



How to Turn Him On

Dragons' Solstice 3

Emily Carrington

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Hank is a writer who is sensitive about his stories because none of them have been published yet. When James brings him news, all Hank wants to do is make love. Only after their lovemaking does James share his special treat.

How to Turn Him On

James was bursting with news when he entered Henry's dorm room on Winter Solstice. It was midday, a time when Henry might not be in, but he tended to leave the door unlocked when he was there. This pissed off his roommate, but it was winter break. There was no roommate about.

Henry was singing to himself as he worked over something. "Caroling, caroling through the snow, how I want to know you. Caroling, caroling, caroling, here we go, how I want to blow you."

James burst out laughing.

Henry grinned, still in profile as he worked on something on his laptop. "It's an actual Christmas song, or sort of. The melody's right anyway."

James closed the door and pulled Henry to his feet. He hugged his lover and kissed his sweetly parted lips. Drawing back, he asked, "What are you working on?"

Henry blushed. "A story."

James opened his mouth to share his news.

Henry stopped him with a raised finger. "I don't want to talk about it. I'm one horny bastard."

James hesitated. He knew Henry was sensitive about his stories. He didn't like to talk about them too much, especially since he had all but given up on any of them being published. The news James held behind his teeth would change that, at least a little, but he saw the real need in Henry's eyes. Not just for sex, but to leave his writing out of the equation for a few minutes.

James kissed him again, plundering his mouth, claiming him thoroughly. He slipped his hands down to Henry's ass and cupped the sweet curves. Then, when Henry wrapped muscular arms about his neck, James lifted his boyfriend and carried him to the bed.

Instead of letting go, Henry wrapped his legs around James, too, and nibbled the side of James's throat. The feel of Henry's small, non-predator's teeth on the sensitive skin over his pulse point made James groan, and he hugged Hank more closely to him.

With that single name change, from Henry to Hank, James knew his sexual fire had been lit. He rarely called Henry "Hank" unless he was aroused. It had become a signal for both of them. So he said it aloud. "Hank."

His beloved nipped his earlobe. "Take me."

It was a command, not a request, and James growled instinctively. A year ago, he wouldn't have raised a single protest, but he'd been coming into his own as a powerful dragon, not because he'd grown -- he was still seven foot tall in his dragon form -- but because of his incredible telepathy.

Hank bit his ear, but not too hard. "Don't try that on me, sir. I may be the one who takes it in the bedroom, but we're equals."

James nodded. "I know. I didn't mean to do that."

To his surprise, Hank laughed. "You're just expressing your testosterone. Now, are you going to make love to me or are we going to see how long you can hold me?"

James settled him on the bed, then he stepped back and began stripping. He watched Hank's eyes darken with lust as he pulled his sweater off over his head. When he dropped his jeans to the floor, Hank's eyes were positively narrowed with concentration.

When he was naked, James took a step closer and gasped as Hank palmed his balls in a practiced move. Unable to explain how near the edge of orgasm he felt after just that simple touch, James stepped back on shaky legs and asked, "Are you going to strip?"

Hank did, dancing to silent music as he removed his clothes.

James thought that he must have been getting lessons from Travis, Chen's lover, who had been a dancer in a strip club. Knowing that his precious Henry was probably safer with Travis than with anyone else helped the brief flash of jealousy that tightened

the skin around James's eyes. He smiled his approval when Hank did a complicated movement that lost one shoe and made his undone jeans fall off his hips.

After drawing out the last article of clothing, his boxers, Hank fished lube out of the top drawer of the stack of plastic ones he kept by his bed. He tossed the tube to James and moved until he was all but humping the curtain covering the large window. "Take me. Please."

James coated his first two fingers and scissored them once they were past the second knuckle inside his lover. He moaned softly when Hank rocked on the digits. "More?"

James pulled his hand away from the tempting ass and made sure his cock was all but dripping with water-based lubricant that smelled like cedar. "Love you, Hank," he whispered. Then he pushed in.

"Love... you... too... Ah, God that feels so good..." Hank began moving back and forth, doing all the work of fucking himself on James's cock.

James couldn't allow that. He stilled his boyfriend's rocking and thrust in, angling his cock and bending his knees to seek the spot his partner loved best. When he found it, he knew because Hank arched and cried out. His ass constricted.

James rode him to delirious completion. And when, after he'd found his release, he realized Hank hadn't come yet, he reached around and cupped his boyfriend's testicles. He knew when Hank was close, he didn't like direct contact, so he rolled his thumb over the hairy sacs. "Come for me."

Hank did, whimpering over and over, "Oh, James..."

James didn't pull out yet. Holding his Hank against his chest, he whispered, "I have news."

"What? You want to go again?"

"Give me twenty minutes. But it's better than that."

"Nothing is better than you inside me."

James's heart seemed to swell and he kissed the back of Hank's neck. "Not even knowing you sold a story?"

After Hank stopped dancing and yelling, they made love three more times, finding their climax just as midnight passed.

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