Cupid Can Kiss My Ass
by Jenocide

Summary

Carmilla hates Valentine's Day, but Laura doesn't, and that is reason enough for her to plan the best holiday possible. What could possibly go wrong?

Notes

While this can be read as a standalone, I highly suggest reading A Nefarious Elf first.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Carmilla blew out a shaky, nervous breath. “I need to tell you something. You see, this thing we’ve been doing is great. Better than great. It's perfect. It’s time to take the next step which is only natural when two people have been seeing each other for some time. When two people who have grown closer find that they are on the precipice of something special, they have to decide if the time is right to—”

“You sound about as excited for this proposal as you would a root canal,” Mattie said, sounding genuinely perplexed.

“Will you stop interrupting? I need to practice this speech, so I don’t fuck it up.”

Sighing, Mattie waved her hand to continue. The dubious expression on her face wasn’t encouraging. “I’m not sure we have enough time left in our lives for you to get this right, but please, carry on.”

“Okay, again, from the beginning.” Carmilla closed her eyes and exhaled. “Laura, you and I have
spent a year growing closer and what we have is the best thing in my life. The day you walked into my life wearing that ridiculous Christmas outfit was the first time I ever felt like the sun shone down on me. I’m not sure that I deserve you, but I promise that if you would do me the honor of being my wife, I will spend eternity making you happy.”

Mattie clapped and wiped away fake tears. In a terrible high-pitched imitation of Laura’s voice, she said, “That was beautiful. Yes, Carm my dearest muffin muncher, I will marry you, and we will spend the rest of our lives revolutionizing a new scissoring technique.”

“You are literally the worst,” Carmilla grumbled and flopped down into a chair across from the bed. “I’m going to mess this up.”

“Undoubtedly, but she’ll marry you anyway.” Mattie walked across the room and dragged Carmilla to her feet. “Stop sulking. The difficult part is the question. Oh, and seeing Mother’s face once she discovers that you’re marrying outside of your class.”

“You’re having too much fun with this.” Carmilla glanced at her watch and perked up. “Laura’s plane landed about an hour ago. She wanted her dad to pick her up, but I think she’ll be home soon.”

“Splendid.” Mattie picked up the copy of The Order of the Phoenix that sat on Carmilla nightstand and thumbed through it. “You truly have fallen quite far. She has you reading Harry Potter. The two of you need to work on your kinks.”

“Our kinks are just fine, and Harry Potter isn’t one of them.” She pursed her lips thoughtfully and said, “Although we did role play Gryffindors and Slytherins once.” Carmilla took the book away from her sister and regarded it fondly. “We’ve been reading them together.”

Mattie stared at her, then asked, “What happened to the sister who dragged me out to nightclubs every weekend? Remember that time we hopped on a plane and spent a weekend partying in Tokyo? What happened to her?”

Carmilla shrugged and grinned. “None of those things can compare to Laura. Why would I want any of that when I have her?”

“Hey, I’m back!” Laura yelled as she slammed the front door loud enough for the neighbors two floors above to hear.

All plans to play this moment cool went out the window the moment Laura stepped into Carmilla’s field of vision. She swept Laura off of her feet and spun them around in circles until they fell in a heap onto the couch. Carmilla peppered Laura’s face with kisses and squeezed her in an enthusiastic embrace.

“Wow, so, you missed me, huh?” Laura asked with a laugh.

“You have no idea. You are an oasis in the desert. A ray of sunshine on a cloudy day. The cherry on top of my sundae. I could wax poetic for hours about how much I missed you.”

“You are so cheesy, and I missed you too.” Laura rested her chin on Carmilla’s breastbone and smiled warmly. “Yours is the only face I want to see for the next year.”

Carmilla tucked some loose strands of hair behind Laura’s ear. Her skin was bronzed and her hair lighter from months of days spent outdoors in the Uganda sun. Admittedly, Carmilla hadn’t been thrilled when two months earlier Laura announced that she’d accepted an assignment to write an
article about American poaching industry in Uganda. The separation had been difficult, but she was
determined to be supportive. Laura dreamed big, and she cared about other people, not in a half-
assed way, but with her entire being. She deserved the whole world, and Carmilla knew that a little
patience wasn’t much to ask.

“Would you be terribly upset if I told you that I made reservations for us for tonight?”

Laura narrowed her eyes and said, “Who are you and what did you do with my girlfriend? My
Carm would <i>never</i> suggest going out for Valentine’s Day. Let’s see if I can remember what
her opinion of it was. Oh yeah, it’s nothing more than a ridiculous manufactured holiday and only a
sheep would celebrate it. Clearly, you are not my cynical girlfriend who despises all festivities.
But, you are hot, though. So, that’s a plus.”

“I’m never going to live that tirade down, am I?” Carmilla said with feigned irritation. She only
lasted a few seconds before her smile broke through. “I’m coming around. I mean, having an
amazing girlfriend has made me reconsider some previously held opinions.”

Laura nodded sagely. “Your girlfriend must be incredible.”

“Oh, she is pretty fantastic. I met her on Christmas Day just over a year ago. We had some pretty
amazing sex.”

“Sex on the first date? Scandalous,” Laura said in mock horror, mouth agape.

Carmilla grinned. “We weren’t dating. I just met her so perhaps a better term would be a one-night
stand. She was a journalist and I suspect, a stalker.”

“Wow. And you still asked her to move in with you?” Laura followed this question with a series of
long drawn out kisses. Her hands wandered up Carmilla’s body until they palmed her breasts.

“Did I mention that she is fantastic in bed and keeps the pantry loaded with snacks? It’s a win-win
situation. There’s also the fact that I’m crazy in love with her. And you have to stop that otherwise
we’ll never leave the apartment.”

“I have to admit I’m curious what a Carmilla Karnstein Valentine’s date looks like.”

Carmilla eased them both off the couch and pulled Laura along to the master bedroom. They’d
only cohabited for a month before Laura left on her assignment, and outside of a random argument
or two, meshed surprisingly well together. Although she often lived out of a duffel bag, Laura was
a bit of a neat freak and took issue on more than one occasion with Carmilla’s relaxed approach to
tidiness.

“I can tell you picked up,” Laura said, glancing around. “I thought for sure this place would be a
disaster area.”

“Well, it was touch and go there for a while and as much as I enjoy watching the steam come out
of your ears and the make-up sex after, I’d prefer to spend my immediate time with you
celebrating.”

Laura’s eyes lit up as she zeroed in on this comment. A smile played at the corners of her lips, but
she managed to keep a serious tone as she asked, “And, what exactly are we celebrating?”

“Besides the most obnoxious holiday ever? Well, that would be our first anniversary.”

“You’re a fraud Carmilla Karnstein. I’ll never again believe you when you say you hate holidays.”
“There is a distinct difference. I love holidays when you are a part of them,” Carmilla murmured. She pulled Laura into another kiss and slowly began to remove her clothing. “Sweetheart, a question for you. When was the last time you bathed?”

A few seconds passed before they burst into simultaneous laughter. Laura shook her head and squinted. “Maybe four days? I’m guessing I’m pretty rank, huh? I brushed my teeth at the airport though! I knew I couldn’t resist kissing you for more than five seconds.”

At that moment, she looked so adorable, so beautiful, and so much like the end of a fucking rainbow that Carmilla worried she might give herself away and say it right then. But she wanted this day to be perfect and so showed some restraint. She squeezed her hand and said, “Why don’t you undress while I run your bathwater.”

“Do you want to join me?” The flirtatious tone of Laura’s voice was unmistakable.

“Mmmm, I’d love to, but we’d never leave the apartment.”

Laura gave her an oddly amused look but didn’t remark further as she began to shed her clothes. As always, the sight of her body stirred something in Carmilla. Lust, certainly. But more than that, she found herself caught in a web of intense emotions that were something between adoration and devotion. And perhaps even a little possessive. This woman’s heart belonged to her and it was the thing Carmilla cherished most in the entire world. With a quiet sigh, she turned and entered the bathroom. The sight of the jacuzzi style tub brought back some pleasant memories of their last night together.

“I can’t believe I’m going to miss our first anniversary.”

“It’s not our anniversary. It’s the first time we hooked up. We didn’t start dating until several weeks later.” Carmilla’s eyes were closed as she relaxed in the steaming water. Her arm rested over the edge of the tub and a dwindling glass of wine dangled from her fingers. Laura sat across from her and unsurprisingly, had grown bored with the calm tranquility of their nightly ritual.

Laura swatted some bubbles at her. “The only reason you don’t count Christmas as our anniversary is because you are embarrassed to admit it in public. You can’t stand for people to see you as a romantic.”

She was only half wrong. The idea of a red and green themed anniversary did indeed make her cringe. However, when it came to romance, Carmilla didn’t care if the entire world knew how much she loved Laura. “This is our last night together for a few months. I don’t know about you, but I for one can think of more pleasurable activities than arguing semantics.”

“Yeah?” Laura asked and grinned. She shifted through the water and hovered over Carmilla. “What do you have in mind?”

“So many things.”

“Carm? Everything okay?”

“I was just reminiscing about our last night together.”

Laura groaned and reached for her the bubble bath. “You’re making me wish I hadn’t agreed to go out.”

Carmilla laughed lightly. “And let you miss an opportunity to experience a Carmilla Karnstein themed Valentine’s Day? Never.”
“I really hate that we missed the last one,” Laura said as she eased into the bathtub. “I feel like every time there is an important holiday one of us is traveling for work.”

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll have ample time to experience them all, but I’m going to double down on how weird this particular holiday is.” Carmilla leaned against the door jamb and said, “Think about it. A naked baby with wings flies around shooting arrows into people’s asses hoping they’ll fuck. Creepy.”

“Fall in love!” Laura called out. “The arrows make you fall in love, not have sex.”

“Call it what you will, sweetheart, but there’s still a naked baby floating around trying to shoot an arrow in your ass. That’s Stephen King level horror.” Carmilla chuckled when she heard Laura mutter, ‘party pooper.’

An hour later she watched as Laura slipped into her dress. It was one of her favorites—strapless and dark blue with silky material that fell in loose waves just below the knee. She left her hair loose, and it flowed down her back in gentle waves. Beautiful, a vision that constricted Carmilla’s heart and stole the breath from her lungs. When she finished applying her makeup in the mirror, Laura faced Carmilla and asked, “How do I look?”


They arrived at the restaurant a short time later, and Carmilla handed the keys to her Mercedes to the valet attendant. Last summer, Laura woke up one morning with the idea that she and Carmilla should spend a month eating at a different restaurant every day. Her spontaneity sometimes clashed with Carmilla’s sedentary nature, but more often than not, she made life interesting. They discovered this place about halfway through that adventure, and it had made a positive impression with both of them.

Despite the formal nature of the restaurant, it had a cozy ambiance. Only one empty table remained, theirs. It was situated a little away from the others. Two flickering candles provided most of the lighting and artfully sprinkled rose petals decorated the table.

The hostess led them there, and Carmilla smiled when she placed her hand at the small of Laura’s back and felt her shiver in response. She loved that they had this effect on one another; where a simple touch could ignite a fire.

She pulled Laura’s chair out for her and nodded at a waiter to bring their wine. The expression on Laura’s face was caught somewhere between curiosity and awe.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Carmilla asked after sipping her wine.

Laura continued taking in the setting for a few more seconds before turning her bright glittering smile on Carmilla. “What am I thinking?” she mused and tapped a finger to her chin. “Let’s see. I’m thinking that this is all too wonderful and that you do have some Valentine’s experience.”

Carmilla blushed in response. “Yes, well, I may have had a relationship or two that overlapped with February 14th. But those experiences were nothing like this.”

“And what makes tonight so different from the others?”

“You.”

Laura opened her mouth to respond, but the waiter arrived with menus and proceeded to go over
the specials. Carmilla was annoyed at the interruption, but Laura smiled in that way of hers diffused her irritation and instead made her melt.

After he left, she said, “I used to hate this,” and made a motion encompassing the entirety of the restaurant. “The flowers, the candy, the hearts, it was all so fake to me. A song and dance that I played out because I was supposed to.”

“And it doesn’t anymore? Feel like a song and dance?”

“No, it’s different now. You and I, this thing, it’s more.”

“More?”

Carmilla licked her lips and adjusted the glasses on her nose. “More because I love you. More because you love me. More because I trust this thing between us more than I’ve ever trusted anything in my entire life.”

 Barely a second passed before Laura’s hand reached across the table to hold hers. “I do, you know, love you.”

Those words never got old, and they never would. “And you’re happy?”

Laura cocked her head to the side and frowned. “Of course, I’m happy. Why would you think otherwise? Is this because I took that assignment? Carm, I—”

“No,” Carmilla said gently. “No. I just want to make sure. I want to make sure that you’re always happy.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Laura replied. Laughing, she tossed a few of the rose petals at her.

Their conversation transitioned to lighter topics as they caught up on the smaller details of their daily lives over the past few months. The surrounding distractions faded into nothingness, and she forgot about the people in the restaurant, the stresses of her job, and most importantly, her worries about their relationship.

Whenever Laura’s job required her to travel, a well of anxiety made up of a lifetime of doubts and insecurities blossomed inside of Carmilla. Would Laura discover a wonderland even gayer than Toronto? Would she meet someone special? Someone who smiled more and came with less baggage. This voice inside her head—that sounded remarkably like her Mother—liked to remind her of all the reasons Laura could do better.

But then Laura would call, and they’d talk for hours about random things that ran the gamut between silly and heartfelt. These were the moments that Carmilla opened up about her complicated relationship with her mother and the raw tear left in her heart after Elle’s betrayal. They spoke on lighter topics as well, including a few tentative mentions of “the future.” These talks always calmed her. That is, until the next time Laura’s job pulled her away.

After a year of repeating this cycle, Carmilla decided she needed to change her thought process. She couldn’t continue to let the past define her future. The issue was trust, and it had nothing to do with Laura and everything to do with herself. Did she trust herself enough to love Laura? The answer was a resounding yes. Tonight was about taking that next step together. She hoped. Only a simple question remained. The most important question she would ever ask.

As the waiter cleared away their plate, the manager of the restaurant walked over and smiled at them. He offered Carmilla a slight nod of acknowledgment. This night had been in the planning
stages for weeks, and the restaurant jumped at the chance to help. He offered a few pleasantries before saying, “I assume you lovely ladies are ready for dessert.”

“No, just the check please,” Laura said with a heated glance at Carmilla.

Carmilla gasped. “What? No, let’s get dessert. When do you ever not want dessert?”

“I’m full and can’t wait for us to get home. Where we’re alone.”

“Well, I want dessert. We aren’t leaving here without dessert.” Fuck, did she shout? She sounded like a lunatic. In a calmer voice, Carmilla said, “Please bring us the truffles.”

“I’ll have them sent right out, Ms. Karnstein,” he replied with a small bow.

Laura waited till he walked away before staring at her suspiciously. “You’re acting weird.”

There wasn’t any denying that fact. She watched the manager enter the kitchen. As agreed upon, he would give her about a minute before sending the dessert out. “Um, yes. There’s a reason for that. Laura you and I have been in a relationship for a year now. And I hope you’d agree with me that it’s been great. You have changed my life for the positive in every way imaginable, and I can think of nothing better than waking up beside you every day for the rest of my life. I knew on the day we met that there would never be another woman for me. I knew even then that you’re my forever.”

A grinning waiter left the kitchen and headed their way. Now or never. Carmilla closed her eyes, blew out a shaky breath, and said, “I guess what I’m saying is, Will you ma—”

The dumbass waiter stopped at the table closest to them and presented the woman sitting there with the truffles. The woman who was not Laura. The woman screeched and clasped her hands together. “Yes, yes, yes. I will marry you!” she exclaimed to the shocked and utterly horrified young man sitting across from her.

Snapping to her feet, Carmilla rushed over to their table. “Excuse me, but there’s been a mistake.”

The woman admonished Carmilla. “Oh my God, can’t you see we’re having a moment?” The ring was already on her finger. How was the fucking ring already on her finger? The woman’s date stared at Carmilla nervously and kept shaking his head in denial.

Carmilla growled and pointed to the man. “Does this guy look like he had any intention of proposing to you? He’s practically pissing his pants at the thought of spending another five minutes in your company, much less a lifetime.”

The woman curled her lips in a sneer and said, “Back off bitch. You are not going to ruin this proposal.”

There is no proposal for you, idiot. That is my proposal you are trying to hijack. Now, return the ring.”

The manager, who appeared as mortified as everyone else, approached the table. He addressed the woman and said, “Ma’am there has been a terrible mistake, and I offer my apologies, but Ms. Karnstein is correct, that dessert was meant for her table.”

“No. I’ve dreamed about this day for my entire life and no one is taking it from me.”

“Um, I’ll be leaving now,” the guy across from her said in a small voice. “I’m sorry, but I never
wanted this. My mom made me go on this date.”

Carmilla held out her hand for the ring, but instead of giving it back, the woman grabbed one of the truffles and slapped it into her palm. Some chocolate slipped through her fingers and fell with an audible plop onto her shoe. Her fucking Jimmy Choo heels. A few long seconds passed before she raised her gaze to meet that of the obstinate woman. Distantly, as if the sound were coming from behind a thick wall, Carmilla thought she heard Laura say her name. Using her chocolate covered hand, she snatched two truffles from the plate and smashed them against the woman’s forehead.

Several diners around them gasped, and a few camera phones flashed as various people took pictures of the scene. Outraged, the woman reached for the last of the truffles and thus provided Carmilla with an opportunity. She grabbed the hand before it reached the plate and attempted to wrestle the ring off the woman’s finger. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she was aware that everything she was doing was completely insane. But that didn’t change the fact that this psycho was intent on stealing Laura’s ring. Months of planning lost in one idiotic moment.

Carmilla stumbled as the woman threw a clumsy punch in her direction. The momentum lurched her forward and caused her to crash into Carmilla. They tumbled to the ground in a heap of flailing limbs. Fingernails dug at her scalp, but she didn’t relent. The ring was finally coming loose. Just a little more.

“Carm, no! You are not Gollum! Get her finger out of your mouth! No biting!”

Yes! Carmilla pulled the ring away and clutched it in her palm. Even though the pointed toe of a shoe kept kicking her in the leg, the battle felt like a victory. Finally, someone pulled the screeching woman away, and Carmilla blissfully went limp on the floor. When she opened her eyes, Laura kneeled above her with a concerned expression on her lovely face.

“Are you alright?” she asked, cradling Carmilla’s face in her hands.

Carmilla smiled wearily and presented the ring. “I love you, will you marry me?”

A few hours later, they arrived home. Their departure from the restaurant had been delayed by a few hours once the police arrived to investigate. Luckily no one, including the restaurant, wanted to press charges. However, Carmilla was certain that videos of the encounter were already making the rounds on social media. Mother would be furious, Mattie amused, and Will would tease her relentlessly. None of that mattered currently though. She still hadn’t received an answer to that all-important question.

The short trip home had been made in silence, and Carmilla desperately wondered what was on Laura’s mind. Was she upset? At Carmilla for embarrassing them and ruining the night? Or perhaps the proposal? Did she think that marriage was a ridiculous idea?

Laura opened the door and stood aside so that Carmilla could follow her in. The door shut behind them and they stood in the foyer, quietly regarding one another. Laura’s face was a blank slate, but her eyes were stormy with unchecked emotion.

“Laura, I’m sorry.”

“For what?” The question was asked softly, but nothing about Laura seemed soft right now. She stepped into Carmilla’s space. “Why are you sorry?”

Carmilla’s breath hitched as she came to the immediate conclusion that Laura most definitely wasn’t angry. The opposite really. Even so, she felt the need to explain. “It was supposed to be a
perfect night, and that’s why I’m sorry,” she said.

A tiny smile graced Laura’s lips. Her eyes traveled the length of Carmilla’s body and every time she spotted a chocolate stain her grin grew wider. “Oh, I don’t know. I’d call it a night to remember.”

“I suppose that’s one way to describe it. A complete disaster is another.”

Laura stared back, her gaze heavy with desire and want. “I have to disagree. That was one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen. The way you kicked that woman’s ass.” Without warning, she pressed into Carmilla’s body and claimed her mouth in a searing kiss. Her tongue pushed into Carmilla’s mouth possessively. It was tender and heated all at once.

Before they could go too far, Carmilla pulled back. “I’m covered in chocolate, and I’d hate to ruin that dress. We should take this to the bedroom. If you don’t mind, I’ll grab a quick shower.” She didn’t mention the ring or the proposal. Perhaps later when they were in bed, they could talk about it.

She turned the water on in the shower and steam quickly fogged the glass doors. When she stepped inside, the hot spray stung the scratches on her legs. Seconds later, the door opened, and Laura followed her in.

“Fancy meeting you here,” Carmilla said, letting her eyes travel the length of Laura’s body and truthfully, she couldn’t wait to reacquaint her tongue with every inch of that delicious skin. Then she saw it. The ring. Laura was wearing it on her finger.

“I have a question to ask you, Carm.”

Carmilla blinked, grateful that the spray would hide any moisture in her eyes. “Yeah?”

The smirk that graced Laura’s lips was both sensuous and playful. “I don’t think any proposal can top yours, but would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

“Oh my God, you’re asking me to marry you in the shower.”

“Yeah, well, you proposed after a food fight. We’re unconventional.” Laura beamed at her and opened her hand to reveal a gold ring with a small diamond. “This was my mom’s. I think she’d love for you to have it.”

Two and two clicked together, and Carmilla’s eyes widened. “Is this why your dad picked you up today?”

Laura hummed. “Maybe.” She continued to hold the ring until Carmilla raised her hand. The ring fit as if it had been made for her.

“Yes. A million times yes.” One little word and all of her worries and concerns floated away until only the two of them remained. Their eyes met and held for a long moment.

“Me too. Yes. Yes, to the marriage. With you. Oh my god, stop me from talking.”

Carmilla laughed and kissed her. The hot water continued to rain down upon them, and she loved the sensation of Laura’s slick body against hers. She also loved being in a bed more. “So, how about helping clean off the rest of this chocolate out of my hair and us retiring to the bedroom?”

“Well, I suppose we could do that. I’ve been waiting to get my hands on you all day.”
“Yeah? You have something in mind?”

“You might say that,” Laura said with a wink as she squirted some shampoo into her hand and began massaging it into Carmilla’s scalp.

They soon exited the bathroom together, and she watched Laura walk over to their dresser and open the drawer that housed their collection of sex toys. She tossed a cheeky grin over her shoulder before pulling out the strap-on harness and her favorite dildo.

A heated look passed between them, and Carmilla asked, “Who is wearing that?”

“Oh, you’ve earned this one,” Laura said, her voice teasing and slightly husky. She dangled the harness from a finger and offered it to Carmilla. Before it could be taken, though, she snatched it back playfully. “That is unless you’re worn out from your food fight earlier.”

Carmilla was acutely aware of Laura’s gaze on her as she buckled and tightened the straps. Electricity rippled between them, and she marveled at this connection that flowed between them. Never in all her previous relationships had intimacy been like this. Being with Laura was like having fireworks and a warm comforting blanket at the same time.

“Have I mentioned how beautiful, how stunning, you are?” Laura asked as she crossed the room.

“Once or twice,” Carmilla said, unable to stop the smile forming on her lips.

“It’s true. Sometimes I look at you and you’re so beautiful, it makes my heart ache.” Laura reached out and ran her index finger from Carmilla’s neck to the valley between her breasts and finally to her stomach. “I amazed that I’m allowed to touch you, to hold you. That you are mine.”

“I’ve always been yours.”

Laura nodded, accepting that the truth of that statement. “And I belong to you too; you know that, right? Sometimes I think that you believe that you don’t deserve love, but you deserve everything Carm. Everything. I will spend every moment for the rest of my life proving that to you.”

Tears threatened to well in her eyes, so Carmilla surged forward and kissed Laura. This is what she loved about them. Intimacy that could be soft and gentle, but also fiery and passionate. She knew right away that this encounter would be the latter. It had been too long since they last touched and the need to reconnect burned within them.

Laura’s hand wrapped around the dildo and jerked it a few times. She laughed, a little flirty and a lot mischievous, and asked, “Do you want to fuck me with this?”

“Christ,” Carmilla said with a groan. “You know it absolutely drives me wild when you curse.”

“Oh, I know.”

Laura offered a wicked smile and pushed Carmilla onto the bed. Tension crackled in the air, and oh this was going to be amazing. They always had great sex, but tonight promised to leave her deliciously sore. She used her hands to maneuver herself to the headboard and smirked when, on hands and knees, Laura followed her.

They kissed again with Carmilla holding Laura’s face between her hands. Raw. Primal. She pushed her tongue into Laura’s mouth, and Laura let her. But this wasn’t one-sided, it never was. Laura gave as good as she got and her fingernails dug into Carmilla’s shoulder blades.
Eventually, they pulled apart, and with dark smoldering eyes, Laura met Carmilla’s heated gaze and guided the cock to her entrance. Carmilla broke eye contact first so that she could watch Laura lower herself, inch by inch, until she rested on Carmilla’s hips. She caressed Laura’s thighs, her ass and waited as she adjusted to the sensation of being filled. Using her mouth, she sucked on one of her nipples. She flicked her tongue over it and added a few gentle tugs of her teeth.

This earned her a whimper of pleasure and Laura said, “Fuck me, Carm. Please. I need you.”

The need was mutual. Laura slowly raised herself off of the dildo until it sat just within her entrance before sinking back onto it and filling herself once more. Carmilla gripped Laura’s ass, to guide her and control the pace. As badly as she wanted to see Laura come, she also wanted to enjoy every second of this experience.

Each time Laura tried to increase the pace, Carmilla would hold her in place and distract her into a deeply satisfying kiss. She could feel Laura’s wetness coating her thighs, and she slipped two fingers between their bodies to gather some of that arousal. Carmilla wanted to taste her, to surround herself with the flavor and essence of her. She sucked both fingers clean and went back for seconds. Laura moaned loudly at this display and refused to be restrained any longer. The muscles of her thighs tightened, and her grip on Carmilla’s shoulders was almost painful.

“That’s right, sweetheart, I’ve got you. Take what you need.” Carmilla said, using her thumb to make tight circles around her clit. Laura released a ragged moan that gradually broke into a series of aching whimpers as she sought her pleasure. It didn’t take long. She fell forward and buried her face in the crook of Carmilla’s neck.

They stayed like that for a long while. Carmilla stroked Laura’s back and whispered to her how beautiful, how precious, and how very loved she was. There weren’t enough words in the world to describe her love for Laura.

Soon, Carmilla felt tiny kisses placed on her neck and shoulders. “How is it that good every single time? I think I’m ready for it, and then you wreck me.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Carmilla said. “So, exactly how wrecked are you?”

“Not so bad that I can’t return the favor.” Laura laughed. She sat up straight and shuddered. “Hold on let’s get this thing out of me.”

They quickly removed the strap-on—from both Laura and Carmilla’s hips.

“How do you want me to fuck you Carm? With this, or maybe I should fuck you with my mouth?”

Carmilla suspected that Laura knew exactly how effective the cursing was at short-circuiting her brain. With a raised brow and a deep breath, she said, “You know what I want.”

“I do.” Laura tossed the strap-on to the floor. “You are a little predictable like that. Not that I’m complaining, I love having you this way.”

Laura made a sight-seeing tour of Carmilla’s body with her tongue. Her breasts, her arms, fingers, legs, and stomach were all touched. She teased with the intention of making her beg, and it worked. Carmilla spread herself wantonly and practically shoved Laura’s face between her thighs. The answering laugh reverberated on her flesh, and Carmilla sighed, luxuriated in the sensation. Nothing in the world came close to this feeling. As she had on so many other occasions, Laura made loving Carmilla more about the journey than the destination.

She split Carmilla’s labia with her tongue and licked her from stem to stern all the while watching
every reaction. It was hot, this way Laura had of taking ownership of Carmilla’s orgasm. She never relented, and she always tackled the act as if her very life depended on it. Each stroke of Laura’s tongue pushed her higher and closer to that ever-looming precipice. Sometimes, that plunge into surrender terrified her because it had never been like this with anyone else. Only Laura possessed the ability to shatter her into a million pieces.

“Carm, look at me. I want you to watch what I’m doing to you.”

The effort it took to open her eyes and focus on Laura, was extreme, but she did it. And what a view it was. Seeing Laura there between Carmilla's spread legs, pleasuring her so effortlessly was erotic and so very hot. The way this woman played her body never ceased to amaze. Laura pushed two fingers inside her, gentle, but then not. She sought out those places that made Carmilla squirm with need and desperation. A swipe of tongue to clit, once, twice, and then she was gone. Her body clenched and Carmilla reached out for Laura who met her halfway, holding her hand tight and not letting go until the waves of orgasm passed.

When she recovered, and her heartbeat calmed to a reasonable level, Carmilla pulled Laura up into her arms. They kissed, and she loved the taste of herself on Laura’s lips.

“I think the sex is better when it’s with my fiancé.”

Laura beamed. “It is! I agree one hundred percent. And, you have to admit that this turned out to be a great holiday. Cupid was looking out for us.”

With a snort, Carmilla said, “I got into a fight with a crazy person over your engagement ring. If that’s his version of helping us, then Cupid can kiss my ass.”

They laughed, and, ultimately, Carmilla had to admit that it had been a wonderful day, craziness included. Laura was home, in her arms, and they had a wedding to plan. Not even in her wildest dreams had she ever imagined being so blessed.

End Notes

There will likely be additional fics in this series, but I won't make any promises as to when they'll be written. If you enjoyed it, leave me a note or contact my on tumblr @heyjenocide.

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