

Loose Id

Rites of Spring

JET MYKLES

**SEXY SPRING
SURPRISE**

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

SEXY SPRING SURPRISE

An erotic interlude with the characters of
HEAVEN SENT: PURGATORY

Jet Mykles

Loose Id.®

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

Sexy Spring Surprise

Jet Mykles

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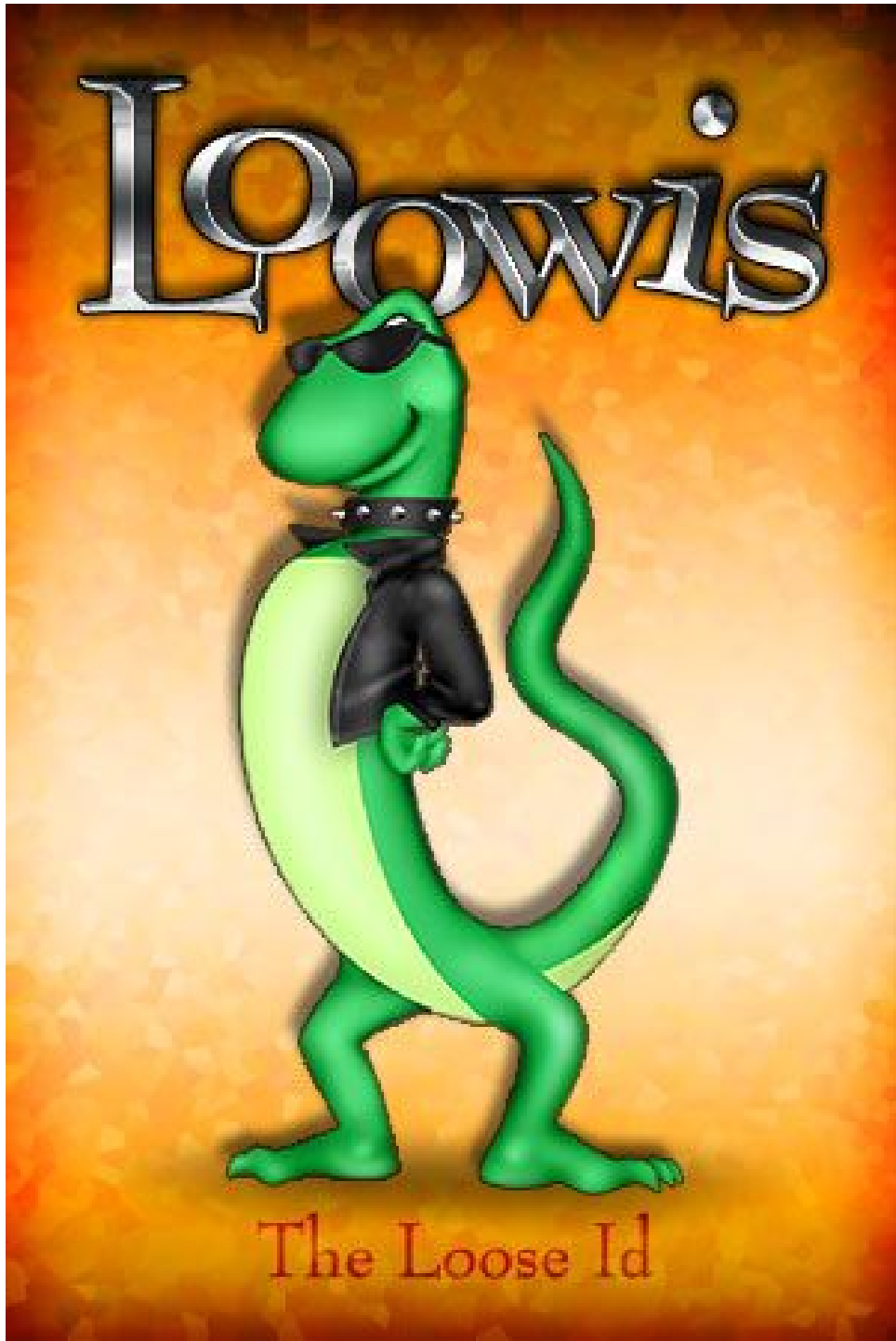
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Reese loved spring. The fresh scent in the air, the bite of winter cold that hadn't completely faded, the green of new life. Everything spoke to the artist inside him and made him itch to capture it all, one precious moment at a time.

He straddled the stone bench, his sketchbook open on the flat surface before him. Colored pencils lay safe from rolling away between the book and his crotch. It was too chilly for the T-shirt and denim shorts that he wore, and his bare feet were staring to get downright cold, but he didn't mind. He liked the tiny shiver that stayed on his skin. It went with the fresh, sharp scent in the air.

He rocked his hips a bit, humming to himself and grinning like a fool as he stared at the setting sun, trying to decide which colors were best for the sunset in his picture. The sketch was just a doodle, really. Something to pass the time until Luc got home. He should be home pretty soon. Reese licked his lips and shifted his butt on the cold concrete. What time was it, anyway?

The house Luc had bought sat on a hill with this big garden that draped down one of the slopes before him. The garden was completely closed in by pines and filled with assorted other trees and bushes but huge enough that it didn't feel too cloistered. The landscaping was

ragged at the moment, but soon they'd hire a gardener to take care of it. Until then, it was their own little overgrown, unmanicured Eden.

The scene just needed Luc to come home to be complete. Grinning, Reese reached down to adjust the half-boner that pressed insistently against the button fly of his shorts. Although it ached, he was determined to save it until Luc got home. So, he hitched up his shorts, squirmed, then bent back over his sketch.

He managed to lose himself in that familiar place where colors and textures dominated his brain. His body became a distant thought, still there but nothing to worry about at the moment. Engrossed, he didn't know anyone was behind him until a warm chest draped over his back. Long arms covered in soft burgundy wool snuggled around his middle. He jumped, but instantly eased, his body recognizing its other and melting into it.

A delighted little whimper spilled from his lips, and he wiggled back to fit his ass as best he could into the warmth of Luc's crotch. "Hey." He reached up over his shoulder to smooth a hand over the sharp lines of Luc's stubbly cheek.

The cheek turned and soft lips caressed his palm. "Hey."

Reese's cock pulsed just from the feel of those lips. Trying to control his excitement for the moment, he dropped his hand and picked up a pink pencil, using it to add needed color to the sunset on the paper before him. "When did you get back?"

"Just now." Luc's nose nudged aside the hair curling over the nape of Reese's neck, giving access to the lips that followed over his skin. "Took me a while to find you. I was starting to worry."

Reese sighed, pencil nearly dropping from lax fingers as he enjoyed the caress. "Sorry."

"Didn't expect you to be out here in the cold." Luc's long legs bracketed Reese's, the soft denim of his worn jeans brushing Reese's bare skin.

Reese laughed, dropping the pink and picking up orange. "It's not really cold."

Luc shivered, forcing Reese to hold the pencil up or draw a jagged line. “You’re nuts. It’s cold.”

Reese trembled with that shiver, his skin tingling with awareness. He swallowed, took a deep breath, and again tried to contain his excitement. He hooked one of his chilly bare feet around Luc’s ankle. “It’s the first day of spring.”

Luc chuckled. “So?”

“So?” Reese pointed with the pencil at the lowering sun, at the newly green trees. “Look. It’s beautiful!”

Luc kissed his neck. “You’re beautiful.”

Reese moaned softly, eyes fluttering closed, pencil dropping to join the others on the bench between his legs. That tone in Luc’s voice always did it for him. The voice. The arms wrapped securely around his waist, cradling him back into the fold of Luc’s warm, hard body.

Reese let his head fall back, nestled on Luc’s shoulder. He slid his fingers along one of the arms banding his middle, toyed with the bangles that adorned Luc’s wrist. “You keep me warm.”

“Always.” Luc’s lips trailed up his neck to his ear. Warm breath and an even warmer tongue caressed the sensitive skin.

Reese tilted his head aside, closing his eyes beneath the fall of his long blue bangs. He didn’t need to see at the moment. The beauty of everything existed in this man’s touch. He reached back to spear his hands in Luc’s silky hair, delighted to find it loose. He pulled a long, thick lock around to his nose and sniffed it before he dry-painted his lips with it.

Nimble fingers found one of his nipples through his T-shirt, eliciting a gasp from him. The hand spread flat over his hard nub, and the other hand came up to turn his chin.

Reese went willingly, opening his mouth to the kiss he knew was coming. Luc tasted faintly of cigarettes but mostly of himself, warm and spicy and the most delicious thing Reese had ever tasted.

Fingers fanned over his jaw, holding him in place for the kiss. The other hand slid down his belly to cup the full-blown erection that strained his denim shorts.

Reese broke the kiss on a cry of delight.

“My,” Luc breathed over his lips. “Someone’s excited.”

Reese dragged his eyes open and looked his fill at his favorite sight. Luc’s sable eyes shone down at him from beneath heavy lids. One dark auburn brow was arched, and his generous lips, wet from their kiss, curved in a half grin. Glorious auburn hair curled around his face like a fiery nimbus.

“I’m always excited around you,” Reese assured Luc breathlessly, reaching down to cup his hand over Luc’s, encouraging his lover to squeeze.

“Not always *this* excited. Should we take this inside?”

Reese shook his head, eyes shutting again as pleasure from Luc’s hold distracted him a moment. He rocked forward into Luc’s hand, gasping at the lightning that shot through his blood. “No. Fuck me here.”

He looked in time to see lust flare over Luc’s face, settling into that wicked humor that meant aching delights were in store for Reese. “The lube’s inside.”

Reese licked his lips and couldn’t avoid a small grin. “Don’t need it.”

“Oh?”

“Surprise.”

Luc stared into his eyes, not understanding.

Reese waited, more than happy to amuse himself by rocking into Luc’s hold.

Understanding dawned. “You didn’t.”

Reese's smile grew.

Luc laughed, a delightfully eager tone to it.

Reese mourned the loss of that firm grip on his cock, but accepted it as Luc used the hand to unbutton his shorts. Caught between a laugh and a moan, he bent forward and Luc pulled his shorts open. Colored pencils clattered beneath him as he leaned on his elbows on the sketchpad. Luc shoved one hand into the back of his shorts, found the wetness of lube in his crease, found the base of the plug that was buried in Reese's ass.

Luc groaned. "God, tiger."

Reese gasped, loving the tingle that danced through him as Luc tapped on the plug.

"You been wearing this all day?"

Reese sighed happily as Luc tugged the thing a bit, pulling it so that it teased Reese's hole before pushing it back so it could rub his gland. "A few hours."

"Missed me?"

"Always."

Luc's free hand shoved the hem of Reese's T-shirt up his back all the way to his neck. Reese knew why and loved it. Luc wanted to see the white tiger and red dragon tattoos that adorned the backs of Reese's shoulders. He claimed to love the dance they did when Reese writhed for him.

Reese helped him out by reaching back to grab the stretchy fabric and pull it down over his head. He left it banding his shoulders, but his back was fully exposed. Cool air breathed over his skin.

Meanwhile, Luc must have freed his own dick because Reese felt him drag the head of it through Reese's crack. He tapped it on the end of the jelly plug.

Reese moaned. "God, Luc." He rolled his hips when Luc pulled the shorts down further, trying to help expose as much of his ass as possible. He hissed when his cock rolled over the pencils lying on the bench between the sketchpad and his crotch.

Luc laughed softly, nudging the plug again. "You and your toys."

"Wanted -- ah! -- wanted to surprise you."

"Oh, you surprised me." He pulled the toy out a little, letting it tease Reese. He knew exactly how responsive Reese's ass was. "What if I'd been late?"

Reese glared over his shoulder. "That'll teach you not to be late."

Luc grinned, obviously delighted. "Excellent point." He let the toy slide back home inside of Reese, then let go. He tugged at the shorts. "Need to get these off."

"Right." Reese straightened his legs and brought one over so he was standing next to the bench.

He had to fight his T-shirt before he could get at his shorts. Luc hastily gathered pad and pencils and put them on the ground. Luc grabbed his T-shirt when he would have dropped it to the ground and laid it down on the bench between his legs. Reese stepped out of his shorts, eying Luc's hard, red erection. Luc whipped off his sweater and laid it above Reese's T-shirt, covering the concrete. Creamy pale, mostly hairless skin gleamed in the fading twilight as he moved. Luc's hair fell loose in glorious red waves that rivaled the setting sun.

Reese reached out to smooth a hand through that hair, amazed it didn't burn him. He bent over to take Luc's mouth with his, intent on devouring him.

Luc kissed him for a moment, mouth open under Reese's assault, then pulled back. He circled one of Reese's wrists and used it to guide him back down to the bench. "Come back here."

Fully naked now, Reese eagerly straddled the bench before him, his back again to Luc. He was glad of Luc's thoughtfulness with the shirt and sweater because the concrete was cold and he was beginning to really feel the cooling temperature of the air.

That is, until Luc touched him again. Then he was on fire. Big, graceful hands slid over the backs of his shoulders, smoothing over his tattoos then traveling down his spine. Reese

pressed his chest against Luc's sweater spread beneath him, trying without much success to ease the ache in his cock by sandwiching it between his belly and the bench.

Fingers plucked at the plug again, and he moaned, clutching the sides of the bench. Luc used the plug to fuck him gently, the feeling exciting but nowhere near what he needed. "Luc!"

"Time for this to come out, tiger."

"Yes."

Carefully, Luc pulled the toy from Reese's body. Reese whimpered from the small delight of it. Or did he whimper for the larger delight to come?

He felt the shadow of Luc's body hovering over him. The head of Luc's cock dragged through his crack again, this time not impeded by the base of the plug. Reese's greedy hole grabbed for it.

"You want it, tiger?" Luc asked, breath gusting over the back of Reese's shoulder. The tiger tattoo.

"God, yes."

"Better than the toy?"

"So much better."

"Say it for me, Reese."

Reese pushed up on his elbows, arching his back and rocking his ass against the cock poised for entry. "Fuck me, Luc. God, I need you inside me."

"Reese," Luc hissed softly, gliding into Reese's hungry body in one long push.

Reese cried out, gripping the sides of the bench. His lover filled him completely, making him whole.

Luc's arm slid around him, holding him in place with his back to Luc's chest. That strong arm held him as Luc's hips pulled back, dragging that gorgeous cock mostly out of Reese's body before he reversed direction and slid it back home.

Reese's head lolled on his neck, his eyes shut tight as all of his world centered on the feel of the man wrapped around him. Wrapped inside him.

Luc rocked them like that for a long time, slowly fucking Reese, taking his timing from the sun slowly setting and sinking the garden in twilight. Reese wanted him to hurry but didn't. The slow grind was making him crazy, but he didn't want it to end. Making love with Luc was the most wonderful thing ever, and he knew there was no way in this lifetime that he could get enough of it.

Luc's lips caressed the back of his neck. "Fucking love this," Luc crooned, his arm supporting Reese. "Love fucking you." Luc's hand finally slipped around to circle Reese's aching, dripping cock. "Love you." He jacked it lightly, teasing Reese with enough sensation to feel but not enough to satisfy.

Panting, Reese used his grip on the bench as leverage to push back into Luc. "Luc, please."

Luc let him move, let him rock up and down. He tightened his grip around Reese's cock so that Reese moved forward into his grip and backward onto his cock.

Reese loved it. "Ah, shit!" He couldn't do the slow anymore. He had to come. He had to fuck. His body trembled and an ache boiled below his belly. "Luc, now, please."

Luc knew his voice now. Luc knew his body. Luc wouldn't let him suffer.

Luc pushed Reese's hips up so that he was almost standing, legs widespread across the bench. One of Luc's legs came up to bend between Reese's thighs, giving him better leverage to start pounding.

Reese cried out, dropping his forehead onto the hands now folded on the bench in front of him. Luc's sweater bunched up underneath him. Luc still held him steady, one arm around his chest and the other hand now pumping his cock in earnest.

Luc's fingers squeezed the head of his cock. "Come for me, tiger," he demanded, smooth voice rough with lust. "Come, 'cause I'm gonna ..."

Reese slammed back and came with a cry of delight, heat exploding in his groin and spilling out on the T-shirt spread beneath him. His ass gripped the hard organ pistoning inside him, pushing the joy of his release even higher before he finally started to come down.

He was still twitching in aftershocks when Luc growled and slammed those last ragged times, filling Reese with liquid warmth.

Reese sank down on the bunched clothing and concrete beneath him, his sweaty skin momentarily oblivious to the wet spot. Luc settled over him, a welcome, warm blanket that provided soothing, tingling kisses over his neck and shoulder.

"Mmm," Reese sighed, tilting his head to allow better access for those lips. "Now *that's* the way to celebrate the start of spring."

 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: Purgatory* by Jet Mykles:

Lucas Sloane defines beautiful for Reese. Tall and sleek with gorgeous red hair and deep, dark eyes to drown in, it's no wonder that the famous bass player is the hero of many a starry-eyed teenager's dreams.

Reese used to be one of those teens. Back when Heaven Sent was no more than the house band for the local club, Purgatory. Back then, it was easy to get to know Luc. To become friends with him. Somehow, Reese found the courage to take heart in hand and confess his love to Luc... only to be soundly rejected. Luc wasn't gay. Not long after, Heaven Sent left town and skyrocketed into rock and roll stardom.

Now, six years later, Luc is back in town for a visit and more gorgeous than ever. Surprisingly, he not only apologizes for his treatment of Reese years ago, he comes onto him. Seems Luc's discovered the pleasures of being with a man and wants to know what it'd be like between the two of them.

But Reese can't. He just can't. He lives the straight and narrow. He teaches high school. He's got a girlfriend. He has a normal life. He can't *be* gay.

Of course, it's really very hard to deny the man who's defined everything beautiful in Reese's artistic mind. Okay. No one has to know about it, right?

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: Purgatory is available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=300>