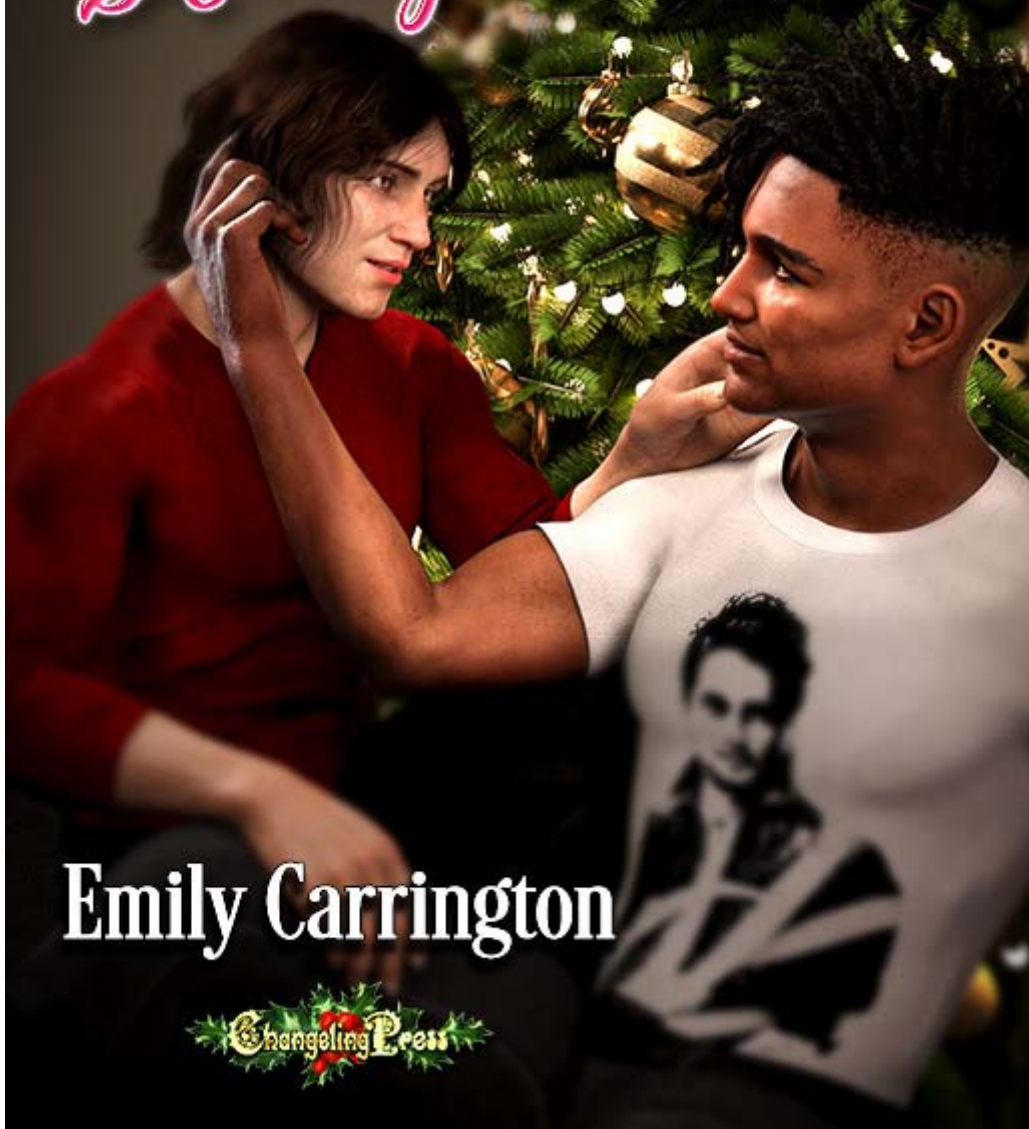


ENCOUNTERS

*Pink
Frosting*



Emily Carrington

Changeling Press

Pink Frosting
A Marisburg Chronicles Encounter
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Jake can't stop thinking about Tyler and a sexy encounter with a cupcake's pink frosting. For the first time, Jake realizes he wants more than just friendship with Tyler.

Pink Frosting

Jake had been having trouble concentrating all afternoon, which was highly unusual for him. He was usually focused and detail-oriented by nature. About an hour and a half before the end of his workday, he told the current intern he was going to the restroom.

He almost added he'd be back as soon as he could, but that sounded like TMI, Too Much Information, so he simply went out of the ADA Coordinator's office, turned left, and strode down to the employees' only bathroom, using his key to open the door. It was a single-stalled room, but luckily there was a door on the stall because this was a coed toilet.

"Tyler," Jake whispered. His balls tightened as he remembered the way Tyler had licked his finger clean.

The beautiful, dark-skinned man had brought Jake a cupcake for his birthday, pink with little rainbow candies. "They didn't have Happy Birthday cupcakes," Tyler had explained, looking quite flustered. "I hope you like chocolate."

"Love it," Jake had responded. What he'd really loved in that moment, he thought as he closed the stall door and undid his fly, was Tyler's sweetness. Jake didn't deserve a man as sweet and caring as Tyler but for the moment, he could pretend.

He took the condom out of his back pocket. He didn't always carry one but he'd slipped it in there from his stash in his backpack before coming down the hall. Now, he ripped off the foil, stuffed that back into the same pocket, and rolled the condom into place.

Tyler was probably the most beautiful man Jake had ever seen. Tall, built like a linebacker, and smarter by half than most of the people Jake knew, Tyler was perfection.

Jake wrapped his hand around his cock and began to stroke. He spread his legs and braced himself with one hand on the side of the stall. When he'd tried to take the

pink-frosted cupcake out of its box, he'd gotten frosting all over the first finger of his right hand. He'd looked in vain for a napkin but hadn't found one.

That was when Tyler caught Jake's hand and brought the finger to his lips. Without saying a word, he asked if he could help. Jake, whose heart had been thundering in his chest just from the touch of Tyler's hand, had nodded and watched in fascinated arousal as his finger disappeared between Tyler's lips.

Stroking faster now, Jake closed his eyes and replayed the moment Tyler had licked the tip of his finger. He swallowed a moan and his hand became a blur. He could feel every muscle below his waist tightening as his orgasm rushed toward him.

"Tyler," he whispered as he came. "Tyler..."

Jake had a feeling his concentration would be a lot better the rest of the afternoon.

O Christmas Tree (Marisburg Chronicles 2)

Emily Carrington

For Jake, losing his eyesight isn't nearly as frightening as having to rely on someone else. Especially if he wants that other person to be his lover. He was taught from an early age that being gay is synonymous with being a sissy and he can't see past that lesson to the one Tyler is trying to teach him.

Tyler has been attracted to Jake since they first met. When Jake comes to Tyler's bed, it seems all of Tyler's dreams are coming true -- except Jake says he doesn't want to be more than friends with benefits. Can Tyler stand being Jake's second choice?

Emily Carrington

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