

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Chance's Rules

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Edited by Pamela Campbell. Cover art by Willo.

Electronic book Publication February 2009

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CHANCE'S RULES

Reese Gabriel

Chapter One

"M'kalu! M'kalu!" cried the group of small boys, running barefoot toward the village.

Dr. Kinzie Sanders saw them from the clinic doorway and frowned. *M'kalu* was the word for white man but the enthusiasm of their chants could only apply to one.

The last man on earth she wanted to see.

Sure enough, there he came, Chance, rolling in like some kind of savior in a four-wheel-drive pickup. The villagers poured out to see him—so many that he finally had to get out and continue the rest of the way on foot.

Good grief, he was carrying a dozen red roses, the fool.

"M'kalu Bonaki," chanted the elders.

White hero, indeed.

Big deal, so Chance had chased away bandits last spring, saving them all. And he had also made sure they continued to receive medicine and dry goods even when the government's storehouses ran low two months ago.

Kinzie sighed, feeling the familiar tightness in her chest. Okay, so he was a goddamn hero but he was still a heel in her book. Never mind his hard, chiseled body, deep blue eyes and gorgeous, tawny hair. Never mind what he could do to her body with just a glance, making her ache for his touch—soft and gentle...or hard and firm.

They were not conventional lovers by any stretch of the imagination. She doubted anyone would guess that she, the stalwart, always-in-charge doctor, took on the submissive role, a prisoner in Chance's bed, by mutual agreement—his sex slave.

She tried to fight the burn between her thighs, her nipples straining against the cotton bra. It always started that way, her every muscle straining to be under Chance's command, moved to unspeakable pleasure, bound by an indefatigable will.

No, she told herself. No more, Kinzie, never again. You made a vow, remember?

"Dokta Keena," cried one of the elder women, employing their nickname for her. "He is here. Your *zamala'ki*."

She had called him her sweetheart. Hardly. Chance's idea of love was to sweep in whenever he damn well felt like it, possess her body and soul for short, fiery explosions and then drop her afterward like the proverbial hot potato.

She should have shut him down long ago. For such a strong woman, Kinzie was an embarrassing pushover when it came to Chance. Medical school had been a breeze in comparison, as had the many serious obstacles she had faced serving as a doctor in Luzumbia, under the auspices of the Physicians for World Mercy program.

If only she weren't so damn lonely and starved for dominant male affection. Or was it Chance himself? She shuddered to think she might have feelings for such a man. That was a sure way to emotional suicide.

Speaking of which, Chance was headed straight for her, entourage in tow. She'd almost forgotten how tall he was. Damn, he looked so good in his khakis, his chest peeking through his half-unbuttoned shirt, the material pulled taut by his strong muscles.

How she longed to run her hands over his bare skin, or better still, to kiss every inch of him. It had always been her secret desire to worship a man's body but it wasn't until Chance that she met one bold enough to compel her to live the fantasy.

He walked straight up to her. She could scarcely breathe, waiting for him to speak. "You cut your hair, Kin."

She reacted instantly. *So?* Did he disapprove or something? She hated it when he used that tone, so blasted neutral. It wasn't as if it were his business, anyway.

"I'm making changes," she said, stopping short of telling him that he was next on the list.

"They're a little faded." He held out the roses. She tried not to be impressed, focusing as best she could on the thorns.

"I would ask where you got them but I'm sure I don't want to know," she said dryly.

He leaned in for a kiss. Kinzie turned her face, forcing him to make contact with her cheek.

His gaze narrowed, became appraising. "Is something wrong?"

What wasn't wrong? And damn it, why did his lips have to burn like a hot flame, searing her body all the way down to her toes? "Just the usual—you taking off in the middle of the night, no word from you for a month."

Listen to her, she sounded like a spurned girlfriend, bitter and pathetic.

You could almost excuse his part in their sordid little affair—at least he was consistent. But she should know better. It wasn't as though they had any formal arrangement, right?

"It's easier that way, Kin."

"Easier for you, you mean, and don't call me Kin." They were about to fight in front of the villagers. Two minutes after his arrival. Typical.

Except this fight was personal. Until now the arguments had centered on safety and security. For some reason Chance insisted on telling her what risks she should or shouldn't take.

As much as she craved submission behind closed doors, she was anything but submissive in public, especially when it came to a man trying to keep her from doing her job.

"You can take your flowers," she pushed them into his chest, "and shove them."

"Dokta Keena, what is wrong?" the old woman asked. Worried looks passed from villager to villager. For some absurd reason they had it in their minds that she and Chance were a happy couple.

"Let's go to your hut," Chance said. "We'll sort everything out."

He always made it sound so freaking simple. "No," she refused. "I have things to do."

"Let M'Benga take over the clinic for a little while. You work like a dog as it is."

The tall male nurse had been monitoring the situation and was more than ready to sell her down the river. "I am fully capable of continuing the morning medication count on my own," M'Benga told her in his clipped British-African accent. "Go and talk."

"There, you see?" Chance grinned, showing off those irresistible dimples. There really ought to be a law against a man looking that good and having all the commitment of an alley cat.

"Talking is the only thing that is going to happen," she said pointedly.

"Sure, absolutely." Next thing she knew, Chance had handed the flowers over to the old woman, tossed a bag of candy in the air as a treat for the children and steered her toward the simple wooden structure that was her living space.

She'd been embarrassed at all the work they had done on her behalf, bringing supplies all the way from the provincial capital and laboring for days. She would have been happy with a thatched hut like the others had.

"I mean it," she warned as he closed the door behind them and locked it.

Chance rubbed his hand over her back, sending instant hot chills down her spine. "You're tense as hell, Kin. We need a nice long session."

He meant the BDSM, the domination and submission that would leave her completely drained, happy and mindless, none of which were things she could afford to be right now.

Kinzie tried to fight the wild urges. Being this close to Chance was like standing on the veldt in a lightning storm, the vast dome of sky lit like an angry cauldron, electric daggers ripping apart the air.

He was so solid, his heartbeat so strong. She could smell the musk on him, mixed with the raw scent of the land.

His cock was rock-hard too, pressing against her crotch. Squirming as best she could, she sought to keep her distance. "Jeezus, Chance, what did I just tell you?"

"You said we'd talk. So talk—tell me how much you've been dreaming of me and all the things I'm going to do to you." He kissed her neck, momentarily distracting her with the white-hot pressure of his mouth. It was all the diversion he needed to slide his hands up under her tank top, thumbs riding her rib cage all the way to the bottom of her bra.

Kinzie sucked in a ragged breath, too terrified to exhale. It was so damn unfair. He had every advantage, finding all her buttons and pressing them like clockwork.

"Baby, you are so damn beautiful," he rasped, pushing the cotton cups over her full, straining mounds. "I'm taking it all this time, everything you've got to give."

As if he ever took less.

Kinzie couldn't hold back the soft, needful moans as he worked her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. He was right—she had been dreaming of him almost constantly, tossing and turning in the hot African night. Sometimes it got so bad that she had to bite down on her pillow to fight back the tears.

Every morning she arose exhausted, sweat soaked, wrung out and more and more resentful. What kind of man awoke such passions in a female and went away, leaving her to suffer?

If only she could be tougher, the way she was in the beginning. Back then she had been cynical and breezy, hardboiled—just like him. It was a game they played, the roles easily assumed and shed as the moment demanded. Now it was messy and confusing.

Oh god, he was going to suck her nipple. The tiny bud puckered in anticipation. She could almost feel the shape of his lips, the way they would seize and possess, leaving her no choice but to respond. It was as if her body had been made just for him.

"Chance, for pity's sake, stop it."

Something in her voice got to him. He backed off. "Kin, baby, what's wrong?"

She *so* hadn't intended to cry. This talk was supposed to be about standing strong, not wilting like some stereotypical bimbo. "I just...I just can't take this...anymore."

The words came in short bursts. Next thing she knew he was holding her close, soothing and enveloping her with his sheer masculine presence. "It will be all right," he said, stroking her scruffy blonde head.

All those curls, gone in an instant, she thought, a single act of fury and frustration. Could she blame it all on him, or was the whole experience getting to her, the endless stream of sickness and disease, the wounds, the lingering tragedy of a country that seemed to take two steps back for every step forward.

The latest blow had been Pierre.

She couldn't go there though, not now.

"I used a scalpel." For some reason she found humor in the recounting, causing her tears to mix with laughter. "M'Benga had to even it up with the shears."

"The man missed his calling," Chance quipped. "Then again, look at what he had to work with. You could be bald and you would still be the prettiest sight on this or any other continent."

She pushed him away. Rejecting his affection took a monumental effort of will but it had to be done. "You're full of it, just like always, telling me whatever you think I want to hear so you can get in my panties."

"I do want in them," he acknowledged. "More than you'll ever know. But I'm a hell of a lot more concerned with what's really bothering you. Is there something you're not telling me? Is somebody hassling you out here, because I swear to god, if they are—"

"Don't go all primal on me, Chance." She had to admit it was sexy though, that look that came over his face, pure male lion ready to protect his own. "No one has disturbed us. Although a group of refugees came through last week, some of them wounded. They said the army is fighting a new rebel group in the north."

He nodded, his face giving away nothing. As usual, he knew more than he was saying. "There's been some trouble, shouldn't last long."

Kinzie moved to pull her shirt back down.

"No," he said, his voice so plaintive it felt as if a tongue were licking seductively between her already steamy thighs. "Don't deny us."

Us. As if she was supposed to want this too.

Kinzie's hands fell to her sides. She felt awkward, lost. "It's just not a good idea."

Say it. Tell him we're done, she thought.

Chance came at her again, this time so tenderly it turned her knees to rubber. Taking her face in his hands, he kissed her, his lips barely making contact but managing to convey everything.

At least there was one thing right about them. The sex picked up right where it left off each and every time and it only seemed to get better.

"Let me make love to you, Kin. Let me work all these kinks out. We don't need any props, just you and me. It'll make sense again, this whole messed-up world, I promise."

She wanted to believe him almost as much as she wanted him inside her, over her, thrusting, taking her with so much pleasure that she would have absolutely no choice but to accept her own raw, yielding nature.

With Chance she felt safe and free, no responsibilities, no need to maintain the constant front of invincibility. She was *his*, plain and simple.

It was probably just the environment they were in that made it so good—the implied danger, death always in the air. This sort of relationship wouldn't work back home in the States. Would it?

"That's it, sweetheart," he urged.

Without realizing it, she responded to him, arching her back, softening her lips.

She let him take her hand and place it on his crotch.

Kinzie swooned at the feel of his cock. Even through his clothes it throbbed, so big and thick. She wanted it out of his pants. She wanted it between her legs, in her mouth, any place she could get it.

"Oh yeah," he said throatily as she ran her fingers over his erection. "Now I'm home."

She wanted to argue. It couldn't be true. Despite all the things they had shared, she still knew so little about him. He evaded all her questions about his occupation, all the while waltzing in with antibiotics and roses and any other damn thing they wanted. Things like that couldn't be gotten legally. She knew because she had tried and tried. He had to be some kind of smuggler. It wasn't a stretch to think he could get any kind of sex he wanted in the bargain. Beautiful women from the capital, women good enough even for General Matubu, the dictator of Luzumbia.

"Too many clothes," he growled, turning her.

She lifted her arms, letting him pull the tank top over her head and then unhook her bra, baring her lush breasts.

Pulling her against him from behind, he let his hands cup them, enveloping, massaging. She shuddered, pushing back her ass, offering it.

He went after her shorts next, unclasping them and making quick work of her zipper in order to give himself access to the front panel of her panties. Sliding his hands over the damp material, he felt the ridges of her pulsing sex.

"Kin," he said her name, bidding her to crane her neck. Accepting the gift of her lips, he gave her a real kiss this time, tongue penetrating, sampling, testing.

All the while he rested his fingertips on her barely covered sex, driving her mad with the need for more.

No one did it like Chance, intoxicating her with the reality of how much he wanted and needed her but never pushing or forcing. What woman could refuse such attentions? No man had ever come close to giving her so many orgasms. And in his way, he was the most romantic man in the world.

Who else would show up with roses in the middle of the bush?

Oh yeah, Chance was one of a kind.

But so was she and she deserved better than a series of glorified one-night stands, honest to god.

"I just can't," she breathed, marshaling her strength before it was too late. "I can't let you use my body as your personal playground anymore."

"Uh-huh." Chance found the waistband of her panties. Simultaneously nibbling at her shoulder, he let his fingertips slip under the material, down past her light-golden fleece to the ridge of her puckering lips.

Teasing ever-so gently, he entered her. She could not help but respond, dripping outrageously over his hand and down her inner thighs. "Are you fucking listening? I won't be your whore. Scratch that, at least whores get paid."

"How can you say that, Kinzie? You're my princess. I burn for you all the time I'm not with you. I'm not here to steal anything. This body is yours." He pressed his torso hard, molding his massive chest to her bare back.

"I-I don't want it."

What a fucking lie.

He called her on it. "So turn me away, spurn me if that's what you want."

"You mean like you do to me whenever you've satisfied your needs?"

Chance stopped pleasuring her. "Where is this coming from?"

"Sorry if the truth hurts." What hurt was losing his caressing hand and his tingling lips on her shoulder.

"Did I say I was hurt?" His tone, so suddenly cool and remote, hit her like a sucker punch.

This in turn created an impulse to hurt him for real. "Fine, here's some more truth for you. I've put in for a transfer. I'm going back to the States, so you'll have to find a new playmate."

Actually she hadn't made up her mind, not until that second.

"Can we drop the topic, Kin, for fuck's sake." Chance spoke the words from low in his throat. Did he intend to make a power play?

Because she really wasn't up to becoming Miss Suzy Sex Slave right now. "Don't tell me what to do, Chance."

His arm circled her waist. He was beyond arguing. She kicked in vain as he carried her to the small brass bed in the corner.

Depositing her on her buttocks on the creaking mattress, he issued a second command. "Everything off, Kinzie."

"Planning on raping me?"

"That isn't possible and you know it. Our bodies are too much in sync, though I'll happily rip those shorts and panties off, if I have to."

"You're bluffing."

"Try me, if you like. But remember your little lesson from the day we met."

Her buttocks heated at the memory. He had spanked her many times since, his hand hot and hard and possessive, stinging and inflaming, but never with the same frenzy of discovery and passion as that very first time. They had fucked afterward, so hard and fast she'd thought their bodies might combust from the heat. She had had to bite his shoulder to keep from screaming as she came, savage as any wild animal.

"So you're telling me if I don't take my clothes off for you, you will take it out on my ass?"

His eyes riveted her with an intensity that threatened to dissolve her on the spot. "Without hesitation, young lady."

Chance was only three years older than she but his words carried their familiar dominant charge, like a hot, searing knife in her belly. Much as she hated to admit it, Chance had conditioned her, making it virtually impossible to disobey him.

"I'll count to three."

He only made it as far as one before Kinzie lifted her bottom and tugged down her shorts. She was on autopilot, though she still had her mouth to defy him. "This is the last time, cowboy. I hope you fucking enjoy it."

His features darkened, those blue eyes clouding just for an instant. "Don't worry. I will."

"I really mean it," she persisted, hoping to break into his Fort Knox of a heart at last. "You and I are over. And just to prove it, I will lie here and not feel a thing. So go ahead, use me like you always do and then get the hell out of my life."

"This isn't you talking." Chance peeled off his shirt, revealing his smooth, bare chest, his skin well tanned by the African sun, his full pectorals, exquisitely developed biceps and six-pack abdomen representing a level of perfection most men would kill for. "It's the stress, Kin. You need a break. I've told you that you work too goddamn hard, especially since they've reassigned Pierre."

Something in her snapped at the mention of her lost colleague. Chance obviously didn't know what had happened to Pierre after he'd been transferred to Namibia, which only showed how ridiculously separated their lives really were.

"Go on, keep acting like you care. This is all you want." Kinzie had her shoes and socks off. Shimmying down her panties, she threw them at him.

He caught them midair. Her heart clenched as he put the damp, fragrant material to his nose and inhaled. "Don't tell me what I want, woman, and forget about being inert. You'll come for me all right, so long and so hard that you'll beg me to stop."

Her toes curled at the erotic threat. Scratch that, it was a promise. Whatever had made her think she could taunt Chance like that? He knew her body inside out, he would use it against her, forcing her to the very depths of submissive pleasure and anguish. She would not put it past him to try something new this time either, branding her in some way, making her so much his that she would not be able to leave him...ever.

For a moment, she thought of getting up and running but his eyes kept her in place the whole time as he unzipped his pants and skinned them down. She inhaled sharply, seeing how his cock tented his briefs.

She had to see the rest of him now, damn the consequences. She had to experience him too. Chance in all his naked glory.

"Go on, baby, touch yourself," he said, taking off his boots and socks. "Let me see what you look like when you're all alone pleasuring yourself."

He had never asked for that before. "I will not. It's way too embarrassing."

"Masturbation is perfectly natural." He stepped out of his boxers, leaving his erection free. It stood proudly, thick and reddish purple, the familiar veins crisscrossing the surface. She could almost taste it. She could feel it too, thick and pumping inside her warm, wet sex.

Her heart skipped a beat as he wrapped his fingers around his gorgeous shaft, squeezing, releasing. Slowly, very slowly, he began to slide his hand up and down.

He was masturbating for her, another first. "This is what I do when you're not around. Now it's your turn."

"Do I look that stupid? A man like you doesn't masturbate."

"Why not?"

Because you are way too handsome and sexy not to have a plethora of gorgeous, begging females, she thought. Not that she would add to his ego by saying so. "That's what

prostitutes are for. I'm sure they are freely available in the cities. At least that's what I've heard other smugglers say when they've passed through."

Chance narrowed his gaze. "Who are you talking about? If any of them have said or done anything disrespectful around you, it will be the last time they open their mouths."

"Stop acting protective," she exclaimed. "It pisses me off."

Actually, it turned her on but she wasn't going to let him know that either.

His hand continued its slow, steady glide up and down the length of his thick cock, fingers pressing the veins, no doubt providing him delicious stimulation. How she wished she could be giving him that pleasure.

"Just show me, beautiful. Touch that sweet body. You don't have to masturbate. Just touch your nipple for me."

One time and that would be it, she determined as she watched his tongue, lightly licking the corner of his mouth.

"I'm not doing this for you," Kinzie declared as her fingertip grazed the swollen bud, featherlight.

She gasped. It felt so good. She wanted so much more.

"Good girl." He rewarded her by touching his own nipple in kind.

Kinzie bit down on her lower lip.

"Now pinch your nipple," he urged.

She did so, pressing harder than she had intended.

A telltale moan escaped her throat.

"We know what that sound means," he crooned. "You need to put your hand inside your wet pussy. You need to play with your gorgeous little clit too, don't you?"

His voice was in her head, mixing with her thoughts. "Yes," she whispered, her fingertip just grazing the swollen button of her clitoris, sending zings of desire raging through her body.

"Keep going," he urged. "Nice and slow."

Why was he dragging this out? He had been ready to jump her bones a little bit ago. Before she made her big announcement, that is.

Yeah, her timing sucked as usual. Not that he was much help. If he could have kept his hands off her for five minutes, they might have had a civilized discussion for once.

Who was she kidding? Things had never been civilized between them. They hadn't even started off civil. His first words to her had been something along the lines of *What* in bloody hell do you think you are doing? Do you want to get yourself killed?

She had just run out into the road to save one of the village goats, which had chosen an extremely inopportune moment to cross from one side to the other.

Chance had barely avoided her, swerving into a ditch and nearly flipping his vehicle in the process.

"Never mind me," was all she had been able to come up with to say. "You were the one speeding. Don't you look where you're going?"

His nostrils had flared. He had looked totally delicious, tawny and muscular, covered in sweat, dangerous and male, all the more so for being so irritated with her. "Last I looked, there weren't any speed limits on this road, woman."

"You don't need them, man," she shot back. "It's called common sense."

"You've got an answer for everything, don't you, missy?" He was inches from her face. Something in his eyes had stirred her. She had wanted to keep fighting, provoking him to see how he would react.

"Yes," she had sassed him. "And don't call me missy."

"Why not, if you're going to behave like a brat."

Her body had instantly tensed, something in the word making her feel vulnerable, frisky and sexy as hell. "How dare you."

His smile angled rakishly. Right then and there he had sensed her deepest sensual needs. "You are a brat, aren't you?" Lifting her wrist, he had confirmed the lack of a

ring. "No husband. Who keeps you in line, eh? Got a nice boyfriend in the bush who spanks your pretty ass when you need it?"

She had used her free hand to slap him, delivering a fierce blow. Chance had laughed it off, sure now that he had guessed correctly as to her secret submissive nature.

And so it had begun, eighteen months of molten hot encounters, her body sporadically plundered and cast aside.

Was today any different? Yeah, it was. She had never threatened to end things before. And he had never threatened to rip off her clothes either.

"Don't climax," he said now. "That's my job."

Kinzie felt a surge of defiance. She would be damned if he would stop her, not when she was on the knife's edge, desperate for some kind of relief from the tension that had been building all morning.

"I will if I want," she declared.

His gaze narrowed ever-so slightly. "Think I won't hogtie you?"

Kinzie cringed. She had been down that road, her hands tied behind her back, secured to her ankles, laid on her side, absolutely helpless while he teased and teased and teased.

Fuck it, why did he always have to have the last word?

More often than not it was goodbye.

Where exactly did he go after he left? That's what she wanted to ask. But it was a rule, unwritten just like all the others. Chance's rules. Chance's game.

"It's my body," she exclaimed, making a last-ditch attempt to determine her fate.

He took a step toward her—decisive, determined, utterly in control as always. "Is it?"

The question was rhetorical.

Of course her body wasn't her fucking own. All he had to do was look or touch.

She breathed, shivering. Was she the only woman on Earth who reacted this way to him?

If only.

Kinzie pushed the thought away. Wishing for things was stupid and childish. She had wished for Bobby to live when he fell off the roof but he hadn't and when she had told her father, he had said that the world was just too complex to accommodate everything or everybody.

So she had gone on to become a doctor, determined to leave nothing to chance.

And here she was, having left everything to this one Chance.

The pun made her smile, as bittersweet as they came.

Chance stood over her now, his blood pounding in his brain and in his cock. He had never wanted so much to possess a female, to inflame and comfort and complete her.

Time and again he had succeeded...or had he?

Here she was at his mercy, wearing the smirk of the Mona Lisa and nothing else. Talk about the mother of all riddles. Could it really be that he was no closer to understanding her now than when he had met her, a curvaceous dynamo in khakis and curls, dressing him down for speeding, as if for some other purpose?

Her spirit and drive and sexy beauty had captivated him instantly. He had wanted her as he had no other woman and he had gotten her.

He wasn't a hundred percent sure that she was submissive, not until she had slapped him. That had been the confirmation. The slap had been an open invitation for a little playful payback. Within a half hour they had been in her quarters, Kinzie wriggling and squirming over his lap, her lovely bottom straining against her panties, presenting him the most tempting of targets.

The spanking had led to the best sex of his life, his cock plunging into her from behind, primal and savage, both of them coming after a few powerful strokes into her burning hot pussy—red hot as her sweetly spanked ass.

He had done all it took to keep them together afterward, securing her a ton of supplies and countless favors for her village friends. The results were more than worth it.

They had set up something special and to his way of thinking, it needed to stay that way. What was this talk of her leaving? Sure, the place could be hell, he knew that better than anyone, but she was one in a million, born for hopeless challenges.

He had no illusions that they would be together forever, not by a long shot, but it couldn't end like this. Not here, not now.

A good refresher was what she needed. This place was in her blood. And so was he. If he could just look a little deeper inside her, get her to confess her pain, he would heal it for her.

"You'll never let me see it all, will you?" he murmured, sliding his body over hers, savoring the feel of her soft flesh from neck to knee. "I could do more if you would let me."

"Ha!" She gave it right back. "This coming from the man who won't even tell me his real name."

Chance pinned her wrists overhead. "Names don't mean a goddamn thing in this country."

"Neither does sex."

"Wrong. People kill for it."

Kinzie's body was pure bliss against his fevered skin. Still, the sting was there, burning down to his heart. What if this really were the last time? He couldn't accept that, any more than he could afford the luxury of looking beyond tomorrow. That was the price he paid, living the kind of life he did.

She really was an incredible woman, her skin so silky and smooth, even in a climate like this. He didn't give a damn if her hair was short or long—sweet smelling as a meadow back home, full of wild flowers, blowing in the breeze, the color of sunshine.

And her lips, molding to his, making him forget the misery even as he remembered all that was good and right in this whole messed-up world.

Kinzie exhaled. He could feel her tension flooding away. Her eyes slid shut. Her back arched. How well he knew this body, all her little signals, its myriad subtle cues. Accepting the silent invitation, he lowered his head to one of those goddamn perfect nipples, pink and full between his teeth.

Kinzie groaned, shameless, her pelvis pushing hard against him. She usually liked it hard and fast after a long draught, a quick release for both of them and then something slow and lingering.

There was no need for either of them to say a word. Their lovemaking was that synchronized. Today, however, he had an agenda.

"What do you want, Kin?"

She was having trouble focusing.

"Tell me what you want me to do to you," he said.

"Why do I have to tell you?" she murmured. "You're the one in charge."

"I am," he agreed. "And that's why you'll tell me, because it's an order."

Kinzie sighed in frustration. The aloof, firebrand doctor was battling the submissive sex kitten, pinned beneath her man, willing to do or say anything to get relief.

It was tempting to fully exploit the situation, forcing her to promise not to leave, but that was a line he couldn't cross.

"You want my cock?" he prompted, contenting himself with tormenting her in the moment.

"You know I do, you bastard."

"That's no way to talk when you want something, my sweet little slave," he chided.

She chafed under the label, green eyes flashing. She practically hissed her reply. "You want to know what I want? Give me a date when you'll be back, give me a freaking e-mail so we can talk more than once in a blue moon."

"That wouldn't help." He returned his attention to her breasts, licking them very, very slowly, running his tongue over the swollen, responsive mounds.

"It wouldn't help you, you mean." Kinzie squirmed ineffectively, her wrists under the control of just one of his hands.

He used the other to play with her, his fingers tracing lines over her hips, across to the juncture of her thighs.

She tossed her head. "I'm going to end up hating you, you know that."

No. That wasn't an option.

Rising above her, using his knee to nudge apart her thighs, he positioned himself. The tip of his cock was more than ready to breach her gorgeous, swollen sex lips. "Don't look away from me, Kinzie."

Her eyes were a complex storm. She looked furious and scared and indignant all at once. What the hell was going on?

"If I had a way," he declared, sinking his cock inch by inch into her hot, open channel, "I would fix all that pain in there. I'd kidnap you and lock you up somewhere safe, if that's what it took."

Kinzie fought the pleasure. "Well, you can't kidnap me and you don't want to know my pain." She was trying to push him away, though the effect was only to bring them closer together.

He released her wrists and braced himself, palms flat on either side of her.

"Damn it all," Kinzie gasped, squeezing her pussy muscles, clenching him as he withdrew his cock nearly to the tip, leaving her suddenly empty.

Clenching her teeth, she raked her nails over his back. Her athletic, coltish legs wrapped around his waist, ankles locking just above his pumping buttocks.

"Fuck me, you motherfucker."

With pleasure, he thought, slamming himself back into her to the hilt, pushing her down onto the mattress in the process. It was always like this between them, intense and furious, like the first time. They had never gotten enough of each other and he doubted they ever would.

Did she hope to settle down one day? He assumed so, though the topic had never come up.

Didn't seem any point to it, not when raising a family was something destined to be forever out of his reach.

Kinzie groaned with the erotic onslaught, though it didn't stop her from wanting more. "I said fuck me!"

This was a novelty, Kinzie asserting herself so much. More than content to see where things would go, Chance let the reins go, just a little.

She was like a lioness ready to explode on her prey. Her teeth bit into his shoulder as she sought to ride the building explosion. He let out a deep, guttural roar in response. Using his cock like a piston, he pounded harder and harder as he sought out the center of her being. Their bodies were bathed in sweat, their limbs intertwined, muscles straining, lips and teeth seeking, fingers greedily clutching.

At a certain point she grasped at him, wanting to be on top. He flipped them over, letting her climb astride his cock so she could ride him to climax. She dug her nails into his pectorals, her eyes wild with lust as she worked up and down, positioning her body just right to maximize the friction to her clitoris.

He took hold of her breasts, squeezing, molding them in his hands. Lifting his ass, he pushed his cock up into her, challenging, encouraging. "Let it go, Kin, let it go."

She arched her neck, screaming up at the ceiling. Her body went tense just for a moment and then something passed through her like a bolt of lightning. Something was there, something hurting her, something brand new touching on something old.

What had happened since the last time he'd seen her?

How he hated the times he had to be away.

If she only knew.

"Oh Chance," she moaned, the storm breaking inside her, the pleasure radiating through every pore. Fighting every urge, he held back, letting her have the moment.

As the energy drained away, raging lioness to helpless kitten, he pulled her tight, wrapping her in his arms the way he always did. It was one of the things she needed, the feeling of constriction and security after the wildness of her release.

He could feel her trembling, her body so small in comparison to his and yet her heart beating with all the strength it took to meet the sorrows and joys of Luzumbia on a daily basis.

How could a man not be awed to have such a woman give herself to him, entrusting herself so completely, body and soul?

"Let me pleasure you," she murmured as she settled her head down on his chest.

He wrapped her tightly in his arms, as if to make them one. "That can wait, angel."

She made little mewling sounds in reply. He could feel the heat of her, the raw female essence. "Pinch me, Chance."

He chuckled. "Why?"

"I want to know if I'm dreaming."

Chance obliged, treating himself to the feel of her taut, shapely buttocks.

Kinzie wriggled as he pinched her. "Oh yeah," she said huskily. "Definitely not a dream."

She kept on moving, pushing her still hot pussy against his side.

"Tease," he growled.

"What?" She looked up at him innocently. "I offered you a blowjob."

He gave a mock scowl. "I don't need your charity, woman. Get up on all fours."

She was pure imp. "Gonna mount me, lion king?"

"Damn straight."

Kinzie laughed, a borderline giggle.

The sound warmed his heart more than words could say.

"Now," he said imperiously.

"Yes, your Highness," she cooed, crawling off him.

Chance's blood pounded as he watched her in motion. She was flawless—smooth flanks, flat belly, tear-drop-shaped breasts, not too large or too small, and that ass was born for a man's attention, not to mention a little mischief.

"Get that ass up in the air," he commanded, giving her a love tap with the palm of his hand.

The spank was light enough but he could feel the glow coming off his hand.

"Ouch," she protested far too loudly. "Did I say you could do that?"

"You gave me permission the moment we laid eyes on each other, missy. You just didn't know it." He moved in behind her, positioning the head of his straining cock against her wet sex, the lips still swollen with desire.

He spanked her again, a harder, crisper blow that made her soft flesh undulate enticingly. "Tell me you hate it."

"I hate it," she teased. "In fact, I'm not in the mood for sex anymore."

He caught her by the hips as she tried to wriggle away on all fours. "Woman, you aren't denying me, not now."

"Hard up, are you? I don't hear you begging."

Chance plunged his cock in deep, his shaft hot against her throbbing sex walls. "That's because I don't beg."

"Ever?" She was breathing hard, her sex throbbing, pulsing, holding him inside her like a glove. It was a perfect fit, always had been.

"Not so far."

It might be a different story if she really did try to leave. In that case there was no telling what he might say.

"Good," she said. "That gives me something to work toward."

"I want you to climax with me," he declared.

"Is that an order?"

"What do you think?"

Kinzie sighed as he began to fuck her in earnest. Pressing down on her smooth back, he reached around to seize her breasts. Holding them was paradise. Anything and everything was paradise where Kin was concerned. Greedily, he inhaled her smell—the light mix of sweat with a hint of her trademark scent.

Who else would wear lilac perfume in Africa and still be a kickass doctor?

"Kinzie?" He hadn't intended it to come out as a question.

"What?"

"I..." The rest dissolved in the moment. His cock swelled to the point of bursting.
"I'm coming," he said a moment later though, veering away from his previous thought.

She cried out as he released his cum, pumping jets of warm, thick semen into Kinzie's waiting body—obedient, pliant, his. This was how it should be. The thought of another man coming inside her after all this damn near killed him.

Nor could he imagine himself being with another woman.

Kinzie bucked wildly underneath him, her own release timed to coincide perfectly. Her sweet moans matched his lion-like roar, their flesh clinging, fusing in the ecstasy. It went on and on, until they could sustain it no more. Physically and emotionally exhausted, they collapsed, fingers intertwined, his leg over hers, his body protecting her even in the wake of the irresistible, dreamless sleep that overtook them both.

Chapter Two

The moon was high when Chance awoke. Kinzie was sleeping deeply, which was a very good thing. She didn't take care of herself and she was way too stubborn for her own good. Did she really think she could save a country singlehandedly?

Moving very slowly from the bed, so as not to wake her, he left her sprawled, the sheet tangled about her lithe limbs. As usual she occupied far more than her half of the bed. He attributed it to restless dreaming, fueled by a lot of memories.

Kinzie hadn't had an easy life. She was just a little girl when she lost her brother to a tragic accident. Kinzie's mother had blamed herself for not watching him but in Chance's experience, the big things in life couldn't be controlled.

That's why he had picked the name for himself. Chance. He had had lots of luck, good and bad, but finding Kinzie had been the biggest break of his life. Too bad he couldn't have met her five years ago when he could still afford a personal life.

In the back of his mind he had always known he would have to let her go, though he had assumed she would have another man by then, someone she could marry and settle down with and have kids.

She was going to make a hell of a wife and mother. Pulling on his boots and pants, he walked outside to feel the clear night air. It was a different kind of country at night. The lions and the leopards went on the prowl. Other creatures, smaller and more vulnerable, took advantage of the cover of darkness, going about the business of survival. Come morning the sun would be back and a new cycle of life and death would begin.

Africa was a beautiful but unforgiving continent. In some ways a man could feel very strong, as if he held his fate entirely in his own hands. In other ways, he could feel utterly overwhelmed and nearly blinded.

Such a splendid and noble blindness though, the tireless quest of justice, a better way of life for all. That was the purpose of the Agency. Country by country, they were dealing with the terrorists and their bloodthirsty state sponsors. For nearly two years Chance had been assigned in Luzumbia. Carefully, painstakingly, they had been laying down the groundwork for a revolution. Just a few more months and they would make their move.

The target was anything but small. It was the brutal General Matubu they were after, along with his whole cutthroat regime.

"Chance?"

He felt the instant tug on his heartstrings at the sound of her voice.

"Yeah, baby, I'm here." He stood in the doorway, letting the moonlight flood the small hut.

Kinzie was propped up on her elbows, getting her bearings. From the rising tension in her body she wasn't happy. "You son of a bitch."

"What's wrong, Kin?"

She rolled her eyes. "Forget it. If you don't understand by now, you never will. Don't you have somewhere to be? Wouldn't want to let the grass grow under your feet now, would you?"

"I'm where I belong." He moved to sit beside her.

"The hell you are," she said, pushing him away.

"Where are you going, Kin?"

"I need to clean the sex off me and get back to work. God knows what's happened in the clinic all day."

He wrapped his arm around her waist, drawing her close. "M'Benga would have come to get you if you were needed. He and the night nurse can handle things."

"Damn you," she squirmed. "You are not seducing me again."

"I have no intention of seducing you, girl. It's time for some answers."

"I have nothing to say."

Chance took her hand, muttering a mild epithet under his breath. "It's always the hard way with you."

"No, Chance, absolutely not," she cried as he brought her across his lap.

Chance brought his hand down, all business, on her bare bottom. Kinzie whimpered, the fight all but evaporating.

"Please," she croaked.

"You have this coming, Kinzie Leigh."

She moaned as he spanked her hard, establishing a rhythm.

"It's too hard," she protested.

He knew from experience that it wasn't. Kin liked it vigorous. She liked to feel it afterward too, the stinging, the heat, long into the inevitable post-spanking sex.

"It's just right," he proclaimed. "Just what we need to chill you out."

"I don't need to chill," she sputtered.

Chance smacked her three times more, enjoying the quivering, hypnotic undulations of smooth ass flesh. Truly, her buttocks were perfection, all the more-so when their usual pale alabaster color was transformed into hot pink.

"Maybe not, but you are agitated as hell and we're going to get to the bottom of it."

"I already told you, I'm sick of your one-night stands."

He paused to gauge the heat of her pussy. A single finger revealed she was on fire, dripping and ready for penetration. "I got that but there's something else."

Kinzie groaned, lifting her ass for more. "Puh-please."

"Lie still." He disciplined her hard, slapping her down with a punishing blow. The mix of pain and pleasure was all it took to push her over the edge.

She was breathing hard, moving into that submissive space she loved so well. "Let me suck your cock, Chance, let me..."

"Not until you tell me."

"It-it doesn't matter."

"It does to me." He peppered her with five fresh blows, crisp and efficient.

"All right, I'll tell you," she exclaimed. "It's Pierre."

His hand froze in midair. "What about him?"

She was shaking all over.

"Kin, what about Pierre?"

Kinzie was sobbing but not from the spanking. He gathered her up in his arms, trying to make out what she was saying.

"He...he never had a chance. The butchers...they...they..."

Jeezus. Was Pierre dead?

"What butchers?" He held her by the upper arms. "Tell me."

"How should I know? He was already gone from here, they never gave us details. It...it should have been me, don't you understand?"

"Why should it have been you, Kinzie? What the hell are you talking about?"

"I was supposed to take that transfer, Chance. Don't you get it? I stayed because of you. What a fucking joke, right? Pierre traded places so I could have more time with you. What a waste. I'll bet he laughed all the way to the grave."

Chance's heart froze in his chest. She had done that for him? No wonder she was angry.

"Don't touch me." Kinzie broke free of him.

Chance felt paralyzed, unable to hold the woman he...

The woman he what? Was he thinking of love? Up until now he had forbidden himself to go to that place. Kinzie was a lot of things—his occasional ally, his companion and certainly his submissive lover.

But loving her...that was something else.

"Kinzie, don't torture yourself like this."

"Just get out." She wiped her eyes. "I mean it."

Chance stood his ground. "I can't."

"The fuck you say."

He frowned. There was only one solution. "Where is the toy box?"

Her eyes widened. He could almost see her pulse rate increasing. "It's under the bed. You can take it with you. Good riddance."

Chance went to retrieve the metal box. It was designed for medicine but they had been using it to hold the collection of BDSM items they used in their play. It was quite a wide assortment, thanks to his liberal donations over the past months.

"You can't be serious," she said as he took out the riding crop, testing it in the air. "I tell you something tragic and you want to whip me?"

"You didn't want my comfort," he pointed out.

"That doesn't mean I want BDSM."

"But you do need it." Chance pulled out his favorites, the leather cuffs and chains, the nipple clamps and the paddle. "It's the only way to relieve this goddamn tension between us."

Not to mention help her work through the guilt, he thought. As if she could be held responsible for the random death of a colleague in another country.

"Getting you out of my life is the only relief I will get," she defied.

Chance had heard enough. "Kneel, Kinzie, now!"

The tone of his voice combined with the snapping of his fingers triggered something in her that was deep and primal.

Kinzie dropped, naked, to her knees on the Persian rug he had brought her from the capital, though she retained her petulant stare.

He would take care of that soon enough. "Wrists," he commanded.

She thrust her hands behind her back, awaiting the cuffs. It was a reflex response, the result of careful training.

Hopefully that training would pay off in a major way tonight.

Damn it, Kinzie thought, what am I doing, kneeling for Chance like I'm his personal property? She couldn't deny how good it felt though—the familiar itching between her thighs as she did his bidding. Her heart slammed in her chest. A part of her needed to know he was still man enough to do the things they both loved so well, no matter how much she tried to push him away.

"I don't want the whip," she said, eying the black riding crop, her flesh remembering the sting and tease, the searing heat. "Or the clamps."

He snorted. "You'll beg for it all before I'm done with you, you insolent girl."

Kinzie felt the electricity whip through her body and down her spine. "Don't call me that."

Chance moved behind her and wrapped her wrists, one by one, with the leather cuffs. She drew a ragged breath, trying her hardest to fight the familiar comfort and warmth that came from bondage.

Unfortunately he read her body all too well. "I told you that you needed this."

She gasped as he bent down and linked the cuffs using the attached clips. Just like that she was deprived of the use of her hands and arms.

Helping her to her feet, he stood her in front of him, her body in just the right position for teasing and tormenting. Studying her, his eyes locked on hers, he applied his hands very, very slowly, playing with her breasts, fingers manipulating, massaging. She began to moan, which only encouraged him to torture her further.

Slapping her hip lightly, he ordered her to spread her legs. She obeyed instantly but he wanted more.

Kinzie whimpered as he ran his fingers up her inner thigh. "Wider."

His voice was cool, demanding. He was in the mood to take what he wanted and she was in no position to refuse.

They would go wherever his will took them tonight. He would have his fill and she would yield it all.

"You're as wet as you've ever been." It was hardly a revelation but he wanted her confession.

"Yes," she whispered, feeling her body move to the rhythm he set, his fingers gently working over her swollen clit.

"You said you didn't want this," he reminded, stroking her very softly.

She looked away, her face reddening. He was going to strip her of every scrap of stubborn will, making her acknowledge each step of the way how much she needed him.

"Have you changed your mind?"

Kinzie shuddered, on the brink of orgasm. He knew exactly when to stop, leaving her hanging.

"I...I..." She couldn't get anything else out.

"Taste," he commanded, removing his hand from her pussy.

Kinzie parted her lips, accepting the gift of his glistening fingers.

Unashamed, greedily, she sucked them clean, tasting her bittersweet submission.

"Good girl," he said.

Kinzie moaned, her submissive side accepting the praise even as she tried desperately to remember that she had no future with this man, no matter how good the sex felt.

"If you continue to behave, maybe I'll reward you with my cock to lick. Would you like that?"

"Yes," she rasped. "Oh god yes."

"Treats have to be earned though, don't they, my sweet angel?" He took hold of her nipple and squeezed.

"Y-yes Sir." She winced slightly.

"Beg for the clamps," he said.

"Please," she croaked. "Not tonight."

Chance took her lips. The kiss was as sudden as it was savage, his hand behind her neck pulling her close. Kinzie had no choice but to writhe against him as he worked her mouth, his tongue claiming each and every corner as though it were the first time.

Pushing her breasts hard against his chest, she felt her nipples burn. She did not look forward to the clamps, not so much because of the pain but because of what they released in her sexually, making her ache and yearn with a pain that had no cure but Chance's unique form of sexual healing.

It was the same with the riding crop and its whistling bite on her vulnerable, screaming skin.

As abruptly as it began the kiss ended. Chance pushed her away, keeping his hands on her upper arms to steady her. His face was fearsome, his eyes lit, in full Dominant mode. He was coldly beautiful, absolutely and unabashedly male.

How could any woman not want this—to be the object of such a man's affection, knowing you are all that he wants and that he will have you exactly as he chooses?

Chance did not waste words at times like this. "Whose breasts?" he said, his voice low and deliciously edgy.

Kinzie exhaled as he bent to sink his teeth into one of her full, soft globes. It was just enough pressure to remind her of the order of things but not enough to cause real discomfort. "Yours. Oh god...yours."

"And if I want to use the clamps?"

He had suckled at her long enough by now to leave her reeling. Her nipple felt twice its usual size. "Go ahead," she hissed through clenched teeth. "Clamp them. You...you fucking own them."

"And what about your pussy?" He cupped the mound of her sex, leaving no doubt as to propriety.

Kinzie's toes curled at the contact. "It's yours too."

Chance got down on one knee. What the hell was he up to?

Grasping her by the hips, he moved in, applying his tongue before she could mouth a word of objection. Oral sex was something Kinzie preferred to give but he made her take it too, particularly when trying to inflict a lesson.

"No, I don't want..." Her objections trailed off as he found her clitoris, maneuvering his tongue like a tiny cock. Kinzie began to shake very slightly, tremors passing through her body. Fists clenched, she readied herself for the inevitable explosion.

Chance ripped the orgasm from her, showing himself once more to be the master of her body. She reeled, riding the waves of thick, hot bliss, her entire being releasing itself, undulating against his boldly possessive mouth and tongue. The bastard...

He didn't stop when she was done coming. After just a few agonizing minutes he had her worked up all over again.

Kinzie was as weak as a rag doll now as she leaned against him, sweat soaked. She could plead for him to finish her off again but what would be the point? He would do what he wanted either way.

"Whose pussy? Whose body?" he demanded.

"Yours," she exclaimed. "Only yours." $\,$

So why didn't he claim it for real...forever?

Chance rose to his feet, towering above her. Grasping her hair in his fist, he bent back her neck, compelling her to look into his eyes. "And if I want to whip this body, then what?" he said with all the ferocity of a well-groomed cross-examiner.

"It is yours...to whip," Kinzie conceded.

"Yes, my girl, it is." He released her so he could take the clamps from his pocket. Her knees buckled at the sight of the innocuous-looking silver chain, a tiny pincer dangling from each end.

"Chest out," he ordered.

Kinzie whimpered softly as she presented her quivering breasts. Her nipples were well prepared and well trained. One by one he pinched them with his fingers, tugging slightly at the pink, tingling buds. When he had ascertained that they were fully engorged and ready, he applied the first clamp.

He chose the left nipple. The metal was cool, the pressure minimal at first. Then he began to turn the small screw, increasing the tension. The clamp bit at her nerve endings, sending throbbing, shooting tension down her spine.

As if to demonstrate his power to bestow pleasure and pain he very lightly caressed her right nipple, gauging its slavish response.

Kinzie shuddered, the signals crossing in her brain. "Please," she moaned, though she did not even know what to ask for.

"Submit," he whispered, nibbling at her earlobe.

"Yes...you own me," she gasped.

He put on the second clamp. The sting turned to a dull ache. She tried not to squirm, knowing it would only make things worse. His eyes burned with satisfaction. Squeezing her proffered breasts, he examined his handiwork.

"You're so beautiful, Kin. You're a goddess - do you know that?"

She didn't want to be a goddess. She wanted slavery and he knew it.

"Are...are you going to whip me now?"

"Is that what you want?"

She lowered her eyes, unable to meet his gaze. "I want to please you."

"You do," he assured her. "Not that I leave you any option."

Kinzie sucked in her lower lip, waiting.

One by one, he flicked her captive nipples, sending waves of sharp, shooting pain mixed with the sweetness of sexual anticipation.

"Get on the bed," he commanded. "Facedown, ass up high."

Kinzie could barely move. She was so weak. Every fiber of her being craved surrender, collapse. If only he would do it for her, pick her up and carry her or else push her down on the floor and have his way with her right there, bestowing that mix of harshness and gentleness that was his specialty.

He had called her his girl. She hated feeling so excited over such little things, like a teenager being asked out by her first crush.

When would she learn? More to the point, when would her body have enough of the kinky sex?

Kinzie had trouble maneuvering herself onto the bed on account of her cuffed hands. She knew he wanted her with her ass high, knees to chest and cheek to the mattress. She ended up falling forward, crushing her clamped nipples. Agony seared through her. She buried her cry in the pillow.

Almost immediately the pain passed. It was replaced with a deep throbbing. Soon she would disappear into that inner space of absolute, drifting helplessness. Chance would be in charge completely, manipulating her body to move and feel as he wished.

She trusted him to do that, just as she had from the very first time. She never had told him that he was only the second man to ever make love to her. The first, her fiancé from college, had left her for an exchange student from Brazil.

Kinzie had cried for days. From that point on, she had vowed never to appear emotionally vulnerable to a man. She had wanted Chance to think she was worldly, jaded and indifferent, despite her need for bedroom kink.

Yeah right.

She cringed as she heard the whip singe the air. He was directly behind her, testing, gauging. She could feel his eyes burning holes like lasers, leaving her skin as hot as if he had struck her.

"You think that I leave you when I go, Kinzie. But I'm always here, you should know that."

She arched her back in reply to his voice. She needed him so much, her pussy lips puckered, exposed, her ass vulnerable and on display.

How could she argue at a time like this? How could she tell him how the promises fell short, day in day out, all those times she needed a hug, a pinch, an encouraging word.

She didn't want marriage, for crissakes, just a little more reliability.

"I don't want to share you, Chance."

"You aren't." The crop sliced through the air, landing on her left buttock. Kinzie jolted from the familiar explosion. The first sting always caught her off guard, no matter how many times they played the game.

"So...there aren't...other women?" She got the sentence out in short stabs.

Chance whipped her again, no doubt reveling in his absolute power. "How many times have we talked about this?"

A lot. She just didn't believe him. "I know you. You are too much of a man not to take whatever females you want, whenever you want them."

Her ass was throbbing already. He paused to run a finger over the welts. It was like being struck all over again, twice as hard.

"I could do just as you say," he acknowledged.

It was a bald statement of fact, not an ounce of bragging.

"And I can't do a fucking thing to stop you!" It came out desperate. She hated that kind of weakness. It wasn't glorious or beautiful like their sex games. It was just...pathetic.

"You wouldn't like me much if you could control me," he pointed out.

She cried out as he inserted a finger into her tight anus. "You're not fighting fair."

He laughed, curling her toes with the wild, husky sound, as untamed as this continent, which she both loved and hated. "You wouldn't like me if I did that either."

"Try me," she dared.

Chance traced a line up her spine with the whip, teasing the back of her neck. She tried in vain to control her breathing. It was hell not being able to see what he was going to do next.

"What we have works, my dear doctor, because while you know that I don't have other women, you are under no illusions that I could. You don't own me. I have made a choice to be with you and only you."

In her better moments Kinzie would recognize that as typically flawed and selfserving male logic. This was not one of her better moments.

"I want to please you, Chance, every day. Oh god, I need to please you."

He brushed his knuckles over her cheek, caressing. "You do please me. You're my good girl."

Oh yes, she thought, turning her head to kiss the hand that only moments ago had whipped her. Give me this opportunity and I will love him so much with my body, submit to him so completely that he will never leave.

Lips pressing eagerly against his fingers, she told him the words he had been waiting forever to hear. "Chance, will you take me in the ass?"

He paused a moment before helping her up on her knees to face him. "Do you know what you're asking?"

She could see the lust in his eyes, mixed with very real concern. Anal sex had been a hard limit for her, a place she would never let him go. As a loving Dominant, he had respected that limit, guarding it fiercely from his own desires.

"I'm saying that I want you to be the first. Take me, Chance, claim my body."

His gaze narrowed, brow furrowed, ever the amateur psychologist and nursemaid. "Why now? Are you asking for this because you want to change our relationship?"

Yes, no...maybe. "Stop analyzing. You've just been offered my deepest submission. If you don't want it..."

"Oh I want it." His expression was fierce, leaving no doubt. In the past months he had put no pressure on her, though she had sensed how much he craved it.

As far as he was concerned, it was a final frontier, the one form of intimacy that still eluded them.

"So what's the problem?"

He pursed his lips, considering. "You promise me you will say if it's too much."

She nodded.

"Say it, Kinzie. Say that you'll tell me to stop."

"I will tell you to stop if I need to," she promised.

Chance studied her a moment longer.

Did he have something else to say? Thank you, Kinzie? I love you, Kinzie?

Then again, she hadn't said it either.

And why was that?

She held her breath as he moved to take off the clamps, knowing from experience there would be a sudden sharp pain as the blood rushed back into her well-tortured nipples.

He did them both at once, minimizing the sensation.

She felt it as a rush, the heat flashing across her chest. More than anything, she wanted him to crush her body to his so tightly that time itself stood still. Then they would never have to face another stupid, tragic tomorrow.

"Turn around," he ordered.

Kinzie shuffled on her knees on the mattress, exposing her back to him. He unhooked the cuffs, freeing her arms.

"On all fours," he said. "Do you have any kind of lotion?"

"By the shower." Her shower consisted of a tank for water and a release valve to send it through the nozzle. The sink was a basin that she filled with water from the nearby stream.

Kinzie waited for him on her hands and knees. Her body sang with anticipation. There was a certain amount of fear about having a thick, hard cock in her backside but she trusted Chance to work her through it. If not, he would be the one to call a halt, whether she said anything or not.

Chance returned and climbed onto the bed behind her. She felt his bare leg and then his stiff cock rubbing against her thigh. Having him next to her always made her feel safe and warm, even if it was an illusion.

"You're really sure, Kin? You can back out. I won't think more or less of you either way."

Kinzie knew he meant it as a kindness but a part of her felt hurt. Did he have to remind her how little effect she was capable of having on him?

"I'm sure. I want you in me. I want you to claim my ass, Chance. Take it, it's yours."

It wasn't as if she wanted to keep her anal virginity or anything else for that matter. What good did it do her, having a body, a heart? She was just a toy for him, right?

"I've wanted this, baby," he crooned. "I've dreamed about it more than you'll ever know.

Add that to the list, she thought sardonically. She could publish a book if she wanted. 1001 Things I'll Never Know about Chance, starting with his frigging last name.

Kinzie's thoughts were interrupted by the feel of his fingertips at her nervously clenched anus. They were cool and slippery. He must have applied the lotion.

So he was going to lubricate her—that made sense.

"Easy, sweetheart, just relax. Don't overanalyze it, just feel."

"I am not overanalyzing..." Her sentence trailed into a moan as he worked his fingers inside to the second knuckle.

Unbidden, her muscles contracted around him and then released. It was a strange sensation, a fullness that sharply contrasted with the sudden, empty ache in her pussy.

Wow, is his cock actually going to go in there? Up to this point the whole notion had seemed a bit abstract.

"That's it, loosen up, angel. It's just you and me right now and you have to know how much I want to be inside you."

Kinzie's voice was a dry rasp. "How much, Chance? Tell me."

She needed to hear his desire, his wanting, no matter how superficial it might be.

"More than anything, Kinzie. You drive me wild. There's times I can't think straight because I just want to see your face, touch you, possess you."

"Me too," she gasped, her feelings breaking like a dam right along with the physical tension. "I want to just curl up in your arms, feel safe, like nothing can touch me, like nothing matters as long as I am making you happy."

"You do." His fingers slid inside, claiming, opening.

"Fuck me then. Fuck my ass and show me."

Chance put the flat of his hand down on her back, letting her draw his energy. "It's going to be tight at first, darling."

"I'm a doctor," she couldn't resist quipping. "You think I don't have that figured out?"

"Ever the smartass." The tip of his cock was poised at the cleft of her buttock cheeks, making her shiver with anticipation.

Chance went slowly, his hands on her waist securing her as he pushed inside, just a little, maybe an inch. His cock felt so different from his fingers. It was thick and pulsating, communicating lust. But he was so big and there was so much more of him. How would she ever take it all?

All of a sudden he withdrew, sending her to the brink of panic. "Chance, what is it?"

Had she done something wrong?

"It's okay, baby, we just need a little special lubrication."

She moaned as he caressed her dripping sex, taking some of the liquid with his finger to apply to her narrower channel, lubricating it further.

"Good thinking in a pinch, as always," she praised.

"Thank you, my dear." He entered her again. This time went a lot easier. He easily regained the previously conquered territory and was able to press deeper still with little effort.

I'm doing it, she thought. I'm taking Chance inside me in a brand new way.

"You okay, Kin?"

"I'm...great."

He chuckled, pushing himself in a little farther.

"How about you, Chance?"

"I'm fucking fantastic."

Kinzie's heart soared.

He was as content as she had ever heard him.

Now if only they could stay in this place forever.

Kinzie has done it again, Chance thought as he settled his throbbing, rock-hard cock deep inside her tight, sweet, virgin channel. She had blown his mind, catching him completely off guard. A little while ago she had wanted him out of her life and here she was offering him a part of herself that she had held back all these months.

It was a sacred gift and he treated it as such. The most tender offering a woman like Kin could give and he would not abuse or waste it. "We're going to climax together," he said, leaning forward to press his chest protectively against her back.

"But...how?" she asked.

He smiled, his turn to surprise her. "Trust me."

She cried out softly as he used a finger to find her clitoris. The sudden blast of pleasure loosened her considerably, allowing him further penetration. He was several inches deep now and more than ready to begin his thrusts.

Withdrawing nearly to the tip, he sank his cock in again. Oh yes, she was ready and so was he. Kinzie made a mewling sound, her fingernails digging into the sheets. Chance exhaled, a groaning sound emanating from deep in his chest. Though he always felt immense pleasure with Kinzie, it was rare for him to let go completely. As a Dominant, it might seem as if he were constantly indulging himself, but in truth, the games they played centered on her. She controlled the pace and the parameters based on her needs as much as, or more than, his.

"That feels so good, Chance...I never knew," she marveled.

He resisted the urge to say "I told you so". "I'm glad, angel."

"Harder...please?"

Chance grunted, thrusting into virgin territory. He manipulated her clit simultaneously, causing her body to writhe beneath him. Possessively, he sank his teeth into her neck in that tender way that she loved so well.

"Ch-Chance," she exclaimed.

"I know, baby, it's all right, let it go."

She exploded into orgasm. Rearing back, Chance drove himself into her one final time, the white-hot semen exploding into her hot channel. There was so much of it, an endless stream. She moaned and cried, taking it all, her body shaking, the first climax dissolving into a second and a third.

"Oh god yes," she screamed. "Chance, oh Chance!"

He reached around, clamping her breasts with his hands, greedy to take every part of her at once, to hold her so close that nothing could ever come between them—not her duty or his, not even death itself, which waited behind every shadow.

At last he collapsed on top of her, finally feeling as if they had made a breakthrough.

It was at that very moment that he heard his phone ring.

Jesus, not now, not now.

Kinzie's belly seized up. She knew what that sound meant. It only ever rang for one reason.

"Sorry, baby," he would say after the briefest exchange. "Next time, right?"

Except there wouldn't be a next time because she would go through with the transfer and by the time he came around sniffing for action she would be long gone, no forwarding address.

He could track her down, sure, but it would never be the same. The spell of Africa would be gone. She would be home in the States, in her right mind. Maybe she would find some safe and sensible fellow doctor to marry. They could have children.

"I'll be back in a minute," Chance whispered, kissing the back of her neck.

No, you won't, she thought, her body freezing on contact. You'll fade to nothing, like the afterglow of the sex. Hell, maybe he never was here in the first place. Maybe the whole thing had all been a dream, a figment devised by an overwrought, sex-starved imagination. And who could blame her, given the desperate need to escape from the brutalities around her.

She held back the tears as he pulled his flagging cock from her body. The emptiness overwhelmed her. She had never felt so alone in her entire life.

That's what I get for breaking my vow, she thought as he took the phone outside to talk. She should have shut him down cold the moment he pulled into town.

For the cost of a dozen fucking roses he had broken her heart one last time.

Finding her strength, she rose to her feet. Gathering his shirt and boots, she threw them outside. She would love nothing more than to throw out all the BDSM gear too but that was something private between the two of them.

Not that there was any "them" anymore.

She saw him in the shadows. He was standing there, debating with someone on the other end of the line, tense and hushed, as far from free-wheeling as a man could get. Well, that was new and different. Could it be he really didn't want to go this time?

That was understandable. He probably wanted another go at her ass.

And her heart too.

Chance's emotions spun on a dime as he heard the message from headquarters.

"Soup's on early. Come and get it."

What the hell? The move against Matubu was six months to a year away. Why was he being called to attack position now?

"What about the rest of the ingredients?" he said tersely.

There was a long sigh at the other end. Clearly the unknown voice did not wish to elaborate. "There was a leak in the pot."

Chance felt his stomach drop. The operation had been compromised. The general had gotten wind of the planned International Anti-terrorism Agency coup against him, which meant they had a limited time to act and prevent an all-out bloodbath.

His first thought was Kinzie. She might not be safe, even as far away as she was from the capital. "I'm bringing a guest to dinner," he said.

"That's a negatory."

"I wasn't asking."

"Neither was I," said the man, promptly ending the call.

Chance clenched his fist. There was no redialing, no arguing. The number was one way, straight from Washington.

He could not take Kinzie with him.

And why the hell would he want to? Did he think the capital would be safer?

He muttered a curse under his breath. He wasn't thinking clearly but that's what happened when things got personal. Kinzie wasn't his responsibility. He had his mission and that was it.

Don't get involved, no personal life. That was the Agency's credo.

His trainers hadn't met Dr. Kinzie Sanders, though.

Lifting his eyes to the dark, velvet sky, sprinkled with stars, he made an oath.

I'll complete the mission and save Kinzie. In the meantime, she is safest here, in this relatively remote village.

Turning to face Kinzie's hut again, he wasn't too surprised to see his boots and shirt tossed into the dust out front. He had that coming.

It was better this way. No goodbyes – not now, not ever.

"I'll be back," he whispered, blowing her a kiss. "You can bet on it."

* * * * *

Kinzie took her time in the shower, methodically cleaning herself twice over. What was the old song about washing a man out of your hair? To the best of her ability, she filled her mind with the mundane tasks of her profession. She must check on the two patients in the clinic, especially Manaluta, the young mother of three who was suffering from a mild fever. Then she would confirm the med counts with M'Benga if he was still up.

She would fill out a requisition form too, hopefully her last one. Once her transfer went in, she expected no problems. Her director had already assured her of that. It would just be a matter of finding a replacement. If it came down to it, M'Benga would fill in. He was just a year away from taking his boards and more than qualified to triage things for a while.

She hated to leave him with a burden though. If at all possible she would stay but she wasn't any good out here, not anymore. She realized that now. The crying episode she had had with Chance made that abundantly clear. The Kinzie Sanders who had signed on to work in the clinic would never have done such a thing.

She was the kind of woman who worked around the clock saving lives and who ran into the road to save goats.

"Damn it, Chance," she whispered, hugging herself with the towel. "Did you have to be such a stubborn superman?"

If he had been just a little more human, a little more vulnerable, they might have worked something out, come to a resolution about their future.

Never mind that she had earned the nickname Super Woman in med school. That was a different situation.

Chance was the one who played his cards too close to the vest, not her. She was here and available for him 24/7, wasn't she? Her life was an open book to him.

Or at least it had been, up to now. What a fool, telling him about her life, sharing the story of Bobby, which she shared with no one.

Henceforth she would live alone, married to her work.

And she would make the people around her behave the same way too, if it killed every poor soul who was stuck working with her.

Chapter Three

Chance saw the first signs of trouble about ten kilometers outside the capital. An army checkpoint had been set up on the main road, a dozen or so nervous-looking recruits pointing a worn-out assortment of rifles and machine guns.

He had his own nine millimeter pistol next to him and a brand new automatic rifle—a special top-secret issue from French intelligence—under the seat. He could probably shoot his way through, as poorly trained as these guys looked, then again they could as easily open fire by accident, killing him and themselves to boot.

Slowly, very slowly, he put up his hands.

"Papers," demanded an officer, shoving a skinny hand in his face, through the open window.

Chance had his passport and visa in his pocket, falsely identifying him as a Canadian attaché. The man looked at the documents, frowning. Chance wasn't worried—they were excellent forgeries.

"Is there a problem, Captain?"

"The road is closed. You have to turn around."

"I have a meeting with the trade minister."

The captain narrowed his gaze. Like all the rest of the upper-echelon government officials, the trade minister was a relative of General Matubu and therefore not someone to mess with. "You have appointment documentation?"

Chance smiled slyly. This was code for a bribe. He took out his wallet and handed over a hundred, triple folded.

The captain pocketed the money. "You had better be careful. The city is under martial law. Anyone asks, you came by the western road, not this one."

"Much obliged." Chance drove through, thankful for the safe passage and even more so for the information about the city being under martial law.

Not that the news was good. If Matubu had declared martial law that meant only one thing, he knew about the coup attempt and was planning a counteraction.

That meant they would have to move fast, without all the key elements in place. Not a good scenario. Reaching down for the automatic rifle, he laid it in his lap. He must be ready for anything from this point forward.

The road widened after a kilometer or so. The surroundings became more urbanized, the ramshackle huts giving way to low-slung apartment buildings and rows of stores with stands set up out front offering vegetables, fruit and various kinds of cured meat.

Like most third-world cities, it was a conglomeration of architecture—patchwork tin, brick and steel with little regard for color coordination. He noticed the distinct lack of traffic, pedestrian or auto—another bad sign.

He tensed as he saw a truck ahead, parked at the side of the street. More soldiers but not the sort of raw recruits he had seen at the checkpoint. These were National Guardsmen, Matubu's elite force.

They had one mission and that was to protect the general.

The fact that they were out of their barracks confirmed his earlier suspicion. A countercoup was under way or about to begin.

Chance did not flinch as he drove past them, their cold, hard faces sizing him up, their fingers on the triggers of assault rifles nearly as good as his own.

Behind him he heard the rhythmic wail of a siren, eerie in the near quiet of the usually bustling city. A few blocks down in front of the trade ministry he saw barricades. Police stood guard along with another half dozen of the clueless conscripts.

Good thing I'm not really going there, he thought.

His real destination was a travel agency on a narrow side street. He parked the Land Rover a few spaces down. No point hiding the weapons now, he thought, openly brandishing the assault rifle. At this point it was us or them.

No sooner had one of his fellow agents let him inside and bolted the door shut than they heard the first gunshots outside.

"It's going to be a long night," the agent told Chance.

"Yeah," said Chance, though it wasn't the city he was thinking about.

If anything happened to Kinzie, he would never forgive himself.

For the first time in his career, Chance considered the unthinkable, namely abandoning his post.

* * * * *

M'Benga was staring at Kinzie with those big soulful eyes of his and it was beginning to piss her off.

"Damn it, M'Benga," she snapped. "If you have something to say, just say it."

The tall, delicately featured man smiled sadly. "I think it is you who has much to say but not to me."

Kinzie continued to rummage in the syringe drawer, pretending to look for something. "If you mean Chance, you're barking up the wrong tree."

"I assume that's an American idiom? Regardless, I do not think you have resolved things where he is concerned and the more upset you become, the more I am confirmed in my belief."

"Well, you can be as confirmed as you like. No matter what you say, I am leaving for my own reasons. I have made my peace, achieved closure and all that other nonsense."

"You love him, don't you?"

His words were like a scalpel administered with lightning precision. In one fell swoop, her carefully knitted cocoon was laid bare. "What did you say?"

M'Benga laughed. It sounded like music, like one of the village chants. "Surely you are the last to know. Even the animals speak of it in their songs—the elephants, gazelles, cheetahs, why the very sky proclaims it."

"You're a sentimentalist," she dismissed.

"And you are too afraid to feel," he replied.

Afraid to feel? If he only knew. Every moment since Chance's departure she had been feeling, emotions swirling, choking her. A part of her felt guilty that she had sent him off without so much as a kiss. Whatever he did to make his money, it had to be dangerous and he couldn't afford to be unhappy or distracted.

If she were to be the cause of him being hurt or killed, she would never survive it. At the same time she was so furious with him. He could have come back into the hut and kissed *her*. Where was all his vaunted male dominance then?

Why hadn't he marched back in there and laid down the law, forbid her to leave, warn her of how he would take it out on her ass if she weren't waiting for him when he returned the next time?

It had been his chance to convince her, to really let her see how much he wanted her. And instead he had managed to disappoint, the biggest letdown ever.

"You don't understand," she said to M'Benga, having no one else to open up to.
"You can't know what it's like to be abandoned by a man over and over."

M'Benga made a clicking noise in the back of his throat. "And that is all you see of him? The man has moved heaven and Earth to show you he loves you."

Kinzie had heard enough. "How? By confusing the crap out of me? Sweeping me off my feet and overprotecting me one minute and waltzing off into the bush the next?"

"That's his way."

"Well, it doesn't work for me."

That wasn't entirely true though, was it? Chance was a lion and she had a thing for the king of beasts—noble, completely stubborn and impossible to fully domesticate.

M'Benga shrugged. "Have you asked for something different from him?"

"I most certainly have. And it's pretty simple. Some consistency, an e-mail address," she said, rattling off the basics.

"And what are you offering in return, other than what you give now?"

"Plenty." She tried to offer a list and promptly drew a blank. "Well, if I haven't said anything specific," she said defensively, "it's only because I know it's a lost cause."

M'Benga pursed his lips, wise beyond his years. "So you are saying Chance was doomed no matter what he did?"

"What? No, of course I'm not saying that. Look, I am tired of this conversation."

As if on cue the face of Uluze, a ten-year-old boy with haunting amber eyes, appeared in the doorway. Over and over he shouted the Luzumbian word for blood.

Kinzie went outside with M'Benga. The small party of refugees was riding in a farm truck. They were weaving wildly in the road, the driver slumped over the wheel. Men from the village ran ahead to bring them in. Kinzie and M'Benga worked quickly, preparing for triage.

"Are they from the north?" Kinzie asked as the first stretcher arrived.

"No," said one of the village men. "They are from the capital."

A chill went down Kinzie's spine. Chance spent time there, she knew he did. Fighting back her fears, she forced herself to examine the first patient—a gunshot wound to the thigh with heavy bleeding.

The next had a bullet in the chest, which was far more serious. Reality blurred as she went through the motions—quick, mechanical, lifesaving.

She would give anything to be helping Chance instead. Was he wounded too? She had to know. Until then, she feared she would not take another full breath.

So, said a voice somewhere back in her head, sadistically, almost gleeful. This is what it's like to be in love. Sure sucks out loud, doesn't it?

* * * * *

Things were going from bad to worse for Chance's team. After suiting up they had hightailed it to the parliament building to find the missing senators who were slated to head the interim government after Matubu's arrest.

The general's men had beaten them there by a half hour, setting the entire complex on fire. Meanwhile they had gotten word that one of the other teams had been ambushed a block from the presidential palace. Skilled as they were, the Agency's commandos did not have the firepower to counter fifty-caliber machine guns.

At this rate the operation was going to fail outright. It was time for him to make his move, Chance decided as he crouched behind the shell of a delivery van to avoid the steady machine-gun fire.

His own weapon was hot in his hands. He felt so goddamn helpless, knowing that Kinzie was on her own. He would do anything to save her, damn the consequences.

Yes, it was time to act, time for a gambit, win all around or else disaster.

The trouble was, his superiors were not about to sign off on it.

What was the saying, better to ask forgiveness than permission?

Time to fly solo, in more ways than one.

Slipping away from the others would be a simple enough matter in the chaos. Finding a fighter jet, now that would be a little more complicated. Almost as complicated as getting Matubu to believe it was not just one single aircraft gunning for him but the entire air force.

* * * * *

The refugees were entering the village in a steady stream by now. Piecing together the various reports from the victims, Kinzie had learned that General Matubu was battling some kind of insurrection in the capital. Civilians, as always, were getting caught in the crossfire.

There was fear that the violence would draw closer. M'Benga had been begging for the last half hour for her to join the healthier refugees and flee for the border to the south. That was nonsense. As long as she was needed, she would stay put. If the fighting did reach the village, she would take her chances.

Speaking of which, she was more and more desperate to hear from her Chance. *Strange to think of him as mine*, she thought. He belonged to no one, answered to no one.

No one except the voice on the other end of his phone, that is.

Who the hell was it who had the power to call him away at will? Some kind of crime boss or smuggler king?

If Matubu's government fell, how would that affect his business? Likely he would find an in with the new leadership. His kind always did.

Funny, as much as she wanted to hear his voice, she was more and more resolved not to see him. She needed to know he was okay, happy in his world. Then she would be able to go on, happy in hers.

M'Benga shook his head and looked up from the wounded man lying on the table, his leg torn open. M'Benga was covered in blood, as was she. "We won't be able to save them all," he said. "And even if we had the blood supplies, we've only a few vials of morphine left."

Chance would know what to do, she thought. He would bring them more of everything. "We'll go on," she said stubbornly. "We have no choice."

"You are right," he said grimly, the chorus of moans from the other victims rising to a crescendo behind him.

Kinzie felt a chill down her spine. She was so tired. She wanted Chance.

Arms to hold me tight, she thought, hands to bind me, eyes to fix me lovingly in place.

Was that poetry? It should be. Chance was no poem, he was a riddle. And the beauty of him was that he would never be solved.

Not by her at least.

* * * * *

It was his lucky day. Matubu had been either too shortsighted or too overconfident to put the airfield just outside town at the top of his list of "must keep" strategic locations. A mere handful of soldiers were protecting it. He dealt with them easily, one by one, commando style.

From here he would have to improvise. Ideally he would find a gassed-up jet ready to go or even an attack helicopter. Barring that, he would need the help of any support personnel who might have decided to ride out the storm.

A cursory tour revealed no one about. Finally, in one of the hangars, he struck pay dirt. Three pilots and a couple of mechanics in overalls were playing poker, a big pile of crumpled Luzumbian money in the pot.

So they were looking for profit, were they?

"Knock, knock," said Chance.

One of the pilots had a pistol, which he promptly drew from his holster and aimed at Chance. The others were gesturing at him, none too pleasantly.

Chance set his weapon down on the ground, letting them know he meant no harm. "Anyone speak English?"

"I do, American dog," said the one with the gun.

So much for a friendly start.

Not to worry. He was carrying the universal friendship maker.

"There's money in here." Chance held up his backpack. "It's yours if you give me one of those sorry-ass MIGs over there so I can blow the hell out of General Matubu."

The pilot translated into Luzumbian. The others started laughing, with the exception of one of them, who had a counteroffer.

"Lieutenant Gumula says 'why don't we kill you and keep the money'," the pilot translated.

It was a reasonable question. "Tell him if he kills me he won't be able to get the ten million dollars my government is prepared to offer for your assistance."

No one was laughing anymore. Chance had no idea if he could get ten million dollars but he would cross that bridge when he got to it. On a roll now, he added, "I'll make it twenty if a couple of you boys go airborne and back me up."

The pilot frowned. "You want us to bomb Matubu? That is suicide."

"Sounds bad, I agree, but Matubu's been put on the endangered species list by Washington, if you catch my drift."

"Prove it," the pilot challenged.

"Sure," Chance said dryly. "Let's call my government so they can confirm. I'm sure the president himself will fly in and brief you."

"I don't like you," the pilot decided now.

"Don't have to, just as long as you like Matubu less."

"Matubu," growled one of the mechanics, spitting on the ground.

Heads nodded around the table.

The pilot was a harder sell. "If your government is doing this, why do you need us?"

Another great question. Time for another bluff.

"We need some local flavor. By the way, I bet there would be some nice promotions for you once the provisional government is in power."

One of the mechanics said something in Luzumbian. The pilot said something affirmative in reply.

"We will let these decide," he said, holding up a pair of hand-carved dice.

Chance grinned. "Fine by me. Chance is my middle name."

First and last name too, though he kept that to himself.

They rolled the dice three times, different carved figures coming up each time. He had no idea if he was winning or losing. Finally the lead pilot said to him, deadpan, "You just bought yourself an air force, American dog."

It wasn't exactly the most inspiring offer of support Chance had ever heard but it would have to do under the circumstances.

A half hour later they were airborne. He had had just enough time to get in contact with his team on the ground, letting them know what was about to go down.

In the process, he learned the tide was turning, at least a little. By a stroke of good luck they had managed to get hold of the main radio station and were now broadcasting announcements from the provisional government, calling on all citizens to rise against Matubu.

So far it was little more than words but these things had a way of growing legs if you finessed them right. A little show of force over the presidential palace on the part of his new air force wouldn't hurt either.

The Soviet fighter plane he was flying was a mess, more fit for the scrap heap than the wild blue yonder. He made it work though. There was no way he would give the locals any opportunities to ridicule American flying skills.

It had been awhile since he had been up in the air with a payload strapped underneath him. A man cleared his head in a hurry at a time like this.

Priorities fell into place fast, usually in the form of fleeting images.

In his case Kinzie came first, second...and last.

His heart ached. It was as if he needed the whole sky to unpack his feelings, so tightly bound up for so long. Damn it, she was more than just a lover or a friend. Why hadn't he seen that sooner? He had fought with her, he had lived with her—for short explosive periods, at least—and he missed her whenever they were apart.

And he worried about her. Oh how he worried.

In fact, as soon as he finished things up here he was going to find the cavalry and snatch her up. No ifs, ands or buts.

God help anyone who stood in his way.

His breathing slowed now, reflexes kicking up to double time. The first target was in sight, a Russian-made battle tank outside the gates of the sprawling, white brick palace. Steady. Another breath, a slight motion on the stick, the push of a button, confirmation on the radio and it was gone in a puff of smoke.

A second tank was gone a minute later.

Like shooting fish in a barrel.

"Tango One, do you copy?"

"Go ahead, Tango Two," he replied to the pilot with the pistol, now his wingman.

"We have word from the ground. Matubu has fled. Repeat, Matubu has fled the capital, over."

Chance's heart skipped a beat. He acknowledged and then asked the poignant question as to his direction of escape.

"He's gone south. We think he will try to cross the border at Mataburu."

Damn it all to hell. That would put Kinzie right straight in his path.

"Copy that, Tango Two," he said, adding in the same breath, "Tango One leaving formation, over and out."

By his calculations he would have just enough fuel to intercept Matubu before he reached Kinzie. Not to mention more than enough weaponry to blow him straight to hell where he belonged.

* * * * *

"Kinzie, we must go," M'Benga implored. "The soldiers are within a dozen kilometers. They say Matubu is with them and they are destroying everything in their path."

"I'm not going, M'Benga, and that is that." They were out of morphine and the clinic was overflowing with bodies. She had long passed the point of exhaustion. "Look around you. We are already swimming in death. Why run from it?"

From Kinzie's point of view she had been running her whole life, trying to wish death away, trying to heal it. It was time to face it head on.

"You would think differently if Chance were here."

"If Chance were here he wouldn't let me think a damn thing. He would rush in and carry me off on a white stallion. Where he would find one in this country, I don't know, but he would," she fumed.

The remark struck them both as funny and they promptly began to laugh. It was like a shot of adrenaline, exactly what Kinzie needed to keep going.

Assuming the elders let her.

They were standing in the doorway now, nearly a dozen strong.

"What the hell is this?" she demanded.

M'Benga's expression shifted back to grim. "I am sorry, Doctor, but this is your escort out of the village. It appears you are going to leave, whether you want to or not."

"The hell you say. Don't you even think of coming near me." She picked up a scalpel just as the explosions began.

"Now will you believe it is too dangerous to stay?" M'Benga cried as they ducked for cover.

"Yes," she said, though she didn't feel in danger. In fact she had the oddest sense that Chance was very nearby.

* * * * *

Chance was flying on fumes. The goddamn jeeps were scattering like cockroaches off the road and he was going to have trouble getting them all. No telling which one Matubu was in. A few of the diehards were firing machine guns at him. Might as well be pea shooters. Five of the half-ton trucks were already in flames and the sixth was in the process of flipping over into the ditch.

No way would he leave even one of those bastards alive to go after Kinzie. Matubu's soldiers were famous for rape. Not on his watch, no fucking way.

The jeeps disintegrated one after the other.

Too late, he saw the second column coming up from the rear.

Son of a fucking bitch.

There was a limo flying the state flag, flanked by a cordon of armored cars. It had to be Matubu. Did he hope to escape after all this?

Keep dreaming.

The MIG's fuel was gone. Chance could still eject but he had to make sure he stayed in the cockpit long enough to direct the plane, nice and steady.

Right down the bastard's throat.

His odds of survival were small but it wasn't about him now.

Hitting the eject button, he tried to reach her one last time, in his mind.

Kinzie, honey, you have to make it, you have to live...

* * * * *

Kinzie tried to figure out what was happening. The news was confusing, helicopters dropping in from the sky, freshly arrived US Marines with orders to evacuate all nationals. Just up the road from the clinic a convoy of Matubu's troops had been killed along with the general himself. A single fighter jet had taken them on, destroying the bulk of them before crashing into Matubu's limousine.

Miraculously, the pilot had ejected and was still alive, though his life hung by a thread. Kinzie volunteered to go to the scene, providing aid until the medical evacuation chopper arrived.

Her initial sense that Chance was close by had only increased with the passing minutes. It was coupled now with an ever-rising fear for his life.

That he was the pilot of the crashed airplane was something she would never have guessed in a million years.

When they brought her to where he lay, she nearly collapsed into the arms of her military escort.

"Doctor, are you all right? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Indeed she had.

Her heart seized up, seeing him like that—his body twisted and broken, his face covered in blood.

I'm a professional, she told herself fiercely. I will do my job. I will.

But she was also a woman in love and maybe that was what the moment called for more than medical science.

"Chance, can you hear me?" She fell to her knees beside him, taking his hand. Moving any part of an injured body was the wrong thing to do, it would only add to the trauma, but reason wasn't governing her. Not now, not with him.

"I'm sorry about how I left things between us. I don't have any right to make you something you aren't. I'm a grown-up, I should know better. It's just so hard, because I want more, damn it, I do and I don't know how to meet you halfway. I'm afraid, I guess. It's just safer to push you away. Could I have done more to love you? Could I have given you the strength to help you pull through this now? I don't know. I really care about you, I love you and I want to commit to you, it's just that you make it so hard. You're so damn stubborn. Worse than me, if that's possible. What do you need, Chance? Tell me what you need."

Chance's Rules

The medics were hovering over him, checking his vitals. One of them shook his head.

"Doctor." A hand was on her shoulder, gripping. "It's too late."

"No," she said fiercely. "There's more we can do, there has to be."

"Get her out of here," one of the medics said.

Two of the soldiers pulled her back. She heard the choked screams from the back of her throat. She would have cried but there were no tears left. Africa will do that to a person.

Everything was a blur after that. They drove her back to the village. Mournful cries echoed from hut to hut as word spread of Chance's death. Already the dance was beginning, the chanting for their beloved fallen M'kalu, slow and rhythmic—death as a part of life, an endless cycle of renewal.

It did not feel that way for Kinzie.

As far as she was concerned, there was no rebirth at hand, only survival. Yes, she would go on but it would have to be without her crushed and broken heart.

M'Benga found her packing her clothes a short while later. She was going through the motions—mechanical, numb.

They might as well have been a stranger's things, a stranger's life.

"You are wanted at the ceremony," he said gently.

"I can't," she said, more exhausted than she had ever been in her life. "Please tell them I am sorry."

"But you must," he said. "Tolumbo has commanded it."

Tolumbo was the village medicine man, not a person to be trifled with. Still, Kinzie had her limits. "Go in my place," she said. "I give you my blessing and my prayers to take with you."

"No." M'Benga's eyes took on a glow she had never seen before. "You must come yourself."

"Why?" she asked, terrified of giving in to the wave of emotions about to engulf her.

M'Benga seemed as overcome as she. "Because," he said, his voice clear as rain but deep as the mists. "M'kalu has not crossed the great river. He is stuck...and you must bring him back."

Chapter Four

"Dr. Sanders, there is a man here to see you."

Kinzie didn't bother to look up from her desk in the dilapidated clinic office. It was about a million degrees outside, the air conditioner was on the fritz again and she had a whole stack of reports yet to write for the latest batch of patients she had seen today. So many sicknesses, so many prescriptions issued.

As if they would be able to afford to fill them. There had to be a way to get more of those samples from the drug companies. Not much interest in cultivating a doctor like her though, whose patients had no insurance.

"Tell him to take a number like everyone else, Gloria."

"Um, this one seems special," Gloria drawled in her lilting Southern accent.

"Everyone's special," Kinzie retorted, wiping the sweat from her brow.

Gloria wouldn't let it go. "He said you would react this way. He wanted me to tell you to go ahead and take a chance on him."

Kinzie's pen froze midstroke at the word "chance".

"He's handsome as sin," Gloria added, her voice taking on a little sing-song tone.

"And he brought these."

The pleasingly plump brunette nurse pulled out a dozen bright red roses from behind her back. Kinzie's heart slammed in her chest. It was not possible. "I don't know anyone who would bring me flowers. I want you to call the police."

"I would rather you didn't do that." He was standing behind Gloria, dwarfing her. It was as if he had come out of nowhere.

Kinzie took a breath and gasped.

Chance?

But...he was dead. She had seen it with her own eyes. Kinzie tried to stand and that's when everything went black. Her body surrendered to too much heat and too little sleep.

Somewhere at the end of a long tunnel she heard a voice as a pair of very strong, very familiar arms gathered her up before she could collapse to the floor.

"Still not taking care of yourself," he grumbled, carrying her to the couch. "Some things never change."

Kinzie was too weak to protest as he laid her down and went to get a glass of water.

She was surprised at how thirsty she was.

"Easy does it," he rasped as she gulped down the cool liquid.

"But...how..." she managed to say, her mouth still as dry as the Sahara desert.

"You were dead. I was there."

He smiled sideways, pulling up a chair to sit next to her. "I guess I was dead, Kin, clinically speaking. They resuscitated me after you left."

Her eyes widened in recognition. It all came back to her now—the pounding of the drums, the chanting of the medicine man as she and M'Benga joined the circle of villagers, the one designed to help Chance.

"No, it was the ceremony that did it," she said, more certain than she had ever been of anything in her life.

Chance arched a brow. "What ceremony?" He furrowed his brow, intent as she explained it, barely pausing to breathe as she related the words and actions of the medicine man.

"Tolumbo saw that you had not crossed the river and he said I was the one to help you back," she said. "It doesn't make any sense to my scientific training but here you are."

"That much is true," he agreed. "Personally I consider the universe to be a roll of the dice and whoever bets the right numbers wins. No one ever banks on a die landing on its edge and defying gravity but, hey, anything can happen every once in a gazillion times."

Kinzie frowned. He still had a lot of explaining to do, miracles aside. "That was six months ago, Chance. Where the hell have you been? Do you have any idea what I went through thinking you were dead?"

Chance sighed now, his eyes showing distance and pain. Kinzie's heart ached for him, not to mention her loins. Oh god, did he have to look so incredibly hot in his worn jeans and golf shirt? The sleeves were nicely stretched by his biceps. The lines of his abdomen were clean and his waist was just as trim as ever.

He had a five o'clock shadow, which emphasized the strong cut of his jaw—completely masculine without being harsh.

Despite all efforts, she found herself responding, those old familiar desires returning, her nipples hardening as she longed for him to crush her breasts to his muscled chest, his hands caressing down her back all the way to her ass—the very same ass that he knew how to spank so well.

Oh how she had missed his touch—hard and soft—his loving, so completely overwhelming.

Even masturbation had been painful for her since leaving Africa. Every orgasm only served to remind her of what she had lost with Chance and what she would never have again.

And yet here he was, close enough to touch, up to his same old tricks.

Or did he have something new up his sleeve?

"If it's another woman, do us both a favor and go now," she said, fighting the impulse to pull him down on top of her, letting him overwhelm her body.

How long until he made her beg, one hand pinning her wrists overhead, the other playing over her tortured flesh, teasing her, building the need to an agonizing crescendo?

The accusation hardened his features. "That's enough, Kinzie. I need you to hear me out."

Something in his tone left her unable to come up with a snappy comeback. Against her better judgment, she obeyed.

"It's like this," he began. "The first thing I asked when I woke up was where you were and if you were all right. The second thing I asked was to see you. My superiors said no. I argued, threatened to resign but the people I work for aren't exactly like a regular business, Kinzie. It's like the military—you do what they say when they say it. Only it's worse because they own your whole identity. No going home, hell, you aren't allowed a home because if there's someone you love then you can be gotten to and I agreed to all that when I signed on. I was proud to because this is my country and I would die for it—just like I would die for you."

Kinzie swallowed. She had made inquiries of her own after seeing Chance die before her eyes. The military authorities had told her that he was a mercenary working for a group of rebel officers in the Luzumbian military, looking to overthrow Matubu.

She had been denied the right to know where he was buried or who his family was.

"So you were working for the American government the whole time you knew me?" Kinzie asked softly.

"Yes. Though I always did what I could to take care of you on the side, including taking out Matubu's convoy before it could reach you."

Kinzie regarded him, stunned. It was so much to absorb all at once.

"There's one more thing you should know, Kinzie," he said gently. "I heard every word you said to me at the crash site."

Her heart skipped a beat. As a doctor, she should have expected that. Comatose patients showed extraordinary auditory acuity, though she had managed to convince herself that she had been spared the shame of revealing unrequited love.

"My brain held onto every last syllable," he said, reaching out to take her hand. "I am quite sure it is what brought me back. I love you too, Kinzie. I always have."

His declaration combined with the touch of his flesh against hers melted her completely. "You sure as hell never showed it," she whispered.

Or had he?

He offered a slanted smile, dimples flashing. "I'm not your average greeting card kind of guy. Finding you morphine for your clinic, chasing off bandits, flying a jet fighter into a ruthless dictator—that was my way of saying it."

Kinzie couldn't help but laugh. "You did get me flowers though. I never could figure out where you managed to find roses in the middle of the bush."

"I have to keep a little bit of mystery, now don't I?"

"A little bit, yes, but I've changed. I really have. I can't do the kind of relationship we had. Long distance is one thing but loving a spy is something else."

His brow furrowed, she knew something serious was coming. "I'm not in the Agency anymore, Kinzie. It took me months of convincing but they let me go."

She looked at him in disbelief.

"Check my car if you want. All my worldly possessions are in it. I'm here to stay, if you want me."

Kinzie sat up, lightheaded. "What would you do in a place like this?"

"Be with you."

She sucked at her lower lip. He said it as if it were enough, the answer to everything. "I don't know, Chance. I have a lot to think about."

His eyes darkened just a little. "Let's think about it in bed."

Kinzie felt a zap between her thighs, instant heat and moisture. "Give me a break. The last thing you and I would do in bed is think."

"I want you, angel." He leaned forward, his voice a rasp. She shivered as he brushed his fingers over her cheek. Was this it, the rebirth the ceremony was supposed

to bring? "I was brought back to this earth to love you and I have waited too goddamn long already."

Her breathing had gone shallow, never a good sign. "Can I have twenty-four hours to...think?"

Now she was negotiating—another bad sign.

Chance homed in like a lion to its prey. "No, baby, no thinking. It has to be tonight. Your sweet body is going to be mine. I have a room at the Sleep Away Motel. The bed is nice, just right for laying you down naked. I even put in a few surprises."

BDSM surprises, no doubt.

"It's been a long time for me," she said, her voice hoarse. "Not since the last time with you."

"Same for me but I think it will come back to us quick, don't you?" The question was rhetorical.

"Yes," she said as he pulled her to her feet. A strange calm settled over her body though her brain was in full panic mode.

* * * * *

It was all Chance could do to keep his hands off Kinzie on the way to the motel. He would have loved to play with her as they drove, teasing her to the point of explosion, but this was a small town and even under the cover of dark few things would be missed.

By morning everyone would know he had taken the good doctor to his room. By lunch they would know something else too—that they were going to be married.

The proposal would be made and accepted before dawn. That was the mission, the secret one he'd yet to reveal to Kinzie. Chance was good with missions. He had yet to bungle one and he was not going to start now.

"So do I get the cook's tour?" she quipped as he closed and locked the door behind him.

"Later," he said, sweeping her into his arms. "Once I am done having my way with you on every last surface in this room."

"Oh Chance," she sighed. "I've dreamed of this so many times, you don't know."

"I do know." He kissed her mouth, feeling the heat of her lips. They molded instantly, remembering every bit of lost passion. "But this isn't a dream."

He saw the hesitancy in her eyes. Had he gone far enough to convince her it was going to be different? "Reach in my pocket," he said.

She smirked. "That's a cheap ploy to get me to feel you up, mister."

"I don't need ploys, angel," he rasped. "When I want your hand on my cock I will tell you in no uncertain terms. Right now I want you to take out my wallet."

"Your wallet?"

"I want you to open it, look at my license."

She did so, tugging. "Harrison Collins," she whispered as she unfolded the leather. "Is that really you?"

"Yep. You can see why I liked Chance better."

"Harrison is beautiful." She stood on tiptoe to shower him with sweet little kisses all over his cheeks. "Harrison, Harrison, Harrison. I love you, Harrison Collins."

Chance chuckled. "I love you too, Kinzie Leigh Sanders."

Her next kiss was more earnest, hungry and all too telling of her sexual needs. "Thank you," she breathed as she released his lips.

"For what?"

"For believing in me enough to tell me the truth."

"I've always believed in you," he said, his hands cupping her face. "You are the most incredible person I've ever met."

Tears dotted her eyes. "I was such a fool. All those times you left on a moment's notice..."

"I was under orders. But I don't want to hear you calling yourself a fool. Any reasonable person would have reacted as you did. I put you in a hell of a position. It was goddamn unfair, leading you on, leaving you wanting more. I was selfish, Kin. Can you forgive me?"

She smiled through the tears. "Given that you're here now, yes. Just don't you disappear again."

"Are you kidding me?" he rasped. "Not even death could keep me from you."

She rolled her eyes. "You just can't help but brag, can you?"

"It's not bragging when you can back it up." Chance lifted her into his arms, cradling her. She laid her head against his chest, breathing soft and warm as he carried her to bed.

He laid her down ever-so gently on top of the covers.

"Aren't you going to order me to take off my clothes?" she teased.

"Not this time. I am reserving that honor for myself."

* * * * *

Kinzie sighed deeply, a combination of anticipation and absolute relief. Chance—Harrison—was about to take command of her body for good. There would be no turning back.

"I'm yours," she whispered.

"We belong to each other," he replied, pulling her T-shirt from the waistband of her jeans. She sat up and lifted her arms, allowing him to slip the garment over her head.

"Stay like that," he commanded.

A shiver passed down her spine. She could almost feel the chains holding her in place, keeping her hands aloft, helpless, his. Chance kissed her, angling his lips to meet hers. She melted into him, allowing her lips to communicate her deep, raw need. She needed to be fucked, taken with all the savagery he could muster.

But the pace was his, the rules too.

"Have you missed me, angel? Have you burned for my touch?"

"Oh yes, every minute," she whispered.

"Good girl." He ran his fingertips over her nipples. They swelled beneath the bra cups, straining to meet him.

"I need you...inside me," she confessed, her voice shaky and thin.

"Of course you do," he rasped, nibbling the soft pink lobe of her ear. "It's where I belong."

"Yes."

Chance undid the closure on the front of her bra, letting it fall open. Sliding his palm down her belly, hot enough to scorch, he said, "Marry me, Kin."

Talk about timing. "Harrison, I..."

"Don't answer now. Later." Chance unbuttoned her jeans and pulled down the zipper. She expected him to take them off but again, he left the job half done.

He seized her mouth instead, his tongue pushing in so deep and fast that her whole body exhaled into his. She did everything in her power to bring them together—her breasts grinding against his chest, her hip rubbing his thigh.

"I will," she gasped when he released her at last. "I will marry you."

He regarded her coolly, sitting beside her on the bed, calm as day. "I said later. You really don't listen well, do you?"

She sucked at her lower lip. She had seen that look before.

"On your belly," he ordered.

"Chance, wait."

He didn't. She knew what was coming as he flipped her into position and delivered a firm, sensual crack against her denim-clad ass but she yelped nonetheless. It wasn't a particularly hard spank but she was overwrought, her body on pins and needles from the erotic anticipation.

After all, she had been waiting a lifetime...a second lifetime.

Chance smacked her again, his palm falling lovingly and possessively on the fleshy part of her ass. "Learned your lesson?"

"Uh-huh."

He laughed. "Not by a long shot."

She whimpered as he tugged down her pants to just above her thighs. His hand caressed her panty-clad cheeks. "You know what it will be like between us, don't you? Outside of bed, we will be equals. I expect you to more than hold your own. But in bed..."

The whimper turned to a moan as his finger slipped under the waistband and found her pussy. He barely grazed her clit, but it was enough to send jolts of sheer, hot liquid need through her flesh.

She would do anything, be anything, to have his cock.

"In bed, you will continue to be my little sex slave, won't you?"

"Yes..."

Chance delivered a sharp blow through her panties, the heat of his hand sweetly molding her skin, a perfect fit. "Yes Sir."

"Yes Sir," she said, her voice quivering.

"Let's get you a little more naked, shall we?" Chance rolled her over onto her back, took off her sneakers and pulled off her jeans and panties. She was left in nothing but her open bra.

"I think you need more punishment," he decided.

"Yes?" She couldn't breathe, couldn't think.

Chance nodded, looking down on her, maddeningly cool and calm and collected. "Arch your neck."

He wanted her lips. The kiss was hard and hot and dry. It made her need to touch him everywhere, to be touched by him. It made her need his cock inside her and absolute, complete domination.

He made her wait, imperiously.

That was the punishment.

"Spread your legs, slave," he said, his voice deceptively gentle.

Kinzie opened her thighs, her breath coming in short stabs. What was he going to do next? It wasn't fair, how he claimed all the power, but she didn't want it fair, did she? She wanted him in charge because he could make her body feel and do so much more than she could ever manage on her own.

"Are you going to give me any more trouble?" he asked.

Kinzie's eyes were on his hand. She cringed as he moved to touch her inner thigh. Nothing stopped her from closing her legs—nothing but his will...and her desire.

"I'll be good," she promised.

Chance slid his fingertips to the lips of her pussy. Studying her, gauging her, he pressed them inside her.

She groaned as he found her clitoris, working her to fever pitch in seconds. It wasn't fair, not by a long shot.

He took hold of her hair, which was once more long enough for him to ball up in his fist. The pressure was enough to ratchet up the pleasure with just a dash of pain. "Did you grow this back for me?"

She nodded, hesitant to ask if he liked it.

"It suits you. You'll keep it this way."

"Yes Sir, whatever you say." His calm assertion of control mixed with the praise turned her on like nothing else. "Oh god, please, make love to me."

"You'll feel my cock inside you when you are properly restrained. Put your hands on the pillow above your head."

Kinzie did as she was told. Chance had the rope already prepared and tied to the head of the bed. It was a velvet cord with a slipknot at the end for her wrists. She sighed as he drew it snug, luxurious and soft and deliciously restrictive.

Mesmerized, she watched him undress. She clenched her fists as he pulled the shirt over his head, baring his magnificent chest. She remembered those muscles so well, saw the contours in her dreams, could still taste the smooth skin on her lips and tongue.

She would never have forgotten him, ever. And here he was, unzipping his jeans, pulling them down over his muscular thighs. She cried out softly as his cock sprang into view—hard and pulsing, full of blood.

"Oh darling," she whispered.

Chance smiled, as content as she had ever seen him. And as relaxed.

"I love you, Kinzie Leigh."

"I love you, Harrison."

"Marry me?" he asked for the second time.

"In a heartbeat," she replied.

Slowly, very slowly he descended upon her, his mouth alternating between breasts, suckling, teasing, nibbling, his teeth and tongue playing over her nipples, driving her mad with need.

She groaned as he made her wait, pressing his rock-hard cock against her thigh, letting her feel its throbbing heat. She wanted it inside her, she could not exist without it.

His hard stomach flattened her belly as he erased the remaining distance between them. She could barely breathe from the excitement. At long last he pressed the tip of his shaft to her wet, pulsing pussy lips. She lifted her hips, trying to push him deeper but he growled softly, the heat of his breath burning her earlobe.

"Do not move, my love, unless you want to learn a whole new meaning for sexual frustration."

Chance's Rules

Kinzie whimpered her protest but did as told. Forced to lie there, to let him take and take, controlling her every sensation.

"You have any idea how gorgeous you are?" he declared. "How fucking incredible?"

Chance punctuated his remark by thrusting his throbbing cock deep and hard, to the hilt.

"Ch-Chance," she moaned. "Oh god, please, please fuck me..."

"You bet I will. Every day for the rest of our lives."

She wanted to cry. She wanted to laugh. She wanted to come.

Kinzie pleaded for it, the way a love slave should.

His cock seemed to have endless staying power as he raised her to the brink only to hold her back again and again until she was hoarse from begging. In and out, a thousand times his cock thrust inside her, building and building the tension.

At last he let them come together as the first rays of dawn peeked over the horizon. Kinzie saw only the suns exploding in her own head, orgasm after orgasm, heat and light and utter fulfillment over every inch of her body as she closed her eyes, wrapping her legs around Chance's taut buttocks, drawing him in, compelling him to release every bit of his cum.

Chance's deep groans were like the roar of a lion as he possessed the woman for whom he had returned from the dead.

Chance's rules.

Chance's woman.

Kinzie couldn't be happier.

About the Author

Reese Gabriel is a born romantic with a taste for the edgier side of love. Having traveled the world and sampled many of the finer things, Reese now enjoys the greater simplicities; barefoot walks by the ocean, kisses under moonlight and whispers of passion in the darkness with that one special person.

Preferring to remain behind the scenes, cherished by a precious few, Reese hopes to awaken in the lives of many the possibilities of true love through stories of far off places and enchanted lives.

For the sake of love and hope and imagination, these stories are told. May they be enjoyed as much in the reading of them as in the writing.

Reese welcomes comments from readers. You can find Reese's website and email address on the author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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