

The book cover features a close-up, profile view of a young man with dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes, looking downwards. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with horizontal lines, suggesting a wooden interior. The title 'The Healing' is written in a large, ornate, green, textured font with a white outline. The author's name 'Andrew Grey' is written in a smaller, white, cursive font below the title. The entire cover is framed by a decorative green border with a repeating pattern.

The
Healing

Andrew Grey

THE HEALING by Andrew Grey
Copyright 2010, all rights reserved

Cover by Jade

This edition is presented by GLBT Bookshelf
as part of a campaign to raise funds for the wiki.

www.gltbookshelf.com

<http://www.andrewgreybooks.com/>

Also by Andrew Grey

SPOT ME

CHILDREN OF BACCUS

CHILD OF JOY

THURSDAY'S CHILD

THE BEST REVENGE

BOTTLED UP

UNCORKED

LOVE MEANS... series

WINTER LOVE

...and many more

The Healing

Andrew Grey

The Healing

Andrew Grey

I am broken, wounded, incomplete, and I always have been. For the last ten years, I have been with my Robbie. He is a wonderful, caring, loving, supportive, and somewhat frustrated man. You see in all that time, I have never been able to give myself to him. In fact, I have never been able to give myself to anyone, ever. Oh, I want to, I want to very badly, but sadly, penetration with anything larger than a finger is excruciatingly... blindingly... painful. So in one very important way, I'm still a virgin at 35.

Robbie, bless his heart, has been patient and extremely understanding. One Saturday afternoon, a few weeks ago, he lovingly stripped me down, removing each article of clothing slowly and deliberately, kissing my skin as he exposed it to his lips, his hands stroking lovingly across my body. Once I was naked, he massaged my muscles, especially my butt, until I was a woozy, quivering mass. Rob then parted my cheeks, licking slowly down my crack to my hole. "Rob, oh..." I whimpered as his tongue thrust into my butt. I felt fingers circling my opening as his tongue continued its exquisite torture. Slowly and carefully, he worked a finger into me. I purred as his digit entered me, retreated and entered again. That felt so good. Maybe there was hope, maybe I just needed to relax and take it slow.

I felt him turn and twist his finger and I thrust my butt toward him, cooing and moaning with each movement. "Baby, I'm going to try for two." His voice was smooth as honey and soft as melting butter. I knew Robbie would be looking for any

signs of discomfort, I trusted him completely. The second finger breached me and the nerves in my butt exploded in waves of searing, burning, spots behind the eyes, pain.

The fingers immediately disappeared, arms wrapped around me, kisses covered my neck and shoulders, as his body pressed to mine, "I'm sorry baby, I..." I could hear the concern in his voice.

Turning over, I returned his kisses as tears of disappointment ran down my cheeks and onto his shoulders. Slowly, I shifted my body, pushing him down onto the bed as I kissed him hard, my lips pushing against his, taking his mouth, and loving him as best I could. Sliding my body down his, I kissed my way from his lips, around his pert nipples, to his long, beautiful cock. My tongue slid across the head, pressing into his leaking slit. His shaft slid perfectly along my tongue and down my throat. Robbie crooned a steady stream of moans and whimpers as I worked his cock with my mouth, tongue, and throat. His hips thrust gently toward me and I met each thrust, tears of regret and shame still running down my face.

Robbie whimpered softly, "Baby, you're the best, I love you," as he thrashed on the bed, coming in buckets down my throat.

Robbie's arms pulled me to him, his lips kissing me hard, "I love you, Rob." Tears still rolled down my cheeks. I felt broken, incapable of loving him fully. "I just wish..." my voice trailed off as he captured my lips again, tears still streaking my face.

Robbie's voice is reassuringly soft as he continued kissing me while he rocked me gently in his arms, "It doesn't matter, baby. It doesn't matter." But it does, I know it does.

Over the course of our ten year relationship, we'd been through a lot together, both good and bad. But through everything we loved and supported each other, no matter what. When I was in Europe for five months on business and we were only

able to see each other for a week here and there, he remained as faithful and loving as he always had. I considered myself the luckiest man in the world.

So a few week's later, when I had to fly to Grand Rapids on business, Robbie took me to the airport, kissed me goodbye at the curb, and watched as I entered the airport.

My flight landed on-time and I arrived at my hotel early on Monday evening. After a light dinner, I headed to a small local gym near the hotel for some exercise.

Entering the clean, bright gym, I noticed a blond haired god-man watching me. He wasn't muscular like Robbie, but he was lithe and beautiful. He eyes weren't looking at me casually or furtively and then glancing away. Instead, he looked like he was staring deep into me, almost looking into my soul. Pulling my eyes away from him, I followed the desk attendant's directions and headed into the locker room. After changing my clothes, I walked back onto the workout floor and found an empty treadmill.

As if by magic, the blond god-man appeared on the treadmill next to me and started his workout. I turned my attention to the book I'd brought with me and tried my best to ignore him. It was hard, and so was I, but I kept thinking of my warm, loving Robbie at home and soon I was engrossed in my book. But all through my workout, I was aware of his gaze. As my workout came to an end, I turned my head and he was still there, watching me, looking intensely into me. I turned, meeting his eyes, "Can I help you?" My voice was faint; I was unsure and a little apprehensive.

"No, but I can help you." He looked knowingly into my eyes. Stopping his treadmill, he turned briskly, and walked toward the locker room, his body moving and gliding with an almost animal-like grace.

Almost hypnotically, I followed him into the locker-room, his words echoing in my head. Reaching my locker, I

changed into the my bathing suit, threw my towel over my shoulder, and headed back toward the sauna, stopping at a sink to splash cold water on my face in an effort to clear my head.

The sauna looked empty as I peered through the window and I breathed a sigh of relief. Opening the door, I entered the hot, soothing sauna, sitting on one of the benches, my back resting against the warm wood paneled wall.

“Wonderful, isn’t it.” The voice sounded like Robbie’s, all soft honey and melted butter. As I looked around the dark sauna, I saw the blonde god-man sitting in the corner, leaning against the wall.

“Do you want something from me?” I was nervous and got up to leave.

“No, Don, I don’t want anything from you.” His voice calming and reassuring, “I can help you.” His eyes were large, his expression open without malice or deceit. I knew then he wouldn’t hurt me, but I didn’t know what he wanted.

“How do you know my name? Who are you?”

“My name’s not important.” He got up from his bench and walked over to me, standing directly in front of me. “Shhh...” My body felt disconnected from my brain and I couldn’t move as his hands slipped down my side, sliding my bathing suit past my hips and down my legs until it fell on the floor. He then slid his hands down his own hips and slipped off his own bathing suit. His cock sprang from his body, long and lean and perfect, exactly like Robbie’s.

He sat on the edge of the bench, his cock, hard, pointing at the ceiling. He indicated that I should come to him. I wanted too, but I couldn’t. With a gentle nod of his head, my inhibitions left me and I moved toward him. Following instructions impressed into my mind, I stepped onto the bench, squatted over his cock and I felt him guide my hips as he lowered my body onto him. “I can’t...” my words feeble and offered little resistance.

Breathy words in a voice that sounded like Robbie's filled my ears, "Yes, you can." His fingers gently covered my eyes and I squeezed them shut. Slowly, I sank lower, his cock pressing to my entrance. "Yes, you can." He guided me lower and I felt him breach me with no preparation and no lubrication. Instead of the expected waves of pain, I experienced a floor of warmth and love. "Think of him. Think of the one you love." Images of Robbie flooded my mind as I sank lower and lower, his cock sliding effortlessly into my body. His face was near mine, his lips next to my own, but he made no move to kiss me. "Think of Robbie, think of him. He is filling you, he loves you."

Images of Robbie and our years together filled my mind as he jerked and throbbed inside me. He made no move to lift me and there was no thrusting. I knew instinctively that he wasn't going to fuck me; he just needed to be inside me. His words poured around me and I felt as though Robbie were there with me. "Think of your love for him." My cock was rock hard and throbbing, but I had no urge to touch myself and felt no need to come.

Slowly, I felt him raise my hips, guiding me off of him. I felt him slip silently, and to my surprise painlessly, from my body.

I tried to stand, but my knees and legs felt weak and spongy. He supported me as he pulled my bathing suit back into place before restoring his own. When he was done, I looked into his eyes, "What happened?"

"I healed you." His voice still had that same mellow smooth tone. "I made you whole again."

"Who are you?" I looked at him, but he made no sound. As I watched him, I saw a pair of small horns appear at his hairline.

"My name is Dartham."

I stepped back involuntarily. "What are you?"

His face broke into a disarmingly bright smile, "I'm a satyr."

This couldn't be happening, "But how?"

"Each of us has a special gift. Mine is the ability to heal... physically... spiritually." I looked at him confusion showing on my face. "A few weeks ago, you made a wish. Your wish was heard and I was sent here to grant it."

I was completely confounded, "But, why?"

"You made your wish for Robbie, in order to make him happy. Not for yourself, but for the man you love with your whole heart." Tenderly, he stroked my cheek and smiled, "When you get home, you'll be able to love Robbie the way you've always wished." My first reaction was fear, how could I explain what had just happened to Robbie? I felt his hand caress my cheek again, "Tell Robbie what happened, he'll understand." Turning quickly, he smiled again and opened the door to the sauna. As he turned I saw that he had a small elegant tail in the small of his back. Then he was gone, the sauna door closing behind him. I followed him out a minute later, but I couldn't see him. Throwing my towel over my shoulder, I walked to the showers and got cleaned up. As I dressed, I expected to see him in the locker room, but he was nowhere to be found.

The week passed quickly and I found myself on a plane home. All week I'd been tired and lethargic with no real vitality. But, as I arrived at the airport, I felt a surge of energy course through my body. Heading to baggage claim, I saw Robbie waiting for me. He hugged me tightly as he always did. I returned the hug, running my fingers through his hair. "I'm glad you're home, baby."

"Me too, I missed you." Public displays of affection generally weren't our style, but in that moment, all the love I had for Robbie flooded through me. Without thinking, I put my hands on his head and drew our lips together in a searing, hot kiss. "I love you, Rob."

He smiled a warmly, lovingly, "I love you too." Releasing him from my embrace, we followed the signs to baggage claim.

Retrieving my luggage, I followed Robbie outside to the parking lot. The autumn air was crisp and cool. At the car I stowed the bags in the trunk and climbed into the passenger seat. "Do you need anything to eat?"

"No, I just want to be home, alone with you." Robbie drove home while I looked at him, my hand on his leg.

We rode quietly together until we pulled up in front of the house. I got out, opened the trunk, and we carried my bags inside and upstairs to our bedroom. Once in our bedroom, I set down the bags and kissed Robbie deeply, pressing his body toward the bed, while I pulled his shirt over his head. His hard, strong chest glistened with a light sheen of sweat. I ran my hands across his chest, feeling the muscles ripple beneath my hand. Whispering, "I love you," I took his mouth while I opened his pants, rubbing my palm across the bulge.

Robbie threw his head back as I massaged his now hard cock, "Baby, that feels so good, I missed you so much," his hips thrusting gently against my hand.

"I missed you too." Gently, I pressed him onto the bed as I climbed on top of his hard body. My lips found his nipples, kissing, licking, and nibbling on a protruding nub while I gently rolled the other between my fingers. He thrust his chest forward to my lips and moaned a deep guttural moan as my hand slipped inside his briefs, cupping his balls. "Does that feel good?" My fingers wrapped around his long, hot shaft

"Oh yeah!" His hips were bucking gently against my hand. I smiled as I pulled my hands out of his underwear and removed his pants and briefs. "Don't move, love." He was naked, lying on his back and all that tanned skin and muscles were mine to feast on. Kneeling next to him on the bed, I ran my hands over the skin of his chest and stomach, luxuriating in the

feel of the hot smooth skin, the ridges on his stomach, the hard muscled pecs. Lifting his arm over his head, he whimpered softly as I ran my tongue along his side and into his musky armpit, the clipped hair feeling rough on my tongue. I repeated the movement on the other side and continued the sweet torture until he was writhing on the bed. Stepping to the floor and standing next to the bed, I looked into his eyes as I unbuttoned and removed my shirt before dropping the garment to the floor before stretching my arms over my head, giving him a good look at my smooth, long torso. Next, I slowly opened my pants, pushing them and my underwear past my hips and down my legs before stepping out of them.

“Baby, you look so hot.” Robbie stretches his arms toward me, but I shake my head gently. The show isn’t quite done yet.

Turning around, I bent over, giving him a good look at my butt. Spreading my legs wide, I heard him whimper like a puppy, “You like my hole?”

“Uh-huh.”

“You want my pucker?” I moved closer, letting him feel my butt.

“Mmmmm... God yes baby, always want you.” I heard him shift on the bed and then I felt his hands on my cheeks, spreading them apart. I whimpered as his tongue ran along my crack, searching for my hole. His tongue teased the edge of my opening before thrusting inside. Robbie was always a champion rimmer and this was no exception. In and out he thrust his tongue opening me up, skewering me. Usually, this was all he could do, but tonight I had a surprise for him. Or at least I hoped I did.

I asked the pivotal question, “You want to fuck me?” I heard a deep guttural groan and I took that as a yes. No words were needed to convey his feelings. Climbing back onto the bed, I straddled Robbie’s body. Reaching to the night stand, I lubed

his cock and my butt, and then positioned the head of his cock at my entrance. The look on his face was complete and total surprise as I slowly sat back, taking him into my body.

“Baby, don’t...” I felt every inch of him as he pushed passed the muscle and into my body. “Baby, how...?” I lifted my body until he was just inside me and then took him again in one swift movement. His eyes bulged, his breathing caught, and the words stopped.

He felt exquisite inside me and I lifted myself off his body, lying on my back next to him. Lifting my legs to my chest, I offered myself to him. “Love, I need you, now!” Robbie seemed to move in slow motion as he lifted himself from the bed. Kneeling between my legs, he positioning his cock at my opening, pressed forward, and filled me completely. “God, Rob... that’s incredible. I never imagined.” He started to move inside me, slowly as first, then picking up speed. “More, I want more, want it all!” I was overcome with lust and passion as his big cock moved inside me. My legs were on his shoulders, his hard, powerful chest above me, his eyes glowing as he showed the deep abiding love he always showed me, every time we made love. But this time, it felt like the first time, again... and again... and again.

“Baby, you feel so wonderful; you look so beautiful.” Taking his face in my hands, I pulled our mouths together. He thrust his tongue deep into my mouth, fucking my mouth while he fucked my ass. I started rocking back against him, meeting each thrust, clenching my muscles, making sure we remained connected.

“I’m your, love, yours forever.” I started pulling on my own cock to the rhythm of Robbie’s thrusts. The bed was shaking with each thrust, my head rocking from side to side on the pillow, whimpering as he continued pounding into me. Robbie leaned forward kissing me deeply as I came hard between our bodies.

Robbie licked the come off my chest, bringing his mouth to mine, and I tasted both of us at the same time as his tongue thrusts deep into my mouth.

I sucked hard on his tongue; he whimpered and moaned as I felt him throb deep inside me before flooding my insides for the first time. Robbie's ragged breathing evened out and he slowly withdrew, collapsing on the bed next to me, kissing me deeply. "Baby, what happened? I don't understand."

Kissing him tenderly, "Rob, let me tell you about my trip."