

DATE NIGHT

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Alex had a solid plan until he had to find somewhere to park.

The rain already threw a wrench into his plans. Most of the time Seattle only got drizzle, but mid-autumn could bring this sort of evening deluge. Heavy rain cut visibility and made every other driver on the road extra stupid. Friday night traffic left I-5 crawling and surface streets weren't much better. Lorelei had insisted on taking her car instead of his bike, for which he was grateful... although the less he thought about that conversation right now, the better.

All her words were loving and supportive. Nothing she said was any problem. The visuals left him with a different issue. She saw him off in a robe and scanty lingerie, with plans of her own for whenever Rachel came home. She knew that would get him worked up. It had to be a deliberate ploy.

The distraction only made it harder to find parking. In fairness, that was likely in his head. The image of Lorelei in show-off lace under a silk robe seemed burned into his eyes, but that didn't blind him to an open guest space in the complex's little parking lot or an opening along the street immediately outside. The spaces simply didn't exist. The memory still left him preoccupied.

He would get over it soon enough. He knew that. He only needed to get where he was going, which meant taking *that spot right there before the other guy gets it! Yes! Got it!*

The spot even offered a little shelter, thanks to the boughs of the mighty fir tree reaching over the sidewalk. With the car settled, Alex hurried around to the side door, mindful of the time and hoping to keep his slacks and the nice shirt under his leather jacket at least partially dry. If he got inside again quickly, he'd be fine. The duffle bag on the backseat required no special care. The bouquets were more delicate. He couldn't just yank those out, but he handled it all with a small measure of grace that no one else would appreciate out on the darkened sidewalk.

A gust of wind blasted off every drop of water held by the fir tree. Alex went from dry to drenched in a single, freezing second.

Not unreasonably, he wondered if this implied he was in trouble for being late for his date.

Steady rain followed him through the dark yet plain complex of small apartments stacked in twos. His destination sat under stairs leading to another largely identical apartment, though the

Halloween decorations here were a level up from the rest. Most neighbors had already taken theirs down. The skulls and bats guarding this doorstep were more likely still out in defiance of the new month rather than the laziness of the residents.

The staircase and the doorway shielded Alex from the rain, at least. He knocked and waited.

Onyx opened the door and banished his lingering preoccupation with his lover's farewell. She tended toward gothy black dresses, but this one was slimmer than most, showing off her curves much more than usual. Her black curls, blue eyes, and lovely pale features all carried an extra spark. Like Alex, she was put together for a night out.

He held up the roses with an apologetic grin. Once he thought of it, Alex couldn't resist the callback to her first visit to his home. "Sorry I'm late. This time they really are for the two of you."

The flowers were a winner. He could tell that from her grin as she accepted them. He also noted something behind it. Reluctance? Something awkward? She seemed in a good mood, but also...shy? Onyx took in a breath as if steeling herself for a confession. "Are you good with a change of plans?"

"Sure. What's up? Everything okay?"

"Molly talked me into trying sex magic tonight."

"Wait, what?" Alex blinked.

"Don't make me say it twice. I don't know how to have this conversation. It's not dangerous, it's just ridiculous to talk about out loud."

"Do...um... do we need to cancel?" he asked. "Should I go?"

"Oh no. Canceling on the club, sure, but we want you here." She winced. "That's half of the idea."

His mouth moved but produced nothing. He wasn't sure how to answer this.

She tugged him inside and threw the locks on the door. "Yeah, you're good with it."

"I didn't say anything."

"Don't have to. I can see your aura."

"That's all you need?"

Her look said, "Oh come on," but she didn't give voice to the words. "The roses are lovely. Thank you." She carried them to the kitchen only a few steps away with another look over her shoulder. "You brought an overnight bag?"

“Yeah...and my understanding that I shouldn’t assume anything’s going to happen. Like you said earlier.”

“Guess I oversold it on that one.” Onyx pulled a pair of tall glasses from a cabinet and filled them with water. “You can throw your jacket anywhere. Did you get splashed by a truck?”

“No, a tree. I should dry off fast enough.”

“Won’t really matter for long, anyway,” she muttered.

Alex set aside his bag and jacket, watching Onyx get the flowers out of the way. He waited for her at the edge of the kitchen. “Hey. It’s me. You can talk to me.”

His soft tone broke her stride. She bit her lip, holding up a finger as if to start making a point, then forgot about it to step close and gently thump her fist against his chest. “That’s why you’re here.” Her fist bumped him again. “And that’s how I got talked into this. I just don’t want you to feel like this is all there is to us. Sex and magical rescues and that’s it.”

“Would it be easier for you if I said no to whatever this is?”

“No. I mean yes, that’s easier. But no, because I don’t want you to say no.”

“Okay, so I’m saying yes. I guess. To whatever we’re talking about.”

“Ugh, don’t say that like it’s weird,” said Onyx.

“We’ve had sex when I was here last week. All three of us. I know you’re witches.”

“Yeah, but we haven’t combined the two. I can’t explain it without sounding stupid.”

“You want to give it a try?” he suggested.

She took a deep breath, summoning up her courage and willpower. It all ran away from her before she got a word of it out. “No.”

Onyx tugged him by the wrist once more, this time to the small hallway between the two bedrooms. To one side sat their library with its second-hand bookshelves and carpet rolled to one side in favor of the ritual circle in the bared concrete. To the other awaited their actual bedroom, dominated by candlelight and incense. In the center of their queen-sized bed sat Molly, barefoot and comfortable in dark pants and a faded black t-shirt with a couple of large paperback books by her side. Her head of short, spiky red hair turned up from her meditative pose.

“Aw, yeah.” Molly’s red lips split into a grin. “He’s up for it.”

Onyx covered her face with her hand.

“How—okay, what? What does my aura look like?” asked Alex. “How do you know what I’m up for?”

“Your aura says you’re horny,” said Molly. “You’re usually horny.”

“No, I’m not!”

“*Yeah*, you are,” Molly countered with an approving nod.

“I—well, maybe toward you two, but—”

“No, it’s most of the time ever since the succubus cooties. Also before, but especially now.”

Alex blushed. “Seriously?”

“Also sweet and warm and sincere,” Onyx rattled off as if the rest were obligatory, eyes cast up toward the ceiling. She comforted him with a hand on his back. “It’s not a creepy horny. You come by it honestly. We’re fine.”

“And we know how you feel about us in particular,” Molly taunted. “We like that.”

“Don’t do the voice. The voice is creepy horny,” said Onyx.

“So what’s going on, exactly?” he asked. “All Onyx said was you talked her into trying some sex magic with me. And we’re passing on the club.”

“The club you’re still a year too young for,” added Molly.

“Not the voice,” Onyx repeated.

“Fine.”

“So...?” Alex pressed. “What’s going on? Tell me about sex magic.”

“Yeah, that still sounds weird,” said Onyx.

“I live with a literal sex demon.”

“We know,” said both witches.

“Sorry.”

“Let’s not get into comparisons with the sex demon or the angel,” said Onyx.

“Or the envy,” said Molly.

“That,” Onyx agreed, gesturing to her. “That, too.”

“Never. I promise. And I’m here with you now, aren’t I?” he pointed out.

“Yyyeah—right, voice. Sorry,” grunted Molly.

“Are you trying to cast a spell? What is this for?”

“It’s potentially for lots of different things,” said Molly. “We know some of them work, but we don’t know about all of them, and some are probably bullshit. The only way to find out is by experimentation.” She grinned again. “*Sexperimenta—*”

“God damn it,” sighed Onyx.

Their guest looked from one to the other, holding back a grin. “So when you say you *know* some of this works...?”

“Yeah, of course we’ve tried some stuff. We’ve been sleeping together for years,” said Onyx.

“There’s method and then there’s purpose,” Molly explained, tapping each of her books. “The people who write about this use frillier words, but whatever. You can use sex as a method for getting into a state of mind or for generating energy. Then you use that for whatever spell you’re trying to cast.”

“Assuming it’s something you can cast while you’re having great sex,” added Onyx. Again, her eyes turned to the ceiling while her voice fell. “That kinda narrows down your options.”

“Mediocre sex doesn’t cut it, huh?” asked Alex.

“I’m sure I wouldn’t know,” said Onyx.

“Aw, thank you,” said Molly. “That’s the spirit.”

“I never said I didn’t like it, there’s just not much you can do.” In spite of herself, Onyx fought a losing battle against a grin. “Works like a charm as an enhancer, though.”

“For magic or for the sex?” wondered Alex.

“The sex, mostly. Little bit of magic.” She shrugged. “It’s way too easy to get sidetracked and forget you were ever working magic in the first place.”

“There are also spells that call for ritual sex specifically,” Molly went on, tapping the second book again. “A lot of them are oriented toward sex and relationships anyway: building intimacy, reconciling, ensuring pregnancy, figuring out if your lover is cheating on you, that sort of thing. It’s the kind of stuff to make you wonder if there’s really any magic work at all, but we’re professionals. We’d know.”

“Also sex rituals for banishing illness,” said Onyx. “I don’t know how anyone’s supposed to get in the mood to have sex when you’re feeling gross in the first place.”

“Honestly there’s some real patriarchal heteronormative bullshit wrapped up in a lot of this, too,” added Molly. “We’re ignoring that garbage. I was willing to give it a second look when you came into our lives with your different plumbing, but it’s just dumb. Pretty sure we don’t need the *‘purity of man’s seed in woman’s sacred chamber of life’* for anything but pregnancy.”

“Ugh.” Alex made a face. “Was that written by someone who never met a man?”

“No, a man wrote that.”

“Why am I not surprised? God, that actually makes me less interested in sex.”

“You’re about to get it on with both of us,” said Onyx.

“Right. That fixes that. What are we doing, then? Is this a goal? Uh... oh god, do we need a sex plan? Are there instructions?” Alex laughed.

“Now you see,” hissed Onyx.

“Maybe there should be a safety waiver?”

Molly pulled her shirt off and threw it at him. Naturally, the sight of her in nothing but pants and a black bra stopped him short. So did her arched red eyebrow. “Do you want to fuck us all night or not?”

“I do. I totally do,” came his instant, solemn response.

“Are you asking him or me?” murmured Onyx.

“Yes,” said Molly.

“What do you need?” asked Alex.

“Ritual sorcery sex requires complete intimacy and trust,” said Molly. “Take off your shoes. *And your socks! Don’t make it weird.*”

“When do I make it weird?” Alex muttered as he complied.

“And you,” said Molly. She beckoned to Onyx with a finger. “C’mere.”

Onyx kicked off her shoes and crawled onto the bed. “Oh, have we begun The Sex now?”

“Shut up.” Molly grinned into her kiss and got to work pulling off her lover’s dress. She pointed at Alex. “You. Get naked.”

He bit back more banter as he unbuttoned his shirt. Molly threw him a glance that instantly became more than a glance. Onyx looked back, too, her dress half-off and her awkwardness fading under a grin of interest. After the last few weeks, Alex was far less shy. He didn’t have to put on a deliberate show to hold their gaze. Confidence and a little physical fortune did the job.

“I like that,” said Molly.

“What about you?” he asked.

“I’m not the one who needs to get comfortable. Besides, you need to wash.”

He blinked. “I took a shower right before I came here.”

“Ritual cleansing. We have special soap.”

“He got soaked by a tree before he came in,” said Onyx. “You can smell the fir on him.”

“Oh, never mind, then.” Molly unfolded her legs, turning to pull Onyx the rest of the way out of her clothes, only to yelp when Alex caught hold of her feet and tugged her closer to the foot of the bed. The move left her on her back. “Hey!”

“What was that about trust?” He unfastened her pants. “Something about intimacy?”

She did nothing to resist. “I’m the one in charge here, mist—hey?” This time, the interruption came from Onyx leaning in on her hands and knees to kiss her. Wordless noises made up the sum total of her protest.

Molly lifted her hips as Alex slid her pants down to reveal alluring red lace completely out of sync with the rest of her clothes. His lips descended to the edges, tracing the line between skin and lace to draw out a shiver of delight from her. Onyx let up on her kisses, but with her lips now freed Molly had nothing to say.

Alex continued on, softly moving downward between her legs with his fingers and his mouth, still leaving the red barrier in place. Her heavy breath and another shiver provided clear approval for more. The gentle roll of his fingers over her mons sent the rest of Molly’s body into a slow-motion ripple. The touch of his tongue drew a low noise from her throat. Though he wanted her panties off from the start, the slow escalation was more than worthwhile.

Shifting weight on the bed turned into closer company. A familiar leg slid down by Molly’s hip along with the hanging fabric of a half-discarded dress. Onyx busied herself with her mouth on Molly’s neck and across her collarbones, warming to the interplay. Not to leave either feeling unappreciated, Alex swept away Molly’s panties but caressed one hand up along Onyx’s leg as he settled back in to continue.

One partner shivered at the stroke of a familiar hand up beneath her dress. The other gasped sharply and then moaned at the light touch of his tongue between her thighs. Molly inflected a question into her next breath. “Huh?”

“He’s doing it again.” Onyx purred at the stroke of his fingers between her legs. She wore silk rather than lace but it soon grew just as damp. Her hips pushed back to encourage more.

“I know, right?” Molly huffed. “He’s...mmh...good at this.”

“Do I need to change it up?” he asked.

“No, I’m not complaining,” Onyx whimpered. She still didn’t complain when he shifted behind her to push her dress up over her hips and slide her panties down. Onyx bent forward and unleashed a loud moan directly into a pillow when his tongue brushed and swirled along her wet

lips. Molly began to roll on her side, only to stop short when Alex returned his left hand between her legs. She froze in place. After only a few strokes, his fingers pushed in deeper.

“This is, um...mmh,” Molly grunted.

“Yeah,” agreed Onyx.

“Too much clothing,” said Molly. She tugged at her lover’s dress, now only dangling from her hips. “Can’t get it off like this.”

“Me, neither.”

“Sorry,” Alex said without a shred of regret. “Don’t want anyone to feel left out.” He moved back to Molly, resting between her spread legs for further attention. Once again, the first brushes of his lips and tongue were feather-soft. He soon got more direct. A single swirl around her clit was enough to get her breath caught in her throat. He kept up with that while Onyx shed the rest of her dress.

“Yeah,” Molly hissed. “Yeah. Yes yes wait no! Stopstopstop,” she pleaded, pushing his head back from her crotch. “Don’t make me come already!”

He relented immediately. “Oh. Really?”

“Oh my god, you know you’re doing that to me and then you’re all innocent about it.” Molly slumped back onto the bed.

“This is the other problem with sex magic.” Onyx slid in alongside Molly, now only in her fancy and necessarily substantial black bra. She grinned back at Alex. “Usually we have a longer build-up.”

“Should I have started slower?” Alex climbed closer on the bed, taking Molly’s other side.

“No. Yes. No.” Molly pouted. “Why can’t I have both?”

“This works for me,” Onyx told him. “The anticipation has been building for a while.”

Lying face to face with them both, Alex slowly ran one hand down Molly’s bared body to her inner thigh and back again. His caress continued, exploring, soon joined by Onyx. “We can do both.”

“Nope. Revved up like mad now. Trade places with me and roll over. Get on your back.”

“Okay?” he answered. The exchange of space naturally wound up silly. Alex found himself in place soon enough, with Onyx lying against him. He stole the chance for a kiss and instantly wanted more, but he had to let her go as the bed bounced with movement and shifting weight.

“Oh, *now* I get a normal kiss,” she noted.

“That a problem?”

“Maybe when you already started with the other kind of kiss. I’m trying to decide how serious I am about us being more than just sex all the time. Zero to sixty has its upsides.”

“Yeah, yeah, friendship is magic, too, whatever.” Molly rolled in against his other side, planting a wet kiss on his mouth and then giving Onyx the same. “Scoot down on the bed. We need all the room we’ve got. This worked out better in my head before we had all three of us here.”

“That’s what you said last time we had him over.” Onyx rolled back to make room for Alex as he moved down, clearing space between his head and the wall. She knelt by his head with a half-embarrassed, half-eager grin. “You’re okay with everything?”

“You know I am.” He understood their plan before either partner got into place. It wasn’t exactly a novel approach, and he’d certainly gotten to know it recently. *Maybe don’t tell them that*, he thought. It didn’t diminish his enthusiasm for the moment or his partners in the slightest.

Thoughts of home vanished when Molly threw one leg over his hips and settled in on top of him. Her hands rested on his chest for balance as she teased him with a slow grind. “I need you to go steady on me,” said Molly. “Both of us. This isn’t about getting off. Push us up, not over. Y’know?”

“I understand.” Another leg swung over him, this one settling in with knees tucked near his shoulders. Alex smiled up at Onyx, but a thought occurred to him. “Getting off spoils it?”

“Getting off is awesome, but that’s not what we’re trying for. We want to get right up to the edge and stay there.”

“Zero complaints if anyone accidentally blows it.” Onyx let herself down, thighs spread over his face. He tilted his head back to meet her, welcoming the taste and scent even more than her instant gasp and groan.

“Hell no,” hissed Molly, stroking back and forth on top of Alex. She slid one hand around his cock to guide him in. He pushed back, wanting her badly after all this. Penetration brought a rush of pleasure and relief, but the latter went only so far.

He gently pushed back as much as he could from below, moving first out of self-indulgence. Awareness rose as he continued his oral service of Onyx. This sort of thing was always better if he focused on his partners rather than sinking into his overwhelmed senses. It lasted longer that way, too.

Riding on top of him, Molly's eyes fluttered open to the sight of Onyx lost in bliss. It was all her lover could do to stay upright in those first moments. Molly knew the feeling. Part of her wished she could push Onyx out of the way and lie down on top of him. She knew Onyx had to have the same thoughts. The other part of her wanted more—specifically, more of the lovely woman right in front of her.

Molly leaned in to kiss her. Onyx returned it eagerly, her hands soon on Molly's shoulders. One slowly bucked while the other leaned in for support. The effort to stay upright limited the reach of their hands, but they did what they could.

Nobody complained.

No one kept track of time, either.

Steady indulgence built a rhythm for Alex and Molly and a decadent intimacy between him and Onyx. Love and trust rendered Molly and Onyx vulnerable to one another's every kiss and every touch. Every single caress of her sides or her breasts left Molly trembling. Their eyes met now and again, each time sharing the same entrancement in the pleasures of their bodies.

Heat built. So did need.

"Molly?" whispered Onyx.

"Hm?"

"Magic?"

"R-right," said Molly. The stiff tool deep inside her felt like magic enough. So did the sight of her lover in the same surrender. She nearly sank right back into it, but distantly remembered a secondary purpose to all this.

Molly chanted under her breath. Onyx joined her. She felt the air change with the effort, still warm and heavy with the sounds and scent of sex, but clearer somehow. More acute. Welcoming to her senses. Though her voice wavered with pleasure, she embraced the unsteady notes as part of the ritual and continued on.

The magic was here. She could feel it coiling up within her, powerful and relentless, pushing deeper like his...

...like his...

"Mmh," she groaned and rocked harder against him. And harder. He met her pace. That only made it better.

Onyx felt it well before she saw it. That constant kiss and swirl at her sex tempted her to think of nothing else, but it wasn't hard to split an equal share of her attention to Molly if she opened her eyes. Sight fluttered back in, along with awareness, and then: "Molly?"

"Mnh! Yeah!" Molly whimpered. "Oh fuck *yeah!*"

Climax rippled through her, electric and overpowering and wet. She stayed upright thanks only to Alex instinctively holding her by the waist and Onyx with more deliberate hands on her shoulders. She groaned and grunted loudly, loving it, riding it out, but utterly losing control—until some thought in the back of her mind grabbed hold of that control again.

Her eyes opened with a faint red light.

"Molly?" Onyx asked with concern.

Alex stopped, remembering they had more goals beyond a good time. He couldn't see from under Onyx, but he could hear.

"Yeah?" she breathed, her eyes still aglow and with no sign of tracking anything. She looked right and left. Her voice still trembled with intense pleasure. Every word came out like another note of orgasm. "Oh wow, it's... oh wow."

The glow vanished. She relaxed and sank sideways onto the bed. Onyx crawled over to her, freeing Alex to sit up. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Wow, yeah," said Molly, sounding half delirious. "That was unbelievable." She blinked it away and swallowed hard. "C'mon. Let's go."

"Uh... c'mon?" Alex blinked. "You're lying on the bed."

"Molly, what did you do?" asked Onyx.

"I found him." She rose from the bed, turning quickly to the closet. "Come on!"

She didn't explain, grabbing her pants and shirt from the floor and rushing out of the room without another word. Onyx rolled out of bed, prompting Alex to do the same. Everyone was at least half-dressed by the time they joined Molly out in the living room where she snatched her phone, wallet, and keys off the kitchen counter. "Who did you find?" asked Alex

"Ricky! It's not raining anymore, so we've got to catch up to him before he moves. C'mon, I'll drive."

"Ricky?" Onyx frowned. Unlike the others, she wore a robe rather than getting back into her earlier clothes. She added her long frock coat off the rack by the door. "Why should I be surprised?"

“Who’s Ricky?” asked Alex, but Onyx answered with only a look. “What?”

He followed them out to their car. The world around them was still soaking wet, but no more water fell. Onyx had suspicions. “Molly, did you stop the rain?” she asked as they piled in and the car got running.

“Yeah.”

“I don’t know whether to ask how or why first.”

“Is that weird?” Alex wondered. “She’s called up lightning and fog before, right?”

“That kind of magic isn’t like flipping a switch,” said Onyx.

Molly took off out of their parking lot and promptly turning onto a nearby side-street. “It worked. I had this huge rush of energy and it felt fucking amazing and then I was like, ‘*Oh right, the magic,*’ and I had to do something with it, so I did. I still feel incredible. You two are great.”

“So you turned off the rain?” asked Alex, fussing with one shoe in the back seat.

“Yeah. That, too. It wasn’t hard. I bet I could do it again easily now. Like, I’ve *got it* now, right? But no, it’s like either time slowed down or my brain sped up because I had time to *think* and *do stuff* and I was still getting off the whole time. It was awesome!”

Onyx threw a skeptical look at their partner in the backseat, then Molly again. “Time did not slow down.”

“Okay, so the other thing happened. That’s still cool.” She drove on.

“Who’s Ricky?” Alex tried again.

Molly pulled off onto an even narrower side street lined with thick overgrowth and tall trees. Shadows over a dark depression suggested a canal, explaining the lack of development. Molly parked the car, blocking the road with the lights on, and hopped out. Alex and Onyx followed.

“Ricky? Ricky!” Molly called happily. “Come on, buddy. I know you’re here. We’ll take you home. Come on.”

Alex looked at Onyx, who only hugged her coat closer and grumbled under her breath. “Is Ricky a...?” he began.

Rustling bushes heralded an answer to his question. A shape of white and brown burst out of the overgrowth to rush into Molly’s hands, wagging and panting happily. “Ricky’s a beagle,” said Alex.

“Yeah,” sighed Onyx. “There are signs up in the neighborhood looking for him. He lives with someone around here.”

“Yeah, he is! And he’s a good boy,” Molly agreed. “He just got a little lost. Normally doggos understand me just fine and they’ll come running when I call, but I guess Ricky was too far to hear and too scared of the road.”

“Molly, what did you do?” asked Onyx.

She turned to face the pair with a wet dog in her arms and a huge grin on her face. “I sent my sight outside my body! And my hearing. It’s like I projected my mind, except I was still there in bed with you, too!”

“Are you serious?” Onyx fumed. “I’ve been trying to do that for—ugh!” She grabbed Alex by the wrist, pulling him toward the car. “Come on.”

“Huh?” he blinked.

“We’re going back to bed. If she can do it, so can I.”

“Hey, I can help, right?” asked Molly.

“I dunno, are we taking Ricky home right now?” Onyx pointed out.

“It’s the middle of the night. We can’t take him back until morning.”

“Right, so I guess you can join in once you’ve got the excited wet beagle settled down in our apartment and he understands he’s not allowed to make a mess of anything.”

“Okay, okay,” Molly sighed. She handed Ricky off to Alex. “Not even sure how I pulled it off or if I can do it again. I don’t know how to explain well enough to repeat it.”

“Whatever. We’re fine with trying until I get it,” said Onyx.

Alex opened his mouth to speak but closed it. She wasn’t looking his way and couldn’t have seen his aura this time. She also wasn’t wrong.