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The Chase Begins
Tilly Greene

Holiday eBook Freebie

*Wishing you all a year filled with good health, love, and joy for you and yours.
Hugs,
Tilly Greene*

Zandia: The Chase Begins

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“Would you like to dance?”

The touch of her hand on his arm gained his attention, but offered no warning or hint of what was about to happen to him. Once he looked into her deep green eyes, the core of his existence shattered into a billion pieces. This type of intense emotional response had never happened to him before and he was unsure about how to handle it.

With each breath he took, he tried to pull himself back together, but found it an impossible task to do. No matter what he tried, there was something inside him that was destroyed. The enormity of the mess took him by such a surprise. It seemed to be impossible to keep from falling even further under the unknown woman's power.

There was something special about her and he wanted to understand it so he could delve further without any worries. Her first touch, accompanied by her gentle voice speaking to him directly, made sure he knew something unusual was happening between them. In the short moments they were together, it became obvious to him that there was no hope of anything being set right until he'd touched her. Not just touched, but had her naked body pressed intimately against his. Only then would this unique disruption stop, if it ever would.

The morass of pure lust taking control of him, filling his mind and body, took over his thought process and allowed Rol Turnociv to make a huge mistake.

This woman's sudden appearance at his side encouraged him to forget about the warning he'd given his men earlier this evening. It was a common command to be given these days to Zandian men visiting or residing on foreign territories. No matter what it took, they were to suppress their sensual souls. Any form of seduction in public must be contained. There was no one from his home planet that wanted the gaffe Ambassador Todi had made while on the all-female planet of Nazon to happen. Unfortunately, his surroundings didn't matter to him, only the goal he had in mind. The ultimate objective had to do with the beautiful woman standing next to him and their getting naked in order to achieve a mutually gratifying sexual interlude with each other.

“Follow me,” he managed to whisper while wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her close. Other than her original request, there'd been no words between them. They were saying plenty about what they wanted with their eyes and bodies. To make certain he wasn't misreading the situation and that she fully understood what he was asking for, he pressed her even closer to him. This new position made sure she could feel exactly how hard she'd made his cock with nothing more than her presence.

He was on the planet Earth, two days away from playing in the prestigious Universal Speedball Cup. Their team captain and his best friend had actually found a mate in this sector. While he was still surprised by how the man had wasted no time in marking and claiming her in the Zandian traditions, he could now understand the need to act without any delays.

This evening he was supposed to be setting an example for the other men. It was for him to show them all how to take part in an Earthers' festivities without allowing their sensual souls freedom to roam. Up until now, it had all been so easy. He hadn't wanted to be here, didn't understand the reason for their being here looked good for universal relations, and he'd merely been waiting until it wouldn't be considered rude to leave. Then this walking, talking, breathing, tempting morsel of femininity stepped up to him, and he lost the capacity to deny himself the one thing it naturally sought. Sexual satisfaction. Now, the need to fully possess her had a firm hold on him and he had no desire to push it away.

To make the situation appear even better, it seemed to be the same for her. He could feel passion rolling through her tiny body, making it vibrate with need against his

Although she was a stranger to him, he believed they were moving along the same path. Like him, she wanted sex, immediately, to take the edge off the hungry desires that threatened to take over her every thought. The second time between them would be with the intention to further explore the boundaries of her pleasures. He'd offer her repeated climaxes before finding his own. As far as he was concerned, they wouldn't stop fucking until every bit of her had been touched, tasted, and satisfied by him.

This woman was the most beautiful he'd ever laid eyes on and he'd seen many in his lifetime. He knew nothing about her and it didn't matter. Her voice held no accent so he wasn't sure where she was from, but it didn't matter either. Normally he wasn't attracted to ladies who weren't Zandian. He'd always believed their long muscular bodies, without any hair on them, was the epitome of perfection when it came to how a lady should look. For some unknown reason, this trip to Earth opened his eyes to other forms of attractiveness. He now found himself open to experiencing them all and the passion they offered.

The one currently in his arms was stunning, but there was something else about her that made her unique from all the others at the party this evening. One of the most interesting things about her that he couldn't take his eyes away from was her long curly brown hair with a hint of red mixed in. He may be used to seeing women without hair, but the color and texture of hers was so unusual, he wondered if it was natural or something created by a technician. There was also her skin which appeared to be extremely soft to touch and very white. The tiny, fainter spots of brown dotted around her nose and cheeks were adorable and ensured her face didn't look flat in color. Then there was her body. When compared to his in height, it was tiny, but that didn't matter, he felt sure they'd fit perfectly together. What was new for him was enjoying her body which was full of sensuous curves. Breasts, hips, a butt, they were all so enticing, that his hands shook with a need to touch them.

It was obvious to him, that their coming together was meant to happen. Why else would she have picked him, in the midst of the massive crowd, to walk up to, and ask for a dance? He wasn't sure what this dance thing was, but he'd do whatever she wanted in order to have her without any further delays.

"Why?" The question slipped out and stunned him.

Rol looked away from her stiff nipples and into her eyes to find out if there were any doubts about where he believed they were headed. He found nothing that looked remotely like a negation to the pleasure he was offering. There was, however, a hunger in the green orbs that strengthened his cock even more than it had been. He struggled to speak coherently when all he could think about was coming. The need to stroke his hands down over her bottom and lift her up so she could wrap herself around him ran freely through his mind.

What would she do if he leaned down and kissed her, giving her an answer without saying anything? As soon as the idea came to his mind, he liked it, and acted without delays. Leaning down, he gently pressed his lips against hers and savored the sharply inhaled breath she took at the first touch. To make sure she understood completely what he was about to say, his hands stroked down and covered her delectable bottom. There was no thinking, merely acting on how he felt. His hands clenched a handful of flesh before using his hold to lift her up until they were face to face.

"Sex," he whispered against her lips. "You, in my arms, panting with desire while we're grinding against each other. We'll pause for you to scream with release, before going back to our fucking."

She gasped and he took the opportunity to stroke his tongue over her lips, teasing her needs closer to the surface. Upon first seeing her, may have torn him apart inside. Now, he discovered that with each touch, kiss, and moan she gave in return, he was being put back together.

Normally, undergoing such an intensive change would concern him. It would make him want to step back from the source and discover what was happening, except there was no way he'd willingly move away from her. All he was concerned about was establishing a complete connection and passionate possession of this woman. He needed to drive his hard cock through her silken slit, feel her squeeze him tightly before she fell apart around his hard-on, all while begging for more of his attention. Instead, they stood in the middle of a party and he softly pressed kisses on her lips, encouraging her to want him as much as he did her. The sound of her mewls of pleasure when his hands continued to squeeze her backside, went straight down to his rod, and made it throb for attention.

When he felt her legs move to wrap around his waist, he was thrilled. Finally, she gave him her answer. She was his to take and his brain was no longer needed. The only thought that remained as he deepened their kiss was that he must take her, make her come, and then she'd belong to him.

Rol ran the tip of his tongue along the roof of her mouth, pulling even more of her pleasure to the surface, and were answered with groans. She shifted in his arms as if trying to move even closer to him. Her full breasts were pressed so closely to him, ensuring he was drawn even further into her seductive snare. The pebbled points stabbing into his chest called out, demanding his personal attention, and he was ready to answer her call. The idea of soothing her needs and satisfying his own by suckling, licking, nibbling on the excited nipples was what he needed to do.

Shifting his hand from her ass, he unbuttoned her blouse, and reached to rub a thumb over the excited tip that nestled against his chest. Her flesh was so soft and tempted him to strip her right here to be able to touch all of her responsive body. He was pleased by how she reacted and plucked the nipple to heighten her needs even further. Immediately, her legs tightened around him as she bowed her back so he could get hold of the entire mound. The ball of flesh was large, soft, and heavy in his hand with the one nipple pushing into the palm. Passionate groans grew louder between them, but were lost in between their mouths.

He didn't want anything keeping him from enjoying her delicate flesh, but couldn't yet take their clothes away. Soon, though, very soon.

With his mouth busy with hers, he was breathing deeply through his nose, and found a special aroma. There was a scent surrounding her that he knew was a hint of her arousal and smelling it made the sensual hunger inside him expand, almost to the point of exploding. It wasn't a surprise to him, but now he was sure there was no question that they both were eager to experience the other on a personal and intimate level. The heat radiating from her pussy to his stomach was another sign, and proved to him how excited and hungry she was for completion. These were signs of passion he looked for when preparing to bed a woman. He was used to being the seducer when it came to sex. He enjoyed being in that lead role, but suddenly, on his next inhaled breath of air, everything he understood about how to ensure gratification for all involved, was turned upside down.

It was shocking to feel her tender hands take hold of his smooth head and hold it still, while she tilted hers to the side, and then take over their kiss.

From where she sat on him, she stretched her posture until she was leaning over him, controlling how much she gave of herself to him. In his vast experience in the realm of sexual relations, and it was extensive, it was unheard of for a woman to take control of the pace. He was stunned and ready to lay her on the floor to take her. To be taken like this was a powerful aphrodisiac for him. It had been taught to him that it was for the man to gift his partner with all the pleasure she wanted and could handle, in whatever manner she enjoyed. To be able to do this would ensure his satisfaction was achieved. Nobody ever told him about a wonderful it would feel for the woman to be in charge of the pleasure.

When she ran delicate fingertips down his spine, going as far as she could reach, he decided he very much liked how the unknown woman went about finding her pleasure with him. For a moment, Rol was angry at the weather that had turned chilly. The change made them all don their team jackets instead of attending this function with their chest's bared.

Remembering why he was wearing a coat and the sharp heels on the bottom of her shoes digging into his ass, managed to pull him a bit away from their passion and into becoming aware of where they were.

Opening one eye into a tiny slit, he vaguely saw people standing around them. The party goers weren't paying them much attention and they hadn't didn't care about them in return. Although, the realization that this was not the place for what he wanted to do managed to settle into his head. Them, naked, was a necessity, privacy would make the interlude all better, but it wasn't crucial to finding their climaxes.

Before he was able to move them to some nook in order to take the edge of their needs, bubbles dropped, and random shouts of joy invaded the room.

Suddenly someone pounded on his back and their lips broke from each other. She blinked a few times before wrapping her arms more firmly around his neck. A glorious smile spread across her face as she spoke to him.

"Happy New Year, Commander."

"And to you, um, I'm afraid I don't know your name." Still lost in the lust created by their kiss, he was only slightly concerned he'd been about to have sex with a stranger. Not the smartest decision he ever made, but one he'd do again just to have her in his arms. In fact, none of that mattered because, as he pressed nibbling kisses on her lovely lips that gave him moans of pleasure in return, he realized something very important.

There was a reason why he was able to fall so easily and fully into her charming arms. She was his mate. This beautiful woman, who met his passion and needs on equal footing, might even be the one person in the universe who his mark had been created for.

This was not where or even when he expected to find the one person who would become so important to him, but it made sense. She was perfect for him, in every way. He couldn't wait to explore her mind and body, discover what it was about her that called so directly to him.

Rol moved his lips away, just a bit because he couldn't stand to be separated from her, and asked again who she was.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Bea Strumpeady."

"Strumpeady? That's the president of the Sportswriter's Guild. This is his party." This was not the answer he'd been expecting. He knew the man and had even heard about his daughter. Bringing them together wasn't going to be easy. There were definitely going to be some serious issues he'd have to deal with in order to have this woman as his mate, but he'd do whatever it took.

"Yes, I'm supposed to be acting as the hostess right now, but I knew celebrating the dawning of a new year with you would be electrifying. Honestly, being at your side when the clock struck midnight is an experience that can never be matched."

"What do you mean?"

"I know Earthers' are the only group who still celebrate this holiday, so I was kind of banking on you not knowing the traditions. What happens is we drink, laugh, dance, and when the clock lands on twelve, we kiss whoever we're with, and then wish them a Happy New Year, often followed by more kissing."

"You mean you'd kiss someone else the way you kissed me?" He was ready to knock out anybody who would dare touch this woman as he had or try to take her from him. She belonged to him, at his side, in his arms, beneath his hungry body.

"Well, no, not quite. There's something about you that makes me forget myself and take things further than I normally would. In fact, you'd best set me back down. It isn't proper for me to be hanging all over you like this."

"You're wrong. Everything we do together is right." They were meant to be together. Whatever they did with each other was right.

"Maybe on Zandia it is considered okay to have sex anywhere you want, but on this planet and most others, it's not. We shouldn't have kissed like that, especially not while standing in the middle of all these people."

"We did more than kiss. You gave yourself to me when you wrapped your legs around my waist and squeezed them to bring me closer! You felt my needs through my hard-on and I experienced yours through your stiff and eager nipples, as well as the heat radiating from your pussy." Rol felt his anger rise even further, but his mood gentled when he moved a finger down between her legs, and dipped a finger into her moist slit. Immediately, her eyelids dropped and covered the deep green pools, while a delightful moan drifted from her parted lips.

Gently, he swirled his finger in the honey filling her pussy and could tell everything he did was bringing her closer to the brink of climaxing. He dipped the digit in a little further and she tightened around him as he gave her a small hint of what was to come between them. There was no need to deny her satisfaction and moved his thumb over her clit to encourage her desire to break.

Rol smiled when her head drop on his shoulder in surrender. He whispered into her ear as he fulfilled her passionate needs.

"One thing we have between us is a rampant need to come, over and over again."

"No, it's not right."

"Then stop me," he told her as he added another finger to thrust into her pussy. She moaned again, a little more loudly, but he didn't care if anyone in the festive crowd was able to figure out what they were doing. It was their passion and how it was expressed depended on them, not anyone else.

"I can't," was all she was able to say before her orgasm took over her body.

When the quaking had slowed down, he heard her sigh out his name with all the emotion she was feeling, and knew he'd been right. This was his mate.

"You belong to me, Bea Strumpeady, and I will be placing my mark on you."

It was incredible and totally unexpected. With fingers still buried inside her gripping slit, something he'd said seemed to pull her out of the pleasure she'd been experiencing and into a completely different mood.

"Marking me?" She shifted so they were back to looking into each other's faces and he was intrigued by the pointed apex of where her eyebrows met. It was difficult for him to tell if it was lust or anger she was feeling, but whatever it was going on with her emotion, it was intense, because her pussy squeezed his fingers even tighter. Whatever she was thinking obviously meant a great deal to her, and he wouldn't ignore it. He couldn't give her details, those were private until they happened, but he would give her a bit more information to help ease her mind.

"Yes, marking is a Zandian mating tradition."

"I don't care what it is, because it won't happen to me, at least not by someone who thinks women are a possession. Any intelligent person would know that I belong, as you so crudely put it, to me. No one owns me. Not my mind or body. Only I can give someone permission to touch me."

"You gave yourself to me. You still are. Have you not realized that you're the one who is holding on to me?"

"Let me go."

Rol felt her hesitate. His fingers were still buried inside her, but weren't moving. Eventually her legs dropped from around his waist and she let them fall until they rested against his. When

they were no longer intimately connected, he felt empty, but he was mollified by something inside her that fought moving away from him. He understood that, because he didn't want her to go away. There was no chance he'd take so much as a step to separate them and he told her this with one word.

"No."

Although his hands remained on her ass, it was with her arms wrapped around his neck that kept her draped over him. It felt right to have her resting against his body, relying on his strength to keep her from falling.

"You must," she whispered, but without any real feelings in the words. Unlike any other plea from a woman, this one spoke directly to his heart. No one had such a connection with him and he would treat it with care.

"I like how you feel in my arms." Rol gave her his truth in very clear and precise words so she would know where he stood in regards to the place he believed she belonged. It was with him.

"Please, you have to let me go," she said with a hint of tears in her voice. There was something in how she held herself and spoke so softly that made sure he understood the difficult situation she felt like she was in. The problem was he wanted to know the reason why she wanted out of his hold. It felt right to have her in his arms. He couldn't believe she didn't feel it as well.

"I can't," he told her truthfully. The fact he could never let her go was both in his words and how he held her to his body. The care in which he cradled her to his heart said it better than he ever could voice. Even she couldn't deny what was going on between them and was pleased when she didn't try to.

"You feel it too, don't you?" The words were spoken quietly, but her dark green eyes shouted at him with everything that was going on in her mind. They *were* experiencing the same thing. Like him, she was unsure of what was happening, but was curious to see what was to come. While he wasn't happy to hear her say she wanted away from him, he was sure that, in the end, everything was going to be fine.

"Yes, the right place for you is with me."

"It can't be. We don't know anything about each other. All we did was kiss at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. One year was passing and another one starting, it was nothing more than that."

"You're saying this is what happens every year at this celebration, between you and some stranger?"

"No, but—"

"Save it, Bea. You and I belong together. There are no excuses or lies that will change that."

He moved a hand up through her silken curls, carefully held her head, and kissed her. There was nothing gentle and seductive in this connection, as it had been earlier. This time it was all about showing her that their passion for each other couldn't be denied.

When he pressed his lips to her plump set, he captured her needs with each breath she took, and possessed her exactly as she wanted to be. Holding her close to his body, he ensured she could feel how much she affected him, and was pleased by the moaning responses she offered him in return. She squirmed to get closer and held him just as tightly as he did her. They were meant to be with each other.

In that moment, with her in his arms, a pledge solidified in his body, heart, and soul. He, Commander Rol Turnociv, was ready to chase after the woman who belonged with him and was his mate, Bea Strumpeady, an Earther and diplomat assigned to Nazon. Without any doubts, he would do whatever it takes to bring her into his life, forever.

Author Biography

Tilly Greene was born into the easy folds of a sleepy beach town and embraces the laid back mindset she grew up with. Life took a turn one day while sitting in the back of the school bus with her friends: she was introduced to the joys of romance novels and has never looked back. Every day she looks forward to writing about women who are independent and confident, the men who love them, and their twisting passionate path to each other.

The author writes erotica and erotic romances in a variety of genres, themes, and heat levels. She enjoys hearing from readers and can be found around the net, including:

Website: <http://www.tillygreene.com>

Hot Thoughts Blog: <http://tillygreene.blogspot.com>

Monthly Scorcher: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/tilly_greene/

Samhain Author Page: <http://samhainpublishing.com/authors/tilly-greene>