

Chances 3.5: Chance Encounter

L. Shannon

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Chances 3.5: Chance Encounter

How the hell had it come to this? Chance watched the silly male practically fucking on the dance floor. The human was pathetic. Here Brandon was holed up in a bar on Christmas Eve, which Josh swore was an important day to be with family. But instead he was here, pretending to be happy.

The lie had to be obvious to every other person here, as well as at least one demon. How much alcohol had it taken to get the fool this out of it? He was bound to be taken advantage of by one of the human scavengers circling him now. But that wasn't as important as the truth that all his poor choices revealed.

Brandon wanted Josh just as much as Josh wanted him.

Damn it.

Chance had more than half hoped that Brandon would prove to be over the broken relationship and on his way to a new lover. But he wasn't. Moving between the dancers he eased up behind Brandon. "Time to go, buddy."

"Don't wanna go." Brandon flung his long glittery garland over his shoulder like a Hollywood diva, except that the motion upset his precarious balance and left him crashing into Chance's arms.

"Wasn't a question. We're going." He pushed enough force into the mental demand to turn off what was left of Brandon's refusal. Hanging out with Josh was one

thing, but muddling with other humans wasn't really his idea of fun. Keeping Brandon anchored to his hip, he guided the way to the door.

"I know you..."

"No you don't." Of course Brandon had met him at the cabin. But Chance wasn't exactly wandering around Manhattan in his usual flaming nakedness. No, he'd hidden his demonic looks behind boring human skin and a gray suit. He'd even tied back his red-gold hair and snuffed out his flames.

Being without his fire was the biggest annoyance. Bottling it up would only last so long before he had to let his heat out. But it would have to wait until they got back to Brandon's hotel room. He'd taken the hotel and room number from Brandon's mind without trouble.

Now he just had to get him there and sober enough to talk.

"I do know you." Brandon's hand slid down and cupped his ass. "From Atlanta, right? We had a good time there." His other hand came around and rubbed against Chance's cock. "Vera nice... we could have a good time here too. Let's take this party to my hotel room."

Damn his sex demon mother... the guy's first touch had given him a hard on. "Shut up, Brandon." He wasn't going to use Brandon in this condition. He wasn't.

But he really wanted to.

The image of Josh with Brandon just made the drunken fool that much more appealing. No, he wouldn't do it. He repeated the mantra all the way to the hotel room while doing his best to ignore Brandon's wandering mind and hands.

The door closed behind them and suddenly Brandon's mouth was on his. The kiss was wet and hot. He yanked away. "I want you." Brandon's hand opened his pants and slid down the length of his cock. "What a monster you are. I have to have you... now."

"That's not why I'm here."

Brandon pushed him back until he tripped and tumbled onto the edge of the bed. "I don't care why you're here. I want you in my mouth, now."

His jaw fell open. Damn the man. Brandon was too dominant for his own good. There was no way he'd be able to hide his flames through sex. Already he was heating up, ready to burn.

Pants jerked down to his ankles, his cock arched up, happy to take Brandon's offer, happy to use him for a little pleasure and damn the consequences.

"Wow... you're fully loaded aren't you?" Brandon sank to his knees before him. He leaned in, tongue licking his lips in anticipation, closing in on the head of Chance's cock.

Before he could take the first suck, Chance stopped him. "One condition. You have to wear a blindfold."

"Whatever you want, man. I just have to have you."

Chance jerked off his tie and wrapped it around Brandon's eyes.

Then those lips swooped down and sucked him in.

He should be arguing. Hell he should be running for the door... but the fucker's mouth was damn near perfect and the pleasure stole his ability to do anything but moan and rock into the blowjob. Flames burst to life around him, singing away his clothes and joyfully dancing out over the bed.

Brandon sucked him deep and then dragged his teeth back down the length, repeating the torment, varying the pressure. Brandon's hands cupped and stroked his balls, squeezing and rolling the stones until they were tight and aching.

This hadn't been his plan. He'd only wanted to talk with Brandon. How the hell had he lost control like this? Brandon sucked him down, working his mouth and throat. The sensations left Chance bucking under the assault. His cock burned, throbbed and was about to fucking explode.

Brandon had some serious fucking skill.

Arching upwards, Chance gave up gasping. Mortal breath was a waste of time. His flames drank in all he needed while he fell apart, shattered with a bellow of release. He dragged Brandon up onto the bed, claiming that talented mouth, tasting himself for a long kiss. Finally he came up for air and met Brandon's startled gaze.

The blindfold was gone and that was when he saw it...

Brandon's eyes glowed bright gold, bright inhuman gold.

Before he could say, "What the fuck?" Brandon passed out, leaving a shit load of questions and no answers in sight.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=77>