Under Construction

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the butch construction supervisor has the hots for a contractor who is into rope

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How did I get myself in this position? Literally. I stared up into his beautiful brown eyes and felt the all too familiar reaction of lust rush through my body. My eyes traveled down his face and rested on his lips. I knew he was asking me a question, but all I could think about was how his mouth would feel coming down on mine. I continued my perusal of his body. Perfectly sculpted shoulders, flat washboard abs covered with a white wife beater, and down to his hands resting lightly on his thighs. Strong, hard hands, the kind that built brick walls during the day and did who knew what at night? Long, lean thighs in dusty blue jeans ending in steel toed construction boots. Too much to think about from my position on the floor at his feet. What was I doing here? And why wasn't I able to concentrate on the job?

To answer those questions, I will need to do a little bit of backtracking. First, let me introduce myself. My name is Ash. I am a project manager for my family's construction company which means I basically spend all day tracking down men and telling them how to do their jobs. In order to do my job effectively, I try to be one of them. They have to know that I know everything about what I am asking them to do. I go up on the roofs, down into the crawlspaces and pee in the same porta potties they use everyday, all day long. They cuss and yell and so do I. They wear worn out work jeans, flannel shirts, hard hats, tool belts, and steel toed boots and so do I. My dad had warned me in the very beginning if I wanted their respect, this is how it had to be. The clients and the interior designers could show up in their heels and make up, but not me. Any sign of weakness or "being a girl" would allow them to take advantage of me, so as far as the job was concerned, I was the Domliest Dom of the bunch, and they all knew it.

I knew they referred to me as the "Ball Breaker." I didn't care. I got results. I was fair and I took good care of them. Everyone wanted to work on my projects. They were clean. I paid on time, and never haggled over price once we agreed on specifics. I loved what I did, and I was good at it. I laughed

and joked with them and helped them with the women in their lives.

But it was lonely and it was making me something I didn't want to be. Being around men all day was hard when there wasn't one to come home to at night. It was a standing joke that I didn't need a man, since I could do it all by myself, and probably did. Wink. Wink. None of them knew how desperately I longed for that one guy who could walk into the room and take my breath away with just a look. Now here he was standing above me.

I had known Jesse for years from a distance. He ran a huge masonry crew on his own. I had seen him at other builder's sites and driving around the neighborhoods I worked in from time to time. I had hired him several times, but each time he would come to do the estimate, turn it in to my brother, and send his foreman to oversee the job. Every time he showed up on the job, he would check in with one of my brothers, go speak to his men, nod at me briefly, and drive away. Maybe he was just one of those guys who thought women had no place in this business. It shouldn't have bothered me, but something about his presence just changed the way my heart beat.

It had been a long time since I had thought about a man that way. The last one was my daughter's dad who we all referred to as "the asshole who ran out on you while you were five months pregnant". My daughter was now seven years old. I was living behind some pretty thick walls and refusing to let anything with a dick in. Hmmm, maybe someone who worked with bricks for a living could figure out a way to get in and bring me out. He would be the one I would choose to let in. Sometimes I watched him talking to his guys, speaking Spanish, with his beautiful eyes flashing, and I wondered what he would do if I just walked up and asked to be taken. Probably ignore me like he always did.

The day of our meeting started like any other with one exception. I had recently hired a personal trainer to get me back in shape for my 20 year class reunion. I wanted to go back looking just like I did in high school. Working construction kept me in pretty good shape but I wanted more. She was killing me. Everyday for an hour and a half, but the results were worth it. With ten minutes left in my workout, my dad called and said my brother had been detained at another job site; could I please go meet Jesse at the house to go over the details of the brick floor in the kitchen? So without even changing clothes, here I was roaring across town to get back to the house to meet with him.

I jumped out of the truck and ran into the house to get things set up in the kitchen. The floor had a wood grid that had already been installed to go around the antique street pavers. Everything worked out geometrically to use a running bond pattern except the area around the island. We were going to try to figure out the best way to design a pattern with the least amount of cut brick. I grabbed four or five of the brick and got on my knees next to the island and started fitting bricks into the open space.

I heard a truck door slam and footsteps approaching. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw construction

boots walk toward me and stop. Jesse had arrived. I felt his eyes on me, and looked up. The look on his face was one of surprise. I said, “Are you all right?”

“Ash?”

“Yes. What’s wrong?”

“Well, I was expecting your brother. I guess I was just shocked. I’ve never seen you dressed.” His face turned red and he sputtered out, “That’s not what I meant. I mean dressed like a girl. You always look like a guy. Sorry.”

I looked down at my short shorts and sports bra. In the gym, it seemed fine, but here at the job site, it was a little bit skimpy. I suddenly realized it was after work hours and we were alone in this great big house. I decided to be all business as usual. I grabbed a couple of bricks and showed him what I wanted in the space around the island. He asked some questions and took some notes as I crawled around the floor. Finally, I thought we had everything figured out, and I turned to him and said, “Ok, is there anything else we need to discuss while I’m down here?” I suddenly realized I was right in front of him with my mouth level with his zipper. I blushed furiously.

He laughed. “Anything I would have to say right now would get me fired from the job.”

I noticed the twinkle in his eyes, the pulse in his throat, and a drop of sweat running down the side of his neck. I was mesmerized by it as it traveled down into the collar of his shirt. For some strange reason I wanted to reach out and trace my nail down it, or better yet, lick it from his chest up to his ear. I smiled as I thought about what he would do if I suddenly just pressed myself against him and put my mouth on his chest and worked my way up to his ear.

The look on his face changed, and he reached his hand out and lifted me from the floor where I was kneeling. As I was rising, my foot came up on the edge of one of the floor grids and I stumbled forward against his chest. Hmmmm. Just what I was thinking about doing. He smiled and asked if I was OK. For a second it was hard to breathe. He got me back on my feet and said, “Well, I have everything I need. The guys will get it started tomorrow. Thanks, Ash. I appreciate you meeting me after work.” And just like that, he was gone.

For the next several months I saw him from a distance, and each time I felt the flicker of lust increase. By Christmas, it felt more like a forest fire than a flicker. My dad had invited all the subcontractors and their families to a huge Christmas party. I felt my stomach drop when I saw Jesse walk into the room. He smiled at me, but we didn’t have the opportunity to talk until much later. By this time, I was pretty happy from the amount of margaritas I had consumed. He was standing next to me talking to one of

the other guests, named Mike.

Mike said, “Wow! Ash, you clean up pretty nice. I would have never guessed this body was under all your flannel shirts.”

What a jerk! I looked at Jesse and he just shrugged his shoulders and smiled. “You should see her in her workout clothes. It’s freakin’ hot. I must say though, I do prefer what you’re wearing tonight. Stilettos always make my heart beat faster than steel toed boots.”

Mike said, “Be careful, Jesse, you don’t want your ass kicked with either one.”

I just laughed. This was what I was used to with these guys. No matter what I wore, it seemed they were always going to treat me like one of the guys. I excused myself and headed out for a breath of fresh air. I grabbed my coat, and went out to sit beside the pool.

It was beautiful out here with the fairy lights and the steam rising off the water in front of me. I sat on a bench and thought about what I should have said to Jesse. If only I had the nerve. When it came to the job, I could boss any guy around no matter how strong he was. When it came to my heart, it was a different matter. I didn’t want to be the strong one. I wanted to be overpowered and taken. I wanted him to pursue me. Surely he knew I was interested? Maybe I just needed to remember how to be a woman and flirt with him a little bit. My mind flashed back to the day we planned the kitchen floor. It was the only time I had been alone with him. Why had he been in such a hurry to leave?

As if summoned by my thoughts, he opened the French doors and came out by the pool. I watched him look around until his eyes rested on me. He smiled. My stomach dropped. I didn’t care what he said. If he came over to talk to me, I was going to let him know I wanted him. He circled the pool, until he was standing next to me. “Aren’t you cold?” he asked.

“I had to get out of there for a minute. I felt like I couldn’t breathe.” I said.

“I know what you mean. Besides I wanted to talk to you for a minute.”

“Sure, what about?” Now this was interesting. Maybe we would talk about something instead of work. Finally.

“I didn’t mean to embarrass you back there when I was talking about how hot you looked in your work out clothes.” Was he actually blushing?

I smiled. “I’m surprised you remembered. That was months ago.”

He looked straight into my eyes. “That’s not something I’m likely to forget. I find myself thinking of that day sometimes when I see you at a job.”

“Oh, really? Why is that?” My heart was racing. Couldn’t he hear it?

“I sometimes wonder what you would have done if I had just kissed you when you fell against me. There are other things I wonder about too, but I don’t want to scare you. After all, you are the boss’s daughter. And the boss most of the time. Unfortunately, I have to think of the bottom line, not just your luscious bottom.” Now he really was blushing. “Sorry if that’s inappropriate.”

I moved away from him and walked around a little bit just to make him squirm. “Do you want to know what I thought about that day?” I was careful not to look directly at him. I knew if I said this while I was looking into his eyes, I wouldn’t be able to finish.

He shook his head.

“I was thinking about a bead of sweat that was rolling from your ear down onto your chest.”

He looked down. “I’m sorry. It was hot in there, but you were just too close to me, and I was really struggling to be a gentleman.”

From under my eyelashes I glanced up at him and very quietly said, “What makes you think I want a gentleman?”

His whole demeanor changed. With two strides, he was next to me with his hand on my arm. “What do you want, Ash? Tell me.” He held my chin in his hand and made me look into his eyes. “I want to know.”

“I want to be conquered.”

That’s it. I had said it. What the hell did that even mean?

He seemed to know. He turned me around and came up behind me. I was engulfed in his arms. They were as strong as I had imagined. His mouth was right next to my ear. “Tell me about the bead of sweat.”

I took a deep breath. It sounded weird even to me, but I just closed my eyes and remembered how I felt that day. Being this close to him helped. His hard body next to mine, his smell, just like it had

been then. “You were saying something to me about cutting the bricks and I got distracted by this bead of sweat. I saw it come from behind your ear and slowly travel down your neck to the hollow of your collar bone. For some reason, I just wanted to trace it with my fingernail, or my tongue.” My face was burning.

I heard him breathe in sharply. He turned me to face him, and very gently pulled my hair back from my neck and held it there. “I want you to show me.”

“You have a collar on.”

He laughed. “Unbutton it.”

I did as he asked me to, unbuttoning two buttons on his shirt, then licked my lips and flicked behind his ear with my tongue, and traced an imaginary line from there down to his collarbone. He buried his hands in my hair and held my head on his neck. “Don’t stop.”

I laughed against his skin. This is not what I had imagined at all. I moved his shirt aside and continued to kiss his chest and neck. He raised my head up and looked into his eyes. “I’m glad you told me that. It’s a wonderful memory for me of that day, but my thoughts were much more of a carnal nature. You’re very sweet, but probably not something I should partake of.”

He set me back out of his embrace. Suddenly I felt very cold. Not from the air, but from the distance between us. I was confused. What was he talking about? I said, “I don’t understand.”

“I know you don’t, sweet Ash. If I were into vanilla, I would have you in a heartbeat, but I’m not. I need things that would scare you away, and then it would be uncomfortable for us to work together.”

I still didn’t understand, but I had never backed down from a challenge. I could give him the same things any other woman could. I was sure of it. “What do you need Jesse?”

“Well, just for starters, when I saw you on the floor in front of me that day, I wanted to grab your hair, pull your head back, and ram my cock down your throat until you gagged and the tears ran down your cheeks.”

I managed to keep looking at him without blinking.

“Go on.” I assumed there was more.

“Then I wanted to go out to my truck and get my tool bag. I could just picture you tied spread eagle to

the island in the kitchen. Completely helpless, looking up at me while I used my favorite tiny flogger all over your tits and your pussy.”

This time I blinked, but managed not to look away.

“And?” Surely we were done with the whole whipping the pussy thing.

“Then I wanted to play with your ass, your pussy and your clit using toys, fingers, mouth and teeth until you were coming for me anytime I wanted you to. I loved the idea of making you do as I say for once. Begging me to give you release and then begging me to stop because it was too much.”

Ok, now we were done. Not too freaky. I hadn’t run away screaming yet. That had to count for something.

“Then I wanted to untie you and turn you over and take you from behind, just pounding myself into you until we were both exhausted. So, as you see, while you were having your innocent little fantasy about a drop of sweat, I was going into a much darker place where you turned over all your power to me, and I controlled you.”

I just looked back at him without saying a word.

“I’m sorry, Ash. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. That’s probably not what you were expecting. It’s why I stay away from you at the job. I want a woman who will kneel at my feet and let me use her how I want. You are too strong for that. I do respect you, but if we were ever together, I would just want you to be my fucktoy, and I know you would never submit to that.”

He turned and walked away. I stood there watching him with my heart beating faster than it ever had. He was right. I was shocked. Just not in the way he thought. Now that he had outlined everything I could have with him, that’s exactly what I wanted. It’s what I had always wanted. Here was the man I could finally give all the power and control over to. Someone who was not afraid to conquer me. And he was getting away!

I ran around through the gate and went through the garage, grabbing something quickly, and ran out into the driveway. I saw his truck and headed toward it to wait for him.

I didn’t wait long when I heard his footsteps approaching. As he reached for the door handle, he saw me. “Ash, what are you doing?”

I dangled a set of keys in front of him. “Well, as it turns out, the house we worked on is vacant, so no

one is using the kitchen island this evening.”

I waited for his response. His eyes widened, but nothing else happened. I stepped closer to him, and held out my hands. “I even brought the rope.”

He laughed, pulled me to him, and brought his mouth down on mine. Hard and demanding, just like I thought it would be.