

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Alex finds herself a little torn~

-x-X-x-

For a long moment, Alex's words hang in the air and she has to admit... she doesn't quite know what V is going to do next. He gets this dark, hooded look in his eyes as he stares at her and she half expects him to kick her to the curb then and there.

Instead... he steps forward, invading her personal space, quick as lightning. Before she can react, he has one hand on the back of her neck while the other... the other shoves its way down the front of the cargo pants she's wearing, past her belt buckle, past her undergarments, so that he can slap his palm down right onto her pussy mound.

Her breath hitches as his fingers trace along her folds while his eyes stare directly at her. Belatedly, Alex realizes... he's checking for sincerity. She'd claimed that this wasn't transactional. She'd claimed that she was hot and horny, that she was 'fucking wet for him'. So he was calling her on the bluff. He was chump-checking her words.

Fortunately, she IS a bit wet. Not sopping or anything like that, but certainly moist. Turned on. Aroused. And V copping a feel all rough and domineering-like is certainly doing things for Alex as her breath hitches and she arches her back, humping his fingers with her crotch.

"Fuck, V..."

He narrows his eyes at her, nostrils flaring. Clearly she doesn't fully pass his 'test'. At the same time though, he doesn't call her on her bullshit. He doesn't pull his hand away. He keeps going. He keeps touching her until Alex is groaning and moaning, her eyes growing more and more lidded by the second.

She keeps waiting for him to call Alt to join them. For the two of them to make this an Alex Sandwich. Her as the meat, taken by the both of them, used up and spit out again before they return to each other's arms for more pleasure. That's usually how it goes, after all.

... But that doesn't happen. V keeps touching her and Alt... Alt stays quiet. She's still there, Alex knows she is, but the AI doesn't say a word. She just... watches on as V graduates from copping a feel to fingering Alex outright, pushing not one, not two, but three digits up inside of her.

An uncharacteristic whimpering moan leaves Alex's lips and she bucks her hips harder against V's digits. She was moist before. But now? Now she's getting closer to being legitimately wet. To being... sopping for him.

"V..."

The need in her voice surprises her. And yet, she can't deny it's existence, can she? Fuck he's good. He's-

Alex's eyes widen as V finally pulls her in for a kiss. Their lips slam together and almost immediately; he starts to invade her mouth with his tongue. Alex lets out a muffled groan as she kisses him back, but it's like she's constantly playing keep-up. He's overwhelming her senses, dominating her mind as well as her body... and all completely naturally. No quickhacks, no jacking in... just V's mouth and hand and her body's natural reactions to his efforts.

She's not sure when he starts to strip her. She gets... distracted. But there comes a point where Alex feels the air against her breasts and her hardened nipples and realizes she's topless. And then her pants are gone too and she's pretty much naked.

So is V, to be fair. The both of them, stripped down to nothing... and still Alt isn't called to join in. Nor does she make any attempt to join in of her own volition either.

When V's mouth pulls away from hers, sliding down the hollow of her throat and then to her chocolate breasts, Alex looks back at Alt, craning her neck to do so.

"You... gonna join us?"

But Alt stays where she is, smirking as she simply shakes her head in silence. V is the one who actually answers the question... namely by grabbing Alex by her hair and firmly turning her back around.

"Don't focus on her. This is you and me right now, Alex. Just us. Nobody else. No third wheels. No distractions."

Alex's eyes widen at that, even as V pulls her back into another kiss. He's still fingering her, driving her absolutely wild down below. God he's good with those fingers of his. At the same time though, Alex's own hands have long since found V's cock and begun stroking it up and down, sliding her palms along his throbbing, rock hard shaft.

And the more she feels of him, the more she wants him to replace those fingers of his with that big, fat dick. As soon as they pull apart for air again, Alex growls, glowering at him without any real anger to it.

“Fuck V... if it’s just us... then fuck me already. What are you waiting for, you bastard? Fucking put it in me!”

That’s all he needs to hear, apparently. All of the sudden, Alex is in the air. Her eyes widen as V yanks his fingers out of her and then pulls her up off of the ground. For the briefest of seconds, she has this weightless sensation. Then, gravity reasserts itself and her body reacts instinctively, her limbs curling around the only source of ‘safety’ from a nasty fall... that being V’s body.

Arms drape over his shoulders and clasp behind his neck while long, dark legs wrap around his waist. Thighs clamp down on hips and V’s cock slides along her slippery wet folds before winding up pressed between them, not quite inside of her yet.

Alex’s breath expels from her lungs as she clings to V. Meanwhile, V barely even grunts, easily holding her by her ass... and walking them both over to the nearest wall in just a few short steps. He pushes her back against it, giving Alex another point of contact with the world aside from his body. She arches her back in turn, offering up her dark breasts and even darker nipples to the man holding her aloft.

In response, V leans down and captures one of her nipples in between his teeth, sucking and nibbling at it in a way that makes Alex push her head back against the wall behind her and moan all the more wantonly. At the same time though, his leaning forward causes his lower body to push back a bit... until his cock slides down enough that the head of his member suddenly presses directly against her slit.

Alex barely has time to register this before V slams home into her. The FIA Agent’s breath forcibly explodes from her lungs the second time in under a

minute and she chokes on her own spit as V thrusts forward, pounding deep into her cunt.

After all the buildup, all the foreplay, all the... everything... Alex isn't even ashamed to admit she cums a little right then and there. It's not the most powerful orgasm she's ever had mind you, but it IS an orgasm. One that causes her to moan and groan and buck her hips a bit more.

And then he starts to properly fuck her against the wall.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

It's rather wild being the singular target of V's insane focus, Alex decides. Incredibly intense, a little overwhelming... and yet, she wouldn't have it any other way. Every iota of his attention is on her. Every last bit of him is dedicated to one thing and one thing only... her pleasure. He alternates between sucking and biting at her nipples while his fingers grind into her ass and his cock pistons in and out of her cunt and all Alex can do in turn is cry out and spasm, climaxing again and again on his dick.

It feels incredible. It feels amazing. It feels... almost too good to pass up. Alex can't lie... she's looking forward to getting the fuck out of Night City. She really, really is. Especially Dogtown. Even if Kurt Hansen is dead, that doesn't mean Alex wants to stick around this garbage heap at the ass end of civilization a moment longer.

Sure, the entire world is pretty shitty these days... but there are still pockets of paradise for the rich and powerful and connected to run to. Something she apparently is now, at least in the 'connected' sense. She wants to reach that beautiful sunny beach. She wants to leave the garbage dump once and for all.

... And yet, as V is fucking her silly, Alex can't help but find herself clinging to him as she already bemoans having to depart. He's a good man. Insane? Yes. Friends with a dangerous AI? Also yes. They're all going to get themselves killed if NetWatch gets wind of what's going on here. Distancing herself from that, running as far away as she can... it appeals to her, admittedly.

And yet... and yet...

Alex loses track of how many times she cums on V's cock. Eventually though, they move away from the wall and wind up in a chair. Even V has his limits apparently, or more likely he just grows tired of doing all the work. Once he's sitting down, Alex shares more of the load, bouncing up and down on his cock while he thrusts up into her from below.

But eventually... eventually, it comes to a close. One final orgasm shared between them, V's seed painting her insides while Alex gurgles her way through her own last explosive finish. At the end of it all, she collapses forward, hands on V's chest, forehead against his forehead, panting heavily and trembling from the entire experience.

"Fuck V... you sure know how to treat a woman."

V just smiles back at her.

"I like to think I know what a woman as fine as you deserves, Alex."

That brings a bit of heat to Alex's face. She valiantly pretends like she isn't blushing though and thankfully V does the same. At the same time...

"Come with me."

The words slip out, but not without thought. No, she's been doing plenty of thinking even if V does blink in surprise. Alex runs her hands over his chest and lifts her head up, glancing over at a silent, watching Alt.

"Both of you. Hell, So Mi too. Everyone you care about, even. You've got the eddies for it. You've got the President of the motherfucking New United States of America by the pussy. Make her pay for it, for all of us. Let's put this dump behind us and go somewhere nice. Somewhere tropical. Together."

Alt raises an amused brow while V grunts, drawing Alex's eyes back down to him. He looks legitimately caught off guard by her offer. At the same time though, she can already see his answer in his eyes before he even speaks.

"Can't do that. Have unfinished business here in the City."

Alex scowls at that.

"Can't it wait? Just take a vacation. A month maybe... a couple weeks if you must. Surely your business will wait that long."

But V shakes his head, a crooked smile crossing his lips.

"It's time sensitive. And besides... I don't think I'd be happy anywhere but here."

The surety of his words, the certainty in his voice... Alex slumps, letting out a breath. Because of-fucking-course the first good man she's ever wanted to keep around is married to the goddamn city she hates with every fiber of her being.

“Fucking Hell, V... you really know how to break a girl’s heart in record time.”

V’s smile diminishes and his head dips apologetically.

“Sorry, Alex.”

“... Nah, it’s fine. Just went and gave me the best sex of my life, ruining pretty much all other men for me, and then told me if I want more I have to continue living in this stupid shit heap. No big deal, I guess.”

Alex pouts in an exaggerated manner, drawing a chuckle from the man beneath her. Then... she regretfully pulls herself off of his cock, his member sliding out of her as she stands on rather shaky, still-quivering legs and begins making her way over to where they’d discarded her clothes.

Giving V a bit of a show as she bends over in front of him so he can see his own sticky white seed seeping out of her cunt between her chocolate thighs, Alex starts picking things up to begin putting them back on.

As she does so, she comes to a decision.

“... Fuck it. I’ll come back.”

Straightening up, she looks at him and then Alt while she buckles her belt.

“Alright with you two? I’ll take my tropical vacation, enjoy paradise for a month or two... and then I’ll come back to visit. Maybe help you out with something, maybe get fucked so hard I can’t see straight. We’ll be... long distance or whatever.”

V and Alt share another look for a moment before V shrugs and nods.

“If that’s what you want, you’ll always have a place here with us. Your life is yours now, to do with as you please.”

He says that, but its technically not entirely true, is it? If V and Alt die doing whatever they’re fucking doing, then suddenly Myers is off her leash. And Alex is still an FIA Agent so she could be recalled pretty much immediately. Hell, same goes for if Myers ever gets offed or even replaced, which will happen eventually given NUSA is technically a democracy. Myers herself is the third President they’ve had so far.

But... well, Alex figures they’ll burn that bridge when they get there. For now, she’s going to grab life by the horns and not let go until she’s forced to. As much as part of her will regret leaving V behind after the way the man rocked her world... the far larger part of her is really, really looking forward to getting out of Night City. Even if she unfortunately has a decent reason for coming back soon after years and years of being trapped here.

Huffing as she finishes getting dressed, Alex saunters back over to V and leans over him, planting her hands on the arms of the chair he’s still sat in.

“See you around, V. Don’t be a stranger... and don’t let anyone in this city kill you, got it?”

Then, she initiates a long, drawn out, tongue-filled kiss. Of course, before anything can get too spicy (again), Alex pulls back and gives V a wink.

“Something for the road.”

With that, she saunters out of the room with her head held high... a feeling of weightlessness and freedom in her steps that she hasn’t felt in a long, long time.

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!