

Eyes of Desire
A PHAZE FORCE HEATSHEET BY

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Good afternoon," said the tall, blurred shape. "It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Er, yes...yes, it is," replied Megan, squinting and peering in its general direction. The surgeon had said her eyes would take their time to recover from the operation, but she was already having some good days with sharp vision.

Today, alas, wasn't one of those days. Today was a blob day, and the figure in front of her remained stubbornly hazy and blurred, no matter how hard she tried to bring it into focus.

It was bloody annoying because the blob's voice was gorgeous. Why couldn't her vision clear up for just a second or two? All she needed was enough time to determine whether he looked as amazing as he sounded. Just a flash would do, really. With a voice that deep and resonant, which was playing havoc with all the bits of her that hadn't had a good workout in ages, the law of averages said he had to be a hunk.

"Could I possibly trouble you for a glass of water?" the velvet voice went on, and in spite of her natural caution, Megan felt a distinct desire to swoon. Since her cornea op, she'd been feeling horny for no sane reason she could understand, and even though she could see nothing more than vague shapes, all her hormones were silently screaming "Phwoargh!" at her.

"Yes, of course. I'll get you one."

Cautiously, she got to her feet, feeling for the edge of the big parasol. By rights she should be alarmed; she knew that. This guy had obviously just wandered into the garden uninvited, and she didn't know him from Adam. He could be a serial murderer or a rapist or a crack addict intent on harming a woman who was clearly half blind, completely vulnerable, and easy pickings.

"Oh, please don't worry," said the delicious voice, "I know this house. I can get a glass myself. I won't be a moment."

"Er...It's okay, I'll get it," Megan insisted, thinking, Why ask me if you know your way around, you perverse bugger!

Now this was a worry, actually. She couldn't have him meandering around the house, unsupervised. There were all sorts of easily pickupable treasures, and this guy could be robber, never mind a murderer or

rapist. She decided to go with him, even though there was probably nothing on earth she could possibly do to stop him just taking what he wanted. Especially as it dawned on her now, peering in his general direction, just how big and lofty a blob he actually was.

For an instant, her focus sharpened, and she got a flash of a tall, tall man, with a massive frame. His face was broad, and his hair, what she could make of it, was short and dark. His big body was clad all in khaki, probably a shirt and combats, and just before the brief instant of clarity was gone again, she got the impression of a wide, white smile and a pair of dark, compelling eyes.

Then all the detail fuzzed up again, and he was back to being an assembly of vague shapes. And, those shapes were moving in the general direction of the back door which led to the kitchen. Silently cursing her temporary infirmity, Megan padded along behind him, feeling her way and trying to keep the army surplus-coloured mass just in front of her.

Once indoors, he went straight to the sink, and a moment later, Megan heard the gush of water from the tap, then the clink of a glass being taken from the drainer. "May I pour you a glass, too?" the man enquired. Even though she could barely make out the shape of his features, she sensed he was looking at her curiously, perhaps assessing how he should deal with her.

Despite her doubts, some gut instinct told her she wasn't really in the way of any harm. She didn't know why, but the feeling she got from him was more a kind of empathy—and tact. She sensed that he could see she'd got problems, but at the same time understood the way her pride compelled her to fend for herself.

"No...er, thanks...Actually, I think I might have a glass of chilled white wine instead. There's some cooling in the fridge." She paused and then took a deep breath. He was a total stranger who'd just wondered in from the lane. She shouldn't be encouraging him to stay, but she couldn't help herself. "You could have some too, if you prefer it to water?"

"That's very kind, but I think I'll stick to water." She heard the water in question gurgle into the glass. "Would you like me to get your wine for you?" He'd obviously decided that she did need a bit of assistance after all. "I'll bring it out to the garden for you. I won't be a moment."

"Thanks. That'd be great."

This is insane!

Megan berated herself as she shuffled back to the garden and her blanket under the parasol. I've never set eyes in this man before... and I

haven't even properly set eyes on him now! I shouldn't just be giving him the run of a house that doesn't even belong to me.

She could quite confidently predict that Sylvia would go nuts if she knew that there was a perfect stranger in her kitchen. Her generous friend had offered Megan the use of her country cottage for as long as she needed to recuperate, but had left express warnings in respect to being careful, especially of a local tramp that was supposed to be in the area, petitioning for handouts, sleeping rough in people's garden sheds, and even stealing the odd item of washing off the line.

Oh my God, what if the blob is the tramp?

Megan almost collapsed onto the blanket.

He could well *be* a tramp in that ex army gear. It was just the sort of thing a travelling person might wear, wasn't it? And as far as she could tell, he had nothing with him, so maybe he'd left his bundle—or whatever tramps carried these days—under the hedge. Or maybe he'd already stowed it in the outhouse?

"Oh bugger, what have I done?" she muttered as a firm, even tread brought the potentially dangerous potential tramp towards her rug.

The large shape hunkered down beside her, then reached for her hand and carefully put a chilled glass into it. Surprisingly, Megan didn't feel the urge to flinch. In fact, the large hand that gently cradled hers felt decidedly nice. The fingers were big, and they didn't feel soft or namby-pamby, but the skin was warm, and as far as it was possible to tell by touch, it felt clean and well kept. In fact, blob *smelt* clean too, and not the slightest bit tramp-like at all.

Instead of the stale, festering odour of someone who slept rough and didn't wash, the large man who now settled down beside her was accompanied by the scent of some kind of light, tangy, woodsy cologne, and maybe just a hint of fresh sweat. But it was the pleasant sweaty smell that came from the healthy perspiration. The sort that might film a well-showered body on a very hot day.

Not to mention the fact that it was full of male pheromones and intoxicatingly sexy. My God, who needed wine with a smell like that in the wind?

Even so, as she took a large swallow of the crisp, fruity Chardonnay, her wayward libido kicked hard for this man she could barely see. And who just might be an unemployed vagrant.

I should ask him who he is, and what he's doing here, Megan thought. But it was probably too late. He probably had a couple of Sylvia's father's antique silver snuff boxes in his pocket already.

But the words just wouldn't come. It was as if her entire consciousness had gone primal and turned into one big hormone that was responding the mysterious presence of the large man at her side. And her sudden desire seemed to be preternaturally intensified because she couldn't really see him.

Oh hell, why, oh why couldn't I be having one of my clear days today?

"Will your vision improve?" her companion asked suddenly, causing the glass to jerk in her hand. Swift as lightning, she felt his fingers enclose hers to steady her grip. Even though she was already shaking more than ever now at the strange jolt of sensation his touch induced.

Having his large hand around hers confused her, and as if reading her mind, he helped the glass to her lips and held it there, like a nursemaid, while she sipped again. The delicious taste of the wine and its coolness on her tongue settled her, and after a moment, she was able to speak again.

"Yes...in time. The doctor says I'll get my normal vision back. Or near enough...I'll probably still have to wear glasses, or contacts, but I don't mind."

Suddenly tears welled up in her healing eyes, and the terror she'd experienced in recent months—and tried to put right to the back of her mind—overwhelmed her, and to her great confusion she began to sob like a baby.

A combination of relief and the release of a great swell of emotion barrelled through her like a tidal wave, and she was helpless as the man beside her took the glass from her fingers and then enclosed her in his arms and hugged her against his solid chest. Unbidden, her own arms snaked around him, and she relished the rock-like feel of him. He seemed immovable, like a safe refuge after a voyage of insecurity. Like life and health after the fear of permanent deficiency.

"Hey, don't worry," he said softly, big hands moving slowly over her back, "You'll see again, you know that. These things just take time. You just need to trust your doctor. It'll happen."

And for the first time, she completely believed it would. In a way that she hadn't throughout all the time of the infection, the deterioration, the operation, and the optimistic prognoses of the various eye doctors.

She believed it, thanks to this strange, unknown and unseen man. And as her fears fell away like leaves, her undamaged senses began to flower and fire extravagantly. The scent of him this close was enough to turn any woman's head, and the feel of his strong, huge body and the warmth of his hands were maddening. It had been so long since she'd been with a man. Craig, her casual boyfriend, had somehow filtered off the scene during her recovery phase. And even though, as an olive branch, she'd invited him to visit her here in the country, he'd made excuses about being too busy and then suggested they split as their relationship "wasn't really going anywhere".

Well, sod him! Megan thought, her own hands moving on her companion's back, exploring the impressive musculature beneath what seemed to be a long-sleeved heavy cotton shirt. Weren't tramps supposed to be thin and under-nourished, living on handouts and drinking rough alcohol, and taking all manner of nasty drugs and what have you? The man in her arms was in magnificent, prime condition.

Oh God, I want you!

The words sprang into her mind, and as they did so, she drew back a little, peering myopically into his face. This close up, she gained a better impression of his features. His dark eyes had a definite glint and the general lines of his nose, mouth and jaw suggested that he could be fierce and uncompromising, but also kind. Unable to stop herself, she slid her hand up to the back of his head, her fingers digging into hair that felt short, but with a crisp suggestion of curl as she pulled his face down towards hers.

Her mysterious new friend followed her lead perfectly, settling his warm lips upon hers with a firm, yet velvety, pressure. After a moment, his tongue probed gently for entrance, and she granted it gladly, opening her mouth to his exploration.

Without really knowing what had happened, Megan almost immediately found herself on her back on the blanket, still being kissed. The big, strong stranger loomed over her, his hands first smoothing back her hair and then sliding down her neck in a measured, yet sensual, caress. For a moment, his thumb lingered on her throat, stroking lightly, and she felt a shaft of intense, primal terror. What if he *was* a murderer? He could strangle her effortlessly, or snap her spine with hands that huge.

But then his warm fingers moved on, drifting down inevitably to her breast.

She felt another intense sensation when he cupped her, but this time it was the opposite of fear. Her body surged, even though his touch was circumspect, almost diffident, and just the very lightest brush of his thumb against her nipple had her moaning. Her eyes flew open.

He lifted his lips from hers and his face was still indistinct above her. Tanned skin, dark, lustrous eyes, the mouth that had kissed hers full and red...And smiling...She could easily tell that he was smiling, although the subtle nuances of the smile were a mystery. There was no way to tell whether he was smug and macho, or sensitive and tender, although the way he began to gently stroke her breast suggested the latter.

Suddenly, she had to know his name.

"Who are you? What's your name?"

There was a long pause, and despite the deficiencies of her vision, she sensed a certain withdrawal in his face.

"Just call me 'Guy'," he said, something in his voice, some primitive element of command, compelling her not to question him further. The way his lips came down on hers, harder this time, compounded the impression.

Okay, no questions, she thought, turning off all rationality and surrendering to "Guy" and the predications of her senses. His kiss became more demanding, almost ferocious, and she found herself answering in kind, her tongue fighting, duelling, twining with his. Her hands clutched at his shoulders, his back, and his hard, muscular buttocks through the lightweight cloth of what she was certain now was a pair of combat trousers. As he moved against her, his massive body both dominant and protective, the solid bulge at his groin brushed her thigh.

Oh God! Oh God! I'm think I'm going to fuck this man and I have absolutely no idea who he is, and I don't even want to ask him. Feeling like a slut, yet not in the slightest ashamed of the fact, she surged against him, twisting beneath him and rubbing herself rudely against his magnificent erection.

"Hell, yes!" he murmured indistinctly against her mouth, rocking her against him with one hand while the other traversed quickly down her flank and her thigh, questing and exploring. He plucked at her light summer skirt, and wafted it quickly upwards. A second later, his fingers

were stroking the edge of her panties, and then slipping under the elastic in search of her core.

The first touch induced a high, silvery, singing sensation between her thighs. His fingertip was huge, like the rest of him, but he flicked at her clitoris with a delicate and exquisite precision.

"Oh! Oh God!"

Orgasm was like a shock, a huge surprise, right out of left field. She'd known she was aroused but just not how much. Tears sprang in her eyes again at the sheer relief of it as her flesh pulsed and fluttered against Guy's touch. She kissed him messily and thankfully, her arms tightening around him even as she still climaxed and climaxed and her juices flowed. She felt whole again, complete, no longer damaged.

Guy's mouth captured hers again, and captured the kiss too, his tongue thrusting as if to mimic the penis her empty sex was hungrily clutching for. The way it moved promised and incited, giving her an intimation of even better things ahead.

At last, she fell away from him gasping, and somewhat relieved that she couldn't see the expression on his face as he studied her hot cheeks and the red, orgasmic flush across her neck and chest. She probably looked a mess, but because she couldn't see his response to it, it didn't seem to matter.

The garden was still, the heat of the sun hanging heavy around them in a way that suggested the long, balmy days of her childhood when everything was perfect and golden. She suddenly wanted to thank this strange man, this enigmatic Guy, for returning her so effortlessly to such a happy, carefree time. He was so close that her fingertips had no trouble finding first his hip, then sliding sideways to cup his groin.

Oh, but he was a big boy! Her hand gave her a much better idea of his imposing dimensions than the brushing of his crotch against her thigh. Her wayward sex clenched again at the thought of having him inside her.

She was just massaging him, in happy anticipation, when the sound of voices quite close by stopped her in her tracks.

Shit!

"Look, Guy," she said, hurriedly tweaking her skirt down, and then pushing on his big chest to make him let her up, "I might not be able to see the lane and who's in it, but anyone out there can certainly see us." As he retreated slightly, a cold hand gripped her heart, and she rushed on, not wanting to lose the pleasure of him, "Come on, let's go inside," she

went on, fumbling for his hand as if just holding him might compel him to stay with her and not go away.

"Yes, I'd like that." His fingers tightened around hers in a quick squeeze, and then continued to hold them as he got to his feet like a giant, the spirit of the earth, rising from the soil. A second later, he swooped down again, his capable arms enveloping her and whisking her off her feet.

Like in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, he carried her with no discernible effort into the house then up the stairs. The familiar prints that hung beside the staircase passed by her like blurs. She'd stayed here before and could remember what they looked like. She only wished she could picture the face of the man who held her just as clearly.

"It's the room on the left," she said when they reached the landing, but despite this, she felt Guy stride determinedly in the opposite direction, and open up a room that she knew was rarely used. It was a small guest bedroom that overlooked the orchard at the back of the house, its décor— what she could discern of it—quite masculine and Spartan. He back-heeled the door closed and let her gently slide to her feet.

Megan blinked around and realised they were standing in front of a mirror—a tall pier glass that reflected back not one, but two amorphous blobs.

It was an image of her with Guy standing, nay looming, right behind her.

His hands slid around her, and she saw the vague shapes move as he first ran the backs of his fingers against her face, then down across her chest to settle over her breast. His tanned hand looked dark against the white surface of her top.

"One day soon you'll look in a mirror like this and see what I see," he said softly and then inclined forward to kiss her neck, his tongue stroking her skin. "An extraordinarily beautiful woman," he purred against her throat.

Megan laughed, more nervous than anything. First she'd thought he might be a tramp, but now she was worried he might be either a vampire or as optically challenged as she was.

"Are you sure you haven't had an eye operation, too?"

It was Guy's turn to laugh now.

"Now, now, mystery woman, let's have no false modesty. Surely you know how good looking you are?"

Mystery Woman. She liked that. But suddenly she wanted him to know her name too.

"My name is Megan."

"That's nice. And you are beautiful, Megan," he insisted, beginning to fondle her breasts again with that powerful, yet strangely respectful, touch of his. A touch that had the ability to befuddle her mind so much she could almost believe the words he said were true.

She could just see her own features, and her short, easy-to-handle cap of blonde hair, and she watched her own pinkish lips part on a gasp of pleasure as he handled her. Her vision sharpened again, and for a second she saw herself biting her lip as he eased up her skirt and found the place he'd claimed earlier, his big hand sliding into her knickers and stretching them away from her mound as he began to stroke and finger her.

The way he slicked at her seemed to turn on her senses all over again, tune them to an extreme pitch, and even activate new ones. Unable to close her eyes, she continued to watch the blurred shapes of their bodies in the glass. She could see her hips wafting as she pressed herself into Guy's caress. Her pelvis seemed to undulate like a dancer's, beyond her control, moving to invite and encourage.

A sharp cry escaped her lips as pleasure gathered.

"Please, can we go to bed? I want you inside me!"

Did I say that? she thought distantly, astonished at her own brazenness. She, who'd always been so quiet and reserved in bed, was suddenly brave and demanding in this vaguely defined world with this brand new and completely unknown man.

Guy didn't laugh or mock her for her impatience. In fact, he didn't speak at all. He simply whisked her into his arms again, and carried her to the bed. It was just a three quarter size, with plain, no nonsense linen, but knew she wouldn't have cared if he really was the tramp and he was going to take her on his cot in a doss house.

With a strange combination of tenderness and almost militaristic efficiency, he divested her of her clothes. Top, skirt, pants, all off in moments. Her sandals were somewhere out in the garden still, beside the rug. She knew he was studying her, exploring every inch of her body with his eyes, but because they were indistinct to her, she found she wasn't afraid of them. She wasn't shy. She spread her limbs. Let him admire her.

And then it was his turn to disrobe, and the army surplus garments came off with the same swift competence. Megan didn't strain to see the process, but she relaxed and enjoyed observing the dim, khaki shapes fall to reveal the tall, broad, tanned shape beneath. She saw a blur of darkish hair on his chest, and more at his groin, but his penis remained stubbornly indistinct. To remedy the situation, she reached out and touched him as soon as he joined her on the bed.

Oh dear God!

He was as impressively large as she'd suspected he'd be, and she could barely fold her fingers around the hot bar of flesh. Staring down at her hand, and the might that she held, she did squint now, trying to summon every last fragment of her unreliable visual acuity to make out his superb shape.

"I wish I could see you!" she cried, examining with her thumb and fingers what she couldn't with her sight.

"You will," he assured, a smile in his voice, "One day soon you will. I promise you that."

Not pausing to dwell on the ramifications of that statement, Megan hitched herself upright and then pushed Guy back against the pillows. Man that he was, he still complied easily, as if sensing what was coming.

She took the tip of him in her mouth, and was rewarded by a long, heartfelt groan and a joyous profanity. His deft but powerful fingers dove deep into her hair, trapping her in her attentions to his cock.

He tasted rich and salty but clean, and the silky skin of his glans was stretched taut and slick with juiciness. Megan could not imagine anything more delicious or any man's penis that she'd ever wanted to worship more. Wondering if this was the man she'd waited for all her life, she licked and sucked, played him with her tongue, took as much of his bulk between her lips as she could manage. As he grunted and murmured indistinctly, in obvious appreciation, it was almost as if she were pleasuring her own sex as much as she was his. Every shift of his strong hips made her swivel her own.

Furling her tongue to a point she flicked it around the flared head of his penis, exploring its savoury topography, dipping into the under-groove, then probing wickedly at its tiny eye. And as she teased him there, she cradled slid a hand between his legs and cradled his balls.

"Oh, Megan, you're a devil woman! You're amazing," he growled at her, his fingers gripping her head, marshalling her actions. "But you're

going to have to stop now, or you'll get more than you bargained for." Gently but firmly, he compelled her to back off.

Not that she was complaining. It had been long, long and utterly dry spell while she'd been through diagnosis, surgery and recovery, and one orgasm down in the garden wasn't enough for her. She wanted to feel this beauty she'd just had in her mouth deep inside her. Her fingers, and her lips and tongue, told her he was amazing, even though to her eyes he was just a vague, but weighty, shape.

With the skill of an accomplished lover accustomed to positioning women for sex, he flipped her neatly onto her back and slid his hand between her thighs. His big fingers paddled in her wetness, testing and fondling.

Suddenly a stark thought sprang into her mind, and for a moment her libido was doused by cold, hard doubt.

"What's the matter, beautiful Megan?" Guy purred, coming up and over her. For a moment, she gained a tiny bit more clarity, and she imagined she could see a frown, an expression of concern on his broad, tanned face.

"I...um...I don't have any protection...any condoms or anything."

"Don't worry." He placed a light kiss on her lips, then reached out and pulled open a drawer in the nightstand. "I told you I'd been here before, didn't I?"

A few moments later, he guided her hand to him, and her fingers encountered the familiar feel of superfine latex.

Who the hell are you? she thought as he moved over her again, the muscular immensity of his body coming down on her like fate? Are you a burglar? Are you the tramp and you're already broken in now and again to pilfer the place? When I finally see your face will it be in a police lineup, for God's sake?

But then all doubts, fears, and thoughts—second or even first—were expunged as he pressed his cock against her and began to enter.

Oh God! Oh mv! Oh hell!

What had felt pretty big in her hand now felt enormous as it slid, slowly, slowly, millimetre by millimetre into the sensitive portal of her sex. And yet, despite the size and the strangeness, she felt a deep, sweet sense that somehow both she and Guy's penis were finally coming home. In intimate juxtaposition their bodies fit each other and were perfectly matched.

Yet again, tears sprang into her eyes, but this time they were thankful tears of joy. She'd known Guy less than an hour, and she couldn't see the features of his face clearly, but in this simple moment she had a sudden feeling of fate. It was completely crazy, but she knew that in one way or another, she'd love this man forever.

"Hey," he said softly, "I'm not hurting you, am I?" Taking his weight on one elbow, he stroked her face, fingertips delicately searching out the teardrops and smoothing them away. The action was so exquisite, so precise, that it seemed a shocking contrast to his great presence between her legs. She found herself gasping again, and great sobs wracked her body.

She shook her head because she couldn't manage words, and as he began to kiss her again, with reverence, she knew he understood.

And as he began to move, all her fears and doubts were shattered. Only pleasure existed. Only pleasure, sublime pleasure, with a loving stranger. As they rocked and jerked and thrust at each other, limbs entwining and sexes combining and working against each other in glorious syncopation, the gates of joy and light and hope were thrown wide open.

Gorgeous sensations rocketed around Megan's body, colliding with skin and nerves and pumping glands and always returning again and again to her core, and to Guy. She knew she couldn't hold out long against orgasm, and she didn't want to. She cried out his name and came and came and came again, her senses filled with his warmth, his weight and the intoxicating scent of his skin.

As she moaned and thrashed, she knew in her heart he was the best she'd ever had or was likely to have.

He lasted the longest too. Exerting some kind of control she couldn't honestly comprehend, he hung on, and on, while she climbed the hill to climax and plunged back down it time and time again. Eventually, she had to plead with him, or lose her wits.

"Please, love...Please come...I can't take any more! It's just too lovely!"

With a low, husky rumble of laughter, he generously complied, and then almost deafened her with a downright primal shout of triumph.

A few moments, or possibly hours, later, Megan found herself wondering if this was what it might feel like to survive a tropical cyclone or a hurricane. She felt as if she'd been buffeted by a tidal wave or a thunderstorm, but in a good way. There were going to be bruises in all

sorts of unexpected places tomorrow, she suspected, but she was almost looking forward to exploring her nooks and niches to find out where they were.

And Guy, like a typical man, was now fast asleep.

Never more than now had she been impatient for her eyes to right themselves. She prayed for just one second of twenty-twenty vision to see his broad face in repose, but it just didn't happen.

That didn't matter though. Not really. Whatever he looked like, she'd always believe in her heart he was beautiful.

But as she leaned over him, straining to see, the sound of the phone ringing, down in the hall, made her jump in her skin.

"Rats!" She slid from the bed, fumbling and feeling about for her clothes.

"You don't have to answer it," murmured Guy sleepily, also feeling about, but for her, not for clothing.

Megan managed to locate her top and skirt but not her panties. "I think I have to. It might be Sylvia, and she'll probably send the police around if I don't answer."

"Mmmm...come back soon."

"I will," said Megan, making her way cautiously to the door, and feeling her way along the passage and down the stairs. It seemed to take an age, and still the phone rang on and on.

"Megan! Are you all right?" demanded her friend, just as she'd expected.

"I...I'm...um...fine."

That was a massive understatement, but she didn't know how to begin to explain that to Sylvia.

"Are you sure? You sound a bit weird. Sort of spaced out. Has something happened?"

"No! Nothing. Everything's fine." Except for the fact that I've just had sex with a total stranger who might be some kind of criminal or even that tramp you were banging on about. "All's quiet here."

Sylvia's suspicion almost seemed to ooze out of the receiver.

"Really. I'm fine. I'm having a lovely, restful time. And there's been no sign of the tramp, as far as I can tell." She crossed her fingers. "But out of interest, if I could see, what does he look like?"

"Well, he's around sixty, and he doesn't have any teeth and he has a funny foot. But don't worry about him. Bernice says she heard that he's been taken into a hostel or something."

"That's good." So, Guy wasn't the tramp then.

"But it's not him I was ringing about," Sylvia went on briskly, "I just wanted to warn you that you might be getting a visitor any day now."

"A visitor?"

"Yes, it's my cousin Guy. Well, he's my second cousin, really. He's back in the country, and he often turns up at the cottage when he's on leave or whatever. He likes the peace and quiet."

"Leave from what?"

"Oh, well, it's all very hush-hush. He's in some kind of elite Special Forces unit. SAS or something similar. Deep cover, covert ops, you know. He's been in the Gulf or Afghanistan or somewhere ultra sensitive. He's a bit like a cross between Rambo and James Bond. Fiercely patriotic, but he can be ruthless in the field."

Yikes, her mysterious stranger was a *professional* mysterious stranger!

"Anyway, he's a lovely man. I'm sure you'll like him, but he can be a bit...well...unforthcoming. He's the strong, silent type and all that, and he has to be pretty circumspect in his line of work, so he's sort of cagey generally. Doesn't tend to offer much information about himself, so be warned if this great big hunk of a gorgeous manly chap just turns up on the doorstep without much in the way of an explanation." Sylvia paused, and sighed regretfully, "It's an awful shame your eyes aren't A1 yet because Guy's really, really good looking! An absolute hunk!"

"I thought he might be."

"What do you mean, you thought he might be?" Sylvia's voice was filled with a sort of benign suspicion, "Have you met him? Has he turned up already?"

"Erm...yes, he has."

"And?"

"And what?"

There was a long pause, but Megan could just imagine Sylvia's triumphant grin. "You shameless hussy, Meg! You've bonked him already, haven't you?"

"I might have..."

"There's no might about it, I can tell from your voice." Her friend laughed softly, "Well, good for you! It just shows you're well on the road to recovery... Vital juices flowing and all that."

Megan smiled, happy and feeling mischievous. "And the worst of it is, I actually thought he might be the tramp at first...and I *still* went to bed with him!"

Sylvia laughed even harder. "God, I know I shouldn't ask, because he's my cousin and all that, but I heard from a friend of a friend who used to go out with him before he went overseas, and she said he was dynamite in the sack. Is he?"

"He might be. But I'm not going to divulge the sexual secrets of a member of your family to you, am I?"

Sylvia protested, but eventually, Megan was able to get off the line with the promise of a long, boozy lunch sometime in the near future. Much as she would have loved to have a girlie chat with Sylvia straight away, she had other, more compellingly, delicious priorities to attend to. She had to get back to bed and back to the adorable stranger in it.

He was her unforthcoming, secretive, sexy, virile, handsome, secret agent soldier man, and he might have to go away again before she really got to know him.

But even so, she smiled.

She knew now that no matter how long it took, she'd wait for him. Because without knowing why, she knew that he *would* return and she would see his beloved face.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

When Portia Da Costa isn't writing saucy stories, she's enjoying chocolate, watching television, or hanging out with her cats. Visit her website at http://www.portiadacosta.com/ for more information on her works.

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