

The Cost of Surrender

Chapter 1

The mansion loomed ahead, its grand façade bathed in the golden glow of strategically placed floodlights. Chloe Hart adjusted the strap of her dress, the fabric clinging to her like a second skin, the plunging neckline designed to distract, to disarm. She had spent hours perfecting her appearance, her long brown hair cascaded in loose waves down her back, her hazel eyes sharp with focus beneath the subtle shimmer of smoky eyeliner. The dress was a weapon, just like the rest of her. Tonight, she wasn't Chloe, a CIA operative. Tonight, she was **Sophia Laurent**, art dealer, flirt, and, if she played her cards right, unseen.

Her heels clicked against the marble steps as she ascended, the sound swallowed by the hum of conversation and clinking glasses spilling from the open doors. The cartel boss's dinner party was in full swing, a den of wolves in tailored suits and designer dresses, all laughing too loudly, drinking too freely. Chloe exhaled through her nose, steadying herself. **This is just another job.** But the weight of the mission pressed against her ribs like a second heartbeat. One wrong move, one misplaced word, and she'd be dead before sunrise.

Inside, the air was thick with the scent of expensive perfume, cigar smoke, and the underlying tang of something darker, power, money, the metallic edge of violence just beneath the surface. Chloe scanned the room, her gaze flickering over the guests. There, **Carlos Mendoza**, mid-level enforcer, already half-drunk, his tie loosened, his laughter too loud. Perfect. She adjusted her clutch, ensuring the hidden recording device was active, and made her way toward him.

Carlos didn't notice her at first. He was too busy regaling a group of sycophants with a story that involved a lot of hand gestures and even more exaggeration. Chloe waited until there was a lull in the conversation, then "accidentally" bumped into him, her hand brushing against his arm. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she gasped, her voice breathy, her accent just a hint too refined, French, with a touch of something unplaceable. "I didn't see you there."

Carlos turned, his bloodshot eyes widening as they took her in. "No, no, **mi reina**, the fault is mine." His hand found her waist, his grip just a little too familiar. "You must be new. I would remember a face like yours."

Chloe smiled, tilting her head just so, letting her hair spill over one shoulder. "Sophia Laurent. I'm in town for the auction at the Galleria." She leaned in slightly, lowering her voice. "Though I must admit, I'm far more interested in the **art** here than anything on display tomorrow."

Carlos's grin widened, his teeth too white, too sharp. "Then you've come to the right place." He flagged down a waiter, snagging two glasses of champagne. "Tell me, **Sophia**, what kind of art do you collect?"

"The kind that doesn't hang on walls," she purred, taking the glass from him. Their fingers brushed, and she let hers linger just a second too long. "The kind that's... **alive**."

Carlos's laugh was a low, rumbling thing. "You're dangerous, **querida**."

"Only if you let me be," she replied, her gaze flickering past him to the security panel near the hallway. A red light blinked steadily, active. *Good. Now to find out how to disable it.*

The night wore on, and Chloe moved through the crowd like a shadow, her laughter light, her touches calculated. She flirted with a senator's wife, danced with a low-level dealer, and "accidentally" spilled her drink near the security hub, giving her an excuse to crouch down and get a closer look. The panel was state-of-the-art, but not impenetrable. She committed the layout to memory, her fingers itching to test its weaknesses.

Then she felt it, the weight of a gaze on her skin. Not the leering stares of the other men, but something sharper, more deliberate. She turned slowly, her smile never wavering, and locked eyes with **Sebastian Vasquez**.

He stood near the fireplace, his broad shoulders filling out a tailored black suit that did little to hide the muscle beneath. His salt-and-pepper hair was cropped short, his dark brown eyes unreadable, his jawline sharp enough to cut glass. Scars traced his knuckles, his neck, the visible sliver of skin at his collar, each one a story, a warning. He didn't smile. He didn't need to. The air around him hummed with authority, with the quiet promise of violence.

Chloe held his gaze, her pulse kicking up just a fraction. *Shit.* She had read his file, ruthless, disciplined, impossible to charm. But files didn't capture the way his presence filled a room, the way his eyes seemed to strip her bare with a single glance.

Sebastian pushed off from the fireplace and crossed the room in long, measured strides. The crowd parted for him without a word. When he stopped in front of her, she had to tilt her chin up to meet his eyes. "You're not from around here," he said, his voice a low rumble, like gravel underfoot.

"No," she admitted, her smile never faltering. "But I do love a good party."

"This isn't a party. It's a den of vipers." His gaze flicked over her, lingering on the swell of her breasts, the curve of her hip. "And you, *Sophia*, are either very brave or very stupid to be here."

Chloe laughed, the sound light, musical. "Maybe I'm just curious." She stepped closer, close enough to catch the scent of his cologne, something dark, spicy, with an undercurrent of gunpowder. "Tell me, Sebastian, do you always assume the worst of people?"

His lips twitched, almost a smile. "Only when they're lying to me."

Chloe's breath hitched, but she didn't flinch. "And what makes you think I'm lying?"

Sebastian's hand shot out, his fingers wrapping around her wrist before she could react. His grip was firm, unyielding, but not painful. "Because your pulse is too steady for a woman who's telling the truth." His thumb pressed against the inside of her wrist, feeling the steady thrum of her heartbeat. "And because you've been asking too many questions about the wrong things."

Chloe didn't pull away. Instead, she leaned in, her lips brushing the shell of his ear. "Maybe I just like dangerous men," she whispered.

Sebastian's grip tightened, just for a second, before he released her. "Dangerous men get women like you killed."

"Then it's a good thing I know how to take care of myself," she murmured, her fingers trailing down his arm. "But if you're so concerned, maybe you should keep a closer eye on me."

Sebastian's eyes darkened, his gaze dropping to her lips. "Careful, *Sophia*. I *do* have a habit of keeping an eye on things that don't belong to me."

Chloe's smile turned predatory. "Then maybe you should invite me to stay a little longer."

Sebastian's laugh was a low, dangerous sound. "Oh, you'll see more of this place. But not tonight." He stepped back, his voice dropping to a warning. "Tonight, you leave. And if I see you snooping around again, I won't be so... *accommodating*."

Chloe knew when to retreat. She nodded, her smile never wavering. "Until next time, then."

As she turned to walk away, she felt his eyes on her, burning into her back like a brand. She didn't look back. She didn't need to. The game had begun.

The powder room was a sanctuary of marble and gold, the air thick with the scent of expensive perfumes and the faint hum of the mansion's security system. Chloe locked the door behind her, her fingers flying over her phone as she sent the encrypted message to her handler:

"Intel secured". Cameras: motion-activated, blind spots east hallway & office door. Alarm: magnetic sensors, reset daily at 1800. Guards: two main floors, one second, rotation every 30. Office: second floor, west wing. Keycard + biometric required. Awaiting further instructions."

She deleted the message immediately, her mind already racing ahead. The office was the key. If she could get in, she could get the documents, and this would all be over.

A sharp knock at the door made her jump.

"Occupado," she called, her voice steady.

"Open the door, *Sophia*." Sebastian's voice was low, commanding.

Chloe's stomach twisted, but she forced a smile as she unlocked the door. "Sebastian! Miss me already?"

He didn't return the smile. His eyes were dark, his jaw set. "You've been in here a long time."

"A woman's work is never done," she said lightly, stepping past him. "But if you're worried about me, maybe you should walk me out."

Sebastian's hand shot out, gripping her arm. Not hard enough to bruise, but enough to make his point. "I *am* worried about you. Because you're not who you say you are."

Chloe's pulse spiked, but she didn't let it show. "And who do you think I am?"

Sebastian's gaze bored into hers, unrelenting. "Someone who's about to get herself killed."

Chloe leaned in, her voice a whisper. "Then maybe you should save me."

For a second, neither of them moved. The air between them crackled, thick with tension, with the unspoken promise of something darker, something more. Then Sebastian's grip loosened, just slightly.

"Get out of here, *Sophia*," he growled. "Before I change my mind."

Chloe didn't need to be told twice. She turned and walked away, her hips swaying just enough to ensure his eyes followed her. But as she stepped into the cool night air, her mind was already racing ahead.

Game on, Sebastian.

The safe house was a nondescript apartment on the outskirts of the city, its walls bare, its furniture sparse. Chloe kicked off her heels the second she stepped inside, the relief of the cool wood floor beneath her feet almost orgasmic. She stripped off the dress, letting it pool at her feet like a discarded skin, and reached for the bottle of whiskey on the counter.

The liquid burned as it went down, but she welcomed the heat, the way it settled in her stomach and steadied her nerves. She pulled on a simple cropped top and shorts, her mind replaying the night's events, particularly her encounter with Sebastian.

He was dangerous. More dangerous than she had anticipated. And yet...

She took another sip of whiskey, her lips curling into a slow, predatory smile.

He's going to be a problem.

But problems could be solved. And Sebastian Vasquez? He was a problem she was going to enjoy solving.

She set the glass down, her fingers already reaching for her laptop. The mission wasn't over. It had only just begun.

Chapter 2

The cursor blinked on Chloe's laptop screen, the glow casting sharp shadows across her focused face as she traced the mansion's blueprints with her fingertip. The safe house was silent except for the hum of the refrigerator and the occasional distant wail of a police siren, New York's nightlife in full swing, oblivious to the storm brewing in her mind. *Three days.* That's all she had to prepare. Three days to turn Sebastian Vasquez from a threat into a tool. Or better yet, a distraction.

She leaned back in her chair, the leather creaking under her weight, and exhaled slowly. The memory of his hands on her at the dinner party still burned, his grip firm, his touch deliberate, like a man who knew exactly how much pressure to apply to make a woman **ache**. And she **had** ached. Not just from the way he'd cornered her in the hallway, his voice a low rumble against her ear, but from the way he'd **seen** her. Not Sophia Laurent, the art dealer with the practiced smile, but **Chloe**, the spy, the liar, the woman who thrived on the thrill of the game. He'd looked at her like he wanted to unravel her, thread by thread, until there was nothing left but the raw, honest truth of her desires.

And that was dangerous.

Chloe stood abruptly, her chair scraping against the hardwood floor. She needed to move, to burn off the restless energy coiling in her muscles. She stripped off her cropped top and shorts, leaving them in a heap on the floor, and pulled on her workout gear, fitted black leggings that hugged her thighs, a sports bra that pushed her breasts together just enough to be distracting, and a cropped hoodie that bared her toned midriff. The safe house had a small gym in the basement, nothing fancy, but it would do. She needed to clear her head.

The basement was dimly lit, the air thick with the scent of sweat and old leather. Chloe stepped onto the treadmill, setting it to a brutal pace, 8.5 mph, incline at 6%. Her sneakers pounded against the belt, her breath coming in controlled bursts as she pushed herself harder, faster. **Focus.** She needed to think like an agent, not a woman who'd spent the last three nights replaying the way Sebastian's lips had felt against her neck, the way his voice had dropped to a growl when he'd called her **querida**. **Focus, damn it.**

But her body betrayed her.

Every time her feet hit the treadmill, she imagined it was Sebastian's hands on her, gripping her hips, pulling her back against him, his cock hard and insistent against her ass. She could almost **feel** him, the heat of his body, the way his scars had felt under her fingertips when she'd traced them during their heated exchange in the hallway. **God, he was built like a weapon.** All hard edges and controlled power, the kind of man who didn't just **fuck**, he **conquered**.

Chloe's pace faltered. She slammed her hand against the emergency stop, the treadmill lurching to a halt as she bent over, her hands braced on her knees, her breath coming in ragged gasps. **This was not the plan.** She was supposed to be **using** him, not fantasizing about him. She was supposed to be the one in control.

But the truth was, Sebastian had gotten under her skin. And that was a problem.

Three days later, the mansion loomed ahead of her, its windows dark except for the faint glow of security lights. Chloe crouched in the shadows of the east garden, her breath steady, her mind sharp. She'd memorized the guard rotations, the camera blind spots, the exact path she needed to take to reach the office undetected. **In and out. Simple.**

But nothing about this mission was simple anymore.

She scaled the wrought-iron fence with practiced ease, her muscles remembering the movements from years of training. The metal was cold under her fingers, the night air sharp against her skin. She landed silently on the other side, her sneakers making no sound on the manicured lawn. The mansion's back door was her target, a service entrance used by the staff, its alarm system older and easier to bypass.

Chloe pulled a small electromagnetic pulse device from her hoodie pocket, her fingers deft as she attached it to the motion sensor near the door. A quiet *click*, and the light on the sensor blinked out. She slipped inside, her body moving like a shadow through the dimly lit kitchen. The mansion was silent, the staff long gone, the guests from the dinner party a distant memory. The only sound was the distant hum of the security system, and the pounding of her own heart.

She moved quickly, sticking to the edges of the rooms where the cameras were less likely to catch her. The staircase to the second floor was her next obstacle. She paused at the bottom, listening. Nothing. She ascended, her steps light, her breath controlled. The office was just ahead, its door a dark rectangle in the dim hallway.

Then she heard it.

A *click*. The sound of a door opening.

Chloe pressed herself against the wall, her back flat against the cool plaster, her fingers curling into fists. *Shit.* She held her breath, her ears straining. Footsteps. Slow. Deliberate. *Sebastian.*

She knew it was him before she even saw him. She could *feel* him, the way the air seemed to thicken in his presence, the way her body reacted to his proximity like a traitor. The footsteps stopped. A pause. Then,

"I knew you'd be back."

His voice was a low growl, rough with something that wasn't just anger. Chloe turned slowly, her hands raised slightly in a gesture of surrender, her expression carefully neutral. But inside, her pulse was racing, her skin prickling with awareness.

Sebastian stood in the doorway of the office, his broad shoulders filling the frame, his dark eyes locked onto hers. He was dressed in all black, fitted cargo pants, a snug T-shirt that clung to the muscles of his chest and arms, his salt-and-pepper hair slightly tousled, as if he'd been running his hands through it. His jaw was set, his expression unreadable, but his gaze burned into her, hot and intense.

"Sebastian," Chloe said, her voice smooth, her lips curling into a smirk. "Fancy meeting you here."

He didn't move. "You've got a lot of nerve, *Sophia*. Or should I say... *Chloe*?"

Her blood ran cold. *He knew.* Of course he knew. A man like Sebastian didn't get to his position by being careless. She should have expected this. But the way he said her name, like a curse, like a promise, sent a shiver down her spine.

Chloe didn't panic. She never panicked. Instead, she let her smirk fade, her expression softening into something more vulnerable. "You've been doing your homework," she murmured, taking a step toward him. Her voice dropped to a purr, her hips swaying slightly as she moved. "But I have to admit, I'm impressed. Not many people see through my act."

Sebastian's eyes narrowed. "I don't play games, *Chloe*. And I don't appreciate being lied to." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pair of handcuffs, the metal glinting in the dim light. "Turn around. Hands behind your back."

Chloe didn't move. Instead, she let her hoodie slip off her shoulders, revealing the tight white top beneath. Her nipples were hard, visible through the thin fabric, her breasts rising and falling with each breath. She knew he noticed. "Or what, Sebastian?" she asked, her voice a whisper. "You'll arrest me?" She took another step closer, her body now just inches from his. "I don't think that's what you really want."

Sebastian's jaw tightened. She could see the war raging behind his eyes, the part of him that wanted to drag her to his boss, to let the cartel deal with her, and the part of him that wanted to *bend her over the desk and fuck the defiance out of her*. And Chloe? She was going to exploit every inch of that hesitation.

She reached out, her fingers brushing against his chest. The heat of his skin burned through the fabric of his T-shirt, his muscles tensing under her touch. "You could take me to your boss," she murmured, her hand sliding lower, her fingers tracing the waistband of his pants. "But then you'd miss out on the fun." Her gaze locked onto his, her voice dropping to a whisper. "I bet you've been wondering what it would be like to have me at your mercy."

Sebastian's breath hitched. His hand shot out, capturing her wrist in a grip that was firm but not painful. "You're playing a dangerous game, *Chloe*," he growled, his thumb pressing into her pulse point. She could feel her heart racing under his touch, her body betraying her with its reaction. "But I'll admit, I like the way you play."

Chloe leaned in, her lips hovering just inches from his. "Then let's play," she whispered. She pressed her body against his, her breasts brushing against his chest, her nipples hard and aching. "I'll do *anything* you want. Just let me go."

Sebastian's control snapped.

His mouth crashed onto hers, his kiss hungry and possessive, his tongue sweeping in to claim her with a dominance that made her whimper. Chloe moaned into his mouth, her hands tangling in his hair as she kissed him back with equal fervor. His hands gripped her hips, his fingers digging into the soft flesh through the thin fabric of her leggings. He lifted her effortlessly, setting her on the edge of the desk, her legs parting instinctively to make room for him.

The wood was cool beneath her, a stark contrast to the heat radiating between them. Sebastian's mouth never left hers, his tongue sweeping in to claim her with a dominance that made her whimper. His hands slid up her thighs, his fingers teasing the edge of her leggings. "You talk too much," he growled against her lips, his voice a low rumble. "But I'll admit, I like the way you beg."

Chloe arched into him, her breath coming in ragged gasps as his teeth grazed her collarbone. "Then make me shut up," she challenged, her voice husky with desire.

Sebastian didn't need to be told twice.

His hand gripped the neckline of her top, tearing it down the middle with a sharp tug. The fabric gave way easily, exposing her bare breasts to the cool air. Her nipples were already hard, begging for his attention. He obliged, his mouth closing over one peak while his hand kneaded the other, his thumb and forefinger rolling and pinching just enough to make her gasp. "Fuck, yes," Chloe moaned, her back arching off the desk as she ground against him, seeking friction.

Sebastian's hand slid between them, his fingers finding the waistband of her leggings. He hooked his thumbs into the fabric and yanked, peeling them down her legs along with her panties in one swift motion. Chloe lifted her hips to help him, her breath hitching as the cool air hit her exposed, dripping pussy. "Sebastian," she gasped, her voice a desperate plea.

He didn't answer with words.

Instead, he dropped to his knees in front of her, his hands gripping her thighs and spreading them wide. His breath was hot against her, his tongue dragging through her folds in one long, slow lick that made her cry out. "Oh *god*,!" Her fingers tangled in his hair, her hips bucking against his mouth as he devoured her, his tongue swirling around her clit before dipping inside her, fucking her with slow, deliberate strokes.

Chloe's moans filled the office, her body trembling with the dual sensations of his mouth and his fingers. She could feel her orgasm building, a tight coil of pleasure in her core that threatened to snap at any moment. "Sebastian, I'm gonna come," she gasped, her voice desperate. "Please, let me come."

Sebastian's fingers curled inside her, his tongue pressing flat against her clit. "Come for me," he growled, his voice a dark command. "Now."

Chloe's body obeyed.

Her orgasm crashed over her in waves of pleasure, her pussy clenching around his fingers, her clit throbbing against his tongue. She cried out, her voice echoing through the office, her body trembling with the force of her release. Sebastian didn't stop. He licked her through her orgasm, his tongue slow and teasing, drawing out every last shudder of pleasure.

When she finally stilled, her breath coming in ragged gasps, Sebastian stood. His mouth glistened with her arousal, his eyes dark with lust. He unbuckled his belt, his gaze never leaving hers. "You want to make a deal, *Chloe*?" His voice was rough, his cock already hard and straining against his zipper. "Then get on your knees."

Chloe didn't hesitate.

She slid off the desk, dropping to her knees in front of him. She looked up at him through her lashes, her hands reaching for his pants. "Anything you want," she murmured, her fingers working his zipper down. "Just let me go."

Sebastian's cock sprang free, thick and heavy in her hand. Chloe licked her lips, her gaze locked onto his as she leaned in, her tongue flicking out to taste the pre-cum beading at the tip. "Fuck," Sebastian hissed, his hand tangling in her hair. "That's it. Take it all."

Chloe wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, her tongue swirling as she took him deeper, inch by inch. She hollowed her cheeks, her hand stroking the base of his shaft as she bobbed her head, her other hand cupping his balls and rolling them gently in her palm. Sebastian groaned, his hips jerking forward, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Chloe gagged slightly but didn't pull back, her eyes watering as she took him deeper, her nose pressing against his skin.

"Just like that," Sebastian growled, his voice a low rumble. "You take my cock so fucking well." Chloe moaned around him, the vibration making his cock twitch. She pulled back slightly, her lips popping off with a wet sound before she took him deep again, her tongue pressing against the underside of his shaft.

Sebastian's breath came in ragged gasps, his control slipping. "Enough," he snarled, pulling her off his cock. Chloe looked up at him, her lips swollen and her eyes dark with lust. "Did I do something wrong?" she asked, her voice innocent.

Sebastian didn't answer.

Instead, he spun her around, bending her over the desk. His hand came down on her ass with a sharp *crack*, the sound echoing through the office. Chloe gasped, her fingers curling into the wood. "Sebastian,!"

"You talk too much," he repeated, his hand rubbing the sting away before delivering another smack, this one harder. Chloe moaned, her pussy clenching with need. "Again," she breathed, her voice a plea.

Sebastian obliged.

His hand rained down on her ass in a series of sharp, stinging slaps that left her skin pink and her pussy dripping. "Fuck, you're perfect," he growled, his fingers sliding between her legs to find her soaked and ready. "You like that, don't you? You like being spanked like a bad girl."

"Yes," Chloe whimpered, her voice breaking. "More. Please."

Sebastian lined himself up with her entrance, his cock teasing her folds. "You want this, *Chloe*?" he asked, his voice a dark promise. "You want me to fuck you like the little spy you are?"

"Yes," Chloe gasped. "Fuck me. Please!"

Sebastian didn't make her wait.

He slammed into her in one deep, brutal thrust, his cock filling her completely. Chloe cried out, her fingers scrambling for purchase on the desk as he set a punishing pace, his hips snapping against her ass with each thrust. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the office, mingling with Chloe's moans and Sebastian's grunts.

"Look at me," he commanded, his voice rough. Chloe turned her head, her eyes locking onto his as he fucked her, his thrusts deep and unrelenting. "You're mine," he growled, his hand wrapping around her throat, not tight enough to cut off her air but enough to make her feel his control. "Say it."

"I'm yours," Chloe gasped, her nails digging into his arms. "Fuck, Sebastian, I'm yours."

Sebastian's grip on her throat tightened slightly, his thrusts growing erratic. "That's right," he snarled. "You're *mine*." His free hand slid down to her clit, his fingers circling the sensitive nub as he fucked her, his cock hitting that perfect spot deep inside her pussy. "Come for me again. Now!"

Chloe's body obeyed.

Her second orgasm hit her like a freight train, her pussy clenching around his cock, her body trembling with the force of her release. "Sebastian,!" she cried, her voice breaking as she came, her juices dripping down her thighs.

Sebastian didn't stop.

He pulled out, flipping her onto her back on the desk. He gripped her thighs, spreading them wide as he slammed back into her, his cock hitting a spot deep inside that made her see stars. "You feel that?" he growled, his voice a dark promise. "That's *my* pussy. *Mine*."

Chloe wrapped her legs around his waist, her heels digging into his ass as she met his thrusts, her body already climbing toward another peak. "Yes," she gasped. "Yours. Only yours."

Sebastian's control snapped.

With a final, brutal thrust, he buried himself deep inside her, his cock pulsing as he came, his release filling her in hot, thick spurts. Chloe could feel him, the way his cock twitched inside her, the way his breath came in ragged gasps against her neck. She wrapped her arms around him, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of her own orgasm.

For a moment, they stayed like that, their bodies pressed together, their breaths mingling. Then Sebastian pulled back, his cock slipping out of her with a wet sound. Chloe winced slightly, her pussy sore and well-used. Sebastian noticed, his expression softening slightly. He reached out, his thumb brushing over her swollen lips. "You did good, *Chloe*," he murmured, his voice rough but not unkind. "But don't think this changes anything. You still owe me."

Chloe smirked, her body still humming with pleasure. "Oh, I know," she purred, her fingers tracing the scars on his chest. "But I have a feeling you'll be calling in that favor sooner rather than later." She leaned in, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to his lips. "Until next time, Sebastian."

Sebastian watched as she gathered her clothes, her movements slow and deliberate. She didn't rush, didn't try to hide her body from him. She knew he'd already seen everything, and she knew he'd want more.

He handed her the documents she'd come for, his expression unreadable. "Take them," he said, his voice low. "But if I see you here again, I won't be so... *accommodating*."

Chloe took the documents, tucking them into her hoodie. She knew this wasn't over. Not by a long shot. She smirks, pulling her cap low over her eyes. "Don't worry, Sebastian," she said, her voice a dark promise. "You'll be seeing me again. And next time, I won't be so easy to catch."

With that, she slipped out of the office, disappearing into the night like a shadow.

Sebastian stood there for a long moment, his cock still half-hard, his mind racing. He knew he should report her, and should tell his boss what happened. But something held him back. *Curiosity. Desire. The thrill of the game.*

He smirked, shaking his head. "Game on, *Chloe*," he murmured to the empty room. "Game on."

The safe house was silent when Chloe returned, the documents secure in her possession. She stripped off her work wear, her body still aching from Sebastian's touch. The shower was hot, the water soothing her sore muscles as she replayed the night's events in her mind.

She knew she'd played a dangerous game, but she'd won. For now.

As she dried off, she pulled out her phone and sent a message to her handler: "Mission accomplished. Documents secured. Awaiting further instructions."

Then she smiled, her fingers tracing the faint bruises on her hips, marks of Sebastian's possession. She knew this wasn't the end. It was only the beginning.

"Next time, Sebastian," she whispered to herself, her voice a dark promise. "Next time, I'll be ready for you."