One Night Stand

By C. Jade Wyton

Tiffany Goldman has spent the night out with friends. And now that they've all left, Tiffany finds herself a partner for the night…. But then, when their encounter is cut short, she makes and another woman abandoned mid-date forge a fast friendship.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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It had been a good night, and Tiffany had been enjoying herself.

She was glad she and her friends had come out to drink together; even if Andi had needed to duck out early to meet with her sister. And Cleo had received that call from her mother and had to go…. And now that Steph was leaving to meet her brother, it looked like the night might finally be ending.

Tiffany pecked a kiss on each of her friend's metallic cheeks before waving goodbye and ordering herself one final drink.

She decided to nurse this one; drinking slowly so she could enjoy the atmosphere of the bar and, especially, the barkeep. He was a handsome older orc who was big enough that he could have been the bouncer.

Tiffany took another sip as she thought of the bouncer, and eyed her from the corner of her eye.

She was a half-ogre, with rippling muscles and short, scruffy hair.

Beautiful woman, Tiffany thought to herself as she felt heat creeping through her body. *Shame she was working….*

'May I sit here?' a voice asked from Tiffany's side, and she turned to grin at the bronze-skinned dragonborn that politely tapped at the counter beside her.

'Of course,' she said, flicking her headfin back out of her eyes. 'A handsome man like you? I welcome your company…. I'm Tiffany.'

'Nyeroth,' the dragonborn responded, taking Tiffany's hand as it was offered to him. 'It's lovely to meet you. I couldn't help but notice you sitting here. How'd a beautiful girl like yourself find herself out alone on a night like this?'

'Ah, well. I came with friends,' Tiffany admitted, before taking on a playful, high-pitch tone. 'But they had to go. And now I'm… all on my lonesome.'

'Well, that just won't do, will it?' Nyeroth, clearly picking up on Tiffany's intention, leant forward and placed a hand on her knee. 'I couldn't leave a beautiful lady like you all alone….'

Tiffany giggled, letting the man press his nose gently against hers. 'Perhaps you should take me with you?' she suggested.

'Mm, that sounds like a good idea…' Nyeroth grinned, putting his hand on Tiffany's as she made to pull out her purse. 'Ah, no…. Please, allow me to take care of the tab….'

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Nyeroth didn't live far from the bar, and before Tiffany knew it she was in his bedroom under him, her legs hefted up against his chest as he thrust passionately into her.

His body was hot against hers, and each rhythmic movement sent a burst of pleasure shooting through her body.

Then he paused a moment, catching his breath as he readjusted his grip on Tiffany's legs. For a moment he seemed unsure as he leant forward over her— And then pulled back.

'What's wrong?' Tiffany asked, pushing her headfin out of her eyes.

'I don't want to hurt you,' he mumbled.

'Baby you won't,' Tiffany breathed. 'I'll say if its too much—'

A loud knock sounded on Nyeroth's bedroom door.

'Scott!' Nyeroth exclaimed through grit teeth. 'I'm kinda *busy*—'

'Yeah! So was I!' an annoyed voice called back. 'But Zack just called. He got in a fight, he needs us to pick him up.'

'Scott I—'

'If we don't go get him, he'll have to call his dad.'

Nyeroth gave a heavy sigh and, clearly defeated, slipped off Tiffany.

'I'm so sorry,' he apologised as he slipped back into his clothes. 'I don't think I have a choice in this.... Uh— Look. You can stay here for the night if you like, or you can get a cab home. Your choice—'

'C'mon, Nye!'

'I'm *coming!*' Nyeroth called back.

'Wish I could be saying that!' came a new voice. It was a woman's voice— And she sounded humoured as she laughed out a breathless; '*What!*'

'Hey,' now fully-dressed, Nyeroth flicked Tiffany playfully on the nose and gave her a sheepish smile. 'This was fun. Sorry it got cut short.'

'It's fine, you go deal with your friend,' Tiffany replied, giving Nyeroth a pat as he turned for the door. 'I'll be okay.'

Nyeroth nodded to Tiffany before vanishing out the door, leaving it ajar as he and his housemate argued all the way out the front door.

Tiffany sighed as she heard the front door shut and clambered out of bed. She retrieved her clothes from the floor and made to put them on— Pausing as the bedroom door was pushed open by a tall, white-and-brown tabaxi woman.

She stood for a moment, stark naked, before leaning against the doorframe and pumping her brow playfully. 'Hey,' she said. 'Fancy this situation.'

'Hey,' Tiffany replied with a chuckle as she tugged on her pants. 'Fancy this!'

'Just a couple of unsatisfied girls, hanging out in an apartment that isn't theirs,' the tabaxi grinned. Then she gave Tiffany a little salute. 'Name's Ruby.'

'Tiffany,' Tiffany responded. 'You've got an accent— You Australian?'

'Yeah, Adelaide,' Ruby chuckled.

'Ah,' Tiffany scrunched up her snout. '*Gross*.'

'Oi!' Ruby gasped, slamming her hand against the door in mock-offence. 'That's big fucking talk from you, innit?! You acting like you know shit 'bout Aus?'

'My mum's from Sydney,' Tiffany replied, simply. 'She's told me *all* about it.'

'Ew, Sydney? That's even worse than Adelaide,' Ruby scoffed. Then, she

turned up her nose, speaking in a fake-posh tone. 'Did she settle *freely?*'

'Naw, *her* mum moved down from the Northern Territory,' Tiffany shrugged.

'Aw, double gross!' Ruby joked, brushing back her hair. 'Hey. Seeing as we both just got ditched, I'll shout us some pizza, huh? You like pizza?'

'I could go for pizza.'

'Sweet, c'mon then,' Ruby beckoned Tiffany to follow her.

When Tiffany did, she found Ruby pulling on a set of black overalls and bright yellow rain-boots.

'Like your jacket,' Ruby commented as she finished bucking up her overalls. 'Suits you!'

'Thanks,' Tiffany chuckled. 'You look nice, as well.'

'Naw, no I don't!' Ruby cackled, pushing past the triton and making for the door. 'I dress like a fucking toddler, don't I?'

Tiffany snorted a laugh as she followed the tabaxi. 'I mean… now that you *say* it, I see it.'

'Hah! I like you,' Ruby laughed as she made it to the door and paused a moment to examine a wall of photos. 'Hmm…. Ahah! *You!* You're coming home with *me!*'

Tiffany's eyes went wide as Ruby reached up and took a photo of Nyeroth off the wall. 'Wh— Are you—'

'Stealing?' Ruby cast Tiffany a cheeky glance. 'Yeah. It's called the "I didn't orgasm tax." You gonna dob on me?'

Tiffany shook her head. 'No, no…. Smart idea, actually. If I had a dollar for every time a guy left me dry? I'd be *rich!*'

'Hah! Well,' Ruby pointed to a small table by the door. 'There's a dollar right here. Want me to grab it for you?'

Tiffany shrugged as Ruby didn't wait for her response and pocketed the dollar. 'So… why a photo of him?' she asked as she followed Ruby into the hall.

'Cos they ain't likely to realise its missing for a good while— And when they *do* realise, it'll drive them *nuts* trying to figure out where the fuck it went!'

'Hah!'

—END—

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