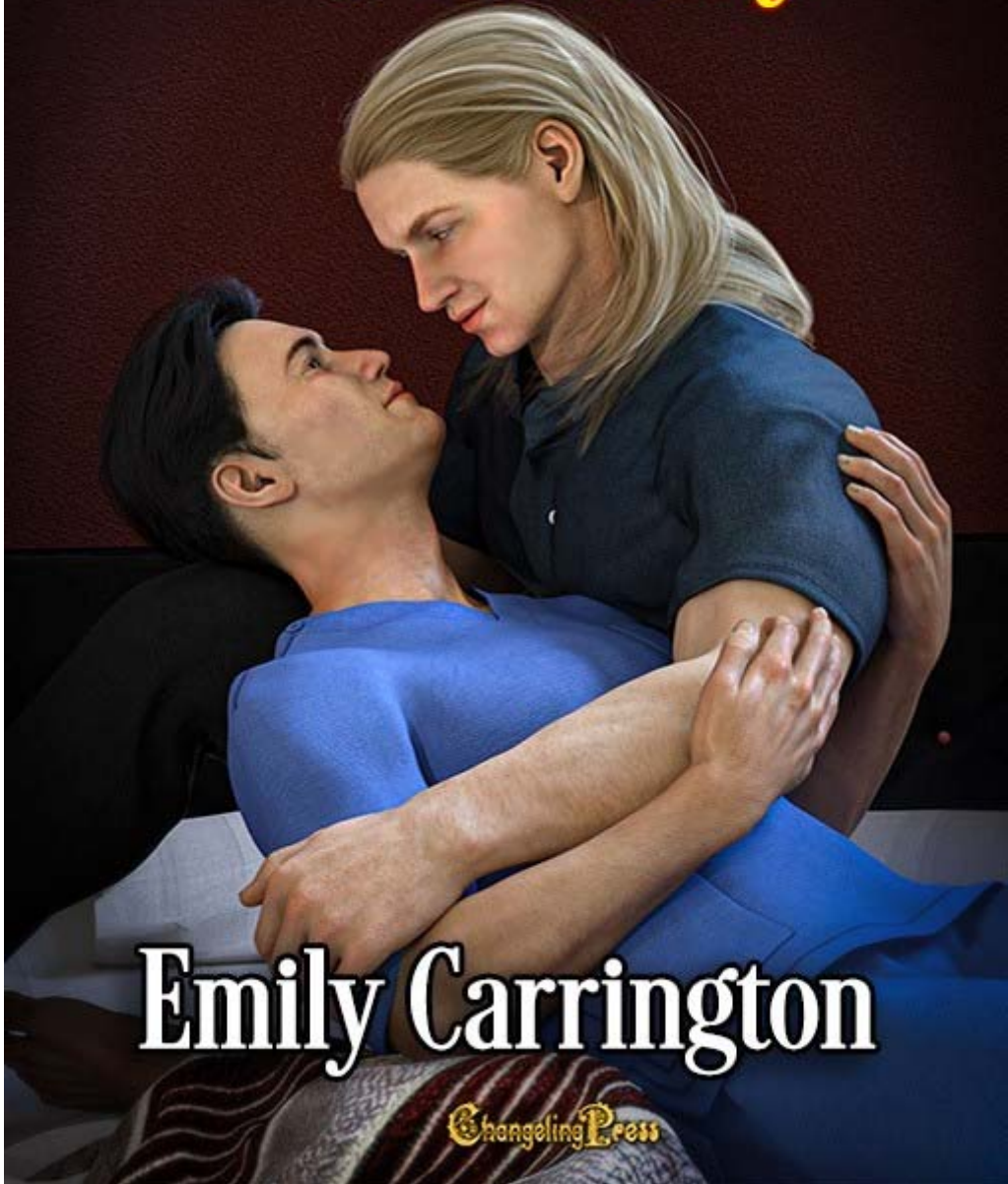


The **BOSS**  
& The  
Secretary



Emily Carrington

Changeling Press

**The Boss and the Secretary**  
**A Marisburg Chronicles Encounter**  
**Emily Carrington**

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**The Boss and the Secretary**  
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**Abe and Peter take a break from their usual light BDSM games to play Peter's favorite fantasy.**

## The Boss and the Secretary

"Boss and secretary?"

Peter grinned at Abe's suggestion. It wasn't that Peter didn't enjoy their BDSM games. He definitely did. But something about the way Abe fell naturally into the boss's role was just... hot.

Abe crossed his arms and stood with his feet shoulder-width apart. He frowned fiercely. Then he unfolded his arms and signed, "You need to learn to take better dictation."

Peter schooled his features into a contrite mask. "Yes, sir," he signed back.

"I've been training you, but you just don't get it. Come over here and watch my mouth."

Peter approached, quickly suppressing his smile.

"*I want your cock. I want it in my mouth,*" Abe signed as he spoke. "What did I say?"

"You want my cock. You want it in your mouth."

"That's not what I said."

"*I want your cock? I want it in my mouth?*"

"Good." Abe undid his fly and freed his member. "Put your actions where your words are."

Peter smirked before forcing himself to nod humbly. He knelt and took Abe's shaft between his lips.

And almost laughed his surprise when Abe gripped the back of his head and thrust into his mouth. It was an unaccustomed show of dominance and Peter really enjoyed it. He took over half of Abe's length in and began to lick and suck enthusiastically.

When Abe pulled away, his wet cock fully erect, he was breathing hard. Peter couldn't hear it, but he could see the way Abe gasped and he felt the tremble in his lover's hands. He smiled, aroused beyond belief by Abe's obvious lust.

Abe signed with shaking hands, "My turn."

Peter stood, but Abe pushed him back, gently but firmly, until the backs of his legs hit the bed. "You will not stand equal with your boss," Abe signed.

"Yes, sir," Peter replied in like kind. His heart hammered in his chest, and he knew he was going to come. So, he risked a warning. "I'm very close."

"Do you think you can still claim me after I pleasure you?"

Would he still be hard, in other words? Peter shrugged helplessly. How could he know what his body would do? Sometimes he was able to maintain an erection, or at least half a one, after oral sex. Sometimes not.

"I'll risk it." And Abe was kneeling between Peter's feet and taking the thick shaft between his lips. He began bobbing his head and hollowing out his cheeks.

Peter gripped Abe's shoulders, needing to hold off for just another few seconds...

But Abe didn't stop, deep throating as Peter couldn't. Peter came, ejaculating even harder when he felt Abe swallowing what he had to give. And when Abe drew back, Peter was still half hard.

"Good," Abe signed. "Because I want you to fuck me. Hard and long."

They arranged themselves on the bed, Abe on his back so he could sign to Peter if need be and Peter between his lover's parted thighs. "I don't need any preparation today," Abe signed. "Just go slow." He grinned wickedly and added, "Like your dictation."

Peter positioned himself, met Abe's eyes, and pushed in gently and slowly. He knew if Abe felt any pain it would show in his gaze. But there was only heat in Abe's gaze and Peter was fully seated in less than a minute.

As they rocked together, Peter watched Abe's eyes flicker with need and contentment mixed. He understood.

When Abe came, squirting all over Peter's stomach and crying out, his mouth open in a, to Peter, silent scream, his muscles tightened around Peter's cock.

One thrust. Two. And Peter was coming again.

They rolled together out of the worst of the mess that had landed on the blanket. Peter slipped out and hugged Abe against him.

After a little time, Abe pulled away slightly and signed, "We made a mess."

Peter grinned. "Are you complaining?" he signed back.

"Nope. But we need to wash the blanket." His gaze turned hungry and he said, "If you'll bend to put it in the washing machine, I might be tempted to spank you."

They made love again, this time in the laundry room.

## Compassion Fatigue (Marisburg Chronicles 1)

Emily Carrington

Peter Campbell, a deaf man who teaches sign language classes, believes no one would ever love a bisexual man. When his new veterinarian, Dr. Abe Yoshida, shows him he's wrong, Peter is left with the monumental task of coming out to his teenage daughter. Can his growing love for Abe give him the courage he needs?

The holidays are the worst time for Dr. Abe. He recently lost a patient, and the circumstances leave him struggling under a burden of guilt. Adding to his depression, as the COVID-19 pandemic worsens, he finds himself the victim of anti-Asian hate crimes. Then he meets Peter, a compassionate, partially in the closet bisexual man. Will Abe let love heal his heart, or will suicide's sour music bewitch his soul?

## Emily Carrington

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