comes back and shouts, "HEY!"

Gary, I assume that's his name, doesn't stop. I look back startled. Gary pulls an item from his pocket and shows it to the clerk. The clerk stops in his tracks, "Just hurry it up!" He turns and leaves.

I look at what was shown, and it's a badge!

*This reckless drunk is a cop!?*

The world is doomed. I can easily give this man his mid thirties.

He dropped his badge trying to get it back into his pocket. "Officer?" I ask. He ignored me, still rocking inside me and caressing my breasts. He maneuvered one of my legs off the counter and left one up. I caressed his face searching for who he was and what his pain came from. My fingers perfectly in his soft lengthy beard. He gripped my ass and whispered, "I need to cum."

I leaned back and allowed him to rock his ecstacy inside of me. My breast shook violently while he searched for his exit. My pussy clenched to dear life and we exploded down sin together. I vibrated with emotion onto him. I look down at his face as I can feel his dna leaking down my ass crack. He pulled me up and fixed my dress back above my shoulders. He then helped me off the counter. He walked to the door and walked out. They all retreated away into a set of taxis like they just robbed a bank. I fix the areas of my dress that he missed.

The clerk came back with a spray bottle, paper towel, and a vhs tape. He handed me the tape,  
“I don’t want this.” He said.  
I took it and left. My very own porn tape.

