

The Giving Thanks Fairy

“Wait, so all they have is some pilgrims and Indians and a friggin’ turkey?”

“Yep, that’s about it.”

“But like, don’t all those things try to kill all the other things?”

“Kind of. Mostly the pilgrims, and not really the turkeys at all.”

“So you’re saying their mascot is just a bunch of bloodlusty pale-faces?”

“That’s what I’m saying.”

“Huh. I mean, that’s just...”

“Right?!”

“So anyone could just come along and...?”

“Yup.”

“When you put it like that...”

“... you’d be crazy not to!”

And that’s how I decided to become the Thanksgiving Fairy. A simple conversation with my good friend Sassyfras Honeybubble, the recently self-appointed New Year’s Resolution Fairy. The woman was a genius at branding. Two year’s in, and already there were the omnipresent whispers on the ethereal winds. *Resolutions have power*. It wasn’t the MUAHAHAHAHAHA-POWER-TEEHEE-JERK-JERK-JERK-SPURT-AHHHHH kind of power, like plenty of humans seemed to obsess over. But in the same way naughty and nice lists had power, and pledging allegiance had power, and who could forget the power of hoarding purloined teeth.

I only had a few months to develop a plan. How to inspire humans to be grateful? How to reward that gratitude once they expressed it? I had a thousand ideas, and a million reasons why they were all stupid. No, what I really needed was a solid example. A story that would be spread throughout the lands, that people would never admit to believing, but never fully disbelieve either. This wouldn’t happen overnight, after all, but so what? I was still a young fairy, not even two centuries to my name yet. This year would be to get the ball rolling.

Now it wasn’t the most honest presentation on my part. I just didn’t want to throw in another fairy, right? It’s not good for us to be all in-your-face about it, especially with how many fey creatures had declared for occasions already. Sassyfras, sure, but even before her there were the countless spirits of Halloween; Santa, the jolly old elf, for Christmas; Colonel Sanders, a lecher of a leprechaun if ever there was one, for Independence Day. All of them dressing up as one manner of human or another, doing their best to blend in.

So I figured, why not join ‘em. Once I’d picked out a strike point for opening day, that is. It was pretty simple, all things considered. I found a spot with great proximity to two parallel ley

lines, ideal to give my meager magical talents the boost they would need. On that spot was a house surrounded by lush gardens, an enormous fake pond (a “pool” in humanese), a little out-building called a gazebo, all surrounded by a big metal wall with holes all over it which I am given to understand is called “a fence.”

(Apologies in advance – humanese is not my best language. I’m only barely more fluent than I am in troll, and *glogzag ushrolrag ashpeauku guakun duakun shrakamar duakun a ushrolrag ashmellakun!*)

Anyway, there was a happy little human family living there, a man and a woman and their three children, a boy and his two little sisters. The lot of them were adults, or nearly so – humans seemed to go back and forth over the ages about what precisely constituted adulthood. I learned a lot about human culture observing them.

For one, that humans have to have jobs (I think so they have a way to introduce themselves). Tracey, the mother, was a Homemaker, which she always capitalized when she said it, and both she and her husband agreed meant she was in charge of all important decisions. The father, Walter, was a lawyer, which sounded analogous to a particularly unscrupulous wizard. The boy Jacob was a student, a job which seemed to have no responsibilities whatsoever that I could see, but which seemed to make his parents quite proud nonetheless. The older girl Laura was a trickster, in that her job seemed to consist of claiming she was looking for one without ever actually doing so. Kelly, the youngest, was a student like her brother; even though she seemed to have endless obligations (what a girl her size needed with so many clubs I can’t begin to guess), and even though her school had “high” in its name, this nevertheless seemed to be less prestigious than Jacob’s studenting.

As it turned out, Jacob seemed to be my way in. According to my research, Thanksgiving is mostly a family holiday, but often close romantic affiliations would be invited as well. So a week before Thanksgiving, once I’d made all my preparations, I took a feygate to the place where Jacob went to school and made my way to his home. (It was in my estimate a good deal better than his family home – all of his possessions were in one small room, so everything was close at hand and easy to protect from bees.)

I put on my best human disguise, something I was sure would be memorable for when the merchandising phase came, since it was already all over their merchandising. It seemed like three quarters of the women in their advertisements fit the same basic description – young, long hair, big boobs, long legs, perpetually bright smiles. Just to make sure I didn’t miss the mark, I imitated a woman on one of the posters hanging on Jacob’s wall, somebody from “Uptown,” if I was reading right. I changed the face enough to distinguish myself and went with black hair instead of blonde, and knocked.

Was I crazy to knock without a plan? That’s what I’d thought. But I swear, I didn’t need to use a single bit of magic and the kid was eating out of my hand. Any time he asked me a question, I deflected it and asked him one back.

“Um, did you need something?”

“Nah, just being friendly. What’re you up to?”

Or later: “So what’s your major? What do you study here?”

“Eh, this and that. It’s all just so... [indiscernible throat noise], ya know?”

Or somehow even: “Where are you from? Before here, I mean, obviously.”

“Over that way somewhere.” I pointed, and by the time I turned the question around on him, he’d forgotten my evasion completely.

My boobs, seemingly over-sized as they were, seemed an incredibly handy distraction, and in the short weeks I had leading up to the holiday – *my* holiday – I kept them good and handy, and he didn’t know what to make of his apparent good fortune. I didn’t know a lot about humans and their sexiosity, but it seemed these things were more than enough to string him along and snag me my coveted invite. He didn’t even want to know how diverse my herb garden was, or whether I had the least bit of experience as a chipmunk wrangler.

(Humans, right?)

I sucked it up and let Jacob give me a ride to his parents’ home, setting aside my deathly fear of technology. He reassured me over and over that I didn’t need to have such a tight grip on the grippers (or whatever you call them), but I wasn’t about to trust that all those tiny explosions in the front end weren’t going to destroy us, and the grippers might be my only salvation.

“It’s gonna be fine, Jess,” he said, patting my thigh. He did that a lot, especially since I hadn’t let him do more than look at me so far. “C’mon, try to focus on the positive.”

“Positive, right,” I said. “So your whole family’s going to be there today?”

“Immediate family only,” he said, whatever that meant. “But it’ll feel bigger. Try not to be nervous – I’m sure they’ll love you.”

I smiled, minimally relaxing my grip on the grippers. “Nervous? I’m excited! Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday. Don’t you just love talking with people about all they’re thankful for the past year, all they’re hoping to be thankful for in the coming?”

He laughed. “You’re just the sweetest thing. Try not to get your hopes up too high. Dad’s always too wrapped up in his football to say more than a few words, and Mom’s so busy with the meal we barely see her.”

“And your sisters?”

“Step-sisters, actually.”

Humans and their stupid prefixes. “What’s... step-sisters?”

“Yeah, you know. I call her my mom, but my real mom left us when she caught dad nailing his secretary. And his secretary was Tracey, and she had two kids from another guy.”

It made no sense whatsoever, but humans were always so particular about seemingly irrelevant things.

Don’t get your hopes up. Kelly can be a real smart snob; she’ll look for ways to intimidate you, so have your guard up. She’s only in high school but she’s read every book she’s ever put her hands on. And Laura... Laura’s just Laura.”

“What does that mean?”

“She’s... well, hopefully she’ll at least stay sober this year.”

“Well I don’t care. I want to get to know each and every one of them.” And I meant to do just that. I was going to give them a Thanksgiving to remember.

I recognized the area around his house as we neared it, and soon enough there we were. Home. (His home. My home was on a little cloud currently hovering over the Arctic Ocean, and this time of year I was happy to be somewhere a little warmer.) I could feel my enchantments activating as we pulled onto the strip of pavement leading up to the house. It would take a few minutes to reach full potency, but only a few minutes.

“We’re here!” he called out in the entryway.

A response came from around a nearby corner. “About time, Jake. Did you bring this super-model you keep raving...” The source of the voice rounded the corner, a young-looking human girl. She was pretty, I think, even if she had smaller everything’s than my chosen form and was hiding it behind a thick sweater and a pair of glasses. (I’d learned the name for them, even if I didn’t get what they were for. Something to do with identifying social undesirables, I think.) “Holy shit.”

Jake gave her a big smug grin for some reason. “Kelly, meet Jessica. Jess, this is my sister Kelly.”

“Step-sister,” she said, though somewhat distantly. “How the fuck did you pull this one off, Jakey boy? I don’t see a price tag on her anywhere.”

“Shut up, Kelly.”

“Hi, Kelly,” I said. “I’m really excited to meet you. What’s that you’re reading?”

“*Atlas Shrugged*,” the girl replied, holding up the thick book. “Have you read it?”

Jake kissed me on the side of the head. “You two have fun. I’m gonna see if Tracey needs a hand in the kitchen.” I squeezed his hand and turned back to Kelly, excited to see if she was as easy to squirrelshit as her brother.

“Read it? I *love* it. Absolutely brilliant. How far along are you? I don’t want to spoil anything.”

“I’m most of the way through, right where John Galt is delivering his manifesto. It’s chilling how right he gets things. She, really. You know, Ayn Rand.”

“Totally,” I said, wondering what an Ayn Rand was. Maybe that big fella on the cover? I peppered her with more questions and vague replies as we made our way to a room and plopped down on some couches. She was looking at me awfully hard, almost the way Jake did. I hoped I’d done up my disguise right. Should I have worn a longer dress, or one that covered more skin? It was so hard to guess at human customs.

In time she finally stopped babbling about something called “objectivism” and let me get in a word. I didn’t mind though. I could feel my magic taking root while she droned on, and by the time I interjected, it was ready enough to proceed. “So tell me, Kelly. What are you thankful for this year?”

Here it was. My carefully laid spell, channeled by the ley lines to far surpass my own meager talents at magic. It was a master stroke. Rather than try to call in favors and whip off a cantrip or two trying to give everybody more to be thankful for, I just crafted a little spell to do it for me. Well, not “crafted,” per se, but more “stole from the lair of Niktis Ash, First Among the Madmen of the Deeper Vault. Still, it was a thing of beauty. Whatever people expressed gratitude for, all I had to do was let the magic flow, and POOF!

Who says you need a slave army of elves manning your toy mill 24/7/365 to work miracles?

I tried to look casual as she mulled over the question. Here it came... here it came...

“Well well well, if it isn’t my nerdy little sis and the infamous Jessica,” came a new voice from the doorway. Our heads turned and were met with the sight of another girl, this one wearing hardly a thing. “Underwear” is the humanese term for it, I think. She looked enough like Kelly to leave no doubt it was her sister.

“Way to be walking around in your bikini with strangers in the house, Laur. Stay classy,” said Kelly. “And yes, this is Jessica.”

“Heh. I wonder how much Jake shelled out for her.” I wanted to ask what was up with everyone’s weird assumption that I was his employee when he’d specifically introduced me as his girlfriend, but then she turned and walked right back out.

“Sorry about that. The pool’s heated, and my sister likes to show off. I think she’s threatened by Jake having a girl over. Ugh.”

“Ah, I see. Anyway, you were saying? About thanksgiving?”

“What? Oh.” She stood up. “I dunno, I guess I’m just glad I’m not a total slut like my sister.”

There it was! I let flow a surge of power from the spell, and I could feel it doing its work. I couldn’t control it, but I was sure it was doing something. I couldn’t suppress a delighted smile as my career began to unfold.

“Anyway, I’m gonna go. Nice meeting you, and I’m sure I’ll see you around.”

“Yeah, totally!” I hopped off the couch, and started looking around for my next target.

As it so happened, I found it. Down the hallway was another room chock full of gadgetry, and plopped down in a plush leather chair was what my increasing familiarity with human family resemblances told me must be Jake’s father. A little paunchier, less hair and with a little gray, but it was definitely him. He was staring at a moving picture on a device across the room, on which some kind of quasi-human mutants were ramming their chests into each other over and over again. A bag of chips sat beside him, and he was scowling at a striped man on the box.

“Hi,” I said, easing my way into his field of vision. His eyes widened as he took me in, looking at me head to toe a few times. (Head to mid-thigh anyway.) “I’m Jessica. Jake’s friend?”

“Well hi, Jessica,” he said, sitting up straighter and brushing the crumbs off his belly. “Jake said you’d be coming over. I suppose I just forgot. Nice to meet you – you can call me Walter.”

“Nice to meet you too, Walter.” I saw his eyes keep flicking back and forth between my chest and the picture, and I decided to show some interest, break the ice. “So what’s going on here?”

“Not much, just watching a fixed game. Damn hometown refs never saw a play they couldn’t call foul. You a football fan?”

“Oh gosh, I *love* football,” I said, wondering what on earth football was.

“Oh yeah? Who’s your team?”

“I like ‘em all, I guess. Who’s yours?”

He laughed. “You’re not gonna upset me. As long as you don’t say the Packers, anyway. C’mon, I asked you first.”

I tried to smile, looking around the room to see if I could find any clues. A painting of some forest; a glass with some flowers painted on the side; a piece of paper with letters all over it in a shiny frame with a little birdy on it. I seized on that last one and took a guess. “The... cardinals?”

“Atta girl,” he said, smiling broadly. From there, we half-watched the game, me mirroring his excitement and disappointment over the incomprehensible barbarism on display. We cheered, we jeered. It was a very human experience.

Finally, the game seemed to end, concluding in something called “half-time.” Walter was no longer so thoroughly distracted, and I tried to make my move. “So tell me, Walter, what is it your thankful for?”

“I wish I could tell you it was a halfway decent team,” he grumbled.

I smiled brighter, squeezing my boobs together with my arms. That seemed to help draw his attention from the picture box. “Yeah, totally,” I said. “But seriously. What’s hitting you in the gratitude bone this year?”

He smiled. “You know, you’re a sweet girl, Jessica. Jake’s lucky to have found you. Luckier than I ever thought the boy would get, that’s for sure.”

“How do you mean?” I asked.

“Look, I’m trying not to be the creepy old man here, but let’s face it, you’re a, erm, very pretty young woman. That’s all I mean to say.”

Come on, gimme something here, buddy! “You’re not grateful for your wife?” I prompted.

He waved a hand. “I’m not complaining in the least. Tracey’s been really devoted to my happiness, and I couldn’t be more grateful.” That was plenty to trigger another surge of gratitude power, but then he just kept giving me more. “Though I tell you what, I’d be even more grateful if she was put together more like you.”

Only I wasn’t content to stop at the two-for-one – I pushed for the trifecta. “And your daughters?”

“Oh, they take after their mother, thank goodness. They’re both more than a handful, but I’m plenty thankful for them anyway.”

“That’s great,” I said, rubbing my hands together in silent glee. “Say, speaking of, why don’t I see if Tracey needs any help with dinner.”

“I’m sure she’d appreciate an extra set of hands.” Oooh, I could use that! But... no, probably a bad idea. I kept the floodgates closed. I patted him on the shoulder and made my way to what, from the smells, must be the kitchen. I wrinkled my nose at what seemed like the smell of flame-treated animal flesh. If this was a Thanksgiving tradition, I guess I’d have to adapt.

There she was. Jake’s mom, Tracey. She didn’t look how I expected, quite. Too young by far, for one. If I understood human mating habits, she definitely look old enough to have two daughters. In fact, she looked almost the same age as me. And from the way she was bulging out of that apron, same body type too.

No wonder Walter was so grateful!

Jake was apparently done helping her by the time I got there, as he was nowhere to be seen. I cleared my throat to get her attention away from the dead bird she was violating. “Jessica!” she exclaimed. “I’m so glad to finally meet you! Jake was telling me all about you. I’m his step-mom, Tracey.” She rushed over to give me a tight hug, kissing me on each cheek. From the amount of lipstick she was wearing, it had to have left prints.

“I’m so glad to meet you, Tracey. Happy Thanksgiving!”

“Don’t you just love this holiday? There’s just something wonderful about a whole day set aside to appreciate what you have going for you.” She sighed happily, and my toes curled in delight inside my heels. She was going to be too easy.

“I couldn’t agree more. Right now, I’m just grateful to be here with you. Jake’s had nothing but nice things to say about you.”

“I have a hard time believing that,” Tracey said with a chuckle. “And best you don’t ask either of my daughters. Here, would you hand me the turkey baster?”

I joined her in mutilating the carcass, trying not to let my horror show. “You and your daughters don’t get along?”

“Oh, you know how it is. They’re teenagers – or at least Kelly is for a couple years yet. Lauren may as well be, immature as she is – especially with boys.” She sighed, cramming some kind of food up a hole she’d ripped in the turkey’s ass. “Thank goodness for you, you know? We’re constantly having to try to keep her and Jake apart. I can’t tell you how grateful I’d be if those girls were a little less willful and a lot more obedient.”

Boom. I couldn’t wait to see how this would all play out – the amount of power flying around here was crazy. I pressed, trying to see what else I could squeeze out of her. “What about your husband? We were just talking, and he seems like such a nice man.”

Her face suddenly took on a dreamy look, smiling off into space. “Walter? Oh, he’s just... mm. The love of my life. I’d do anything to make that man happy. I’m just thankful for any chance to do so.”

I let the magic loose again, giggling. Tracey suddenly put her hand on mine, pulling it away from the turkey. “Sweetie, you’re about to rip its leg off, I think.”

I paused. “Uh, isn’t that the idea?”

She just laughed. “You don’t spend much time in the kitchen, do you?”

“Hardly ever, in fact.”

“Well I tell you what, why don’t you go join Jake and the girls, and I’ll call you when dinner’s ready?”

“Thanks, Tracey, that sounds great,” I said, and away I went. After allowing myself a moment in the bathroom to freshen up – oil my wings, pluck my stray feathers – I put my human face back on and went in search of Lauren, or Jacob if I couldn’t find her.

As luck would have it, I found the two of them together. They were in the pool, which was shrouded in steam from where heated water met cool air. When I spotted them, Lauren was bent over the edge of the pool in the shallow end with her brother fucking her with abandon. Jacob saw me coming and pulled out like his life depended on it, dropping to his knees behind Lauren. I pretended like I hadn’t seen anything, and that his pathetic attempts at hiding were working.

Lauren propped herself up on her elbows as I walked over, showing off a pair of breasts that had probably doubled in size since I’d first seen her. From the words of her sister and her parents I understood most of it, but the breast enlargement...

Ah yes, more than a handful. That made sense.

“Well hello again,” she said coyly, swaying softly in the water. I couldn’t see Jacob’s face, but she had to be very nearly rubbing her ass against it. The magic had even added a little ink on her lower back, just above where her skimpy bikini stopped. I had a hard time with cursive normally, and this was upside down and backwards to boot. Did that say suit? still? slit? Something like that.

“Hiya, Lauren. How’s the water? Looks really nice.” I actually found heated water deeply troubling, but I’d lied this much. What was one more?

“It feels... mm, just amazing,” she said, giggling and bumping her hips back, definitely tapping her pussy against Jacob’s nose. “Did you bring a suit? If not, I’m sure my mom would let you borrow one of hers. You’re almost exactly the same size.”

“Nah, I’ll just dip my feet in, if that’s OK.” I sat down in front of her, getting a solid glimpse of Jacob’s head hovering just high enough above the water line to let him breathe through his nostrils. If I could smell her freshly-fucked pussy from up here, it had to be filling his lungs down there. Lauren stood up to let me slip one foot on either side of her into the water. It was indeed warm, like sticking my feet in a big dog’s mouth or something. Still, I needed to get close to her if I was going to get things moving.

“So I gotta know,” she said. “What’s a guy like Jake doing with a hot piece of tail like you? I mean seriously. Body like that, you could have any guy you wanted, and you want... him?”

“I guess it’s pretty much the same way any hot piece of tail winds up with a guy like him,” I said, guessing at the steps leading up to the sight that had awaited me when I’d opened the door. “I was there, showed what I had to offer, and he just... took charge.”

She nodded, resting her forearms on my thighs and lying her head in my lap. It was getting my dress wet, which was nice. Humans are so weird about keeping their clothes dry usually. “You’d fit in real good around here. That’s totally how we were brought up, that a woman’s place is to do what a man says. I guess lucky for mom she wound up with a guy who shares her old-fashioned values.”

“Yeah, I guess we’re all lucky in some ways, huh?” I said, running my fingers through her hair. That’s it, sweetie, let your guard down.

She practically purred at my touch. “You saying you looking to get lucky? I’m not sure Jakey boy would approve of you fucking his step-sister. Not unless he... got to watch.” She giggled, no doubt thinking herself quite clever for the double meaning.

I chose to focus on the first part. “Sure I’m lucky. Here I am at this beautiful house, with all these lovely people, celebrating the bestest holiday of them all, partaking in all your wonderful traditions,” I replied.

Her fingers started teasing at my inner thighs; in this human body, it felt oddly wonderful. (Normally I didn’t get turned on until the fangs got involved.) “We could start our own tradition, you and me.”

I let her work for a moment, thinking how I could pivot her interest in licking my pussy into a discussion of Thanksgiving values, when we were interrupted. This time, it was Kelly intruding on my time with Lauren. Only she seemed to get the wrong idea about seeing her sister’s head in my lap, because she squealed in surprise and did an about face. “Lauren! Jesus! What the fuck, you slut?! That’s our step-brother’s girlfriend!”

Lauren stood up immediately. We both turned to look at Kelly, who was now filling out that boring sweater with handfuls of her own. “Jealous, you little dork bitch?”

“Um, no, actually. Did Jake give you permission to fuck her? He’s going to tan your ass when he hears you ate out his girlfriend without even asking.”

“Oh yeah? Wait until he hears about how you were trying to talk Daddy into letting you have his room now that he’s away at school?”

“Think he’ll be as pissed as he will be at you when I tell him you’re using it as a breeding ground?”

Jessica’s eyes closed in resignation, knowing the secret was now spoiled. “Bitch!”

“Skank!”

“Loser!”

“Moron!”

“GIRLS!” I interjected, taking to my feet. They both stopped and looked at me somehow without ceasing glaring at one another. “C’mon, girls, it’s Thanksgiving! This isn’t a holiday to go venting your problems at people. It’s about gratitude. About reflection. About setting aside

some time to think about how lucky we are for what we have, or even for the bad things that we don't have."

I walked over to Kelly, and with a soft hand on her back guided her closer to the pool. She didn't seem to notice Jacob, still kneeling behind his step-sister. "Now let's all make up, eh? Why don't we all just look at each other and instead of thinking about what we're made about, think about what we're thankful for?"

"I'll start," Kelly said after an icy silence. "I'm thankful I'm not some pathetic slut who'll fuck anybody who sets foot in our house." She folded her arms across her now-expansive chest smugly.

Not exactly what I was looking for, but I figured even if the magic zapped her sister a little in a not-so-friendly way, it'd give her something to be genuinely thankful for down the road.

"Oh yeah? I'm thankful I don't have to pretend to be into books I'm too fucking dumb to understand just so the geek-boys will fuck me!"

"Well I'm thankful our parents don't mind having a whore living in their house!"

"I'm thankful they don't mind TWO!"

Lauren put her hands on her hips. "You know, why don't you just be honest? That's what this is about, right? Why don't you just admit what you're really grateful for is that mom found a guy who pretends to love you for your mind when he's really just a creeper who married Mom because of her hot teenage daughters?!"

"Oh yeah, totally Laur, hit the nail on the head," replied Kelly, rolling her eyes. "As long as you admit what *you're* really grateful for is that you found a home where people don't judge you for being a huge-titted slut."

I could just barely hear Jacob muttering in the pool. "I'm just thankful nobody notices me."

It would definitely have been totally irresponsible of me to let any magic slip out. I could only imagine how the spell would handle such a boatload of sarcasm, untruths, innuendos and decontextualized claims. It would be chaos.

But ya know what? This was my first human Thanksgiving, and these jerks were totally ruining it. So... ya know, fuck it. I let the power flow. Time seemed to slow as it worked all its changes, drawing more and more power and funneling it through the land itself, making sure the spell's new reality would be familiar to all, that everything would be the new normal. It flowed and flowed until by the time the two girls finally ended their tirades, it was all but spent.

As the only person not oblivious to the changes, I watched as Lauren's boobs grew as her bikini shrunk, as Kelly's wardrobe changed from sweater and slacks to a tartan skirt and a half-blouse tied together beneath proud perky tits. Her long hair was in pigtails, and her glasses went from a pair of petite round lenses perched on her nose to two much larger lenses in thick black frames, one arm of which was in her mouth being gnawed on.

In her spare hand, *Atlas Shrugged* became a coloring book. Her name was written in multicolored crayon with large, sloppy caps on the front cover.

“Like, what was I saying?” asked Kelly. Her voice was an octave higher.

“Yeah, I must’ve kinda spaced out.”

Before I could say anything, Tracey called out from a window she’d cracked open in the kitchen. “Kids, dinner’s ready! And if you see your brother, tell him too!”

Lauren turned around, looking right past where her brother was now standing behind her. “He was right here a second ago. Ah well, he’ll turn up before long.” She bounced out of the pool, and as the only one present who could still see him, I waved him on with a little smile.

Soon, the whole family was seated at the table, Tracey’s feast of murdered bird and ruined plant life spread across its length. After asking Walter’s blessing, she began hacking pieces off of the turkey corpse as her husband seated himself at the head of the table. His youngest step-daughter slid into his lap and draped her arms around his neck, her head reclining on his chest. He started loading food onto his plate like she wasn’t even there.

Jacob took a seat at one side of the table, though nobody seemed to so much as look in his direction. When Lauren strutted in wearing her string bikini and fishnet bikini top that may as well not have existed for all it did to cover her tits (almost as big as mine and Tracey’s!), Jacob stopped her with a hand in the waistband of her bottoms. She offered no resistance as he pulled her down into his own lap, straddling him, then leaned her back against the table and started spooning his meal onto her tits. Nobody seemed to notice, and Lauren simply dragged the occasional finger through the mashed potatoes and gravy and sucked it clean, grinning over at her step-father as she sucked it clean. As he gave Kelly’s boobs a firm squeeze, it was clear from where his smile was directed who he was really thinking of.

I took a spot at the foot of the table near Jacob and Lauren, and when Tracey finally finished her macabre dissection and seated herself beside her youngest daughter and her husband, she took the remaining seat between me and them. “Kids, thank your father for providing us with this meal,” she said.

“Thank you Daddy!” the girls exclaimed in unison. Jacob added thanks of his own between sucking corn niblets off his step-sister’s chest, but nobody was listening.

“And I’ll be showing you my gratitude for your cooking later on this evening, Trace. Inches and inches of it.” He winked.

Tracey giggled, her cheeks coloring as she licked her lips in anticipation. Kelly swatted playfully at his chest. “But Daddy,” she whined, “what about my dessert?”

“You’re sweet baby girl,” he said dismissively, returning his attention to his plate.

I complimented Tracey’s cooking with as straight a face as I could manage. (Did you even know humans siphoned the juices of animals, thickened it, then *ate* it?! Savages.) The six of us happily ate our fill. By the time the meal was over, Jacob was flat-out fucking Lauren from behind as she bent over the table, doing her best to hold the green beans on her fork as he

slammed her. Kelly got her dessert after all, sucking it out of her step-dad under the table as he made out with his knockout of a wife up above, squeezing her enormous tits through her apron.

“You guys! Gross!” said Lauren, but with her step-brother’s cock pinning her to the table, there was nothing she could do to avoid the site.)

When everyone had had their fill, they each sat back down in laps and on chairs, patting full bellies (and in Lauren’s case, a very full pussy as well – Jacob had her good and impaled). “Say,” Tracey said, “wouldn’t it be nice if we all went around and said what we’re thankful for?”

“That’s a lovely idea, honey. Why don’t you start?”

She smiled. “I’m thankful for my sexy body to help amuse and appreciate my wonderful husband. Also for his love and guidance, for how much he adores my girls, and that he always manages to save a little for me at the end of the day.”

“Little? Doesn’t feel little to me,” said Kelly, giggling.

“They sure don’t make it easy, the little nymphs,” he said, patting Kelly’s hip. I wanted to point out that if they were nymphs, they would have set his well-fucked lifeless husk out for the raccoons years ago. “You go ahead now, hon.”

Kelly giggled, first kissing along his jaw up and down. “I’m thankful for Daddy, and for his big fat cock, and for sex, and, like, for blowjobs even,” she said, giggling. “And like, that he always helps me with my schoolwork, even with the super big words, so I can be his smart little baby girl.” She squirmed in his lap happily.

Tracey looked down, embarrassed for her simpleton daughter, but Walter kindly patted her head. “That’s nice, dear. I guess it’s my turn, eh? I’m thankful for my beautiful wife, for her two gorgeous daughters, for their love and obedient support.”

“And for the blowjobs too, right?” joked Lauren.

“Those don’t hurt,” he added, and everyone laughed.

Jacob cleared his throat. “I’m thankful for my slutty sister Lauren—”

“I’m thankful for my big tits, and for all the fucking orgasms, and for Daddy’s acceptance and guidance,” she said over him. He just shrugged his shoulders and cupped one of her bounteous boobs in each hand, pulling her down as deep in her pussy as he could go.

The lot of them looked to me as one. “What about you, Jessica? What are you thankful for?”

I looked around the table at the whole depraved, whorish spectacle I’d made of them, and I couldn’t help but feel a surge of pride in knowing how much happier they seemed like this. I’d arrived to meet a family of bickering, distant people, and here they were, closer than they’d ever been thanks to the hard work of yours truly, Meridia Glitterbutton.

“Me?” I asked, beaming at my handiwork. “I guess I’m just grateful for gratitude.”

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