

Del Fantasma

**Tie Me to
the Bedpost**

Celia Kyle



Aspen Mountain Press

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Aspen Mountain Press

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Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
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CONTENTS

[Del Fantasma: Tie Me to the Bedpost](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Tie Me to the Bedpost](#)

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Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

She'd hide a few minutes longer and then she'd ask for Cody. Yep, sounded like a plan. Just a few more minutes. No need to rush, right? Right. No need. Nope, none what so ever.

Nicole scooted a bit further into the corner when more patrons entered Del Fantasma. No need for *them* to see who she was. If they saw her, then they'd recognize her. Then they'd notice she wasn't with her normal group of gals, which would lead to them knowing why she was there. *Paranoid much? Absolutely.*

Only one reason frumpy, fluffy ladies came to Del Fantasma alone. Cody. Or rather, what Cody could potentially do for them. Cody had already hooked Nicole's friend, Lisa, up with the love of her life, and now Nic wanted in on the action. Of course, Nic knew she wouldn't end up with a husband or 2.5 kids, but she hoped that maybe, just maybe, she could have an amazing night of sex ... or three. Four if she was *super* lucky.

Nic was a realist and the reality of her situation was that she was a big girl. Not too big in her mind. Thick would be an apt description. Her thighs and ass were big, but so were her momma's. Plus, she had a set of breast's that made any post-plastic surgery bimbo jealous. The only issue was that when all of her attributes were shoved onto one body, the breasts, ass, hips and thighs, they kind of blended into one. Okay, maybe not one, but Nic knew she definitely didn't look like the runway models or girls in the magazines. No bother

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

though. Cody would get her a dream fling and she'd be good to go with her vibrators once again. If only Cody would *show up*.

Finally, the man of the hour slammed through a nearby door. Nicole wondered if the door he emerged from led to his nightly sanctuary—complete with covered windows and soil from the area where he had been turned. Her heart went out to him. Cody had been in the middle of a near-war zone in Afghanistan when he'd been turned by a vamp. Nicole shuddered at the thought of all he'd had to endure to get home. With the sun constantly threatening to turn him into ashes, and an ever-present thirst for blood, it couldn't have been easy.

And now the big, bad, matchmaking vamp looked pissed. After becoming a near regular at Del Fantasma, Nic could *almost* read Cody's moods as well as Ro—his sometimes blood donor and their mutual friend. Right now, Cody looked ready to murder, or worse ... fire someone.

The man stomped behind the bar as people pressed forward and began filling drink orders. He worked with the supernatural speed of his brethren. Vamps could move as fast as lightning, and were stronger than the Incredible Hulk. Well, at least Nic thought so. *Maybe Cody could do m ...* No.

Nic shook her head at her wayward thoughts. She had already planned, plotted, and decided on what she wanted. Now, she just needed Cody's help.

Taking her eyes off Cody, she snatched her purse off the floor and searched for her book. *The* book. She'd gone through every single volume in her erotic romance collection

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

and had settled on this book in particular. She read and re-read all three hundred pages, and highlighted the passages she most wanted to try. By the time she finished, half the thing had been covered in neon ink. No bother though, Nic felt sure Cody could hook her up.

At least, that's what Ro had kept telling Lisa when they'd all convinced her to visit Del Fantasma alone. Look at how well that turned out. Lisa was now married to Jonathan and they were on their honeymoon. To top it all off, Lisa was pregnant with little Werepanthers ... or something.

Nic didn't harbor any delusions that she'd end up with baby paranormals growing in her womb. She just wanted a few nights of sweaty, dirty lovin' before she settled down with the guy her parents had chosen for her. They'd been pushing Nic and Marvin together since they were children, and Nic figured it was about time to settle into her destined life of mediocre sex with the world's biggest nerd. She hoped and prayed Cody could finagle some wild sex for her first though.

Nic ran her fingers down the spine of her worn volume of *Two for One*. Placing the book on her lap, it fell open to her favorite passage...

Elena tugged at her bonds, but the rope would not give way. She ached to trace the hard lines and muscles of the men before her. Paolo stroked Felipe's shoulders and then pulled him into an explosive kiss. She watched in awe as their tongues tangled, lips kissed and teeth nipped. She knew how Paolo's hands felt on Felipe's skin, the rough calluses scratching and abrading as they skimmed the tender flesh.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Elena whimpered aloud when Paolo gripped Felipe's shaft, tugging his erect cock with quick, jerking motions. Tied spread eagle to the bed, Elena could do nothing but watch and wish it was her hands, her mouth traveling over their skin.

A glass of water dropped onto the table in front of her and snapped Nic out of her fantasy. *Damn, just when it was getting good.* Staring at the glass, her gaze traveled up the well-muscled arm then across the wide shoulders to meet the stare of its owner, Cody.

Blushing, Nic closed her book with a snap and plastered a smile on her face. She was here to see the man, no sense in getting embarrassed now. "Cody! Hey, how are you?"

"Niccy," he tilted his head in greeting before he slumped into the chair next to her with a sigh. "Where's the rest of your gang?"

Nic took a sip of her water, stalling. "They, um, they're not coming out tonight. Just me," she shrugged. "All by my lonesome."

Cody glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. Oh, the jig was so up. "Really?"

"Maybe." She took another sip of water. Was it getting hotter in the bar or was it just her? Maybe the A/C was broken.

"Huh." He made some sort of grunting noise Nic couldn't interpret. Not being familiar with men, she wondered if it meant he believed her ... or didn't. "You know, Nic, I can't ever recall you coming here by yourself."

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Nicole stroked the spine of her book absently. The whole plan had sounded good after a few glasses of wine the previous night, but now she was having second thoughts.

"Really? I'm sure I've—"

"Nope."

"Huh," she swallowed hard past the lump forming in her throat. *Might as well get it out.*

"I want you to set me up with someone. Actually, two someone's." She held her breath, waiting for Cody's response.

He didn't say anything for a while, just took a slow sip of his drink. It looked like whiskey, but she couldn't be sure. She hoped it was, though. With luck, the strong drink would make him more agreeable.

"You want me to set you up with *two* someones?" She nodded. *Yay! He's going to set me up!* "Do I look like a pimp to you, Nic?"

Uh oh. Maybe the drink wasn't helping to keep him in a good mood, and maybe *today* hadn't been the best day to ask him for help. Her Mom always said she didn't have the common sense God gave her. Whatever that meant. And she *did not* want to upset the pissed off vamp more than he already was. "No, not a pimp. More of a guy who knows guys ... Maybe knows guys who like guys and girls." She was fucking this *all* up. "Gah!" She shoved the book into his hands, "Page 156 would be awesome, but I'll take anything that's highlighted!"

Then Nic did what she did best. She turned and ran.

* * * *

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"Hey, Fluffy, hold still a sec." Chris felt the man before him tense and a low growl passed from Ian to him. He couldn't help baiting the man-Ian just looked so damned hot when he was pissed. Couple the pissy attitude with being sweat-soaked as the two of them worked to repair the exterior stairs that led to their apartment above Del Fantasma, and Chris was ready to cream his jeans.

Ignoring the warning growl, Chris leaned forward, still holding the new door steady for Ian as he flicked his tongue over the back of the man's neck. Sweat. Ian's sweat to be precise. Salty and sweet and totally Ian. *Yum.*

Ian was of a different opinion. He jerked his head back, clipping Chris along his jaw and forcing him to take a step back. Before Chris could recover, Ian was on him, straddling his hips and holding his arms above his head. With a snarl, Ian scraped distended fangs along his neck. His cock, always half-hard around Ian, came fully erect within his jeans and he arched against the man on top of him.

"Yeah, that's it, Fluffy." God, he loved goading him. Loved the response his taunts could draw from the other man—especially the deep growls that seemed to course through Ian's body. The growls couldn't ever compare to the purrs, but the purring would come later.

Chris had never imagined he'd be lying happily beneath another man, dry humping and trying to get his rocks off. But here he was. He'd always known he was a half-Were from his mother's side, but the damned "inner cat" or whatever, had never made itself known. At least, not until Ian walked into

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Del Fantasma. Now ... now he couldn't get enough of the brown haired, green-eyed man.

He rubbed his bare chest against Ian's shirt, moaning and twisting against his mate's hold. Ian wouldn't budge, but he did lower his pelvis, bringing their cloth-covered cocks together.

"Oh, yeah Fluffy. That's it." Chris hissed when Ian yanked his wrists higher, stretching him out. Those fangs, long and fully distended now, scraped and nipped his neck. Sliding over his jugular with unerring accuracy with each pass.

Growls turned into snarls as they dry-humped one another. Closer and closer Chris's orgasm crept. His cock pulsed in his jeans in time with the rapid beating of his heart. Thump-thump-thump-throb-throb-throb. So fucking close. The constant pressure of Ian lying on top of him, stimulated every nerve ending from head to toe, but his cock was the most grateful for the contact. The zipper of his jeans dug in to the tender flesh of his dick, reminding him that maybe forgoing boxers hadn't been the *best* idea.

"That it, Kitten? That the spot?" Ian's burr washed over him. The sound of his voice more potent than any growl, snarl, or purr. And fuck if Ian's endearment didn't piss him off. He attempted to tug and wiggle his hands free, but all that earned him was a laugh from Ian. "No, Kitten. Not letting you go. Got you where I want you now."

"Close Fluff." Chris arched, rubbing his cock against Ian's. Harder and harder he pressed with each pass. The tell-tale tingle and spasms of release danced along Chris's spine. It was just a matter of seconds before he spent himself in his

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

jeans. Every time he and Ian tried to work together, they always ended up doing the horizontal, or vertical, polka. Well, as close as the two of them got to the actual act anyway. Since Chris had lived under the assumption that he liked women most of his life, he was still coming to terms with his connection to Ian. In laymen's terms, they still hadn't 'gone all the way'.

"Yeah, Kit."

Of course, their round of dry humping came to a quick close when Cody stomped up the stairs and smacked them in the head with a book. Ian's head came away from Chris's neck with a feral snarl, which caused Cody to respond with one of his own.

Ian sprang to his feet and Chris scrambled after him. His unsatisfied cock throbbed in protest at the loss of contact. He stepped between the snarling men, probably not the best idea for a man who was more human than not, but it couldn't be helped now. One hand centered on each man's chest to hold them at bay. "Now, boys..."

Cody dropped the book he'd been holding and stared over Chris's head at Ian. Damn, a battle of the 'Alpha asses'. When these two got this angry, there was no keeping cool heads.

Chris's watch caught his eye; the time sunk in, and he suddenly realized what had gotten Cody's normally comfortable britches in a bunch. They were late. Seriously late. Cody was laid back and accepting of a lot of things, but he expected his employees to arrive on time, and if they didn't, there had better be a good reason or a phone call. Chris and Ian had done neither. Chris cringed. The fact that

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

they'd never come down meant Cody had to come up. Probably before his Tai Chi exercises. Great, Chris had an uncentered vamp on one side and an unsatisfied Weretiger on the other.

Ian's growl snaked up Chris's arm and he resisted the urge to shiver. Damn, the man still had his cock hard. He decided to reason with Ian first. "Fluffy, we're running late and I'm *sure* that's why Cody invaded our personal space. Right, Cody?" Chris spared a glance at Cody and saw the man had exposed his incisors. *Great*. "And Cody, we were *just* finishing up on installing the new back door and then we were coming down for work. Just running a bit late is all."

Cody snorted, but didn't respond. Instead he dropped the book he'd thumped them with to the ground and stormed out. Bitching the whole way down the steps and throwing out threats of retaliation over his shoulder. Chris shook his head and turned to Ian. "What am I gonna do about this growling habit of yours, Ian?"

Ian didn't give him a chance to answer. He smashed his lips against Chris's in a possessive kiss that left them both panting when he pulled away. "You love my growls."

Ian was right, he did.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

They made her go back. Back to Del Fantasma! Ugh. Did her friends not realize the implications of her actions from weeks ago? Oh. Wait. They didn't because she hadn't told them. *Damn.*

Now Ro and Sharon had dragged her sorry butt back to Del Fantasma for a ladies' night out, sans one lady of course. Lisa was still on her honeymoon with his-hottiness. Nic sighed. If only she could get Cody to send a hottie or two her way, she'd be a much happier woman. If only...

"Nic, hon? Why don't you go to the bar while we weasel those hotties across the way out of their seats?" Lord, Ro was at it again. All three of them had extra cushion in different places, but Ro lived as if she were the hottest thing on two legs, and men responded to her attitude.

"Can't Sharon grab 'em? I'll come with you..." Yeah, she was whining, but she knew the types of drinks Ro liked to order just to embarrass her.

"Get me a Slow Screw or a Screaming Orgasm, will ya?"

Nic felt heat sweeping up her face and squeezed her eyes shut tight, thankful that her mocha complexion didn't reveal her heated blush. "I will not..."

Cody's deep, rumbling voice and warm breath brushing across her ear startled her. "You won't what, doll?"

Good Lord, could she get any more embarrassed? "Um..."

Cody didn't give her a chance to answer, instead he slid his arm around her waist and hugged her close as he pushed

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

through the crowd. Looking over her shoulder, Nic saw that, true to her word, Ro had talked the men out of their table. Once she'd arrived at the bar with Cody, the real fun began. Other women were sidling up to him and trying to catch his eye, but his attention remained on Nic. She wasn't sure if that was good or bad.

"I know what you need, Niccy."

She gulped, "You do?"

He nodded. "Absolutely." He motioned for Chris, the hottest bartender Del Fantasma had.

"What's up, Cody?" Chris's crystal blue eyes met Nic's briefly before turning to his boss. The big man let out a yelp when Ian, the newest and equally hot bartender, walked by and pinched him.

"Niccy wants to get tied to the bedpost."

He said it. Slipped it right in to everyday conversation like it was nothing. Nothing! And then it clicked. She knew what Cody was doing. Everything was happening just as Lisa described her first introduction to Jonathan. All the way down to Cody recommending a drink and then...

She whirled on Cody. "Tie me to the bedpost?" She looked at the bartender out of the corner of her eye. He was tall, taller than her, but that didn't say much considering her being barely five feet. But damn, those blue eyes, blond hair and sun-kissed tan got her tingly *all* over. His pale Irish lover wasn't all that bad either. She whispered to the man next to her. "You couldn't be the tiniest bit subtle? Just a little?"

"That was subtle." And then he smirked. Smirked! The bastard. If he wasn't a big bad vamp and a good friend, she'd

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

kick him. He leaned close and the temptation to at least smack him rose as he whispered in her ear. "I could have told him to get you a page 156, but since that drink doesn't exist, I thought I was being pretty damned subtle by ordering you a Tie Me to the Bedpost."

If she could have, she would have paled. As it was, she felt all of the blood drain from her face and take up residence in her feet. Oh. Shit. Cody had most definitely let Chris in on her fantasies, and since she knew Chris and Ian were sort of a 'thing', she wondered if maybe he'd talked to both of them.

The floor could open up and swallow her at any minute. Now would be good. Instead, Chris smiled—a genuine smile similar to all the others he'd bestowed upon her whenever she and her friends came in and she felt a tiny glimmer of hope flicker. Maybe Cody hadn't said anything...

"Hey Ian," Chris's voice rose above the crowd to call to the other man. "We've got one lady who'd like to be tied to the bedpost. Think I may need your help with this one." At Ian's glaring smile, Chris turned his attention back to her. The ass. "Anything else for ya?"

In for a penny, in for two hundred pounds. "Sure. I'll take a Slow Screw and a Screaming Orgasm as well."

"Fuzzy Screw?" Chris clarified.

"Nah. I'm not big on fuzz." She tried to avoid his eyes and the mischief she saw there, but she couldn't. The whole sexual banter thing didn't go over well with Nic since she wasn't that sexually experienced. The extent of her knowledge extended to being deflowered by her current long-term boyfriend, and the books she read. And her favorite

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

book was currently in Cody's custody so she couldn't even read *that*.

Minutes later, Chris had her drink orders mixed and Cody helped her get them to her table. Sanctuary. At least with Ro and Sharon with her, she couldn't get into any trouble. She hoped.

* * * *

Ian fell into bed the moment he emerged from the bathroom. Water still clung to his skin, but he didn't care. Damn, the night seemed to have gone on forever.

Woman after woman flashed him their cleavage while more than one man eyed him below the waist. Damn it all. Didn't they know he was as good as mated to Chris?

Fuck no, they didn't. Because he and Chris hadn't actually mated. Sure they'd sucked and humped, but no fucking had occurred. Regardless of the frequent orgasms Chris gave him, Ian still seemed to have blue balls. He needed to sink his cock, and incisors, into his mate. Soon.

It had sounded good in the beginning. Ian's homophobic mate had been freaked to find himself attracted to guys. They took it slow, spending time together. He let Chris get used to having him around. Soon, their casual brushes of skin against skin turned into hand holding. It wasn't long before Ian finally stole a kiss from his mate. And then, he'd had him. Or so he thought. Six months, and Ian still hadn't convinced Chris to let him love him like a mate should. Six. Months.

Soon, even a woman would look good. Hell, a woman *had* looked good tonight. With her tight, dark brown curls and

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

smooth milk chocolate colored skin. Before Chris, Ian had always had a taste for chocolate. Even before he figured out that men did a *bit* more for him than women, he'd enjoyed reveling in the differences of his pale skin against a darker woman's.

And the curves that woman had! Everywhere. Not just big breasts or a rounded ass, either. She had luscious lips, a round face, breasts that looked to be more than a handful *and* a tiny waist that flared to a wide set of hips. What made her perfect was her rounded ass. Too bad he hadn't had a quarter.

Just the mere thought of her as he visualized her nude body in his mind had his cock growing stiff. Still nude, he didn't hesitate to palm the hardening flesh between his legs. He stroked his dick from base to tip and back again. Closing his eyes, he imagined her delicate hand encircling his erection. Regardless of her abundant curves, she'd been short, almost petite. He didn't think her hands could span his cock, but she'd try. Yeah, she'd try.

Ian widened his legs on the bed, letting his balls rest against his ass while he stroked his cock. Fully erect now, droplets of pre-come seeped from the tip as he imagined the stranger between his thighs.

"Starting without me?"

Ian smiled. Eyes closed, he nodded to Chris, sensing that his mate stood only a few feet away. He could hear the hitch in Chris's breath when Ian stroked his own cock—he loved being able to cause such a reaction.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"Yeah, but you can finish me." Ian opened his eyes and found Chris's cock at eye level as his lover stroked himself.

"Don't mind if I do." Chris stepped forward and slid the tip of his cock across Ian's lips.

Normally, he'd open his mouth and gladly welcome Chris into him, but tonight was different. Thoughts of the mystery woman had him thinking of lovers past and Ian realized that while he and Chris may have deep feelings for one another, they weren't *truly* lovers. That was going to change. Now.

Ian pulled back, putting space between his mouth and Chris's cock while shaking his head. "Not tonight."

"What? You want me to suck you first?" Chris smiled and seemed amenable as he moved to sit between Ian's thighs. Ian wouldn't let him.

"No. Nothing's happening tonight unless it's actual sex. Not oral sex, but sex-sex." Ian's cock was rapidly deflating over the mounting tension, but he didn't care. They'd avoided this last step in sharing themselves for long enough. They were mates, damn it! It was time they started acting like it.

Chris's face grew red. Yeah, his mate was pissed all right. "What? Now you're forcing the issue. When we got together I told you I wasn't gay, Ian. I told you this was all new to me and you said we'd work through it together. Now you're giving me an ultimatum. What gives?"

Ian sprung from the bed, anger coursing through his veins. "What gives?" He snorted. "What gives is that I'm tired of having half of a mating with the fucking man I love. That's what gives, asshole." He shoved Chris, angry that the man couldn't see how much he cared for him. True, they'd never

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

said the words, but surely Chris saw the feelings they shared. Right?

"Asshole?" Chris shoved him and Ian took a step back. "Fuck you asshole! You never said you fucking loved me, dick. Think I'm gonna give my ass to whoever the fuck comes by? Fuck no, I'm not."

"Well I do. So walk the fuck out, or bend the fuck over." Ian growled. The anger running through his veins was quickly turning to arousal now that he knew what had been keeping them apart. Three little words had kept them from enjoying each other fully.

He took a step forward, closing the distance between them. Chris didn't back up, but he remained tense, fists clenched at his sides. Ian reached for him and Chris didn't move a muscle. "What'll it be, baby? Gonna bend over, or should we stop fucking around?"

Chris growled in response, causing Ian to chuckle. *Stubborn bastard.* "What? Wanna hear the words?" At Chris's nod, Ian continued. "Love you, Chris. From the moment you promised you weren't gay while I swallowed your cock, and you shot your load in my mouth. Loved you ever since."

"Now that's just romantic as hell, fucker."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

Chris didn't wait for Ian to stop laughing. He lunged at his lover, shoving the larger man onto the bed before following him down, pinning Ian with his body. Ian's laughter and smiles faded the moment their cocks touched and Chris sucked in a ragged breath.

Many times they'd lain like this before, him on top, humping Ian and rubbing their erections together until they both came. But this time ... this time was different. Soon, Ian's cock wouldn't be rubbing against his, but instead, buried deep within his ass. His stomach clenched and fluttered at the thought of having something, *someone*, inside him. Chris imagined this had to be how women felt their first time.

He didn't have long to worry over how Ian's monster cock would fit inside him. Ian captured his lips in a bruising kiss. The ferocity of Ian's kiss is what Chris loved most about having a male lover. Tenderness and soft touches weren't required or needed. They could go at each other, be the primal beasts they were born to be, without worrying about hurting their partner.

Chris wasn't a full-Were, but he could still feel the need of his beast deep within. It clawed and howled with every scrape of Ian's teeth against his own, with every thrust of his cock against Ian's hip. Fuck, he wanted to come. Hard, and fast, and now.

He nipped Ian's lip, drawing blood. Ian growled low in his chest, the sound electrifying all of Chris's nerves. He licked

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

his lover's damaged lip, eyes closed as he savored his mate's true flavor. They'd always come close, biting and drawing blood, but this was the closest either of them had come to the other's shoulder when drawing blood.

Chris levered his upper body above Ian, staring into the man's now feline eyes. Yes. Part of him wished he could change fully like his lover, lose control of man and beast during times like these instead of simply being an out of control man. He could only imagine the feeling of claws bursting from his fingertips as he was being fucked by Ian.

He didn't have long to contemplate their differences. One moment it was Chris who was in control of their embrace, and the next, Ian had him flat on his back.

"Fucker."

"Cock tease." Ian licked the side of Chris's neck, fangs scraping his skin before nibbling the lobe of his ear. "Like teasing me, fucker?" The tip of Ian's cock slid over Chris's balls and pressed against his perineum. "Like making me so fucking hard I won't be able to be gentle?"

Fuck no! Chris's heart pounded in his chest. The first time, he needed gentle. His ass tightened at the thought of Ian plowing into him because he'd pushed his lover too hard.

Ian's cock ventured past the sensitive bit of skin between his balls and ass to slide between his cheeks. Chris clenched his ass tighter.

"What? What's wrong Chris?" Ian kissed a path along his chin, nibbling him every few inches. "Decided that maybe the beast isn't who you want right now?" Ian flexed his hips and his cock nudged Chris's asshole.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

This had quickly spiraled out of control. He'd poked the beast and the beast is what he'd gotten. He didn't want their first time, their *true* first time to be fast and hard and feral. He needed a little tenderness, even if it made him sound like a fucking girl. "Ian..."

The piercing amber feline eyes gazing into his instantly morphed back into bright green human eyes, Ian's eyes. "Hey." His lover took a deep breath and Chris watched the throbbing in the vein in Ian's neck slow. "I got you, Kit. Gotta slow down though, almost lost it."

Kit. Chris loved the obnoxious nickname Ian had saddled him with. Short for kitten, it was Ian's attempt at getting back at Chris for calling him Fluffy. Hearing the nickname from Ian meant that the man was back in control.

"Yeah, Fluffy, wouldn't mind it later. But not now, yeah?" Ian growled in response, nipping Chris's neck before rolling away. Chris wiggled his hips, making his cock wave back and forth. "Where are you going? Someone still needs attention."

Chris simply laughed at the dark expression Ian shot him. The laugh died a young death when he saw what Ian carried. Condoms and lube.

"What's wrong, Kit? Cat got your tongue?" Chris threw a pillow at Ian, which the man easily avoided. "Now that's no way to treat the man that's about to fuck you, is it?"

Chris licked his lips and scooted toward the center of the bed, and did his best to smile at Ian.

He must have not done well in the "convince him you're not freaked" department because suddenly the man was next to him, curling his body around his as he pressed a soft kiss

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

to his temple. "Not gonna hurt you, Chris. Know that, right? It'll feel so good, but I don't wanna rush you."

"I know," he nuzzled Ian's cheek, the man's whiskers catching on his skin. "Just being a girl, I guess."

"Sometimes a girl's good, Kit."

They lay their quietly for a few moments, their breathing the only sound in the room. Finally, Chris couldn't take it anymore. Either they would or they wouldn't, but he wanted to know which. "Well?"

Chris felt rather than heard a laugh making its way through Ian, finally the man let it loose as he tugged him closer. "You're always full of surprises, Chris. One second I'm ready to devour you and you're huddling in the corner—" Chris punched him in the gut. Hard. "Ow, asshole."

"I was not huddling in the fucking corner. I was ... concerned."

Ian snorted, but didn't comment. "Anyway, the next minute you want to get on with it."

"I hope to God, there's more to fucking me than 'getting on with it', asswipe." Chris all but snarled.

"Yeah, Kit, there is."

He didn't need to wait long to find out what more there was to being loved by Ian. The man showed him.

Ian rolled on top of him, pinning him with his chest as he rocked his hips against Chris, their cocks bumping and sliding against one another. When Ian rose above him, Chris moved to flip over, but stilled when Ian laid his hand against his chest.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"Where're you going?" He opened his mouth to speak, but only a moan escaped when Ian's hand enveloped his erection, pumping his shaft with hard, tight strokes. "Want to look into those pretty eyes while I take you, Chris. Wanna watch."

Chris nodded and eased back against the mattress, legs already open, he didn't protest when Ian pushed his knees further apart. As spread as he was, he couldn't hide a damned thing from Ian now. Then again, he'd never been able to hide a damned thing from the man.

"So pretty, Chris."

Chris's attention snapped to Ian and then followed the man's gaze to where he stared. How Ian found him pretty *there*, Chris would never know, but he wasn't about to argue. Especially not when Ian looked ready to swallow him whole. Oh, damn. Swallowing had him thinking of sucking, and that thought led to fucking and his cock pulsed, leaking a drop of pre-come. He needed to come. Now.

He dropped his head back to the mattress when Ian stroked his cock. Those big, worn hands with their calluses scraped along the sensitive skin of his cock. His blunt fingertips traced the very head of his dick, rubbing the pre-come all over his skin.

"Need to, Ian." He couldn't force any other words past his lips. The constant stroking of his dick caused his pulse to rise and heartbeat to thunder in his ears.

Distantly, muffled by his raging pulse, he heard the snap of a lid being opened. *Lube*. Yes. That's what he needed. Lube would make being jacked off way fucking better.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Chris expected the cool gel to wrap around his cock, what he didn't expect were two lube-coated fingers to probe his ass. He tensed, prepared to stay locked up tight and resist entrance, but Ian's quick words soothed him.

"Let me in, Kit. Get you ready then I'll fuck you."

He relaxed and without the tiniest bit of pain, one finger slid into him. Fuck, *into* him. A part of Ian was inside his body and soon ... damn, soon his cock would be.

Chris willed the rest of his muscles to loosen, earning him praise from Ian. "That's it, let me in, Kit. So fucking good, so fucking *tight*." Ian loomed above him, cocks once again sliding against one another as his lover licked the side of his neck.

He moaned when Ian dove in for another kiss, this one just as primal and fierce as before, but he knew Ian retained control. This time.

Suddenly, there was more pressure around his asshole, stretching and pulling the skin wider and wider still. Not to the point of pain, so Chris forced himself to relax as he returned Ian's kiss. Having Ian inside him wasn't *pleasurable*, but it didn't hurt, and wasn't uncomfortable either. He figured he could give this to his lover, relinquish control since it seemed so important.

Ian broke the kiss, panting. "Okay?"

Chris nodded, "Yeah, Fluffy. Won't break."

Then Ian did something Chris would never, ever forget in his entire life. Ian moved. No, he didn't just move, he stroked and fondled him from the inside. Then ... oh, fuck, then Ian

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

hit a sweet spot within and Chris arched his back, shoving Ian's fingers deeper into his ass while his lover stroked.

He squeezed his eyes shut tight, moaning and moving against Ian as he rubbed that spot. Fuck, now he knew why men did this. Now he knew why men went to other men for pleasure, and Chris didn't know if he could ever look at another woman without wondering if she could shove her fingers in his ass.

"Yeah." He grunted. "Fuck my ass. Fuck *me*."

He whimpered, honest to God whimpered, when Ian pulled his fingers out of him. "Turned you into a slut, Kit?"

"You. Only for you." Next thing Chris knew an even larger, warm, blunt piece of flesh probed his ass and he knew it wasn't his lover's fingers returning. A sudden surge of unease coursed through his veins, but Ian kissed it away, swallowing his worry with each lick and stroke of his tongue.

Chris tried to ignore gentle, but insistent nudges of Ian's cock. He succeeded too, until the burn became too much. He yanked his lips away from Ian, panting. "Can't. Too big."

"I'll fit." Chris tensed and wiggled up the bed, afraid Ian would *make* himself fit. "Damn it, Chris, sit still." He froze. "Not gonna hurt you. When I press in, you push out. Okay, Chris?"

Ian rained soft kisses along his jaw line and down his neck before sucking on his nipple. Chris couldn't help his body's response; he arched into the sensation of Ian's mouth on his chest. "Okay, Chris?"

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Chris could only nod his agreement. What the hell else could he do with Ian's cock nearly in his ass and the man's mouth on his chest, tongue flicking his nipple?

This time, Chris did as Ian had said and slowly, inch by inch, the man's cock filled him. Stretched and tight, Ian sunk in until ... *Fuck*. Until the head of his dick struck that same sweet spot and Chris forgot the pain and became consumed with the pleasure.

The soft crinkling hair touching the sensitive skin of his ass let Chris know that Ian was in him. *Fully* in him. Damn, he'd never thought to be this close to another person. Ever. Emotions he didn't know he possessed swelled in Chris's heart and something of what he felt must have shown on his face, because Ian addressed them right away.

"You are such a fucking girl," Ian whispered against his lips.

"Shut up and fuck me, bastard." Ian laughed and levered his body above Chris, giving him a moment to stare at the man who was his mate. He'd never been happier or more satisfied than at this moment with this man.

When Ian simply smiled and stared at him, Chris became impatient. Didn't the man want to get on with it now? Sure, having his mate's cock pressed against his prostate sent shivers of pleasure along his spine, but he couldn't imagine what it would be like to be well and truly fucked.

"Fuck. Me." Chris tightened his ass around Ian's cock, remembering how good it felt when a woman did that to him. And damn if that didn't get a reaction from Ian.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

His mate growled low and deep, the sound traveled through Ian's cock and transferred to Chris's ass, making him shudder and moan. "Fuck me, Fluffy. Fuck me hard."

"No." Ian's denial was swift and instantaneous. Definitely not the response Chris wanted.

Chris wrapped his legs around Ian's waist, pulling the man inconceivably deeper into him as he made his demand again. "Fuck me." Ian remained silent. Of course, the bastard had his own ideas as to how this first mating would go. Well, Chris had his too. Holding Ian tight with his legs, Chris levered himself up and bit into the flesh of Ian's chest. He bit hard enough to leave a mark and, he hoped, a bruise. When he released the flesh, he stared into Ian's now feline eyes. "Fuck. Me. Asshole."

They'd reached the edge and Chris had just thrown them off. He relaxed back onto the bed and eased his grip on Ian's waist, ready and willing to let the man fuck him into oblivion.

Ian withdrew slowly, their gazes intent on one another while he slid most of his cock out of Chris's ass. Chris hissed and groaned at the loss, but as slowly as Ian retreated, he rushed forward in a blur of motion, pounding into his ass with all of his inhuman speed. He screamed Ian's name, both in pleasure and pain.

The first stroke set the pace for their love making. Slow retreats were followed by hard, forceful and fast thrusts that rocked the bed and both their bodies. Over and over again Ian teased them both with the torture. He kept the speed alternating between slow and fast. It was just enough to keep

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

them aroused and rock-hard, but not enough to push them over the edge.

Chris's cock throbbed and bobbed between them, jerking and leaking pre-come with every entry. "Fuck me, you bastard! Fuck! Need to come."

"Come on my cock, Kit? Gonna blow your load all over your chest while your ass tightens around my cock? Do it, Kit. Come for me." Ian's words were low and whispered, as if they shared a deep secret.

"Yeah, come for you if you go faster, Fluffy."

Ian didn't need any more encouragement. His thrusts became shorter, harder and faster. With each breath, he withdrew before rushing forward again. With every in-stroke, the head of his cock struck Chris's prostate and he saw stars.

His orgasm skittered and slid along every nerve from head to toe as if they all burst to life, filled with pleasure, at once. Chris knew his orgasm wasn't far off. Without thought, he reached for his cock, gripping the steel-hard shaft at its base, he stroked from root to tip. He gripped harder, twisting his hand on the upstroke while Ian pounded away at his ass. Each thrust rocked the bed and Chris, but he didn't care. They were fucking, hell, they were *loving* the only way they knew how, and it was perfect.

Closer and closer his orgasm came. The tension spread out from his cock, seeping into every muscle as his release threatened. Over and over again Ian hit Chris's prostate. In. Out. In. Out. Harder, faster, stronger, more.

Then ... then Chris was coming and he screamed. Semen erupted from the tip of his cock, painting his chest with the

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

white, salty fluid. It flowed in time with the beating of his heart and the nudging of that spot deep within his ass by Ian. He knew he'd tightened and tensed with his orgasm, but he couldn't help the reaction. Dimly, he heard Ian yell his name as he stilled and Chris smiled, content with the knowledge that his mate had found his own release.

Yeah, now that he'd experienced sex with the man he loved, he could understand how women tolerated being poked. "That was fucking awesome."

Ian slumped over him, smearing his semen between them. "No, Kit, that was fucking."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

Nicole nodded a silent thanks to the barista as she took her coffee from the woman. Lord, if she'd have shouted Nic's order to the entire coffee shop, Nic would have killed her. *Death by plastic knife* would have been the headline in tomorrow's paper. She really shouldn't have let Ro and Sharon talk her into so many drinks the night before. She'd lost count after eight. Funny how counting seemed so much more difficult with alcohol. And remembering. Remembering seemed a hell of a lot more difficult, too.

Couple last night's drinks with waking up at the butt-crack of dawn to meet Marvin, and Nic was *not* a happy camper. Mornings were just not her *thing*. Then again, mornings weren't really her problem. She had no trouble being amenable after ten, it was just all those hours before it that she had an issue with. And damn if Marvin wasn't a morning person. Hence their 'breakfast' at six.

Nic eased into a chair near the window overlooking the parking lot. The quicker she spotted Marvin and got their breakfast date underway, the quicker she could go home and crawl back into bed. Her head pounded to the beat of her heart, and considering she was getting ready to meet Marvin and was nervous, that was pretty darned fast.

Of course, she'd be much happier if her heart was pitter patter because she was excited to meet the man her parents were trying to convince her to marry. Nope. It was pounding a mile a minute because come hell or high water,

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

she was telling Marvin she would never marry him. Ever. She'd rather live a dull life as a fat cat lady than marry him and live an even duller life as his wife. Ne-ver. Her parents could take a flying leap. Nic was not marrying the man who couldn't even find her cli—

The bell above the door chimed and Nic turned her head to see if ... it was. Marvin had arrived as she had mulled over the next life-changing minutes. Good, at least she'd be settling things now. She smiled. How could she not? Just because her engagement was about to end in a large crunching train wreck didn't mean her future wasn't bright. She really loved cats after all.

Just behind Marvin a good-looking, built man stepped through the doorway and leaned down to speak to her fiancé. Huh. She didn't remember meeting the man before, and she definitely would have remembered *him*. Tall, with broad shoulders and an obviously chiseled chest and abdomen, *He* was every woman's wet dream in denim. *Yum*. She bet he'd know where her cli—

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Nicole." *Marvin*. Ugh. He always called her *Nicole*, not Nic as she preferred. It was like talking to one of her parents.

Nic tore her gaze away from tall, really dark and delicious at the counter and focused on her soon-to-be ex-fiancé. "Marvin, so nice to see you." *Lie*. She smiled despite the fib and waited for him to take his seat. He'd arranged this date, so she'd let him start before she told him goodbye.

Her attention drifted to the hunky stranger as he ordered his own cup of caffeine-infused perfection. She sighed. Too

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

bad *he* wasn't sitting across from her instead of Marvin. Sure, Marvin was cute in his own dorky, conservative way. He'd always kept his body fit and trim, but no matter what he did, Nic always saw him as the boy she went to high school with ... glasses and pocket-protector included.

"Nicole, I wanted to speak with you about..."

She took a quick sip of her caffeine courage. "I wanted to speak with you, too."

"Really? Why don't you go first?" Marvin, always the gentleman.

"No, go ahead, you asked me to coffee this morning."

His "are you sure?" collided with her "yes" and before either of them could stop, they both blurted out their reason for meeting.

"I can't marry you." Marvin said it. She said it. *They* said it.

Well. Damn. The fucker stole her thunder.

Nic placed her cup of mocha latte heaven on the table and clasped her hands together. As long as her grip remained tight, she'd resist the urge to dump her tiny bit of scalding heaven over Marvin's head. *She* was supposed to dump *him*. Now that they'd said the awful words at the same time, worry crept into her heart. Sure, she knew why she couldn't marry him, but what was so wrong with her that he couldn't go through with the marriage?

She took a deep cleansing breath as she focused on the geometric shapes inlaid into the tabletop. She wouldn't cry. Nope. Wasn't going to do it. Not once in her justification for breaking up with Marvin had she contemplated that he'd feel

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

the same way. Not. Once. Now she simply needed to face the fact that ... that she was lacking in some way. Lord, how depressing. Not even a caramel mocha latte could help this...

"You ... you don't want to marry me?" She glanced at him and shook her head before cupping her drink between her hands. "Whew."

Nic squeezed her eyes shut. Rejection sucked no matter how you looked at it. Even squinty eyed and sideways, rejection still hurt. "Um, yeah. Great."

Marvin must have finally recognized her distress. *Slow, stupid man.* He took her cup from her hands and clasped them in his, squeezing them gently. "Nicole, if you don't want to marry me either, why the long face?"

Long face? Geesh, did people even talk like that anymore? Oh, right. Marvin did.

"Nothing, I just wasn't expecting you to feel the same way. I was expecting..."

"To stomp my heart into the ground?"

Heat burned her cheeks, but she didn't look away. "Not exactly..."

Marvin chuckled and shook his head. "Yeah, right. I know you, and you were expecting to stomp all over my heart. Damn, you must have been just as unhappy as I was to risk pissing off your parents." Nicole nodded. "It's not you though, Nicole, it's me."

She pulled her hands free and glared at him. "You have *got* to be fucking joking. Even . wasn't going to use the 'it's not you, it's me' line. Seriously, Marvin? That's all you've got? Give me something better than that, please?"

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Marvin took a deep breath, looked her straight in the eyes and said, "I'm gay."

Nic cocked her head to the side and furrowed her brows. "Well, that does explain a lot..."

"That's all you've got to say? It explains a lot?" He stared at her, eyes wide and mouth hanging open.

"What else is there to say other than it explains a lot?" She leaned forward and gestured for him to come closer. "Marvin, I'll tell you a secret. You suck at sex. I'm not trying to be mean, but it's true. You being gay explains a lot."

He snatched his hands away and narrowed his eyes at her. "I do *not* suck at sex," he whispered low.

If only he knew. Well, she may as well tell him. "Marvin," How could she say this delicately? "On more than one occasion I was tempted to tell you to go to AAA and purchase a road map to my clit because you couldn't find it on your own."

Okay, not really delicate, but whatever.

"*Nicole!*"

"What? Maybe it's best that you're gay. You can't really ignore a big waving *thing* in your face, can you?" She looked around to see if anyone had overheard her and since no one was spouting coffee from their noses, she figured they hadn't. Then her gaze landed on the tall dark hunk that had followed Marvin into the coffee shop. "Wait. Is that tall glass of chocolate milk your boyfriend?"

Marvin sighed. "Yes, that's Mikel."

Nic couldn't hold her tongue any longer. "Huh. I bet he's got a great big *thing* to wave in your face, huh?" Finding out

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

that Marvin didn't want to marry her because he was gay and not because of some deficiency in her was a relief. "Are you going to introduce me?"

"Can you behave? I swear, I've never witnessed such behavior from you before," Marvin grumbled as he pushed his chair back and rose.

"Of course I can. Now introduce me to my replacement." She smiled and fluttered her eyelashes at him. With each passing second she felt better about herself. It truly had been *him* and not *her*. Of course, finding out your fiancé of years is gay comes with its own stigma, but Nic subscribed to the belief that people were born gay and not made that way so her chubby thighs and sagging breasts couldn't be the reason he preferred cock to ... Well, *it*.

Now with her engagement officially ended, Nic could start living the rest of her life for her and not for her parents. Marvin had been one last obstacle, and with him having his new boyfriend, things were definitely moving in the right direction.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Two months later...

Nic made it five steps from the bar and, using her momentum, spun around to go back the way she'd come. Ian held the Miller Light out to her and she grabbed it, smiling when he winked at her.

"Thanks, Ian."

"Anytime, babe."

Man, he was sex on two legs, and probably on four as well, considering his *animal* persuasion. Those dimples and the wicked gleam in his eye just hinted at the naughty things he could do to one lucky ... *man*. Geesh, all the hot, make you want to cream your panties, guys were gay.

Tray balanced on one shoulder and a beer in her hand, she wove through the crowd at Del Fantasma. She'd been working there for two months, and soon would have a month long tour of Europe to show for it. Getting a job as a waitress to help fund the trip had been her first, well second, act of defiance. Her first had been to announce to the world that *she'd* broken off the engagement to Marvin and not the other way around.

Even though it had been sort of a lie, she'd enjoyed the look on her parent's faces. Shock didn't even begin to describe their reaction. Sure, surprise bled into shock and eventually a bunch of yelling and angry words were flung across the dining room. Of course, they had been between each other and not at her. Somehow, her parents had decided that Nic's appearance, her inability to sustain a relationship,

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

and wide hips were the fault of one parent or the other. Well, she sure as hell knew where she got the hips from at any rate.

And that had just been the beginning.

Nic moved out of her teeny, tiny apartment and into something along the beach. She got a new job in a nearby office, working Monday through Friday from eight to five. Then her nights were spent at Del Fantasma, waitressing her way to a whirlwind trip across the pond, and now the trip was only two days away. Bright and early Sunday morning she'd board a plane for Italy.

Approaching her table, she sat the Miller Light down and then began passing out drinks. The bar was crowded this Friday night. Crowded and ... rowdy. The jukebox roared with music and it seemed the customers were doing their damndest to either sing along or talk over the music. With it being close to closing, more than one of the customers was a drunk and Nic kept her eyes peeled for any violence, or men who looked like they wanted to play a game of grab-ass.

She passed the drinks around, smiling at her customers and taking note of those she'd have to cut off. She tucked her tray under her arm and started back for the bar, weaving around listing bodies and tables when a hand caught her. More like a paw, really.

Jimmy. The man was a regular pain ... in the bar, and in the ass. The half-shifted man tugged her toward his lap and she went along with him. The easiest way to rid yourself of Jimmy's attention was to not fight him. The man was a walking, okay crawling, contradiction. If someone went along

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

with his octopus-like paws, he would usually let them go pretty quick. It was the fighters that turned him on most.

Instead of letting him pull her into his lap, she leaned against his chair. "Hey, Jimmy. How you doin' tonight?"

"Better now that you're here." He smiled and it could only be called wolfish, as corny as that sounded.

She ignored his comment. "Anything I can get for you? Another beer?"

He tugged on her hand, urging her to bend over and she resisted.

"Aw, come on, baby. Lean down here and give me a little something."

She glanced to where he was pulling her hand and she figured *little* was an apt description. "You know I don't get frisky with anyone at work, Jimmy." She smiled trying to placate the man.

Truly, all of the male attention she'd been getting ever since she joined the staff at Del Fantasma was getting to her. Not only that, she couldn't figure out why she brought the worst out in men. Sure, some women probably wouldn't mind being pawed, literally, by her customers, but Nic wasn't one of those women.

"Come on sugar, just give me a little..." He pulled harder, mouth pursed for a kiss.

"Jimmy..."

A large hand swooped between them and clamped on Jimmy's wrist. She could see the straining muscles in the intruding arm and knew, without a doubt, that Jimmy would be in some pain if he didn't let go ... soon.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"I believe, she said no." The smooth voice drawled.
Ian.

He'd come to her rescue. Again. The man always watched out for her and ran interference when a customer got a smidge *too* frisky, and she thanked her lucky stars that he was watching her tonight.

"Aw, Ian, dayum. Let go. She knows I don't mean anything," Jimmy whined.

"Really? So that's a pencil in your pocket, Jimmy? You just wanted to show her your new pencil?" Jimmy whimpered.
"That right?"

Jimmy dropped her wrist like he'd been scalded and she pulled it back quickly, rubbing where his grip had grown a little *too* tight for comfort. Of course, Ian's gaze zeroed in on the purplish marks on her wrist and nothing else.

"Why don't you grab that glass of juice behind the bar and take it on up to Chris. He's still got a cold and not feeling too hot. I'm sure he'd appreciate the company while I take out the trash." Ian nodded, Jimmy whimpered, and she snorted.

He just wanted to get rid of her, and since she didn't really want to watch Ian kick the drunken man's ass, she obliged him. "Fine, just don't leave a mess or Cody will have a fit."

Tray still tucked beneath her arm, she wove toward the bar and noticed that all of the attention had shifted to Jimmy and Ian. Well, at least she shouldn't be harassed anymore tonight.

She stowed her tray and snagged the glass of apple juice with crushed ice from the counter and went to the stairs. It didn't take her long to get to the top compared to what it

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

would have had she been in the shape she'd been in just two months prior. She hadn't intended on losing weight or getting into shape before her trip, but working in a bar and being on her feet all day did things to her body that no gym had managed. Maybe it was because she had a reason to go to work every day whereas she lacked that motivation in regards to the gym.

Nic approached the door with care, not wanting to disturb poor Chris if he was asleep. This cold had really knocked him on his ass, several times, in fact. Each time he started to feel better, he'd jump back into work and then get sick all over again. Ian said that his lover was nearly better, but still, Nic worried.

She turned the knob, and a groan filtered through the door. Poor guy, he had probably relapsed. A muffled Yes caught her off guard. Yes, what? She flinched and prayed she wasn't walking in on some wet dream. With a deep breath, she eased the door open. And then time stood still.

Chris lay nude, sprawled across the king sized bed against the wall, hard cock in hand.

Should she close her eyes and scurry back down the stairs and send Ian back in her place? Yes.

Would she? Not for a million dollars.

She'd been fighting her attraction to Chris and Ian since before she took the job at Del Fantasma, and she was going to pretend, just for a little while, that the man stroking his cock was hard ... for her.

Chris, with his dirty blond hair and rugged features wasn't every woman's dream man, but he starred in her dreams,

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

fantasies, each and every night. Sometimes, it was just her and Chris, and others ... it was all three of them tangled together.

He stroked his cock, squeezing the base and then sliding his hand up along the shaft to the tip and then back down again. Up ... and down. Over and over again. Head tilted back, mouth hanging open, he breathed deep, panting harder with each pass.

From her position by the door, she could easily see the glint of pre-cum coating the tip of his dick, the bit of evidence that his fantasy was quickly coming to an end.

One of his hands snaked up his body, caressing and stroking the firm muscles of his abdomen and then chest. His fingers, the fingers she'd seen make dozens of drinks, squeezed and pinched his nipple. Chris arched into his own touch, writhing and moaning while he caused himself a hint of pain to mix with his pleasure.

And she watched, panties growing wetter by the second, while he fondled himself and sought his release. Watched, rapt, as the droplets of pre-cum grew in size and dripped from the head of his cock. Stared while he tugged on his nipple, the skin turning red from his assault.

Chris's moans and groans grew, and breaths came in sharp pants. His hips rocked in time with his tugs as if he fucked an imaginary partner. *Ian*. She licked her lips and fought the urge to dash across the room and swallow his cock. Her clit pulsed and twitched in her cream soaked panties, and her fingers tingled with the need to find her release. She wasn't that perverted.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

On the bed, Chris tensed, back arched and lifted from the bed, body strung tight and still as if time really had stopped. And then ... then he gasped, a great inhalation of air as semen erupted from the tip of his cock, coating his stomach and chest in great strings of white that she ached to taste. More and more of his seed pulsed from the head of his dick until the pulsing and his breathing seemed to return to normal.

Thoughts of dashing down stairs and pretending none of this had happened shot through her mind. But when Chris rolled over and reached for something on the other side of the bed, his back to her, he knocked something from the mattress. It didn't take a great deal of staring to see what had fallen.

A book.

Her book.

Two for One.

Anger and embarrassment overrode her need to give Chris privacy. She sat the glass down on a nearby bookshelf and raced across the room, scooping the book up with one swift movement.

"Nic? Wha—"

"Where did you get this?" She demanded. Her tone harsher than any she'd ever used with him before. She didn't give a damn if he was still coming down from his orgasmic high. Betrayal burned through her gut. She knew where he'd gotten it, just as she knew where it should have been since it left her possession. One man had access to this book, and one only.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Cody had given it to Chris and Ian. Cody had betrayed her by exposing her deepest desires to two of her friends. What hurt the most was that they'd had the book for who knew how long, and they hadn't acted on ... anything.

Tears burned her eyes, but she blinked them back. She couldn't do this. Not now. Two days and she'd be in Europe, and in that split second, she knew what she had to do to retain her sanity until her trip.

"It doesn't matter." She turned on her heel and marched down the steps. Ian said something to her, but she ignored him. She had her sights set and she wouldn't be deterred.

Without knocking, she busted into Cody's back office and slammed the book down on his desk. "I. Quit."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

"Fix it." Cody demanded.

Chris figured his only chance of survival was to play dumb. The vamp looked like he was out for blood, and he didn't know what the fuck had pissed his boss off. "Fix what?"

Cody smacked him upside the head with a book. "This. Fix this mess you idiots made, and get her the fuck back, Chris." Cody threw the book into his lap and Chris's eyes widened, mouth dropping agape.

Oh, shit.

"Oh shit, is right, idiot." Cody paced. "I gave that to you two in hopes that you'd figure this shit out for yourselves, and instead you've made a fuck up out of everything." The vamp fixed him with a hard burning glare. "Tell me, Chris, what *exactly* did Nic see before she took the book back and then thumped it down on my desk. Cause sure as shit, I'm picking up the scent of fresh cum on those pages."

Chris gulped. "Uh..."

"You are an idiot." Ian shook his head at him.

"I wouldn't be talking too quickly, Ian. You're part of this too." Cody declared.

"Me? I haven't done—"

"Exactly. These pages are a hell of a lot dirtier than they were when I dropped this off two months ago. Now, do I have to take out a god damned billboard to point you two idiots in the right direction, or do you understand what you've got to

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

do now?" Cody's gaze bounced between him and Ian and Chris felt a light bulb turn on in his mind.

"No."

Cody focused on him. "Yes."

"But, Ian is my ma—"

Cody cut him off. "And you don't think you can have more than one, jackass? Cause I'm telling you now, the scent your *mate* throws off when Nic is in the vicinity is about to drive half the Weres crazy down in that damn bar." His boss shook his head as if in disbelief. "You've got twenty-four hours to fix this gentlemen. I suggest you figure a few things out and, I don't know, communicate or some shit before you show up at her apartment."

"We're going to..." Chris's voice trailed off while he tried to figure out what the hell was going on.

"Shut. Up. Chris."

He snapped his mouth shut.

Cody nodded and disappeared through their apartment door, his heavy boots thumping on the stairs.

They were both silent, nothing but their breathing filling the quiet in the room, and the sounds of Cody and Mia cleaning up the bar downstairs. Chris sniffled and Ian sighed.

"Was he saying—"

"I didn't mean for it—"

They spoke at the same time, both of them talking about the same thing. Chris snapped his mouth shut and waited for Ian to speak.

His lover, his mate, snagged a chair from the kitchen area, flipped it around and straddled it so he facing him.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

For what seemed like hours, they stared at each other. Neither spoke or moved. Just stared. Finally, Ian broke the silence when Chris didn't think he'd be able to take it any longer. His worst imaginings were pinging through his mind.

Did Ian not love him anymore?

Did he prefer the idea of Nic over him?

Worst yet, did Ian have any inkling of *his* feelings for Nic?

Their perfect, two-man world was crashing down around Chris, and he couldn't fathom what any of it meant.

"He's telling the truth, you know." Ian murmured.

Chris swallowed the lump in his throat and fought to keep his tears at bay. His worst fears were unfolding before him.

"I ... She is ... It's like this..." Ian ran a hand through his hair. "*Dammit*. She is my mate, but no more or less than you are, Chris. It doesn't change anything, and I don't have to claim her."

Chris stared at his lover, the man who he *thought* would be by his side forever. Emotions swirled through him like a tidal wave. Anger, fear and hope warred for dominance within.

"But you do." He replied. "You know you do. Could you have not claimed me? Could you have walked away when recognition settled in your bones?" Ian opened his mouth to speak and Chris talked over him. "Because I'll tell you, Ian, I couldn't have. Not for one second." He took a deep breath and blew it out slowly. "And if we're being honest here, I can't."

"You can't what?"

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"Let her slip away." In for a penny ... "I thought my attraction to her was just that, an attraction. You know, left over hetero tendencies or some shit." He stared into his mate's eyes. "I had you, my mate. It had to be residual pussy addiction or something. But that's not what this is, is it?"

Ian stared at him, piercing green eyes delving into his mind as if scouring each and every nook and cranny he could find. "You're not mad?"

He shook his head. "We're mated, what makes you think that if there was going to be another that it wouldn't be someone we both wanted. We're *Weres*, Ian, not men."

Chris felt his fear and anger drift away under Ian's scrutiny. From Ian's searching stare, he could tell that his mate was concerned.

"You're sure?" Ian cradled his head in his hands. "I feel like I've led you down the gay trail and now I'm fucking everything up."

Chris barked out a laugh. "The gay trail? That's almost as bad as my pussy addiction." He shook his head. "Love you, you know that you bastard. Cock or pussy, you're still you."

The side of Ian's mouth kicked up in a smile. "What if I had both?"

Laughing, Chris chucked a pillow at his mate. "Idiot. No time for fantasizing when we've got a perfectly good pussy, which we both want, not far away."

Ian sobered. "She's really pissed though, isn't she?"

Chris nodded. "Yeah, she caught me rubbing one out up here and then ran off. I figure she's just the teeniest bit upset."

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Ian snorted. "Not hardly. I'd say we're royally screwed if we don't do some fast talking when we show up there."

"Fuck."

"Yeah, we're not the best talkers." Ian shook his head. "Play you rock, paper, scissors? Loser has to explain things."

"You are a sneaky bastard. How about the full-Were in the room explains things?"

"I like my idea better."

Chris scoffed. "You would."

"Ready? On the count of three. One ... two ... three..."

"*Fuck.*"

Chris lost.

Nic sunk into the warm water in her bathtub and let the soothing heat wash her stress away. Two days. Not even two days, really, and she'd be on her way for a month of traveling and exploration. Del Fantasma and its employees forgotten.

The betrayal still stung though. The thought that Cody had picked men out for her; that they'd been in front of her all this time, and they hadn't done anything, really stung her pride. Added to that was the fact that Cody had made his selection so close to 'home', and her emotions took another tumble.

The whys slithered through her mind, bringing with them a whole truckload of self-doubt and self-hatred.

Had it been her size? Nic didn't have a problem with her wide hips, thick thighs and generous breasts, but some men did. Obviously. Though, no one in the bar had ever had a problem hitting on her. Maybe she just managed to turn

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

every man she actually *wanted* within a hundred foot radius gay.

Was that it? She'd always thought that a person was either born gay or they weren't, but then again ... Marvin had sure played the sweet hetero boyfriend for a good long while. She'd never thought that Ian was anything but gay, and she knew Chris had to at least be bi ... So, why couldn't they 'take one for the team' and give her a night filled with fantasies? Cody, the infamous matchmaker had obviously thought they were up for it. So, why weren't they?

Maybe ... Maybe they just weren't into chocolate. Nic was raised to look past a person's skin color. When she found a man attractive, it was because of him as a person, not because he was black, white, or Hispanic.

She eased deeper into the tub. Regardless of the reason, the three men had engaged in some sort of conversation about her and *the book*, and no one had come a knocking. Period. Maybe ... maybe she could finagle a little threesome fun over in Europe. It wasn't like the States had a monopoly on sexually adventurous men, right?

She sighed. Right.

Disappointment settled in and she chided herself for being angry that the men hadn't wanted anything to do with her. Cody was human, sort of, and was liable to make mistakes occasionally. Maybe he'd just misread Chris and Ian's relationship. At work, the two seemed entirely devoted to one another. They didn't paw each other constantly, but secret looks passed across the bar most of the night. Both men kept

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

their public displays of affection to a minimum, but they didn't wait around once clean up was done for the night either.

Realization and understanding took the place of her hurt and anger as she rationalized the night's events. Cody had made a mistake. Period. He'd given her book to a couple that were too dedicated to one another to allow someone else in, even casually. She couldn't lay the blame for that at Chris and Ian's feet, and neither could it be placed at Cody's. Instead, her irrational reaction was hers and hers alone. Dammit.

Now, she felt the need to apologize, and that was the last thing she wanted to do. After her outburst in Cody's office, and ceremonious resignation, she sure as hell didn't want to go through the embarrassment of apologizing. Oh well, sometimes people had to do things just because it was right, not because they liked doing it.

Nic stood in the tub and carefully stepped onto the bathmat. She pulled her towel from the warmer and wrapped it around her. The soothing heat from the towel worked with the residual warmth of her bath to keep her relaxed while she formulated a plan. Once dry, she slipped into her favorite silk robe and padded through her apartment, into the kitchen. Half way to the freezer for a pint of ice cream, a knock at her front door interrupted her journey. Damn.

She figured Cody must have tracked her down to talk about her quitting. Couldn't he at least have had the decency to wait for her to drown her sorrows in some ice cream before she had to apologize for her behavior? Men. Some of them really had no manners.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

She tightened the belt on her robe and swung the door open. "Cody, I'm so—"

Not one man, but two stood on her front doormat; the two men who had starred in her fantasies, and then, just this afternoon, her nightmares. Ian and Chris. "Um, hi."

Neither man said a word. Ian, her self-appointed bodyguard, stood behind Chris, his expression, a mixture of annoyance and fear. Odd, considering he could probably take out anyone that approached him whether he was in the form of a cat or man. Chris looked nervous. He fidgeted and his fingers twitched as he stood before her. Something was up, and this time it wasn't his cock.

God, what if Cody talked to them? What if...

Chris gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing along his neck. "Can we come in?"

No! "Sure." She smiled. At least, she hoped it was a smile. Nothing could be more embarrassing than the chance that Cody had spilled the beans entirely then sent these two to smooth things over.

She plastered a smile on her face. She could do this. "Sure." Nic opened the door wider and stepped aside, gesturing for the two men to enter. She closed and locked the door behind them before following them into the living room where they'd wandered.

"Have a seat. Do either of you want anything?"

A chorus of no's rose before she even finished the question. *Okay, then. No drinks.*

She settled on the love seat, which left the couch to the two men. At least there'd be some distance between them.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Having them near, even under the current circumstances brought her body to attention. A buzz of arousal simmered in her veins, reminding her that she was a woman and they ... were two lickable men.

She cleared her throat when neither of them spoke. "Um, not that it isn't great to see you two, but, um, is there something you needed? Wanted to talk about?"

Like a Band-Aid. Get it over with and then get them gone. I can do this.

Chris swallowed and opened his mouth ... only nothing came out. He tried again and managed a squeak. The third time, he was able to form words. "The thing is ... I ... No, we ... See ... What happened was..."

Ian stared at Chris, a look of utter disbelief on his face. "You *suck* at seduction. I should have just lost on purpose if you were going to act like a damned teenager on his first date. How the fuck did we ever get together, you idgit?"

"Fuck you, asshole. I'm trying here and you're ruining it. She's fucking special and deserves to be approached gently...."

Seduction?

Both men turned to her, and their penetrating gazes zeroing in on her was a little more than she could stand.

"Yes," Chris answered. "Seduction."

She covered her mouth. "Oh, shit, I said that out loud?"

Ian's rock hard expression softened. "It's okay, sweets."

"No, it's really not. Look, I understand that you two are here ... Okay, I don't really understand why you're here, and I'm sure it has something to do with Cody threatening to rip

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

your balls off or something, but *seduction* or anything that goes along with it isn't necessary. I was going to call Cody to apologize and—"

"See who's fucking up now? Fix it, Fluffy," Chris demanded and pointed at her.

Oh. She mustn't laugh at Chris's name for Ian. Not now. Maybe after she survived this embarrassing situation and they'd left. Then she could squeal like a kid until her sides hurt. Definitely not now.

Ian glared at his lover before returning his attention to her. "We're fucking this up royally, aren't we?"

She really did laugh then. His crestfallen look popped the top off her fit of giggles and she couldn't hold them in any longer. The big bad Ian looked so ... sad. She'd swear he was giving her a sad puppy dog look if it wasn't for the fact that she knew he was a cat.

She shook her head. "It's fine Ian. The both of you at least improved my mood. Tell Cody I'll be back to work after my vacation. This evening has been forgotten. Let him know that your mission was accomplished." She grinned at the two men. Sure, nothing had turned out as she'd have liked, but the two goofballs pulled her from her funk at least.

"We can't do that, Nic." Chris informed her.

"What? Do you want me to call Cody and let him know everything's okay? I'm happy to—"

Ian butted in. "Naw, sweets, we can't leave because this doesn't have anything to do with Cody, it has everything to do with the fact that you're our mate."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Seven

"Whatthefuckwho?"

If the situation hadn't been so serious, Chris would have laughed at the expression on Nic's face. Eyes wide and mouth agape, she looked exactly as he'd felt just an hour ago. Poor thing. He was more than willing to soothe her. *More* than willing.

Chris rose from the couch and knelt before her, pulling her hands into his. "You are *our* mate."

"You have a mate," she tugged one hand free and he let her. She pointed at Ian. "He's over there and," she swallowed and he had the insane urge to lick her neck. "He looks mighty pissed right now." She dropped her voice to a whisper. "Step away slowly and maybe he won't go all kitty on us."

He mimicked her low tone. "It's because he's jealous. I'm touching you and he's not."

She pulled to get free but Chris held fast. He wasn't letting her go now that he'd gotten his hands on her.

"Well, let's stop touching so he doesn't go all furry on us and rip you away from me, okay?" Her voice was still a whisper, but was it a bit huskier now? He liked to think so.

"Baby, he won't go furry, he'll just push his way in soon and take my place. Give him a few minutes and you'll have a caveman on your hands." He lowered his voice further. "It's actually kind of hot." He stroked the inside of her wrist, testing the rapid pulse beneath the pad of his thumb. Something had her heart racing, and he hoped it was arousal

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

or anticipation, not fear. Being only a half-Were, he hadn't inherited the scenting ability from his father.

"I'm sure it is for you, Chris. But I'd rather not be on the receiving end of some pissed off kitty's rage because you decided to play a joke on me. I'm okay, the bad mood is lifted and I'll be back at work after my vacation, I swear."

Hmm ... "She doesn't believe us, Ian." He spoke to his lover, but didn't take his eyes off Nic.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious." The growl in Ian's voice told him just how close the man was to shoving him out of the way and claiming their mate.

Out of the corner of his eye, he watched as Ian unfolded himself from the couch then knelt to take the place at his side. Now, they each held one of her hands, stroking and rubbing her smooth skin. Somehow, they had to get through to her.

"Nicole," Ian started. "You *are* our mate. We were too stupid to open our eyes before, but we have now. We're not asking for a commitment," What the fuck? Yes they were. "We just want you to be open to us."

She pulled back from them, but they didn't release her. "Look, this joke is going..."

"Nic," He had to be blunt. "We've both known you were our mate for at least two months, but we were pussies and didn't say anything to each other. Don't let the fact that we're idiots keep you from exploring this. We're not lying." He stared into her eyes, willing her to see the truth in his words. "You are our mate, regardless of how long it took us to get here."

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Her focus bounced between them. "Seriously?"

Chris nodded and Ian voiced his confirmation. "Yes, you are. We're not pushing anything ... for now. It's enough just to be near you."

She looked dazed and Chris took advantage of the opportunity. He closed the distance between them and brushed his lips across hers. Just the barest hint of touch and his cock instantly grew hard in his jeans. Strawberries. Her lips tasted of sun-ripened strawberries and sunshine.

Nic moaned and leaned in to his kiss, following him as he leaned back. The moment their lips parted, Ian took his place and his dick grew harder still. His mate, kissing and petting his other mate was too much for him to bear. He stroked her arm, slipping his hand beneath her silken robe and then back down again. Her skin was softer even than the silk she wore to cover herself.

Ian deepened their kiss and Chris' cat snarled at the other man taking liberties he'd not yet had the joy of experiencing. Ian and Nic's tongues tangled and danced. Ian ground his erection against the unforgiving couch while Nic squirmed. Yeah, he just bet she enjoyed Ian's kisses. Chris knew that he enjoyed Ian's talented mouth when he was on the receiving end.

Just when he felt his control nearing the breaking point, Nic wrenched her mouth away from Ian and leaned back against the couch eyes closed.

* * * *

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

If she kept her eyes closed, the dream would stay. Of course, this was more along the lines of ultimate fantasy seeing as they were offering the whole mating thing, but she figured they were just playing up the situation a smidge. She wanted them. No doubt about it. Her pussy was already achy, throbbing and growing more damp by the second. She wanted whatever these two guys would give her and then some. She was greedy with wanting. And it was for them, all for them.

She eased her lids open and glanced at the two men before settling on Chris. Chris was the easy one. Lighthearted and relaxed, she could talk to him. Ian ... Ian was all feral animal clothed in human skin ... barely.

"No more talking of mating and all that. This is twenty-four hours of fun. Okay?" She licked her lips and fought a grin when both men groaned aloud. Oh, this could be fun.

Chris nodded. "Okay, Nic, whatever you say."

Hmm ... whatever I say?

Though this had quickly turned from embarrassing to arousing, Nic felt comfortable with the transition. All along, she'd hoped, wished, and prayed that the guys picked out for her by Cody would be similar to Chris and Ian. And now ... she had the ones she really wanted.

Must resist urge to happy dance. Must.

She licked her lips again. Not because they were dry, but simply because it amused her beyond measure to listen to Chris and Ian's breathing hitch when she did. "Okay then, boys, I can think of at least one place where we'd be more comfortable.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

They shifted and rose together, pulling her along with them. Two men. For her.

Must ... not ... wiggle ... ass.

At the hallway, Chris took the lead and Ian crowded her back, urging her along. His cock, hard and insistent, rubbed against her lower back with each step. If there was any question remaining about their desire, it vanished in that moment. She'd already seen Chris's dick straining against his jeans and now, she had proof that Ian was in the same state.

They stepped across the threshold of her bedroom and in a flash doubts invaded her mind. These were two men. Two, virile, hard bodied and aroused men. What if ... what if she couldn't please them? Hell, the breadth of her experience was with Marvin, and he was gay. Maybe they could slow things...

"Sweets, why don't you crawl into the middle of the bed?" Though phrased as a question, she knew Ian's words were an order. His breath fanned her neck, sending shivers down her spine and she moved quickly to obey. It didn't take her long to settle onto the middle of the mattress, legs crossed, and a pillow in her lap to cover her girly bits. She nibbled her lower lip.

Ian remained on the left side of the bed, while Chris moved to the right. Her attention focused on Chris when he pulled something from his back pocket. *My book.*

He flipped through the pages and settled on one. "Now, according to the pink highlighter on page 156, I think it's our turn to run the show. Only..."

Ian picked up where Chris left off. "You're not tied up."

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

She sucked her lower lip into her mouth and froze. What had originally sounded seductive and erotic, now just sounded ... scary.

"I think we can leave her free as long as she promises not to move. What do you think, Fluffy?" Chris smirked at Ian and she began to relax when the other man nodded.

"Yeah, Kit, I think we can let it go. *This* time."

As if in unspoken agreement, the two men began stripping. Chris whipped his shirt over his head while Ian popped the button on his jeans. Flesh, skin and rippling muscles were revealed at an amazing rate and she didn't know where to look.

Chris's chest was a testament to his gym workouts. His biceps were thick with corded muscle that led to his shoulders then chiseled pecs. And his abdomen ... All she could see was row after row of muscle while she counted his six-pack. Then, she got to those lickable lines at his hips and her pussy clenched in response. She wanted to close the distance between them and nibble those ridges of muscle, stroke them with her tongue as she traced a path to his cock.

Speaking of cock ... She shifted her attention to Ian. The man stood proud next to the bed and one glance down revealed exactly why he should be proud. He worked at the buttons of his shirt while her focus was on everything below the belt. Ian had the same well-defined lines on his hips that seemed to point and direct her gaze to his groin. The hair around his cock was trimmed short, exactly how she liked it since it seemed to accentuate a man's length. Only, Ian didn't need any help in that department. She stared at his erect

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

cock, easily eight inches in length and thick. As she stared, a droplet of pre-cum formed at the tip and she licked her lips, wanting nothing more than to lick the white cream away.

"In a minute, sweets. Right now, it's our turn." Ian's words broke the sensual spell his erection had weaved over her and her cheeks heated with a blush.

"Come here, Fluffy. Want a taste of what you're sporting." Chris murmured from her right.

The two men knelt on the bed simultaneously, crawling toward each other before her. Ian stayed upright on his knees while Chris was on all fours and then suddenly Chris's mouth was wrapped around the other man's cock, sucking and licking Ian's erection. Chris bobbed up and down Ian's shaft, leaving a sheen of saliva in his wake.

Ian dropped his head back with a moan while he twined his fingers in Chris's hair. She watched as the other man gripped and stroked Chris's head, but wasn't forceful. He was ... gentle. Sweet, almost. His hips rocked and shifted as Chris sucked, and Chris moaned and mewled his approval. Over and over again Ian's cock disappeared into his lover's mouth amid moans and sucking slurps.

Nic, already aroused, became heated from head to toe. Her pussy throbbed and her clit twitched in time with Chris's rise and fall along Ian's shaft. A peek between Chris's legs revealed that he seemed just as aroused as she was. Her juices coated her lower lips, the slick evidence of her want taunted her. As she'd fantasized many times, she was helpless before these two men as they put on their show. If

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

not by bindings, she was restrained by their actions and words.

Ian stroked Chris's hair, shoulders and back, leaning over the other man to stroke the crease of his ass and Chris moaned louder in response. "Like that, Kit? Like me toying with that pretty ass of yours?"

Chris growled around Ian's cock and Ian's hips bucked forward. "Yeah, you do. Suck me. Suck me just a little bit more and then we'll play with our new toy."

She gulped. The only one not playing was her, which meant she was obviously the 'new toy' Ian was talking about. As much as her mind screamed 'worry', her pussy throbbed as if screaming 'pick me'.

Before long, Ian straightened and eased his dick from Chris's mouth. Chris, his lips swollen and red, were almost swallowed by the other man as they shared a scorching kiss filled with teeth, lips and tongue. A kiss not unlike the one she'd shared with Ian moments before.

Then, before she could blink, two sets of eyes were on her. Before her next breath, four hands stroked her skin, and just as quickly two mouths were kissing her ... everywhere.

Ian captured her lips in another kiss, harder and harsher than the one he'd gifted her with in the living room. He demanded entrance with his tongue and left no crook or cranny unexplored. He stroked her tongue, gums and inner cheeks with his tongue, as if drinking in the very taste of her.

Chris scooted down the bed and remained on his knees. Tossed her pillow away and drew her legs apart, exposing her pussy to him. What should have embarrassed her, stoked her

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

fires higher and hotter. The moan of appreciation fueled her and she spread her legs for him, willingly.

He tugged her rear further down the bed, forcing her to lie down, spread open for him. His first touch was soft, as if a feather stroked and teased her lower lips. Up one side and down the other, his tongue traced a delicate path over her labia, taunting her with what was to come. She wiggled beneath Ian, rocking her hips to get closer to Chris's mouth and the man above her chuckled against her lips and broke their kiss.

"He's got a wicked mouth doesn't he? You want him to lick that pretty pussy? You smell so good, hot and musky like a woman should, and he's going to lap up every drop of cream you give him. Give him your cream, sweets. Give it all to him."

Those sensual words, whispered against her mouth, caused her body to release another rush of her juices just as Chris parted her lower lips with his tongue. He moaned and all pretense of teasing was discarded. He attacked her pussy, licking and sucking each bit of flesh his mouth came into contact with and she loved it. She arched and cried out, her screams swallowed by Ian's mouth until he abandoned her lips to move further south.

Ian parted her robe, sliding the material against her breasts, the silk catching on her nipples. He licked and sucked the hardened nubs and there seemed to be a direct line from her nipples straight to where Chris sucked on her clit. Suck, twitch, flick, suck, twitch, flick.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Again and again the cycle went round and round as the two men drove her crazy with their mouths. She tangled and knotted her fingers in their hair, pulling and pushing them exactly where she needed them most.

These men didn't need road maps to anything. No need to call triple A, they found her hot buttons all on their own, and now tortured her with that knowledge.

Her orgasm swelled and churned low in her belly, coursing through her body with each beat of her heart. Every rush of blood through her veins carried with it a new wave of pleasure nearly bordering on pain.

Chris slipped a finger into her pussy and she cried out, arching into the intrusion. His finger stroked and rubbed her inner walls, awakening the nerve endings within and caressing that sweet spot in her cunt.

"Again." She demanded when his finger became still. "Please," she whimpered. "Again."

Chris chuckled against her clit, but complied. He wiggled his finger in a "come here" motion that quickly had her arousal sky rocketing higher than ever before. Her toes tingled and flexed, tremors building from her feet skittered and danced along her legs, up her spine and back down again.

Ian kneaded one breast as he suckled the other, his scorching, hard cock digging into her hip, painting her skin with his pre-cum.

She spread her legs wider, allowing her knees to fall open and boneless while Chris made love to her with his mouth.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

The orgasm that had been dancing and teasing through her swelled higher with each panting breath.

"Yes, please. Gonna come." She couldn't hold it back any longer. Didn't want to.

Chris growled against her clit, increasing suction while Ian did the same against her breast. The bite of Ian's teeth against her nipple catapulted her over the edge and she came, screaming their names while her pussy clenched rhythmically around Chris's finger. Neither man relented in their assault. Again and again they sucked and licked until the tremors wracking her body turned into a soft, shuddering simmer of sensation.

Body turned into jelly, she slumped against the bed, eyes drifting closed. Chris slid his finger free and heard a muffled "mmm..." She cracked her eyelids enough to see Ian sucking the other man's finger deep into his mouth. The finger that had most recently been buried deep in her cunt. *Oh. God.*

Already her pussy was rip, roaring and ready to go again. After that orgasm, she should have been sated, but surprisingly, she wasn't. She wanted more. Needed more. Of them.

* * * *

It hadn't been nearly enough. Already Ian wanted another taste of her sweet juices. Licking her cream from Chris's fingers hadn't nearly satisfied his beast's desire for his mate. His teeth ached with the need to nibble and bite her, mark her as his. His and Chris's.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Cat, unable to wait any longer, nudged Chris aside. They'd already talked before coming here. If Nic was *open* to them, then Ian would go first, his beast's calling the loudest, and most violent, of the two of them. Of course, it wasn't as if Chris wouldn't be getting a bit of his own enjoyment out of what came next.

Ian centered himself between Nic's outstretched legs and leaned over her for a soft, sensual kiss. A kiss meant to seduce and soothe at the same time.

"Sweets?"

"Hmm..." She rolled her hips against him, stroking his cock and covering it in her remaining cream. The scorching heat wrapped around his dick and seared straight to his balls. He grit his teeth and begged his cat to calm.

"Lube." He bit out.

"Hmm?" Her eyes were closed and a small, half smile, graced her lips.

"Got it!" Thank God his mate had a clear head and had gone searching through drawers.

Ian's cock remained hard and still between her legs, nestled in the valley of her thighs while her pussy continued to coat him in the evidence of her continued arousal. The heat of her beckoned him, taunted and teased him in a way no other ever had before. This was a different type of mating, a different kind of coming together than he'd experienced with Chris. There was still no doubt that Chris was his, but Nic ... Nic meant something different to his cat.

He rocked his hips against her, dick sliding along her slit and rubbing that spot that aroused them both. Her clit, hard

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

and needy, rubbed beneath the crown of his cock, sending shivers of pleasure down his spine.

Meanwhile, his lover toyed with his ass, circling and teasing with a lubricated finger. He growled a warning to his mate. He wanted, no, *needed* more.

"Now, Kit." He barked his lover's name.

Chris, the ass, chuckled in return and shoved two fingers in his ass and he nearly sighed aloud. To fill and be filled. *That* had been one of Ian's fantasies for so long. And now it was about to come true.

His cock throbbed and cat clawed with an insisting need to be inside the woman beneath him. Her eyes had glazed over to reveal pure lust ... and something more. Or was it his imagination? Was he superimposing his own emotions onto her? He didn't know, and prayed that what he saw was real ... true.

He rocked his hips between his two lovers, impaling himself on Chris's fingers while rubbing that sweet spot on Nic's body. Back and forth he worked, over and again. The entire time, knowing that relief wouldn't come until his body relaxed.

After what seemed like hours, he felt Chris align his cock with his ass and slowly press forward, slipping past that first ring of muscle and then the second.

Ian moaned aloud. "Yes. Fuck, yes."

Stretched and filled, he froze for a moment, allowing his body to become accustomed to the invasion. Chris's dick filled him like no other ever had, or ever would. Perfection.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Once fully seated, his lover froze and Ian pushed back. "Shift. Just ... a..." Ian repositioned his cock at Nic's entrance, "little." He slid into her waiting heat slowly, parting her flesh with his cock with infinite care.

His cat, churning below the surface, forced his hands to shift and change with this initial claiming. His fingers elongated into claws and tore into the bed linens while his cock throbbed deep in her cunt. White-hot heat surrounded him, burned in him like a never-ending flame.

Chris gripped his hips and stroked his back, murmuring words of encouragement and love. Before long, Nic was doing the same and he felt the cat relinquish its bit of control. The claws receded and reformed into the fingers he used every day.

"Shhh ... We've got you."

"Not gonna let you go. Got you."

Their voices twined and mingled while the furry haze crept away from his mind and all he could feel was the love of the two people surrounding him.

Voice deep and rough from the cat, he purred his demand. "Want to fuck."

Nic laughed below him, jarring his cock within her and she gasped. Chris didn't respond beyond easing his cock out of Ian's ass, one inch at a time. "Fuck yourself on my cock, Ian, while you give our girl a ride."

Yeah. Fuck yeah.

Ian eased back, impaling himself on Chris's cock while slipping free of Nic's pussy before shifting forward again and reversing their roles.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Back and forth. Fill and be filled. They fucked and loved in a shift of bodies, arms and legs. Chris's cock nailed his prostate with each shove back, sending stars shining behind his eyes and a shudder through his body. With each thrust forward, the searing heat of his soon-to-be mate burned him and surrounded his cock with a pleasure previously unknown.

Ian grunted and groaned, Nic mewled and Chris panted as they all reached for release. His own orgasm slithered and danced along his spine like a cat's claw scratching his back. It scored its way through his body, sinking and simmering in every crack it could find before centering around his balls. His body tightened, muscles straining to withhold his release until he sensed the others joining him. Pump, fuck, fill, come. Gods how he wanted to come. Hard and deep and fast. Filling the woman beneath him. Again and again.

Nic's movements became stilted, uneven. Her breathing even more harsh. "C-Coming."

"Yes." Chris hissed behind him.

He didn't hold back any longer. He roared and bit hard, scoring Nic's shoulder with his teeth while the tingle in his balls grew and swelled, bursting through his cock, he emptied himself deep within Nic's pussy. Ian felt the heated splash of Chris's semen within his ass and it furthered his orgasm, renewing the tingling pleasure surging through him with every stream of heated cum.

Minutes ... possibly hours later, Chris rolled free and rose from the bed. Ian shifted to the side and pulled Nic with him, cradling her in his arms. His mate returned with two warm

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

washcloths and cleaned both him and Nic before leaving again.

The moment Chris returned, Nic burst into action. She crawled to the end of the bed, her chocolate hued ass wiggling with every inch of freedom she gained.

"Where you going?" He'd just come like a freight train and didn't think he had a game of 'chase the pussy' in him.

At the door she turned around with a smile. "You two exhausted me, but I'll be damned if I nap in the wet spot. I'm going to the guest room and you two ... are welcome to join me."

They didn't have to be asked twice.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Eight

Nic woke alone Sunday morning with the weekend's aches and pains making themselves known as she rolled from the bed. Twinges and twangs of stinging soreness shot through her legs, and other more intimate places, with each step. Wow, the men sure did know how to love a girl. No, not love, fuck. They knew how to fuck a girl.

No matter how many times they'd said she was their mate, she couldn't allow herself to believe them. Hopefully, her vacation in Europe would give her a chance to clear her head. She sure did need the time away.

Nic checked the clock. Dang, it was already five. Good thing she was already packed for the trip. Now, all she had to do was shower, throw on a little make-up and hop on the plane at eight. No fuss, no muss.

If it was all supposed to be so easy, why did it all seem so damned *hard*? She chuckled at her own pun as she shuffled into the bathroom. Without turning on the light, she started the shower and leaned against the wall, waiting for the water to warm. Dang, even her back and shoulders ached. The men really had done a number on her. Next time, she wouldn't spend so much time tied up. *Next time...*

Who was she kidding? There wasn't going to be a next time. She'd told them before the sexin' started that she didn't believe a word out of their mouths, but she wasn't going to look a gift cock in the ... yeah.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Nic pinned her hair back then stepped into the bathtub and let the warm water soothe her aches. The heat seeped into her skin, relaxing her. She turned around and a hiss escaped her lips as the water collided with her skin. She leaned forward, catching herself with her hands against the cool tile wall while she tried to escape the water. It felt as if a thousand razor blades collided with her back at once; her back was on fire. Fuck, what did they do to her?

She vaguely remembered some scratching. Was there biting? Okay, she might have nibbled here and there, but the way her back felt ... She imagined she'd been their chew toy.

Under control, barely, she eased back beneath the spray, braced for another onslaught of pain. As time passed, the heat calmed the ache in her muscles. She scrubbed herself from head to toe, resolved to be as clean as she could before hopping on an international flight.

Shower finished, she stepped out of the tub and snagged a towel from the rack. Awake now, she flicked the light on and began drying her body. She rubbed the soft terry cloth towel all over, soaking up the tiny droplets of water that clung to her skin. Again, she hissed when something came into contact with her back. She spun around, dropped the towel and peered over her shoulder.

Damn, they really had used her as a chew toy. Dark brown splotches of bruised skin marred her back from shoulder to hips. She could almost see the outlines of their fingers where they'd grabbed along her spine and the darker spots on her shoulders ... Were they bite marks? No. *No*. They wouldn't

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

have. No way in hell after she'd laid down the law would they have ... Just, no.

Nic hung up the towel and switched the light off as she stepped across the threshold and back into her bedroom. She wouldn't think about the bites or scratches or ... Nothing, she'd think of nothing but her impending vacation. Period.

One hour later and exactly two hours before her flight departed, Nic was checking her baggage and obtaining her boarding passes at the Air Europe counter.

The customer service representative checked her identification and then turned back to her little computer behind the counter. All the while, Nic had a smile plastered on her face. How could she not? One month in Europe. Europe of all places. She couldn't wait to get there and explore the sites.

The representative, Melinda from what her nametag said, handed her the boarding passes. "Here you go, Miss Cooper, may you have a pleasant flight. The first class passengers lounge is—"

"Oh, there's been a mistake, I'm flying coach."

Melinda smiled. "No, Miss Cooper, your ticket was upgraded..." The woman tapped on her little computer. "This morning. It doesn't say why ... Ah, here it is. You were bumped to first class to make room for other coach passengers." The woman smiled. "Seems today is your lucky day. As I was saying, the first class lounge is..."

Nic listened with half an ear as Melinda rattled off directions and the amenities that came with her shiny, new first class ticket. First. Class.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Of course, the first thing she did was hunt down that lounge. She sure as hell wasn't going to waste her one and only shot at being treated like a queen. Who knew if she'd get this lucky on the way back from Europe. The lounge was fairly empty this early in the morning. A few businessmen were scattered around, and Nic, in her comfy sweat suit and slip-on sneakers felt out of place. She snuggled into a chair by the door, and focused on a nearby television.

Before long, a waiter buzzed by offering her several choices for breakfast and free reign with the remote to the TV she was watching. She couldn't decide what she liked about the place more; the food, or not having to watch the news like every other person in the airport. She sighed and hugged her travel pillow.

Before she knew it, the call for her flight was announced and she had to leave the quiet sanctuary of the first class lounge. Dammit. Thankfully, she didn't have to wait in line or push her way through the crowd to board. She got to board first.

Nic settled into her oversized seat that would lie down completely during her long flight and giggled. First class! To Europe! She closed her eyes and blocked out the sound of the other passengers boarding the plane. Too soon, the captain's voice came over the loudspeaker announcing that they were waiting on two additional passengers before they would taxi to the runway. Some people apparently couldn't be bothered with arriving on time.

Eyes closed once again, she heard the seats to her left and right become occupied. The tell-tale creaking of the leather

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

seats and clink of the seatbelts as they were snapped into place alerted her to the fact that she was no longer alone in her row. Being in the center of the aisle with one seat on either side of her, she realized now she should have requested a window seat. *Oh well, beggars can't be choosers.*

She continued to block out her surroundings as the plane lurched into motion and eventually took off. Cruising through the air in a comfortable seat, on her way to a dream European vacation, nothing could make the moment more perfect for her. Nothing.

"Hey, sweets..."

That voice. *No.*

"Did you miss us, baby?"

Oh. Good. Lord. "*No.*"

"No?" Chris, it had to be Chris on her left. That meant that Ian was on her right and she was surrounded. Again.

"What," her voice was a hoarse whisper, "what are you doing here?"

Ian stroked her arm, fingertips grazing the cloth of her sweat suit, the heat permeating the thin cloth. "What do you think, Nic? We told you that you were our mate, and last night..."

Chris picked up where Ian trailed off. "Last night was on your terms. *You* were the one that put us into nice little packages that you could handle. Now, it's our turn."

"Your turn?" She squeaked. Ian had leaned across the armrest and started caressing her thigh. "What does that mean?"

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"It means that you are ours. Our mate. Period. No games, no rules." Chris, her usually light-hearted Chris, sounded so serious. Earnest even.

They both threaded their fingers with hers and brushed their lips across the back of her hand as she watched. "You're serious?"

They answered together. "Yes."

Their sincere expressions and the fact that they'd followed her to Europe served to wash away the remaining doubts she had. But, she still wanted to play with them a little. "Fine, you've got a month to prove to me that this mate business is for real and *show* me just how much you care about me." She sighed. "'Cause I gotta tell ya, yesterday ... just didn't do it for me."

Ian kissed the back of her hand, tongue tracing her knuckles. "Baby, we don't need a month. You're our mate and we've got the marks to prove it." The man released her hand and unbuttoned the top three buttons on his shirt and tugged the material aside. There, glaring at her in hues of red, purple and blue, was a bite-sized circle on the juncture of his shoulder and neck. "You've already claimed us both, now you just need to accept it. 'Cause we're not letting you go."

She smiled and looked over to Chris, seeking confirmation. He yanked the collar of his t-shirt aside, revealing a similar mark. "So, I suppose the marks all over me..."

"Mean exactly what you think they mean." Chris confirmed.

"Huh."

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

"You upset about this, Nic? We can..." Ian sounded hesitant. "We can take it slow from here."

"Nah, I just realized I didn't bring any condoms." She grinned, attention bouncing between her two men. And now she was ready to accept that they really were hers. How many men would follow a woman to Europe, for a month, after a one-time fling?

"Don't worry about that sweets, we'll just get a start on our family a bit early." Chris nibbled her fingertips. "That okay with you?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it is." And it really was. Seemed her 'just for fun' threesome turned into her own little family of two husbands, her, and eventually ... maybe someday ... a litter of kids.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Tie Me to the Bedpost

Ingredients:

1/2oz Malibu Coconut rum

1/2oz Midori Melon Liqueur

1/2oz Sweet and Sour Mix

1/2oz Lemon Vodka

Ice Cubes

Shake with ice, strain into a whiskey sour glass, and serve.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

We hope you enjoyed this installment of match-making by Cody Warren at the

Del Fantasma bar. Cody has mixed several special drinks for his patrons, available now at Aspen Mountain Press (www.AspenMountainPress.com)

Stop by for:

A Screaming Orgasm by Michelle Hasker: Tara's not looking for love, and will go to great lengths to avoid becoming intimate with a guy. Brandon is tired of taking no for an answer. He loves Tara, and when a mysterious stranger takes a very active interest in her, it's time to stake his claim.

Silk Panties by Celia Kyle: Lisa Bradenton is breaking out of her shell. What better way to take a walk on the wild-one-night-stand-side than a visit to the infamous Del Fantasma? At the urging of her friends, Lisa goes to the bar with the hopes of finding a lover to take her mind off her ex-boyfriend. Soon after walking through the doors she's overwhelmed by the sexy bartender who has a quick smile, sexy eyes and deep rumbling voice. He is definitely one-night stand material. Definitely. Jonathan and his inner beast crave the sexy, sultry and curvy siren's touch. A smile and good conversation aren't enough for him. Even after he's gotten her in his bed, he still craves everything about the seductress. Her looks reeled him in, but her uncertainty and open nature snare him forever. But after one night of bliss, she disappears. What the hell is he supposed to do now? Lisa is his mate and without her, he's lost.

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

Sea Breeze by Jade Rivers: Serai, a sea siren, has one chance to leave the ocean's depths and walk on land to find a mate. Failure means death.

Texas Tea by Maura Anderson: Photographer Lara Saunders has a lifelong secret—she can see and hear ghosts. When she was rescued from a near drowning by the ghost of a lighthouse keeper, he set her on a mission to document historic lighthouses and the lives of their keepers so they were not forgotten. Now on her third book in the series, Lara has arrived in San Diego to document the Old Point Loma Lighthouse but hadn't counted on becoming the target of Cody Warren, the matchmaking owner of the Del Fantasma bar. Or falling in love with a handsome Park Ranger whose secret is stranger than her own.

Latin Lover by Tina Bendoni: Grace Ridge is a waitress at Del Fantasma, and has recently moved to the late shift. She is trying to pay off debts her ex-boyfriend left her with when he skipped town. Debts both legal and illegal. When a mysterious vampire butts into her life, she is anxious to keep him out, but circumstances beyond her control drag him further in than she wanted. Once he is there, though, does she really want him to leave?

Riley's Sparrow by Mary Winter: Exiled into the mortal world with one condition—not to use magic—Cheri Aerchere, fairy princess, knows she can't live on the run forever. She'd used magic, broken the terms of her exile, and now, she has to pay the price. In order to redeem himself for a night of passion he spent with Cheri, Riley Hawk knows what he has to do—bring her back to the Fae realms to face her

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

punishment, then forget about her. In the world of Fae politics, his feelings are of no consequence. But once he sees her again, their sexual attraction cannot be denied, and neither can their feelings for one another. Because Cheri has always belonged to Riley, and once he marks her as his mate, nothing, not even the Fae Court, can separate them. Now that he's found her, it's up to him to teach her how good it can be to fly ... together.

A Slow Fuzzy Screw by Sharon Maria Bidwell: When Shayne asks for a Slow Screw to capture the bartender's attention, he's not aware there's more than one blend of the cocktail. Shayne's careful when it comes to relationships, even those that last only a few hours. Leon's disillusioned with life and haunted by his past. To complicate matters, he's a shape-shifter. Shayne's looking for something out of the ordinary and he can't say he hasn't found it. Leon's looking for company but Shayne's not quite what he expected.

Black Wolf by Jade Buchanan: Adam Bates is in trouble. He's virtually penniless, is being threatened by his landlord, and now he's late for work at his new job. Expecting to be chastened by his boss, Adam doesn't expect Cody to provide him with a protector instead. He definitely doesn't expect his minder to be a big, bad wolf with attitude. Marcus Black has just arrived at Del Fantasma after his latest black ops mission. He's ready for some R and R, but Marcus won't refuse Cody when he asks him to help a little tabby cat. When Adam is threatened by his landlord in front of Marcus, his alpha wolf won't let him stand by and let it happen. Adam is about to find strength in submission, and his own set of

Tie Me to the Bedpost [Del Fantasma]
by Celia Kyle

claws. Marcus is about to find the mate he's been searching for in a deceptively small tabby. Now, if only they can hold on long enough to survive.

Undertow by J.M. Snyder: Derek Meredith lost his lover, Tad Archer, in a boating accident. Four months later, anonymous phone calls lead him to the Del Fantasma bar, where he runs into an old friend named Kellen who has found what Derek has lost. Both men are merrows, a mythical race of sea creatures. Kellen has loved Derek from childhood, but Derek's heart led him to the shore. Tad was why he left the ocean behind, and Kellen never managed to move beyond that rejection. Now Kellen offers Derek an "indecent proposal"—a night of passion for the return of his lover.

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