



Michael's Healing

Paranormal B&B

M.D. Stewart

Changeling Press

Encounter: Michael's Healing (Paranormal B&B)

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Michael: All my life I fought my true self, going so far as to join the Marines to hide the fact that I'm gay. While fighting in Afghanistan, I was injured in an insurgent attack, landing me at Bagram Air Base for medical and psychological intervention. A sexy guard named Jessie walked into my life, starting me on the road to total healing.

Jessie: Being gay has never been a big deal to me or my family, so meeting Michael, an injured and sexually repressed Marine, breaks my heart. Through our mutual attraction I take him on a sexy journey to show him that accepting yourself can start with accepting pleasure.

Michael's Healing

Michael

I ascended the stairs, excited about my new set for my Drag Queen persona, Ember Rose. It still had some kinks to work out, but who liked kink more than me? Oh, I could bring the jokes.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I could hear Jessie talking and knew he and Garth were chatting. I also recognized by the deep timbre of my bigger mate's voice he was turned on as fuck. Just the thought of my hairy, muscular man having a boner gave me chills. The good kind of chills.

My cock began to harden, wondering if I'd catch my men in the middle of sexy time. I'd never watched them alone before. Since our first time together, it had always been the three of us playing with one another. I was suddenly torn between hiding to watch them or jumping in and participating. Decisions, decisions. Either way, my dick was on board.

I peeked around the basement doorway, glimpsing Te straddling Jessie, his hips pulsing slightly and a look of pure rapture on his face. I recognized the story Jessie was telling -- how he and I first experimented with each other in Afghanistan. Oh, but I couldn't just listen, it was my first sexual experience with a man, so I had to tell it from my perspective. I walked into the room, sashaying like a Goddamn stripper, pulling my T-shirt over my head as I went. I planned on telling the story, then fucking my guys. Or getting fucked. Maybe both. Whatever.

"The way I see it," I trailed my hands over my stomach, sliding one down to stroke my cock, "I should tell this part of the story." My men turned to look at me, pupils dilated and cheeks pink in desire. I could almost smell their arousal. Jessie's hands were on Te's ass, massaging those magnificent globes. Te's hands were on Jessie's perfect pecs, his thumbs brushing Jessie's nipples to hard peaks. God, my men, are fucking hot.

“Then afterward, I’ll need to get my mouth and my ass fucked by you both.” I crawled on the couch beside my mates and began telling my side of the sexy as fuck story.

* * *

Bagram Air Base, Afghanistan
Fifteen years ago

Jessie was leaning over me, his face inches from my own, his eyes boring into mine. I knew he was worried that he was pushing me too hard. I had known I’d wanted him from the first time he came into my room, waking me from yet another nightmare. From the start, his presence soothed my soul, yet lit a fire of need within my body.

His fears of pushing me too fast were proved with his next words. “Are you sure, Michael? I don’t want you to feel pressure, or worse, regret.”

I didn’t even have to think about it. “The only thing I’ll regret, Jessie, is if I don’t kiss you. Right. Fucking. Now.”

I licked my lips, my focus never leaving Jessie’s eyes as he moved the scant few inches to bring our lips together. And I swear to God, I heard choirs of Angels break into song. This. It was everything I had hoped, but more than I’d imagined. Soft lips, warm skin, scruffy cheeks. My fantasies over the years sorely lacked in comparison to the real thing. My God, I was kissing a man! Then his tongue slid over my lips, and my cock jumped up to watch the fireworks.

I moaned then reached for his shoulders, pulling him down, so his weight pressed against me. His rumble of laughter vibrated through my body as his tongue wrapped around mine. He broke the kiss and pulled away slightly, grinning. “So, I take it you like your first kiss? Want more?”

“I fucking want it all, Jessie.” I was panting like I’d run across the desert in full gear. But this was much more fun. He laughed again, filling my soul up from the inside. I decided right then, sex should always be fun and flirty.

“I can’t give you everything right now, there’s too much risk. When you’re able to leave the room, I’ll take you somewhere more private and safe. Right now, though,” Jessie’s voice trailed off as he traced his fingers over my torso to the hem of my t-shirt. His fingertips slid under the cotton and warm skin grazed against my abs, moving unhurriedly while pushing the fabric up my body. By the time he reached my nipples, I was squirming and arching, needing more, but not sure I could handle the pleasure. His free hand covered my mouth to muffle my gasps and moans. And probably a few words like “fuck” and “more.”

I shivered at the feel of his lips against my ear. “Shhh, baby. I’d love to go slowly, but we don’t have time. I promise I will take care of you.” I closed my eyes in euphoria when his mouth brushed against my stomach, lightly biting, then licking the resulting sting. I jumped when his tongue rimmed around my navel, dipping in briefly. Holy shit, I didn’t know that area was an erogenous zone. My cock strained forward, reaching for his mouth, and I swear I heard it shouting, “My turn!” Jessie did not disappoint either me or my dick.

The waistband of my sweats lifted from my body and I raised my hips so Jessie could push my clothes down my legs. Cool air wafted across my overheated dick, and it felt dirty and promising at the same time. My breath whooshed from my lungs when Jessie’s tongue circled my cockhead. He moaned before sucking my length into his mouth, his tongue doing wicked things to my shaft. I arched my back just as Jessie sucked hard, pulling off my dick with a quiet pop. “Are you okay, Michael?”

Unable to think or form words, I did what my body demanded, I grabbed the back of Jessie’s head and pushed his face toward my erection. I was getting desperate to feel his tongue licking me as his mouth sucked hard. I’d never felt anything like it, and my cock agreed we needed more of that. Now. To prove its point, my dick dripped precome from my slit, leaving a sticky, clear stream that Jessie immediately slurped down.

“Oh, fuck.” I hoped I whispered instead of shouting. I didn’t want to draw the nurses into my room before I shot my load, and I was embarrassingly close already.

Jessie's hand was once again covering my lips as his head bobbed hard and fast. His talented mouth, warm and wet on my shaft, hurtling me down the slippery slope of impending climax. He hummed just as my balls drew up, and my orgasm tingled at the base of my spine. Oh, God, I knew I'd have to hold back the scream that was lodged in my chest.

I tapped Jessie's shoulder, trying to tell him I was going to blow. He sucked harder just as the first wave of my climax hit, then he suddenly pulled off, stroking my saliva slick cock with his hand. Hot ribbons of come landed on my stomach and chest while my vision blackened around the edges. God, I'd been sucked off by a dude -- jacked and came by the rough hand of a man! It was fucking amazing. There was no more going back and forth with my sexuality. I was fucking gay. Yay, me!

Still buzzing from my orgasm, I turned my head when Jessie stood and ripped his zipper down and pulled out his gorgeous, thick erection. He grasped his length, stroking so fast his hand was a blur. If I hadn't just shot my wad, I'd be hard as a stone seeing that action up close. Seconds later, ribbons of his hot come joined mine on my torso. Seeing it, feeling it land on my skin, I almost felt like I'd come again.

"Shit." I enjoyed the sight of him stroking himself, shaking off stray drops of come. I was fascinated watching his monster dick slowly go soft in his hand before he tucked it back into his uniform. He was breathing hard as he grabbed a few tissues from the table and wiped his hand, then took a few more to clean our combined seed from my body.

"Next time, Michael, I'm going to take my time with you."

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