



# Not Just Another Haint

*A Haints Misbehaving Encounter*

J. Hali Steele



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**JD's finally come to appreciate the erotic appeal of having his lover, the haint who was once Coll, change skins on a regular basis. Then in a museum the pair meet a shadow from Coll's past -- the one man who just might have the upper hand on Coll's shifting allegiances.**

## Not Just Another Haint

JD Tolliver rested on his knees between the legs of the spirit who'd managed to stay in its own body a whole two weeks. JD didn't mind admitting he learned to like it when Coll Collins changed skin. He knew it was Coll screwing him or feeding him cock yet having a whole new body behind the cock slamming in and out of JD's ass or mouth enhanced life. Swiping the fat crown with his tongue, he gazed up at the haint. "Coll, let's visit that new museum in Coatesville. *Century of Steel*."

"Damn, baby boy, finish sucking me off."

Months and months with the evil spirit, and JD never tired of Coll's escapades. Bringing in new men kept life exciting and, Lord, he knew what to do with a big cock - his or anyone else's. It used to bother JD where souls Coll left strewn in his wake went. Not anymore. Especially considering access to the delicious dick JD swallowed until he gagged. "Mm, that move was nice. Come in my mouth."

"Take it down your throat, and I will."

JD choked on Coll's thick cock. Saliva wet the prick and trickled from corners of JD's mouth. It wasn't long before he got what he desired. A stream of cum hit the back of his throat. What he didn't swallow dripped from his mouth and hit his thighs. "Always good."

"I think a new body is in order for our trip."

"Make sure he has a fat ass penis," JD stipulated.

\* \* \*

They visited the small museum, then slipped into the office area. With no one around, Coll, who had swiped a handsome, athletic body, opened a door and stopped dead in his tracks. "Son. Of. A. Fucking. Bitch."

"Coll, don't go in there."

"It's him. I'd know him anywhere."

“Who?” JD peeped inside. A glass case filled with memorabilia held a small wooden box.

“A wicked as hell human. He’ll be trouble.” Coll’s blue eyes closed. “Shit, he’s not in the box.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I’m standing behind you.” A short, slight man with weary brown eyes pushed past and grabbed Coll’s hand. “Coll, I’ll be damned.” The man held onto Coll’s hand and drew him inside. “Come on,” he told JD.

JD walked in and the man he realized was the same kind of being as Coll shut the door and locked it. He stared at a man whose unremarkable face was doughy. Sandy colored hair receding from his forehead was a mess. Aside from the suit which was tailored to fit his small frame, the man could be anybody’s uncle. The one who was always overlooked or snubbed. Not a guise JD equated with malevolence.

“No matter how strong the smell of cedar, I’d know your personal scent anywhere.” The other haint grinned. “I do like the skin you’re hiding in.”

“More than I can say for you.” If JD didn’t know better, he’d say Coll was disappointed. “How long have you been out?”

“I’ve been Will Peters, COO of the company, for a week.” Haint concentrated on JD. “Damn, you’re a pretty little thing.”

“Who are you?”

His lips slid up at one corner as he tugged a lock of JD’s hair. “Who’d you like me to be, sexy?” He fondled JD’s cock and it felt...

Fuck. That felt good! “I mean for real.”

“Sequestered in a coffee shop, I had to smell fresh brew every day. Guy who stole the cedar box sold it to poor Will. Finally, he opened the case and I emerged a month ago.” His eyes held a gleam. “Ah, you’re still curious as to what is *for real*.”

Smoke filled the room with the strong aroma of cedar. What appeared from behind the curtain of fog took JD’s breath away. “You are... Jesus, Coll, he’s fucking hot!” An Adonis, the haint stood over six-feet tall and he had a head full of black hair.

Nude, now, with the borrowed clothes at his feet, his body resembled the perfect sculpture of a male physique. JD couldn't help staring up and down the gorgeous body.

"The look on your face is priceless." Silver gray eyes pierced JD. "Working the forge in the old mill's fabrication shop, I developed muscle."

"Oh wow. You're the one who let him make the ring?"

"That'd be me. He used to drag another along who liked to be screwed by us both. We'd bang his ass till the sun came up. Surprised the way he yelled Coll's name all of Laurel Bloomery didn't have sleepless nights." Eyes narrowed. "I fancied fucking Coll's ass, but he always said later." He turned to study Coll. "Then you fell through that damn floor."

JD shocked the hell out of himself by saying, "Shit, it's later."

"Can I make you scream my name, Coll?"

Coll scrutinized JD and smiled. Fog thicker than before filled the room. His smell wafted up JD's nose and when he appeared from the mist, Coll, the real Coll, embraced JD. "Won't lie. I imagined it would happen one day."

"As long as I get to watch and play a little."

"Fuck's sake, Coll; you got lucky." The haint pulled Coll to the sofa and helped him onto his knees on the cushion, his hands gripping the back. "Damn, I might come the second I enter this pretty ass." He jerked his dick until pearly drops appeared. He smeared it around the crown. "I'm going to lick that ass and fuck you with my tongue." Bending, he spread Coll's cheeks and lapped the crease.

JD moved closer and watched the haint's tongue slide in and out of Coll's anus. Didn't take long to pull his own dick out and start masturbating. "Stick your tongue in that ass."

The haint's tongue mimicked a dick, shoving in and out. "I'm going to have this ass like I always dreamed." Standing, the haint nudged the fat crown at Coll's butt, running his length through the crevice. "Can you take it all?"

"I've waited hundreds of years to have every fucking inch of you buried in my ass. Fuck me, damn you. Fuck me with that big dick."

Haint used one hand to urge his cock toward the hole. He grabbed Coll's hip with the other and the bastard stroked all the way in. To the hilt.

A long, low moan erupted from Coll, followed by a bellow that sounded as if it would send pictures sailing to the floor. "Fuck! Fuck...\$fuck me@! I'm going to come all over your sofa."

"Belongs to the company." Each time he went deep, he smacked Coll's ass.

The sharp crack of his hand had JD furiously working the foreskin up and down his cock. "Damn, he's fucking you."

"You see it, JD, see that fat head slipping in and out?"

"Fucking beautiful, Coll." Each time the haint yanked all the way out, JD whimpered at the liquid glistening on the broad cap of the haint's dick, cream that was shoved back into Coll's asshole. JD sent his cock back and forth through his fist. "I'm going to come."

"No, no. Watch, baby boy, watch him make me come."

"Like you do in my ass, Coll?"

"Aw, I love filling your ass with cum."

"My asshole is clenched tight thinking about you inside me."

"JD, he's going to make me come."

Sitting beside Coll, JD said, "Only if you come in my mouth."

The haint jamming into Coll grunted. "Always did like somebody sucking that dick." He pulled out and shifted Coll so his elbows rested on the sofa arm. Spreading Coll's legs, the haint told JD, "Get under there. I won't come in his ass until he fills that sexy mouth of yours." He smiled at JD as he slid between Coll's legs. "I'm going to save some sperm for you."

Coll's knees flanked JD's shoulders and he started to thrust cock back and forth into JD's mouth. "You like that?"

All he could do was nod and masturbate.

"Aw, hell, that asshole is open for me." The haint's knees pressed into JD's sides. "Your baby boy's going to hear me taking your ass real good."

He knew the instant the haint stroked back inside Coll because Coll's dick slid deep into JD's throat. He gagged, sending a mouthful of saliva to wet Coll's prick. It rode in and out of JD's mouth, feeling bigger and harder each shove. The sound of the haint pummeling Coll's ass, skin slapping skin, moans circling the room, the smell, fuck -- cedar and sex. There was nothing like it. JD was ready to send a rope of sperm onto his belly.

Using his tongue to dislodge Coll's shaft, JD warned, "I'm going to come... Coll... ah-ah, now... \$coming@!" He released a stream that hit his stomach then JD aimed to get some on the bodies above him. "Fuck me! I've never come like that."

"Come in your baby boy's mouth, Coll, so I can empty my nuts in your ass."

"JD, Jesus, JD...coming...swallow it, swallow every goddamn drop."

He took a mouthful. His body satiated, JD slid from between two sets of quivering thighs. He dropped to his knees beside the sofa. "You're the best, Coll."

"My turn." The haint drew all the way out, grabbed his cock, and guided it to Coll's hole before he thrust back in. The haint withdrew and then buried his dick to the balls over and over. "Coll...Coll, you beautiful bastard... aw, fuck... I'm coming." He slammed his hard cock all the way in and fell over Coll's back. "I didn't give you any." He grinned at JD before nipping Coll's shoulder. "Who fucked you, Coll? Who?"

"Badgett. Damn, Bad, I'm glad I found you."

"I was ready to exit this small town anyway." He ran a finger down JD's cheek. "Maybe baby boy will let me have this ass one more time." Menacing laughter filled the air.

Damn if Badgett, the gorgeous, sexy fucker, didn't sound a little deranged.

Life with a haint - never a dull moment.



**Haint's Alive (Haints Misbehaving 1)**  
**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.

### [Haints Misbehaving Reading Order](#)

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