

One Night Stand

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"Is this seat taken?"

I looked up. . . and up. He was very tall. And by Sathembi, he was incredibly good looking. "It's been waiting for you all night."

"Then you must be the person I've been looking for." He sat on the stool, setting his drink on the bar.

"Who are you, mystery man?"

A quiet smile in the semi-darkness. One side of his face showed clearly, the other was masked in shadows. "Does it matter?"

I swallowed hard. He was FSF. That much was obvious. Even without the uniform, no civilian ever carried himself with that kind of military bearing, the expectation of being obeyed instantly. . . hellfire, even his precise haircut looked military. Federated SpaceFleet, all the way. But he was right—it didn't matter. "Something tells me I shouldn't ask."

"A wise decision. So why are you here?"

I chuckled and touched his hand lightly. "I should think it obvious. How many reasons are there to be in a place like this, anyway?"

He stiffened and twitched his hand away. What in hell—I can't have read him wrong, he was the one coming on to me a minute ago—"Not many."

The curt tone was enough to make me back off a bit. Damn. I took a sip of my glowing green ale, trying to drown out the bitter taste of disappointment. It didn't help. Double damn.

"You come here often?"

"Often enough to know I've never seen you here before." Don't look at him, just don't even think about those long sensitive fingers on your. . . *urk*. No. Another swallow of green stuff.

"Passing through." Something about the strained quality of his voice made me look up. He was staring at his hands, clenched tight around his glass. "Got plans tonight?"

"Plans? No. Hopes? Yes." I waited.

Suddenly, he stood up. "Let's go, then."

I blinked. "Uhh. . . okay. Got anyplace special in mind?" Maybe tonight wouldn't be hopeless, after all.

"No. You?"

"Sure." I slid off the barstool. "I live across the street."

"Very well, then. Lead on."

Damn, but this man was disconcerting. But the long lean body and sensitive hands were enough to make me shrug and start through the smoky room. He followed without comment.

Outside, the sparkling aurora danced across the sky. I glanced up briefly, as always appreciative of the multicolored ribbons. Meteorologists could call it a "microwave/magnetic phenomenon" all they wished. Me, I called it "beautiful."

"Strange sky, that," the man commented.

"Yes. Strange but wonderful."

The street was empty of traffic, so I set off across it rapidly. Anticipation sent shivers racing through me. I couldn't wait to get him in bed, to see what it would take to crack that reserve, make this ultra-controlled man whimper in need. . . oh, yes.

The apartment was clean, for once. I opened the door and waved a light on. The man followed close behind, then stopped and stood just inside the door, looking around with an expression of panic lurking beneath his self-control. "Something wrong? And what's your name, anyway? I'm Jareth."

"Nothing's wrong," he said, still wild-eyed. "And if you must have a name, call me Ronin."

"Ronin, then." I nodded. I wondered if it was part of his real name, or one he'd just picked out of thin air. No matter, though, it was better than "hey you!" "And I was just wondering. You look a little, well, nervous. Are you sure?"

Suddenly, he looked directly at me. "You have very unusual eyes," he said abruptly. Then, equally abruptly, he took my face in his hands and kissed me.

It was over too soon. He released me and I fell back a step, already panting. "Why'd you stop?"

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come here. I can't do this." But he stayed there, still staring into my eyes, breathing hard and looking a hair shy of complete panic.

"What do you mean? Is something wrong?" I reached out and laid a hand on his arm. He flinched away.

"No. Yes. I don't know. . ."

"Come here, then," I said, pulling him towards the couch and pushing him down onto it. He let me do it, this big impressive military man who was most likely an officer to boot. "Tell me."

I sat down nearby, with enough distance between us that he relaxed a hair. "Can I trust you?" he asked, with the abruptness I was realizing came from internal conflict.

"Of course. Whatever you say will never leave this room."

He relaxed another fraction of a bit. "I've wanted to. . . you know." He glanced at me, and I nodded encouragingly. "For years. But it's illegal. But I'm. . . away. No superiors. I decided. . . but I don't know if I can."

"Ronin," I said quietly. Startled, he looked up. I decided that it really was his name, just not the part he used in the service. "You're safe with me. Okay? I won't hurt you, and I won't report you. Not for any reason. I'm honored that you chose me tonight, and even if you decide you don't want to do anything, I'm still here to talk, or whatever you want."

"You must think me sick," he said bitterly, looking away. "Twisted and ill."

I wondered if he'd even heard a word I'd just said. "No, Ronin. I don't think you're sick at all. I just think you're a confused young man who's not sure what to do."

He hid his face in his hands. "How do I know you mean what you say?" he asked, in a strangled voice.

"You just have to trust me. That's part of it, after all, part of being with another person of any gender."

"Trust," he whispered, then raised his head slowly from his hands. The fear waned slowly from his eyes, replaced by something I couldn't put a name to. "Show me?"

"Are you sure?" He nodded. "It's okay if you don't want to."

But he reached out a hand to me, and I took it with a smile. Well. This was going to be quite interesting. I raised his hand to my lips and kissed the palm, smiling at his shiver. "Relax," I whispered. I could feel him quivering deep inside. "This is just for fun."

I moved closer on the couch, tracing one finger down his cheek. Soft. Mmm, nice. I got closer still, close enough to kiss him. Not hot and rough like before, but just a gentle brush of lips against lips. He tilted his head for another kiss, and this time I let just the tip of my tongue out, to taste his lower lip. Damn, but this night was going to be the most exquisite torture if it was all like this.

His arms slid around me, awkward at first, then more sure as he pulled me closer. His lips parted and our tongues met. Ohhhh, but this was good. . .

We continued to kiss for a little eternity. Ronin was a quick learner. But the hesitant passion behind his kisses was enough to drive me insane. I wanted more, *more*. . . I eased a hand under his shirt and he tensed, eyes going wide. But I just left it there, stroking his firm stomach with my thumb and continuing to kiss him until he relaxed. Then I transferred my mouth from his lips to his throat, while sliding my hand up to his chest. Damn, but he felt good. I wanted to just rip all his clothes off and take him then and there. But I didn't. Instead I brushed a nipple and licked his throat, smiling at the strangled whimper he made.

"Shouldn't we. . . be doing this. . . somewhere else?" he panted, trying to sound normal.

"Only if you're comfortable with moving," I said, teasing at his nipple and watching him shiver. He started to speak, then snapped his mouth shut and nodded instead.

"Come on, then," I said, standing up and holding out a hand. Good thing he'd wanted a break, if only to move. It would give me a chance to get myself back under some kind of control. This was altogether too much like one of my fantasies, a handsome scared virgin needing to be shown how to love. . . *mmm*.

I led him to my bedroom and pulled off my shirt. A rustle of cloth told me that he'd done the same and I smiled. "Want the light on?"

"Not really." He reached for me this time. It was my turn to shiver as his hands explored lightly, all over my chest and back.

"Okay, then." I sat on the bed and pulled him down with me. Then I kissed him and pushed him the rest of the way down, climbing on top of him and delighting in the feel of his skin against mine. From the feel of things, he was just as excited as I was, and I had a feeling if he knew what to do he'd be doing it. Forget this taking it slow crap, the man wasn't scared anymore. . . I kissed my way down his neck to his chest, making him moan.

"Sorry," he said, sounding embarrassed.

"Don't apologize. Just enjoy." I sought out the nipple I'd teased earlier with my fingers, flicking the tip of it with my tongue. His back arched and he moaned again, breath coming faster. I licked and sucked at the nipple, nearly driving myself over the edge in the process, then switched sides to give the other one equal attention. Now his breath was coming in little whimpering gasps and his hands were tangled in my hair. I slipped my hands down to his pants and undid the fasteners. Somewhat to my surprise, he let go of my head and pulled his pants down, as far as he could get them without sitting up. I smiled at his eagerness, but didn't touch him down there yet. If he was going to give me a chance to live one of my fantasies, might as well enjoy it while I was at it. I planted my hands on his hips and strained to see in the dim light coming in from the living room. Yes, there it was, twitching eagerly towards me. . . I bent down and sucked just the head into my mouth.

"Ah!"

Ronin's cry was sharp and loud and exciting. I sucked more of his length into my mouth, feeling the throbbing life within. Oh yes, it was good to make this so-reserved man cry out and squirm, better even than I'd imagined because I was the first to show him the pleasures his body was capable of. But I didn't want him to lose control, not just yet. So I let it slide out of my mouth and sat up.

"Don't stop," he whispered hoarsely. I chuckled.

"I have to, or else I'll never get my pants off." Which I did, quickly. I heard him pull his the rest of the way off, as well, and shivered in anticipation. Then I found my trusty tube of lubricant and squirted some out, warming it up before I touched him with my slippery finger. Then I took his dick back in my mouth, feeling his groan all through my own flesh. I slid my finger between his cheeks, finding the sensitive opening and pressing on it. His cry was louder this time and I could tell he couldn't decide which way to move—into my mouth, or against my finger.

"Just relax," I whispered, letting his dick fall out of my mouth again. "This may hurt a little, but the pain goes away if you relax." I slid my mouth along the side of the shaft, up and down, rapidly, while my fingertip snuck inside him. He whimpered, but pressed back against my finger, so I pushed it in further, until I found that ultimately sensitive little spot.

"Oh, Jareth," he panted. "What are you doing to me?"

I chuckled and wiggled my finger. "You like?"

"Jareth—oh gods—*Jareth*—"

I recognized that sound and held still. "Shh, not yet," I said, waiting until he calmed down a bit before moving again, trying to stretch him out. "Relax."

He was as relaxed as he was going to get. I pulled my fingers out and put some lube on myself, not bothering to warm it up first. The cold felt good, a contrast to the river of fire in my veins. Then I pulled his legs up and positioned myself. "Stay relaxed," I whispered, pushing against him. "Tell me if it hurts too much."

He gasped and tried to tense when it started to go in, but I stopped and stroked him until his hips were moving against me, working me in slowly without much pain. . . I hoped. But it was tearing my self control to bits. Then I was all the way in and I let go of his dick, lowering myself onto him so I could kiss him. Gods, but he tasted good. And now he was moving under me, pressing up and down and I couldn't help it anymore, couldn't control myself, had to thrust and thrust, hearing his harsh breathing and cries of pleasure matching my own, and then I felt him clench around me and spurting wetness all over my belly and the world exploded with a howl.

I collapsed against him, sticky and sweaty and panting. With the last of my strength, I slid out, although that was the last thing I really wanted to do. He made a strangled sound. "Sorry," I said. "I know you're probably sore."

"If I'd known it was like that," he whispered, "if I'd known. . . incredible. Soreness is a small price to pay for feeling like that."

"Thank you," I said, feeling flattered. Sathembi knows, first times aren't always the greatest, but he sounded like he'd enjoyed his.

"No, thank you, Jareth," he said. There was a new note in his voice, adding richness and depth. "I'm very glad you convinced me to stay."

"Good," I said, strangling a yawn. His fingers were toying with my hair. It felt good.

"Now I wish I wasn't just passing through," he said. I could tell that he was tired, too. "But I have to leave this planet in the morning."

"I'm truly sorry to hear that," I said. "If you're ever back in these parts, feel free to look me up, okay?"

"Gladly, Jareth. I will never forget you."

The feel of his fingers in my hair followed me as I drifted off into sleep. "Never. . . forget you. . . either, Ronin."

* * * *

The next morning I woke alone. I couldn't help feeling a stab of disappointment, for all that I'd known he was leaving. There was a note beside me on the pillow.

Jareth,

Even though I don't want to, I have to leave now. Thank you for giving me the most memorable night of my life, and for showing me that there is nothing to fear from love. I will remember you always.

Sincerely yours,

Ronin

I sighed regretfully. Of course, he had to leave. I'd known it, he'd known it, and we'd gone and done it anyways. But even knowing that he had to leave didn't make it any easier this morning. Oh well. Life goes on. I tucked the note away in a safe place and prepared to face the new day.

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