

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of two muscular men. The man on the left is in the foreground, showing his back and well-defined abdominal muscles. The man on the right is slightly behind him, with his hand resting on the first man's shoulder. They are both wearing American flags as loincloths. The lighting is warm, creating a golden glow around the men's bodies.

Loose Id

SPARKLERS

FEISTY LITTLE FIRECRACKER

an erotic interlude
with the characters of *Heaven Sent: Hell*

JET MYKLES

FEISTY LITTLE FIRECRACKER

An erotic interlude with the characters of
HEAVEN SENT: HELL

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Feisty Little Firecracker

Jet Mykles

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When the first explosion boomed overhead, Brent knew he was late.

“Shit,” he grumbled, hunching closer to the steering wheel of his Corvette, as if that would make him go any faster. He wasn’t all that far away from the house now, but he’d been directed -- in no uncertain terms -- to be back before the fireworks began. Hell wasn’t going to be pleased.

He reached up to squeeze the button on the gate opener as soon as the white iron was in view. The dim lights lining the driveway that led to the house were eclipsed by the bright fire sparkling in the sky beyond the house.

He parked and hurled himself from the car before the engine stopped humming. He ran for the front door and opened it. Hadn’t bothered to lock the door when he’d left because the damn neighborhood was more secure than Fort Knox. At least, that’s what the real estate agent had told them when she’d sold them the lakeside house. During the same discussion, she’d explained that the best Fourth of July fireworks show in the county happened across the lake and the view from their second floor balcony was one of the best.

That was also when Brent had learned that Hell *loved* fireworks. Mention of the fireworks display had almost cinched the deal on buying the place. Oh, the imp liked the

rustic look of the house itself and the gorgeous landscape, but Brent could tell the fireworks were the clincher.

Figured the imp loved explosions.

Brent tossed his keys on a table in the entryway then raced up two flights, his way lit only by moonlight and the bursts of light streaming in through the windows across from the staircase. The master bedroom door was open but the lights were off.

He skidded to a halt just inside the room, eyes immediately going to the sliding glass doors leading out to the balcony. Open. With the diminutive figure of his lover calmly standing there, arms out and braced on the railing, head tilted up to watch the display in the heavens. Flashing light from up above barely revealed the indigo color of his silk robe or the vibrant purple of the long, thin braid that fell from the nape of his neck, the tufted end brushing the perfect swell of his tight little ass.

Brent toed off his Birkenstocks as he headed for the door and reached down to grab the hem of his T-shirt to pull it off. He fumbled with it, then managed to toss the garment into a nearby chair. Left only with his cargo shorts, he stopped in the doorway.

Hell didn't turn, didn't move from gazing up at the sky. "You're late." His tone was cool, but maybe he wasn't *too* mad. A pop and a swish and a trail of sparkling white shot into the sky, giving a silvery sheen to Hell's lavender curls.

"I know." Brent stepped onto the wooden slats of the balcony floor. "I'm sorry."

A huge bang in the distance and the sky lit with green. He reached Hell just in time to hear the imp's gasp of pleasure at the sight. Brent glanced up, admiring the brilliant fire flower, but lost interest quickly. Fireworks were cool and all, but he was much more interested in this fiery little man. Brent gripped the banister on either side of Hell and stepped into him, pressing his cock into the curve of the smaller man's back.

That earned him a glance over the shoulder, those violet eyes gleaming black in the odd lighting. Hell quirked an eyebrow at him without smiling, then turned back to the display.

Okay, so I'm to be punished. Brent pressed into his back, making Hell aware of his erection. *We'll see about that.*

Hell grunted, pushing back roughly. "Not now. After the fireworks." Another cool glance. "*Maybe.*"

Brent chuckled, bending in so he could nuzzle the smooth, pale skin at the side of Hell's neck. "Fireworks after the fireworks?"

"Hmmm." One of those graceful, slim-fingered hands rose to slide into the dark curls at the side of Brent's head. A glance at Hell's profile showed an adorable pout sticking out his plump lower lip. "I don't think you deserve it since you were late."

"I'm sorry. Time got away from me. I'm used to the city where drives aren't so long." Brent nibbled the soft skin of Hell's neck, encouraged when those fingers pressed gently, guiding his lips further down to the sensitive spot just above where neck met shoulder. Hell was particularly responsive to touches there. Brent closed his teeth on the swell of muscle, enjoying the shudder that passed through the small body pressed to his.

"Hmph."

Brent nudged the collar of Hell's robe further aside with his nose, then bit again. "I'm sorry." He licked the soft, warm skin he'd just bitten. "Let me make it up to you."

Above, great gouts of fire continued to boom in the sky. Brent released the railing with one hand and slid his fingers into the loose opening of Hell's robe. As he tasted Hell's throat, he teased the sensitive bare skin of the man's chest, finding and toying with a hard, pebbled nipple.

Hell tipped his head farther to the side, exposing more delicious neck for Brent to sample. A sweet, soft sigh reached his ears in between distant booms.

Brent traced his tongue along the line of rings piercing the cartilage of Hell's ear as his hand traveled south, smoothing over a tight, flat belly and digging behind the cinched robe belt to find a beginning hardness between Hell's legs.

Hell growled softly, pulling his hips back, which pressed his firm bottom against Brent's thighs. "You can make it up to me after the fireworks, *Liebling*."

The "*Liebling*" was a very good sign. It meant Hell was probably in a forgiving mood. Brent's fist slid down then up the loose skin of Hell's cock. "You go ahead and watch the fireworks."

Hell laughed. "You are making it difficult to concentrate." The laugh was an *excellent* sign!

Brent echoed the laugh, nipping gently at Hell's pierced earlobe. "Not my fault you're a scatterbrain."

Hell's hand gripped his hair a little tighter and he yanked.

Brent kept laughing, pulling his hand away from Hell's sex. On the way, he made sure to fully unravel Hell's robe belt. Before the imp could protest, he stepped to the side and twisted around, facing Hell. He dropped to his knees on the cold wooden floor.

"What are you doing?"

He glanced up into Hell's beautiful, amused face, amazed how the shine of colors from the fireworks shone on that pale, flawless skin. "You watch the fireworks," he repeated, edging in between Hell and the balcony railing.

Hell groaned when Brent grasped the base of his cock, squeezing to let the blood make the tip hard when his lips closed around it. He probed the slit with his tongue, lapping up the first of the salty precum.

The hand was in his hair again. "Brent."

He glanced up. Hell's other arm was braced on the railing, his robe floating open around his pale body, his lavender hair gleaming in the white and yellow of an explosion. Those violet eyes were shuttered and his lush lips were open with pleasure.

Brent grinned, turning his head to rub Hell's dick against his cheek. "Watch the fireworks, babe." He brought up his other hand to cup and lightly squeeze Hell's balls, encouraged when Hell shifted to widen his stance. "You've been looking forward to this."

He turned his head and nuzzled the soft, dark platinum curls at the base of Hell's cock. Curls that were there only because he'd asked Hell to stop waxing. Because he liked them. And his lover had consented, for him. Out of love. He inhaled deeply, taking in the deep, musky scent of sex underlined faintly by a hint of lavender. Hell's own unique scent. *Mine. All mine.* Still hard for him to believe.

"*Ach!*" Hell grumbled something else in German, then tilted his face up to look at the fiery display. "And you call *me* a demon."

Chuckling, Brent opened wide and took in all of Hell's cock. It still wasn't all hard yet so he could do it without deep-throating, but that wouldn't last long, he knew. He squeezed and toyed with Hell's balls, teasing the sensitive skin behind them with the tips of two fingers, while he suckled on the hardening length that he loved so much. He wanted to make Hell feel good, feel amazing. Wanted Hell to start making those sexy little sounds that always accompanied the rock of his hips. Truthfully, he wanted to make Hell so hot with need that he forgot the damn fireworks display. Evil of him? Perhaps. But there it was. He liked knowing that Hell burned with a need for him that matched his own for the little firecracker.

Hell didn't disappoint. Soft groans started and the hand in his hair held his head as Hell slowly thrust into his mouth. Hell's gorgeous, uncut cock slid through Brent's lips and started to press the back of his throat. He relaxed his throat and let it come, releasing his grip on the base of that cock and letting his hand slide back and around over the cool skin of Hell's hip until he could grip one firm, flexing butt cheek.

“Ah, *Gott!*” Hell froze, his hand in Brent’s hair keeping Brent from continuing the blowjob. He pulled and Brent had to reluctantly let that delicious cock pop free of his mouth. Violet eyes blazed black down at him. “Stand up and turn around.”

Brent chuckled. “You’re not tall enough to do me standing.” They’d tried before, with hilarious results.

Another yank on his hair had him yelping.

“Stand up.”

Grumbling, he obeyed, grabbing hold of the railing as a chorus of swizzles and pops followed six simultaneous bursts of color over head.

Hell tugged at the back of his shorts. “Take these off.”

“Yes, *mein fury*,” Brent replied with a grin, plenty loud enough for Hell to hear. The first time he’d ever mangled the German, Hell had just about died laughing to be called “my fury”. Brent used it a lot now, thinking it a rather appropriate nickname.

He got a hard slap on the ass for that. “Off!” In the lull between firebursts, he heard Hell walk away.

Hands at his waist to comply, Brent glanced over his shoulder in time to see the skirt of Hell’s robe disappear into the darkened bedroom. “Hey,” he called, dropping his shorts to the floor, “you’re missing the show.” He stepped out of the shorts and kicked them aside.

Hell returned a moment later, robe fluttering open around his slim, naked body like a cloak as he stroked a hand over his cock. A wash of bright blue light preceded an amazing bang in the sky, the light glistening in what had to be lube on that thick, pretty cock.

Brent smiled at the sight of the lube, his own cock jerking to full attention. Or was it the sight of Hell’s pale body on display? Probably both. “How do you plan to do this?”

Hell’s grin was worthy of his name. “Turn around and kneel.”

Matching Hell's grin, Brent did, ignoring the bite of the smooth hard wood underneath his knees. He spread his legs to what he knew was just about the right height for his lover to take him. They'd done it enough times that it was almost instinctual.

Cool hands parted the cheeks of his ass, allowing two wet fingers to swipe up the crack. Hell toyed with him only briefly, knowing Brent didn't need much preparation.

Brent gripped two of the sturdy support posts and leaned his forehead against another, savoring the feel of Hell grasping his hip with one hand and the blunt pressure of Hell's cock at his opening. Sighing happily, he pushed back at Hell's guidance, taking his lover deep into his body.

A staccato explosion burst overhead, spilling blues and yellows across the sky. Watching it through the balcony posts, Brent almost felt as though the shining heat spread over his skin. Exciting, brutal heat that poured through him as Hell fit inside him.

"Brent," Hell muttered beneath another explosion. Graceful hands slid up Brent's back to grip his shoulders. A string of smooth German words skated over Brent as Hell eased back then pushed forward again.

No hurry, no urgency other than the fire building between them that eclipsed the rockets piercing the sky. Hell pushed in and Brent spread his legs further, the better to accommodate the invasion.

Up above, the fireworks display was obviously reaching a crescendo. Greens, reds, purples, oranges...they burst like dying stars, echoing the ratcheting tension between the two men on the second floor balcony of their new home on the lake.

Hell draped that light, gorgeous body over Brent's back, hips rocking furiously. He reached forward to wrap a hand around Brent's cock, yanking a pleased gasp from the taller man. Brent gripped the posts, bracing himself. He stared down at the bushes and flowers of the sloped lawn that led to their little piece of the lakeshore, completely uninterested in the display of explosions overhead. He was far more interested in the

explosion threatening in his balls. Hell's cock scraping his prostate lit the fuse and he felt it sizzle into his balls. He cried out and gripped the railing when the fire shot up, exploding from the tip of his cock and over Hell's hand.

Hell cursed, gripping Brent's hips as he fought for his own orgasm. Brent happily braced himself under Hell's onslaught, squeezing the rod that pistoned inside him, helping to ruin the rhythm of Hell's rocking and force the short, vicious stabs that came a split second before wet warmth filled Brent's body.

Silence. All Brent could hear over the thudding of his heartbeat was the echoed panting of him and his lover as they fought to regain their breath. He glanced up into the sky and saw only drifting streamers of smoke. The show was over.

"Hey." He peeled one of his hands from its grip and reached behind, seeking and finding the soft skin of the side of Hell's hip. "You missed the end of the fireworks."

Hell chuckled softly from where he still lay over Brent's back. "No." He teased Brent's spent cock with cum-wet fingers. "I didn't."

 THE END 

Jet Mykles

Jet's been writing sex stories back as far as junior high. Back then, the stories involved her favorite pop icons of the time but she soon extended beyond that realm into making up characters of her own. To this day, she hasn't stopped writing sex, although her knowledge on the subject has vastly improved.

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. She aids this fantasy with visuals created through her other obsession: 3D graphic art. In this area, as in writing, Jet's self-taught and thoroughly entranced, and now occasionally uses this art to illustrate her stories, or her stories to expand upon her art.

In real life, Jet is a self-proclaimed hermit, living in southern California with her life partner. She has a bachelor's degree in acting, but her loathing of auditions has kept her out of the limelight. So she turned to computers and currently works in product management for a software company, because even in real life, she can't help but want to create something out of nothing.

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

Heaven Sent gets a hell of new keyboardist with a name to match. Hell Witting is an amazing musician and proves to be the answer to a sound that the band was missing. With lavender hair and big violet eyes, he captivates Brent Rose from the start, and not just with his music.

Brent knows better than to get involved with a member of the band. That just invites trouble and the last thing he wants is trouble for Heaven Sent. So he'll just keep the attraction to himself. Doesn't matter anyway. Hell couldn't possibly want

him. After all, Brent's not gorgeous and flashy like the other members of the band.

When Hell makes his interest in Brent all too obvious, Brent is unprepared and unable to stay away.

So, fine, if they just keep it at sex, everything will be all right.

Publisher's Note: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: homoerotic sex practices.

Heaven Sent: Hell is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=436>