



# Changeling Encounters

The Third Time

Emily Carrington

## **Encounter: The Third Time**

**Emily Carrington**

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**Adam's never imagined he could like being on the bottom, claimed and made part of another's body, if only for a short time. But Brett's kiss feels like coming home.**

## The Third Time

They'd only been together twice before. Adam was nervous, as he'd been the other two times, but he was just as excited. He hadn't imagined he could like being on the bottom, claimed and made part of another's body if only for a short time.

He was eighteen, had been so for about a month. And the only reason they hadn't made love more was because both of them had been ridiculously busy. It was November of their senior year, both his and Brett's, and every weekend had been full of visits to colleges and filling out the FAFSA and everything else that went into finding out where they were going to school next autumn.

Today was an exception, the first Saturday in December and neither of them had to be anywhere. Adam walked the two fields over to Brett's house and knocked on the door. He hoped he didn't meet with Brett's surrogate father, Reynard, not because the fox demigod was all that intimidating but because Adam never knew what to say to him after "Hi."

It was Brett at the door. "I saw you coming." He grinned, pulled Adam inside by the lapel of his winter coat, and kissed him. It felt like coming home. It always did.

"We have the house to ourselves until seven or so," Brett said. "And you said you wanted to try making love on a bear skin rug, so..." He led the way into the den. The drapes were drawn and he wasted no time, stripping his sweater off over his head.

As Adam divested just as quickly and thoroughly, he asked, "Reynard and my uncle are doing something this afternoon?" His uncle hadn't mentioned anything, but since he'd moved over here to live with his lover back in September, he rarely took the time to explain where he was going to his family. He popped in and out like the eccentric relation he was.

"They went into town," Brett agreed. He was deliciously naked now, his ginger hair gleaming in the soft overhead light. His arms, chest, and belly were lightly furred,

and his balls were covered in slightly denser, lighter-colored reddish hair. He went on talking even as he fished a condom or two out of his jeans pocket and tossed the pants themselves onto the couch. "Something about opening an account in both their names." He rolled the first condom onto his fully erect cock without preamble. "Come here and feel how slinky the fur is." He dropped to his knees.

Adam moved to his lover's side and took the second condom. He was just as erect and slipped the rubber on with little trouble even though this was only his third time using it in mixed company. If truth needed to be told, he'd been practicing in the privacy of his own bedroom. He dropped to his knees beside Brett and felt the fur with both palms. "It is slinky," he murmured, his gaze locked on his lover's freckled face. "Do you have lube?" He grinned when he saw the tube in Brett's hand. "You hid that like a magician."

"It's a Fae thing," Brett answered. "We're experts when it comes to tricking people to look elsewhere." He helped Adam turn around so his ass was toward the half Fae.

Even though Adam consciously relaxed his muscles, the finger that entered him hurt. But it didn't pain him as much as it had in the past. And he knew the pain would be replaced by incredible pleasure soon enough. He rocked on the digit, encouraging Brett to push in deeper. The first spark of pleasure ran up his spine and he moaned softly as his balls tightened.

"Two," he whispered. "Please, another."

He was rewarded with a second finger and he cried out his pleasure. "Shit, Brett, that feels so good. He moved his hips back and a feeling of being filled overcame him. He groaned. "Take me."

"You're sure you're ready?"

"Absolutely. Fuck me."

Brett took a few moments and Adam knew he was coating his condom-covered cock with lube. Then the steely head pressed against the ring of muscle. Adam let out a

breath and relaxed a little more. The head was in after only a little pushing and then Brett was sliding all the way to the base, nestling his balls against Adam's ass.

When Adam felt stretched enough, he begged, "Moved."

They did this together, Adam pulling away and thrusting back, meeting Brett's smooth movements. It was heaven being so claimed and Adam groaned as his legs gave way and he collapsed on the bearskin rug. The hair against his belly and balls, against his cock... oh, what bliss.

He came much sooner than he wanted but he didn't mind too much. He'd be ready to go again in twenty minutes. He consciously tightened his ass as much as he could, wanting to milk his lover's erection.

Brett fell on top of him and they rode out his orgasm together.

Adam moaned in aftershock as Brett pulled out. "If they're not going to be back until seven..."

"That means I can take you again. And again. And again." Brett got up on obviously shaky legs. "But let's make love in my bedroom. Just in case they come home early." He helped Adam up and kissed him.

Adam hugged his lover closer and there was companionable silence between them. They made love three times more that day. *Like coming home.*

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