

loveyoudivine His and His Kisses

J. J. Massa



Lucky

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Lucky

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His And His Kisses Edition

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Lucky
by
J. J. Massa

When I walked into the locker room, I could hear muffled swearing. The police station was always so quiet this time of night, or morning, depending on your view. Dawn was still a few hours away, no matter how you looked at it.

I made my way to my own locker, wondering who the irritated detective could be. It was late, as I said, and usually deserted. Whoever he was, he was turning the air blue with his language.

Looking around the corner of the lockers, I saw him - or at least, I saw a man that I guessed to be Lucky Jacobson. He was in the little "sleep room," as we called it. A small room with a cot and some hooks in the wall above it - a place to hang a jacket and holster. Lucky was not a large man, fine boned, blond with blue eyes, if it *was* Lucky.

I couldn't be sure it was him, though. All I could identify was a twisting, nubbly brown sweater with a shock

Lucky

of golden hair sticking out the top. But I had a “Lucky” radar. Anytime he was near, my cock pointed right at him. Thankfully, nobody could see that; most detectives wear suits.

Lucky had been called in earlier that day to escort a prisoner for extradition, or so I recalled. Somehow, in the course of events, he’d ended up out of his suit jacket and tie, and into an overlarge, bulky, knitted sweater.

Yes, I was absently aware of the struggle taking place within the scratchy garment, sure. But frankly, my eyes were rivited on the fine lines of the lightly muscled back, half-revealed as the sweater twitched and undulated, making its way up his torso.

Sleek white skin over hard, wiry muscle, divided by the slash of his leather gun holster, making me hungrier than I’ve been in so long. And that’s saying something, considering the low ache I usually felt for the pretty little

blond man. But the line of his holster just seemed to increase that need, call to me. I couldn't stop myself.

“Need a little help, there, Lucky?” My voice sounded raspy for some reason. I had moved into the small enclosure without even realizing it.

Hell, I knew why my throat was dry. Seeing him like that, so pale, naked under that shapeless wool - I could just imagine that rough fabric, sliding over his bare chest, caressing, teasing his pink nipples until they stood up hard. That would only be compounded by the leather of his holster. Taut leather, caressing his bare skin with every twist and turn, framing each side of his chest, pulling at the fine hair there.

The sweater sagged in response to my voice. Lucky didn't turn around. “Um, Sims...uh...” he sounded tired, along with embarrassed...and something else?

I couldn't help myself. My hands rose and settled at Lucky's waist, and then, daring, they slid up and under that

Lucky

bulky sweater, exploring, slowly questing, until I found the little irritated buds. They were just as I had imagined them, tight, hard, sensitive, peaking at my touch. I rode his hips forward, just a bit, my erection rubbing against Lucky's tight behind, settling into the indention of his cleft through his clothes.

“Oh, god,” he groaned, pushing back against me, and of course feeling how hard I was. Shit, I wanted him, I won’t deny it. I’d wanted him for a while.

“Here, you go,” I murmured, “I’ll help you. With all of it.” One hand dropped low, pressing, palm flat against his throbbing cock. He wanted me, too.

I reached up and untangled his sleeves, pulling the woolen monstrosity over his head and off in one motion. Standing behind him, I reached around, going after his belt buckle, quickly unfastening, unzipping, finally pushing the wad of briefs, pants, socks and shoes off. With a slight

nudge, I urged Lucky to take one more step to the side and kneel on the small cot, situated beneath the row of hooks.

Lucky's tired and clumsy fingers had started working at his gun holster's buckle with little success, and I pushed his hands away.

“Just hold onto the hooks, Lucky,” I forced the words out, moving one of those hands up, over his head to hold on. I barely recognized my own voice, so deep, dry, almost gravely.

He shivered, naked but for his leather holster. His other hand was shaking when he reached up and grabbed onto another hook. Somehow, I didn't think he was cold. I slid his gun from its leather cradle, laying it on the floor by the cot. Mine, too, before I could forget.

As Lucky knelt, reaching up, gripping the hooks, I stripped off my trousers, then socks and shoes. As I kicked out of my pants, I snagged my wallet, shaking out a condom

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and a packet of lube. I may not be a boy scout, but I'm a cop. It pays to be prepared.

I tore both foil packets open with my teeth, rolling the condom onto my aching cock with one hand, and then I squeezed the lube onto my palms. I rubbed my hands together, just warming it a little, and then slid one hand over my cock and one hand between Lucky's legs.

Lucky groaned, his head hanging forward, eyes closed. I wanted to hear that again. Again and again. He opened his sea blue eyes and looked back over his shoulder at me, just looked. I rubbed my fingers in a long slow stroke from his sweet little sacs, past the smooth skin of his perineum, to the tight pucker of his asshole, and then back to his balls in an unhurried rhythm, over and over again, until I felt his thigh muscles loosen slightly.

I saw his eyelids drop half-closed and felt the muscles of that wonderful round ass tense once and then relax. Scooting forward, I fitted myself more closely

between Lucky's legs. I wrapped one hand around my throbbing cock and let the thumb of my other hand trail over Lucky's hole again, circling, pressing, finally dipping in, still rotating, still pushing in, gently, carefully, but without stopping.

It wasn't long before Lucky was moaning, pushing back onto my thumb as I dipped deeper, pressing in, letting my fingers slide the length of the perineum, nudging up behind his swelling balls, and then retreating.

Lucky tried to shift backward, swaying with exhaustion. "Too tired ...," he murmured.

"Don't worry, Lucky," I let go of my cock, trailing my hand over his creamy, smooth skin, up his back, leaning down to press a light kiss on his tense shoulder. "I told you I'll help you with everything tonight. I'll do the moving here. Let me do the work, don't worry about it. Just keep your hands there and let me take care of the rest."

Lucky

While I was talking, I pulled my thumb out and shifted a little further forward, sitting back on my heels so that Lucky's bottom almost rested on my lap. I pushed up from the hips, seating my cock, nudging, pushing little by little until the head was safely in, then sliding home into the glorious heat of Lucky's body in one smooth shove.

Lucky's eyes were completely closed now, his head thrown back, mouth open as he panted aloud. I pulled out a little, then pushed in again, finding my rhythm, in, out, in, sliding, gliding in and out.

Once I got going steady, I reached up and caught hold of the leather holster strap with one hand where it ran across Lucky's back. I used it to move Lucky into the rhythm with me, thrusting, pulling Lucky back and then rocking forward and pushing on the holster to draw him away. It was awkward at first, especially with Lucky's uncoordinated attempts at motion, jerking against the to and fro of my cock filling his channel.

Finally, Lucky relaxed into the movement, allowed me to move him, and I nearly had to stop right then, my control was so ragged. It was an amazing act of trust...had been to start with. First, Lucky let me touch him this way, trusted I wouldn't hurt him, and now, he had given over complete control of this whole experience to me. All of it.

I intended to make sure that my new lover was well and truly fucked, ridden hard enough to let him sleep for a week. If I had my way about it, I'd fuck him well enough to ensure that he'd want more - and more - and more, from me and only me.

I leaned harder into it, thrusting, pumping, loving how Lucky surrounded me. I shifted a little on my heels so we angled forward more, feeling the glide over the little bump that made the sexy blond shiver every time I got it right. Oh man, I loved that. I put more power into the ride forward while pulling on the holster hard, bringing Lucky down onto my burning solid cock, rocking sharply back-

Lucky

ward, and pushing at the holster and Lucky's lightly muscled back with the flat of my other hand.

Lucky was letting himself be pulled and pushed. I could see his knuckles clench and release as they held onto the hooks above the cot. His breath was coming in hard grunts now, pushed from him every time I rocked forward, and sobbed in again every time I drew back.

I shifted one hand forward without losing the rhythm and trailed it over Lucky's chest until found his left nipple, drawn up hard and tight, surrounded by little bumps, and pinched it just as I rode forward over the little internal bump. Lucky gasped and shook like a he'd been shot through with a volt of electricity, and again when I found the right nipple, pinching it, too.

His balls rippled above mine and started to draw up under the influence of those shivers and I bent my back to the home stretch, driving fast and strong. Sliding my hand down Lucky's front, I found his pulsing, dripping cock and

wrapped my slippery fingers around it, then started to pump it firmly in counterpoint to the frenetic pace I'd set.

I felt Lucky's body stiffen, felt myself sink ever deeper into the tight flex and clasp of Lucky's ass, and rode him like a man on a mission, feeling the electricity gather, sparking at the base of my skull, behind my eyes, slide down my spine like a high-tension wire, storm gathering in my balls.

I yanked the holster tight, caught Lucky close to me, pierced to his core on my lap, and exploded forever and ever, feeling Lucky's walls massage every bit of cream from my cock, shooting deep, deep and hot inside him. I was still jacking Lucky, still hugging him to me and I could almost feel the tingle that shocked him rigid as he went off like a bottle of champagne, ropes of pearly cum spewing from his cock in a high, stringy arc.

Lucky slumped back in boneless unconsciousness, his downy head lolling onto my shoulder, body held erect

Lucky

against my chest by my tight grip on the supple leather holster. I milked him more slowly until he was completely soft.

After a minute or two, I released the holster and wrapped both arms around Lucky, keeping him gathered close to me in his utter relaxation, feeling the fast heartbeat slow to a more normal thump under my hands. For a long time, I simply sat holding him, giving myself up to the reassurance of that slow, regular breath.

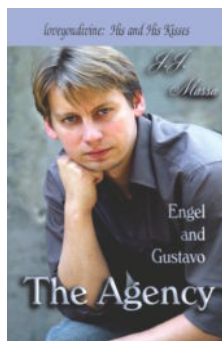
After a short while, I realized that I had started to nod off. I was carefully easing Lucky down onto the mattress when I remembered the holster. Now, my own fingers were clumsy, but I managed to unfasten the buckle and slip the strap off, Lucky's arms dangling like lead as I tried to manipulate them out of it. Dropping the thick leather strap over the side of the bed, I reluctantly let Lucky slide off my lap and rolled him onto his side, dragging the pillow into place.

Stumbling slightly, I got up and did the little things I needed to do to get ready for bed. I took off my own shirt and holster, cleaned us both up, brushed my teeth, hung up Lucky's holster, turned the lights out.

After all that, I gratefully climbed back into the cot and curved myself around my blissfully unconscious new lover. By morning, I had no idea what Lucky would be thinking, what he would say.

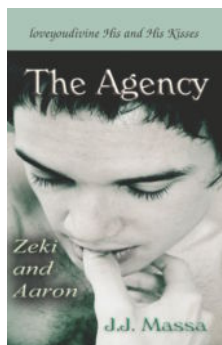
But for now, he was all mine, I was the lucky one. Very lucky, indeed. I hoped he'd feel lucky, too. Only time would tell.

More from J.J. Massa



The Agency: Engel and Gustavo

Engel Klein and Gustavo Ramirez are working partners and have been for a while. Sure, they work well together, very well. But play? They don't really have a personal relationship beyond friendship. Now, though, things have changed. Usually, Gustavo gets the honey-trap missions. This time, however, the target is a man. Engel is the obvious choice, of course. Why does that bother Gustavo so much?

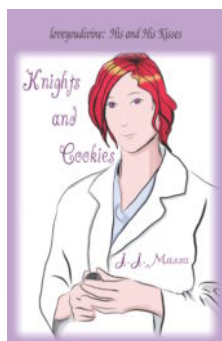


The Agency: Zeki and Aaron

Some men tip their bartenders heavily. Some men count on the benevolence of a personal secretary or mechanic. Aaron Trimmer is ever on the lookout for a good gadget maker. In his line of work, an exploding button or a razor hidden in his Cross® pen are the difference between life and death. Zeki al-Filastini is very good at his job, no matter where he's from. That's the *only* reason that Aaron has begun seeking him out when he's at headquarters. Looks and personality have *nothing* to do with it.

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