



**Haint in Disguise**

*A Razor's Edge Haint's Misbehaving Encounter*

**J. Hali Steele**

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**A hitch has emerged in regards to Coll Collins' haint inhabiting bodies. Limited experience concerning the creature inside him results in a trail of missing persons around Philadelphia. Fortunately, witnesses can only describe Coll as fog, and when he reverts back to himself, well, he doesn't exist. JD decides a research trip to Tennessee is in order.**

## Haint in Disguise

To date, JD's studies in paranormal phenomenon had shed no light on the situation. Seemed like a trip to Coll's hometown in Tennessee was in order. "Coll, there may be old documents containing your name in the newly opened iron works museum," JD suggested. "I don't think it's a good idea for you to appear in Laurel Bloomery as yourself."

"It's not as if I'm the only person in the country named Collins."

"When we travel, you'll require proper ID."

"Are you approving my use of another's body?"

"No one young."

Two days later, Coll tugged at the tie laced through the collar of a highly starched shirt. "Damn, it's hot in here." The museum was busy with vacationers.

"Stop fidgeting," JD admonished. "You look good with gray hair."

"Right. And how about my sixty-year-old saggy ass?" Coll didn't care for the new body his haint occupied. Could have settled inside someone sexy, passionate, hell, at least an elderly individual with a bigger dick -- one whose shaft might stay hard longer than a minute! "Why are we here, JD?"

"Trinkets that may possibly hold information we've missed."

"Like this one?" Coll scrutinized a small, nondescript box sitting among other knickknacks enclosed in glass. Furtively, he lifted the lid. The scent of cedar grew strong, igniting a feeling he couldn't dispel. Closing his eyes, he inhaled deeply, trapped the aroma as long as he could. Exhaling, he murmured, "It's him."

JD's eyes widened. "Box resembles yours."

Coll asked, "Remember that little place on Wolf Street in South Philly? The restaurant that served venison?"

"Yes."

"I want to take him there."

“What? And who is *him*?”

“A man who not only understood me, he was one hell of a cook who specialized in wild game.” Coll reached for his crotch, fondled nuts until his dick grew hard. “We coupled once before he was shot dead by an angry father.”

“There goes my theory about accidental death being the reason for your predicament.”

“We were connected.” Coll scanned the area before sticking his hand down his pants.

“Coll, stop playing with yourself.”

“Come here.” He tugged until they reached a cordoned off hallway. Sidestepping stanchions, he was disappointed there were no doors. Coll shoved his lover into an empty alcove which likely awaited an iron figure that had not yet arrived. “Jesus, I have to fuck you.”

“Here?”

“Yeah. Right here. Right now.”

“Lord, I love when you’re in a new body.” JD dropped to his knees and undid Coll’s zipper. “Aww, baby.”

“If you say anything about the size, I’ll show you the real me.”

“Don’t you dare. This is more than a mouthful.” JD’s lips latched onto Coll’s dick and sucked the full length down his throat again and again. He licked down to his balls, captured one in his mouth, ran his tongue around Coll’s sac. “It’s so hard.”

Shit, the old bastard’s body jerked in anticipation of ejaculating. “Damn you, making me take a senior’s body. Fucker’s ready to come.” He thrust in and out of JD’s mouth as if it were his asshole. “Nobody sucks dick like you.” Lost in pleasure, didn’t hear footsteps until they halted behind him. Coll looked over his shoulder spying a handsome, middle-aged man in a guard’s outfit. “Fuck me.”

“Sir, I don’t know what to say.”

He didn’t say stop. Close to the edge, Coll continued to pump in and out of JD’s mouth. The gentleman watching added to excitement. “Fuck, I’m close.” He situated

himself with his back against one side of the alcove giving ability to inspect the man. That bulge at the front of his slacks spoke volumes.

"Uh, I saw you come down here. No one's allowed in this part until it's outfitted with cameras and exhibits are installed." Rooted where he stood, the man's eyes appeared to be locked on JD. "Sir... umm... you can't..." He rubbed the front of his slacks, tightened fingers around his penis. "Shit, I should put you out."

"But you won't." Coll spoke quietly, "You can watch me come in his mouth."

"Hell yes." Stepping closer, he gazed at JD. "Goddamn, he's pretty." Taking his cock out, he spit in his hand and laved it along his hardness. "Keep fucking his mouth."

"Hear that, babe. Told you you're a pretty fucker." Coll linked fingers behind JD's neck and thrust to the hilt. "Swallow; let me feel your throat work that head." Man grunted and moaned non-stop. Judging by pre-cum slipping from the slit on his dick, bastard would come soon. "Make me come and afterward we'll suck him together."

JD choked out, "God, yes!"

"He won't come until I do. Right?" Coll turned his head to look at the guy. "We'll clean every drop of cum from your cock after sucking you off."

The guard's hand gained speed. "Please, *please* hurry. I'm going to nut all over the floor."

Coll's butt cheeks clenched each time he drove into JD's mouth. "Ready for my load?" JD's head bobbed up and down and that's all Coll needed. "Take it all." Cum erupted into JD's mouth and Coll watched some seep from corners. "Let's do him." Pulling JD up, Coll turned and maneuvered the guy into the space. "You'll love this."

JD fell to his knees. It didn't take long for him to join. "Look at the head on his dick. Nice." Fat, shiny with ejaculate, it slapped against Coll's mouth. He licked it dry before releasing it to JD. "Damn, his prick looks good in your mouth." Glancing up, he told the guard, "Fuck his mouth. He can take dick bigger than yours." JD's lips wrapped the tip, his fingers circled the man's shaft, leaving balls free for Coll. He captured one, sucked and tongued it before moving to the other. Too big to get both

balls in his mouth but Coll tried as the stranger plunged back and forth through JD's fuck-swollen lips.

"Ah... aww, hell... fuck... *fuck*... I, I'm gonna come." Fat cock slammed deep in Coll's mouth. JD licked along the shaft until the man yanked out and sent a rope of cum onto his cheek. "Your turn. Swallow it all."

Coll opened his mouth and received bursts of warm cream. "You are one hot bastard." Coll rose and drew JD to his feet. Enfolding JD in his arms, Coll pulled until his back was tight against his chest. Told the guard, "In the main hall, there's a very small wooden box in a display to the left that belonged to my family. I'd like to have it."

The guard leaned in and whispered, "You don't talk about this to anyone - it's yours." He closed his pants. "Glass enclosure will be open but allow me a few minutes to disable the door alarm." Straightened his jacket and grinned. "I won't see a thing."

The man turned the corner and JD said, "I enjoyed that." He used his cuff to wipe his face. "You knew he'd give you what you wanted."

Coll kissed JD gently. "I hoped he give us what *we* wanted."

Coll kept the old guy's body to visit the restaurant where he and JD had previously dined. He didn't know another small, intimate place in the city offering wild game. Nor had he eaten anywhere else that matched the delicious food his friend used to serve. Leaving the bag containing the treasure beneath the table, Coll left and met JD around the corner.

"All done?"

"Yes. Didn't expect to find Oz but I do know he deserves to be happy."

"Are we going to rescue any other lovers?"

"Maybe." He picked a dark doorway to banish the old man's form. It was Coll's arm that encircled JD's waist. "None of them can take your place."

**Haint's Alive**  
**A Razor's Edge Paranormal Erotica Short**  
**J. Hali Steele**

JD Tolliver begins research for his thesis on paranormal phenomena as a nonbeliever. He believes now. A ghost or angry spirit, a true haint, follows JD from Appalachia. His finding a suitable body so he can leave poses a problem -- *it has JD by the balls!*

Coll Collins spent almost two hundred years locked in silence. Suddenly freed, he discovers that gay hate crimes are not a thing of the past. The stranger he attaches himself to is sassy and, to Coll, sexy as hell. Never had the pleasure of a soft young man, and Coll plans to take advantage every single night until he returns home.

Read more about Haint's Alive, A Razor's Edge Paranormal Erotica Short, at [changelingpress.com/haints-alive-haint-s-misbehaving-1-b-3306](http://changelingpress.com/haints-alive-haint-s-misbehaving-1-b-3306)



## **J. Hali Steele**

**Growl and roar -- it's okay to let the beast out.**

**-- J. Hali Steele**

**J. Hali Steele wishes she could grow fur, wings, or fangs, so she can stay warm, fly, or just plain bite the crap out of... Well, she can't do those things but she wishes she could!**

**Multi-published and Amazon bestselling author of Romance in Paranormal, Fantasy, and Contemporary worlds which include ReligErotica and LGBTQ stories where humans, vampyres, shapeshifters and angels collide-they collide a lot! When J. Hali's not writing or reading, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a cat in her lap, and a cup of coffee.**

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