

Goodbye Lover

Selena Illyria

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008 Selena Illyria

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Goodbye Lover

Bodies danced and gyrated everywhere she looked but her eyes were only on one person. Case stood by the door, his large muscled arms folded across his chest. His obsidian eyes surveying the club's interior. She knew she just had to get closer to him. Making her way through the sea of people, pushing passed the groupies near the DJ booth, she final stood in front of her goal. "Case."

"Teeka."

"You busy?"

"Yes."

"But I have a problem." She resisted the urge to pout. Instead she unlaced the top of her tight corset, giving him just a peek at the black lace confection beneath.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I want you Case. Have from the moment I saw you."

He raised a black eyebrow.

"I've been watching you for weeks and I've finally decided to make my move. Meet me in the parking lot at closing time."

"You giving me an order?"

"You bet your ass."

Teeka turned and walked away, putting a little extra something in her walk, swaying her leather encased hips. She walked over to the bar, corset still unlaced giving the bartender an eyeful.

“Shot of whiskey, neat.”

She swiveled around in her seat and waited.

* * *

Case knew Teeka was trouble, an assassin some said. What she was doing in a backwater dive on Epsilon 10b, he didn't know. But as much as he wanted to fuck her cross eyed, he didn't need her kind of trouble. He ignored his cock, throbbing painfully in his jeans. The hours passed slowly and finally it was closing time. His eyes darted to the bar and saw she was gone.

He helped with the clean up, and, once everyone left, locked the doors. He made his way to the parking lot and stopped short. His breath caught in his throat. Teeka was lying on his hovercycle. She wore nothing except a thong and thigh high black, patent leather platform boots. He almost swallowed his tongue. The erection that had deflated hardened almost immediately. He cursed. She wasn't going to let him off the hook.

With slow steps he walked over to his cycle. “What are you doing here?”

“Isn't it obvious?”

“Get off my cycle.”

“Help me with my problem first.”

“No.”

Teeka could see the evidence of his arousal and knew he was trying to resist her. “Come on, I need your help.”

“I'm not getting involved in whatever it is you're planning.”

“But I'm not planning anything.”

He raised his eyebrow and she smiled, crimson red lips parted to show even white teeth. Case shifted uneasily.

“I'm on vacation, Case and I want a little fun. I've been watching you for weeks. I want you to show me a good time. I know you can.”

“You don’t want me.”

“Yes, I do.”

She sat up, straddling the hovercycle. Reaching down she undid the clasps on each side of her thong. Taking hold of the silken material she pulled it forward, it slid between the thighs caressing her already wet nether lips. She threw the thong at him, watching as his hand reached out, catching it immediately.

Standing up now, she threw a leg over the cycle and leaned against the cold silver metal casing. “Fuck me.”

She watched his Adam’s apple bob up and down as he swallowed. She turned around showing him the high firm cheeks of her ass. Bending over, placing her forearms on the warm leather seat, she spread her legs, letting him see the evidence of her need. “Come on Case, show me a good time.”

“Why do you want me, Teeka? Am I just going to be some notch in your bedpost? I know all about your reputation. You want me just so you can say you fucked the exotic?”

Teeka looked over her shoulder at him, taking in his six foot three frame. His skin was like a chessboard, with black and white squares. He was part of Rookery, a native species of aliens known for their high sex drive and excellent analytical nature; it’s what made them great soldiers and leaders. “No, I just want you.”

“You sure you’re up for this?”

“Oh yeah, I’ve been waiting for this since I entered the bar and saw you working security. Fuck me.”

“Just remember you asked for it.”

She shivered with anticipation. He would be her last fuck before her mission. In three days she would be sent behind enemy lines to infiltrate and assassinate a rebel leader. There was a ninety-five percent chance she was going to die. Before that happened she wanted Case to fuck her, to take her to heights of passion only he could. Besides, fucking him was better than weeping on his shoulder and pleading with him to remember her.

They had wiped his memory of her, of them. Once upon a time they had been best friends, partners, lovers. That was before he got tired of the life. The only way to leave the Dark squad was to either die or allow them to take his memories. He had asked for the latter, a way to punish her for choosing to stay rather than go with him. Now, this night, she would be with him before she went off to face her death.

She heard the telltale rasp of a zipper and the stomp of his boots coming toward her. She braced herself, waiting. She groaned when she felt the thick head of his cock at her entrance. Shutting her eyes, she bit down on her bottom lip to keep from crying. This would be the last time they would be together.

Without warning he thrust forward. Her cunt clenched around his thickness. She moaned. Just like she remembered. Her fantasies and her vibrator didn't do him justice. He withdrew only to thrust into her again, harder until the crest of him kissed the top of her cervix. "Case," she cried out.

He took hold of her hips, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. "You wanted this, remember that." He started to pound into her pussy. Each stroke branded her as his.

"Yes, Case, fuck me, fuck me harder."

The sound of wet flesh, slapping against wet flesh echoed out through the night. She pushed her hips back to meet his, tightening her walls around him. She gripped the seat of the bike with one hand while reaching up with the other to tug, tweak and roll her nipple. Electricity shot straight to her clit, throbbing with need. As if reading her mind, he cupped her mound, a finger slipping between the lips of her slickened flesh. Finding her clit, he slowly rubbed the straining bud.

Her stomach tightened. Coiling within her she came closer and closer to orgasm. He pinched her clit. Her walls clenched around his cock. She cried out his name as she came. He continued to fuck her through her orgasm. Harder and harder he thrust. His grip on her hip increased, his hold becoming almost painful, but she didn't care.

"Yes, harder, Case, fuck me harder. Make me yours. I'm all yours," she urged.

Thrusting into her harder, his cock head hitting her cervix, the pain mingling with the pleasure. He started to rub her clit again, pausing to pinch the nubbin. She

cried out as yet another orgasm washed over. Tears streamed from her eyes. She was going to miss him. This would be the last time experience she would be taking with her. Her last happy memory. She felt his cock twitch inside of her him and then lava, hot, liquid, coating the walls of her core. He continued to pump his hips as her walls clutched his cock, milking him of every drop of his seed.

She felt him lean over her, sweat dripping on her back. His breath caressing her neck.

“Case,” she murmured weakly. “I love you.”

“What?”

“Nothing,” she drew on her remaining strength trying to push up. “Let’s go to my hotel room, finish this properly.”

He grunted in what she assumed was agreement. All night they fucked and in the morning she left him, tears in her eyes, with a letter telling him everything she had ever wanted to say. Including how sorry she was that she hadn’t gone with him. By the time he awoke she was long gone, halfway to her mission.

* * *

Four months later...

Case surveyed the club, wishing, hoping to see Teeka again. After he’d read her letter his memories started to return. He wished to the gods of the universe he could have told her how much he had cared for her. His vision blurred and he shook his head to hold back the tears.

“Hey.”

He looked down the feminine voice shouting at him. He blinked when he saw who stood before him.

“I’ve got a problem, want to help me with it?”

Teeka stood in front him encased in patent leather. Her long dark brown hair twisted into a braid thrown over her shoulder. He held back a whoop of joy. She had survived her mission.

“After closing,” he responded, holding tightly to his control. He wanted to throw her down and fuck her, but not now. Later, when he could take his time.

“I’ll be at the bar, then and this time no hesitating.”

“You got it,” he nodded. She bobbed her head, turned around and disappeared into the crowd. This time, he vowed he wouldn’t let her go.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=108>