



Before All Hell...

A Jack & Gil Encounter

Emily Carrington

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ENCOUNTERS

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Gil stewes about his secrets until Jack persuades him to enjoy the little bit of time they have to themselves.

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Gil knew he wasn't going to like himself in the morning but he'd been living with that since he'd tried to play the jealous lover with Jack. This was ten million times worse though, because his very identity was under attack.

Siyabonga had said he wasn't Prince Gilbert Sullivan anymore. Instead, he'd been, well, disowned, he supposed, by his parents, the king and queen of the basilisks, who'd chosen to follow his sister into madness. If only-

He jumped when sharp teeth nipped his ear. He looked down at Jack, only vaguely aware that he'd been chewing on the inside of his cheek while laying on top of his gorgeous lover. They'd just finished having sex.

He glanced at the clock on the bedside table and reevaluated his sense of time. He'd lost a good ten minutes in his worries. He frowned at Jack, who was looking at him in concern. "Why did you let me drift off like that?"

Jack made a face but there was humor living in his green-eyed gaze. "I figured you were disappointed your cock was no longer in its proper sheath. Then I was 'drifting' too." He added in a softer tone, "But my thoughts were running along happy channels. Where'd you go?"

Gil shook his head. "I don't want to talk about it yet."

"It's about our day tomorrow," Jack deduced.

"Sort of." Gil didn't want to lose his lover. Not after just getting him back.

"Let it go for now," Jack encouraged. "Let's enjoy each other one more time before all hell breaks loose."

Gil kissed him, glorying in the warmth that was Jack's mouth. He felt his body stirring as he pushed thoughts of his future as a pauper away. He gripped Jack's shoulder with one hand and used the other for balance. And when Jack lifted his hips in obvious invitation, Gil couldn't help but give in. He sat back, stroking himself to create wood. "I love you," he told his sunset-haired god.

Jack snickered. "A god, am I?"

Oh damn, he hadn't meant to share that thought.

"OK, but only if you're my god, too." Jack pumped his half-erect cock twice before asking, "Do you want me to taste you?"

Gil didn't hesitate. He stripped off the condom he'd been using and knee-walked until his bare cock was in Jack's face. He sucked in a breath, anticipating.

And Jack licked the very tip, rolling the precum around in his mouth. "Salty." He grinned, amusement again flashing in his eyes. Then he deep-throated Gil.

Gil moaned and forced himself not to buck his hips as Jack took him in deep, sucking enthusiastically until stars sparkled in Gil's mind.

He pulled out short of coming. "You're...you're..." He meant to say "amazing" or something akin but what came out was: "I want you."

"Then claim me."

"Are you still stretched or do I need to --"

Jack laughed. "Two hundred-ish years old and you don't know how to make love twice in one night? Yes, I'm stretched still."

Gil tried to be offended but Jack was obviously teasing. He kissed Jack, tasting himself a little, and then looked down to make sure Jack was perfectly hard. He was.

Gil reentered Jack's ass with a hiss of gratitude. He couldn't think when buried in Jack's heat, and that was how he liked it.

He began to move.

Jack rocked under him, sometimes meeting his thrusts, sometimes teasing by pulling away so Gil couldn't go quite as deep.

Gil whispered, "Quit teasing me, Jack, damn it!"

"Nope." And Jack pinched Gil's right nipple.

Gil shuddered as orgasm took him unexpectedly. He continued to thrust, wanting Jack to come too. But by the time he was done, Jack hadn't found his own release.

Gil stripped off Jack's used condom, tossing it in the general direction where he'd thrown his own. Then he went down on Jack.

In less than a minute, Jack came, shouting Gil's name.

Gil sat back on his heels, satisfied. "I love the sound of my name on your lips."

"Arrogant," Jack said fondly. Then he asked, "After we clean up, want to go again?"

Gil most certainly did.

Rhyme of Loss (Jack and Gil 2)
A Searchlight Paranormal Romance
Emily Carrington

Jack is falling apart, but no one seems to notice. He's transforming into an animal with the ability to rend flesh and kill with little thought, and there's no one but Gil who can save him. But as Jack withdraws into himself, the tide of war rises. Jack must find a way to regain his strength and determination or SearchLight will fall. And he is convinced he must do it alone.

Gil has resolved never to leave Jack, but that's hard when his beloved smells of another man and he keeps pulling away. Convinced he's been replaced, Gil tries to play mean games, but his love for Jack trumps pettiness. Will change destroy them?

[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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