

The book cover features a central image of two men, one with short brown hair and one with long dark hair, looking at each other. They are surrounded by glowing blue and purple energy lines and a starry space background. The title 'ENCOUNTERS' is in a stylized font at the top right.

ENCOUNTERS

JULY 4TH  
AN ENTHUSIASTIC CELEBRATION  
PARA SCHOOLED ENCOUNTERS 2  
EMILY CARRINGTON

Changing Press

**July 4th -- An Enthusiastic Celebration**

**Para Schooled Encounters 2**

**Emily Carrington**

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**Blagden doesn't like the American 4<sup>th</sup> of July holiday...until Caleb changes his mind.**

## July 4th -- An Enthusiastic Celebration

Something was wrong with Blagden. He was smiling at all the student performances and chatting with the adults but Caleb could see a darkness just beneath the surface. So, when midnight came and people started to leave the huge performance space that was usually a gymnasium, Caleb took Blagden's hand and pulled him out of the chair he'd been sitting in.

"Come on," Caleb told the Night Wanderer, this incredible magical creature who'd become his lover. "Let's get out of here. I have something to show you."

Blagden scowled for just an instant. "Hard to show a blind man anything," he muttered.

Caleb gaped as if Blagden had sworn or yelled. His lover had never been sensitive about being blind. He'd always carried himself like a king. But this wasn't the time and place to apologize, not with so many people roaming around. Caleb thought to offer his arm but surely conveying that Blagden needed help would elicit a similar response. So, he settled for, "Please? I want to be alone with you."

Blagden rose, unfolded his white cane, and took Caleb's elbow. "It'll be faster this way," he explained.

When they were out in the hall and starting to move away from the rest of the crowd, Blagden asked, "What about Nat?"

Nat was Caleb's almost fifteen-year-old son. "He's staying over with a friend tonight."

Blagden relaxed.

When they were in their shared apartment, Blagden having moved in a few months ago, Caleb urged Blagden to sit on the edge of their bed. He climbed up behind the much taller Night Wanderer and began massaging his shoulders. "Do you want to tell me what's wrong?"

"SearchLight celebrates every damned thing."

Well, that was certainly true. In an attempt to be inclusive, every human tradition was brought in, and all the practices of magical creatures as well.

Blagden sighed and some of the tension went out of his shoulders. "I love when you touch me like this. And you've been sweating. I love that scent."

Caleb grinned. He'd thought that by initiating physical contact he'd be able to break through Blagden's iciness. "Tell me what's bothering you," he asked softly, blowing in Blagden's ear.

"I feel like a fraud celebrating a holiday that signaled the end for many Native Americans."

Blagden wasn't a member of the First People but he'd been raised among them. He even looked like those he'd been raised among because Night Wanderers took their appearance from those they were sworn to protect. Blagden and his family before him had been guarding the Native Americans in their part of the country for centuries but sometimes they weren't able to help. Like when measles and other European diseases had claimed so many lives.

"You don't have to celebrate," Caleb said, bending his head to suck at Blagden's pulse point.

Blagden groaned. "Do you want to have a serious discussion or do you want to seduce me?"

"Can't I do both?" Caleb was rock hard inside his trousers and not even the thought of long-dead people could change his need for his lover.

Blagden stood and turned swiftly, catching Caleb by the shoulders. He kissed Caleb and his mouth was hot and sweet with the punch he'd been drinking. "I'll tell you after we make love." He feathered his fingers through Caleb's short hair.

"Mm," Caleb murmured as sensation ran through him from his scalp all the way down to his toes, which he curled inside his shoes. "I need you naked."

They undressed quickly and Caleb positioned himself on the bed on his hands and knees. His body was tight with anticipation as he waited for Blagden's thick, talented fingers.

Blagden found lube without trouble and used it on the first two fingers of his right hand. "Ready for me?" he whispered.

"Always." Caleb tried to relax his ass muscles but craving Blagden's initial invasion made him tense with need.

The first finger was hot silk and Caleb buried his face in an available pillow. This raised his ass and he grinned when he heard Blagden's groan of need.

The second finger went in a little more slowly and Caleb rocked back, fucking himself on the digits. Damn it, but it felt so good. "Take me?" he begged.

Blagden slipped his fingers out, but before Caleb could feel too bereft, he felt the press of Blagden's cock. He forcibly relaxed, wanting Blagden inside him as soon as possible.

There was a fire in his balls and in his tight belly. He stroked himself once to make sure he was close. "Fuck me," he pleaded,

Blagden moved. The slick, pressing, burning heat of him made Caleb's arms shake as he held himself up. He wasn't sure when he'd lifted his face from the pillow but he wanted to meet each stroke. He pressed back against Blagden, taking his lover deeper inside.

Craving built within his muscles and he moaned, unable to muffle it this time. And when he came, it was with Blagden's name on his lips.

Blagden's cry of release was softer and he whispered, over and over, "Caleb, mine, Caleb, mine."

"Absolutely yours," Caleb told him after they'd cleaned up.

Blagden hugged him from behind. "I want to celebrate with my students but I feel like an imposter. I'm glad you're here, that they're here, but I hate all the death that had to happen for this day to arrive."

It didn't surprise Caleb that Blagden picked up their discussion where it had dropped. He had always been able to do that. "Maybe think of this as our day," he suggested, feeling embarrassed. "I can always take some extra time with you on the 4th of July to bring you... peace."

“Don’t you mean orgasms?” Blagden chuckled and nipped Caleb’s ear lightly. “It doesn’t fix everything but it helps to know you love me.”

Caleb resolved to make the week leading up to next year’s 4th of July celebration perfect for his lover.

Maybe they could get married next 4th...

**Dark’s Lover (Para Schooled 2)**  
**Emily Carrington**

**A Singer draws energy from within to work what others would consider miracles: soothing the sufferer, tending the grief-stricken, and defeating enemies.**

**When Blagden, a Night Wanderer-Singer, meets Caleb, he is drawn to the Grand Fae’s struggle to accept his new life as a member of SearchLight. Caleb’s son is blind and the grand Fae have cast out all disabled children... and those who support them.**

**But Blagden has a terrible secret. He inadvertently steals energy from those he loves. When SearchLight is attacked, Blagden must choose between the Fae he loves and his resolve never to steal energy again.**

**Read more about Dark’s Lover (Para Schooled 2) at [changelingpress.com/dark-s-lover-para-schooled-2-b-3143](http://changelingpress.com/dark-s-lover-para-schooled-2-b-3143)**

**Adult Excerpt:**  
**Dark’s Lover (Para Schooled 2)**  
**Emily Carrington**  
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Caleb was one horny bastard. Not to mention exhausted. And that was not the right way to start this interview. Sure, the potential teacher sitting across from him was easy on the eyes. Tall, muscular, and big like a football player, his face showed intelligence instead of... Well, what exactly had Caleb been expecting? Something dopey?

No, but he hadn’t expected to feel like he was being studied in return. Not by a totally blind Night Wanderer.

His compatriot cleared her throat. “Welcome to Mojave Valley, Mr. Graywolf.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Pennyworth.” Blagden Graywolf smiled, and even though his eyes remained closed, the honest pleasure shone in every plane of his face. If he was nervous, he hid it well.

“To my right is Caleb Cartwright, the head of our program for the visually impaired.”

Blagden extended his hand after touching the side of the desk discreetly. He held his hand higher than was usual, but Caleb assumed that was because he wasn’t sure what obstacles he might bump.

He grasped Blagden’s hand and found the other magical creature’s grip strong and dry. “Pleased to meet you,” he murmured, embarrassed by how gruff he sounded.

“Tell us a little about yourself,” Mrs. Pennyworth invited.

The Night Wanderer settled back in the chair, clasping his hands in his lap. He turned his head toward her voice, but occasionally... He wasn’t actually glancing at Caleb to keep him in the conversation, but the tilt of his head gave that impression.

That’s something I need to teach Nat. His son had a tendency to address a random corner of whatever room he sat in or sometimes his shoes or his hands. Blagden Graywolf looked thoroughly invested in this interview.

He told them about growing up on a reservation in Utah, about being born totally blind, and how he’d decided to pursue being a teacher of the visually impaired because he loved all the tricks he’d been taught over the years.

“I thought the reservations didn’t have as ready access to teachers of the visually impaired as most schools,” Caleb put in. It was his understanding that Native American children weren’t given the same advantages. They were often overlooked or underserved. Of course, Night Wanderers weren’t exactly Native Americans, although their appearance had fooled many over the centuries. But since he’d been living on a reservation, he would have been subject to the same prejudices.

“My grandmother, uncle, and older brother are all blind,” Blagden said comfortably. “My grandmother went to the Perkins School for the Blind. She made sure we were all braille readers. And I attended a public school in Salt Lake City to make



sure I got all the vision services I needed.” His dark eyebrows rose over his closed eyes. They were feathery and narrow, those brows. Elegant. “I had a series of three great TVI instructors during my school years.” Then he returned his attention to Mrs. Pennyworth. His focus was a little off to her left, but not tremendously so. “Ma’am, before I ramble too much, is there anything you’d specifically like to know?”

“What made you leave the human sector and seek a job with SearchLight?”

Blagden tensed. His hands in his lap, formerly folded together, knotted into a tight ball. “I’d prefer not to say.”

“We received glowing reports from your former colleagues and principals,” Mrs. Pennyworth said smoothly, as if he hadn’t just refused to answer a question during an interview. As she progressed into familiar territory, including asking what Blagden’s greatest strengths and weaknesses were, Caleb found himself daydreaming about his head teacher-to-be. Despite his refusal to answer a basic question, he was years more qualified than any of the other magical creatures they’d interviewed. Many of those would find jobs here, but as paraeducators and other instructional aides, not as the lead teacher.

The man began talking with his hands as well as his voice at one point, and Caleb interrupted a nice fantasy about kissing the Night Wanderer to ask, “Are you actually using tactile sign language?”

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