

CHARLIE TAKES OVER THANKSGIVING

LANE HAYES

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“**O**h, fuck. Yes...mm. Right there. Oh, Ky, I’m...”
Ky raised himself above me, pistoning his hips faster as he bent to nip my bottom lip. “Don’t come until I tell you.”

“I’m close. Please,” I whimpered.

“Shh. Hold on, baby. I got you. Move that sweet ass for me. That’s it.”

I tightened my hold around his neck and arched my back off the mattress to meet him thrust for thrust. My cock bounced between our sweat-slick torsos, leaving a trail of precum. He fucked me relentlessly, reciting a litany of nasty compliments. One of the many things I loved about Ky was that he never said the same thing twice. He wasn’t the kind of lover who automatically praised my looks or chanted, “You’re so hot, baby”. He was all over the map, but he liked to concentrate on one body part...my hair, my eyes, my dick.

Tonight it was my ass. Trust me...it took a lot to make me blush, but his sweet nothings were dirtier than usual. The headboard hit the wall with a steady thump as he promised to fill my hole or give me his load or something like that. Don’t ask for

details. I could barely remember my name when he got halfway through his list. And when he reached for my cock and still showed no signs of slowing down, I had to employ all my powers of self-restraint to avoid coming first.

Ky didn't make it easy. When I closed my eyes, he told me to open them. When I lowered my legs to change the angle, he upped the tempo and commanded me to wrap my legs around him. He sucked my tongue, gliding his thumb over my slit, and bucking his hips...over and over. I was close to the edge. My spine tingled and my vision blurred. I changed tactics and tried to think of something to counteract the erotic avalanche heading toward me.

The first thing that came to mind was Thanksgiving. Did I record the parade? Did I tell everyone the same time? I couldn't remember. At least the menu was always the same. Turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes...

Ky lowered himself over me and nipped my earlobe, jacking me as he moved. "I fucking love you, Char. Come for me, baby. Come now."

Thank God. My orgasm hit in a messy, noisy, undignified explosion. I clutched Ky's shoulders and held on for dear life when he fell apart a moment later, rocking his hips as his cock pulsed inside me. He rained kisses on my forehead, cheeks, jaw, and chin. Then he sealed his lips over mine before sucking in a breath of air.

I grinned up at him and said...and I kid you not... "Cranberries."

"Cranberries?" he repeated with a half laugh, pulling out gently and flopping onto his back. "Where the hell did that come from? Or do I want to know?"

I winced before rolling sideways to face him. "Thanksgiving."

Ky widened his eyes comically. "You were thinking about

turkey dinner while I was fucking your brains out and telling you I love you?”

“Yes, but it was your fault.” I nodded vehemently when he pointed at his chest and gave me a “try again” look. “You told me to not to come and I was a man on the edge. Desperate times call for desperate measures. I had to think about something unsexy and hosting Thanksgiving dinner worked...sort of.”

Ky chuckled as he leaned over to grab the towel he'd used to dry off after his shower thirty minutes ago. When he handed it over, I cleaned up quickly and tossed it on the floor before burrowing against his side.

“I guess that's true, but you know it's not gonna be a big deal. It's family and friends. No one will care if we serve turkey sandwiches and a side of potato chips,” he said, twirling a finger through a lock of my hair.

“Are you kidding me? Please say yes. I take holiday festivities very seriously.”

“I know you do.”

“Menus matter. Traditions matter.”

“I know.”

“You're placating me.”

“A little,” he agreed, kissing my nose.

I narrowed my gaze. “That's rude.”

“And cranberries aren't?”

I snickered. “I told you I was desperate.”

“Hmph. Tell me about Thanksgiving. What's the plan?”

“Everyone is meeting at Gray and Justin's house at two o'clock on Thanksgiving for drinks and appetizers. At least I think that's what I said. I need to double check. Dinner is earlier than normal. I'd like to eat no later than five. I'm expecting sixteen. The usuals and a few friends. Oh...and Giorgio. Ugh. When I arrange the seating, I'll be sure to put us on the other end of the table.” I paused to make a face before continuing. “I

have two signature cocktails planned...a cinnamon maple whiskey sour or a spiced cider margarita.”

“Yuck. Please tell me there’ll be beer,” he grouched.

“Oh, yes. We’ll have a well stocked bar.” I tapped my chin thoughtfully. “Hmm. Maybe I should choose one signature drink since it’s a smaller group. I love a margarita, but the cinnamon maple goes well with my hor d’oeuvres. I can decide that day. I’ll purchase the bulk of the groceries by—”

Ky held his hand up like a stop sign. “Whoa. Wait a sec. If it’s not at our house, why are you doing all this work?”

“Because I took over Thanksgiving,” I replied matter-of-factly.

“Of course you did,” he deadpanned. “Why?”

“Because I do it the best.”

Ky threw his head back and laughed. “Modest much?”

“I’m not bragging. I’m stating a fact. Organizing and planning is what I do. I love it. I took over all major holidays when I was eighteen. Dad and Gray switched hosting duties every year, but they both hired caterers to do everything. Fancy ‘chefs to the stars’ caterers too. The turkey was never just a turkey. It had a million spices and herbs and the stuffing was made from focaccia and everything was paired with the finest wines and...it was beautiful. But it was cold. The only way to keep things real was to do it myself.”

“So you’re doing everything yourself?”

I slid my leg between his and flashed a winning smile. “Well, my boyfriend is going to help me.”

“With what...the cranberries?” he joked.

I barked a quick laugh and nodded. “Sure. And you can chop onions and potatoes too. We’ll get everything ready Wednesday. The table will be set, the kitchen will be organized and I’ll whip up a pie or two that afternoon while you’re practicing with the band. It may be a late night. We could spend the night in my old

room if you want. Then we'll turn the parade on in the morning and drink hot chocolate with Ollie while we make the stuffing and—”

“While I stuff what?” Ky teased in a lecherous tone as he squeezed my ass.

I batted his hand away. “Not me. I mean, maybe. If there's time.”

“We'll make time.”

“But we'll be busy. We have veggies to chop, potatoes to mash, casseroles to assemble. And how do you feel about yams?”

“I feel nothing.”

“Okay, but do you like them whipped and baked with marshmallows or roasted? Personally, I think marshmallows belong in hot chocolate, s'mores, and the occasion bowl of Lucky Charms. Never on a veg. But I know people feel strongly about dishes that remind them of their childhood. So speak up. If I'm going to be making yams with marshmallows for you for the next seventy years, I should know about it.”

Ky grinned so wide it had to hurt. Then he yanked me against his chest and nuzzled my neck. “I love you, but I'm not into marshmallows.”

“At all?”

“Nope.”

I brushed my nose against Ky's and ran my fingers along his stubbled jaw. Sometimes I couldn't believe he was mine. He was so cool and sexy in a California skater boy way with his longish dark blond hair, sun-kissed skin, and copious ink. I was his complete opposite. I was short, he was tall. I was a neat freak, he was laidback and chill. For example...I'd picked out my Thanksgiving wardrobe three weeks ago. I knew for a fact, Ky would give me a “what the fuck?” look if I asked him what he was wearing, but I decided to test it anyway.

“What are your holiday wardrobe options?” I asked, licking the corner of his mouth.

He pulled back slightly to give me the full effect of his eye roll before replying. “Clothes. Is this dressy? Don’t tell me I have to wear a collared shirt to hang out with my friends.”

“I was kidding. Be you. Comfort is key. And I’m more concerned about the food anyway. This is our first holiday together and I want it to be perfect. I’ll need a week to recover if I accidentally burn my turkey.”

“You’re not gonna burn the bird, Char. It’ll be amazing. But if it’s not...you should know I could eat a burger on Thanksgiving and be perfectly happy.”

I wrinkled my nose in distaste. “Who says that?”

“Someone who didn’t eat a lot of turkey on Thanksgiving as a kid. Even now, I can take it or leave it. I like the sides better anyway.”

“Hmm. Me too. But didn’t your mom make turkey when you were little?”

“Sure. But I remember finagling an invite for myself to my friend Luca’s house a couple of years in a row. He was from Italy and his parents served pasta and seafood. Fuckin’ amazing food. I didn’t know pasta didn’t naturally come from a box until I was eleven,” he said with a laugh as he smoothed the crease on my forehead. “Don’t look so bothered. You can’t miss what you never had. And honestly, I’m grateful I learned that not every family has the same traditions. Just because you eat turkey doesn’t mean everyone else is going to.”

I inclined my head thoughtfully. “You’re right.”

Ky gave me a Cheshire cat grin before pouncing on top of me. “Say it again.”

“You’re right.” I wrapped my legs around him, reveling in his weight. Fuck, he felt so good.

“Hmm. You’re looking at me funny. Like you think I’m kinda awesome or something,” he teased.

“I do. I think you’re the most awesomest person in the world. I just...” I bit my bottom lip and frowned. “Are you okay with our Thanksgiving plans? ’Cause I probably should have asked you instead of told you. It’s a bad habit of mine. I never realize it until it’s too late. If you have something else in mind...some place you’d rather go or other people you want to see...just say the word, Ky. I can be flexible.”

Ky chuckled heartily then buried his face between my neck and shoulders and blew a raspberry. I squealed with laughter and pushed at his chest. He pulled my arms above my head and straddled my thighs.

“Yeah fuckin’ right. Flexible my ass. Hey...quit wiggling and listen to me. Are you listening?” He waited for my nod of acknowledgment and gave me a lopsided grin. “Good. I know who you are, baby. Exactly who you are. I know your sock drawer is organized by color and pattern...”

“Isn’t everyone’s?”

“Nope. I know you hate it when I put my shoes on your side of the closet.”

“Your Vans are gross,” I huffed without heat.

“Sometimes I do it just to get you riled up ’cause you never have the same reaction twice and I fuckin’ love that about you. I love everything about you, Char.”

Damn, he turned to me to mush. I blinked back tears. “Everything?”

“Yeah. And there’s nowhere else I want to be and nobody else I’d rather be with...any day of the week. Only you.”

He released my hands as he bent to kiss me. I sighed into the connection and smiled when we broke for air. “I love you, Ky. And I’m so thankful for you.”

“Me too, baby. Me too.”

