

Consecration

A Heartwood Encounter

Emily Carrington



Consecration (A Heartwood Encounter)

Emily Carrington

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2020 Emily Carrington

Formats Available:

Adobe PDF, Epub

Mobi/PRC

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

315 N. Centre St.

Martinsburg, WV 25404

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Bill Riley

Cover Artist: Angela Knight

Adult Sexual Content

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Consecration (A Heartwood Encounter)

Emily Carrington

Their first night in their new house together, Mike and Aidan decide to christen their new house as well as the new bed.

Consecration

Aidan walked the house that he'd only visited half a dozen times. He used his cane because he wasn't sure of the location of everything. How far, exactly, did the breakfast bar extend from the wall? And since some of the furniture was here but not placed, he did not relish banging his toes or his shins.

He could smell Mike's cologne, a subtle thing that meant home and peace. Aidan followed the scent from the kitchen into the living room. "Mike?"

Strong arms wrapped around him from behind and Aidan realized he'd overshot. He smirked. "Sneaking up on a black belt isn't wise."

"Nope, but I didn't actually do any sneaking. I just stood still and you walked right by me."

That would be why he hadn't heard any floorboards creak. Aidan turned in the circle of Mike's arms and rested his chin easily on the top of the shorter man's head. *His husband's head.* They'd been married for two years and finally things were starting to look up financially. Hence, the house that was now theirs.

"There are curtains on the windows in here," Mike said.

"Did you --" He stopped when he felt Mike shake his head. "Who then?"

"My mom and Mrs. Kelly."

Aidan's mom. Check. "What color are they?"

"White." Mike chuckled. "Are you trying to decorate, oh color blind one?"

Aidan laughed, amused. "Color blind, am I? Try everything-blind. I was just curious in case some random stranger asks. The people in this town have more questions than a toddler at bedtime." He inhaled Mike's scent, which was made up of equal parts cologne and Mike's own musky aroma. "Does this mean people on the street wouldn't see if I made love to you right here?"

Mike's cock, firmly pressed against Aidan's thigh even though both of their pairs of jeans were in the way, gave a little jump. "It might not be super comfortable. There isn't even a rug down yet."

"Get a comforter from the bedroom," Aidan suggested. "I'll wait right here."

Mike's laughter was beautiful as he left the room.

Aidan wasted no time. He stripped as quickly as possible, hoping to be completely naked by the time Mike returned. He nudged his clothes to one side and hoped he wouldn't forget where they were and trip over them. Then, finding his cock only half erect, he began stroking himself and toying lightly with his asshole.

There was the creak of a floorboard and then a brief silence. "Keep doing that and I'll come without you."

Aidan turned so Mike could see exactly what he was doing to his hole. He was rewarded by the soft flump of fabric falling to the floor as Mike dropped the comforter. Then Mike was at his side and asking in a husky voice, "May I help you with that?"

"You need to get undressed first." Aidan helped Mike off with his T-shirt. Then he began peppering kisses all over his lover's chest even as he ran his fingers through Mike's short hair, down his neck, and across his muscular back. "Mine," he whispered.

Mike chuckled. "Yes, I'm yours. But if you don't get my jeans off soon, you won't get to feel --" He gasped as Aidan flicked open his fly and slipped a hand into his boxers.

"You were saying?"

Mike moaned. "Let me get the comforter or this won't be as easy as we both want it to be."

Aidan let him go, reluctantly pulling his hand free of its warm prison.

Mike fiddled with the blanket longer than was strictly necessary and Aidan had a feeling his husband was taking time to get some control. That was fine. A long, hard ride was just what Aidan was in the mood for. To that end, he kept his hands off himself and waited for Mike to be done.

"Okay," Mike said at last. He took Aidan's hand. "Step where I tell you."

Aidan smirked. "Yes, sir."

Mike laughed, a little nervously it sounded to Aidan.

Now was not the time to mention Aidan had been thinking about buying a cock ring. For himself mostly. He loved the slow burn and the torturous inability to come.

But then Mike surprised him by slapping his ass. "If I'm 'Sir' to you, do as I say. Move until your toes are touching the side edge of the roll I've made on the floor."

Aidan shuffled forward, trusting his lover completely. He found the mounded comforter and sank onto it. His knees were well cushioned and his hands were on bare floor. "What about your knees?"

"I'm going to kneel on my folded-over jeans." Mike had crouched behind him. He kissed Aidan's right ass cheek. "Do you want this as slow as possible?"

Aidan nodded.

"I'll see what I can do." Mike sucked noisily on his finger and then pressed the tip against Aidan's hole. "Breathe."

Aidan bowed his head and raised his ass. "Claim me."

Mike took his time, which was what Aidan had thought he wanted. But as Mike slipped his single finger in and out endlessly, more than occasionally touching off a spark of pleasure, Aidan began to sweat. "Mike," he finally pleaded. "Two fingers?"

"Not until we're on the bed."

What?

Mike seemed to sense Aidan's unspoken question because he explained, "By the time I'm ready to be inside you, you're going to be desperate. The consecration of our new home deserves nothing less."

"And if you come before me?"

"I'll miss out a little," Mike admitted. "But I want to hear certain sounds from you before I'll let you come."

"What sounds?"

"That's for me to know and you to discover."

Aidan groaned. "Two fingers?" he pleaded.

“Maybe just a little.” Mike pulled his single digit out and replaced it with the tips of two fingers. But he only went in so far.

Aidan thrust back but Mike was quick; he withdrew his fingers. And he slapped Aidan’s ass. “None of that.”

Aidan groaned again. “What makes you think I’m going to last until we reach the bedroom?”

Mike wrapped his hand tight around the base of Aidan’s cock. “Just because.” He squeezed and it was almost painful.

Aidan loved it.

“Get up,” Mike said, removing his hand from about Aidan’s penis. Then, as soon as they were both standing, Mike placed Aidan’s right hand on his shoulder. “Step carefully. There are clothes all over the place, not to mention the comforter.” And he led Aidan into their bedroom. He slipped behind Aidan and guided him forward with hands on his shoulders.

Aidan’s knees touched the bed and he stopped. They’d chosen a high bed, something with lots of storage underneath. He knew the drawers would be filled with bed linens but he wished they were filled with sex toys.

Then Mike’s hand was back around the base of his cock and Aidan lost all track of what he’d been thinking.

“Put this on.” Mike pressed a condom into Aidan’s hand.

“Why? Don’t you want to consecrate the sheets?”

“I want it to be harder for you to come. This slows you down a little.” He gave Aidan’s cock another squeeze. Then, sounding shy, he asked, “What would you think of a cock ring? I mean, I just want you to be happy.”

Aidan nodded enthusiastically. “Let’s talk about it later,” he added, sensing the welter of emotions behind Mike’s quiet offer. “Right now, I want your cock up my ass.”

Mike chuckled and the uncomfortable subject passed. “Not yet.” But this time when he pushed fingers inside Aidan, there were three of them.

Aidan held himself back from rocking, knowing Mike would pull away. "I can just imagine how beautiful you look. I bet your cheeks are all flushed with excitement and your cock's thick and ready."

Mike groaned loudly. "Tease." He pushed in a little deeper. "But I still haven't heard what I want to hear." And he angled his fingers so that they scraped Aidan's secret spot.

Aidan screamed.

"That's it," Mike whispered. "And now..." He drew his fingers out and slapped Aidan's ass for a third time. "Tell me what you want."

"Oh, God, Mike, I want you to fuck me."

Mike reached around as if he was the one who couldn't see and was checking to make sure the condom was in place. Then he rubbed one fingertip over Aidan's glans. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

Aidan bowed his head and thrust his ass in Mike's direction. "Please take me. Please."

Mike entered him in one swift movement. He hadn't even bothered to moisten his cock and the burn was incredible.

Aidan screamed again, delirious, as the burn reached up through his ass, rushed up his back, and wrapped around his balls. He shuddered strongly. He wanted to come, but he also needed to hold off. He clenched his ass muscles to make it hard for Mike to escape. Then he pleaded, "Ride me? Please?"

Mike did and soon they were moving as one. Mike cried out Aidan's name over and over again, increasing in volume as he thrust faster.

Aidan's balls were afire with need and lust. He wished briefly that he hadn't put on the condom, but that was all right; he'd asked for this.

When Mike came, it was a hot and satisfying rush that sent Aidan, too, over the edge.

[Click here to preview more books by Emily Carrington:](#)

<https://www.changelingpress.com/emily-carrington-a-207>

Use the code "EmilyCarringtonEncounters" for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from Emily Carrington!