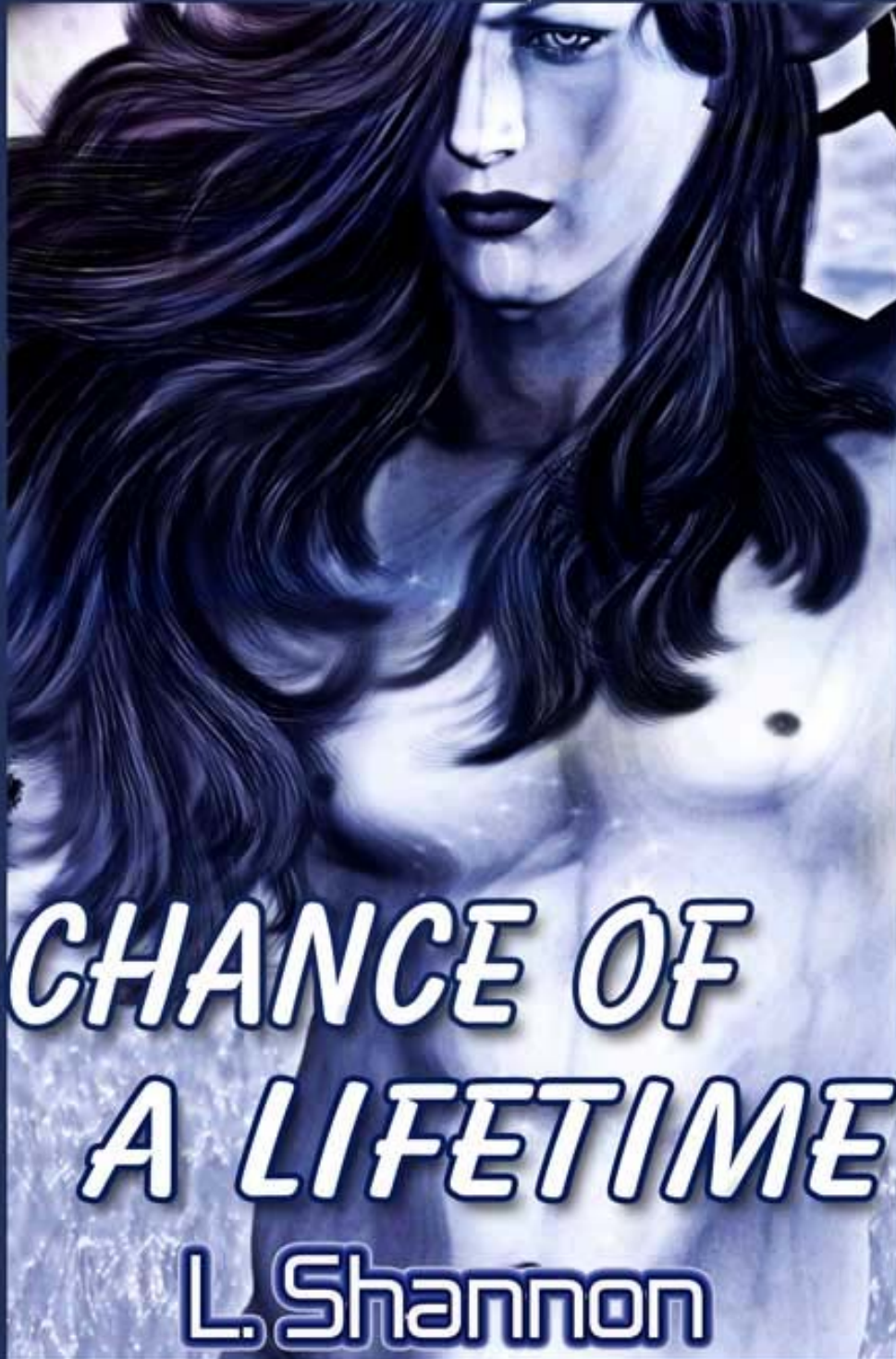


*Snowfire*



**CHANCE OF  
A LIFETIME**

**L. Shannon**

*Changeling Press*

**Snowfire: Chance of a Lifetime**  
**L. Shannon**

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**Snowfire: Chance of a Lifetime**  
**L. Shannon**

**The perfect gift, one hunk of an ex-lover wrapped in cuffs and a red leather bow set in a snow filled corner of hell...**

**But will the gift be accepted in the spirit it was given? Or will the gift tear their love apart?**

## Chance of a Lifetime

Josh groaned as they announced another flight cancellation. Damn storm. Why couldn't it let up long enough for him to get back to Miami?

Triple damn. He'd never get home in time for the celebration he had arranged for Chance. Not that Chance would care much. The demon had made no bones about the fact that time meant nothing to him. And why should it? After the first couple thousand years, the single digits probably blended together.

Still, a year together meant something. Damn it. It meant a hell of a lot.

At least to him.

And he'd planned to share that excitement with Chance. All his plans were as good as dust now. The cupcakes his sister and he had made in a dozen different flavors. He'd insisted on white icing in honor of the avalanche that had brought them together. The condo decorated in red and gold streamers. The candlelit hot tub with several bottles of champagne just for Chance.

All wasted.

He hefted his carry on bag and headed back out into the snow and cold. Hailing a cab he headed to the nearest hotel and settled in for a good long mope. Maybe he'd call sis to vent. Ever since he'd turned his life around she'd been very good at listening and helping him sort through his issues.

\* \* \*

"Chance, we have a problem."

Groaning, Chance focused his thoughts across the realms to see just what Brandon thought was wrong now. *What's wrong?*

“Josh isn’t coming home tonight. The whole condo is set up with candles, streamers and confetti. Josh put a lot of time into arranging this for you, but the planes in New York are grounded. He can’t get home. He’s going to be crushed.”

Chance stole a glance at the condo through Brandon’s eyes and in the process caught a good solid taste of Brandon’s jealousy. He was touched by the effort that had gone into the preparations. He’d known from the beginning that Josh was the kind to care deeply, but this evidence just proved it.

He was in love with a hopeless romantic.

Stretching out on the bed he couldn’t help grinning at Josh and the weird thing they had together. How he wished he could be there, and everything could have been just as Josh wanted. But alas pops had him restricted to Abaddon and he couldn’t get to the condo even if Josh had been there waiting.

“What do you want me to do?”

Do? He didn’t know. He’d just have to wait until Josh got back and then they could celebrate properly. *Go home, Brandon. There’s nothing we can do.*

“What?” Annoyance echoed back across their connection. “Didn’t take you for a quitter, Chance. Instead of just accepting it, isn’t it more your style to make the situation work in your favor?”

*If you have a suggestion, spit it out.*

“If you can drag me to hell, why not take Josh, too?”

*Ahhh... I could kiss you.*

“Sounds good to me.”

*Gather up Josh’s celebration and bring it all with you. The moment you get back here, I’ll kiss your socks off.* Chance looked around the small apartment and tried to visualize the space with the festive additions. It wouldn’t be the same as Josh’s. But maybe it would be enough. His one regret was not having a hot tub to play in. But his huge bed would have to do. The bed actually took up most of his living area. The one large room held the entertainment center, the kitchenette, and his ancient four poster monstrosity. The room had a smallish bathroom and that was it. What more did he need?

“Food.”

*Better grab any grub Josh has there too. I don't have much here.*

“Already got it. I'm ready to come back when you are.” Brandon's voice jumped up an octave as he drew him back across the realms. This time he managed to deposit Brandon more gently. Only then did he realize the problem. He couldn't bring Josh to Abaddon without making the first trip to Abaddon scary as hell. The mental connection might help but... “You have to go to New York to get Josh.”

Brandon's mouth dropped open.

“No, never mind. That won't work. If you get him, it'll give away the surprise. Damn, I'll have to ask George for a favor.”

\* \* \*

Josh leapt backwards when the hotel TV melted into an inky black hole and out stepped a business man in a smooth gray suit. With a deepening glare, the guy strode forward and grabbed Josh in one arm. “Chance owes me big time for this errand boy nonsense.”

Before he could do more than drag his feet, they were both through the portal and stepping into a tidy looking hallway in front of an obnoxious red door. And just as quick, the man in the suit was gone again, leaving him alone.

He swallowed back the wave of fear. If Chance had sent for him, then surely he was supposed to open the door. After a light tap, he pushed the door open.

*What the hell?* He tried to say the words, but no sound emerged from his slack mouth. The decorations from his house were arranged around the cozy room. White candles danced on every surface. Red, white and gold streamers and roses in the three shades were all over. Two ice buckets with chilling champagne sat on the counter. Across the floor, which was covered in snow white confetti, dark red petals made a trail to a huge bed and on the bed...

Josh's heart stopped and then thundered with the impossible thrill laid out before him. A very sexy man bound with his head covered kneeling in the center of the

bed covered in white satin. Dressed in nothing but leather straps, he held an arched position that pushed his thick erection out in front like a flag waving surrender.

Blood rushed through Josh's body.

The red leather straps across the man's chest formed a bow. As in... a gift?

Heat flared behind him -- Chance's heat. "You like your gift, love?" Chance's warm breath feathered over his ear with every caressing word. "One of a kind. If you like him, you can keep him."

He turned, pulling Chance into an embrace. "Damn, I've missed you so much." He brought their lips together and set about devouring Chance the way he'd been dreaming of for the past week. On and on he kissed him, relishing the joy of just being with him again.

Then Chance's words sank in... He pulled back "What do you mean, 'keep him'?"

"He's a gift. What kind of Indian giver would I be if I didn't let you keep him?"

"Chance! You can't go around giving people away." He paused. "He's a person, isn't he?" The guy certainly looked real, but maybe not. Maybe this was the perfect sex toy? Or maybe it was all an illusion.

"He's real."

"Then I can't keep him." He cupped Chance's jaw and held his gaze. "What were you thinking? Slavery is illegal and well... just wrong. You can't give people as gifts." Sometimes he forgot that Chance had lived through the dark ages. He wasn't always caught up in the present morals and laws.

"Josh, it's not like that."

"You have to free him. You have to send him back to wherever he came from."

This time Chance just chuckled. "Come, say hello to your gift. You can ask if he's here willingly and if he wants to go, I'll send him on his way." Chance led him the three steps to the bed and its waiting occupant. "I want you to answer your new Master with a nod or shake of your head. Do you understand?"

The bound man nodded.



“Ask him anything you like and he will reply honestly.”

Up close the man was even more attractive. His body was all long hard lines that tried to distract him from the questions. He pulled his gaze away from the golden skin covering bunching thigh muscles. “Where are you from?”

The covered head cocked to one side.

“Yes or no questions, Josh. He doesn’t want to speak yet.”

Oh. “Okay. Do you want to be here?”

The man nodded with a very clear positive.

“Do you understand that Chance intends to give you to me as a gift?” Another nod. “If I want to have sex with you, are you willing?”

A vigorous nod and a very clear twitch of the man’s cock left no uncertainty as to his answer.

So he wanted to be here, wanted to be at the mercy of a fire demon. “You do know what Chance is, right?” Yep, another nod. The guy knew and wanted to be here, be a gift, be a living sex toy. And who could blame him? Chance was sexy as hell, not to mention very persuasive.

“Happy now?” Chance’s oh so sexy hands, flames and all, closed around him. “Because I’ve missed you too and now that you’re here, I need to see you naked.” Impatient heat closed in around them. Chance’s hard, very aroused body rubbed against his ass.

“So get me naked already.” The burst of flames flared and circled and his clothing turned to ash, flaking off like leaves in fall, leaving behind nothing but deliciously warmed skin, tingling and needy. Hands petted him, caressing and loving. Chance’s fiery body pressed against his back, sheltering him with strength and desire. He was awash in the sensations. He gave himself up to them.

“Much as I want you, have to be in you, now more than ever, tonight we can’t forget your gift. We can’t leave him out.”

God, he'd already forgotten the man completely. Wished he could go back to forgetting him. All he wanted or needed was Chance. Not wanting to hurt the "gift's" feelings, he projected his thoughts to Chance, *I love the gift, but I want you.*

"I love that you think that and mean it so completely, but before we abandon your gift I think perhaps you should unwrap it."

"You mean take off the mask?"

Chance pushed him gently onto the bed where the gift was still kneeling so carefully still. "Yes, unwrap him now and then you can decide."

He crawled up beside the man and reached for the silky black mask. It had laces at the neck so he reached for those first, jumping when he brushed the man's skin accidentally. The sensation was electric, shivering through him and settling into his loins with a deep heavy pulse. With or without an identity the attraction was undeniable.

With a few quick motions he freed the laces and gently pulled off the cloth... and gasped.

Brandon kept his eyes closed, fearing the rejection he was so sure was coming.

Breath rushed from Josh tickling over his face. "Brandon." The name sounded odd, more prayer and welcome than he had any right to expect. "How? Why? What are you doing here?"

He blinked open and stared into the face of the man he had always loved, even before he knew what real love was. Even when he'd lost himself, Josh had always been there. "I'm here for you."

"I don't understand. Chance, what did you do to Brandon? What's going on?" Despite the confused accusations, Josh's gaze caressed back down his body. He might be fighting it for all he was worth, but Josh liked what he saw.

He did his own bit of looking, studying the familiar and so badly missed body that carried his best friend around. Naked and aroused. First by Chance but now, now Josh wasn't looking at Chance with anything but irritation. Maybe even enough irritation to break the happy couple up.

“No, wait Josh.” Brandon didn’t want them broken up. Not now. Not after all Chance had done to arrange this reunion. Every action proved the love between them, proved how much they belonged together. “This might have been Chance’s idea, but it was completely my decision.” He took a deep breath. It was time for some honesty, the kind that could leave scars. “I’m sorry, Josh. Sorry for always pushing you, for expecting you to be as wild as me. It was me, all me. You never did anything wrong. My hang ups were my own. Will you forgive me?” It was probably the longest speech he’d ever made to Josh, and certainly the most important.

“Forgive you? There’s nothing to forgive.” Josh’s arms closed around his shoulders, pulling him into a hug. “Oh! You’re still tied up. Let me get that.”

Brandon angled his body just enough to keep his bound hands out of reach. “Why not accept Chance’s gift? I think we’ll all enjoy the night better if you do.”

“I just don’t understand...”

“Just trust Chance.” He met Chance’s surprised gaze. *I do.*

*Thank you, Brandon. For a pain in the ass half-breed, you’re not half bad.* Chance threw himself across the bed in a long flame-covered tumble, landing with a soft crash, upsetting both Josh and Brandon. All three ended up in one sprawling heap of naked bodies.

Josh snuggled between Chance’s fire and Brandon’s leather-clad body, and he couldn’t think of any place hotter. “What now?”

Chance stroked his thigh absently, sending wave after wave of warm pleasure through his body. “Nothing you want to request? He is your gift after all.”

Request? Hell he couldn’t even grasp that this was really happening. “I... Can we take off the cuffs?” He’d always loved Brandon’s hands and all the talented things done with them.

With a quick flick, Chance released the connecting chain, leaving the red leather cuffs on Brandon’s wrists. “There you go. Now what do you want most? Anything. I’m sure Brandon would be willing, even if it’s something you’ve never done.”

Something he'd never done? Did such things exist? Then again Brandon had been chained and masked. He'd never done that before and had been surprised to like it. "I don't know what to ask for."

Chance nipped at his earlobe. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

Hands petted down his body -- four hands. Each one found sensitive nerves to tease to life. *It's been too long. I need to be inside you.* Chance's thought whispered through his mind. *But Brandon wants the same. We can all get what we want.* Chance stopped Brandon's seduction, turned him to lay back onto the bed.

Brandon's thick erection twitched against his navel. With one hand Brandon stroked himself languidly.

Then Chance moved Josh too, guiding him to kneel over Brandon's face. *I know you want him in your mouth. He wants the same. This variation is would be called six-sixty-nine.*

The new position made him feel vulnerable. Or at least it did until Brandon sucked his cock in and then he forgot to feel the strangeness and gave himself up to the experience, licking Brandon's length and fondling his balls and teasing his ass, while being driven over the same mad edge by the combined efforts of Brandon blowing him and Chance thumbing open his ass.

He sucked Brandon in, taking the cock in a series of long deep draws, swallowing over the head and down the length until Brandon was bucking wildly under him and only Chance's hands held them all together.

Too much, too fast, too complete. Light and sound rushed him and he shattered, releasing in an orgasm that Brandon licked up.

That was the moment Chance thrust deep, filling him, jacking his body past the pleasure and into a fresh new wave of need. Josh focused on pushing Brandon to the brink, driving him over that well of completion, but his body awoke, helpless to the incredible sensations.

On and on, Chance's movements drove through them all, controlling the rising tempo with rhythm and sheer willpower.

Layered between the two men that mattered the most to his world, Josh opened his mind and admitted the truth to himself and to them both. He loved them. Not one, not the other, but both. He loved them both.

The second orgasm slammed through him. He was blinded by the pleasure, coming and coming, swallowing down Brandon's orgasm, sharing the pleasure exploding outward from Chance.

Returning to his senses some time later, Josh couldn't help reaching out to his lovers. Chance snuggled behind him, with one arm over his body, resting possessively on Brandon, the gift that seemed to belong to them both. He needed to touch them, prove they were real.

Brandon's hand found his own and clutched it tight as if in search of an anchor in a tilting world.

"Thank you." The sentiment came nowhere near close to how he felt, but it was the only thing that came to his mind or lips. Chance's gift was amazing, far too good to last. "I guess this was a one time thing..." Pain shafted through him. It had been good -- too good to live without. But how long could it last in the real world?

Chance tugged his shoulder until he lay on his back between them. "This can be whatever you want, Josh. This could be forever."

"Forever?"

"Or as near as biology allows," Brandon added before kissing him with a lovingly sweet touch of lips.

"I can't live with you in your world, but Brandon can. The two of you had something special. And when I can join you, I'll be happy to know you don't suffer without me."

Brandon stroked his hand absently. "I'm new to this submissive thing. We're going to have a lot to work out. Hell, we've never even been exclusive before, not with each other, not with anyone. This will be all new waters for both of us."

The heartfelt speech was more than Josh had ever expected and everything he'd hoped for.

"The last time you asked for a commitment I wasn't ready. I'm willing to try now, if you still want me." Brandon smiled hesitantly. "Do you still want me?"

No more pain. No more fear. Josh pulled them both close. "Yes, dumbass, of course I want you. Whatever happens, we'll find a way to work it out."

## **L. Shannon**

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

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

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