

Passion and Relaxation

The lights outside the apartment were on, so the power couldn't have gone out. Yet inside, the kitchen counter and living room were littered with the glimmer of flickering candles, and freshly lit judging by the lack of wax at their bases.

"Keiraaa?"

Qyreia knew that she was there; her 'Zeltron sense', the empathic telepathy endemic to her race, told her so. She stepped inside, trying to find by hand or sight where her lover was. As the door closed behind her, clothing the rest of the room in darkness save for the candlelight, she smiled at the coy game they were playing. Drawing. Closer to the sofa in the midst of their small living room, she could smell a hint of perfume.

Not often she wears that, the mercenary thought as she stood in front of the stuffed furniture. "I know you're here," she said with a chuckle.

Keira was rarely one to hide in the shadows but, for the brief moment that the Zeltron's attention was turned away, she was able to slip from a narrow band of darkness. With a little guidance from the Force, she approached the red-skinned woman and gently pushed her onto the sofa, eliciting a pleasantly surprised "oof".

"I see you're home from your work trip," Qyreia chuckled as the half-Umbaran straddled her waist. "What's all this?"

Keira grabbed her lover's hands and put them to her hips, where the merc felt nothing but skin.

"Making up for lost time."

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The blue glow of the holovid screen bathed the room in soft light, all but a few candles extinguished. Two dirty plates on the coffee table were all that remained of the dinner that the Force user had cooked, along with a wine bottle and a pair of half-full glasses. On the sofa, the two lay comfortably entangled under a blanket, sharing a carton of ice cream while they watched a B-list horror vid.

"Sooo, how was it?" Keira said softly over the movie.

"Pretty sure the *throne room* heard how good it was."

Keira laughed. "I was talking about dinner!"

“Oh, it was *fantastic*. Holonet or cooking channel?”

“Holonet variation,” the pale woman replied, kissing Qyreia’s neck.

“Mmm, don’t start something you won’t finish.”

“I always finish.”

“I know; I was talking about *me*.”

They both laughed and giggled at their private innuendo and continued to talk intermittently through most of the show, though Qyreia sometimes had to pause it so as not to miss a “good part.” Keira questioned if anything about the vid could be called good, but the issue was laid to rest with a kiss before hitting the ‘play’ button and pouring another glass of wine.

That stopped none of the conversation, of course.

“I hear things with your guys has been interesting lately,” Keira said, referring to the Galerians under Qyreia’s Quaestorship.

“Yeah. Satsi nearly molested by a Krayt dragon, volunteering at a soup kitchen, mixing some of the remaining Collective holdouts...”

“Truth or dare?”

Qyreia turned her head. “You heard about that did you?”

“Zujenia is nice, but it’s not hard to get her to talk.”

That nark. “Sooo... how much did she tell you?”

“I know the highlight of the night was you and Satsi making out.”

Dammit Zuji! “Yeaah... not one of my proudest moments.”

“Why not? You kept to the dare and, from what I hear, surprised the *hell* out of Satsi.” She whispered close. “Maybe you could do that to me sometime.”

Qyreia’s cheeks burned. “You’re getting way too good at that.”

“I’ll show you something else I’m getting good at,” she said leaning in close, her breath hot on Qyreia’s lips.

A monotone *beep* sounded for a few seconds, interrupting the moment. The Zeltron tossed her head back in exasperation. “Uuuugh.”

“How many times does that make this month?” Keira said, motioning toward the air vent and opening it with an invisible touch.

“Twice,” the Zeltron replied, watching a small spider-like robot levitate from the opening.

Keira let the *Skitters* droid hover above her hand a moment before watching it crush and collapse under the same invisible power. Once sufficiently molded into an unrecognizable mess of metal and wire, she tossed it unceremoniously into a box labeled ‘*Blackmail*’.

“One of these days we should make a totem of the carcasses and plant it at the foot of the Serpentine Throne.”

Qyreia blinked, surprised. “That... damn. *Damn.*”

“What? It would work.”

The Zeltron just shook her head, smiling, before pulling Keira back down onto the sofa. “I’m just glad we got that EMP security system, and that I have you to protect me.”

“I love you,” she said as she resumed the film and handed the ice cream over.

“I love you too. Now, let’s keep this perfect night going.”