



The Leather Chair
A Jack & Gil Encounter
Emily Carrington

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ENCOUNTERS

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Winter's a hard time for Jack. Being alone makes it worse. Remembering his lover, Alex, makes him feel better.

The Leather Chair

Jack settled himself at his desk to finish his work for the day. He could have kept working at the school but his need for solitude warred with his craving for companionship. In the end, despite the loneliness, he'd opted to go home.

It was the heart of winter, a good three weeks after Christmas. There had been celebrations for the Solstice and at least three other holidays at SearchLight Academy and Jack had participated in all those to which faculty had been invited. He'd needed the rounds of cheer, and beer, to combat his mid-winter blues. He didn't struggle with Seasonal Affective Disorder, not like some of the people he'd known in Florida who had moved specifically south to avoid that troublesome form of depression but he still felt the lowness of December and January.

December was the month Alex had gone into the hospital and January the month he'd died. And Even though nearly forty years lay between that time and this, Jack struggled.

He abruptly strode into the living room. He opened the chest he'd had built two decades ago and fished through it for the blanket he used when he was feeling especially low. He took the afghan off the back of the leather chair and folded it with quick, efficient movements. Then he closed the chest and lovingly smoothed his favorite blanket over the back of the chair -- Alex's final tangible present to him. It was a wingback, done in fading brown leather, incredibly soft and yet supportive at the same time. Alex had ostensibly bought it for himself but had given it over gladly when Jack discovered how much fun it was to use as a brace for more energetic activities.

He didn't have the curtains open. It was dark and miserably cold outside. Safely hidden from the world, he began to strip.

When he was naked, baring his sixty-seven-year-old body to the coolness of the room, he took a moment to trace his fingers over his flat stomach and up to his nipples, which peaked due to the chill in the air. He closed his eyes as he continued to explore

his body, imagining his touch was Alex's, pretending Alex was crouched in front of him, ready to claim him.

His cock raised its head and he smiled as he reached blindly for the condoms he kept in a small drawer beside the chair. He didn't sit, but turned to face the chair and planted his hands on the arms, bracing himself, legs spread. He bent there for a moment, enjoying the anticipation as he thought of Alex standing just behind him, ready to slip a finger inside his tight hole.

He stood straight and rolled the condom into place. He and Alex had been using condoms long before they were popular. It was part Jack's fastidiousness, part Alex's dark past that had spawned the wearing of rubber. But now, Jack couldn't come very easily without a condom on.

He rested one hand on the back of the chair, smiling at the lightness of his skin against the forest green, black, and red of the blanket. "I love you, Alex," he whispered.

He took a breath and pulled a butt plug from the drawer. Popping the often-cleansed toy between his lips, he sucked on it enthusiastically as he ran one finger down the crack of his ass. When the plug was moistened to his satisfaction and he'd indulged in a brief fantasy that he was sucking the head of Alex's covered cock, he put the butt plug where it truly belonged.

His body adjusted quickly and his cock throbbed even as he tightened his ass muscles and his thighs responded by going taut as well. He moaned. "Oh, Alex." He braced himself on the chair's left arm as he found his sweet spot with the plug and pressed home. His loins ached with need and he groaned softly as he pressed the plug deeper. He could almost feel Alex's breath on the back of his neck and he shuddered.

When he came, it was with Alex's name on his lips. After he'd finished, his climax made him press his eyes shut and he'd ridden out the aftershocks, he felt a little less lonely.

Rhyme of Longing (Jack and Gil 1)
A Searchlight Paranormal Romance
Emily Carrington

Gilbert Sullivan hates his name, but refuses to go by Gil because of a rhyme he fears is a prophecy. When he meets Jack Sowerby, the new head of SearchLight, he's terrified the rhyme will come true and he'll lose his place as Crown Prince of the basilisks, but his attraction to Jack won't let him stay away.

Jack, born human, is, above all things, practical. Still, when he meets Prince Gilbert, his need for the prince blossoms and he's unable to resist -- at least until he's forcibly changed into a magical creature. He's terrified of the new world he's entering. When Gilbert tries to fight the rhyme, will their shattered relationship ever be restored?

[Jack & Gil Series](#)

[Emily Carrington](#)

Emily Carrington is a multipublished author of male/male and transgender erotica. Seeking a world made of equality, she created SearchLight to live out her dreams. But even SearchLight has its problems, and Emily is looking forward to working all of these out with a host of characters from dragons and genies to psychic vampires.

Fantasy creatures not your thing? Emily has also created a contemporary romance world, called Sticks and Stones, where she explores being “different” in a small town.

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