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STOCKING STUFFER

JET MYKLES

PRETTY
RED RIBBON

An erotic interlude
with the characters of *Heaven Sent: Heaven*

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HEAVEN SENT: HEAVEN

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This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (homoerotic sex).

Pretty Red Ribbon

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LooseId
**MERRY
CHRISTMAS!**



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Tyler swiped his card in the lock and hurriedly pushed open the door of the suite he shared with a rockstar. “Johnnie, I’m so sorry,” he said as he rushed in, “but with Edward gone home and ...” He stopped, realizing he was speaking to an empty room. “Johnnie?”

He stepped up behind the couch and peered over the back, but his lover wasn’t lying there. The Playstation and its controllers were stashed on the entertainment center beneath the television mounted on the wall. All but one of the room’s lamps were off.

He’d left Johnnie playing games about an hour ago, called away on a hotel emergency. Except that it hadn’t really been an emergency, just a spoiled, wealthy customer who insisted on telling the manager that room service was slow. Well, of *course* it was slow. It was Christmas and the staff was probably just a bit distracted by the unofficial party Tyler was gracious enough not to notice as long as they still serviced the customers. But he’d had to listen to her rant and make sure that he and the staff would atone.

Tyler stared at the silent television. Christmas music drifted through the air from the closed bedroom door. Had Johnnie gone to bed? It was only nine o’clock, absurdly early for him even if the two of them had been up most of the previous night. They’d spent Christmas

Eve and this morning at Amy's house, enjoying Tyler's young nieces' Christmas cheer. But tonight was supposed to be for him and Johnnie. Their first Christmas as a married couple.

Tyler sighed, closing his eyes in defeat. His fault. He shouldn't have left. Or he should have allowed them to go away for the night as Johnnie suggested. He turned toward the closed bedroom door and headed for it, ready to face the music. Christmas music, that is. Of course, the faint strains of holiday cheer coming from the bedroom didn't mean Johnnie was awake. He often liked to listen to music as he went to sleep.

Tyler saw the scrap of thick, red, faux velvet ribbon sticking out from under the door, lit by a soft light that peeped through the crack. Stalling, he bent to pick it up but it proved to be longer than he thought. He pulled until it resisted, attached to something.

Frowning, he stepped aside so he could open the door without letting the ribbon go. He stood as he stepped across the threshold.

And froze.

Johnnie was awake. Very much so. He was lying in the middle of the monstrosity of a bed that he'd insisted they buy, his back propped against the headboard, one leg stretched before him, the other bent. In his hands he held a pair of scissors and a roll of shiny blue ribbon. The red, by all appearances, had long run out as the entire spool of it was wrapped around Johnnie's nude limbs. But not just red. Green, yellow, gold, and silver also wound in thick and thin strands around long, smoothly muscled arms and legs and across Johnnie's beautiful, carved torso. His waist-length brown hair streamed loosely across his bare chest, mingling with the ribbons. No, *tied* with ribbons in haphazard ways. A sprig of mistletoe was bound with a merry red bow just above his left ear. Two cinnamon-scented candles sat on either nightstand, providing the only illumination to light the gorgeous scene.

Johnnie grinned, that wide, wolf grin that made Tyler's body ache to be close. "You're back."

“You’ve been busy.” Tyler chuckled, holding up his end of the red ribbon. The length was wound around Johnnie’s ankle and between his big toe and long middle toe. It seemed to be the same ribbon that spiraled around Johnnie’s leg until it ended up tied in a loose bow around the base of his cock, but Tyler couldn’t be sure.

Johnnie shrugged, using the scissors to curl a length of the blue ribbon. “I was bored so I thought I’d wrap your present.”

Stifling a laugh, Tyler stepped up to the edge of the bed. He admired the makeshift waistband of silver and gold that failed to hide Johnnie’s flat belly and intriguing navel. “I think you forgot the paper.”

“Bah,” Johnnie waved the hand with the ribbon in the air, “messy stuff, paper. I prefer ribbon.”

Tyler began to shrug out of his jacket, letting his eyes roam over his “present.” “Mmm. I see that.”

Tyler reaffirmed his belief that Johnnie was cut from divine cloth. Underneath the criss-cross and drape of ribbons and bows, his skin glowed rich caramel. His broad chest tapered down over a smooth belly to slim, defined hips. His cock lay mostly hard on his belly, banded with a few different colors of ribbon.

Tyler tossed his jacket onto the chair that stood behind him and started on his tie. “May I unwrap my present now?”

Johnnie’s emerald eyes burned as he smirked. “I wish you would.”

As Tyler divested himself of the rest of his clothing, Johnnie cleared away the scissors, bits and pieces of ribbon, and empty ribbon tubes. The latter were simply shoved onto the floor but Tyler was happy to see the scissors were carefully set onto the nightstand. While Tyler stepped out of his slacks, Johnnie took the lube bottle from its accustomed drawer and laid it on the bed beside him.

"I'm sorry I had to leave," Tyler murmured, catching Johnnie's gaze as he crawled, naked, over the foot of the bed.

Johnnie shook his head, those eyes raking a heated glance over Tyler's face and body. "No worries, blondie. I know you're a busy man."

Tyler snorted, pausing between Johnnie's legs to caress his lover's thighs. "No excuse. This was our night. I shouldn't have left."

"Hey."

Tyler looked up. His heart caught at the sight of the warm, loving look bestowed on him. Johnnie's long fingers sank into the hair just above his left ear. "You're here now."

He smiled. "I am." He let Johnnie tug him gently forward until their lips were perhaps an inch apart. "I love you."

Johnnie gave him a soft, short kiss. "I love you, too." He sat back, making himself comfy, half-seated and half lying against the mound of pillows at the headboard. "Now unwrap me."

Tyler chuckled, sitting back on his heels between Johnnie's legs. "But you look so pretty all wrapped up. I hardly know where to begin." He trailed his fingertips over Johnnie's chest, pushing aside green and yellow ribbons to get to the flat nubs of Johnnie's nipples. Smiling at Johnnie's hum of appreciation, he smoothed his hand down the man's belly until he reached the thin crimson bow Johnnie had wrapped near the tip of his cock. The ribbon unraveled and fell away to reveal the tracery of veins clearly evident beneath the velvety skin. "Then again ..." Tyler sighed happily as he lowered to his belly. He started removing the other ribbons tied around the shaft and laughed at the loose weaving of thinner, curling ribbon around Johnnie's balls

"Hey, what's funny?" Johnnie protested.

Tyler grinned up at him. "The ribbon makes you look like you've got multi-colored pubes."

Johnnie beamed, confirming Tyler's suspicions that the effect was on purpose. "I know. Cool, huh?"

Tyler shook his head, grinning as he divested his lover's crotch of most of the colorful stuff. "You're demented."

"But you love me anyway."

He bent his head to nuzzle Johnnie's cock, right above his balls and right underneath the thick band of red velvet tied around the base. "Which must mean I'm demented."

Gentle fingers stroked his hair. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

Tyler hummed, but he was done with talk for the moment. The warm, musky scent of Johnnie filled his nostrils and cleared his head of any notions but those that involved touching or tasting his amazing lover. He lapped at the edges of the velvet ribbon, then skipped over it to trace a wet line up Johnnie's cock to the tip. Eagerly, he wrapped his hand around the ribbon as his mouth reached the leaking tip and used his tongue to taste and torment.

Johnnie moaned. His bent leg dropped to the mattress and the other leg bent, his way of writhing in pleasure without moving his crotch from where it was best served. Ribbons unraveled with soft hisses and fell to the ivory sheets.

Tyler smiled, painting his lips with pre-cum as he glanced up at Johnnie. He knew, because Johnnie had told him, that the rock star loved to see his eyes as his "pretty mouth" swallowed cock. So he kept his eyes locked with Johnnie's as he opened up and slid his lips down the shaft.

Johnnie, however, had trouble keeping his eyes open. He groaned and the legs switched position again.

Tyler started sucking in earnest. He wasn't much good at prolonging a blow job. He didn't have the patience. Once Johnnie's cock was inside his mouth, once that taste was there, a part of his brain turned off and something deep in his belly turned on and he had

trouble thinking of anything except getting that same cock buried deep in his ass. Thankfully, Johnnie was often of the same opinion. Tyler sucked until Johnnie was rock hard, keeping his fingers and the ribbon taut around the base to make sure he drove Johnnie crazy.

He kept it going until Johnnie groaned and clutched the sheets by his hips. "God, Tyler, now!"

Tyler let go Johnnie's dick with a loud pop and sprang to his knees. He grabbed the lube that sat beside Johnnie and popped it open.

"You gonna leave that on?" Johnnie asked, indicating the ribbon that still banded his cock.

Grinning, Tyler poured a thick stream of clear liquid directly onto Johnnie's cock. "I like it. It's pretty." Even if he couldn't avoid getting it wet.

Johnnie groaned but didn't protest further. He just grabbed his cock to rub in the lube as Tyler tossed aside the bottle then switched position.

He knelt with his knees to either side of Johnnie's hips, hands on Johnnie's shoulders. Johnnie put a hand to his waist, keeping the other on his cock, and together they guided Tyler back and down so that ass met cock.

"Mmm, yes," Tyler moaned, rocking back and carefully letting the weight of his body impale him on Johnnie. It had taken some getting used to the first few times they'd done it, but Tyler had finally found the knack. Now he couldn't get enough. He trusted Johnnie with his life, but he did like this position and the control that it gave him. He sat up and sank down, clutching the steely muscles of Johnnie's shoulders, tossing back his head and closing his eyes to just enjoy the feel of his lover filling him. He had to smile when he felt the tickle of the ribbon against his ass.

Strong hands gripped his hips as he started to pull up and steadied him as he sank back down. He got into the rhythm quickly, rising and sinking slowly at first but soon picking up

speed. Occasionally he'd stop and simply grind, loving the brutal ecstasy that shot through his body as his partner's cock rubbed that spot inside him.

He sat back, pulling a wealth of Johnnie's hair with him so that more of it draped over that achingly beautiful chest, mingling with the gaily colored ribbons. "Johnnie!"

"Yeah."

The fingers dug into his hips, holding him as Johnnie rolled underneath him, driving his own cock up into Tyler. Tyler leaned back even further, bracing one hand on his lover's thigh. With the other, he grabbed a good handful of silky brown hair and rustling colored ribbon and wrapped it all in his fist around his achingly hard cock. He peeked at Johnnie's face, saw the emerald eyes half hooded and locked on the fist, ribbons, hair and cock. *Oh yeah!* That was all it took. A few strokes was all Tyler could stand before he spilled over his own hand and into the hair and ribbons on Johnnie's belly.

"Ah, fuck!" Johnnie slid those strong hands up Tyler's sides to wrap around the back of his shoulders and haul his limp, sated body forward.

Tyler fell forward gracefully, his arms up to loop around Johnnie's shoulders as the singer hugged him close. Johnnie's hand, now on his ass, guided Tyler over his cock. Tyler clawed through more ribbons and hair on Johnnie's back as the singer ground into him.

"God! Blondie." Johnnie grunted, face buried in Tyler's neck.

Recognizing the tone, Tyler squeezed his ass.

Johnnie growled and shuddered, and intense, wet warmth filled Tyler.

Tyler was happy to stay straddling Johnnie's lap, wrapped up together, but after a moment to catch his breath, Johnnie nudged him off. Groaning, Tyler rolled onto his side. "What's wrong?" he murmured, pillowing his head on his arm.

But he saw immediately and had to stifle a laugh as Johnnie's nimble fingers picked at the soggy red ribbon tied around his cock. It didn't help that locks of his long, thick hair and even more ribbon were plastered to his belly and hips by sweat and cum.

When Johnnie growled at the knot that was obviously giving him trouble, Tyler gave in and laughed aloud. “Should I hand you the scissors?” he suggested playfully, only laughing harder at the affronted look Johnnie gave him.

Johnnie finally loosened the knot and unwound the ribbon from both his cock and his leg, tossing it aside. He mock-scowled at Tyler. “Next time, you unwrap completely.”

Tyler pouted after the scrap of red. “Aww, such a pretty red ribbon, too.”

He yelped when Johnnie shoved him onto his back and covered him with his body. “Isn’t it what’s inside the wrapping that counts?” he asked, one fine, dark eyebrow arched.

Laughing, Tyler reached up to rescue the sprig of mistletoe that now hung precariously on a lock of hair near Johnnie’s chin. “Indeed,” he agreed as he unraveled it. Once he got it free, he held it up over his face. “Merry Christmas, love.”

Green eyes darkly intent, Johnnie batted at Tyler’s hand, sending the mistletoe flying.

Tyler couldn’t care less, happy to slide his arms around his lover’s warm, solid shoulders.

Johnnie brushed lips with him. “Merry Christmas, love.”

 THE END 

Jet Mykles

An ardent fan of fantasy and science fiction sagas, Jet prefers to live in a world of imagination where dragons are real, elves are commonplace, vampires are just people with special diets and lycanthropes live next door. In her own mind, she's the spunky heroine who gets the best of everyone and always attracts the lean, muscular lads.

In real life, Jet lives in southern California with her boyfriend of nine years, his daughter and father and nine cats. She has a bachelor's degree in acting, but her loathing of auditions has kept her out of the limelight.

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To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Heaven Sent: Heaven* by Jet Mykles:

The Weiss Strande Hotel is in trouble. Business just isn't what it used to be when Tyler's father ran the family-owned hotel. On top of business being down, dad's sick with cancer and bills have skyrocketed.

Desperate to save his family interest, Tyler and his best friend sink their hopes and what's left of their money into a new venture: a nightclub at the hotel. It's imperative that the White Room is a success, or else the hotel will go under. Lady Luck seems to be with them, however, because they manage to sign the mega-popular rock group Heaven Sent to play the grand opening.

Already a huge fan of the group, Tyler couldn't be more excited to welcome them to his hotel. He's not at all prepared for the bomb of lust that hits him when he's finally face-to-face with the painfully gorgeous lead singer, Johnnie Heaven. No, it couldn't be lust. Yes, Johnnie's probably the most beautiful

person he's ever seen, but Tyler is straight. It must be a misguided form of hero worship that he's feeling.

Tyler finds out that he and Johnnie share an obsession: video games. When Johnnie invites Tyler to his room to play, Tyler jumps at the chance. Who wouldn't snap up the opportunity to spend time with their idol? He and Johnnie have a great time with the games, but Tyler soon discovers that Johnnie's got more in mind. The rock star's aims to introduce Tyler to a whole new level of game play.

Publisher's Note: This book is a male-male love story and contains homoerotic sex acts that may be offensive to some readers.

Heaven Sent: Heaven is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=267>