

LUCE'S LOVERS

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Daya

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- Scene 18. @ Work -

He wasn't supposed to be here.
I told him the last time in the alley.
It was over.
We couldn't do this anymore.
It was wrong on every conceivable level.

But there he was regardless, in the doorway of the shop, the rain cascading down the back of his already drenched shirt, making it cling to the muscles beneath. My eye slipped down to his arm, seeing a bead of water sliding down the intricate red and black tattoo that covered almost every square inch of skin. I had to force my gaze back up, not let it wander downward toward the fly of his jeans, knowing I would find his cock straining against the thick material, begging me to go to him, drop to my knees, and suck him deep.

Yes.

Eyes up.

I needed safe places to look.

Like his jaw.

There was scruff there, a good three day's worth. It would scrape across my inner thighs, leaving beard burn on the silky skin for days after, as he moved inward to find my clit, sucking it hard like he knew I liked.

Crap.

Okay.

The jaw was most assuredly not a safe place.

Edge of the ear, then. Yeah, that was as tame as you could get.

Except I knew from experience that he hissed and sank his fingers into my ass when I traced that spot with my tongue, when I nipped it with my teeth.

Ear was out too then.

What was left?

His hair?

Yeah, no. I liked how that looked with his face buried between my thighs while he devoured me with his tongue, penetrated me with his fingers. And I liked how it felt between my fingers when he was buried deep inside me, riding me hard and fierce.

"Daya," he growled.

He always growled it.

He never said it in a normal tone; it was always in that deep, primal, sexy rumble that made my insides turn to mush, made all my defenses crumble.

"You shouldn't be here," I forced myself to say, knowing it was useless, but trying to put up some sort of defense.

I needed to stop being so weak.

I needed to stop giving into him.

There was nothing wrong with a nice fling with a man.

But Luce was not just any man.

Luce was a vigilante.

He was the vigilante.

He took out the scum of the earth.

And then he came to me, cock hard, body hungry, smelling of blood and death and primal need.

But I told him as I shimmied back into my panties in the alley beside my apartment building the last time that it was, in fact, the last time. I couldn't keep doing this. I couldn't keep coming (both literally and metaphorically) when he crooked his finger.

I needed to find some willpower.

I needed him to respect my - admittedly very wobbly, hardly standing - boundaries.

It was wrong.

Normal women weren't turned on by men who showed up with someone's blood still under their fingernails, smelling of the smoke from bonfires of charred bodies.

What was wrong with me?

But then he moved inward, reaching behind him to turn the lock on the door and flip the closed sign. There were three hours until closing. True, it was a Wednesday night in November, and that meant we would likely be dead until closing and that I was, essentially, just being paid to sit and write, but rules were rules.

The Creamery was supposed to be open until ten.

Though, if there was anything I had learned from my time with Luce, he always made me somehow think it was a good idea to throw the rules out the window.

Still, I moved behind the counter, wiping the surface with a rag I had dropped there, despite it being as clean as it had been when I wiped it five minutes before.

I had a feeling it wouldn't be quite so clean within another couple of minutes.

"Luce," I said, meaning for it to come out firm, but hearing only a breathless need in my own voice.

"Yeah, that's what you're going to be screaming in a minute. Bend over that counter," he demanded, stalking around the side where a small, hip-level 'employees only' door was situated, ignoring it, and coming in behind said counter with me.

All the air seemed to rush out of my lungs as he came up to me, making me angle my head up to keep eye-contact.

A drop of water slid down a strand of his dark hair and free fell until it found a home.

Under the collar of my shirt.

Down between my breasts.

A shiver coursed through my system, making his eyes heat all the more. I'd swear the ice cream in the freezers beside us started melting.

"I don't have patience for games, Daya," he ground out, hands going to my hips, sinking into the softness hard, turning me, then shoving me down over the counter, my ass up in the air.

I could feel his soaked body press in behind me, wetting the back of my thighs.

I shouldn't have liked it.

When he came in and demanded things, when he pushed me into the positions he wanted.

I barely knew him.

I didn't even know his full name.

I had never seen him in daylight.

He only ever spoke to me directly before and while fucking me.

Then he zipped and left.

I should have felt used, disgusted with myself, something.

But all I felt was turned on.

His hands left my hips, grabbing the waistband of my jeans and panties, and yanking down hard, the material scraping over my skin because, apparently, Luce didn't have time to mess with buttons or zippers.

Except his own.

As he freed his straining cock.

"Ass up!" he demanded when my hips dropped slightly. A slap landed hard on my right butt cheek, the sound bouncing off the walls in the small shop, the pain radiating through me, making another stab of desire pierce my core. I felt his cock swipe against the spot that was likely bright red from his hand, making a wet trail of pre-cum mark me. "You want my cock, Daya?" he asked as his fingers slid between my thighs to

stroke up my wet pussy, to find my clit and pulse his fingers against it.

That was such a complicated, complicated question.

On a basic, animalistic, primal, womanly level did I want his cock? More than I wanted my next breath. My pussy was so tight it was painful, so wet that I felt it sliding down my thighs as his finger started to work me. Every inch of my skin felt poised for his touch. Every thought in my head was focused on all the previous times he had taken my wanton desire and given me world-shattering orgasms.

But on a rational, logical, smart level did I want his cock?

Christ.

Yes.

Yes, I did.

What was the point in fighting?

There was none.

I knew this as two of his fingers plundered me- fast, unrelenting. Strokes, circles, taps against the top wall to press into my G-spot. He knew exactly what I wanted, what I needed.

One of his fingers left my pussy, sliding into my ass as the strokes became harder, faster.

He knew exactly what he had to do to make me forget that I was at work, that there were cameras, that the windows to the street were glass and anyone could look in and see me naked from the waist down having my pussy and ass finger-fucked by a man wet with not only rain, but blood.

"Fucking say it, Daya," he demanded, his cock stabbing against my inner thigh, so so close to where I really needed him.

There was no way I wasn't going to say it.

"I want your cock, Luce," I whimpered.

That was what he needed.

He had to hear it.

His finger slid out of my pussy to join his other finger.

His cock shifted.

And he slammed inside me in one hard, deep, thick thrust, stretching my walls around him, making me almost painfully aware that no one else

would ever fill me quite so fully.

His free hand trailed up my back, sifting into the hair at the base of my skull, sinking in, but trailing down the strands, knowing it hurt more further away from the root, knowing I got off on that pain. Then he curled. And yanked. Hard. Viciously. Making my upper body lift off the counter as he started fucking me.

There wasn't a delicate bone in his body.

He fucked like he lived.

Rough. Brutal. Dirty. Without any boundaries.

His cock slammed into my pussy as his fingers stilled in my ass, pressing downward against the wall of my pussy, making an almost intolerable pressure build, promising another orgasm that would, as he said, make me scream his name.

I always did.

"You can pretend you don't want this all you want," he growled, pace getting somehow even faster, though how it was even possible was beyond me. "But my cock is fucking swimming in your tight pussy right now, Daya. You always want my cock."

He was right; I did.

Why did I fight it?

"That's it," he growled as my walls tightened around him. His fingers started pulsing downward as his cock became even more ruthless, not giving the orgasm even a second to ebb, driving me upward harder, faster, until there was no stopping it.

It slammed through my system violently, making his name scream from between my lips as my pussy spasmed hard around him over and over.

"Fucking squeeze my cock," he growled, thrusting through it until the waves finally stopped, making my entire body seem to go fluid.

Then he buried deep and came with my name on his lips.

It didn't last.

There was no snuggling, no love words, no sweet nothings.

No nothing.

I came.

He came.

He pulled out, zipped, gave my ass a squeeze, and left out the back.

It took me an almost embarrassingly long time to remember where I was, that my ass was out, that the windows existed. I reached for my panties, dragging them up, struggling with my button and zip to my jeans before pulling them up, and securing them back into place.

As I leaned back against the wall, taking deep breaths, I remembered why I always tried to fight it.

Because this was always how it ended, leaving me feeling satisfied, but empty, swearing off my vigilante.

You know... until the next time.

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