

## LUCE'S LOVERS

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Daya

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Luce's Lovers // writing // fanfic // erotica // pg.11

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- Scene 4. @ alley behind work

There was nothing sexy about a dark, dirty back alley complete with the dragging sound of rat's feet and the festering smell of old ice cream containers left out to ferment in the sweltering August heat.

There was also nothing the least bit erotic about the way my hair was sticking to the back of my neck, the way sweat was sliding down my spine and slipping under the waistband of my panties, the way my thighs were threatening to chafe if I had to walk more than the fifteen feet to the dumpster and back to drop in the bags from The Creamery.

It wasn't hot in the metaphorical way that set your panties on fire; it was hot in the way that was threatening to make me have to wring out my bra after the short drive home that would feel a hell of a lot longer thanks

to a complete lack of air conditioning. It had crapped out a few days before but I figured it was no use in trying to get it fixed when there were only a few weeks left of summer. That money would be better spent buying myself a new laptop I desperately needed if I wanted to keep my dear readers happy.

But to reiterate - gross, not sexy.

And yet as I turned away from the dumpster, excited to get back inside and go hang out in the walk-in freezer for a few minutes to cool down, I could feel them.

Goosebumps.

I didn't have to hear him, to see him, to smell the clean nothingness of his generic soap he used to cover up the smell of copper that still managed to cling to him even after a good scrub. It wasn't something visceral. I swear my body simply sensed him.

That would sound romantic if there was anything the least bit lovey-dovey about what was between us.

There wasn't.

We fucked, plain and simple.

And, hell, why we fucked was completely beyond me. Especially given how we met, given what I knew about him and what he did for a - ah - living.

But I guess, no one would ever accuse me of being someone who made the right decisions about men. Or, well, any conscious decisions about them. I never planned on anything. I thought that was a surefire way to set yourself up for disappointment. Who wanted to have that heart-crush sensation more than once? Not me, that was for sure. So after Rion Williams took my sweet little naive heart (and my long-held virginity) when I was just a week into my twentieth year, then threw it back at me, telling me he never wanted it in the first place, that he was really just into fucking virgins because we were so tight, yeah, I learned my lesson.

I never got my hopes up again.

I followed my body, deciding I trusted that a hell of a lot more than my heart, or even my head a lot of the time.

If I wanted someone, I had them.

Case closed.

No feelings.

No pressure.

Just experiences that I never regretted.

To be fair, it wasn't a whole hell of a lot of experiences. I worked a lot. And outside of work, I spent a lot of time reading and writing. So, at twenty-nine, my "number" wasn't yet even in the double digits. But all of those notches were fully-wanted, completely enjoyed, and fulfilling in the way I needed them to be.

Could that be said of your last bed-warmer? Not likely. I bet that shithead made you promises he damn sure knew he wasn't going to keep. I bet you wondered what your wedding would look like on the fifth date. Then I bet he left you feeling just a little more used, just a little more empty, just a little more untrusting.

Me? Yeah, I didn't have that problem.

Which was why, when the goosebumps skimmed my skin from neck to thighs, I didn't turn, searching the dark, telling him we couldn't do this anymore, that I wasn't interested in empty sex.

No.

I turned toward the darkest spot in the alley, knowing that was where he would be standing, watching me, knowing that no matter how much I denied it, that I liked that. I liked the idea of him getting to see me at my most vulnerable, when I thought no one was looking.

Had I swiped sweat off my brow or upper lip? Had I adjusted my bra straps? Had I grabbed the front of my deep blue sundress and used it to fan some air up under my skirt?

I didn't know.

He did.

And I liked that in a way I knew was not normal, that I knew made me a bit of a freak.

I glanced over at the corner of the building where I knew a security camera was set up, where there was a slight possibility that the company that provided the service might have a tech watching it right this very minute.

It should have made me stop right then and there.

But it only served to make the oppressive weight of desire on my lower stomach intensify.

I turned back into the darkness, swearing I saw a glint in his eyes from the half-hearted new moon behind me.

That was where I kept my gaze as I lifted my chin, reached down, and started inching the hem of my skirt upward.

Each exposed inch seemed to send another shiver through my system. My calves, thighs, panties, belly, bra, all were on display as I pulled the oppressive material off, keeping it in my hand.

"Bra," I heard growled from where my eyes were pinned, making my belly - and, well, pussy - quiver in anticipation as I reached one hand behind my back, working the four clasps free, then letting the material slide down my bare arms, allowing the air to kiss my desire-hardened nipples.

"On your knees, Daya," he demanded as the shuffle of his footsteps brought him out of the dark, let me finally get a look at him.

Maybe he wasn't conventionally handsome. He didn't have that rugged edge women generally attributed to the most handsome of men. But that didn't make his non-traditional looks any less effective with his somewhat wide jaw, his dark eyes with their perpetually heavy, sexy lids, his inky hair, his wide palms marked with scars and burns from the hot lye he used to dissolve the bodies of the lives he so shamelessly took with those palms that had cupped my breasts, that had whipped my ass, that had sank those long, thick fingers deep inside my pussy.

Even in the heat, he was in his trademark black hoodie with white hood pulls and jeans. He never took that off. Not even when I was stark naked. He wouldn't take it off now, even as I stood before him in nothing but my black lace panties.

"On your knees, Daya," he repeated as he got closer.

I felt the material of my skirt, realizing then that I would be putting the dress back on, but this time smeared with dirt, old milk, and, well, whatever kind of disgusting might be littering the back alley behind my work.

I tossed it down in front of me to drop onto, angling my head up even as I went down on my knees before him like he demanded.

My hands slid up the thick material of his jean-clad thighs, moving over the crotch, feeling his cock straining against it.

"Take it out and suck it," he demanded, his hand reaching down to tuck my hair behind my ear. It wasn't affection; it was so there was nothing to obstruct his view.

My hands went to the button and zip, working them free, reaching inside without hesitation to grab his thick cock, pulling it out, then wrapping my lips around it, sucking him back into my throat as my free hand moved up to cup his balls.

The sounds of his indrawn breath, his hisses, his curses spurred me on until I felt his hand gripping the hair at the base of my neck, pulling hard, letting me know he was there.

I sucked him even deeper, felt his hot cum slide down my throat as he growled out my name, a sound that never ceased to make my pussy spasm hard, so hard in fact that it was close to being an orgasm.

That was how this man affected me.

That was why I trusted my body.

I trusted his as well.

That was why I knew that when his hand curled into my hair harder, pulling me upward, that my pulsating need was not going to be left unfulfilled even if he already got his own.

As soon as I was on my feet, he was throwing me backward, making my heart and stomach plummet for a long second before my back collided with the forgiving wide panel of the chainlink fence, making my body bounce slightly.

Before I even fully righted myself, he was right there before me, on his knees like I had just been a moment before.

His hand gripped my knee, yanking it wide, exposing my wet pussy to his hungry mouth.

And then he was on me.

No talk about what he was going to do to me, all action. That was the kind of man he was.

His lips sucked my clit hard as his free hand moved in between, thrusting two fingers deep inside me, finger-fucking hard, demanding, not allowing my desire to ebb for even a second, driving me up fast.

A third finger joined briefly before leaving as his tongue started doing circles around my swollen bud.

The third, lubed finger moved to thrust inside my ass, making a loud moan float out onto the humid night air, letting anyone in earshot know exactly what was going on behind the ice cream shop.

I didn't care though as his fingers fucked me harder, faster, as my breathing got frantic, as sweat started to slick my body, as his lips closed around my clit again and sucked hard.

I saw white as the orgasm ripped through my system, seeming to come from the base of my spine and work its way upward and outward until it took over my entire body.

"Luce!" I cried out as I found my voice again.

He worked me through the waves, but the second they stopped, his fingers were out of me, his mouth was off of me, and he was back on his feet.

His eyes raked over me even as he reached down to push his cock back inside his jeans, then zipped back up.

"Wipe the cameras, Daya," he demanded.

Then he was gone.

As he always was.

That was all I would get from my vigilante.

A good, solid fucking.

Or equally fulfilling oral.

And maybe for the first time, as I pulled my dress back on without my bra or panties, which I tucked into my bag when I went inside to wipe the footage - after watching it through a time or two, something that made another impossible surge of desire work through my system - I wondered if maybe that was not enough anymore.

If maybe my body had gotten its fill.

And my head and heart wanted in.

But that was crazy.



And I went home and drowned that shit in a bottle and a half of wine, a good session with a vibrator, and a fictional boyfriend.

What we had was enough.

It had to be.

Because it was all he was going to give me.

And because my body was never the type to listen to reason, I knew that no matter how fucked up my head might get, I was always going to go back for more...

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