

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



IF BY
CHANCE

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If By Chance

She was exhausted after taking the graveyard shift for a friend. All she needed was to be running into some guy who wasn't looking where he was going. But then, neither was she. You never know what's going to happen when fate rewards one good turn with another.

"Oooff..." the air knocked from her lungs as she plowed into a cardboard box, skirting the corner of the storeroom a bit to quick for safety.

"Oooff..." the mirror reply in a register clearly male.

She straightened, regaining her footing and scrolled her gaze from the floor up. Scuffed trainers, holey jeans, corrugated cardboard with strong hands grasping the corners, smudged grey t-shirt...face. OMG, the face of an angel. Fine chiseled features, pale blue eyes peering at her through glasses, now knocked askew. Wavy raven hair tousled randomly about in the most attractive carelessness. He seemed speechless at the sudden violent encounter.

"Sorry," came his delayed response. "Wasn't looking where I was going."

She reached over the box to his glass frames, straightening them against the bridge of his nose.

"Not at all." She looked into the liquid blue of his gaze and saw an inherent intelligence, a depth and sincerity that could only be called astonishing. "It was I who should have been paying more attention." She shrugged in a sudden flush of embarrassment. This wasn't at all her style. Men didn't put her ill at ease. It was most often just the opposite.

He turned, lowering the box to rest on a matching stack in the corner. "Let me help you." Turning back to face her, his expression changed to one of chagrin. "Oh...you don't have any packages."

“No,” she chuckled. “No, I don’t.”

“Uhhh. I just assumed. You being back here in the storeroom, that you were bringing stuff to restock..you know, uhhh. It’s late.” He pivoted to reclaim the box.

“Don’t” she shot an intercepting hand to his forearm, hooking it with authority.

He raised a brow in mix of surprise and question. Leaving her hand to linger on the warmth of his arm, she drew him closer. “You don’t have to leave so quickly on my account. I’ve just clocked out and—“

“You work here? Funny, I’ve never seen you until now.” He looked down into her eyes, a look of fascination filling his.

She withdrew her hand, becoming acutely aware of the inappropriateness of her grasp. “I usually work day shift. Uhh..I was just filling in for a friend tonight.”

“A boyfriend,” came his immediate unfettered query.

“No, just a friend.” She rewarded his charming candor with a half smile.

“Im off in...” he raised his wrist to eye level. “Now...geez, it’s six already.”

“You hungry for breakfast?” She asked unabashed.

He slid an appraising hand to his stomach. “Did you hear it growl?”

She giggled. “No silly. I just thought you needed breakfast at six in the morning...like most of we mere mortals.”

He grinned wryly. “Oh, yeah,” and dropped his hand to his side. “I just never thought...I never had a woman here approach me...uhhh. It’s just that I’m kinda quiet and...” He looked down at his dirt-streaked attire, running apologetic hands over the thighs of his dusty jeans.

Once again, she reached to intercept his arm, pulling him towards her; she took his hand in hers. “Don’t you know a woman likes a hard working man?” She smiled up hopefully into his eyes. His grasp tightened, fingers entwining with hers.

“Not until now.” The warmth in his smile sent an unexpected wave of desire through her.

She brought his hand to her cheek, directing him to touch. He released his grasp and ran tender knuckles along her jaw. "It's just that most of the women that work here never give me a second look. Too lowly a position, too much dirt and muck... I don't know." His hand lingered at the base of her lobe, thumb gently flicking the fleshy pad of it back and forth. She raised her hand to cradle his, closing her eyes and exhaling.

"You underestimate the power of a gentle touch." She breathed in deeply, the scent of him filling her for the first time. Clean...a residual freshness of soap from his last shower, aftershave, mild, but resinous, and fresh sweat, the kind that surrounds a man after a good workout. Visceral, earthy, erotic in it's feral nature.

When she opened her eyes again, his mouth was just above hers, fine cut lips temptingly close. The warmth of his breath fanned out across her face. Spearmint? He must have gum or a tic tac or...damn, her brain was clouding over with the nearness of him. What was her problem? She wasn't some cheap two-bit bimbo accustomed to seducing a man in the solitude and quiet of every out of the way place. And he was young, so young he might have been just out of college. "What are you doing?" the guardian angel on her shoulder shouted in her ear.

"Shut up," the devil at her other ear retorted with equal vehemence. Before she had the chance to think, she tilted her head to his and kissed him. The velvet of his lips was as doeskin, soft and full, warm and inviting. Tentative at first, he kissed her gingerly.

She lifted her hand to the nape of his neck, pulling him closer, harder against her. It didn't take more for him to take her up on the invitation. He deepened the kiss into a torrid surge of desire. As abruptly as stranger running into stranger-- strangers became lovers.

He claimed her mouth with a mastery that surprised even her. Too late, she was already swept into the powerful spell of this seemingly quiet, unobtrusive young man. She felt her body go limp as he swept her into his arms, holding her like life support against

his chest as his legs moved in rhythmic succession. Where was he taking her? God only knew. She didn't care. All she knew was that she felt safe in his embrace; all thought of danger abandoned to the power of his presence.

Their bodies jarred as he pushed his back against the long arm of the lever to the gym door. Five steps later, she felt herself lowered to the stack of mats pushed to the corner of the wood floored room where employee aerobics classes were held during the day. His body crashed around her, muscled, taut, demanding, yet incredibly controlled, power in restraint. God he was delicious, strong, youthful, yet so incredibly sexy. The dust and turmoil of the night mixed with the essence of the man to create a perfect blend of masculine grace. They rolled across the mat, bodies entwined, mouths fused, breathing escalating as they fell further and further into the magnetism of pure raw sex.

She grabbed the hem of his t-shirt, dragging it up and over his head. He worked her belt buckle with expert equanimity. Hot hands running under fabric, scooping over hip and shoulder, tossing clothing in carefree abandon until flesh seared flesh. Caught up in the ancient act, time suspended in the complete absorption of lovemaking. Two become one.

"Are you sure?" he rasped in final act of gallant integrity.

Amazing man. "God yes." She heard her voice, as though disembodied, in reply.

With that, he took her, plunging deep into her, to the hilt. She gasped, her flesh stretching to accommodate the size of him. Legs around his waist, she held onto his shoulders as he withdrew and plunged into her again. She began to climax with the second rake of him. What unearthly moan exited her lips, she was too gone in ecstasy to hear. She dropped her feet to the mat and arched up into him, meeting thrust with thrust, until she felt him tremble. One quick flip and she took control. The spasms of her climax still raking through her, she straddled him like an experienced bull rider. His eyes rolled back in his head, arms stretched out on each side in surrender as she thrust in her own rhythmic dance. Breasts dragging across the expanse of his chest, she alternated that

sensation with companion thrust of hips. His cock so deep in her it pushed against the entrance of her cervix. Slick and sweaty, she slid across him, undulating in fluid control of his every desire. His chest was pumping like a freight train, eyes closed, head turned to the side, mouth open enraptured. One last thrust, one last heart beat and he exploded in a growl of release, the warmth of his climax filling her, pushing her into yet another rainbow explosion of her own. Falling on top of him, she thought she'd lose consciousness as wave after wave of spasms fisted about him, mixing with his own trembling shudders. She puffed, panted, tried to regain sentience, but why? This was heaven, pure and simple.

She rolled from him, into the crook of his arm, He gathered her in, drawing her against his still heaving chest. "Jaysus, woman." He drew in another deep breath. "Where'd you learn to serve up a breakfast like that?"

Rolling to an elbow she looked into his eyes. "You're not getting off so easy. I want bacon and eggs as well." She grinned in impish mischief.

"Aren't we a bit dirty for that?" He asked.

"Not in my estimation." She smirked. "There's nothing like a hard working man."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christine London was born in Chicago, Illinois, but left the long winters of the Midwest as a child to find her roots in the sun and charm of California, both North and South. Her adopted home became Great Britain when she spent a year of college in the east end of London with three male flat mates, one from each country on the main island. Her fascination and love affair with all things British has grown over the years, facilitated by summers spent trading houses.

Graduating from Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles, Chris continued with family, teaching, singing in a jazz sextet & running foot races (and winning) before discovering her true passion....the romance and adventure of writing.

It took one Scot to awaken her poetic appreciation of Scotland's natural beauty, and another Scot to ignite her passion for writing. Thank you, gentlemen.



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