



SEXY  
TECHIE

a short sci-fi romance  
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# The Sexy Techie

**T**wenty-seven years old, unemployed, and dead broke. They really fired me. I placed my head in my hands and snatched them back out. With no more income, I couldn't afford my usual lace-front. Like my career, my hair was back at square one.

A sigh fell from my mouth. I got up and paced the room. The cream walls were calming, but my mind still raced.

I should have gotten knocked up by a middle-aged baller at twenty-five like the rest of my girlfriends from college, but no. I wanted to be a smart woman. A creative, liberated woman. And apparently, a stupid woman. I marched back to the laptop and threw a punch at it.

"Fuck!" I stared at the silver shards of my device, which now stained my parents' new Persian rug.

The glistening pieces of broken technology formed a mosaic, a beautiful rendition of my shattered dreams of being a graphic designer.

A deep voice yelled from downstairs, "Hope that crash means you're going to get a real job, Macy! Give up this computer art nonsense. Maybe finally you'll be able to afford your own house and get out of mine."

The dark, empty space in my stomach tugged at me again. As doctors, my parents couldn't understand why a person would want to use the right side of their brain to make money. But were they right? Had I been stupid to invest in an artistic career?

I've gotta get out of this toxic, expensive ass house. I threw on a black hoodie, leggings and combat boots.

I hugged my tattered, black and white Gucci crossbody to my chest. Mom gifted it to me after I'd applied to medical school that one time. Too bad I didn't follow through on that.

Tiny patches of rain danced across my hood. The glowing sun peeked out just enough to prevent me from further depression.

Trudging through the rain, mesmerized by the array of giant homes I could ever afford, I checked my bank account. Just enough. My last bit of cash could buy me a new computer. I wouldn't get fired this time, because it would be my own business. No excuses this time.

Though my parents both have self-driving cars, I took the rail to the new technology store, The Tech Dungeon. According to the rumors, this store was the ultimate destination for folks who used technology to make a living.

As I entered, heat washed up against my face. The store was bright, filled with so much light I had to shield my eyes to see where this husky male voice was coming from.

"Welcome to the Tech Dungeon."

My throat was on fire. Why am I nervous?

"Hi," I said.

The abyss of light cleared, revealing rows of tech products. Many different computers sat out on display, but there was one in particular that stopped me in my tracks. The computer was golden all over, even the keys. The write-up next to it said the computer was made of authentic gold. Wasn't within my budget, but damn those golden keys made my heart speed up.

*The Intuitive*, was what it was called. When that same deep voice thundered again, I almost peed my pants.

I turned to see a tall, dark chocolate man with thick arms. What the hell was he doing in here? He looked like he

knew more about the gym than computers. Was my bottom lip quivering? I couldn't tell. He was snatching my soul with his looks. Men this sexy should not work at these types of stores.

"Didn't mean to scare you," he said.

He smiled, flashing deep dimples on his chiseled cheeks. His eyes trailed down at my leggings. He studied my hips and crotch area, then finally raised back up to my eyes. Leggings were a man's kryptonite. Even if a woman looked an absolute mess, leggings would at least get her a look.

I narrowed my eyes at him in disdain, but inside, my chest swelled. Come to think of it, I couldn't recall the last time a man had ran his eyes up and down my figure. I didn't have time to worry about a man, I needed to start this business and make something of myself.

The brown-skinned man chuckled. "Hello? You there? I really didn't mean to startle you. I have a bad habit of doing that to people."

"It's okay," I forced out. Dryness built in my throat and my eyes kept darting to the defined chest his tight gray shirt revealed.

He pointed at the golden computer. "This is a powerful machine." He crossed his arms and furrowed his eyebrows. "You sure someone like you can handle it?"

I scoffed. "I don't see why not." I probably can't afford it though. I choked back tears.

"What do you do?" he asked, moving closer to me.

Men. How was it they never knew when they were offending you? I swallowed.

"Graphics design. Web design," I said. My voice squeaked like a clown nose. How fucking embarrassing.

He shook his head and studied my physique again. "No way."

“Excuse me?” My heartbeat quickened. “What do you mean, no way?”

“I just meant, you know, you don’t look like the type.” His eyes explored my body again.

I crossed my arms. “Are you being a pig right now?” Was this how he sold computers? By insulting his clients abilities?

He backed up a little and burst out laughing. What the hell was wrong with this looney toon?

“I was kidding, Macy.”

A gasp fell from my mouth. How the hell did he know my name? “Have we met ?”

He nodded. “We went to college together. I was a lame back then.” He chuckled. “I was just teasin’ you. I know who you are.”

“Well why are you being so damn rude? Don’t you wanna keep your little job?” My chest tightened, and I quickly realized the irony of my remark. I didn’t even have a job, and I was up here dogging him. (Add angry sensations.

“Ouch,” he chuckled. “If you must know though, I don’t actually work here.” He stood as close as possible to me. So close I could smell the mint on his breath.(Add turned on sensations)

“I actually helped create and design this computer for people just like you, so I’m just here promoting it.”

“What do you mean?” I said . I swallowed. “...people like me?”

“Intuitives, artists. The designer types. This computer is so smart, its able to read your mind and create what you’re imagining...on instant.”

“Wow.” My eyes widened as I stared back at the shimmering gold computer.

“If you go out with me sometime,” he leaned in closer still. His firm pectoral muscles graced the side of my arm. My lower regions pulsed and saliva built in my mouth. God, this man was turning me on.

“If you go out with me,” he said again. “I can get you one for free.”

I gulped, his breath tingling the back of my neck. Sheesh. Maybe it was time to get knocked up, and get a new computer.

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## **ABOUT NIA VENUS**

Nia Venus writer fantasy and sci-fi romance for escapists and spiritualists who want more from their ho-hum realities.