

Changeling Press

Holiday Howlz

BDS Ferret

CELIA KYLE

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Celia Kyle

Mika is Ferret! Hear him... chitter. Merry Christmas to him! He's ready for some BDSM bottoming action, and the Hair of the Dawg is just the place to find what, and who, he wants.

Chapter One

Mika walked in like a predator. *I am ferret, hear me chitter*. Yeah. Big (little) man on the prowl for some... something. Okay, someone. But no one in particular. Damn it, he was mucking it up already and he hadn't even made it to the club. *Turds*.

All he'd wanted was a nice holiday quickie, and he couldn't even gather the courage to be cocky. He was the predator for fur's sake! In a town of mostly prairie dogs, he should be the top dog and they the prey. Only, he didn't feel all that top-doggy, more like a bottom dog. Pun intended.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, probably ruining the stylish look his sister had created for him. Too bad. He needed to be comfortable more than stylish and the gel was making him itchy. Mika stared at the club doors, the pulsing bass of the music seeping through the insulated walls, reaching out to him, teasing and tempting.

He wanted to give in, wanted to follow the music anywhere, everywhere. It held promise in its notes -- a promise he intended the music keep.

Mika turned off the car and took one last look in the mirror. His light brown hair with its midnight tips stuck up every which way, as his sister had intended. He couldn't help the unruly locks and they tended to do whatever they pleased, styling products be damned. His eyelashes were much of the same. The coloring of his ferret had always blended into his human form. Even the sky-blue of his human eyes matched his black-footed ferret's.

The only part of him that wasn't very ferrety was his innate desire to give, not take. He was a people pleaser, through and through, instead of the cutthroat predator he was supposed to be. Mika? Predator? Yeah, right. He was a vegetarian for cripe's sake.

With one last calming breath, he opened his car door, the music calling to him, telling him to come in and find what he'd been looking for, desiring for so long. Picking up a guy on the street hadn't worked for Mika in like... ever, so off to Hair of the Dawg he went. At least in a gay club, he wouldn't have to question his gaydar. It seemed to have been broken since birth.

Ten feet now. Ten feet separated Mika from the bouncer, the club's door, and the writhing men on the other side. So close, and his nerves were driving him batty enough to make ten feet seem like ten miles. He could do this. He could walk into the meat market and walk out... with some meat. Okay, ew, not the visual he wanted.

He stood in front of the bouncer, his best "I'm a real man" smile plastered across his face.

"ID?"

Mika fumbled for his wallet, forgetting for a moment that his thirty-five years looked like everyone else's eighteen. Barely. "Here you go. Busy? Wasn't sure how packed it would be since it's Christmas Eve, you know? My Christmas present to myself, yeah?"

Mika's fatal flaw, he talked a lot when nervous. This totally fit the "shit, I'm nervous" bill. And yeah, he was spending Christmas Eve at a night club, looking for some action. It wasn't like he had a lot of family other than his sister, and she was all for him finding someone to have some fun with as a present to himself. He just hoped he could find a guy to drag home.

"Uh, yeah." The bouncer, a big bull of a guy, handed his ID back to him. "Have fun."

Mika smiled and took his ID back, bile rising in his throat at the prospect of actually going inside. In-side. Where the men were, with their hot bodies and... other yummy parts. He only prayed that they wouldn't see him as jailbait instead of a partner they'd like to spend the night with.

Just inside the club was a small booth with a guy collecting the cover charge from the patrons as they passed by and slapping colored bracelets on the guys showing

that they were over twenty-one. The man behind the glass raised his eyebrow when Mika presented himself, but gave him a bracelet nonetheless. "Have fun, sugar." The man winked at him and Mika nodded in response.

Mika scooted through another door and froze. *Holy meat-market, Batman.* He did not belong in this place of attractive, hard bodied studs. Strobe lights, in red and green for the holiday, flashed, the colored lights glittering across the dance floor, highlighting jeans and slacks and skin-tight leather pants were everywhere. A veritable smorgasbord of men was laid out before him and he wanted a little bit of them all.

Tables covered in garlands and confetti were scattered here and there around the dance floor, and he scurried, like the ferret he was, to an empty table and hopped onto the high-top chair.

A sexy ball of somethin' somethin' strolled up to him, tray and notepad in hand. "What'll it be, sugar?" The man purred in his ear, chest and hips pressed against Mika like they were old lovers instead of new friends. And Mika couldn't say that he minded in the least.

"Just bottled water," he yelled over the din.

The waiter pouted, his pretty lower lip poking out. "No drinks?"

Mika leaned forward. "Too early. Maybe after I've found a date tonight."

"Looking for anything in particular?" The guy leaned closer still, hips riding Mika's thigh.

But the thin man with his lithe body and pretty eyes didn't make his cock twitch. He wanted... strong, and mean, hard and sometimes soft, and big. Wanted to be tossed around and fucked sideways. Mika wanted something he was too afraid to ask for, or receive, in all honesty.

"Me." A deep voice purred in Mika's other ear. Scotch or whiskey on the rocks rough, with a cigarette tossed in for good measure. The kind of voice that made Mika's cock jump up on command and take notice. He hadn't seen the man's face or body, but that voice... That voice sent shivers down his spine and shudders back up. Everything

about the timbre had him squirming in his seat, his hard dick making his pants uncomfortable.

The waiter glanced at the newcomer and smiled. "Oh, him you'll have fun with. See ya, boss." And he turned on his heel and strolled away, ass shaking in his tight shorts, his body glowing in the lights. Probably some lightning bug shifter, flitting from this place and that, enjoying the dark spots in the club. He'd called the man behind him "boss" and a bit of Mika's anxiety about the stranger eased.

Mika shifted in his seat, turning his head to the right ever so slightly.

"No. I don't think that's what you want, is it?" His voice was hard as steel and soft as a flower petal at the same time. "Because if you're good, real good, and listen real well, I think we'll have a good time tonight."

Oh, that had him almost creaming his jeans, popping right there on the edge of the dance floor. "I --"

"I saw you when you came in. All scared puppy dog, but you're not a puppy, are you?"

Mika shook his head.

"No, you're a sweet little ferret, black-footed. Endangered little thing and not a mean bone in your body." Big hands stroked Mika's shoulders, then moved down his arms, fingers twining with his. "You're supposed to be the predator in this little town of prairie dogs, but you came out tonight as their prey, didn't you? Wanted to get picked up and taken for a ride. A special ride, right, baby?" Those fingers tightened their hold, holding him captive, and Mika's breath hitched and froze in his throat. "That's what I thought. A little something like you, eyes down, scurrying and keeping quiet like you are." The man nuzzled Mika's neck, teeth nipping and pinching the skin below his ear. "That sends a signal out for men like me. Tells me exactly what you want."

Oh. Oh yeah. That voice, being held down in the chair, chest pushed out and arms immobile. This was something new, something he hadn't felt before.

Lovers in the past had acquiesced to his wishes, holding his hands down during sex, a quick tap on the ass. But this guy had control. He'd demand and expect

obedience, and Mika wanted to hand it over on a platter. Everything and anything this man wanted, he'd provide and then some. Barring crazy-assed psycho shit, of course. Dangerous, playing like this? Yeah, it was. But that feeling of *want* overrode that feeling of *what the fuck*, and Mika wanted to follow this guy home.

"Wait..." Slow. Needed to slow down a little. Cock said go, but big head was putting on the brakes.

"Hm? What is it, sweets?"

"I -- slow... can't breathe." He couldn't. Want was overriding his body's natural processes, everything focused on the man behind him.

The man released his hands, palms petting Mika's arms, stroking as he regained his breath. The man sidled around him, taking the chair across from him, and Mika's breath rushed out once again. It was as if his every Christmas wish was sitting across from him.

Long dark hair flowed around his shoulders, blending and accentuating the deep tanned cinnamon skin. Eyes so dark they appeared almost black, bore into him, as if staring into Mika's very core. He had a strong, angular face, demanding and hard with a hint of softness hidden within. And smug. Damned smug, but so far he had every reason to be.

Those large hands that had held him fast just moments ago reached across the table and snatched his wrists lightning fast, thumbs pressed against his pulse point. "What's your name, pretty?" They weren't close, his voice wasn't raised, and yet Mika felt the question, that voice, in his bones.

"Mika. Y-yours?" The sex god had him stuttering and looking like a fool.

"Owen."

Mika nodded, and at that moment the waiter returned, placing unopened bottles of water in front of them both. Owen released his wrists, raised the bottle and tipped it toward him in cheers before opening it and taking a long pull of the water. Mika repeated the gesture, thankful to have something to distract him from the man that had weaseled his way so quickly into his pants. Sort of.

Mika finished his swallow and placed the bottle back on the table. "What are you?" Predator, his mind said. Big time cat or wolf or something equally imposing. Someone, something, that could dominate and demand Mika's obedience. An obedience he'd hand over gladly.

Owen took another sip of water. "I'm a dawg, baby. One hundred percent prairie dawg who's ready to shift from prey to predator because that's what you want, what you need. Am I wrong?"

Oh, he never would have known or guessed or even hypothesized that the big hulking man across from him in the biker's leather jacket was a prairie dog. Though, with the Dawg biker crest sewn onto the leather, he should have guessed. But the man muddled his brain, turned it into mush. And he wasn't wrong.

"No. No, you're not wrong." Owen made him want and dream of things he never thought he'd have. Even if it was for just one night, it'd be the Christmas present he never forgot. Never ever. "You're the owner here?" He needed to know. To assure himself he wasn't wandering off with a near stranger.

Owen nodded. "Mine from the get-go."

"So, so how do we do this?" He'd never negotiated or even dreamed he'd be in this position, not with his past history of never finding the man who could meet his needs.

"You tell me how far you're willing to go and your safe word and then we go upstairs. My apartment is above the club. I have both a bedroom and a fully stocked playroom. The level of play is up to you. We can go light, we can go heavy. You're the man in charge here."

The voice had him near coming in his jeans, cock hard, balls heavy and spine tingling. Want wasn't even a question anymore. This wasn't a want to, but a have to situation now. Mika took a deep breath, mentally scrolling through his limit list, and laid it on the line. "No physical bondage, not yet, I'll stay still for you. I've never taken a lot of pain, but I want it, need it. Safe word is lighter."

Owen took another sip of water. "Agreed. No tying you up. Yet. And pain is something we'll play with. Safe word is lighter. And just so we're clear, I'm fucking you into the mattress when we're done playing." He rose from his seat and turned his back on Mika, pushing his way through the writhing dancers, his body moving as if he owned the place. *Duh, he does.*

"Okay." Mika winced at the squeak in his voice.

Chapter Two

Mika hopped down from the chair and scurried after Owen, filling the empty spaces he left in his wake. They dipped and dodged and wove their way to the back of the club, to a black door that was almost invisible to Mika. Owen flicked it open and held the door for him. Mika scuttled through, squeaking when Owen palmed his ass. The trip up the stairs was quick, Mika anxious to jump headfirst into whatever Owen offered. And so far, the man was offering a lot.

He paused at the top of the steps, and Owen wrapped his arms around him from behind, resting his chin on his shoulder. The apartment was big, open and airy with very few walls in place separating the different sections.

"There are only a few rooms, everything else is in the great room. Makes getting around easy. I hate confined places."

That meant no scenes in small rooms or elevators. Score!

"So, where shall we celebrate Christmas Eve, my pet? The bedroom or the playroom?" That same deep voice, the purr that went directly to Mika's cock and held on tight, enveloped him.

"The bedroom. For tonight." Because already his hormones were off the charts and Mika could easily see himself becoming addicted to the prey that had become the predator.

Owen nipped his neck, then laved the spot. "Bedroom it is. First door on the left. I'm going to stop by the playroom for a few toys for you." He patted Mika on the ass and gave him a little nudge. Mika hurried through the spacious room and slipped inside the bedroom as he'd been ordered. Ordered. His cock pulsed. So delicious.

Inside the room, Mika took a moment to admire the clean lines of the décor and the dark, masculine colors Owen had chosen to represent himself, and he realized it

was a lot like his room. Clean, no clutter, and soothing, dark tones to help shake the day off.

Unsure of what to do with himself, Mika strode to the center of the room and remained still, anticipation churning through him, heightening with every passing second. The deep thud of Owen's footsteps echoed throughout the house, and it was then that he realized he couldn't hear the music from the club below.

Before long, the bedroom door swung wide open to reveal Owen and the toys he carried. In one hand was a paddle like those Mika had dreamed of. It looked to be made of wood covered in leather with a wide spanking area. No spikes, just a good hard thud on his ass. Yum. The other hand held a few scraps of leather with snaps of this kind and that. He wasn't entirely sure what surprises Owen held in that hand.

"What's this?" Owen raised a single eyebrow. "You're not naked yet? Hop to it, pet."

Oh. Oh, cock hard. Right then and there. Boing! Mika didn't waste time, he badly wanted to see Owen too. First, he'd get naked, then Owen would get naked and then there'd be naked sex, and being hard was just turning his head into mush. Horny mush.

Mika pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it away. He toed his shoes off next and yanked his socks off. The pants. Damned pants had weird buttons and laces, and his sister had talked, as well as laced, him into them. The bitch. It took a little finagling and some pulling, but eventually they came undone and Mika shimmied them down his thighs, anxious to listen to his master-o'-the-night. Nude, he stood staring at Owen, waiting for the next command.

Owen circled him, staring and stroking, petting his skin with gentle touches and whisper-like caresses. "So pretty. So very fine."

Mika beamed with the praise, thrilled that Owen liked his body. He tried hard to stay in shape, but he wasn't built to carry a lot of muscle on his frame, and ended up a muscular thin man instead of bulky.

Owen dropped his toys on the bed and then stepped away. "Now, pet, undress me."

Boing. Again. Naked Owen.

Mika stepped forward, conscious of his bobbing cock and the desire he felt for the man before him. First to go was the jacket, the worn leather sliding easily from Owen's shoulders. Next was the worn black shirt. Mika tugged and fought with the thin material, working it free of the man's jeans without tearing the material. Yes, he really was that eager. He got the top loose and wiggled it up Owen's body, revealing lean, taut abs and sculpted pectorals. His nipples were cinnamon-colored, hard and round, as if aching for Mika's mouth.

"Not yet, pet."

Damn the man for being observant. Owen helped him pull the shirt off since there was such a difference in their heights. The only way Mika could have handled it was if he'd had a stool.

Top half handled, Mika dropped to his knees and worked at the buckles of Owen's boots. Real, honest-to-god shit kickers. Heavy leather, thick soles and steel buckles. The shoes alone had him close to popping. It took seconds to remove the heavy shoes and even less to rid the man of his socks. Now the money prize -- his pants.

Mika rose up on his knees, putting him eye-level with Owen's groin and the bulge pushing against the leather fly. He leaned forward and inhaled sweat and musk and man. The three scents he loved most in the world all wrapped up in one man. He nuzzled Owen's cock, rubbing his cheek against the smooth leather, loving that he'd done this to Owen. Him.

"That's enough. Get to it, Mika." The sweet cajoling tone was gone, replaced by steel.

Mika slid his hands along Owen's thighs, hoping to tease the man, just a little. A quick snap of his fingers had the button on his pants popped and an even quicker flick had the zipper down in record time. Owen's cock, thick and hard and flushed with blood, sprang free, pushing for full release.

"Oh. Wow." Mika licked his lips. He wanted.

“No. Not yet, pet. Not today even. Couldn’t last if I got that sweet mouth on me.”

Oh. Wow. He really was going to come before they ever got to the spankings and the fucking. He swallowed the saliva gathering in his mouth. Drooling would be... embarrassing. Mika gripped the sides of Owen’s slacks and shimmied and tugged them down the man’s legs until finally he was left with a naked, and hard, Owen. The best Christmas present he’d ever received.

Owen ran his fingers through Mika’s hair and he nuzzled Owen’s hand. “Such a good pet. On your feet now and over my lap, cock between my legs. Time to warm up that sweet ass you’ve been teasing me with.”

Ass tingling, cock ready to burst, Mika rose to his feet and followed Owen to the bed, positioning himself across the man’s lap exactly as he’d been instructed.

A large, work-roughened hand stroked his buttocks, fingers discovering and touching every inch of Mika they could reach. They dipped between his cheeks, petting the delicate skin around his hole, and his ass clenched in response, his cock twitching. Those fingers delved further, rubbing his perineum and the edge of his balls. Mika humped air, wanting and needing more.

Owen immediately stilled his movements, stroking his back. “Easy, you’ll get what you need.”

God, how he needed. Needed this, needed Owen.

Owen squeezed one ass cheek and then the next, pinching and rubbing the quivering flesh, and Mika tensed in response. Now. The spanking would begin now. Please now.

The feel of Owen’s right hand disappeared and was soon replaced with a stinging smack against his ass. Mika moaned and wiggled his ass, begging for another. And another came, heat blossoming on his rear. And again, the burn intensifying, spreading. And again -- the heat turning into tingles of pleasure, encompassing his ass, his groin. Over and over Owen hit him, alternating and spreading the hits, heating him like he’d always dreamed it would.

The pleasure and pain rose with each subsequent smack. Higher and higher he soared, reaching and being beaten toward his release. Owen slowed his assault, his fingers dipping between Mika's ass cheeks and petting his hole between each smack. Hit. Stroke. Hit. Pet. He teased and tormented him with harsh spansks and sweet, gentle caresses.

"Owen..."

A hard smack, pain searing through him, was the man's response. "Sir."

"Ah! Sir! Going to... Want to... Come, sir."

Owen stroked his heated ass with one hand and leaned forward on the other, his voice was whisper quiet, but steel mean. "Want to come, pet? Five more. Count them. When I get to five, you can come. If you don't... you'll have to wait until I've come."

"Please..." He whimpered, a ferrety puddle of want and need and not caring what he had to do.

Smack. "One." Cock pulsing, beating in time with his heart. Smack. "Two." Balls drawing up, preparing. Smack. "Three." Tingles spreading, dancing along his spine. Smack. "Four." Those tingles centering, concentrating, circling and focusing on his cock. Ready and ready. Smack. "Five." Heat splashing, releasing, coming from his cock. So good, so hot and needy... and letting go until he was wrung dry, tears flowing, heat spreading and feeling... good.

Sweet, soft touches were sprinkled on his heated ass, his back. Before the last pulse and shudder left his body, Owen had him in his arms, sitting on his lap. Cuddles and sweet kisses were brushed across his temple, cheeks and neck. "So beautiful. So pretty. My pretty ferret slut."

Chapter Three

Mika moaned and buried his face against Owen's neck, lips seeking, tongue finding skin, lapping at the sexy musky salt on his body. He groaned and nibbled the skin, wanting and needing more from this man, his lover.

Owen petted his head, fingers sinking into his hair. "Good boy. S'good."

Mika perked up under the praise, cock twitching and aching to give as good as he'd received. Ready to be loved and love again. "Want, sir." Wanted so much. Wanted him.

"You're ready for me, baby?"

Mika nodded. "Please."

That big hand stroked along his spine, shivers following in its wake. "Get in the center of the bed, pet, face up. Want to see you while I love you." Owen pinched the top of his ass, and he jumped from his lap with a squeak. His lover laughed, deep and sweet. He could get used to those laughs, to this.

As he'd been told, Mika crawled to the center of the bed, feet flat on the comforter, knees bent and legs spread. He watched and waited.

Owen moved around the bed, tossing the toys he'd brought aside. "We'll use these next time. You're too much temptation right now." And Mika was gifted with that little boy smile that ended in a leer, and couldn't work up any disappointment. Already the night had been better than he could have ever dreamed.

The man, with all his muscles and beauty, crawled toward him, lube in one hand and condom in the other. Wanton, Mika spread his legs further, bringing his feet closer to his ass, wanting to be as open as he could. Wanting to make this good for Owen. Fuck that, he just plain wanted.

Owen moaned and dropped his stuff, one hand reaching out to pump Mika's cock, to fondle his balls and then rub the pad of his finger over his hole. "So, so fine. And it's all mine, isn't it?"

"Yes." He rocked his hips, rubbing his ass over that fingertip. "Yes, sir."

"Owen. Want to hear my name this time when you come."

"Owen." Owen. Owen. Owen. A name he'd never forget after tonight.

"That's right, baby." That finger disappeared for a moment and then it was back, cool and slick. "Breathe." Oh, Mika could do this part with his eyes closed and one hand behind his back. He bore down, ass swallowing that single finger easily, and he moaned with the tiny stretch.

"Look at your ass take it. Here comes another."

Two fingers split him now, double the width, making his nerves sing and dance for him. "S'good. More."

"Such a good little slut."

Mika moaned and rolled his hips, taking and giving more, and then a third finger spread him, stroked and fingered him. The stinging pain heightened the pleasure, joined that of the heat still tingling over his ass, and built. Those fingers did their magic inside him, pushing and pulling him open, finding that secret spot inside that made him see stars, made him want to come. Right now.

"Please. Need Owen." Owen, Owen, Owen... He wanted to scream that name.

"I know you do."

Owen knew, and he teased and taunted and continued those shallow strokes, only hitting his gland on every third one. Mika held his breath, counting and waiting and loving that third stroke. "Owen," he whined.

"Right here, Mika." He loved how the man said his name. So strong and deep.

Those fingers slid free, leaving him open and empty, and he whimpered, aching for Owen's cock. Within moments, the cool blunt tip of the man's cock was at his hole, pushing forward while Mika pushed out, taking and giving and fucking, wanting it all. In him. Now.

"That's it, Mika. Take me, pull me in."

And he did, having to have the man as far in as he could be. Finally, the full length of Owen's cock was deep inside him, filling and stretching him more than three fingers had done. Giving him what he needed, what he'd come looking for on Christmas Eve.

"Move." He needed Owen to move, to fuck him.

Owen grabbed Mika's legs, putting them on his shoulders, his hands going to the tops of Mika's thighs near his hips. "Hold on, baby."

And then he did move -- pulled his cock back and then slid it home again, the tiny movement rubbing his gland, those fireworks returning. His cock jumped with the stroke.

Again and again and again Owen repeated the movement, reaching all those places Mika had long forgotten and places he'd never dreamed of. Mika palmed his own cock, wanting more sensation, a higher sense of pleasure.

"That's it, baby. Stroke yourself for me, come on my cock."

Owen's words fueled his desire, gave him a free pass and an urge to come for his lover. He wanted to do as Owen asked, give him as much pleasure as he was receiving now. His lover's pace picked up, cock pistoning in and out of his ass, skin slapping against skin. Harder and harder, sweat coating their bodies while they each worked toward their release.

And then it blew through him. One moment he was nearing the peak and then he was thrown over, lightning filling him from head to toe, tightening his muscles and then letting them go at the same time. His whole world centered on his cock and ass, ecstasy exploding from his dick, clamping down on his lover's shaft. He couldn't hold it back and he didn't want to. "Owen!"

Owen growled and pumped three times more, his movements jerky and uneven. "Mika." His name was a cross between a yell and that sexy growl, and Mika's cock twitched, loving the sound of his name on his lover's lips.

Owen dropped his legs and slumped over him, arms covering him in a slumberous embrace.

Mika stroked his back, his breathing slowing to normal. *Merry Christmas to me...*

* * *

Mika snuggled into Owen's arms, breathing in the scent of his Christmas Eve lover, savoring these last few moments before he woke up and kicked him to the curb. The night had been the best of his life, but he wasn't delusional. Things always had a way of looking different come morning.

"Trying to crawl into my skin, pet?" Owen's voice rumbled through him, vibrations traveling through his body.

Mika rubbed his cheek on Owen's chest. "Maybe."

His lover hummed and pulled Mika closer still. "Sounds good to me." Owen dropped a kiss onto the top of Mika's head. "Merry Christmas, pet."

"Merry Christmas, sir." He couldn't let the title go, the words seeming so right.

"Such a good boy. I'm going to have to thank your sister for such a lovely Christmas present this year."

His -- "My sister?" He pushed on Owen's chest, but the man wouldn't let him up. Instead, he seemed to tighten his hold.

"Your sister." Owen trailed his nails down Mika's back and he forgot for a moment what he was anxious about. "She let me know that a certain ferret I'd had my eye on would be in my club last night." Owen dropped his voice into a deep, sexy drawl. "She knew I could give you what you needed, wanted. Did I give you what you needed, pet?"

Mika's cock pulsed, twitching and hardening with each word Owen spoke. "Yes, sir."

"That's what I thought. So, we'll thank your sister at Christmas dinner tonight."

"Y-you're coming to Christmas dinner?" Oh. God. Heaven, or Hell, on earth -- he wasn't sure yet.

“Oh, yeah, baby. I got the best Christmas gift ever last night and when I get a Christmas gift, I hang on to it real tight. I don’t see myself letting go of you anytime soon. Get used to me hanging around, pet. This wasn’t a onetime thing for me.”

He couldn’t think of anything intelligent to say, so he went with the first thought in his mind. “Thank you, Santa!”

Celia Kyle

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Jasmine, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though, it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn cat, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you *must* contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to celia.kyle@gmail.com. But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!