

Leigha

Leilani

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Chapter 1 • Leigha

"Ah, finally, my pay check," I smile at the increased numbers on my phone's screen. My work is finally paying off, and my best friend and his band are finally coming back home for a concert. I'm done with the finalities.

He, my dear best friend Jace, promised to slide in time to come see me this time. He couldn't do it last time because they were in a rush due to being days behind their schedule. He has been sending me money every month to help me pay for a couple of medical expenses though. But that's not the money I just received. He's already sent some of his earnings earlier this month, so I'm good.

While he's out doing concerts around the world twice a year and making music, I'm forced to be a homebody, kind of. I attend college online, and I work, just not exactly a normal job. I'm a sex worker, but not because I want to be. I was involved in a bad traffic accident some years ago, it permanently damaged my sciatic nerves and caused a slew of other health problems. Now, I'm unable to stand, walk, and run as long and much as I used to, and I almost always need my oxygen tank. Not exactly the funniest life to live after something tragic and almost fatal, but I rest my case because there's not much else I can do about it.

My parents pay for my college tuition, I knew letting them pay for my medical bills and expenses would've been way

too much stress for them to handle, so Jace started giving me money and I started doing sex work. It's been paying off well so far.

We've already planned on doing a few things together after the concert, and one is going to the grocery store.



"Hi, Leigha."

"Hi, Jace..." He pulls me into an embrace. I know he loves me, but I can't help but feel like another heavy suitcase of burden on him. Not because I need a lot of help now and he possibly feels pressured to help me whenever I need it, but because of his mental state since the whole ordeal.

I'm certain that every time he sees me, he thinks of that accident, because it happened with his first, previous car he owned. He's never directly said so, but I know it's what plays in his subconscious.

I know what you're thinking, he wasn't driving, I was and he wasn't with me. I'm glad he wasn't. It was before a party, I was going to get some alcohol, and I barely remember what happened after I left our neighbourhood's vicinity. Even though he wasn't involved in it and shit just happens, he still willingly takes the blame after all this time. It makes the whole thing worse because everyone who believes the rumour that went around about it passively resent him for "crippling his best friend". It's just

awful, and we try to stay out of everybody else's perspective of it. It seems like trying to debunk the rumour and clear Jace's name has made shit even worse for us; for him in particular.

To this day, we have no idea who went around telling everybody that he caused it, but people immediately assumed I was covering for him when I said he wasn't in the car with me that night. "How are you doing?"

"I'm okay," He smiles at me softly, "kind of already tired from touring, but nothing serious."

"That's good." I bite my lip. "I'm glad you're here. I missed you so much, Jace."

He sighs, "I missed you too, Leigha."

Chapter 2 • Jace

All eyes are on us for a second as I'm wheeling Leigha in through the doors of the grocery store.

Things weren't always like this, we both wish we could go back in time to prevent what happened.

They'd like to think that I never notice their judgemental stares, but I always do, and it kind of hurts. They all used to smile. But I guess I'm all good, as long as Leigha doesn't start to switch up and hate me.

She, and a select few other people, know the truth, so I doubt that'd happen. While we're here, and Leigha is asking me to get some things on high shelves here and there and we're talking, she quickly points to a guy way ahead in an aisle—wearing a black cardigan, short platinum blonde hair, and a lot of piercings in his ears. "Isn't that Coltren?"

My cousin, Coltren, who plays the drums in our band. "That is Coltren. Good eyes."

"Coltren!" She calls out, making him turn around in our direction and smile. He approaches us, fist bumps me, then crouches down to Leigha's height to talk to her. And as he's talking to her, I notice his eyes move from her to staring behind me. I immediately start to feel someone's eyes burning into my back, and not in a nice way.

"Do y'all know him?" He asks before I turn my head to find nobody in particular, staring at me from behind.

"Know who?" We both ask him.

"There was a... guy staring, like death glaring, at you, Jace."

"What?" Leigha asks, "what did he look like?"

"I can only give a generic description, brown hair, brown eyes, has a slit in one of his eyebrows. It's probably nothing anyway. Hater."

I let out a nervous chuckle, "Haven't ran into many of those yet."

"Yeah," He stands up, "I have to get out of here to go see my parents real quick, I was picking up something for them. So... bye Leigha."

"Bye, Cottren."

"And I'll see you later on the tour bus, Kennedy." Jokingly, he lightly smacks my forehead with his palm before making his exit out of the aisle.



"Hi, Leigha!" My mom grins. "I haven't seen you in a couple of years."

"Hi, Mrs. Kennedy." Leigha smiles.

The last time she seen Leigha, she was in physical therapy, finishing relearning how to walk with one of her coworkers. I hate bring up and talking about this subject, but I haven't been able to let it go since it happened. Sometimes, I find myself wishing I was driving and took the fall instead of her. I drove my dad's car to the hospital to go see Leigha the next morning, immediately noticing my car was basically a crumpled ball of scrap metal set on the side of the road, completely totalled, when I drove past the site of the accident, but I didn't give a fuck. It could've turned out way worse for her and resulted in her dying, by the looks of the whole thing. The other driver had minor injuries, somehow, so they were able to walk off scot-free.

I remember that night, my mom calling me to ask if I was okay because she thought she saw Leigha bleeding out on a stretcher while being rushed to the emergency room, like it was fucking last night. I told her I was okay, and after hours of waiting and wondering when she was going to come back, mom called me back to tell me that it definitely was her being brought in and she got into an accident.

I currently own another car, but I can't replace my best friend, had death been the case. But she's damn near paraplegic and an asthmatic now, and it devastates me.

Chapter 3 • Leigha

When I glide my hands underneath his shirt to raise it over his head, the nearly appalling sight of a hairy paunch taunts me. I try to keep a straight expression. "Jace, you've been drinking again?" I sigh.

"Yeah," He frowns, lowering his eyes.

This is the third time, I think. And yes, the accident made him start, unfortunately. The last time he showed up with one, he quickly got in shape afterwards, and refused to drink even a single drop of alcohol for a while. He was successful for a while, but I guess for a limited amount of time.

He usually told me it was just him not being able to exercise during his tours and he's okay, but I've always suspected it was something other than that. Something bothering him. "When was your last drink?"

"Before I came here."

I pull him into a tight embrace. I can't say that I've never noticed a slight change in his behaviour, but I never knew it was this bad. "How can I help you with this?" I murmur. I really don't know how, yet. Or he won't tell me how because he doesn't want me to get involved in his burdens. While I've already processed and accepted the entire ordeal, he's here four years later, still suffering.

"Don't," He answers, pulling back to look at me, "I'm already getting help for it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." He looks away, his voice sounding down.

"Okay." I hope so. I understand the overwhelming guilt he feels about it, but it's unnecessary. Shit just happens. And I wish he would easily accept that he couldn't have possibly done anything to prevent it. Nothing was his fault.

So, aside from this reoccurring topic, we have another plan in mind. I poke his protruding gut a couple of times to tease him, making him let out an adorable giggle.

I start to taste the remaining bit of alcohol in his breath as we begin kissing, him clutching me by inner thighs, drawing me in closer to him. My hands return to their original place, underneath his shirt, as he gradually moves his lips down to the side of my neck. I bite my lip before letting out a barely audible, airy moan as I'm grinding myself, in my soaking wet panties, against his upper thigh.

He goes for my lips again, and we make out using our tongues for a good few minutes until we really decide to get to the action.

He quickly lifts his shirt over his head before I undo the button and the fly of his pants, gently pulling back his underwear to reveal the now firm shaft of his already

throbbing erection. I can tell he hasn't had sex in a while. I wonder if this is still his most sensitive area... let's see.

I cuff my hand around him gently, giving him long, soft strokes as I let my mouth and throat do most of the work. I take notice of his pale face beginning to flush as he's watching me, letting out a couple of moans as he's breathing heavily. When I lift my head to take a breath, streams of semen comes gushing out of him, onto my face. "Dammit, Jace." I chuckle, wiping the semen from my face with my other hand. Well, what else can I expect when I'm blowing him.

"I'm sorry," He apologizes, "I kind of forgot you hate that."



"We'll be back before the end of the month." I hear Jace say before I feel him kiss my forehead.

"Hmm," I moan groggily, "okay... bye, Jace."

"Bye, Leigha."

Chapter 4

I roll over to pick up my ringing phone, hoping it's Jace calling, he was supposed to already be here an hour ago. But the name on the top of the screen says Coltren, instead. "Hello?"

"Leigha!" He immediately responds, his voice sounding panicked.

"Yeah?"

"Leigha, whatever you're doing, do not panic and do not open your front door," He warns, "if it rings, or hell, there's even a knock, it is not Jace!"

"What do you mean, Coltren?"

"Kenneth got shot, somebody shot him in the shoulder on our tour bus, and he said they're going after you and Jace next. Jace is not answering his fucking phone, please call him to see if he'll answer you because I can't reach him to tell him!"

"I think he's calling me now." I remove my now vibrating phone from aside my ear to look at the name of the other caller on hold, and it's Jace. "It's him."

"Tell him to be careful and watch out, please!"

I quickly switch over to Jace, quickly taking notice of his laboured breathing. "Jace! Are you okay??"

"No, I'm not..." He answers, "Some asshole ran me off the fucking road and my car flipped into the ditch! I'm not that far from you, I think I can make it to you in half an hour if I don't collapse from blood loss."

"Are you running while bleeding out?! Jace, no, are you fucking serious?!" I exclaim, "I'll come get you!" Wait... I hear what Coltren just warned me about, my doorbell ringing, and I know it's not Jace doing it. "Did you see the vehicle that ran you off?"

"It's not that bad, I'm okay. I didn't see anything, Leigha."

"Shit..." I get up from my bed, then walk to the window across the room, but I don't turn on any lights (purposely to keep whoever the strange person is from knowing I'm even awake at this point). "Jace, how far are you now?" I ask, peeping out at my driveway through the blinds, not seeing any car or any person out there. They must've left.

"I'm... I'm pretty sure I'm a few minutes away. I'll be there soon."

"Okay," I answer, "I love you."

"I love you too."

I go back to sit down on my bed, waiting for a ring or a knock. After damn near 10 minutes, I get up to go downstairs, hearing screaming or arguing from

somewhere outside the closer I get to the end of the staircase. I turn towards my front door, it's coming from out there. The screaming gets louder as I walk closer to the front door, to where I start to hear that it's not just one person, it's probably two people going at each other's throats. I grab onto the handle, and as soon as I swing the door open, a couple of damn near deafening *POPS* go off, causing me to jerk my hand away from the handle and fall back into the floor.

standing near my porch with a bloody face, clutching what I'm pretty sure is a pistol in his one of his hands, is my best friend, looking down at a now unconscious body laid out on the grass. "Jace?"

He immediately snaps out of looking down at this body and raises his head, letting the gun fall from his hand before darting to me, quickly pulling me into a tight embrace, "Leigha, hi..."

"What did you just do?"

"I... just protected you."

"From who?" I ask.

"Remember that one guy that did not like me in high school, and made sure to show everybody he hated me?"

"Was his name Justin? I think so..."

"Yes," He responds, "that asshole. He started that rumour. We've been getting threats since earlier this month, didn't

think anything of them. He and his friends just tried to kill all three of us, then go after you."

So, that's why Coltren told me not to freak out, and seemed to be holding back. "I knew Coltren wasn't telling me something. He warned me before you called. That is so fucked up." Our conversation is suddenly interrupted by distant sirens coming closer.

"Did you call the..."

"No. One of my neighbours must've."

He clutches onto both of my hands before kissing me on my forehead, "You stay here, please. I'll talk to the officers, okay?"

"Okay." He let's go, and I watch him turn around, then walk through the front door like in his mind, he knows he dug himself into a trench, but he doesn't care.