

Changeling Press Encounter



Moving On Out

Painter's Pride

Emily Carrington

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Encounter: Moving On Out (Painter's Pride)

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After moving out of their old, shared, apartment, Aaron and Jason celebrate their new digs.

Moving On Out

They were back in a smallish town, but Aaron felt no claustrophobia. He'd opened a little studio/teaching place. It made him feel good to teach rooms full of preteens and teenagers, heck, even the occasional bunch of kindergarten through second graders found their way in.

But what he really loved was the apartment he and Jason had found. They would be buying a house, or at least that was the plan, but for now, they were in a cute little apartment with a bay window in the front overlooking the park across the street.

Jason's new teaching job was right in town. Everything was right in town, including a small coffee shop that catered mostly to tourists and those who had homes in New York City. Aaron had to admit he missed the bustle and craziness of NYC, where he and Jason had been living for the past five years, but he knew he'd grow to love it here because of the way he and Jason had inaugurated their new home.

* * *

Aaron watched as Jason took off his coat. It was a surprisingly cool day for September 1st. Aaron admired the way his husband's black hair feathered at the bottom just a little. He wasn't amazed to find himself half hard. They'd been moving in all day and had just taken a walk around their new town to explore some of its secrets. He'd been watching Jason's muscular ass in those tight jeans all day. No wonder he was aroused.

"You look like you have something on your mind," Jason teased as he helped Aaron off with his jacket.

I most definitely do. Aaron felt himself blush. "It's too bad the bed won't be arriving until tomorrow morning. We're going to have to rough it on the floor."

"I think we could squeeze on the couch. But we need to bless this place first."

Aaron raised an eyebrow. They were two different religions, he and Jason: Jewish and Christian, respectively. "What do you mean, bless?"

"With the first orgasms from its new tenants."

Now Aaron was sure he was scarlet. But not because he was embarrassed. It was excitement that colored his features. "But," he cautioned, "what if the neighbors complain?"

Jason, still standing behind him, tossed Aaron's coat onto the hook by the door. Then he wrapped his arms around Aaron from behind and breathed, "If you're quiet, they won't suspect a thing."

Aaron shivered in anticipation.

Jason nuzzled his nape. "Want to try on the couch or just make love on the rug?"

"Couch. Please. It's been a long day."

Jason chuckled and nudged Aaron toward the furniture, using his hips to do it.

Aaron could feel the evidence of his husband's excitement at the small of his back. He groaned. Very softly. One of the hardest things about living with Krys and his husband had been how difficult it was to keep what they did in the night a secret. Of course, Krys and his husband hadn't been exactly quiet either but Aaron was embarrassed by the sounds he, personally, made when he came.

Jason, meanwhile, seemed completely happy to go on peppering Aaron's neck with kisses. He pushed the collar of Aaron's polo aside and nibbled his pulse point.

Aaron squeaked in pleasure.

Jason laughed. "I guess you being quiet wouldn't work, huh?" And, before Aaron could answer, he'd slipped his chilly hands under Aarons shirt and was pulling it off over his head.

Aaron shivered again. "Your hands are freezing," he informed his lover.

"Probably, yeah. Yours are too, by the way." He kissed Aaron's right wrist, which he'd drawn to his lips. Then he let that one go and kissed the left. "Are you going to strip the rest of the way or let me do all the work?"

Aaron went to the bay window and closed the curtains they'd hung that morning. "Now I'll --" He'd turned around as he spoke and the sight of Jason toying with his fly stopped his speech.

Jason grinned, his eyes sparkling with humor and lust. "You want?"

Aaron shimmied out of his jeans and pushed down his boxers. He kicked everything off, including his shoes. Then he moved to the couch and, sitting, beckoned.

Jason stopped about a foot from the couch. His cock and balls were out on display even though he still wore his boxers. He'd lost his jeans and shoes along the way, keeping his tube socks on.

This made Aaron smile and he snagged the waistband of Jason's boxers, pulling him close. He opened his mouth and swallowed Jason's cock. Or at least he tried to.

Above him, Jason moved and swayed on his feet. "Aaron, I want... Ohh, fuck."

Aaron smirked and went on sucking his lover's thick, hot member. When Jason came less than two minutes later, Aaron drank everything down.

Jason fell onto the couch after Aaron let his cock go. "I'm not hard for you now," he complained. Then he brightened. "Although, I could suck you off."

"What if what I really want is your fingers up my ass?"

Jason groaned softly. "You make me want you all over again every time you open your mouth." He stood. "Ass in the air please."

Aaron turned around on the couch. "I need a condom or I'm going to spoil our new furniture."

He half expected Jason to say, "Fuck it," in which case Aaron would have to get up and snag the necessary rubber. But Jason went across the room, pulling one out of his back jeans pocket. And he was back, offering the packet, which he'd already opened.

Aaron grinned. "Thank you. You're such a gentleman."

Jason swatted his ass.

Aaron cried out, then shot Jason a baleful look. "For that, you'd better fuck me right."

Jason knelt and slipped a finger into his mouth. "Roll that condom on. I didn't bring it over here for show." But he was grinning too, and his eyes were lit with laughter.

The moment Aaron had rolled the condom into place, Jason took him with a finger, hard and deep. Aaron shuddered.

"I want you to yell my name when you come," Jason ordered.

"I've done enough of broadcasting," Aaron protested. Then he sucked in a breath as Jason added a second finger and found his sweet spot. "Oh, fuck, Jason, I love you."

"Say my name, say my name," Jason sang.

Aaron whimpered. He trembled. But he refused to shout. When he came, however, there was no help for it. Feeling the need to scream building up in his throat, he plunged his face into the pillows and yelled, "Jason, Jason, fuck me."

Jason slapped his ass again as he pulled his hand free. "That'll do." He kissed where he'd slapped. "Now that we've blessed this place, what do you want to do next?"

Aaron turned around, grabbed Jason, and pulled him onto the couch. "Go again in about twenty minutes?" And he plundered Jason's mouth.

Jason groaned and buried his fingers in Aaron's curls. He pulled back slightly and said, "Anything for you. Anything."

No doubt about it, Aaron thought as he gazed into Jason's eyes, Moving on out was the best thing we ever did.

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