

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Fireworks
By Julia Talbot

Deke hated fireworks.

He was sure it was some kind of freaky-deaky holdover from his lupine side, the same instinct that made dogs worldwide run and bark at thunderstorms. Anything that made such a threatening sound had to be given a good bark and bristle. It was defiance of nature at its most simple.

He still hated the damned things. The noise hurt his ears, the bright lights, if he happened to be too close, invariably ruined his night vision, and the twirly, woo-woo ones made him want to howl.

Loud.

Kasey came to stand at the big plate-glass window that separated him from the worst of it this year, handing him a beer. "You doing okay, lover?"

"What do you think?" Muscles jumped under Deke's skin when another round of fireworks went off, streaking the sky with purple and red and blue, like some weird impressionist thing. Only with fire. And popping. He wondered if Monet or whatever the big painter dude's name was liked fireworks.

"I think you're a little tense." That grin spoke volumes about how amused his vamp lover was with the whole thing. Kasey thought his wolf-like qualities were hilarious.

"Shut up."

"Mmm." Kasey sipped something from a crystal goblet, something dark and red and spicy.

"Who donated?" Deke could feed Kasey alone, and did most of the time. Kasey only mixed vamp blood with wine, saying it was almost like doing speed.

"Jonny. You know he likes it when I bleed him a little."

"Yeah." That image was almost pretty enough to calm him down. Almost. Then his leg started jittering again, and Deke sighed. Fuck a duck, that noise.

"I think you're looking at this the wrong way, lover." Moving close, Kasey leaned against his back, stroking one hand over his shoulder and arm. The silk robe Kasey wore rubbed against his bare back, Kasey's long hair sliding over his arm.

"Am I? How?" He was looking at it the only way he could. Through the window. If he went outside he'd end up running in circles and barking until someone took him to the loony bin. Or the pound.

"I think there's a rhythm to all of this. It reminds me of other kind of banging."

"You're reaching." But it made him smile, that Kasey was trying to ease him out of his bad mood with a little uglies-bumping.

"It's a holiday. One of yours, admittedly, but a holiday nonetheless." Somewhere, way back in his long life, Kasey was British or some such. He didn't really sound it too much anymore, though. Kasey leaned harder, long black hair sliding forward to touch Deke's ribs. "Holidays should be spent enjoying one's favorite activities."

"They should, huh? So does that mean I get to eat and sleep?" He waited, knowing Kasey hadn't meant that one bit.

Sharp nails stung his skin, Kasey pinching the inside of his arm, where there was no hair to protect it. "Certainly. If that's all you wish to do, by all means."

"Now, don't get pissy, baby. You know I'm up for any game you want to play."

"Are you?" Kasey licked the back of his neck, making Deke shudder. Vamps were so fucking oral. He loved it.

"Yeah. Yeah, what do you have in mind?" Anything that distracted him from the bang, bang, bang would work. It was making him itch, making his teeth and fur want to come out.

"I have a lot in mind. Trust me?" Kasey stepped back, the hand on his hip turning him away from the window.

"You know I do. Promise you'll bite me before it's over?"

Kasey drained his glass of red and waggled it at Deke before setting it aside. "That was just an appetizer, lover. To rev me up for the real thing."

His cock perked up a little more, firming in his loose sweats, even as another rash of explosions went off outside. The noise made him jump, but Kasey didn't let him turn back to the window. They headed for the bed instead, Kasey tugging Deke along like a dog on a leash.

Well, not quite. Deke had a collar that he wore occasionally, mostly on jobs. This was more like follow me and I promise good things.

Kasey pushed at Deke's sweats, shoving them down over Deke's hips so they fell to the floor. "You going to finish your beer?"

"Later." The longneck landed on a coaster on the bedside table. Kasey had screamed about leaving wet rings on furniture older than both of them put together, which was pretty impressive, if he stopped and thought about it. He'd still made Kasey go out and buy enough coasters to wallpaper the fucking loft.

"You sure? It will get warm."

"We have more beer." They had steaks and shit for later, too, Kasey insisting that they celebrate.

"Oh, good." That smile was full of fang and promise, Kasey pushing Deke down on the bed, flat on his back. The sheets were cool and smooth, and the mattress just firm enough no matter what form Deke was in when he jumped up on it. "Comfy?"

Deke wiggled around a bit until he found a good balance of pillows and headboard, of flat and propped-up. "I am now."

"Give me your hands, then."

So it was going to be that kind of 'trust me' night, huh? Deke grinned, his cock doing more than perk. It slapped his bare belly, telling him the fun was about to start. Deke held out his hands, letting Kasey have him, letting everything else go.

Kasey took his hands and wrapped a silk tie around them. He laced them together tightly before pushing Deke's arms up toward the headboard.

His muscles stretched and protested a tiny bit, the position not a normal one, but the burn was good, adding to the excitement. It would be almost unbearable by the time Kasey was done with him. The thought made Deke pant, made him test the bonds, even though he knew the silk would hold him firmly.

"All right?" Kasey's blue eyes bore into his, and Deke nodded.

"I'm good, baby. Bring it on."

"Excellent." Instead of joining him on the bed, though, Kasey moved away, leaving him to stare out the window again. Damn it, there were sparkly-assed little bombs going off out there, and Deke hated them so much.

"You're so fired."

"Two seconds, lover. I swear, it will be worth it."

"One-one-thousand, two-one-thousand..."

"Asshole." Kasey came to stand beside the bed again, close to Deke's hip. He held a long, thin crop in his hand, the leather as black as Kasey's hair. It looked flexible enough to leave welts instead of bruises, which Deke loved, and Kasey knew it.

"Yeah, well, you knew that a long time ago, and you haven't sent me packing."

The whip slapped against Kasey's leg, the sound louder than the fireworks outside, even muffled by the fabric of that damned robe. "We have a contract."

Every so often Kasey reminded Deke that he'd been bought at auction at a very exclusive club, and that they had an exclusive. It worked both ways. Kasey really only fed on Deke, at least in person, and they only played if both of them chose to.

"We do. You gonna use that, or just pose?"

Kasey chuckled, slapping the whip against his leg again before laying it on the bed next to Deke. "I think I'll get naked first, hmm?"

The blue robe slid to the floor, leaving Kasey bare, and yeah, there was posing. So what? All that pale skin and hard muscle was enough to make wolf and man both drool. Kasey was as hard as Deke was, cock flushed and curving up toward his belly button.

Damn.

"I like naked." Deke cleared his throat, annoyed that he sounded like he'd swallowed a frog.

"I know." Bending, Kasey picked up the crop and trailed it over Deke's cock. "I can see how you like it."

"Now, now. That's a sensitive area." His muscles tensed up, his cock quivering.

"Very. So responsive." Kasey licked his lips, and now the only noise Deke heard was the pounding of his own heart.

"What next, baby?" Deke held his breath. He could hardly wait.

"This."

The crop whistled through the air and landed on Deke's belly, laying down a line of fire. It burned so good that his nipples drew up, his belly shuddering, each muscle flexing and releasing.

"Fuck! Again, baby."

"So demanding." But Kasey did it again, then again, overlapping each blow so a tiny bit of new skin got stung every time.

Deke grunted, bucking up under each slap, each cracking blow. Jesus, it felt amazing, like his whole body was burning from the inside, under the skin. It felt like that last minute before the moon.

The whip hit his thighs next, a stripe appearing just below where they met his torso.

"Christ, baby! Don't damage me."

"If I do you'll heal." Those blue eyes flashed at him, but Kasey was smiling, and not in the evil genius sort of way, either.

More reassuring.

"Who loves you, Deke?"

"You do." That he knew, solid and sure, down to his bones.

"Then you know I would never harm an important part of you." The very tip of the crop rubbed against his slit for half a second before slipping down to rub over his balls.

His toes curled, and Deke nodded. "I know. I know. I need—"

"I know what you need." Kasey brought the crop down on Deke's belly again before moving up to his chest, each nipple getting stinging attention.

Yeah. Yeah. Kasey always knew what he needed. Always gave it to him. There wasn't a stingy bone in the man's body, at least when it came to Deke. Some folks would piss off the vamp, and that was just a bad idea. Deke never had to worry about that.

They never went to bed mad.

An explosive pop-pop-pop came from outside, the night blooming like one of those deep-fried onions, except purple. Deke growled.

"That was too close."

"If you can obsess then I'm not doing my job."

"I'm not obsessing! It's going off right outside our fucking window."

Kasey smacked his left nipple with the whip. Hard. "Concentrate, lover."

Stiff as anything, Deke's nipple throbbed, pulling his attention back to his body and how Kasey was making him feel. The whip fell across the head of his cock, gently, barely tapping it, and Deke cried out, bucking up against the silk that held him to the bed.

"More?"

"More!" Deke bared his teeth. "Come on, baby. Make it real."

"Real. Yes. I'll make you feel it so good." Moving fast, so fast Deke would miss it if he blinked, Kasey pushed Deke's legs up, curling them so his knees were on his chest, making every muscle strain to hold the position. "Stay there."

Blowing out a breath, Deke nodded, and the crop started to fall again, slapping across his asscheeks, stinging his skin. He was sweating, which made him feel every stripe, old and new, and all he could do was gnash his teeth and take it.

He took it. He took it until the fireworks were long gone and he couldn't hear the damned 1812 Overture anymore. He took it until his dick was so hard that he thought he might die if Kasey didn't touch it.

Then he took it some more.

Finally, Kasey tossed the crop aside and pushed down on Deke's shins, moving his cramped legs back down until they were straight, spread out so his heels touched either side of the bed. Those lean, pale hands landed on his ankles and slid up his legs, stopping just above his knees.

"I think I'll fuck you now, lover. You ready?"

"I am. I was born ready for you, baby." He had been, He was convinced. His natal chart read, "Kasey's star, rising".

"Where's the lube, love?"

"You're an evil man. You know where it is." Kasey also knew Deke would automatically try to reach for it and be thwarted by the ties at his wrists.

"Right here, huh?" Crawling up on the bed, Kasey pressed down against him, leaning hard on Deke's chest to reach for the side table drawer that held their assortment of fun stuff.

"Right there!" Deke groaned when Kasey's cock pressed against his, balls rubbing against the base.

"No, there's a better place for that." Kasey pulled back, grinning down at him, those tiny fangs showing against Kasey's lip.

"Bite me."

"Not yet." The tube of lube seemed to fight Kasey's touch, but the lid finally yielded, and suddenly two slick fingers pushed at his hole, slipping inside him to open him right up.

There was always a moment, right when Kasey's fingers hit as far as they would go, when Deke wanted to fight. His wolf had the urge to snarl, to throw Kasey off and tear the pale throat out. The fact that he never did was a testament to how much he loved this man.

Not that he didn't love getting fucked, because he did. It was one of those weird things. A study in contradiction.

Kasey bent and nipped at his hipbone, teeth sharp, the tiny sting making Deke's skin flush dark, making his cock jump.

"You ready to ride, lover?"

"Now. Come on." Deke dug his heels into the mattress, growling and straining, bearing down as hard as he could on Kasey's fingers.

Kasey's hair flowed over his belly and chest, the long, black stuff so silky and cool that it was almost a shock. Those fingers pulled out as Kasey got settled high up between Deke's legs, and the hard, wide cock pushed into him instead.

It narrowed the world to his ass and his cock, his breath coming in hard, quick pants. When Deke looked up, Kasey had his fangs bared, lips pulled back in an amazing grimace.

His hands strained to reach for Kasey's hips, but the silk ties held him fast, leaving him with bulging arm muscles and a lot of frustration.

"Baby. Please."

"I've got you." Blue eye held his, Kasey slamming home, deep inside Deke's body.

Deke's head fell back, a cry bursting out of him, and he pushed up, trying to get more. Kasey grabbed him, hands sliding under his ass to lift him, and that sweet cock rubbed over his gland, pegging it so hard that Deke saw his very own fireworks behind his eyes.

"Uhn."

"Uh-huh." Kasey nodded, mobbing faster, muscles clenching and unclenching under the fine skin. That hair... well, it drove Deke crazy at the worst of times. When it was spread out over his belly, Kasey leaning over him to kiss him, well... Deke figured heaven was right there on earth for werewolves.

They rocked, moving together fast and furious, the heat building until Deke thought he might burst into flame. Kasey fucked him hard, hips slamming against his abraded ass, every little bruise and bite of the crop throbbing and stinging where they rubbed together. Hips nipples were like little rocks, and his cock...

"Touch me, baby. Please. Touch my dick. I'm gonna die."

"No dying unless I say so." Kasey leaned so close that Deke could feel his lack of breath when he spoke. "I have something better."

"What – what's that?"

"This." Kasey slammed into him one final time before bending to sink scalpel-sharp fangs into Deke's throat.

"Oh, fuck." He could barely get the words out, his blood rushing up to meet Kasey's mouth. Deke's whole body went crazy, his nerves shorting out, white noise filling his head. The bed posts creaked, the silk ties stretching to the point of snapping.

Kasey pulled hard at him, sucking him down, and every pulse made its way to Deke's cock. He shook, thrashing on the sheets, finally getting his legs wrapped around Kasey's hips so he could get some leverage.

The first sign of friction on his cock sent him off, his orgasm strong enough to leave his ears ringing, his howl louder than any of the Fourth of July celebrating they'd been treated to.

Kasey laughed – laughed, the bastard—and thrust three or four more times, hard and deep, before shooting inside Deke's body, filling him up even as Kasey's lips pulled more out of him.

They collapsed together on the bed, Kasey on top, a heavy, languid weight.

Deke took it until his breathing evened out and the sweat dried, mainly because Kasey's lips were still moving lazily on his skin. But then his arms protested, and Deke grunted.

"Okay, baby. You can untie me, now. Your distraction was a success."

"Are you sure? I might have to leave you like this, just to remind you who always has a distraction ready."

"Yeah, but then I'd go all coyote and start chewing at the restraints, or my arm, or whatever."

"No coyote, lover." Levering up, Kasey let him loose, rubbing his arms to get blood flowing back into them.

"Shit." Deke gritted his teeth. Between the pins and needles in his arms, and the marks left by the crop on his belly and ass, he was just one big ball of ow. It was kind of fabulous.

Kasey kissed one nipple. "You okay, lover?"

"Better than. You rock my socks, baby."

"That's the idea. You ready for those steaks?" Kasey loved to cook for him, which was funny as all hell, especially when Kasey went heavy on the garlic.

"I am." He let Kasey take his hand and pull him up. Hell, his beer was still mostly cold.

"Anything else you want to do tonight?" Kasey asked, heading for the kitchen without the robe he'd left on the floor.

Deke watched that fine ass sway, his fingers twitching with the need to grab. "I can think of a few things."

"Yeah? Like what?"

Deke laughed, feeling better than he had all day. "Maybe we can watch the fireworks on TV."

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