

Speed Dating -- An Elvish Encounter

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"I don't think I want to be here."

The club was tiny, with cozy little poufs and round tables with trickling hourglasses set beside short, would-be-romantic red candles. Lairion wanted to bolt the moment he walked past the thick blue curtains. He looked around, unsure, a shiver running down his spine. Humans, Elves and Dwarfs milled around the marble bar counter.

Meredith rolled her eyes at him. She adjusted the golden tiara pulling back her dark, wavy hair and smoothed down non-existing creases on her dress. "Lairion, we've been through this before. There's nothing wrong in helping the Fates a little."

"Talking with thirty different people in thirty minutes doesn't look like help in my book," Lairion muttered, feeling rather stupid standing at the side of the entrance like that, with Meredith looking positively on the prowl. It wasn't like he didn't love her -- she was his best friend. For the love of Galadriel, he did, but she had quite the outgoing personality, and whenever they were out together, Lairion did a very good job of blending in with the wall.

"You need to meet more people," Meredith said in a no-nonsense tone. "You can't be still pining after Daran, and you haven't left your apartment for *weeks*."

Well excuse me if finding him rolling in my bed with another Elf stumped my social life, Lairion thought bitterly, but didn't say a word. Meredith could sense them anyway, and she sighed, patting his head in a consoling manner.

"Come on, Lairi," she said, coaxing him in taking two steps off the side door. "Thirty minutes. What's the worst that can happen?"

"I make a fool of myself and lose what little self respect I have left?"

"Exactly," Meredith beams. "Go get 'em." She thrust a card in his hand, gave him a short push at the small of his back, and Lairion stumbled towards the little rounded table with the number 4 on it.

He swallowed, waiting, convinced that if he looked up, a big giant L would rotate above his head. And no, that wasn't his first name initial.

"Mind if I take the seat?"

Lairion looked up, flushing deep red as the stranger easily knocked the pouf back a little and sat before him. When he dared to look up, he felt his breath leaving him in a rush, his flush growing exponentially along with the self-awareness of every single limb of his body. The elf sitting before him had piercing blue eyes, high cheekbones and blonde, straight hair that was pulled back in a messy ponytail. He was easily the most gorgeous guy - elf or otherwise - that Lairion had ever seen.

"Uh..." Lairion stuttered on his own tongue and swallowed, hard. "I -- yes? I guess?"

The stranger chuckled. "First time?"

Lairion looked down hastily, but the stranger leaned over the table and tipped his chin up with a smile. "Shy. I like that."

Lairion giggled, something close to hysterical laughter. A fantastically hot Elf was sitting in front of him, ready for a speed-date, whatever the hell that might be, and Lairion was sitting there, making sure the guy would leave as soon as the hourglass was up and never glance back.

"What's your name, beautiful?"

“La- Lairion,” he stuttered, mentally cursing himself in all the languages he knew.

“My name’s Daeron,” the stranger answered, smiling at him. “And you have nothing to worry about. You’re doing just fine.”

Lairion snorted. “Right. As though there aren’t at least two dozen other guys who would make your evening more interesting.”

“But it so happens that I think this is just fine,” Daeron said with a grin. “Come on, tell me something about you.”

They began talking, Lairion about his work as a photographer, Daeron about his writing. The guy was perfect in every which way Lairion wanted to look at him, and by the time the evening was up, they realized neither of them had stepped away when the hourglass was done, and that the club was almost empty.

“Maybe -- uh... maybe I should...” Lairion made a vague gesture towards Meredith, who was busy chatting two humans up and looked like she was having the time of her life.

“Do you want to go somewhere?” Daeron asked with an easy smile. “Or we can go back to my place. I don’t live too far.”

“Sure,” Lairion said, hoping his voice didn’t sound as high pitched as he thought it did. They walked off, Meredith giving him a sly thumbs up as they passed her, and took off in Daeron’s car.

They made it to the condo and up to Daeron’s loft without saying a word, but the moment Daeron closed the door behind them he whipped around and pinned Lairion against it, mouth pressing hot and demanding against Lairion’s.

Lairion made a sound at the back of his throat and clutched at Daeron’s back, dazedly opening his lips and letting Daeron’s tongue sweep in his mouth, licking and nibbling at Lairion’s bottom lip.

Daeron’s fingers quickly went to Lairion’s belt buckle and pulled. Lairion’s eyes fluttered shut, and his hips stuttered up in answer. Daeron grinned, his mouth going back to suck at Lairion’s neck, then down to the curve of Lairion’s jaw.

Daeron puckered his lips around a spot of skin behind Lairion's ear, suckling on it until the skin turned red and sore, and Daeron was moaning softly under his breath, his cock rapidly hardening against the groove of Daeron's thigh.

Daeron's hand cupped Lairion's groin and Lairion gasped, lower lip pulled between his teeth. "I love it when you blush," Daeron murmured, smiling against his skin. Lairion's flush deepened. "How long?"

"Six months," Lairion moaned, spreading his legs further.

"Better get to the main act then," Daeron murmured, pulling Lairion's cock out of his pants and thumbing the leaking head.

"Ngh," Lairion groaned, and his hips surged up into Daeron's fist. Lairion's hands instinctively tightened on Daeron's arms as Daeron pulled him off the wall and into the middle of the room. There was a table close by, and Daeron lay him down on it, slowly kissing his way down Lairion's chest.

His lips travelled from his nipples down to Lairion's abs, licking and biting at the dip of skin and bone. "I want to be inside of you so bad," Daeron murmured. "I wanted to do this since the moment I saw you walking in."

Lairion moaned, deliriously, when Daeron's mouth closed around the tip of his cock, and jerked his hips up, his whole body shuddering at the wet warmth surrounding his dick. Daeron grinned up at him, or as much as he could with his mouth full, and sucked harder, his fingers slowly prodding at Lairion's clenching hole.

Lairion arched up in Daeron's touch and kicked his legs wildly, pants tangling around his knees, sweat rolling down his body in rivulets. Daeron's dry finger gently pressed past the outer ring and in, Lairion's walls clenching down hard at the intrusion.

"Relax," Daeron whispered, letting Lairion's dick slip from his lips, soft, kitten like licks delivered to the whole length. "I'll make it good for you."

Lairion whimpered but nodded, trying to spread his legs further apart on the table. When Daeron's tongue swiped at the stretched skin around his fingers, Lairion keened and his hands shot to grab onto something, anything, and they tangled in Daeron's hair, urging him on.

Daeron's cool fingers probed between Lairion's ass cheeks, and Lairion shuddered, lurching forward a few inches, another cry leaving his lips as Daeron's fingers slid in up to the knuckle. "More, oh fuck, please --" Lairion begged, not even bothered with pride at this point. He had never felt so frenzied or so aroused in his whole life.

Daeron scissored his fingers in Lairion's hole, trying to loosen him up, slicking his way in with his tongue. Lairion rutted back against Daeron's face, trying to get him to hurry. Daeron complied, adding another finger and crooking them upwards, until Lairion screamed and went boneless on the table, pleasure rippling through him like waves with each prod of Daeron's skilled fingers on his prostrate.

"I want -- I -- want, now, please, please Daeron --"

Daeron pulled back. He slipped his fingers out and let them trail down from Lairion's ass crack up to fondle his balls, letting them roll in his palm, pulling them up thigh against Lairion's body as he fit his denim-covered erection in the crease of Jen's ass. The rough combination got another moan out of Lairion's lips, and Daeron's mouth trailed open and wet down Lairion's thighs, sucking lightly before he hoisted Lairion up, his rigid cock parting his ass cheeks easily.

"Gonna take care of you," Daeron murmured, wrapping one arm around Lairion's waist as he took hold of his hips and dragged Lairion down on his dick, filling him up inch by slow inch.

Lairion's fingernails sunk in Daeron's biceps, tossing his head back as he tried to get Daeron to go faster, but Daeron kept guiding him at his own pace until his balls were flush against Lairion's ass. "Shh," Daeron whispered, kissing Lairion's sweaty face. "Shh. I'll make it good for you, I promise."

Lairion nodded, his mouth panting hot, damp breaths against Daeron's mouth. Lairion's breathy, drawn out moan echoed through the room and went straight down Daeron's groin, tingles spreading from the base of his spine to his thighs and straight up his dick.

Daeron groaned and tightened his fingers on Lairion's hips, sweat beading his brow and falling into his eyes. He began to move, and Lairion shuddered, trying to hold on, his cock bobbing against his belly, leaking white streaks on both his and Daeron's shirt. He couldn't move, he couldn't do anything, just let Daeron take him along for the ride of his life.

The movements were quick, and precise, every single thrust aiming and hitting Lairion's prostrate. Daeron's fingers were bruising-tight on Lairion's hips, slowly gaining pace as he rocked up into him, Lairion's thighs shaking with the strain as he wrapped them around Daeron's waist, trying to get him to go faster, deeper.

Lairion screamed as Daeron's hands left his hips and shifted to his buttocks, spreading him wider as he drove into him, and he thumped his forehead against Daeron's shoulder, silent string of Quenya curses leaving his lips as the hot, tingling coals curling at the back of his spine spread to every pore of his body.

"I'm -- I'm gonna-- Daeron... oh, oh, *fuck*..."

Their mouths clashed together, tongues twisting around gasps and moans. Lairion's vision went blank and his whole body seized up, his orgasm rippling through him like an explosion of colors. The clenching of his body pulled Daeron off the edge, and they collapsed against the table in a tangled, sweaty mess, shaking with the aftershocks.

It took a while for Lairion to come off the floating, fluffy pleasure cloud that had suffused through his body. When he did, he blinked his eyes open slowly and smiled at Daeron, who was looking up at him with a sated, pleased smile.

"Welcome back," Daeron whispered.

Lairion grinned at him. He was too tired to speak, but he moaned happily when Daeron hoisted him up in his arms and walked off with him towards the bedroom.

Lairion made a mental note to thank Meredith as Daeron snuggled up against him under the fine silken sheets.

Maybe speed dating wasn't such a bad idea after all.

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