



**GINGERSNAPS**  
Changeling Press

# **Gingersnaps: Another Chance**

## **L. Shannon**

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## **Gingersnaps: Another Chance**

**L. Shannon**

*Worlds apart...*

It's stupid to want to spend Christmas with a demon, right? Even if he is your lover. Trouble is, Josh is an incurable romantic -- at least when it comes to this particular demon. All Josh wants for Christmas is another chance...

## Another Chance

The moment he touched Josh's mind, Chance knew he was in trouble. The lingering, sexy, teasing bend of his lover's thoughts offered no details besides the not so surprising news that Josh wasn't at home.

Of course he wasn't. Chance was standing in Josh's empty condo.

*Hello, my demon lover...*

*Where are you? Why are you not here, waiting for me?*

*It's been ten months since we met. This will be our first Christmas together. I wanted it to be special.*

*I'm sure it will be.* He'd been looking forward to this visit for a while now, since their last date almost three weeks ago. The thought of holding Josh and quenching some of his fire in his lover's passion kept him going.

The image of Josh stretched out naked on a bed tickled through his mind. *Well, hurry up and get here. The directions to the cabin are on the fridge.*

Sure enough, there were directions. Not that he needed anything as mundane as street directions to find his lover. Oh no, simply touching Josh's mind was enough to get him there.

*I'm on my way.* Rather than go to the effort of moving through mortal space, he dipped back into Abaddon and took a shortcut, arriving on the small porch of a rustic cabin a few seconds later.

The door opened at once. Josh dragged him into a scorching embrace and even hotter kiss. Josh wasn't naked but only a burgundy-colored robe interfered with the earlier image branded on Chance's mind.

For a moment Chance was too overwhelmed to react. Then he caught up with reality and accepted the kiss and the welcome that was more than he'd ever have hoped for. He pushed Josh back, fully into the cabin, slamming the door behind them.

Holding Josh wasn't enough. Kissing him wasn't... Touching him...

He needed more, so much more. He shoved the robe off Josh's shoulders, letting the material fall. Only then did he leave Josh's lips to trail fiery kisses across to his ear.

Desire flared, not only to kiss and fuck but for something more. He needed to mark Josh, to show the world who he belonged to. For the first time in his life, he envied his cousins who had fangs enough to bite. He scraped his boring teeth over Josh's neck. Fangs or no, his fire did what he needed so badly. His nibbles left dark scorch marks trailing down Josh's skin.

Growling happily at the marks, he couldn't help but return there over and over again. Josh was his now, his for as long as he wanted. *Mine.*

"Yes, yours..." Josh's hands slid down his back, through the flames rising from his clothes to his slacks-covered ass. "You're far too dressed."

He nuzzled at the ever so slight beard growing in on Josh's jaw. *Easily remedied.* With a thought his flames burst outward, momentarily burning hotly, just long enough to char his clothing into fine ash, but careful to not harm a single hair on Josh.

"That was easy." Josh's hands drifted here and there over his now bare skin. Not once did they hesitate to caress beneath the tangle of colorful flames.

Josh's lack of fear had come easily. Did he even see the fire anymore? Did he realize how precious the courage was to Chance? Probably not. But it was truly a miracle. How many humans had he terrified with fire, only now to find one who didn't fear him, who seemed to relish his heat?

Chance groaned before claiming Josh's lips once more.

Josh took in the fiery kiss, devoured the passion. He ran his hands over Chance's body, memorizing every hard plane, each twitching muscle. Shoving one hand up into Chance's thick reddish-gold hair, he tugged enough to gasp for breath. "I missed you."

"Mmm..." Chance dove forward once more to connect his lips and teeth to where Josh's neck met his shoulder.

Josh captured Chance's hand in his and stepped backward, leading his love toward the bedroom. "This time I want a bed." All too often their first time ended up within feet of the door, leaving scorch marks on the carpet. Good thing Chance could fix it all later.

The moment they reached the bed, Chance pounced, taking both their bodies back onto the plush comforter. As always Josh was surprised that Chance's lean body was just as heavy as his own broader one. Chance was different from human lovers, felt different. Even with his eyes closed, Josh found pleasure in every difference.

The higher body temperature... Hard dense muscles... The tickle of flames... How had he ever settled for a human lover when all this time Chance had been out there waiting for him?

He reached down between their bodies to cup and fondle Chance's cock. Already it was hard and dewy. Sometime when they came together, he blew Chance first to take the edge off his need. Then they could go slower and take more time. But this time he wanted Chance inside him now.

*I hear and obey...*

He could have snorted at Chance's assumed obedience. But before he could comment, Chance made good on his offer. Chance used his inhuman strength to roll Josh and lift his ass into the angle Chance wanted.

"Minty..." The smell of peppermint filled the room a moment before the cool slick lotion slid down his ass. He jerked forward. "Damn! You could have warmed that up."

Chance leaned close, biting his right ass cheek and breathing his fire over his whole body.

"Mmm... never mind." He melted inside and out from the heat.

The slick sound of stroking raised the temperature higher still. Looking back, he watched as Chance's hand slid slowly up and down his long cock. Each motion

tightened and reddened the swollen head, while the tiny flames dancing on his skin darkened to crimson.

Before he could complain about the neglect, Chance's attention returned to him, with fingernails scraping around his hip to capture his cock in a firm hand. Chance's other hand slid between his cheeks, finding his entrance and rubbing in the lotion.

He rocked with the caresses, driving his cock through Chance's fingers and pushing back against his hand. The back and forth motion rhythmically built the pleasure, layering the sensations with each stroke.

"See how you look under me." Chance's words were paired with the image of his bucking body and the thrill of power Chance held him by. "So fucking good, I could do this for hours."

"Liar," he gasped. "You need my ass just as much as I want your cock."

Chance growled, that low sound that could be terrifying, but instead filled him with a thrill and promise. Chance's grip changed, pulling him upright into his arms. "You know what I want."

"Yes."

Chance's cock lay hot against his back. Chance's teeth grazed his shoulder once... twice, before the angle changed again. Chance's cock drove into his ass in a long slow domination. His lover's arms held him tight while their hips took control, rocking together and apart, so deep and full... the ache took over.

His body was no longer his own. He was possessed by the pleasure. The need demanded satisfaction.

Chance's hands and lips continued their sweet torment, moving gently, caressing and tempting. But his cock drove deep, commanding attention, controlling the fire between them, building... burning.

Stroke after stroke, driving the ache deeper and deeper, the slow motion enough to drive him mad. More, and more, and oh, he'd die if he didn't climax soon.

Chance chuckled in his ear.

"Please..."



"I love when you beg." Chance's fingers reclaimed his cock, sliding from head to hilt in time with his fucking. It was languid torture, meant to prolong every sensation, drag out every curl of pleasure.

It worked. He panted with need. His grip on Chance's hair tightened in desperation. "A little more, love." Chance's motion increased. The tempo rushed forward, no longer languid, but still controlled when he needed Chance to lose it as bad as he did.

Lose it like he was about to, lose himself to the pleasure.

"Yes..." Chance hissed, flooding him with fire. Pounding him, so deep and wild, so helpless to the need. Flames burst up, embracing them. His orgasm jerked through his body, leveling him with a wash of release.

Chance's arms tightened, locking him in place for a final deep, soul searing thrust.

He rolled over in Chance's lax arms. "Hey, your fire is out."

"Not out. Just banked."

"Well, before we light it up again, let me go get the champagne." During their last date it had come up that Chance had never tasted champagne, so it was on his list to make this date special. He left Chance lounging and made his way back to what passed for a kitchen in the tiny cabin. He'd planned ahead and had a bottle on ice. Just as he grabbed up two glasses and turned back, the cabin's door flew open.

And there stood Brandon.

Josh's heart stopped then picked up a thundering rhythm that left him lightheaded and weak-kneed. Why was Brandon here? Why now?

"It is you! I knew you'd be here." Brandon's eyes widened. "Naked and holding champagne. How completely perfect!" Brandon's gaze was a caress.

His body reacted at once. Shit, this was bad. He thunked the bottle and glasses onto the counter. One of the fragile stems broke. Stooping, he grabbed up his robe, forgotten earlier and handy now. Once his wayward body was safely hidden, he straightened to face his former roommate and now and then lover.

A radio came on in the bedroom.

Brandon's gaze rushed that direction. "You're..." He cleared his throat. "You're not alone."

"No, I'm not."

The pain that flashed across Brandon's face was unexpected, after all this time. They'd parted ways not long after he met Chance. He'd stayed on the road and away from their shared condo until Brandon had finally cornered him and they'd fought. Their parting hadn't been pleasant, but it had been necessary. "You can't be here, Brandon."

"You brought someone else to our mountain? How could you?"

Shit, he hadn't even thought of it that way. Sure, they'd shared a few holidays up here, but it was also where he'd met Chance. He had no idea how to answer, and he sure as hell wasn't going to try and explain what he had with Chance.

"Was living with me so hard?"

It was a loaded question. Most of their time together had been wonderful. Neither made any demands, but never had to face a lonely night. It had been the perfect uncommitted relationship right up until he'd almost died. Being saved by Chance had done something, changed everything. After that just being roommates with benefits hadn't been enough. Brandon hadn't understood. "Sometimes it was."

Anger darkened Brandon's face. "That's not fair. What went wrong... just happened. I'm willing to start over. I'm not holding it against you."

"No, Brandon. We can't start over."

"Sure we can. Whoever you were with then doesn't matter. Neither does whoever you're with now. You need me."

But he didn't need Brandon. The one he needed was Chance, only Chance.

The quiet place where his mind touched Chance's woke. Fear laced back through their connection and only then did he realize he might have put too much alarm into his call. It wasn't as if Brandon was going to hurt him physically. No, his brand of pain was all about emotion.

The door to the bedroom crashed open. The room was obscured behind a wall of flames.

"What the hell!" Brandon stumbled backwards, dragging Josh back by the arm.

Josh pushed his former roommate behind him. "Wait, Chance! It's not what you think... I mean he's not going to hurt me."

Chance's dark red flames raged around him, tickling out over the floor and making him appear more than twice his true size. It was fucking terrifying, even with knowing it was still Chance, still his lover.

How must Brandon be seeing this?

Josh shook free of Brandon's grip and stepped toward Chance despite the searing heat. "Really. I'm okay. Can you tame the flames?" *Please?*

Chance's flames immediately settled to tiny swirls dancing over his bare skin. In seconds his usual leather pants and red silk shirt formed beneath the flames. "Who is he?" Chance's voice was a low and dangerous growl, nothing like the sexy arrogant tone from every other encounter.

They'd been together many times and each had peeled away this terrible reality. Chance wasn't human. He was a demon. He was powerful and deadly.

Chance caught his shoulder, pulling him forward until they were eye to eye. *I didn't mean to scare you, only him. I thought he was a threat.*

"Brandon is... a friend."

Chance's arms closed around him. The heat from the flickering flames tickled over him but did nothing more than seep into gently warming.

Before Chance could complete the kiss he was leaning in for, Josh turned around in his arms to face Brandon, who was struggling to regain his composure. "Brandon, this is Chance."

"Chance, the demon you told me about?"

"Yes, the same demon who found me buried in that avalanche. He saved me that day. After you moved out, we met again." And again and again.

"I don't understand what's going on." Brandon straightened some more, taking his lanky frame to its full six feet four inch height. "Whatever you've done to him... stop. It's over. Let him go."

Chance chuckled, blowing the huffs of air over Josh's right ear.

"It's not like that, Brandon. He's here because I want him to be. This whole weekend is for Chance. I rented the cabin for him -- or rather for us. I didn't expect you to show up."

"Oh." Brandon slumped. "I thought you'd come here because this is where we always spent Christmas. I thought we could be together."

Chance's arms tightened, and then released him.

Backing away slowly, Brandon made his way to the door. "I'd better be going."

"Brandon..."

He shook his head. "Three's a crowd, Josh. I'll leave you with your... demon."

"Wait, I'll walk you out." Josh left Chance's warmth and hurried after Brandon.  
*I'll be right back, Chance.*

*I'll be here.*

Leaving behind Chance's heat and stepping into the cold night air shocked every one of his nerves. But he didn't have time to worry about shivering. For now he focused on Brandon.

"I'm sorry about... I didn't mean to show up and ruin..." Brandon stopped moving on the bottom step. "How could you be with that... thing?"

"You don't know him."

"I don't want to. Do you even see him? He's a monster, the thing of nightmares."

"He's not like that."

"You told me he intended to kill you on this mountain. You said it, not me. He would have killed you. Instead he raped you over and over in some kind of sadistic bet. How could you forget that? How could you stand there in his arms, like he's some kind of date?"

There was no way to explain and no point in trying. "You don't understand."

"And neither should you. Does he have you under some kind of spell or something? It has to be something like that."

"Why? Why does it have to be something or someone taking advantage of me? Why can't you trust me to know what I want?"

"Because you're not that stupid."

Fury boiled up inside him. Stupid? He was stupid? "I'm not the one who wasn't grown up enough to make a commitment. I told you exactly what I needed and you refused. You drove me away, and now you just can't handle that I might have found someone else."

"You know that's not true." Brandon shoved his fingers through his own dark hair, mussing the shoulder-length strands even more than usual. "Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I fucked everything up. It's just, when you came back after that avalanche, you were different. You wanted more, and I didn't know how to give it."

Josh stared at the man who'd been his best friend for more than twenty years. From high school, through college and right to the boardroom, they'd been together in business and sharing the condo and often the bed at night. "I was different. Chance changed me. At that point it was just making me take control of my life. I needed... more. Damn it, I needed to settle down."

"I know that now."

"You couldn't give that to me."

"Can that demon give you what I couldn't?"

No, the sad truth was Chance couldn't offer much more than Brandon had. He still just had a sometimes relationship, a casual bump and grind. That was all.

"You have doubts. I can see that."

He couldn't deny it and didn't try.

"The demon may have changed you, but your leaving changed me. I'm ready for more now, if you'll have me."

"I..." Brandon's offer left him choked up on the welling emotion. This was exactly what he'd wanted months ago. Hell, he still wanted it, but as much as he

wanted to say yes, there was too much at stake to jump in without some thought. "I still care for you. I probably always will, but I... can't answer you now."

Brandon dropped his gaze. His disappointment was painful to see.

"I need to go back to Chance. This weekend is supposed to be for him."

"Come with me now. Leave that thing here and we can go anywhere you want."

Brandon's voice was harsh with emotion.

Taking in Brandon's earnest look, Josh glared at him. "Don't you dare make me choose between the man who broke my heart and the demon who saved my soul. You won't like my answer."

With a muttered "Okay, I won't," Brandon stormed down the sidewalk to his car.

So much was left unsaid. Josh stayed outside in the cold and watched until the car disappeared from sight. Even the cold couldn't stop his whirling thoughts.

Chance watched the whole scene through the window. Part of him wanted to be there to chase off this other man, but mostly he was overwhelmed by the emotions running rampant through his lover.

The pain drew him, demanding he ease the sorrow in Josh's heart. He went to him, enfolding him in heat without ever touching him. "I'm here for you, Josh."

Wordlessly Josh leaned back against Chance's chest. He wrapped his arms around Josh, replacing the night's chill with the heat from his flames. He held Josh like that for a long while, just letting the mood slowly come back from the painful place his lover's mind had gone.

The moon crested the horizon, peeking through the trees. Mentally, Chance reached out and flipped the lights off in the cabin as well as the one at the door. "The moonlight is too nice to waste."

Snuggling more firmly in his arms, Josh asked, "Do you have moonlight where you live?"

"There is no moon in Abaddon. The fiery pits offer up light and heat to my home. Outside my apartment, life is lit by a warm red glow that touches everything and comes from a thousand places with flickering joy."

"That sounds different, beautiful."

"It is, in its own way. When I'm away too long I miss it. Your moon is something just as special, though. It glows with a purity that makes everything seem more... innocent."

"Everything?" Josh rolled his hips, rubbing his ass against Chance's groin. "Does that seem so innocent?"

"Not in the least." Chance tightened his embrace, bringing them more firmly together from shoulder to thigh. He touched Josh's mind. *Are you all right now, lover?*

"Yes." Turning in his arms, Josh claimed his lips in a sweet, tender kiss. Long and slow, the kiss trembled at the edge of arousal, teasing but not yet making the leap.

"Want to go inside?"

"No, I want to remember the snow."

The images dancing through Josh's mind took solid root in Chance's, reminding him of that time ten months ago. In that moment he saw himself as Josh had seen him, both terrifying and entrancing. All fire, and welcomed for the hope he'd offered when Josh had thought all was lost. Then he saw how Josh had found more in his arms than just a chance of survival. He'd also found hope for not just life, but a better life, maybe even love.

And here in the December snow, back on their mountainside so close to that first time... here he wanted to help that elusive dream become reality. Maybe not forever, but at least for now, they could have each other and let it be more than just two bodies needing each other. This time would touch them deeper. He knew that, and wanted it.

"Here in the snow... yes." Heedless of gravity, Chance leaned and took them both over into the snow bank beside the sidewalk. He turned just enough to cushion the fall, holding Josh close every second. Their location was private enough for anything. The pine trees lining the drive made every cabin private and a little bit of magic

brought the snow closer, melting a cozy cave just for them. With the top still open to the moonlight, it was perfect.

He kissed Josh, taking control this time, deepening the connection but keeping it to languid strokes. Josh's heart was still raw from the scene they'd just gone through. The slow building of passion would suit them better this time than the hard and fast romps of nearly every other time they'd been together. Not that he regretted a moment of their wild passion, but there was more to what they had than just sex. It was time to prove it to himself as well as to Josh.

Rather than use magic, he kissed his way through stripping the robe off Josh, lingering over every inch, worshiping his lover's body, healing his soul. Every stroke brought them closer. Like threads sewing them into one slice of fabric, this weaving, connecting, united them more deeply than any of the flash fire fucking that had come before.

Despite the confusion roiling through his mind, Josh couldn't deny how good it felt to take their time making love. Had he ever relaxed and just accepted each caress? Reveled in feather-light kisses? He couldn't remember a single time he'd made love like this, not in all the years of his randy carousing.

Chance's fire tickled out around him. Vaguely he wondered why it didn't melt all the snow. Then again it hadn't in that first snow cave either. Chance's control was ultimate over not just his desires but even over his flames and the heat they created.

Chance cupped his palm over a handful of snow. Using heat and pressure he formed the fluffy mound tighter and tighter until it became a long icicle.

"What do you plan to do with that?"

"That is for me to know and you to deal with."

"The one end looks a little sharp. You don't plan to stab me, do you?"

Chance grinned. "Maybe I do." Oh, he planned to do all kinds of things to Josh, such that his lover had never imagined before this moment and would never forget afterward.



Rolling to face him, Josh reached for the hand holding the ice. "Maybe I should object."

Chance pulled his hand away and used the other to push Josh onto his back. "Maybe you won't want to object." Gliding the ice over Josh's bare chest left a trail of slick moisture, which he followed with his tongue.

Josh's nipples puckered into tempting beads, perfect for nibbling.

He traced the ice around one then breathed a tickle of fire over the sensitive flesh. Then the ice again. Once both nubs had been tormented and Josh was writhing under him, only then did he move his attention lower. Down over Josh's abs, his hands moved slowly, tracing lazy circles.

Between shudders, Josh claimed a kiss. Their lips came together with a comforting brush before deepening. Rather than burst into an inferno, it remained a sweet surrender to each other. Josh's arms closed around him, holding him close, binding them together.

Chance accepted the affection, returned it gladly for a few moments. But kissing Josh senseless wasn't his plan. Oh no, he was leaning more toward full on sexual torture, just what Josh needed to get his mind off more painful topics. He continued the lazy kiss and rolled his hips, pressing his hard cock against Josh's thigh. The motion freed his hand. He slid his hand and the ice down Josh's side, over his hip and across the top of his thigh.

Josh gasped and pulled back from the kiss. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh, but I would, and I promise you'll love it."

"I prefer your fire."

"You'll have it, too." He sat up, letting his heat dance between them, knowing it would warm Josh from the inside as well as the outside. "You lay back and let me play. I've been dreaming of this for a while."

Despite a slight hesitation, Josh did as he asked, lying back into the snow with a feigned air of nonchalance. Hands clasped under his head, his eyelids drooped with sexy invitation. The pose said "Do your worst. I'm ready for anything."

The sizzle in that gaze alone might have melted the ice if he hadn't pulled the heat from every molecule, keeping it cold and solid. It wouldn't do to have to pause in the coming play to make more ice. Oh no, this was going to play out for as long and hard as Josh could take.

He began retracing the ice over Josh's chest. He glided it over smooth skin and twitching muscles, using the motion to both tease and arouse his lover. Moving lower he skimmed the ice over Josh's abs. As he closed in on Josh's cock, the hard shaft rose eagerly, begging for attention.

Attention it would get, in full measure.

Palming another handful of snow, he formed it into a ball of ice and then put that into his mouth, quickly following the motion by devouring Josh's cock in a series of long wet licks, until he had him hard and quivering right where he wanted. Only then did he slip the ice from under his tongue and roll it around Josh's shaft.

Josh's body tightened more with every touch but when the ice connected, he arched up off the snow in a jerk of motion which shoved him deep into Chance's mouth.

With his other hand he slid the long, thick icicle up through Josh's ass cheeks, letting his body heat melt the ice just enough to leave both skin and ice slick, every motion meant only to torment Josh that much more. Back and forth over the rosebud of his entrance, sliding back and forth, teasing, tempting... until Josh's thrashing was almost out of control.

"Chance! Oh, God, Chance!"

He sucked him deeper, pulling hard on his cock while dipping the ice in for the first slick plunge. Then again, he paired the movement, pushing the ice deep, withdrawing, and deeper again.

Josh bucked with an inarticulate groan of ecstasy.

On and on, he drove Josh's pleasure higher. His flames were consuming them both, dancing over both their bodies, driving back the chill air and even the snow. The hard ground went almost unnoticed, sensation ignoring anything but pleasure. Chance

was lost to his own game. He didn't even bother to control his power, letting it spread, explode.

The ice was gone, replaced by his fingers. Then even that wasn't enough. Nowhere near enough.

He pulled back, shifted to between Josh's thighs and drove his cock in deep, full to the hilt, claiming Josh to his very core. Out of control, he fucked Josh like a wild animal, jackknifing into him over and over, ravaging him, desperate to find completion.

More than that, he needed to drive out anything but this moment. Josh was his, no other's. His and all his. The past was gone. The future a mystery. All that existed was now.

Chance grabbed Josh's cock and stroked it hard in time with his fucking. Josh clutched at his shoulders, digging in hard. His flames burst higher, with them in the center of all that heat. Arching upward, Josh bellowed, and came with a rush.

Chance claimed Josh's mouth, swallowing down the pleasure, consuming, being consumed. His own orgasm roared in his ears, stole his breath and left him shattered and weak, collapsed over Josh's lax body.

The insistent elbow to his rib roused him moments later. "Chance... tell me you aren't capable of nuclear reaction. You aren't, are you?"

He forced his eyes open. His flames might be out now, but the ground was charred black under them. The snow was melted back a good twenty feet in all directions and the nearest tree was more than a little singed. "I don't think my magic leaves any radiation..."

"Did you even realize what was happening?"

"I was a little distracted. Are you complaining about my focus?"

"Hell, no, but if we'd been inside, the cabin would have been destroyed."

"Good thing we weren't, then."

Josh laughed at Chance's unrepentant grin. "Come on, let's get inside. I need clothes since the robe is nothing but ash." He pushed at Chance's shoulder until he could get freed up enough to stand.

Chance flopped over on his back, revealing just what a lazy, sated sex demon looked like.

Holding out his hand, Josh clasped Chance's and pulled him upright. "Can't stay out here. The fire department might show up."

"Think they will?"

"Nah, the cabins are far enough apart that your explosive nature might not even have been noticed." Josh glanced back toward the narrow road. The only tracks there were from Brandon's fast retreat.

"You miss him." Chance's voice held an odd note.

"No, it's better this way." But the lie left a pang of loss in its wake. He did miss Brandon and all the things they'd done together. Oh, the sex had been good, but it was more than that. Brandon had been his best friend too. He shivered. Would he ever see Brandon again?

Chance's arm came around him, sharing heat with him on the way back up the now dry sidewalk.

"Champagne. I promised you champagne." With a last glance down the road, Josh yanked open the door. No, he had Chance now, or at least sometimes he had Chance. He pushed back the lingering wish for something more. Claiming Chance's hand, he tugged him forward for a quick kiss. Maybe he didn't have Chance all the time, but a lot of people were kept apart by work or other obligations.

"You all right?" Chance asked.

"Yeah." And he was, mostly. He had Chance and he wasn't going to worry about what he didn't have. "Come on, let's drink champagne and decorate the tree." They had the whole holiday together, and he wasn't going to waste the time wishing for what wasn't. Though now he was wondering if it had been stupid to want to celebrate Christmas with a demon...

Chance's arm came around him, holding him tight for another short, sweet kiss. "Never stupid. Happy Holidays, Josh. We might not celebrate them back in Abaddon,

but I'm glad to spend the time here with you." There was a suspicious glint to Chance's eyes. "I'll save your gift for my next visit."

"You don't have to worry about a gift. Having you here is all I wanted."

That glint deepened to a chuckle. "I adore you, Josh, I really do, but you can't lie for shit." Chance leaned in for a laughing kiss that turned serious in a heartbeat. "I know what you want, Josh. More than that, I know what you need. And just as soon as I can manage it, you'll have it."

Josh's heart thundered. Could Chance understand how badly he wanted Brandon back? Sometimes he could read his mind, but he couldn't possibly mean... It wasn't like Chance would give him Brandon as a gift... would he?

## **L. Shannon**

L. Shannon, the author, came into existence in June of 2004. Shannon's always been a reader and lover of books, but never considered writing until one night when she ran out of books to read... She began writing that very night as the first line of defense in a battle against insomnia. Her writing has steadily grown into a full-out war against reality. Her friends kindly say reality never stood a chance.

Shannon currently has more than twenty-five completed works either available now or coming soon. The L. Shannon novels have expanded to fill an entire world with paranormal wonders including Valafrn werewolves, Tascryn demons, blood-sucking vampires, sexy selkies and many, many more. Be careful if you choose to enter Shannon's hunk-filled world. You may never wish to leave...

In the time Shannon doesn't spend writing, she's kept busy by bothering her husband, showing dogs, gardening and watching over her four Butterfly Koi ponds. You can learn more about her writing and her life at [www.lshannon.net](http://www.lshannon.net).