

Soft dark hair tickled my arm as I slowly awoke. Holding onto the thought that it wasn't morning if you couldn't see it, I kept my eyes closed. Still, light crept in with the truth. It was morning – early morning – and someone was next to me. Who?

One eye followed the other, squinting. Grey light filtered through small openings in the lonely window's curtains, giving the furnishings a shadowed appearance of stone. There weren't any voices in the hall or outside the window yet, so it must have still been some ungodly hour. This is usually what happened when alcohol was involved. It never seemed to matter what hour I got in at; if drinks and fun were had, sleep would end early. My brain likes punishment, I guess.

Friend-for-the-night was still sound asleep, my arm draped over his chest. His skin was pale and looked sickly in the early morning light, but his face was turned away. He had a healthy build, though not quite athletic. What had he said he did for a living? Farmer? Engineer? No! He had said that he was a mechanic for Starfleet ships. In an instant, the night came flooding back.

I had arrived in this bodunk town in the state of nowhere two weeks prior. Before that, I moved from city to city. Some time on the countryside seemed like an interesting prospect, so in exchange for room and board, I had agreed to help Sio and Tillie on their farm. Tillie was a lovely old woman who was the stereotypical grandmother. Sio was her husband and her polar opposite. He shouted more than he spoke. Farming was fine for the first week, but the second week was agony. I needed a break.

Town only had one bar for the isolated population so that's where I went. There, I met a man. He was well-dressed and looked important. He was sitting at the bar when I came in dressed to the nines in a too-small dress and too-high heels. Alone, I watched him. He spoke to no one but the bartender. After a few drinks, I stood up and wandered over to him, trying to appear more casual and sober than I felt. Introducing myself, I sat next to him. He seemed surprised and pleased that I had started the conversation. It went from there.

We talked. We made out. We booked a room at the bar's hotel. I remembered thinking that his hands were exceptionally smooth for a mechanic's...

Slowly, I slid my arm from its place and rolled over. Examining my surroundings, I found that the room was sparsely decorated and quite ugly. I guess it was mostly intended for overnights and passers through. No one really cared about the decor.

Behind me, my companion groaned and the bed moved as he did. I peeked over my naked shoulder and met the groggy gaze of two grey eyes.

"Morning," he said, his voice breaking with sleep.

I rolled back over to face him. This girl did good. He had dark hair and warm eyes; a nicely-bearded jaw and a strong nose. He might not have made all the girls swoon, but he certainly had my number.

"You're not a mechanic, are you?" I whispered after a pause, not trusting the use of my normal voice this early in the morning after the amount of alcohol I had.

Grey Eyes seemed taken aback by my response but smiled, "why do you say that?"

"Your hands." And your face, I added to myself. I hadn't met many mechanics in my life, but the ones I had weren't nearly as well-groomed. They usually had the 'scruffy' aesthetic down.

"These hands?" He drew one hand out from under the covers. "What about them?"

I shifted closer and took his hand in mine as if examining it. "They're too soft."

He chuckled deeply, "sorry to disappoint." But he offered no further explanation.

After a long pause, I let his hand drop, "so what is it you actually do?"

"I do work on star ships," he replied after some thought. "But I'm an officer, not a mechanic."

"What's your focus?"

"Engineering." Had he already told me that?

"Do you enjoy it?"

"Yes, very much. What do you do? I don't think I actually asked."

"We didn't spend a lot of time talking."

He smiled. He had a nice smile. "So..."

"Same. Engineer. On a star ship."

"Oh. How interesting," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Yup." I laid on my back and stretched out, moaning the way one does when a stretch is particularly good.

I gasped as a cold hand rested softly on my stomach followed by a whispered, "sorry."

Grey Eyes moved quickly, leaning over me and touching his lips to mine. I welcomed him in eagerly, the sleep deprivation melting away.

Voices below the window and in the neighbouring rooms woke me a second time. I felt refreshed.

Arms were enclosed around me, hugging my body close. Grey Eyes snored softly.

The moment was peaceful, but my bladder's alarm forced me to leave the warmth of his embrace. I slithered downwards out of my companion's arms and ran to the en suite in what felt like the nick of time.

"Sh- uh..." I heard from the main room while I washed my hands. "Lou... Janet? No..."

My name.

"Jane!" I called back.

"Sorry," Grey Eyes responded, his voice closer than before.

I dried my hands with the towel and opened the door just a crack, peeking towards the source. "Yes?"

"I wasn't sure if you were still here," he said, running his hands over his face, rubbing the sleep away. "I need to get in there if you're done."

I ran my eyes over his body. He was in good shape, but didn't look like he experienced hard labour as an Engineering officer. In the daylight, he looked older than I expected him to be. Ten years maybe.

I felt exposed as his eyes searched my naked frame. I slid past and disappeared around the corner, safe from his wandering eyes.

Quickly, I dressed in my clothes from the night before. Party dresses and heels seemed so much cheaper the morning after. At least I had been able to wash my face clean of caked on powder and smudged mascara. Something I rarely wore at all and never wore during the day. I desperately needed a shower and a brush, but that would have to wait until I got back to my base at Casa de Farm.

While I was standing in front of the room's body length mirror examining the damage, Grey Eyes had finished up and rounded the corner in all his exposed glory. Damn. I shook my head to keep from gawking.

Still, I watched as he dressed into his own clothes from the night before. Black dress pants, black blazer, black dress shirt. Simple. But he wore it so well.

"I... have to go," he said after a moment. His voice was now alert, the grogginess of sleep washed away.

I nodded as if I too had to be somewhere, "yeah." In truth, I never had anywhere to be.

He walked over and planted a soft kiss on my cheek, "I had fun."

"Me too."

"I'll see you." He turned almost stiffly and walked to the door, which opened with a swish and closed behind him.

After a moment, I sighed, scanned the room for any forgotten belongings, and left as well.