



Changeling Encounters

The Hair Cut
Emily Carrington

Encounter: The Hair Cut

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The sadistic psychic vampire David Delgado is dead, and fox demigod Reynard really wants to know if Delgado's curse died with him. It's time to find out, so Reynard hands his partner Jason the scissors. But a haircut's not the only thing happening in their kitchen today...

The Hair Cut

“Are you sure...” Jason trailed off as his lover, Reynard, shook his head.

“I’m sure of nothing,” the fox demigod replied. “But I want to try. Now that Delgado is dead, maybe his magic will have ended. In any case, the worst that will happen is the hair will grow back five seconds after you cut it.”

Like it had the last time. But Reynard was right -- that had been while David Delgado had still been alive. The sadistic psychic vampire was dead, although not at Jason’s hand as the tracker had wished. He’d been up to new and odious tricks in Buffalo, New York, and one of his own family members had put an end to him. Or at least that was the story making the rounds.

Jason considered his lover’s long, naked limbs and his beautifully rounded, also naked, ass. “And you’re doing this naked because...”

“Because I want to tease you?” Reynard grinned over his shoulder as he settled into a low-backed wooden chair. “In truth, it’s because I despise hair getting down inside my collar.”

Jason moved until he could rest a hand on his lover’s bare shoulder. “You always tease me,” he murmured as his cock stiffened in its cloth prison. “If I didn’t have to cut your hair, I’d be fucking you right now.”

“Snip first, fuck later.” Reynard chuckled. “And it’ll be even longer if you don’t get started.”

“Why am I doing this? Why not a barber?” They had the money for such things; Jason had been rehired as a consultant/tracker and this was on top of his pension.

Reynard laughed. “You know why. If it grows back in under thirty seconds, we’d have a difficult time explaining that.”

Most humans, especially those who had never met a magical creature, knew nothing of the existence of other beings. They thought they were the top predator. And

while not all magical beings were dangerous, many were. Keeping most of the human population in blissful ignorance was one of Searchlight's main goals.

"And if I botch it?" Jason asked, admitting his true concern.

"If it's really horrible, which will mean it stays short, then we'll go to a barber and I'll explain one of your nieces wanted to cut my hair and I let her."

Jason snorted a laugh. And he got to work.

It was both harder and easier than he'd thought, mostly because Reynard held perfectly still. Soon, Jason began to harden again below the waist as he lost his apprehension. He reached down at one point and caressed his cock through his khaki shorts. "I want you," he whispered.

"Hair first, fuck later." But Reynard sounded breathless and when Jason took a peek over his lover's shoulder, he saw that Reynard was hard as well.

When the cutting was done the best Jason could manage, he brushed the loose hair off Reynard's shoulders before drawing the fox demigod to his feet. "Now."

Reynard nodded and they left the kitchen where the barbering had taken place and retreated to the back bedroom. Jason manhandled Reynard onto the bed, claiming his mouth in a deep and searching kiss even as he ground his cock, freshly freed from its cloth prison, against Reynard's hard belly.

"I wonder," Reynard gasped, "when your ability to arouse me with a word will wear out."

"Not until we're both eighty. Or maybe even a little older, with modern medicine."

"I wonder if the little blue pill works on demigods."

Jason nipped Reynard's right nipple to silence him. "Get a pillow." While his order was obeyed, Jason took the lube out of his back pocket, the lube he carried everywhere now, and slicked up the first two fingers of his right hand. Then, seeing Reynard ready, he slipped both digits in up to the second knuckle. The heat of his lover's body against his skin made him dizzy with pleasure and he moaned as he

pumped his fingers in and out. He watched Reynard's eyes cross in need and sensation and pushed in as deep as he could go. "I love you," he whispered.

Reynard said something in French, his native language, and then grinned.

Jason knew Reynard loved being able to use French; when he'd been bound, trapped by the now-dead psychic vampire, he'd been forbidden anything but English. "Care to translate?"

"I want you," Reynard responded at once. "And... " *more French.*

Jason knew that one. Reynard had taught him shortly after they moved in together. That little phrase meant *fuck me hard.* He pulled his fingers out of the warm tunnel and coated his rock with lube. Then he was pressing at Reynard's entrance. "Breathe through it," he murmured.

When he was fully seated and Reynard's cock was trapped between them, Jason began to move. His balls pulsed and he knew he would want Reynard again in less than an hour. Amazing, considering his age. Both their ages. He plundered the skin of Reynard's chest, leaving hickeys everywhere that cloth would cover. He knew Reynard loved being marked, but he also knew Reynard didn't want to show off his desire to the world.

They moved together like trained dancers; they'd been married for about a year but had been united in lovemaking and love giving for almost three years. Jason closed his eyes briefly in an attempt to hold off his orgasm. But when it came against his rather formidable will, he locked gazes with his lover, his husband, his fox demigod, and came.

Reynard found his release about a minute later, and they collapsed, Jason on top, and lay there quietly for several minutes.

"Well," Jason murmured at last, "your hair hasn't grown back. I think you're finally free of that bastard's spell." Against his belly, Reynard's cock twitched and Jason laughed. "I guess that means you're happy."

"And if you give me fifteen minutes, I'll be ready for you again."

Jason fell to kissing his lover. "I think we can find something to do for fifteen minutes."

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