

THIS YEAR, I'M THANKFUL FOR...

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November

She ravished him through much of the night. He wasn't sure of the time, and gave such details only the most fleeting of thoughts, anyway. The evening involved romance and sweet indulgence in lingerie along with Rachel until duty called her away. At some point thereafter she let him sleep for a time. She wasn't in the bed when he woke up and wandered to the bathroom, but she crept upon him once he returned and pushed him onto his back. She rode him there ever since.

Her black lingerie remained: thigh-high stockings, long gloves, and a bra of black lace over white fabric. The only discarded piece would've gotten in the way of what she wanted. Lorelei continued her grind, merciless and steady, holding him near the edge of orgasm but switching things up whenever he got too close.

Alex had little control over this. She kept him on his back, swept away by sensation, and cast aside his hands whenever he reached for her. He wasn't meant to participate. He was meant to experience, or perhaps endure. They didn't speak of it. Deep inside her and enraptured by her beauty in the dim light of their bedroom, Alex couldn't exactly analyze anything. He didn't have a complaint in the world, either.

Lorelei fucked him with a smile of love and well-earned arrogance and a touch of cruelty all at once. The latter showed in particular when she caught the change in his breath heralding his release. Her grind stopped. He felt her tighten and saw her grin flare, but after a moment she began a long and indulgent roll of her hips instead of the earlier straightforward motion.

The break in their pattern set him back from the edge, but not far. This, too, felt incredible. He let out a groan that wasn't entirely plaintive.

"You love it," she taunted. "You love me."

"Is that... ever in doubt?" he breathed.

"No, my love," said Lorelei. Her eyes fluttered. "But you like to hear it... like to know." Her breath deepened, too. Alex wasn't the only one riding a high. Hers climbed higher. "You like it explicit. More than you admit. You want this... want... mmfh."

Her motions changed. Alex couldn't do much to help other than raise his hips to try to match her lead. She'd made her point by throwing back his hands. He didn't want to distract her now. He wanted to help. She didn't need that help, of course. She could use him like a toy all on her own. Little moans and the twitch of her lip carried plenty of appreciation, anyway, as did all the rest of this.

A louder grunt signaled her release. She grew tighter, wetter, her body shaking. Lorelei rode him harder and called out her orgasm with wordless joy. It was hardly her first of the night. Though she stretched his torment out and made him yearn for it, Lorelei gave in to her sensitivity again and again. She had no reason not to. It wasn't like Alex ever complained.

He loved seeing her like this. He gave in to his lust and basked in the sight, the sounds, and most especially every intimate measure of touch. Lorelei came harder and longer because of it. Beyond her love of the physical delights of sex, the succubus coveted his surrender to his base desires. She drew power from his desires, and with it another form of ecstasy. Alex understood just enough to provide by choice. All he had to do was give in.

When her spasms passed and her mind cleared, Lorelei greeted the presence of his hands on her breasts with a smile. She resumed her earlier grind, steadily impaling herself again and again toward his surest satisfaction. Leaning into the touch of his hands and an intensifying the motion of her hips, Lorelei favored Alex with a wicked grin. "This, too. I want it all."

Everything she did felt good, but some strokes worked him harder than others. Willpower and any instinct to reciprocate fell off somewhere in the back of his mind. Climax didn't hit right away, but he almost regretted the speed of his rush. Then he remembered how long she'd been fucking him, her countless denials...and his needs. He needed this. Now.

He'd need it again, too. Sooner rather than later. That wicked grin promised it all. Spasms of pleasure rumbled through his groin and outward, but intensified at their core until and on through release. Lorelei's breath of triumph and rapture came as yet another reward.

She laid against his body to cool down with him, eventually sliding off to his side with kisses. "Thank you, love."

"Huh?" Alex breathed. "You did all the...stuff."

He felt her grin at his ear. "You wanted the 'professional treatment.' Wanted it all. You said so clearly."

“Hey, emotional intimacy and kink stuff happened first,” he replied, though not objecting. His breath remained heavy. “We had a whole conversation. You lead me into that.”

“Yes. I enjoyed it all. But it’s the quotable fantasies I savor the most.” Her gloved hand ran up and down his body. “This is a greater indulgence than you know. More reality than fantasy. I am grateful for your trust...and I am grateful that you value this part of me.”

His mind was already blown before she said that. “You say it like I’m not the one getting the best of this.”

“You are not.” With a deep kiss, Lorelei slid away from him and off the bed. Every move was a show. “You need to catch your breath, but understand: I am at your beck and call today and tonight and I like it. You may not ask if I am sure or double-check my enthusiasm. I am yours to enjoy at your whim and I am glad for it.”

At the foot of the bed, she swept a sheer robe over her shoulders. He could see everything through that fabric. She looked back over his shoulder with a grin that reminded him that was the whole point. “Should you wish to continue the ‘professional treatment’ beyond tonight, all you ever need do is ask. Explicitly. Your surrender to desire is all the payment I require.”

She walked out of the room with the stride of someone in complete control, because she was.

His smile lasted until his breath steadied and he felt like he could move again. A fumbling hand found his phone, and the time. “Holy shit,” Alex murmured. The slivers of morning light at the edges of the blinds weren’t just a hint. It was well into morning.

He climbed out of bed, into the bathroom and out again to throw on dark pajama pants before wandering out. Alex moved like he was sore or worn out, though he felt exactly the opposite. His body didn’t want to rouse from the state she left him in.

“Professional treatment” wasn’t a euphemism for any mortal profession. Not as Lorelei once practiced it, anyway.

Living room windows greeted him with a clear day he knew full well to be more dreadful than it looked. A November cold snap awaited outside. Downtown winds would menace the streets below, too. In here, Alex had shelter and warmth...and her.

Lorelei sat at the end of the dining room table between the hallway and the kitchen. Another pose, another show. Her posture comfortably showed off her body, but she didn’t look back at him. Instead, she browsed through pages and pictures on her laptop.

“Are you shopping for lingerie?” he asked.

She fixed him with a feigned scolding glance undercut by a grin. “I am immersed in my role.” Then she turned her attention back to the site. “Enjoy your part.”

“We’re roleplaying?”

“We have safe words. We share these pleasures without fear despite how deadly they have been for so many others.” She wasn’t looking at him, but her quiet grin smoldered. “Surely, it’s sinful and perverse to take pride in what I am, but I feel it when I am with you. Perhaps roleplay is the wrong term after all.”

“What’s the point of intimacy if you can’t be perverted together?” Alex mumbled on his way past her to the kitchen. Even there, fishing around for a glass and water, he stole glances at her. The dining room chair put her only a couple of steps from the kitchen’s island counter. Without a word or a glance of acknowledgment she turned and adjusted to accommodate his eyes. He played along and said nothing. He needed a good drink, anyway. Food, too, but nothing complicated. Alex laughed at himself silently—or almost silently.

“Hm?” Lorelei prompted.

“I’m thinking of the easiest thing I can eat because I don’t want anything getting in the way of more sex. No cooking, nothing that might affect my breath. Just...silly that I’m thinking about this.”

“Embrace your priorities. They are hardly silly to me. Rapture and addiction are all part of the experience. Rachel and I will help you manage,” she teased.

“You’re joking about the addiction part, but I don’t worry about that anymore.”

“I am glad, though I’m curious why not?”

“It doesn’t fit. I worried about it enough to look it up.” He found the box of croissants on the other side of the counter. That would be simple enough for now. “I’m not excluding other parts of my life. I might get horny easily and more often, but I don’t have withdrawals or stress over it. I don’t rationalize doing shitty things for sex. I’m not putting myself in any risky situations.” His list halted. Lorelei’s wicked grin acknowledged the irony. “See, none of the dangerous nonsense has been about sex. That’s about love and loyalty and doing what’s right and all that stuff. Far as sex goes, I’m safe with you.”

“Always,” she conceded in a tone that said absolutely otherwise.

“Right. So what if you’re a demon and countless other guys have met a bad end with you? Silly to call that a warning sign.” He resumed his list. “I don’t cheat.” Again, he paused. “It’s an

open relationship and everyone is fully consenting. No dishonesty, that's the point. And on that note, I'm not hiding this from friends and family. Okay, not from my friends, at least."

"Family generally prefers to keep these matters left in the dark," agreed Lorelei.

"Right."

"You don't exclude other parts of your life?" she asked.

Alex rolled his eyes. "Allegedly I've missed out on a lot of good TV, or so I'm told. It's not like I've dropped any obligations or family...oh. Hm." She prompted him with a raised eyebrow. "Thanksgiving is soon."

"Ah. I've been meaning to ask. I take it you have family traditions?"

"Not traditions so much, but there's usually something. I dunno how much of that has been a matter of Mom trying to be a mom." He frowned. "My smoking hot girlfriend is in smoking hot lingerie and now we're talking about my family and my childhood."

"My lust will not wane, love. As I said, you need a moment to collect yourself—and did we not touch upon the importance of tending to other matters? Mortal peril will remain within reach," she taunted. "Tell me."

"Christmas is a bigger deal. Thanksgiving just sorta happens. Sometimes we'd go over to my grandparents' place. They came to ours a couple times, and we did a thing with Drew's family once but they usually go out of town to see relatives. We took a couple shots at reconnecting with the rest of my dad's family after the divorce. Someone felt like it was worth a shot after, what? Six years? More? The only thing I learned from that is I'm kind of attached to having an actual dinner and not just a party with munchies and beer. Ugh. I wasn't even sixteen yet."

"You don't speak of them much."

"Not much to say. I was little when the divorce happened and everything else felt too little, too late. I don't miss them. I think the truth is we don't all like each other very much.

"Anyway, I don't know what Mom has in mind with her moving and all, but I imagine there's gonna be something. Maybe with my grandparents, maybe Drew's family. Point being you'll be welcome to come if you're ready for that."

"If *I*'m ready?" Lorelei scoffed...and then considered. "I suppose it's a new step, isn't it?"

"No pressure. Wish Rachel could come, but I imagine that's a problem. I don't even know the plan, anyway. Probably hear about it soon." His hand found the phone on the counter with no

more conscious thought than he put into carrying it from the bedroom. The habitual check for messages turned into something more focused when he saw the text from Michelle.

“Give me a call sometime. Need to talk Thanksgiving,” read the text.

“Huh. Speak of...” His eyes lifted to Lorelei, and there they got hooked, naturally. “Um. Hey. Mom sent me a text, I should call before I forget.”

“Certainly.”

“You’re, uh... I mentioned the part where you’re smoking hot right now, didn’t I?”

“Am I an inappropriate sight for such a phone call?” Bedroom eyes mocked him. She kicked one long, stocking-clad and perfect leg up on the table and then the other. “Suffer, love.”

He hit the button, kept looking, and resigned himself to suffering.

“Hey. I didn’t wake you up with that text, did I?” greeted Michelle.

“No, I’m already up on my feet.” Alex glanced at himself. Pajama pants didn’t exactly count as “dressed” and he’d only made it as far as the kitchen...and then he looked at Lorelei again. *Oh sure, I’m not hiding anything from family*, he thought. “What’s up?”

“So I talked to Mom and Dad last night, and Thanksgiving came up. Did you have any, um... expectations?”

“No, not really. I kept forgetting about it. Why?”

“At some point they want to meet your new girlfriend, for one thing.”

His back stiffened. His mouth twisted into a grin at his own reactions. “I’m not avoiding it.”

“It’s fine. It’ll happen sooner or later. Anyway, the holiday is a little more pressing, because it looks like they’re going down to Portland for some friends. I wanted to find out about their plans before I talked to you.”

“That’s new.”

“You living out on your own is new. That’s kind of why I wanted to talk. I’m wondering if you’ll be disappointed if I’m not around, either. As long as you’ve got someone else to be with.”

Eyes hooked on the lace at the top of those stockings and the bared skin just above suddenly blinked. “I’m sorry, what?”

“Will you be disappointed if I’m not around for Thanksgiving and do you have somewhere else to be?” she repeated. “Maybe with Lorelei, or Drew’s family, or I don’t know? Is that okay?”

“It’s fine,” said Alex. He stood straighter, though still unable to take his eyes off Lorelei. His spirits rose, too. That was a surprise. “Where are you gonna be?”

Whether she could hear the other end or not, Lorelei understood plenty from his response. She felt the stir of his desires, too. Lorelei watched and waited with interest. Even that was sexy. She could be relentless.

“Eddie invited me to meet his family in Olympia.”

“Oh wow. Moving fast, huh?”

“Whatever. It’s siblings and parents and we’re not the ones who moved in together already.”

“Wow, Mom.”

“That’s not a complaint. You’re an adult. I don’t have a problem with her. I’m just saying you don’t get to throw any stones, mister.”

“Fair,” said Alex.

“Anyway, you’re okay with this? You haven’t had a holiday away from home before. It can sneak up on you. I feel a little bad.”

“Don’t. Mom, you should go. That sounds awesome. We’ve got—we’ll do something here. It’s fine.” His eyes told him it would be more than fine. So did the rest of him.

Lorelei waited patiently for him to wrap up the call. It didn’t take long. The moment he hit the button to disconnect, she slid out of her chair and stepped close to him. “We’ll be on our own,” she said.

“Yeah. You, me, and Rachel.”

“She may be busy. Holidays can be active. Yet I’m sure she’ll be in and out... and I believe we can arrange a proper dinner from any number of sources.”

“Arrange? Not cook it ourselves?” Alex smirked.

“Cooking would be such a distraction.” Her hand slid up his arm. The lick of her lips was subtle, but he caught it. The look in her eye was much more obvious, as was her tone. “I am more interested in the prospect of a four-day weekend with no other commitments. Assuming you’re enjoying this one, of course.” Her lips came to his ear. “You need only ask.”

“Four days?” Alex murmured, already trembling at her touch.

“Four private, intimate...grateful days.”

The room softly brightened. Alex felt a new presence at his back, feminine and loving and yet her whisper in his other ear carried a much different approach. “We’re taking her up on it,” said

Rachel. “We are not passing on four straight days of slutting it up with her. Save the wholesome bullshit for Christmas.”

“Deal.”