



Changeling
Encounters

Emelia's Turn

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Encounter: Emelia's Turn (Ghost Unit)

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It's Chase's Turn to Make Dinner. But Nick has something else in mind -- and this time Emelia's going to do more than just watch.

Emelia's Turn

Chase's grin was positively wicked. It was his turn to make dinner. Emelia was at a job interview in their new Florida town and Nick and he were alone. And Nick was obviously feeling frisky.

Nick squeezed Chase's thigh and his beautiful blue eyes darkened. "Looks like we've got the place to ourselves," Nick pointed out.

"What did you have in mind?" Chase winked at him before wrapping his hand around the back of Nick's neck and pulling him in for a rough kiss. He made the kiss everything Nick liked, made it dirty.

Nick clamped down on Chase's thigh while he buried his other hand in Chase's hair. The deep groan rumbling in Nick's chest had Chase hard in record time.

"Bedroom," Nick ordered. "Now."

And Chase did love following orders.

Thinking about what he could make them for dinner for when Emmy returned went out of his head as Nick hauled him up from the couch. Chase loved when Nick manhandled him like that, dragging him out of their newly unpacked living room and into their bedroom, slamming the door behind him. Nick roughly shoved Chase backward onto the bed.

Nick took Chase's breath away with hot kisses meant to dominate, to possess. His mouth scorched a path across the scruff on Chase's jaw, down the column of his throat. That combined with Nick's heavy weight on him, he loved that, had his heart hammering furiously in his chest as he ground his hips up against his blond lover.

Chase loved Nick's dominant side and always had. The two of them had been together for years. He would have liked to have seen more of it but he knew

Nick didn't want to scare Emmy, particularly since she was a new addition to their relationship.

Emmy was a little thing next to them, but she was anything but timid with them. The first week in Florida, she'd had a bad period and had watched them since she hadn't been up to participating herself. Chase hadn't missed the way her eyes had glazed over as Nick had pretty much pounded him into the fucking mattress. He was beginning to think Nick's worries were needless.

Just maybe they didn't need to hold back so much with her.

"How much time do you think we have?" Nick's question was muffled against the tender spot where Chase's neck and shoulder met.

Chase slid his hands down the powerful expanse of Nick's back, grabbing the firm globes of his gorgeous ass. "An hour or so," he gasped out.

"An hour isn't nearly enough time." Nick almost tore the T-shirt Chase wore he was so desperate to get it off. Raining kisses over the hard wall of Chase's chest, Nick used his mouth to tease one of Chase's nipples while Chase held on to his blond head. "Been thinking about getting my mouth on you all day. About being inside you."

"Just me?" Chase couldn't resist teasing him.

Lifting his head, Nick smirked. "Nah. I think about our baby girl too."

Ripping Chase's jeans open, Nick hummed in contentment. There was nothing beneath them to remove. Nick's mouth was on him a beat later. He sucked Chase in and worked him with a need that had Chase hanging on, pulling at Nick's hair.

Nick was so damn good at this. To good. It didn't take near long enough. Nick groaned deep, pulling particularly hard, the vibrations lighting Chase's body up. The orgasm caught him off guard, had him shouting from the force of it. Nick swallowed everything before covering Chase's thighs with hot, sloppy kisses.

Chase was just trying to breathe again.

Whipping off his own shirt, Nick flipped Chase onto his stomach and hauled him up the bed. Nick's weight dropped over him as he recovered from his first release.

"You're not done, are you?" Nick's hand slid up into his hair, clutching in the long tangles and pulling Chase's head back. "I was hoping we could go a couple of rounds. If Emmy gets back, maybe we can play with her too."

Even while Chase was panting, his cock twitched beneath him in interest.

"Or maybe," Nick whispered in his ear. "Maybe she'd rather just watch me fuck you. You know how she loves that."

Chase moaned as Nick pressed his hard, denim-covered length up against his ass. Chase was so distracted that he didn't realize Nick had broken out the handcuffs. He got the first cuff on Chase's left wrist, using his weight to hold him down as he fastened it around one of the spindles on the headboard.

"Think Emmy will try and rescue me?" Chase teased him, fighting him a little because Nick loved it when he did.

"She can try." Nick rose from the bed to dig in the bedside table.

Chase enjoyed Nick's efficiency as he applied the lube and began to work the first finger in. Nick left him gasping as he rained hot, wet kisses down on his back and his ass as he worked him open. By the time he had three fingers worked into him, Chase was rock hard again and grinding himself into the mattress.

A sharp smack across his left cheek stung. "Up."

Digging in his knees, Chase stuck his ass in the air.

"You look so hot," Nick told him. He'd stripped off and Chase caught him working that beautiful cock in his peripheral vision. "You look so good chained down and waiting for me to fuck you."

Nick crowded in behind him, thighs pressing to the backs of his own. The head of that wide cock pressed against his entrance. "You ready for me?" Nick's voice was almost gentle.

“God, yes,” Chase got out. “Please... give it to me.”

Nick eased carefully into him, the burn feeling so good. He draped himself over Chase, letting him adjust and nipping at his jaw with his teeth. “You feel so fucking good,” Nick whispered hotly.

Nick’s thrusts were easy at first, teasing. Chase’s own cock was painfully hard, swinging between his thighs. When Nick lifted off him to grab his hips and start thrusting roughly, Chase cried out and held on to the top of the mattress as much as he could.

“Okay?” Nick asked, his breathing strained.

“More,” Chase begged.

Nick clutched his hair again, pulling his head back. “You don’t come until I say. Understand?” A hard smack landed on his thigh, the sting eased away by the gentle caress that followed.

“Understood,” Chase got out. Nick was fucking the hell out of him, greedy about it, and Chase was fighting off his release hard. “Please,” Chase begged.

“You think I should let him come, Emmy?” Nick asked.

Chase shuddered at the question. How long had Emmy been there?

“Not just yet.” Her soft voice came from behind him. “My turn. I want in on this.”

“Hear that?” Nick gave a hard thrust, hitting that spot within Chase that nearly had him seeing stars. “I was hoping you’d say that, baby girl.”

“Can we move him?” Emmy asked sweetly.

It took everything in him not to whine when Nick pulled out just long enough to flip him onto his back. Chase’s wrists burned. There was just enough give in the cuffs to keep it from really hurting, though his wrists were caught tight. Chase watched as Emmy climbed on the bed. The look of pure mischief on her face had Chase’s pulse racing in excitement.

It was mesmerizing watching her slim fingers work the buttons of the pretty blouse she'd worn for her interview. The creamy flesh she revealed when she removed it and her lacy bra had him staring at her breasts, wanting to get his hands or mouth on them.

"Interview go... okay?" Chase managed to ask.

Emmy nodded, working on the skirt now and pulling it down along with her panties. She tossed them off the side of the bed, one slim hand sliding down to tease her clit.

"Play with it, Emmy." Chase didn't care that he was practically drooling now. "Just like that."

"I need... more..." she panted. Rising to stand on the bed, she stepped over Chase's hips, facing Nick. With her hands on Nick's broad shoulders, she parted her thighs just enough to put that juicy pussy of hers within reach of Nick's mouth. "Care to help a girl out?"

Nick's chuckle was a delighted, dirty sound. He was multitasking like a boss, one hand held on to Chase's hip as he continued to fuck him, while with his other hand, he held the back of their girl's thigh to keep her in place so he could lean forward and tease her with his mouth. Emmy had to have known what a view Chase would have from that angle. Between watching Nick's tongue and lower lips work over that sweet flesh and hearing her breathy little cries, Chase was really struggling.

Chase wanted to taste her, to make her release those sounds.

Emmy's green eyes smoldering when she pulled away from Nick. Turning to face Chase, she sank onto her knees on the bed over him and sank down on aching cock. When Nick shifting his position so he could still fuck Chase and make room for their girl, Chase almost went off like a rocket.

With one hand on Chase's hip and one on Emmy's, Nick smirked at him over her shoulder. "Work him," Nick whispered.

With her slender hands planted on his chest, her pussy like a heated vice around his cock, Emmy went to work. She began riding him as hard as she could. It was the sweetest torture, especially when Nick resumed thrusting in earnest.

Chase heard himself cry out as everything began to fade around him. His cock was buried in their girl's tight wet heat while Nick's huge cock was driving into his ass, hitting that spot inside of him with each thrust. He was pretty sure Emmy was encouraging him. Nick's fingers worked her clit while he teased the slim column of her throat, all the while fucking Chase hard...

When Chase came around, Emmy was draped over him with her head on his chest. Nick hovered over both of them with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"There you are," Nick teased him.

"Here I am," Chase managed, trying to catch his breath. While Emmy wasn't hurting his efforts, she was still. "Is our girl okay?"

Nick leaned in to press a kiss to her temple. "Sweetheart?"

"M'okay," she mumbled.

Chase and Nick exchanged a grin. Emmy appeared done for the night.

Climbing over them to release the cuffs, Nick checked Chase's right wrist. "Sorry," Nick said remorsefully.

Chase shrugged it off. "S'nothing." Yeah, his wrist was a little sore, but it was totally worth it.

Nick kissed him then, tasting like their girl. Chase was grateful to have both of them in his life.

"So you think you got the job?" Nick asked, smoothing a hand over the soft skin of her back.

"Mm-hm," they barely heard. "It's in the bag."

"They tell you that?" Chase shifted to sit up a little.

"No."

"How do you know then?" Nick asked.

Emmy swiped at her eyes before lifting her head and grinning at Chase.
“Just an inkling.”

“And it’s the inkling thing again,” Nick said with a grin.

“I’m usually right too. Michael has the hots for our neighbor,” Emmy assured him. “You’ll see. Called it.”

“We’ll see.” Chase told her and stretched. “It’s my turn to take care of dinner tonight.”

Emmy’s smile widened. “I picked up pizza.”

“Love you, doll baby.” Chase threw his legs over the side of the bed, watching Nick pull on his jeans, and their girl pulled on the shirt he’d discarded.

“I know,” she said with a cheeky grin.

Pulling his own jeans on, he was happy to follow his lovers out of the bedroom for dinner. They’d worked up an appetite.

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