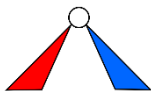


## 518 FC

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	JYD
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Holland, Sarah
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1993
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	Ungoverned passion.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	Ungoverned passion. Sample containing about 55849 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
<b>Publication date</b>	1985-1993
<b>Text type</b>	Written books and periodicals
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_fict_prose

<p>&lt;518/c&gt;</p>  <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p>need to be jealous of him.' 'Yes, I do,' he said, his mouth hard. 'You're not in love with him and you don't want to go to bed with him, but you do love him. Don't you?' 'As a friend, yes, but -' 'Rachel, I know it's unreasonable,' he said thickly. 'But I can't cope with the way I feel about you, not where Radcliffe's concerned. I've never been jealous in my life, not until I met you. It just caught me by the scruff of the neck and practically hammered my guts out. You have no idea how it felt, that first week we were back in Hong Kong. I was alone here night after night, and that sports car just kept driving up to get you. Every time I heard him blast his horn I wanted to kill him. I took it personally in the end, very personally. I began to wonder if he was doing it deliberately, if he knew I was insanely in love with you and thought it was funny to goad me.' He laughed and shook his dark head. 'Crazy, I know, but I really did begin to think it!' 'What shall I call him, then,' she said huskily, 'if not Tony?' 'Radcliffe!' he said bitingly, then laughed again, his face darkly flushed. 'I know it sounds absurd, but please do it for me or I might go out of my mind again, and really smash the living daylight out of him!' 'It doesn't sound absurd,' she said softly, touching his hard cheek. 'It sounds like a mirror image of me. I never felt jealous either, never believed I would be. But Domino ... oh, Damian, why did you keep telling me you were sleeping with her? I nearly went insane; I wanted to come screaming round here night after night, hammer on your door and tell you to stop seeing her ...' 'It was my only defence,' he said. 'I just didn't have any other way of stopping you guessing that I was in love with you. I thought it was so glaringly obvious. I mean - there I was, staring at you obsessively, unable to keep my hands off you, continually finding ways to be alone with you and then - the biggest give-away of all - actually proposing marriage to you!' He laughed. 'I couldn't believe you fell for</p> <p><u>that total fairy-tale of me wanting to get my hands on Swift Investments</u></p> <p><u>! I kept waiting in dread for someone to tap you on the shoulder and say, 'By the way, you know Damian is chairman of Flint Investments International!'</u></p> <p>'Nobody did!' she said, incredulous. 'Well, they all knew,' he drawled. 'Every last one of them!' She stared. 'Even my father?' 'Of course he knew,' Damian said. 'Why do you think he let me take the firm over? Because he knew I could handle it, he knew I wouldn't rip him off, and he knew I'd automatically get treated with respect everywhere I went in the world to represent the company.' 'But why didn't he tell me?' 'Well, I imagine, darling, that you never asked.' He studied her with those incredibly gorgeous blue eyes, filled with charm and love, darkness and intelligence, sex appeal and strength. Rachel felt breathless, said softly, 'But <b>I believed the stuff about Swift</b> because you kept throwing it at me.' 'Ah ...' he said</p>
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	<p>softly. ‘Well, that’s all down to our incredibly exciting conversation on the plane.’ She looked up through her lashes. ‘Oh, did you find it exciting too?’ ‘Intolerably exciting,’ he said, kissing her cheek. ‘It was the first bit of luck I’d had since I first set eyes on you. After you’d totally devastated me by saying you didn’t find me remotely attractive, I was left racking my brains to think of a way to change your mind. That’s why I called Domino and spoke to her deliberately in that seductive way.’ She caught her breath. ‘You rat ... I fell for that!’ ‘Well, I had to do something!’ he drawled coolly. ‘To ram it home to you in no uncertain terms that I was sexually active, and very much considered desirable by other women.’ ‘You certainly did that!’ she said huskily. ‘I was jealous of Domino before I even met her!’ ‘Yes, but I didn’t know that,’ he pointed out, brows lifting. ‘All I had to go on was the very clear excitement you displayed in that conversation on the plane. I could see you were prickling from head to foot with some kind of emotion towards me. And I kept staring at you and thinking, My God, she’s everything I’ve been looking for. You were so intelligent, so funny,</p>
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