

**Peter's Spanking**  
*A Marisburg Chronicles Encounter*  
**Emily Carrington**



Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS

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**It's the morning of their wedding, and Peter needs something special from his soon-to-be husband. As always, Abe is up to the challenge.**

## Peter's Spanking

When Peter awoke the morning of their wedding, he bounced out of bed. He wasn't a morning person by nature, not by a long shot, but he could smell coffee downstairs and he knew by the coolness of the sheets Abe had been up for some time.

He usually craved coffee like a man dying of thirst needs water. Today, however, was different. He needed Abe.

Clad in nothing at all, he swung his legs out of bed and left the bed itself unmade, even though that was usually his first task. Abe loved a well-made bed. It was the man's brief stint in the military that made him that way, or so Peter firmly believed. But he'd just have to sneak up here and put it to rights at some other point. He wanted it to be picture-perfect when he and his new husband walked in after the ceremony. But he couldn't wait. He needed Abe now.

He crept down the stairs, noting that Tracks was following him. The orange tomcat was probably meowing, based on his open mouth, but Peter, who couldn't hear, still put a finger to his lips. If Abe heard Tracks meowing, he'd come to investigate. And Peter wanted to take him by surprise.

He made it to the bottom of the stairs and approached the kitchen on, he hoped, silent feet. Abe was standing by the stove, making tea in addition to coffee, and he didn't turn as Peter moved slowly closer.

Closer yet.

Abe jumped when Peter was about two steps away and turned, his gaze trained on the floor. He laughed. "Tracks you --" Then he saw Peter, or probably Peter's feet, and he laughed again.

Looking up, he signed, "You both startled the hell out of me. What's the idea, sneaking around?" But then his mouth stopped moving and so did his hands. He met Peter's gaze and then his own dropped to Peter's half erect cock. He reached out without hesitation and stroked his lover to full erection.

"I'm assuming that's for me?" he asked in American Sign Language.

"Yes indeed," Peter returned in like kind. "But I need a spanking first. Because I startled you."

Abe's eyes lit with mischief. "You were trying for a spanking? That's why you snuck up on me?"

"Well, sort of." Peter flushed. "The real reason I need a spanking is because I failed to keep Tracks quiet."

Abe covered his mouth but his eyes crinkled at the corners. Then he turned to the stove and flipped off the burner. In one fluid motion, he removed his belt from its loops and presented it to Peter. "Bind your hands," he signed. "I want you --" he made air quotes "gagged for this."

Peter did as he was bidden and watched with hungry eyes as Abe began to slowly undress. By the time his soon-to-be husband was naked, Peter's palms were sweating in the leather. He clutched the belt tightly and watched Abe's cock bob.

*Damn it, he thought, I want you. Now, tomorrow, and for the rest of our lives.*

Abe turned Peter with expert hands and pushed him until he stood facing the wall. Abe arranged Peter's hands, nudged him until he stood with his legs spread, and then let fly. He spanked Peter until sweat stood out at Peter's temples and he couldn't keep the moan behind his teeth. He was usually self-conscious about sounds he made but Abe had reassured him they were neither too loud, which was his biggest fear, or inappropriate. He begged the only way he could -- he moaned.

Abe quit spanking him and wrapped one slight hand around Peter's length, not stroking but squeezing at the base. He then licked his way across Peter's shoulder and down his spine, bending until he reached the cleft of Peter's ass. He didn't slip his tongue in. Peter was the top. But he bit.

Peter arched and his hands briefly lost contact with the wall. He shuddered.

Abe rearranged their positions, freeing Peter's hands. "I don't need any prep," he signed. "That got me hot."

Peter nodded but slipped one finger between Abe's lips.

“Didn’t you understand?” Abe asked when his mouth was free and Peter refocused on his hands. “No prep.”

“Some,” Peter signed. “I want you desperate.”

Abe closed his eyes and mouthed something that looked like, “God, I want you.” Then he opened his dark eyes and smiled. “Do as you will.”

Peter turned him to the wall and slipped that still-wet finger home. He prevented Abe from rocking on it and set a deliberately slow pace, rubbing his aching balls against Abe’s ass. *Want you*, he thought. *Want you on the edge*.

When Abe threw back his head, Peter knew his lover was close. He quit fingering him and slipped in all the way to his balls, nestling them right where they belonged. He took Abe hard, over the edge, and came deep inside his beloved.

When he stepped back on shaking legs, Abe sank to a crouch and began wiping off the wall. Peter caught his hands, knelt, and wiped the wall clean. Then he licked his palms.

Abe murmured something, his lips too much in Peter’s periphery to be clear. Peter turned his head and raised an eyebrow in inquiry.

“I want you again. But if we don’t get dressed, we’re going to be late for the ceremony.”

Peter urged Abe to his feet and then deep-throated his lover. He then drew back and signed, “It won’t kill anyone if we’re five minutes late.”

## [Marisburg Chronicles](#)

Read more about Peter and Abe in:

### [Compassion Fatigue \(Marisburg Chronicles 1\)](#)

A Sticks & Stones Romance

By 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?

Trigger Warning: Deals with Asian Hate Crimes, COVID-19, depression and suicidal thoughts in characters with disabilities, which may be triggers for some readers.

### [Independence Fatigue \(Marisburg Chronicles 3\)](#)

A Sticks & Stones Romance

By Emily Carrington

Being a Dom isn't working for Peter Campbell. He really craves the release of being a submissive, but he's confused about the sub's role. He is also struggling with a much larger issue.

Dr. Abe knows there's something bothering his lover, but he doesn't know how to work through their difficulties when Peter won't talk to him. Convinced it's their bed play that has Peter out of sorts, Abe is determined to fix whatever's wrong. What will happen when the doctor discovers there's something bigger than their problems in the bedroom?

## [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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