

A Kasi Quint
Lit Free Book



Second
Friday

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Second Friday

A Kool Queer Lit Free Read

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Mom and Pop's Place was not as smoky as Jocelyn thought it would be at seven o'clock in the evening. Most of the tables were filled with men dressed in outfits ranging from suit and ties to dusty overalls. She stood at the top of the stairs with the entry door to her back and her hand on her hip. Jocelyn gave the room a quick scan and decided that it was only slightly bigger than a hole in the wall kind of place. With everything she had heard, somehow she expected it to be a bigger. At least the size made her swift inspection easy to spot her prey.

She was the reason Jocelyn was there. The woman sat on the corner seat at the bar wearing a crisp white button-down shirt and a navy blur jacket that hung casually. She loved the way her dark blond hair curled at the nape of her neck. There were several other men and women seated along the counter as well dressed similarly and good looking in their own ways, but Jocelyn could've spotted her in crowd a mile away. She was beautiful and sexy beyond compare.

Jocelyn grasped the railing and moved forward. Her heels made a distinctive click on each step as she descended into the sunken room. The sound may have brought everyone's eyes to her, but she was sure the hot pink shirt that stretched across her full breasts held it. Her black patent leather boots made loud, clumping noises against the wooden floor as she moved smoothly into the room. Heads of men and women turned in her direction.

All eyes were on her. She could almost feel the heat on her breasts as the men stared at her exposed cleavage. The black leather skirt she wore left little to the imagination as it hugged her ample hips and showed off her shapely thighs. Empowered by the attention, Jocelyn paused at the center of the room. She bent over to smooth invisible lint from her skirt causing it to rise higher in the back. The audible gasp and soft groans that rose in the air sent a chill down her back that made goose bumps rise on her flesh. When she lifted her head, Jocelyn locked her gaze onto the woman seated at the end of the bar then continued to an empty seat on the other end of the semi-circled counter. Before she could call the

bartender over to order a drink, he appeared with one in his hand.

“I didn’t order anything yet?” she informed the man.

“Yes, ma’am, but the gentleman at that table over there sent this to you,” he said nodding the way.

Jocelyn turned on the stool and crossed her long legs. The skirt rose higher over her stocking covered legs. A man raised his beer in toast to her. She smiled. He was handsome. Cheerful eyes, five o’clock shadow and a pleasing smile. His straight white teeth seemed brighter against his dark skin. None of his hair could be seen beneath the backward worn baseball hat. The jeans and t-shirt he wore were dusty and covered in old paint stains. A working man. Not bad, he was not what she was looking for. Jocelyn turned her back to him and addressed the bartender.

“Thank the gentleman for me, but tell him I respectfully decline,” she said giving it a push.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said taking it away.

Jocelyn turned her attention back to her earlier prospect. The woman seemed to be

preoccupied by some papers resting on the counter before her as she slowly sipped from his high ball glass. Jocelyn watched the muscles in her elegant throat shift as she swallowed. She suddenly had the urge to run her tongue along the long lines of that pretty neck so she could feel her squirm. The bartender approached Jocelyn again breaking her line of sight to the sexy woman. Her eyes rose to meet his.

“This drink came from the man on the other side of the room,” he explained with a nod putting another glass down in front of her.

She turned her head in that direction. The man in question stood to his feet holding his glass out to her. The brown liquor sloshed around the halfway mark as he did so. His short cut, salt and pepper hair was neat and combed back away from his face. His goatee was extremely thin and well trained and the suit he wore fit him too well to be off the rack. Handsome, in a sexy older man kind of way. He nodded his head inviting her over. Jocelyn smiled acknowledging him, but shook her head negatively.

“Bartender, I would like to send a drink to someone.”

“Of course. Where do you want it to go?” he asked waving his waiter over.

Jocelyn gave a quick glance over her shoulder and raised her hand to stop his movements.

“No, no, it won’t be going to any of those men. I want to send a drink to the woman sitting over there in the corner.”

The bartender followed her gaze and turned back with a wide grin. “Nicki?”

“Nicki, is it? Is she a regular?”

He shrugged. “Not really, once or twice a month. Has a drink, does a little work, leaves a nice tip and then she’s gone.”

“Alright then, send Nicki a refill of whatever she is drinking.”

“You got it!”

Jocelyn watched the transaction between Nicki and the bartender. When it was complete Nicki turned a pair of sparkling blue eyes her way that made her breath catch. A red tint to her lips made her bow lips stand out seductively. Nicki smiled at her then

whispered something to the bartender. The bartender approached her with another drink.

“Nicki says she will gladly accept your generously offered drink if you will accept hers and an invitation to join her,” the bartender explained with a bow.

Jocelyn giggled. She could tell the bartender liked being the middle man in this situation. Gracefully she slid from the stool and took the glass from the bartender before making her way around the room. Once again she took center stage as she closed the distance between her and her chosen conquest. She rounded the bar and Nicki stood as she approached. The woman had natural beauty. Her make-up was minimal outside of the lipstick. Her cheek bones were high, her nose slender and a small beauty mark adorned the left side of her jaw.

Jocelyn was taller than she was, she had no doubt it was because of the four inch lift her boots gave her. Her shirt was tucked neatly into a pair of matching blue slacks. The dark color in contrast to the bright white of her blouse made her curves stand out.

“Thanks for accepting my drink,” she said.

“Thank you for accepting mine,” she countered. “I’m Nicki.”

She smiled. “I’m Jocelyn.”

Nicki clicked her glass to Jocelyn’s. “To us, Jocelyn.”

They took a sip and Nicki extended his hand for her to seat beside him.

“So tell me Jocelyn, what’s a woman like you doing in a place like this?” she asked with a laugh on his voice.

Jocelyn laughed. “I came looking for a woman.”

“That sounds good to me. Am I that woman?” Nicki asked finishing her drink.

“You could be.”

“Well, I’d like to be. What kind of woman are you looking for?”

Jocelyn turned her stool to face Nicki then parted her knees. “I’m looking for someone who isn’t afraid of a challenge.”

Nicki’s eyes dropped down seemingly drawn to her legs. The skirt had risen dangerously high. She leaned on the counter for stability and it rose even higher giving her an x-rated view beneath. Nicki’s cheeks

flushed and she licked her lips before speaking again.

“I see. What else do you require?” she asked in a softer tone.

“A woman that isn’t afraid of an aggressive woman,” she continued lowering one foot to the floor hiking the skirt to the top of her leg.

“Oh God,” Nicki expressed quietly on a breath.

“And who isn’t afraid to *be* aggressive when the time called for it,” she finished. She dropped her other foot and the skirt fell back to where it was.

Nicki visibly shook his head and reached for his drink. Lifting it to her mouth she let out a frustrated sound then dropped it back to the counter top with a thud.

“Michael, another one, please.”

The bartender was there almost immediately. “Here ya go. I figured you’d need one.”

Nicki chuckled. “Thanks man.” She took the drink like a shot and took Jocelyn’s hand.

“I’m your girl, baby, let’s go.”

Nicki pulled Jocelyn from the bar and out the door.

“Where are you parked?” she asked breathlessly.

“In the back,” Nicki answered, going around the corner, breathing hard as well.

Nicki entered an alley behind the tavern where a 2001 Lincoln Town Car was parked. She unlocked the doors and Jocelyn reached for the driver’s side door, but she moved her hand and yanked open the back door. Jocelyn eagerly scooted across the seat and parted her legs.

“Oh my God, I can not believe you came in there with no panties on!” Nicki panted shucking her jacket. “And the crotchless stockings are so fucking hot.”

Jocelyn giggled. “Glad you liked them.”

“Liked it? I can’t even wait until we get home to have you.” Nicki said on a laugh. “Come here girl let me show you how much I liked it.”

Nicki wiggled backwards down the seat. Jocelyn pulled her skirt up and Nicki fell between her legs.

“Oh!” Jocelyn yelped.

“Baby, I swear you are the sexiest woman I have ever met,” Nicki confessed as her tongue glided down the inside of her thigh.

Nicki kissed a searing path down her leg to the damp folds of Jocelyn waiting pussy. Jocelyn could almost feel the steam rise from her body. Her back arched from the seat at the connection. Nicki’s hot breath and talented tongue felt incredible. Nicki ate hungrily at Jocelyn’s clit, knowing exactly where to move and what to do. Jocelyn groaned shamelessly letting her fingers slide leisurely through Nicki’s soft curls. Her climax rose within her quickly. When Jocelyn’s moans became higher pitched from Nicki’s efforts, she stopped licking her lover and appeared before her face. Jocelyn whimpered at the loss.

“I know baby. I’m not going to leave you hanging, but you’re loud,” she said with a gentle laugh. “And as much as I like it when you scream your head when you come, I don’t think this is the place to do that.”

Nicki slipped her finger into Jocelyn’s drenched heated core and moved it back and forth. The come hither motion continued to

stoke the fire her mouth had started. It wasn't long before Jocelyn started to wail. Nicki scooped Jocelyn from the cushion and clamped her mouth down onto hers taking Jocelyn's scream of joy into her mouth. Jocelyn kissed her lover back as her pussy pulsed around the finger embedded inside her. Her body jerked in Nicki's arms as the climax washed over her.

"Damn, even I felt how good that felt to you," Nicki said when Jocelyn's body stilled.

Jocelyn chuckled breathlessly as Nicki returned her to the seat. "It always feels good with you, but you out did yourself this time, baby."

Nicki removed her finger and stuck it in her mouth sucking her clean. "Let's go home. I want to taste that pussy again." They rushed to redress finally leaving the back seat for the front. "Sow what did you think of the name Nicki?"

"I like it. Very butch. Should I use it all night?" Jocelyn asked in a teasing tone.

Nicki pretended to think. "Yeah, I'll think of another name for next time," she said with a laughing grin and turned the ignition. "What do you have planned for next month?"

Nicki asked shifting the gear beneath the steering wheel.

Jocelyn laughed happily then leaned over and kissed her. "If I told you, sweetheart, it wouldn't be a surprise."

Nicki laughed with her. "All right, I'm okay with waiting. Second Friday of the month has risen quickly to my favorite day of the month!" Nicki exclaimed and pulled out of the alley.

The End