

KALLYSTEN

A black and white photograph of a person's back and legs, with hands resting on their skin. The person is positioned centrally, with their back to the camera. Their right hand is placed on their upper left thigh, and their left hand is on their lower right thigh. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the body.

elevator ride

Out of the Box flashfiction

Elevator Ride

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I should have known he was planning something. That gleam in his eyes is a familiar enough warning that I should have suspected he had a game in mind. Then again, doesn't he always?

But let me start at the beginning.

Even years after meeting at On The Edge, Anando and I still go there at least once a week, share a few dance, a few drinks, get the fire of desire burning again in our veins. On Special occasions, in particular, like Valentine's Day or Halloween, we go there for the special celebrations organized by the club's owner. Last night, though, at sunset on the Fourth of July, I was surprised when he didn't take the road to the club and instead took us to the center of Haventown. I watched the high-rise office buildings lit up ahead of us and frowned.

"Where are we going?"

"There's a new restaurant downtown I want to try."

That explained the tie. He had chosen a dress for me to wear, dark blue, fitted at the top and flowing down to my knees, and slipped on a tie of the same color. "We'll match," he had explained, eyes twinkling, and I hadn't questioned it further. I hadn't realized it then, but that had been the first clue; he rarely ever wore a tie to the club.

He parked in front of an office building and, as always, came to the passenger side to hold the door for me. I took his hand as I slipped out of the car and looked up. The building looked to be at least thirty stories tall, maybe even forty. The sign in front of it was that of a corporate bank. I looked a question at Anando and he smiled.

"It's on the rooftop. I hear the view is amazing. We'll see the fireworks from there."

He tucked my hand at the crook of his arm and led me to the side of the building rather than the front entrance. We entered a small lobby and were

greeted by a maitre d' behind a counter made of a dark, exotic wood. Anando gave his name and the maitre d' nodded at once.

“Of course.” He pointed to one of four open elevators on his left. “Your table is ready. If you would please go up, your server will be waiting for you.”

Anando nodded once and, his hand covering mine on his arm, led us to the elevator furthest to the right. There were only three buttons on the gleaming metal panel: first floor, roof, and the emergency stop. He pressed the roof button and we stood side by side as the doors closed. The elevator started gliding up.

We were surrounded by mirrors, and, if I can say so myself, we looked good together. My eyes traveled over his reflection, from the well-tailored slacks to his fitted shirt and up to his face. When I met his eyes in the mirror, he was grinning. He held my gaze as he reached for the control panel. I looked at his hand just in time to see him press the emergency stop button. The cabin came to a shuddering stop.

“What—”

He turned to me and pressed a finger to my lips to shush me. “We have four and a half minutes.”

I pursed my lips against his finger and kept quiet. My mind was buzzing with questions and worries, but he was already answering the former and quelling the latter with each careful movement.

His left hand pushed gently against my hip, making me take two steps back until my back was to the elevator wall. The finger across my mouth slid down, tracing my throat then sliding over my breast. I sucked in a shaky breath and Anando's grin widened.

“The only problem with this restaurant,” he murmured, leaning in closer, “is that they don't serve blood.”

I could see where this was going, and a shiver of anticipation coursed through me. “That's...” My lips felt dry and I ran my tongue over them. “That's unfortunate. Maybe you should have a snack before we get there.”

His hand was still sliding lower on my body, following the curve of my hip to rest on my thigh.

“Maybe I should, yes.”

His lips were so close to my throat now that each word felt like a caress. I brought my hand to the back of his head and pulled him to the crook of my neck, where he had bit me that first night. His lips were cool and I shuddered—and then I shuddered again because his fingers were cool, too, sliding beneath my dress and up my thigh.

“Anando, I don’t think—”

I never finished, because from that point on, I literally couldn’t think. Believe me, it’s hard to form a coherent thought when fangs are gently easing into your flesh, the pain no longer than a flash of lightning and the pleasure like the rumbling of rolling thunder. Add to that sneaky fingers sliding against your panties, tracing your nether lips until wetness starts seeping through... I’d defy anyone in that position to add two and two and come up with anything other than “More.”

His fangs retracted from my neck and I let out a little strangled moan, knowing what came next. He sucked on my blood slowly, as though sipping fine wine from a crystal chalice. Each pull of his lips sent fire and molten lava through my veins. With his thumb now pressing rhythmically against my clit, it was both too much and not enough. My knees were weakening. I clutched at his shoulder while my fingers at the back of his head tried to pull him closer. If he only pulled a little harder on my blood... If he would flick my clit just a little faster...

It didn’t matter, at that moment, that we were in an elevator, stuck between two floors, maybe with a camera keeping a cold eye on us. Nothing mattered beyond this simple fact—in a matter of moments, pleasure had become both overwhelming and unattainable. I could have sobbed. I could have begged. I could have cried out for Anando to stop playing and just—

I didn’t have to tell him. He knew. Of course he did. He knew how much his touch, fingers or mouth, affected me. He knew where and how to bite or caress. He knew just how long to tease me, and how fast he could make me come, my body so attuned to him that it seemed always ready, always waiting for the next game. The next blinding orgasm.

A harder pull of his mouth. A twist of his thumb and forefinger. I closed my eyes and I think I moaned as pleasure rippled through my body, a wave as sweet, as gentle, as strong as Anando himself was. I could feel, almost distantly, his tongue laving the bite marks, his hand smoothing my dress down even as he held me close. The elevator trembled back to life and soon we were moving again.

By the time we reached the restaurant and our server, I could stand and walk on my own again without wavering too much. I only had one thought in mind as I sat across Anando and watched his eyes sparkle. We'd be back in that elevator soon enough—and I, too, could do a lot in four and a half minutes. The fireworks had only just started.

The end

If you enjoyed this glimpse into Virginia and Anando's world, I invite you to discover the Out of the Box series.

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