

Encounter: Sweet Festive Feast (Feasts of Fortune)

Kate Steele

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Softer and lighter than the finest silk, warm air draped him, the only cover his naked flesh required. Around the room, candles flickered. Their gold and orange flames cast pools of light on artful arrangements of fragrant pine branches, spiny cones and festive red ribbons. The holidays had arrived, and on a low table set just for him, lay his present.

De Valis knelt on a cushion, and studied the delectable platter before him. Fresh fruit - strawberries, raspberries, cherries, grapes, slices of apple, melon, pineapple, kiwi, and banana were positioned in eye-catching and colorful rows and rounds, accented by swirls and waves of fluffy white whipped cream and dark, decadent chocolate. For a vampire whose mating with a chrysalis child had returned his ability to live on more than just blood, it was a feast of dream-like proportions.

Mouth watering, he leaned forward and with his tongue scooped up a small pile of paper thin sliced apple topped with a halved strawberry and the chocolate surrounding it. Sweet and rich, the flavor inundated his palate and with infinite enjoyment he chewed and swallowed his delicious mouthful. Gaze returning to the place he had cleared, he found a hidden prize. Beneath the fruit and its chocolate drizzle was a nipple. Formerly at rest, with the swipe of his tongue it had pebbled, and was now a hard nub whose blush beckoned him.

Again and again he licked the small mound, clearing the area around it of fruit, chocolate and whipped cream. With each touch of his tongue, the platter quivered and De smiled against the firm flesh of he who served as the tray - his lover, Toby Heaton. Mouth opening wide, he enveloped the nipple and its copper-colored areola. Razor-sharp fangs lowered and with gentle precision he bit, then sucked the blood and flesh filling his mouth.

Toby gasped, his body undulating. The scent of his desire, hot, musky and male, dominated that of fresh fruit and saccharine condiments.

Abandoning his resolve to touch his present with mouth and tongue only, De swept away the fruit impeding the hold he took on Toby's swelling cock. It slid within his grasp, driven by the pump of Toby's hips and lubed by sweet-smelling whipped cream. Bite released, he continued down the length of Toby's torso, consuming a path. The crunch of a crisp, honeyed apple slice, the soft and subtle texture of banana, the tropical tang of pineapple, the piquant zing of kiwi, all were devoured with appreciative delight.

A shift of position took him to the end of the table and between his mate's spread thighs. The food was delicious, but hungering for a different taste, he engulfed the thick length of Toby's dick. Chocolate and cream and man coated his tongue, filling his mouth with a flavor beyond exquisite. Firming his lips around the stiff column, he sucked the savory main course from base to tip, again and again.

Finger's coated with whipped cream, he slid them over, under and beyond the compact sac of his lover's testicles. His exploring digits followed a short, smooth path to Toby's anus, but instead of being allowed to burrow within, they were prevented by something unforeseen. A flat smooth round of some plastic-like material guarded that coveted entrance and surprised, De eased Toby's cock from his mouth. Candlelight glinted on the saliva coating its flushed, vein wrapped surface and unable to resist, he gave it another long, sensual lick before giving in to his need to see what a visual inspection of this unexpected object would reveal.

He lifted one of his lover's legs to take a closer look. Like a mini door guarding a bank vault, a crimson, silicone disc hid from view that which he'd normally see. Intrigued, De wedged his fingertips around the cover, and by slow degrees pulled. Toby's anus was stretched tight around a generously lubed,

crimson length of silicone. The sight, while electrifying, evoked a spark of jealousy.

“Mine,” he growled, removing the silicone interloper.

Smoothing the lube coating it over his ready erection, he positioned himself in its place and slowly delved within the heated passage. Worried for a moment his entrance would bring pain, Toby’s impassioned cry disabused him of the notion and relieved, he thrust deep, burying himself to the hilt. Hot, silky flesh closed around the length of his dick with a pleasurable squeeze, and he ground himself against his lover before withdrawing.

With each thrust, Toby’s moans were drawn forth and De moved closer still. Lifting both of his lover’s legs to rest in the crooks of his arms, his hands grasped Toby’s thighs to hold him steady. A slight change of position ripped a forceful, guttural cry from his mate, telling De he’d found the perfect angle and with relentless precision he pounded in and out.

His need to come rose, intense and sharp. Determined to take Toby with him, De wrapped his hand around his mate’s cock and pumped. Toby wailed, his back arching, and hips bucking in rhythm with the spurts of pearly semen jetting forth with his orgasm. Freed from all restraint, De dived into his own release and with a shuddering growl filled the snug passage holding him. Pleasure radiated through him and his cum, thick and white, dripped from the seal between his cock and Toby’s anus. Upon withdrawing from his lover’s chamber, it flowed out, a small stream to mingle with hopelessly mashed fruit, chocolate and whipped cream.

With a breathless chuckle, De draped himself over Toby, uncaring of the food squelching between them. Toby’s laugh vibrated against him and he turned his lips to Toby’s skin, kissing him. “We’re an absolute mess,” he rasped.

“We are,” Toby gasped, “but it was fun.”

“It was. The most magnificent feast I’ve ever enjoyed.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

De straightened and pulled Toby into a sitting position. Blue eyes met amber for a moment before they shared a kiss, warm and tender with just a hint of reawakening passion.

“Merry Christmas,” Toby murmured against his lips.

“Merry Christmas, my love,” De replied. “Our first together, and no matter how many the coming years may give us, this one I will remember always.”

“Me too. How could I ever forget the sight of you with banana and kiwi stuck to the side of your head?”

“Wretch,” De laughed. “Let’s take a bath.”

Later that evening as the two lay in bed, a clatter arose from the living room. Rousing just enough to listen, the two heard Neo exclaim, “You bastards! How’m I gonna to clean up this mess?! Merry freakin’ Christmas to all and to all a good night!”

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