

Encounter: Longest Day

Adera Orfanelli

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Longest Day

Dougaln stole into the reclamation garden a few clicks before noon, the sense of *deja vu* hitting him hard and fast. Among the algae tubes and hydroponic plants sat his lover, Reynau, his beautiful voice singing in his native language. His culture must be something else, for the answer to Dougaln's question about what to do during the longest day was met with the same answer as had been given six months ago during the longest night: be joyful.

Dougaln smiled. After a helluva long career in the military, he certainly had something, or rather someone, to be joyful about now. Turning the corner he saw Reynau sitting in the same place he had been six months ago, head bent over a small stringed instrument. Bare-chested and barefoot, Reynau looked like something out of a tale. His long, dark hair concealed his face, and his long-fingered hands toyed over the strings. The song came to a stop and he looked up from his playing. "You came."

The words, simple in their meaning, took a different nuance in Dougaln's mind. His cock hardened, his balls already tight with need. "Yeah," he replied, his voice suddenly husky, his lips dry.

Reynau set his instrument aside and stood in a single, fluid motion. He crossed the space between them. Deftly, he unsnapped Dougaln's shirt and pushed it aside, baring his muscled chest. An appreciative murmur slid from Reynau's lips as his hands

moved down to the waistband of his pants. Dropping to his knees before Dougaln, he unfastened his pants, and eased out Dougaln's erection.

Dougaln groaned.

"I've been joyful with my music. Now we celebrate in other ways." Reynau didn't explain what those "other ways were", didn't need to for he kissed the tip of Dougaln's penis and gathered the moisture beading there. Opening his mouth, he drew his lips and tongue along the length of Dougaln's cock and sucked it into his mouth.

Instinctively, Dougaln reached down and tangled his fingers in Reynau's long hair. The silken strands brushed against his thighs, a sweet and tormenting caress in counterpoint to the tongue circling his cock. Slowly, carefully, Dougaln began to fuck Reynau's mouth. The sensation of his cock disappearing into that warm tight wetness nearly drew him to his knees. His balls tightened. Pleasure spiraled up his spine, becoming an all consuming pressure to spill into Reynau's sexy mouth.

Heavy lips caressed him as fingers slid between his legs to fondle his balls. Looking down at Reynau, his lashes lowered, intent on his task, turned on Dougaln even more. He couldn't hold on much longer. "Reynau," he warned, his voice raspy with unspent passion.

Around his dick, Reynau smiled. Then sucked harder.

A long, ragged groan escaped Dougaln's lips. He feared discovery, but here in the Reclamation Gardens trysts occurred pretty often. The tall wall of algae tubes on either side of him, the bench with its foliage behind it, created a screen. Only the broad wall of his back, with his ass hanging out of his pants could be seen. And around here, that was a pretty modest display.

Thoughts fled as Reynau stroked a sensitive place. Dougaln's fingers tightened. He pressed forward, trying to restrain himself and not fuck Reynau's mouth. One more suck, one more caress of his balls, and he came hard and fast. Locking his knees, Dougaln struggled to stand upright, the hot, tight suction of Reynau's mouth on his cock too much to bear. He shot his load, making a low, strangled noise as Reynau swallowed it all, then licked him.

Pulling his lips away with a wet noise, Reynau sat back on his heels and grinned. "My turn."

Dougaln staggered to the bench, barely bothering to pull up his pants before he sat down on the cold metal.

Reynau stopped him. "Not sucking," he murmured, turning Dougaln over so the man flattened his palms on the bench.

Oh damn. The air whooshed from Dougaln's lungs. The cool touch of Reynau's fingers, then the slick glide of lube conveyed the man's plans. It'd been a long time since Reynau had fucked him, usually enjoying to be on the catching end of Dougaln's cock. He closed his eyes, focusing on the exquisite pleasure of Reynau's fingers.

His breath caught as the broad head of Reynau's dick pressed against him. Dougaln focused on relaxing-it'd been so long-and the moment the broad head pushed past his muscles, he focused on the slide of Reynau's cock inside him. So damn full, and the slender fingers reaching around his hip to circle his cock only added to the pleasure.

Reynau's breath warmed the back of his neck. His chest pressed against Dougaln's back. "Seek joy, my *louveri*," Reynau whispered, slipping into his native tongue. And then he pulled out until just the head of his cock remained inside.

"Seek joy," Dougaln rasped.

Reynau thrust forward again, all pretence of seduction lost. Fingers tightened around his cock, pumping in counterpoint to Reynau's fucking. Dougaln's balls tightened, his prick growing harder by the minute. How could one man make him come again so soon? Dougaln knew, it was Reynau, his lover. Only he could make him as hot as a soldier on shore leave, and when Reynau lapsed into more of his native tongue, the syllables harsh, their meaning dirty in any language, Dougaln followed with a growling, "yeah, fuck me."

The wet slap of sweaty bodies coming together filled the air, not quite drowned out by the hum of the hydroponic gardens and ambient station noise.

"Harder," Dougaln demanded, thrusting back against Reynau's cock for more punishing thrusts.

Reynau obliged, the more slightly built man having surprising strength in his wiry muscles. His fingers tightened even more, coaxing copious amounts of pre-cum from the end of Dougaln's cock. The wet droplets splattered onto the floor.

He lost himself in the pounding of his ass and the stroking of Reynau's come-slick fingers. Pressure built near to bursting, and he cried out, his seed erupting for the second time. Muscles tense, tiny fireworks of ecstasy cascading through his body, he relaxed, allowing one more thrust and the slap of Reynau's balls against him.

Reynau gave a harsh, incoherent shout as he spilled himself deep inside Dougaln. Their panting breaths surrounded them; the smell of sex filled the air. Slowly, Reynau's slipped his softening cock from Dougaln's body. Clothing rustled as he hitched up his pants, then reached around Dougaln to help him do the same. Together they stumbled to the bench.

Dougaln winced as his abused ass hit the metal with a bit more force than he intended.

Reynau tumbled against him with a self-satisfied smile.

"Damn I like your people's celebrations," Dougaln said in between attempts to catch his breath.

"Our world is harsh. We celebrate to make the most of it." Reynau sounded surprisingly composed. "This is the longest day. We still have hours yet to celebrate."

Dougaln laughed. "Can you give me a few moments to recover?"

Reynau's grin could have illuminated the entire station. "If you insist."

The two men chuckled, and Dougaln knew the longest day would contain even more joy.

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