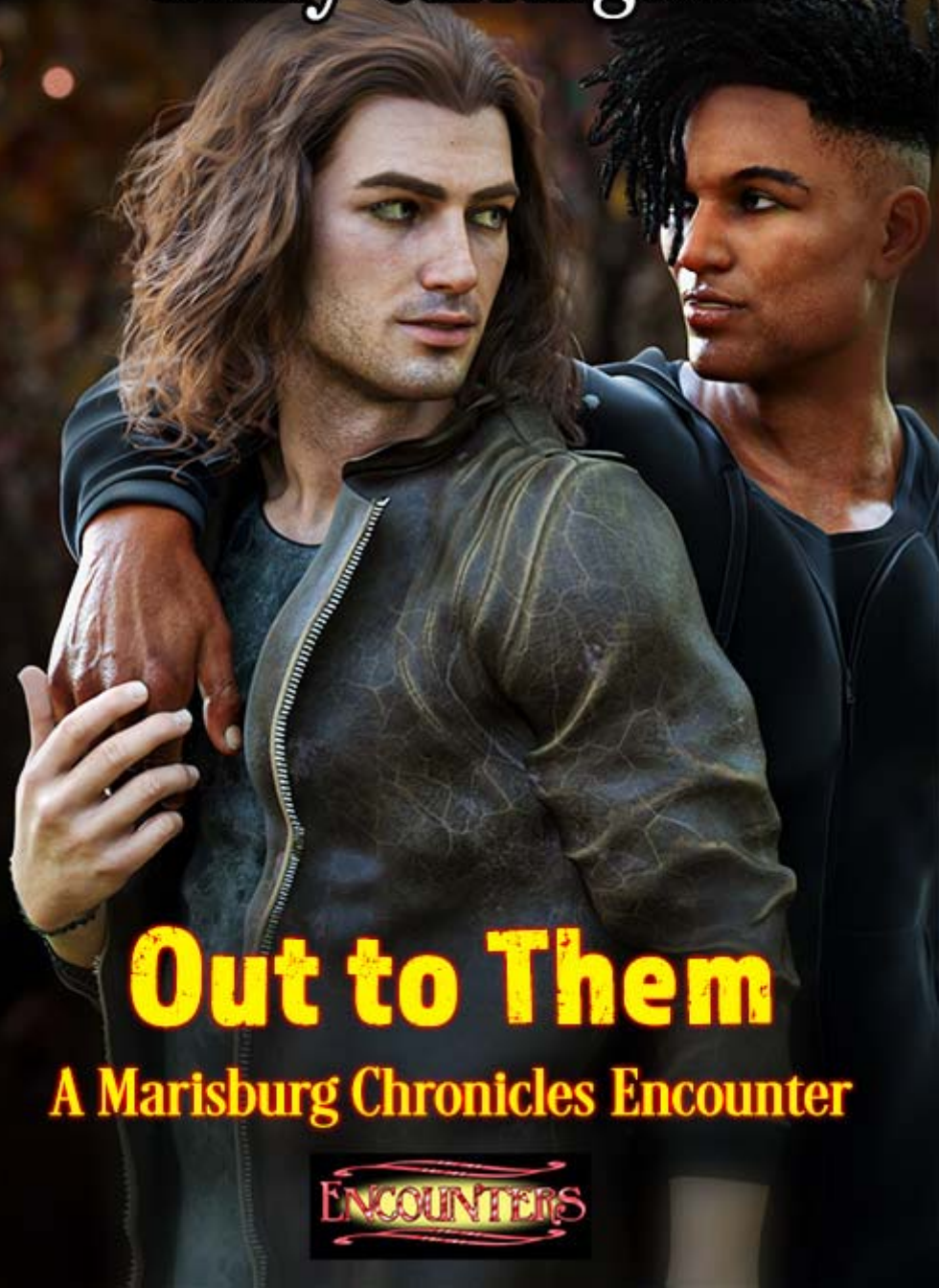


Changeling Press

Emily Carrington



Out to Them

A Marisburg Chronicles Encounter

ENCOUNTERS

Out to Them

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Formats Available:

Adobe PDF, Epub

Mobi/PRC

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

315 N. Centre St.

Martinsburg, WV 25404

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Bill Riley

Cover Artist: Angela Knight

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As the Christmas season approaches, Trent has a plan for easing Erik's troubled mind.

Out to Them

Trent came home about two weeks before Christmas to find Erik pacing. Standing just inside their apartment, he let the door close them in together. Erik's hands were in his short, black hair and he was making a mess of the usual tangle-free strands. He'd been here for a while because he had changed out of his suit into jeans.

And nothing else.

Trent's mouth watered as he watched his visually impaired lover marching back and forth without need for his long, white cane. They purposely had a minimalist setup in their home. Even though it had been theirs, not just Erik's, since late in the summer, Trent still got a little thrill when he thought of his name being on the lease too.

Stop that, he counseled himself as he set down his backpack on the bench designated for it. *Erik's upset. The least you can do is refrain from coming onto him like a horny beast.* "Erik?" he asked aloud, even as his cock rose within the light confines of his khaki pants.

Erik didn't jump -- surely he'd heard the door open and close. But he did stop pacing, his back to Trent. "I have to come out to my parents. *Soon.*"

The emphasis on that last word didn't escape Trent's notice. "What about our idea of doing it over Christmas dinner?" He watched Erik's shoulders tense and crossed to his lover, reaching out to touch his back.

The moment his fingers brushed Erik's shoulder, Erik tensed even more, so Trent let his hands fall. He waited, because Erik had learned to communicate over the summer and it was still a new skill for him.

"The more I think about it, the more I think Christmas dinner is a bad idea," Erik said.

Trent's heart tightened. Was Erik talking about going back in the closet? That was certainly what it sounded like.

"Telling them over the holidays isn't wise," Erik went on and now he turned to face Trent. His eyes were haunted and he looked frightened but resolute. "I love you, and I don't want any stress about our love to complicate such a wonderful holiday. I think we should tell my parents today."

Trent stared. "I'm... I'm speechless," he confessed, knowing Erik wouldn't be able to read his expression. Even though Erik had some vision, it was unreliable for reading things like facial expressions.

"Do you disagree?" Erik asked, looking hopeful and yet uncertain.

"I completely agree." And Trent touched Erik again because he couldn't resist. He trailed two fingers over Erik's smooth skin just below his collarbone. "Are you half naked for me?" he had to ask.

"I could be," Erik answered, smiling brilliantly. Then he shook his head and the smile dimmed a little. "I needed to get out of my suit and couldn't waste time getting more dressed than this."

"Does that mean you're going commando?" Trent cupped Erik's crotch.

Erik groaned and thrust against Trent's palm. "Yeah, but... we need to *talk*."

"Lovemaking first. Cement the passion and fierce loyalty between us. Then talk."

Erik smirked but didn't protest. He unzipped his fly and let his cock spring forth.

Trent licked his lips in anticipation. "Let me just..." But Erik's hands were already on the fly of his khakis, tugging and releasing. Trent briefly wished he, too, had gone commando. Then Erik ran one finger down over Trent's covered slit and Trent moaned. The feeling of a nail and silky fabric made him long for more. He arched his back and begged, "Do that again."

Erik obliged him, dropping his jeans to the floor and stepping out of them. He slapped his ass and looked at Trent over his shoulder.

Trent rushed forward, tripping a little over Erik's jeans and laughing breathlessly as he caught Erik by the shoulders. He fumbled his cock out of its prison and spat in his hand. "How much --" He'd meant to ask how much preparation Erik needed. Now, seeing the butt plug, he sucked in a breath. "Is that... is that for me?"

"No," Erik teased. "It's not up your ass, is it? Of course it's for you." And he reached back, tugged the plug out, and groaned, his hips rocking forward.

Trent stepped close, wrapping his arms around his lover from behind as Erik dropped the plug. "We'll have to find that later," Trent tried to admonish, but he was laughing, giddy with need.

"Luckily, my beloved is sighted," Erik answered as he pushed his ass back against Trent's thighs. "Take me."

Trent didn't thrust in all the way, not immediately. He nestled his cockhead into Erik's tight hole and shuddered as Erik whispered his name.

"Please, Trent. Don't stop. Please, don't stop."

Trent thrust in deep. He swore he could feel Erik's heat through his entire body, not just in his cock. He set a hard pace, conscious only of claiming his lover. Dimly, he became aware that Erik was covering his cock with both hands, probably to save them having to clean up a sticky mess later. But when Erik tossed his head like a randy stallion, Trent forgot such things as neatness. He ploughed in deep, gripping Erik's hips to help his lover balance even as he tried desperately to come hard enough that Erik could taste it in the back of his throat. Impossible, but many impossible things had happened since he and Erik met.

When Erik's ass constricted, Trent buried his face against his partner's neck and begged, "Squeeze me. Milk me." Erik pushed back hard against him and Trent came in a thick, ecstatic rush.

* * *

Maybe ten minutes later, after they both washed up and the butt plug was found and washed as well, they snuggled together on the couch naked. "How does this solve my problem?" Erik asked. "I still need to be out to them."

"I guess it doesn't, but it does prove one thing."

"What's that?"

But before Trent could answer, Erik's cell phone rang. It was his mother's ring tone. "Time to face the music," Erik said, starting to rise.

Trent hugged him back down onto the couch. "Not in a million years. We need a plan."

Erik elbowed him gently in the ribs. "My plan is to love you."

Trent let him go then, and followed him across the room to his phone. He caught Erik's hand and baptized the knuckles tenderly. "I love you too. And we'll face this together."

Leaning against Trent, Erik nodded and answered the phone.

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