

### Holosuite Number 3

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# Holosuite Number 3

by [WikkityTweak](#)

## Summary

Quark tricks a downtrodden Starfleet engineer and the handsome senator Letant into a holosuite experience they'll never forget. OC/Letant. Mostly smut.

## Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own anything except the OC.

## Set It Up

Unbelievable. Simply unbelievable. It was 0600 on a Friday night, the holosuites were all vacant, and only one Dabo table was occupied. Quark had more staff sipping drinks than he did customers, and now that they had *workers' rights* he couldn't even charge them!

It was clear - the war was bad for business.

It certainly didn't help that he had a cabal of Romulans sipping ale at a front-facing table. Looking around with those severe faces and barely talking amongst themselves. Even the Dabo girls avoided them.

The only person at the bar was a human named Stephanie Michaels. Not even Morn was drinking. Where was he!

The little blond slammed her blood wine down and coughed.

"Another," she said.

"Hey now, easy on the counter," Quark said as he went to pour her drink.

"Sorry-" she said as she took another dried tube grub from the bar bowl and crushed it between her fingers.

"Those are for eating, ya know," he said.

"Ew," she replied as he leaned towards her.

"You've been here for forty-five minutes and have yet to look up. What's got you so upset?"

"Nothing," the girl said, dipping her head. "Just a bad day at work."

"O'Brien working ya too hard? I could talk to him—"

"No!" the girl practically shouted. "Just leave me alone, ok?"

"Can do," Quark said as he slid the chalice over.

From across the room he saw the Romulans had finished their drinks. The main one, Senator Levant or Letant – he couldn't remember - caught his eye and motioned for another round. Well, at least there was one full table.

Quark filled five glasses with their (practically toxic) blue ale and brought it over.

"You know, I have some holosuites if you gentlemen are so inclined."

"Do you have the Bird of Prey simulations?" one of them said at the same time as Senator Letant replied with "Fanciful waste of time."

The lower ranked Romulan looked shame-faced, and Letant just sighed. Quark zeroed in on the opportunity.

"In fact, we do have Bird of Prey simulations," he said, but the Romulans didn't reply.

Letant shook his head. "You may go," he said with an impatient flick of his wrist.

"Room 4, boys. Alita can show you the way," Quark said and motioned for the girl to come over.

Everyone except Letant left the table. In the back his two guards remained stationary, but they were out of ear-shot...

Quark sat next to Letant, and the Romulan senator immediately backed away, a look of annoyance on his face.

"I also have some non-war related simulations."

The Romulan quirked a brow.

"Something to help relieve the *tension* after negotiations," Quark said.

The Romulan leaned in and with a lowered voice replied -

"Go peddle your pornography to a weaker male, *Ferengi*."

Quark sat back and pretended to be offended.

"Even the strongest males need release, Senator."

"I do not require it," the Senator said.

"Not even a demure Romulan woman? Perhaps a group of them?"

The man sipped his drink, ignoring the Ferengi. But Quark wasn't about to lose the sale.

"Klingon? Betazed? Bajoran?"

No response.

"*Vulcan*?"

That earned him a scowl and offended stare.

"All right, all right," Quark said with a half-smile. The Romulan had made no indication that he wanted one of the strong females...perhaps he needed to try another tactic.

"What about human?"

The Senator laughed.

"What would I want with a weak Human?"

Quark shrugged, faking confusion.

"Seems to me Romulans and Humans have a long history of conflict. Especially interesting since, as I see it, they've gotten the better of your people time and time again."

The Senator frowned. Before he could speak, Quark kept going.

"Clearly Romulans are the *superior* species. But those humans. They have a way, don't they? They can be infuriating—"

"Are you suggesting a battle scenario?" Letant said, the disagreement clear in his voice.

"Nothing so barbaric," Quark leaned in. "There are other ways to discipline inferior species. Perhaps you could show one of their females how to use her *human* mouth—"

Letant leaned back and laughed.

"You are ridiculous," he said and took a deep drink of ale.

Quark sighed and stood.

"Understood," he said, dejected.

When the Ferengi turned to leave, the Senator caught his arm.

Quark looked down to the man in question. The Romulan threw back his remaining ale.

"Set it up," he said. "And get me another drink."

Quark was exuberant. He waved over another Dabo girl and went to get the Senator's refill.

"And that's how you do it!" he whispered to himself.

There was still no one new at the bar, but he was emboldened.

He sized up the blond in the dark corner. Her eyelids drooped, and when she caught his stare she tapped on the chalice for another.

He grabbed a bottle of blood wine and strolled over.

"What would you say to a discount holosuite experience?" He asked, feeling generous.

"Not really in the mood to reenact an historical event, but thanks."

"Who said anything about history?" Quark asked.

The human's lips were even redder than usual from the wine. She shrugged at him.

"What about something more stimulating? Vulcan Love Slave has a male version, you know —"

The girl grimaced.

"I can't think of anything *less* stimulating, Quark."

"I took creative license with it—" he said. "He is *very* skilled, I promise you."

She waved him away while chugging her wine. Quark wasn't close to done yet, but behind her he saw a visibly flustered Rom coming towards them. With a sigh he left her alone, for now.

"Brother—" Rom began.

"What," Quark said, already annoyed.

"There's a problem with the holosuites," he said.

"Are you kidding? I just booked two of them!"

Rom shook his head.

"It's only partial. The scenes are fine, but the character programs are messed up—"

"How does something like that happen?" Quark shouted the question.

"Well, I haven't singled out the exact issue, but I think it has to do with the program we ran last week – the one from Qo'noS—"

"*Klingons*... They can't program worth a damn," Quark said. Rom nodded with enthusiasm.

"I told you we need to beta test every program before running it—"

"This isn't my fault!" Quark shouted. Rom shirked back, worried his brother would hit him for the fifth time that day. "The customer wanted *their* program, so I ran it."

"Well, now everyone sounds like an angry Klingon. It's particularly unnerving for the female characters."

Quark scowled, thinking of the Romulan Senator's program that was likely just getting started. At least his underlings could play their game uninterrupted.

"Fine. Shut off Holosuite number 3. Guess I'll break out the real Romulan ale as a consolation."

Rom nodded and walked off. When Quark heard the slam to his right he couldn't stop himself from yelling –

"I told you to go easy on my bar!"

"Sorry," the Human female said again. For the love of latinum, that girl was clearly frustrated. Humans were so emotionally volatile.

And the brilliant idea dawned on him in an instant.

"Rom!" he shouted from across the bar. "Wait just a moment..."

~000~

Stephanie certainly felt lighter after that third glass of blood wine.

*Fucking Vulcans.* She thought.

Everything had been looking up. O'Brien had just trusted her with recalibrating the main circuits, and Suvok had invited her to his room for a game of Kal-toh.

In a mere three days it had all fallen to pieces.

"You know I have to cut you off after five," Quark said as he slid her another chalice of blood wine.

"So give me another," Stephanie said, gulping down half the glass. But Quark remained stationary.

"Sweetheart, that *is* your fifth."

"What?" Stephanie practically shouted the question. "I barely feel it!"

Quark raised his hands in surrender.

"Take it up with Odo. These are his guidelines, not mine."

Stephanie looked at the remaining wine in her chalice. It wasn't enough to get drunk. She was buzzed, but that wouldn't stop the memories from resurfacing.

*My apologies if I have misled you, but I am betrothed.* Suvok's words echoed in her mind. Her face burned in embarrassment.

"I need a distraction, Quark."

The Ferengi grinned, and her guts tightened in response. A happy Ferengi was never a good sign.

"How about a Romulan love slave?"

Blood wine nearly came out Stephanie's nose.

"You have a *Romulan* love slave program?" She asked. Who would want such a thing?

"Yes, but it's for the ...experienced... user," Quark said.

"*Meaning?*"

Quark began polishing a couple shot glasses with vigor. He refused to meet her eyeline, which let her know whatever he was peddling had to be just shy of legal.

"It's a capricious program. Sometimes it's gentle. Sometimes it's rough. But no matter what..." He stilled and captured her stare. "...it's *certainly* diverting."

Stephanie swallowed hard.

"...well, you did say discount, right?"



# The Game Begins

## Chapter Notes

Warning: Adult content ahead. If you don't like, don't read.

Letant stood alone on the veranda. Warm air swept around him, rousing his senses. Off in the distance holographic waves crashed along the shoreline, illuminated by a fictitious Terran moon.

The bar behind him was desolate. Not even a waiter or bartender program was running.

Letant wasn't sure when this facsimile Human was to appear, but he was beginning to care less. This place reminded him of home, and it was a pleasant change from the dreary atmosphere of DS9.

Careful footsteps on the marble caught his attention, and he turned to have a look.

"You're *old*," the little blond Human said with obvious disdain. "And short."

Letant stared at her dumfounded.

"What the hell, Quark," the girl said under her breath, but it was loud enough for his Romulan ears to pick up.

"And you're rude," he shot back and thought *But I suppose that's the selling point*.

The Human grinned, and it was the perfect amount of straight teeth and plump lips. She was a curious erotic program – not being very tall or buxom – but he acknowledged an allure all the same.

He was surprised she donned a Starfleet uniform, and not something more revealing. After all, Ferengi preferred women as naked as possible. But Letant appreciated the dress; an officer was far more to his tastes than a tart.

"True," the Human said and stepped closer. Her scent invaded his lungs – citrus and sweet. "But you're still handsome" she said and fingered the dimples near his mouth. Women did always appreciate those.

Her touch traveled up to his hairline, ruining his manicured part. But he didn't care. The feel of her cool fingers on his scalp was ...stimulating.

He sat his drink on the rail and grabbed her svelte waist with both hands.

"Come," he commanded softly, bringing her close.

"Not just yet," she said and placed both hands firmly on his chest.

"If you want me, come get me—" she said and broke contact.

He watched as she ran down the veranda, escaping onto the beach. He picked up his drink and took the last sip. She was as fast as any real Human, and it would not take long for him to catch her. But he did enjoy the play.

~000~

Stephanie's sides burned as she sprinted across the sand.

Part of her was excited, but a deeper, sober part of her kept asking why she let Quark talk her into this.

Sex with holosuite characters was something only *losers* did. And she wasn't a loser, right?

The alcohol soured in her gut.

She was twenty-six, and had only been with one man so far. And only once, during freshman year at the academy.

Craig Bensen had been enamored with her. All her friends had pressured her to 'give him a chance', and she had been treated like one half of a couple before she even consented to a date.

When they did have sex, it was painful. And dull. Her body didn't respond to him at all, and she cried in the bathroom afterwards. Even worse, she'd turned on the ventilation so he couldn't hear her. Stephanie Michaels - ever the spineless wimp.

After that she promised herself she'd never sleep with someone unless he stimulated her body *and* mind.

And when she first arrived at DS9, there had been *Suvok*. He was so worldly. And unlike other Vulcans she'd met at the Academy, he'd been personable and *warm*.

But all that had been a misinterpretation on her part.

The thought stopped her cold.

Unfortunately, she had briefly forgotten where she was. And something like a freight train slammed into her back.

Before she got a mouthful of sand, strong arms angled her around.

The holographic Romulan laid on the beach, holding her to him.

"Hope that didn't snap your neck," he said, his tone mocking.

"It would take a lot more," she said although the pain in her back disagreed. When she moved to stand he held her still.

"Ah – not so fast," he said and rolled them over so that he was on top. "I rose to your challenge."

His hands slid down her body, stopping at her thighs and coaxed her legs around his trim waist.

"But I have more," she protested weakly. She enjoyed the feel of him, but wasn't sure if this was what she wanted. Maybe if they spoke a little more. And his voice was so sexy - coarse and smooth at the same time.

She could kick herself.

How had all those old insecurities come back? Here she was, thinking she had to get to know a *hologram* better. It was ridiculous. She had to bury the past. If she couldn't relax *here* how would she ever?

She traced the line of his jaw, and willed her trembling fingers steady. His skin was soft and intensely warm. If it weren't for the heavy Romulan brow, he'd look almost friendly with those deep dimples and soft blue eyes. As it were, she lay gazing at a severe enemy. It stirred something inside her, and she wondered what it'd be like if this were real. If an actual Romulan had her pinned.

~000~

The small Human stared up at him with such hunger. He'd never seen that kind of emotion in a facsimile before, and he made a mental note to copy the program from the Ferengi.

"No. It's enough now," he whispered.

Maybe it was the drink's effect, or the fact that none of this was real, but he felt wilder. He didn't waste time with Romulan finger play and instead went straight for the Human mating ritual and sealed his mouth over hers.

She moaned into him, and it was a delicious surrender.

His night was decided in the instant. He'd have this fake Starfleet officer, and it'd reinvigorate him for tomorrow's meeting with that feeble-minded Admiral Ross and that barbaric Klingon.

Little teeth sunk painfully into his bottom lip, and he pulled back in surprise. The girl stared at him with a satisfied smirk.

"I say when," she said, and he chuckled at her defiance.

Without a word he ripped her jacket down the front, and roughly pulled back her undershirt. Additional sounds of tearing let him know he'd effectively ruined her uniform.

"Hey!" she cried, her eyes big as saucers. But he ignored the protest and dove down, capturing one of her round little breasts in his mouth.

A sharp intake of breath, and she buried her hands in his hair. He suckled freely on her pink nipples while massaging the soft surrounding flesh.

Her feminine moans rose over the waves, and he grew hard at the sound.

"Computer—" she whispered, and when he heard the respondent ding he stilled.

He looked up in question. Who would allow an artificial intelligence computer access?

"Give us a four-poster bed facing the water," she said and looked down to him. "Cover it in silk. Red, *no*, green. As dark as Romulan blood."

The furniture materialized before them, and he grinned. It looked a lot more comfortable than the sandy shore, so perhaps this was the reason she could conjure objects. A self-aware hologram certainly had benefits.

~000~

Finally the Romulan let her up and she stood, taking his hand and leading him to the bed. He gently removed the remainder of her top and tossed it aside. Her hands paused above his suit, unsure of how to remove it. With a smirk he unraveled the side and slipped it off, giving her a first look at his naked form.

He was lean with soft muscles and a smattering of dark hair. She ran her hands across his chest, delighting in the feel of it. His yellow skin and green nipples were foreign, but not deterrent. She drew closer, teasing his collarbone with her lips. His natural scent was stronger than she expected, but comely. A deep inhale of him caused dizzy little bursts in her head, and she gasped at the sensation.

Hot hands roamed over her bare back, and she looked up to him feeling drunk on lust. Her mood shifted when she caught his smug expression.

She stepped back, dislodging them.

"Coy again?" he asked, but she just smiled.

She unbuttoned her pants, and the sound drove his attention downward. She could've sworn she saw his pupils dilate as he watched her fumble with the zipper.

She lay back on the bed, lifted her legs in the air to let him see everything as she undressed. When she reached her knees, he was there tugging her pants off the rest of the way. His hands moved down her inner thighs, stopping just above her soft bush.

He looked up, capturing her stare. She became so lost in his blue eyes that she didn't notice his hand move, but she felt it when his finger stroked down her slit.

With a moan she leaned up, but he pressed a hand to her chest, keeping her back.

He leaned forward and palmed her sex.

"So wet," he whispered against her lips.

She kissed him back slow and soft.

"You're a lovely plaything," he said, and she felt his lips turn up as he said it.

"What?" she asked with a raised brow.

"I think I'll take you back to Romulus with me."

In one swift motion she scooted back and clapped her legs shut. He certainly was possessive, but she was over letting men (real or not) walk all over her.

And since he was a hologram, she felt braver than she normally would. After all, she didn't have to worry that *he'd* go around telling everyone what sort of things drew her passions. And it's not like he had limits. She could do whatever she wanted and he would not tell her 'no'.

With newfound courage she fisted a chunk of his hair and said, "I think you have this backwards." His eyes narrowed and he sucked in air through clenched teeth. "You will do as I say."

"What do you want?" he said with a growl.

Stephanie moved back to sit on her knees, pulling him onto the bed. He quickly grabbed her wrist and squeezed just enough so that she'd release him. With her free hand she pushed him back, but only with his compliance was it so. He lay down by her side and stared up expectantly.

"Well?" he asked.

She straddled his chest and placed three fingers over his mouth to silence him.

"I will take *you* back to Earth," she said and slid higher. The corners of his mouth twitched as she got closer to her destination.

"You will become an expert in pleasuring women," she said, her sex finally meeting his mouth. "If you're not already...?"

He stared at her as he kissed her cunt for the first time.

She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip. That little contact was like an electric current through her whole body, and she had to focus hard not to buck.

"Guess not," she lied. "But I'm sure I can recruit other women to train you. Imagine - you can learn the taste of a hundred different human woman."

With an evil grin, she pressed herself down on him harder. His tongue could do little more than dart in and out. She leaned back.

"They can all come on your mouth, but only I get this," she said and squeezed his member through his pants.

~000~

Letant wrapped his arms around her thighs, locking her in place. Her fragrant cunt drove him wild, and he licked and sucked with abandon.

He could no longer make out the deliciously amoral things she was saying, and he didn't care. Soon she was writhing on top of him. Panting. What juices he couldn't swallow trickled down the corners of his mouth. Her alien nethers reddened. He could feel she was close as her inside spasmed around his tongue.

He watched her rock those shapely hips over him. Trying to get all the pleasure she could. Her pink lips glistened, and her eyes closed in ecstasy. His lok throbbed in want.

As she came she spread her legs farther a part, and it was the one movement he allowed. Her small body quaked, and her voice gave out mid-moan; it cracked as she bent back in bliss.

He turned to kiss her thighs as she slumped to the side, trying to hold herself up.

"*Pet*, we are not done," he whispered.

"What," she sounded genuinely confused. He almost laughed.

In an instant he had her pinned again, but this time she was splayed out on the soft sheets. She put up absolutely no fight. He held her wrists above her head with one hand, and undid his pants with the other.

He paused at her entrance, first drinking in the visage. Uniquely golden hair fanned out behind her, and her creamy white skin glowed in the moonlight. He memorized each of her soft curves, and ran his fingers delicately down her young face. She was beautiful as she looked up to him with heavy-lidded eyes.

He eased into her, relishing the feel of her still-pulsating sex.

~000~

Stephanie wrapped her legs around the Romulan. He filled her completely, and she loved every inch of him.

Strong hands had both her wrists, and she knew she would be sporting twin bruises tomorrow.

All she could see was the fake sky above them. White hot stars twinkled in the blackness. She was unable to move on her own, but instead of feeling trapped she felt free. She was vaguely aware of the grunts he forced from her as he thrust in and out. He was slow, but brutal. Still, she urged him on with several moaned *more*-s and *yes*-es. Her head tilted back; the stars blurred into lines from his back and forth.

His grunts became insistent. His skin was so hot she thought it might burn her. At once he shuddered and pulled back to stare at her as he came. She felt his member throb, and she clenched him tightly in response.

When it was done, he let go of her wrists and wrapped his arms around her. He kissed her languidly as their bodies calmed.

~000~

Stephanie awoke to the feel of someone trailing kisses up her back. She rolled over and saw the Romulan smiling down at her.

"Get enough rest?" he said.

"How long was I out?" she asked.

"Computer –" he said and the machine dinged back. She eyed him in confusion. His program was self-aware? "How long since we began?"

"Two hours, forty seven minutes," the mechanical voice answered back.

The Romulan tilted his head. "I'd say you were out about an hour and a half."

"You know about the computer?" she asked as his hand slid up her thigh.

"Same as you," he said. He kissed her knees and spread her legs apart.

She bit her lip as he moved higher. Already she was getting wet again.

"Well of course I know it," she said.

"Mm – of course," he said, obviously disinterested.

It took all the strength she had, but she slowly closed her legs. He looked up in confusion.

"Sorry, but I've only booked the room for three hours. And Quark's overages should be illegal."

The Romulan chuckled. "I can afford it," he said.

"Um... I'm the one who'll have to pay," she said and scooted back.

"What?" The Romulan finally gave her his full attention and sat back on his knees.

"Odd. I thought Vince was the only self-aware hologram we had. But then again, I didn't know Quark had a Romulan love slave program either," she said.

"Excuse me?" The Romulan said, looking offended.

Okay, she didn't want to end the night on a bad note.

"Computer – save program and quit," she said, and the Romulan looked downright shocked.

Her heart sank. Ending a self-aware program was probably a huge insult. Well, at least she could go back and delete the last couple seconds.

Around her the scene dissolved. The oceans, the hotel, and the bed all faded away.

...and she was left staring at a naked Romulan.

"Computer – I said end program," she said.

"There are no programs currently running," the monotone voice answered back.

"Computer – end program," the Romulan said, with a strange look of skepticism. But now it was her turn for shock.

When his command did nothing, they simply stared at each other.

After about a minute...

"I'm going to kill that Ferengi," Stephanie said.



# The Fallout

Stephanie trembled as she dressed herself. Was this really happening? Did she have sex with a real Romulan? Oh, the things she *said*... Her cheeks burned from the embarrassment.

Whoever he was, he was dressed in lightning speed.

She growled when she couldn't zip up her ruined jacket. At least the undershirt covered her... mostly.

They both stepped toward the exit at the same time and locked eyes.

She briefly wondered if it was all a trick. Hoped, even. The holosuite doors slid open, and they both took a step out.

And the truth was undeniable – they were corporeal.

"I would not have..." the Romulan began, motioning to her ripped uniform. "...if I had known. My apologies."

"It's not *your* fault," Stephanie said and turned with purpose, her whole demeanor shifting to rage.

~000~

Somehow Quark had managed to stay out of the red tonight, and he was just about to pour himself a celebratory drink when he saw two angry customers headed his way. Well, at least he'd had time to prepare for this.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Quark," Stephanie said to him, and he immediately noticed her ripped uniform. Hm, who'd have thought the little engineer would have a rack like that.

Next to her stood Letant; his clothes in perfect order but clearly he'd forgotten to smooth out his hair.

Quark smiled.

"What ever do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well, *Ferengi*," Letant said.

"I certainly don't," Quark said, and raised his voice so that anyone nearby could hear. "But if you explain in clear terms, maybe I could help."

The Romulan looked behind himself, eyes searching for his fellow officers. His practiced political calm faded just enough so that Quark could see his true emotion - apprehension. Stephanie sunk down and attempted to wrap her ruined jacket around herself more securely. She leaned in –

"Quark, what you did is *illegal*-" she whispered.

"And what did I do?" Quark said, keeping his voice raised with feigned confusion. "I believe you both wanted a diverting experience, and that's what I sold you."

Letant snarled, and looked ready to speak but Quark didn't give him the chance.

"Or did you not *enjoy* yourselves?"

Now the pair looked to one another.

"That's not-" Stephanie began, shaking her head.

"It was an acceptable-" Letant said, and the human's eyes grew wide. "That is to say, it was... *pleasant*."

"Y-yes," she agreed and shook her head. "That's not the issue."

"Oh really? It seems to me you both had a great holosuite experience. What is there to complain about?"

"Is there a problem?" said someone else, and Quark thanked his lucky stars it wasn't Odo. Instead, there stood a somewhat familiar Vulcan male.

From the corner of his eye, Quark noticed Stephanie practically collapse in on herself.

"S-Suvok!" she cried. The Vulcan turned to look at her, and his eye fell right to her exposed cleavage. When he looked up and saw the Romulan behind her, he did not show any recognizable emotion, although a crease appeared between his upswept brows. The Romulan, on the other hand, stared at the new male with a sneer.

"What concern is it of yours?" Letant asked.

"There's no problem," Stephanie said quickly.

Suvok calmly took off his jacket and placed it around Stephanie's shoulders. She drowned in the large garment but smiled up at him appreciatively.

Quark watched as Letant's expression went from mild annoyance to full on anger. And yet the man just stood there. On the one hand, he was happy there wasn't going to be a brawl in his bar. But on the other, he felt a little bad for the Romulan.

"Would you like an escort back to your room?" The Vulcan asked the girl, ignoring Letant altogether.

"No, thank you. But I should get going," Stephanie said, her face now a subtle shade of red.

She turned to Letant and paused, nibbling her bottom lip. When the Senator's eyes fell on her, his expression softened.

"Well. Good night," she offered awkwardly. He nodded back at her.

"This isn't over Quark," she said before leaving the bar.

"Still unsure what you mean, honey," Quark said glibly.

Both the Vulcan and Romulan watched her go, and when she was gone they turned back to one another. Letant stared with naked aggression, while the Vulcan showed no emotion at all. Quark took the moment to pour some real Romulan ale. As he expected, the Vulcan turned and left the bar without another word. The Romulan sank down onto a seat, and Quark slid over the blue drink.

"On the house," he said. The Romulan didn't reply, but instead picked up the glass and drank.

Quark turned, leaving the man deep in thought. As he walked back to clear the empty glasses from the Dabo table, he whispered to himself "and that's how you do it."

# Last Night

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Stephanie scrubbed her hair for the third time, but it was no use. She could still smell the Romulan all over her. She had no idea how he'd transferred it – they don't even sweat! But oh, how it did things to her. A whiff of him sent her right back to the holosuite, and her core ached. It was actually quite nice...

But work! And friends! Because if *she* could smell it, so could anyone else.

With renewed vigor she washed her arms, chest and legs. This had to be gone by tomorrow.

Unfortunately, the damage was already done with Suvok. What must he *think* of her? A day ago she confessed her love for him, and today she'd been caught post-coital with a Romulan. An enemy of the federation!

And who had that Romulan been, anyway? She didn't even get his name.

What if he had an STI? It's not like they used protection. And she wasn't taking anything – naturally, because she wasn't *seeing* anyone. Speaking of, could Romulans get humans pregnant? With a groan Stephanie slid down the shower wall. She was going to have to go to the medical bay. *Bashir* was going to know.

How could she let this happen? Was there really no clue that he was real? Quark's erotic programs usually featured only the physically *perfect*. Not that that man, whoever he was, wasn't attractive. He had an allure and *skill*. But still, if she had went with her gut and just spoken to him a little beforehand, maybe all of this would have been avoided.

Stephanie replicated a warm towel and headed to her comm. At the very least she had to know his *name*.

She checked the logs for all visitors, sorting by species. She'd heard about the negotiations, but didn't pay attention to who was attending. O'Brien had her so wrapped up in the circuits that little else mattered. Not to mention the drama with Suvok.

Finally, she found it. Six Romulans total were aboard. She checked their IDs. Not that their kind ever provided much info, but names and photos were there.

At the bottom of the list was the one she searched for. *Her* Romulan. His rank and name – Senator Letant.

*Senator!?* Not only had she slept with a Romulan, but a *senator!?*

The room spun. What did this mean? Should she tell someone higher up? If she didn't would Starfleet intelligence bust in and arrest her for cavorting with the enemy? Granted, for the

moment they were at peace with the Romulans. As if *that* were a strong alliance. For all she knew, tomorrow they'd be back at war.

She laid her head on the comm, trying to figure out the best course of action. A ding at the door made her heart drop.

"uh – one minute!" she said and desperately looked around for some clothes. Her ruined uniform lay in a heap by the bathroom door, so she stuffed it under the bed. She traded in the towel for a nightgown, and replicated a robe since the gown wasn't covering much.

If she were about to be dragged out of her room by security, she didn't want everyone to see her silky skivvies!

~000~

He was a traditional Romulan. Alone as many of them were but not without purpose. He'd spent decades fighting for the expansion of the empire. It was a noble life, up until admiral.

Politics certainly challenged the virtuous vision he'd had of himself. But the older he got the wiser he became, and the more he buried his true nature in favor of a mask that allowed him to succeed.

And yet the moment he realized the human was real, he'd felt the man inside take over. Imbued with all the silly thoughts and feelings of youth; he'd become hopeful, excited, and yearned for the things he'd missed out on.

He'd not had to pay the Ferengi for her room number or name. Didn't give word to his guard - quite possibly fatal mistake. Instead he let those familiar, reckless emotions control him.

With each step he berated himself. Humans were known for their fickle tendencies. *Stephanie Michaels* probably had a new lover every week, and here he was cursed by the natural monogamy of his kind. It was idiotic. And nothing could come of it. Even if he wanted it, even if *she* wanted it. Every part of this decision was flawed.

Still, he rang her door.

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Stephanie stared at Letant, completely stunned.

"May I come in?" He asked, and she stepped back without hesitation - possibly a fatal mistake.

Her fears of being locked up for fraternizing with a Romulan were briefly quelled when he turned to face her. His eyes were downcast, and his fingers fiddled at his sides. He looked almost nervous.

"Ms. Michaels," he began. "We didn't get a chance to talk after what transpired between us in the holosuite."

"Sorry about that. I was just so furious with Quark..." she said.

"That is understandable. Had it been another of my colleagues, his deception may have caused an incident."

"Oh?" Stephanie said with a raised brow. Letant took a small step toward her and nodded.

"That's why I am here. Romulans behave in a strictly professional manner, and I wouldn't want you to think poorly of us on account of me. If I had known you were a real person I would not have attacked you as I did," he said.

Stephanie did her best to hide her hurt feelings. Not that it mattered as the senator currently refused to meet her eye line.

"You didn't *attack* me," she said. After all it was she who had prompted the chase. "And I wouldn't think poorly of all Romulans for the actions of one."

"That's good to hear," he said, taking another step toward her. By now her lungs filled with his familiar scent. It was distracting, but she wasn't finished.

"And you didn't *do* anything bad? I think we covered that at Quark's. As far as I'm concerned, unless a person's on the clock they don't need to worry about professionalism."

"A politician must always think of how he is perceived by others," he said.

"Well, you don't need to worry about me," she said, and his eyes finally met hers.

"And why is that?"

At once Stephanie realized how close he'd come. He wasn't much taller than her, but she still had to stare up at him. A minute ago he'd looked unsure of himself, but that was obviously a deception. He straightened with purpose, and her face felt warm all of a sudden.

"Well...", she began. She had a hard time keeping eye contact. "*Obviously*, ...I like you."

"Should it be obvious? It was I who called our session pleasant," he said and reached out. The corner of her robe had fallen, and he pulled it back up. His warm fingers brushed her neck, and goosebumps broke out all down her arms. "You seemed eager to get out of bed as well."

The nervous energy that had been bubbling up inside her finally boiled over, and she laughed.

"Letant. Do you think me naïve?" she said, narrowing her eyes at him playfully.

A slow grin spread on his face. The sight of his dimples emboldened her, and she stepped closer.

"I prefer it when men are direct," she said.

"As you wish," he said and slipped his hands into hers.

A tingling sensation spread from their point of contact. She closed her eyes as the electric feeling wrapped up her spine.

"This is how your people kiss, isn't it?" She asked.

"It is," he said.

"You didn't do this before," she said. But he didn't answer, and instead pressed his lips to hers.

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He could feel her arousal through their connection. It had been so long since he'd done this. If he'd known before he'd have done it then too.

His emotions mingled with hers. He could feel her temperament, and a sense of who she was began to take shape in his mind. They were a good match. It surprised him, but the brief excitement was canceled out by the reality of the situation. They *would have been*. If she were Romulan, a match-maker would have known it right away.

He pulled her close, reveling in the soft sounds of her approval. She smelled fresh and dewy. Her hair was still damp and her skin still hot from the bath she must've taken. He scooped her up, and the thick robe she wore slipped off her top.

He laid her out on the bed and ran his hands down her silk-covered abdomen. This time it'd be different, and he'd mate with her as if they were lovers.

His kissed down her neck, committing every square inch of flesh to memory. He purred with delight when he reached under her gown and found she was not wearing anything underneath it.

He'd begun to toy with her sex when he felt her push back. He looked up, confused, and the face of that smug Vulcan male briefly flashed in his mind. But she was smiling, and she leaned down to nip at his bottom lip. She pushed him onto his back, and he obliged. If she was going to do what she did last time, he was more than willing.

She straddled his hips, and now expertly removed his tunic. Her fingers splayed out on his chest and toyed with his hair. He watched her hungry eyes explore his body, and he grew hard from her slight movements over his groin.

"Give it to me," he whispered, and rocked her forward. Coaxing.

She shook her head, "This time I want to taste you."

She slipped off his trousers and boots, and he watched as she kissed down his stomach.

"I'm afraid you'll only find yourself down there," he said with a lazy smile.

"So I'll taste us both," she said, and swirled her tongue around the tip of his lok.

He gasped at the sensation. He spread his thighs further a part, and she settled between them.

He watched as she slicked up his length, getting him ready. His sex quickly became a violent shade of green, and he couldn't help but buck his hips. When she finally took him in, he felt like he was going to explode right then. She backed off and grabbed the base of him tightly, and after he calmed, she began to work him over properly.

The sight of her soft pink mouth was too much, and he had to close his eyes to stop from spilling. He didn't know how long she went for, stroking and sucking. When she began to murmur, he grasped her shoulders.

"You have to stop, I can't—" he said, but she ignored him and sucked harder.

The pressure had gone past the point of no return, and he fisted the bedspread to stop from grabbing her too roughly by the hair.

The orgasm ripped through his body, and he emptied himself down her throat. He watched her take him without skipping a beat, and his deep moan was part pleasure and part gratitude. He wanted her so much more than this. He wanted her a hundred more times this night.

She moved on top of him, putting pressure on his still throbbing sex. Her heat and wetness covered him, and he knew it was his turn to work. But he took a moment to appraise her. Her hair had dried into soft curls that hung around her face like a wild mane, all tousled from the exercise. The little dress had fallen off her shoulders. One breast was fully exposed, so he tugged the garment down, letting the other come out too.

She was such a small creature, but perfectly formed. He stroked up her arms and noticed their definition. He tried to remember what the color of their uniforms signified, but his mind worked slowly – hers had been gold.

*Engineer.*

So she had sculpted those muscles likely climbing Jefferies tubes or toiling away at a warp core. Had she had pips?

"Tell me..." he began, but the words came out choked. He hadn't realized how dry his throat became. "What is your rank?"

The look on her face was utter confusion.

"My *rank*?"

He cleared his throat and nodded. She moved off him and the gown slipped away. He admired the soft curve of her back as she walked across the room and replicated a glass of water.

"Why do you ask?" she said, retuning with the drink for him. He sat up and smiled, wondering briefly if all human females were as thoughtlessly kind.



"Curiosity. I don't expect you're high up yet. Based on what I know about human aging, you're quite young – yes?"

She straightened up at the question, and he noticed her nipples had become firm. It was a little cold. After a long drink he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her up against him. He covered them with the blanket, and his hotter body quickly warmed them both.

"Well, based on what I know about Romulan ages, you're *not* so young – yes?"

He chuckled. Had he offended her by merely asking the question? He laid over her and kissed his way up, starting from her breasts and ending at her jaw.

"Yes, and according to you, *offensively* short as well?" He said and nipped her bottom lip. She giggled at that.

"I wouldn't call it offensive. Aggressive, perhaps."

"*Aggressive*?" He asked, staring down at her with wide-eyes. He was *at least* five inches taller than her!

Her arms snaked around his midsection. And her legs spread to allow their bodies to meld once more.

"Maybe that's just your personality," she said.

"Well I *am* Romulan."

"Mmm, yes," she said with such enthusiasm that it caused his chest to constrict in regret. He was clearly in danger here.

She rose up suddenly and kissed his forehead. Such a common gesture, but coming from a human female it was an acceptance he hadn't even realized he wanted. It made him yearn to claim her completely. The feeling was powerful, but brief. He crushed it and distracted himself by getting back to work. He would take her once more, but before that he wanted to watch her writhe.

He set up camp between her legs, and for the next several hours made her come over and over. She begged for pause, but he only allowed her the smallest reprieve.

"Monster!" she cried, and it sounded sincere. She watched with a tired smile as he sucked her cum off his fingers. At this point he was surprised she had any left to give.

His lok demanded attention, and he could tell she craved something that could go deeper than his middle finger.

Her sex offered no resistance as he slid inside, and the ecstatic sounds she made almost sent him over the edge again.

"Letant," she whispered in his ear. Her legs wrapped around his backside, pulling him in deeper.

He resisted, and continued the teasingly slow pace. If she wanted more he had better plans, and he pressed their palms together. The pleasure she felt pumped into him, and he knew she was feeling his as well. Her cries became insistent, and it unraveled his inhibitions. He wanted her. Completely. He didn't want to go back to his empty house alone. His fingers threaded into hers and closed into fists.

"Letant?" Her voice was barely a whisper, and he realized that he'd left the connection wide open.

He kissed her deeply, silencing the questions and that pitying look on her face. Only one word echoed in his mind – *mine*.

They both knew his thoughts were fantasy. Nothing about this had potential, but that was pushed aside. They had the moment, and they'd spend it feeding into each other.

He sped up the pace, and to his surprise she went right along with it. He had an image of them, like this, in his own bed. Night after night.

"Yes," she whispered. "Take me."

He'd take her by any means necessary back to Romulus. Treaty be damned; his kind could not and would not deny him a new mate. The ashes of his lost wife had long since left his skin, and he was due another chance.

He buried his face in her neck and bit down. He'd make this girl swollen with child; the thought brought waves of pleasure throughout her body, and it delighted him. She wanted him as much as he wanted her.

Her cunt quaked around his lok, and he knew she would be coming soon. He answered her pleas and drilled harder, bringing her more pleasure and a little bit of pain. He could feel her desire. She wanted him to ruin her, and he'd oblige. She would not forget him for sometime after this.

They kissed roughly, tongues and teeth meeting as if they wanted to devour one another. Her fingernails sunk into his back, and he hoped she'd leave marks.

Her mind reeled. Passion got the better of her, and she clenched her sex in an attempt to keep all his seed. The extra pressure set them both off, and he came shouting her name.

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Stephanie awoke to find Letant sitting on the edge of her bed, full dressed. She barely had the strength to move, but it didn't matter. He leaned down and kissed her lips softly. She would not be there to see him off, so this was the last she'd see of him.

Without a word he rose and walked across the room. When the door slid open he looked back and for a moment stood bathed in the light from the outside hallway. She committed to memory every detail of him – his eyes, the tousled hair, even his uniform seemed oddly

erotic. Most of all she was determined to remember his soft smile; there was regret in it, but she would choose to recollect the dimples instead.

She couldn't bring herself to say goodbye, so she didn't.

He turned and left, and when the door slid closed, she checked her bedside clock and set an alarm.

She dreaded tomorrow, but for now all those bad thoughts and feelings stayed away. She was exhausted, and drifted back to sleep with ease.

~000~

1800 hours. Stephanie stared out the porthole and caught sight of the Warbird just as it cloaked.

She'd woken early enough to check out when they would disembark, but as she suspected, she hadn't seen him again.

Sadness snaked around her heart. It was foolish. She'd known the man one day. And yet, she'd spent so many years yearning for the kind of passion they'd shared instantly.

The intelligent part of her said it was just inexperience. For the both of them, though that was shocking to discover; she never would have guessed that a man like that had just as little experience. Truthfully, it should give her hope. If she could luck out and meet a man who so violently drew her passions, then there was a good chance it could happen again.

And maybe in a week's time she'd actually believe that.

"It seems the negotiations have ended. We now have Romulan support," Suvok said. She wasn't sure when he'd appeared, but today his presence did not make her anxious.

"Good. We'll need it," she said.

"I agree. It's looking like things are about to become more dangerous," he said.

"I think you're right," she said.

As the pair stood looking out onto the stars, Stephanie made a mental checklist for the coming days.

At some point she'd have to get a checkup from Bashir, but she already knew; she would not be pregnant. And based on what she now knew about Letant, she didn't have to worry about STIs either.

Despite her earlier shower, Letant's scent still surrounded her like a warm blanket. She no longer cared who knew.

She was just happy to have something of his for a little while longer.

## Chapter End Notes

That's all, folks! Hope you enjoyed it! This story is complete, but I think I may have material for a sequel later. If you'd like that, let me know!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!