

## **A Devilishly Happy New Year**

**By Taylor Lochland**

Jason accepted the offered bottle of champagne and stepped back to give Matt and Larsehl room to enter the apartment. "Thanks for coming, you guys."

Matt smiled, his cheeks pink from the outside air. "Thanks for inviting us." He took off his boots and set them to the side of the door. "It'll be nice to have someone else to spend New Year's Eve with for a change."

Larsehl huffed and narrowed his eyes. "You mean spending New Year's Eve with me isn't enough for you anymore?"

"You know that's not what I meant." Matt wrapped his arms around Larsehl and nuzzled his neck.

"I don't want any fighting at my first New Year's Eve gathering since I became a demon hunter," Jason said as he set the champagne on the coffee table and returned to Matt to take his coat. Even though it was a cold night, Larsehl didn't have any outerwear. Jason didn't think anything of it since he knew demons were naturally cold and had no use for jackets or gloves.

"We're not fighting." Larsehl laughed. "You know from experience how we demons have to give our humans a hard time now and then."

Jason snorted loudly. "Don't I ever."

"I heard that." Kirhal came out of the kitchen carrying two empty wine glasses and wearing a pair of gray jeans with a navy blue hoodie. The dark colors made the gold of his hair stand out even more than it usually did. "You're as bad as I am, love. If not worse." He popped open the bottle of champagne, filled the glasses, and gave one to Jason and the other to Matt.

Larsehl looked longingly at the drinks. "None for me?"

"Why waste the alcohol when you and I can't get drunk? Or even tipsy?"

"Yeah yeah. Maybe I like the taste." Larsehl took Matt's glass from him, took a sip, and handed the glass back. "It's good, but I suppose I can live without having any more." He sighed and looked longingly at the glass.

Matt set his champagne on the coffee table, and from the dismayed look on his face, Jason could tell he wouldn't drink anything if Larsehl couldn't.

Jason sighed and rolled his eyes. "Let him have some, Kirhal. It's New Year's Eve for crying out loud. You should have some, too."

"But Jason, it's a waste for us—"

"I know. It's a waste for demons to drink. You know what though? Matt brought the stuff, so if he says you two can have some, you can have some."

Matt nodded. "It's fine with me, of course."

"Thank you." Larsehl gave Matt a kiss on the cheek, and the two of them took turns sipping from Matt's glass.

Over the next few hours, the drinks flowed, and even Kirhal had a few sips. After a few drinks, Jason felt tipsy, though not quite drunk. He had a high tolerance, which was impressive for a small guy who rarely drank. Intoxication could be dangerous for a hunter.

Matt, on the other hand, was close to being three sheets to the wind. He was normally a rather quiet young man, however, the alcohol made him lose all inhibitions. Jason soon knew more about Matt and Larsehl's sex life than he ever wanted to know. Larsehl, of course, never objected or tried to change the subject. He simply sat there listening with an amused expression on his face.

Jason glanced at the clock. "Shit!" He reached for the remote and switched on the TV with the same lightening quick speed he might reach for his hunting knife. "We almost missed it!" The light-up ball in Times Square had already begun its descent. A second later, Jason heard a snicker. He scowled and punched Kirhal in the thigh. "Knock it off."

"Ow." Kirhal rubbed the spot. "I was just thinking how adorable you are."

"I've never understood why humans celebrate the passing of a year. Your lives are so sho—" Larsehl said, but shut his mouth and held up his hands when Jason and Matt both glared at him. "Excuse me."

They all turned their attention back to the television. As soon as the ball reached the bottom of the pole and the number "2010" lit up, Jason turned to Kirhal, kissed him, and slipped his tongue past the cool lips to explore that familiar mouth. He broke the kiss to take a breath, but kept their foreheads together. "Happy New Year, Kirhal. I hope this year is as good as the last few months have been."

Kirhal put a hand on the back of Jason's head and pressed their mouths together once more. When he pulled away, he whispered, "It will be, if I have anything to do with it."

"You will." Jason glanced over at Larsehl and Matt, who were snuggling and looking affectionately into each other's eyes. "Heh. Matt can't drive home with all he had to drink. They're going to have to stay here tonight."

"I can port both of us home," Larsehl said. "But staying here would be fine with me as well. Unless you really want to go home, Matt."

"Porting uses too much of your energy, especially when you have to drag a human along, and I'd rather you save that energy for something else." Matt slurred his words as he spoke. "We stay here." He turned to Jason. "Thank you, Jason."

Jason's apartment only had one bedroom, but the sofa in the living room was comfortable and large enough for one person to sleep on. Larsehl didn't need to sleep, so the lack of space wasn't a problem. Matt looked bleary-eyed already and Jason, who had been out late hunting the night before, was getting tired as well. *May as well go to bed.*

Jason dug through his closet and found a blanket that was much warmer than the crocheted afghan on the back of the sofa. He gave the blanket to Matt and then turned to Larsehl. "I guess you can watch television, or read, or whatever. Help yourself to any of the DVDs. I can bring my laptop out here for you if you want. Or you and Kirhal can just hang out once Matt and I go to sleep."

"Thank you, Jason." Larsehl looked amused and Jason realized he'd been babbling. "We'll figure something out."

"Just don't eat up all the food," Kirhal added.

"You can have a snack if you want, though." Jason knew demons didn't *need* to eat, but he also knew Larsehl liked to eat for pleasure now and then.

"Again, I thank you."

"Goodnight, Jason!" Matt called out from under the blanket.

"Night." Jason took Kirhal's hand and made his way into the bedroom. They usually made love if they didn't go out hunting, but it would be awkward to do it with Matt and Larsehl within hearing range. Still, he liked to have Kirhal near, at least until he fell asleep. Jason closed the bedroom door and stripped to his boxers. "I guess I'll just go to sleep." He gave Kirhal a quick kiss, and then crawled into bed and got under the covers. "Goodnight, Kirhal."

A slow smile spread across Kirhal's face. "Are you sure you're going to be able to sleep?"

"What do you mean?" Jason was a tiny bit horny as he always was when Kirhal was near, but it was nothing that would prevent him from falling asleep.

"Listen."

Jason did so, and he heard the unmistakable sounds of heavy breathing and creaking furniture coming from the living room. "Damn, that didn't take them long." It reminded him of the first time he'd met Matt and Larsehl -- he'd been tracking Larsehl's scent and ended up finding the

two of them going at it. It was what had sparked his interest in finding himself a demon lover. He felt his face get hot.

"Why are you so embarrassed? It's not like you've never seen or heard them having sex before."

"Yeah, but that was at *their* place. Not mine."

"What's the big deal about whose place it is?" Kirhal rolled his eyes. "I'm sure they wouldn't mind if we used their place. I'm also sure they wouldn't mind if we joined them."

"I'm not about to barge in on them and try to turn things into a threesome. Or a foursome."

Kirhal sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked Jason's knee through the comforter. "I'm glad you might include me if you did anything with the two of them -- which I hope you never do, by the way -- but that's not what I had in mind." He pulled down the comforter, tugged off Jason's boxers, and tossed them in the corner. He then stripped off his own clothing.

*I should have known.* "Oh."

Kirhal leaned over and kissed Jason hard on the mouth, and Jason felt a tingle pass between them. The tingle that always further awakened his desire. After a moment, Kirhal broke the kiss and lightly ran a hand over Jason's erection. "The alcohol must actually be affecting you if you didn't know what I meant."

"Ma-maybe." Jason pressed himself harder against that cool touch of Kirhal's hand. He could hear Matt's cries getting louder from the living room. "I...hope they don't leave a mess on the sofa." His words came between deep breaths.

"If they do, I'm sure they'll clean it up." Kirhal reached to the nightstand, picked up the bottle of oil, and poured a few drops onto his fingers. Once he'd gotten Jason's entrance slicked up, he moved away from the bed and Jason whined from the loss of the touch. "Don't worry; I'm still going to take care of you." Kirhal sat down in the office chair on the other side of the room. "I want to try something different."

Before Jason could protest, pressure around his cock reminded him of how Kirhal could touch him without using his hands. He'd just never done it from that far away before. Jason wondered why Kirhal had bothered with the oil, but a light squeeze made him forget about it. "Ah..." He gasped and raised his hips off the bed, but when his eyes met Kirhal's, he forced himself to lie still.

"You're not going to writhe around for me?" Kirhal sighed and shook his head. "That's no fun."

The pressure left Jason's cock. "Sorry, I'm feeling self-conscious." Feeling self-conscious was a new one for him, but then again, so was being felt up and watched by a lover who was physically on the other side of the room.

"I can tell." Kirhal put one elbow on the chair's armrest and leaned to the side with his chin in his hand, his hair falling over his shoulders. "Relax. No one can see you but me. I'd suggest getting out the blindfold, but I want to be able to see the look in your eyes when you come."

Jason got harder at Kirhal's words, and the self-consciousness lessened as his desire grew. "Okay."

"Good. Forget about everything except what you feel." Kirhal's voice practically purred.

Jason nodded, closed his eyes, and let out a yelp when he felt tightness around his cock at the exact same moment something touched his prostate.

"Something tells me you liked that."

Jason cried out again when Kirhal repeated the action, and he heard Matt's moans falter. "I-I think they heard me."

"So what? We hear them. Forget about them." Kirhal dropped his voice again. "It's only you and me in here. That's all that matters."

Jason took a few deep breaths in an attempt to focus and clear his mind. The way the two most sensitive parts of his body tingled made clearing his mind impossible; however, he easily turned all his attention to those sensations. He clutched at the sheets and started to move his hips around in an attempt to enhance the feeling.

"There you go," Kirhal whispered. "Here's your reward."

The pressure against Jason's prostate increased and the tightness began to move up and down his cock. "Ah...Kirhal..." Something like the light touch of fingertips brushed across Jason's chest and moved in circles around both of his nipples. He arched his back off the bed and suddenly he felt filled and stretched, as if he something was actually penetrating him and slowly moving in and out of his body. *So that's why he needed the oil.* He opened his eyes and glanced over at the chair. Kirhal hadn't moved.

"I'll bet you didn't know I could do that from a distance."

Jason couldn't answer. All he could do was moan, gasp, and writhe in pleasure. He discovered that the more he let himself go, the stronger the sensations became. He wasn't sure if it was a psychological thing or if Kirhal ramped up the intensity to encourage him -- or both -- and he really didn't care. At that moment, all he cared about was how great he felt, and that it was the person...or rather, being...he loved more than anything in the universe making him feel that way, and without even touching him. He got closer and closer to the edge with each second, and just before he reached it, Kirhal's voice partially brought him back to earth.

"Look at me, Jason."

When Jason turned his head and met Kirhal's gaze, Kirhal smiled at him, a mixture of lust and love clearly visible on his face. "I love making you feel good. Almost as much as I love you."

Kirhal's expression and his words sent a tingle of emotion through Jason, and Jason almost wished Kirhal had been close enough to kiss. A few seconds later, his brain shut off. His mouth hung open, his features contorted, and his body started to shake. "Ki-Kirhal..." His gaze locked onto Kirhal's as the waves of pleasure made his nerves tingle and the fluid pulsed out of his cock and dripped onto his stomach. He relaxed the grip he'd had on the sheets and needed to shake out his hands before he could move his fingers again. "Well now, that was interesting," he said once the rise and fall of his chest slowed down and he was able to breath normally once again.

"Interesting? I'd say it was more than that." Kirhal raised an eyebrow, stood up, and walked over to the bed.

"Okay, it was incredible. I just meant it was interesting to find out one of your tricks." Jason paused and noticed all was quiet in the living room. "Sounds like they're finished, too."

"Yeah. They finished a minute or so before we did."

"We?" Jason glanced at Kirhal's dick, which glistened from the spent fluid around the head. "You came from watching me? You pervert."

"I was a participant. Not just a spectator. Remember?"

"Oh. Yeah. Easy to forget that when the participants are ten feet apart, I guess." Jason grinned sheepishly. "By the way, I love you, too."

"I know." Kirhal sat down on the edge of the bed, leaned over, and cleaned Jason's stomach with his tongue until Jason started to squirm from the cold.

"You and your ice cube tongue." Jason yawned and rolled over onto his side, his eyes starting to close already. He could never stay awake very long after any kind of sex with Kirhal.

"Sorry about that. If I could warm it for you, I would." Kirhal pulled the blankets up to Jason's shoulders and brushed his cheek with the back of his hand. "Goodnight, little hunter. And Happy New Year."

"Goodnight." Jason reached out for Kirhal's hand and laced their fingers together, and as he fell asleep, he hoped the rest of the year would be as good as its beginning.

THE END

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Thank you for reading *A Devilishly Happy New Year*. I hope you enjoyed it. If this is the first time you've met Jason and Kirhal, you can read about how they met in *Cool Heat*, which is part of the anthology, *The Care and Feeding of Demons*. You can also read about how they spent their Christmas in the short story, *Naughty: The Gift of Restraint*, which is part of the Torquere Naughty and Nice Holiday Sip Blitz. Both books are published by Torquere Press (<http://www.torquerebooks.com>). If you've already read them, thank you!

You can find out more about those stories (and my other published works), at my website: <http://taylorlochland.com>

Have a great 2010!

-Taylor