

Untitled by Kat the Fan Girl

It all started out innocently enough, with a bit of spilled punch and a near slip and fall.

The two players were one Lancelot Braddock, an officer of the Alliance and Hero of the Far Universe, and Lady Dorma of the Drule Empire. Neither would have actively sought each other out, even at a horribly dull political function where both sides would trot out their mighty heroes in their Sunday best.... which is what they were at when the incident happened, oddly enough. The punch in question had been spilled by one Horatio McCoy (more commonly known as Hunk), and that is the ONLY thing he has to do with this little tale.

"Eep!"

"Ack! Ow...."

"Sorry."

The "Eep" belonged to Lancelot Braddock. The "Ow" belonged to Lady Dorma. The "Sorry" remains the property of both worthies.

Let it never be said that Lance was not a gentleman. As soon as he got to his feet, he immediately helped the Drule woman up. He was even very good about not looking directly at utterly fascinating bit of flesh that her newly torn dress revealed. The tear itself had happened during the fall, when Dorma's heel had caught on the edge of her dress, pulling it in a way that it was not meant to be pulled as she went down, causing the seam at the shoulder to rip in half.

Dorma wasn't aware of the rip until she'd been flashing Lance for a good thirty seconds, at which point she let out an appropriately embarrassed "Eep!" of her own and pulled the torn strap up. Lancelot, still being an utter gentleman (despite any and all rumors to the contrary), offered him his jacket. It was no great loss to him. He hated the thing. It itched, and the high collar felt like it was choking him. The lady slipped it on, buttoning it up all the way to her throat.

It was a very nice throat, in Lance's opinion. Not too long, and the skin looked very smooth.

It may have been that throat that convinced Lance to say what he said yet. "I have a sewing kit in my room if you want to fix that." he said, keeping his tone utterly innocent.

Dorma just nodded, which Lance took as a yes as he lead her out of the hall. Nobody really noticed, save for Dorma's brother Hazar, and her father Mozak. But both labored under the assumption that Dorma was a big girl and could take care of herself.

The room that Lance was taking her to was really little more than a place to lay down, one of the many thousands the Alliance maintained for its offworld operatives for when they were on Earth. Lance hadn't personally been in his room in over a year. It held his dress uniform (most of the time), and two of his spares... along with a small, military issue sewing kit.

Dorma was rather unimpressed with the room itself. It was neat, and utterly without personality. Just like the barracks back home, only less lived in. Lance produced the sewing kit with a small flourish. "I'll just... leave you to it, then." Lance said, backing towards the door.

Several things went through Dorma's mind as she took the sewing kit. Most were along the lines of "He's cute.", "You only live once.", and "When is the last time I got laid, anyway?" The last one was most likely what ultimately lead to the woman pouncing on the pilot before he was able to get the door open. That, in turn, lead to Lance going "Eep!" once again.

"Erm. What?" he said once he'd managed to get over the initial shock of being pounced.

"The party's boring, you're cute. Wanna shag?"

Gentleman that Lance may be, he wasn't about to turn down offered sex, even if it was from a woman who's people had, until fairly recently, been enemies of the Alliance. "Sounds like a plan." he said with a sage like nod, and promptly began unbuttoning the front of his shirt. Dorma made a noise of approval as she worked to free herself of both the borrowed jacket and the ripped dress. Lance aided in the endeavor by biting off one of the buttons off the jacket, then spitting it across the room.

With a heave, Lance got off the floor, picking Dorma up along the way. He deposited her on the bed before pouncing on her with a growl, his teeth sinking lightly into her neck. He was pleased to hear her let out a soft gasp, which was followed by a moan as he wormed his hand through the layers of skirts and between her legs. Human and Drule anatomy, thankfully, was not all that different... otherwise both participants would have had some trouble consummating their mutual lust. "How the hell do you get this thing off?" Lance groaned in frustration as he struggled with the back of the dress.

Dorma reached behind her and began guiding Lance's hands to the clasps that held the dress. It came loose, much to both parties' relief. There was a bit of squirming, and the sound of more of the dress tearing (not that either of them cared), but it was soon in a crumpled pile on the floor. Lance returned to assaulting Dorma's neck and chest with his teeth, nipping and licking his way down to her navel. He let out a little gasp of his own as he felt her fingers tangling in his hair, then tug sharply. He looked up with a grunt, blue eyes meeting red.

"Get your pants off." she said, and Lance promptly complied.

"I was starting to think you wouldn't get back before we left." Hazar said. "Where did you disappear to, anyway?"

Dorma smiled at her brother, buttoning her new jacket up to the throat. "Making friends."