

Encounter: Prince of Leaves
Emily Carrington

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2018 Emily Carrington

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Prince of Leaves

It was a full month before the first of Hans's children would be born of the Lady Brannagh. Autumn had come to Ireland and Hans had taken up the human custom of raking the leaves. He didn't mind that the other members of the palace thought him odd. He wanted a huge leaf pile for only one thing.

He worked at the stockpile for nearly an hour and a half. When he'd gotten the small mound about four feet high and five meet wide at its spreading base, he became aware of his husband, Felimid, standing a little distance away and watching him. His gaze was trained on Hans's ass and muscular legs.

Hans had taken great pains to wear a doeskin kilt so that his calves were left bare. He had remarkably little hair on his legs, which was normal for kelpies, and contrasted beautifully with the reddish brown almost pelt that grew on Felimid's thighs and calves. The water demon was hairy all over in his human guise and scaly-smooth in his true form.

Hans liked making love to both appearances. In web-toed and web-fingered state, Felimid's hands and feet were extremely sensitive points of sexual pleasure. And in his human form, he liked having the hair all over his body, particularly that on his balls, tugged lightly. Sometimes a little more firmly if his full passion was on him.

The pile of leaves ready for occupation, Hans set about straightening the sides unnecessarily while he waited. Felimid's cursioty would soon conquer him.

"What exactly are you doing?"

"Preparing us a bed."

Felimid was quick on the uptake. "Everyone would see us if we made love out here."

"That would certainly satisfy our wives' voyeuristic souls. Especially Brannagh's. She once said watching you go down on me would allow her to die

a happy lady." He glanced over his shoulder to see how Felimid took this news. He saw with satisfaction the prince's eyes were closed in pleasure. Although Felimid had bed all three of their wives, this before he met Hans, he was much more attracted to the male incarnation.

But that didn't mean he didn't want to watch their wives being turned on.

Hans was less voyeuristic but he wanted to see the female water demons he'd come to love as sisters happy.

"You are all but naked," Felimid noted, opening his eyes and showing his hunger in their blue depths. He prowled closer, rubbing his hands together before placing the palms on Hans's bare chest. "Do they know to be watching now?"

"They've been watching since I started raking."

Felimid allowed his hands to roam down Hans's belly to where his kilt was held on by a leather belt. "You think of everything. But there's one thing I'm confused about." He used two fingers to trace the shape of Hans's growing erection through the thin and supple doeskin.

"And that would be?" Hans reached up and took the thong out of Felimid's long hair, loving the way the luxuriant tresses fell all around his husband's tanned, broad face. He felt his cock stir and he pushed against the fingers stroking him. "We need to make love in the leaves."

"Why? They'll be prickly. And rusty."

Hans didn't answer. Instead, he retreated to the edge of the mound and beckoned Felimid with a finger. He watched his husband approach, stiff-legged, and grinned. "Are you a little uncomfortable, darling?"

Felimid growled. "You're the image of a god and you torment me constantly with your lovely body. Of course I'm uncomfortable." He reached Hans and palmed his balls through the kilt. "Take this off."

"You first. You're wearing more than I." He assisted, tugging at the ties keeping Felimid's trousers closed. When the fabric lay folded back against his

husband's broad thighs, Hans dropped to one knee and buried his face in the available crotch. He didn't suckle or nip but licked, tracing the head of the waiting cock before dipping lower to tongue the full and furry balls.

Felimid gripped Hans's shoulders. "Stop. Oh, stop."

"Are you too close?"

"Always with you. Always."

Hans stood and smiled. "Strip. Please. And then I'll show you the pleasure of the leaves." He watched hungrily as each part was revealed. Felimid took off his shirt first, dropping it to the grass. His wide chest and shoulders built to carry wooden beams glimmered in the sun. He was sweating. He dropped his trousers next. Then he had to lift his trousers so he could sit on the ground and get rid of his boots.

Finally naked, he demanded, "Now what?"

Hans saw that although his husband was nude, his member had shrunk a little. Good. Hans wanted this to last. He shimmied out of his kilt after loosening the belt. When he was naked as well, he wrapped his arms around Felimid's column of a neck and pulled him down into the leaves.

The pile rustled and settled obligingly and the scent of dead leaves, one of Hans's favorite scents, rose around them. He didn't wait for Felimid to complain but began suckling at the side of his neck. Freeing his mouth after Felimid's first moan, he whispered, "Think of the number of times you smell autumn's bounty. Think of the pleasant crunch of the leaves under your boot heels. Now, imagine that aroma, that sound, mixed together with the noises and smells of sex. If you truly take in all these things, the autumn's yearly offering will never seem the same again."

He went to Felimid's throat and sucked at his pulse point. Meanwhile, he gave his fingers full permission to roam in Felimid's hair, tugging firmly because he could feel his husband's stiffening erection trapped between them, rubbing against Hans's own.

Hans bit lightly where he'd been suckling and nuzzling. He was rewarded by Felimid's sharp intake of breath and a full erection from his husband.

Good. He was catching up.

Hans murmured, "I didn't bring anything to lubricate your way. Do you mind using spit?"

Felimid obviously didn't because he lifted off Hans just enough to spit in one hand and coat his cock. Then he spit again, covering his first two fingers. "Lift up."

Hans angled his hips up, exposing his hole.

Felimid's fingers were in side in a trice and he was opening and closing them, stretching Hans, moments later. "You're so beautiful," he murmured as he worked. "And you're right, the smell of leaves and sex is one I'll never forget."

Hans knew he had a look of satisfaction on his face. He didn't try to hide it. "I'm stretched enough. Take me." And when Felimid was inside him, fitted in perfectly where he belonged, Hans closed his eyes and rose out both the mounting pleasure and the burning that always came when he encouraged Felimid to take him too soon. But he loved the feeling of being filled. There was nothing like it in the world.

He'd closed his eyes, the better to give his body time to adjust. When he felt ready, he let his eyelids flutter open and he smiled at his husband. "Move. Pleas."

Felimid complied, his own eyes closed as he concentrated, probably, on not going too fast or too hard. When he'd been at the task of preparing Hans for fifteen minutes or more, he could rut with wild abandon. But, his face said, today was a day for gentleness.

Hans brushed a lock of Felimid's hair off the tanned brow. "So handsome," he murmured, "so perfect for me."

Then he quit talking because Felimid had found his sweet spot, the place deep inside of him that made his testicles tighten and his cock stiffen to full

attention. He pushed his head back into the leaves and they cushioned him as he arched. He clutched handfuls of the dropped gifts and cried out his husband's name.

Felimid moved faster, keeping his strokes long and angled, keeping his pace from going too fast. He groaned loudly and buried his face against Hans's neck. His seed rushed out of him and filled Hans.

Not on the edge yet, Hans still clenched his ass to milk his lover. If Felimid had to finger him to completion, he would, and had done, many times before. This time, however, he felt that Felimid, despite having shot his load, was still stiff within him. Perhaps not at full erection but still sufficiently hard to plunder his nether regions.

Hans came to completion less than a minute later, spouting all over his stomach and Felimid's as well. He shouted his release and tore leaves out of the pile in his ecstasy.

When he'd calmed, and when Felimid had drawn out of him, Hans was amused to see that his lover was still half hard. "Do you want help with that?"

"Please."

Click here to preview more books by Emily Carrington:

<https://www.changelingpress.com/emily-carrington-a-207>

Use the code "EmilyCarringtonEncounters" for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from this author!