

## Excerpt from: Curse of the Gargoyle

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Dark eyes beckoned her to the color-faded wall hanging. A strong jawline accentuated his kissable-looking mouth. Absently, she licked her lips. Dark hair pulled back in what she assumed was a ponytail made her fingers twitch to loosen his hair from captivity and let it fall around his shoulders. A red and green plaid draped from left shoulder to right hip. A white tunic fit taut to the broad expanse of his chest.

The rugged Scottish apparel looked good on him, but she felt it would look better in a pile around his feet. Where had that thought come from? she chastised herself as she continued to study the portrait.

Upon closer inspection, a gold brooch pinned on the plaid at his left shoulder sparked her interest. It held a crest similar to the carving on the door. Between the book, the door and now this brooch. Coincidence? Was it a lead to the mysterious MacKinnon clan? Excitement pinged through her. Here was finally something concrete to research more fully.

A sigh escaped as she followed the slope of his shoulder to flexing thick biceps. His hands lay poised on the hilt of a downward-pointed sword. Skilled hands, she bet. A man with hands like those knew how to work a sword as well as a woman's body. She felt a flush of heat course through her body and she shivered.

My god, it's just a portrait, she chided herself mentally. Yet the thought of him warmed her belly. Forcing her gaze up, she noticed he stood stationed off-center to the left behind the middle woman. As if magnetized by his form, her gaze drifted to the hilt of his sword once more, then dipped downward. His lower torso, hidden from view, led her imagination into a frenzy of speculation as to what lay beneath his kilt.

Unconsciously, she tilted her head sideways as if doing so she could get a peek beneath. He was a huge man with long muscled legs. She bit her lip at the prospect of what else lay hidden on the man. His cock must be proportionate to his size—most likely

thick enough to drive a woman insane while making love. Her breath increased with the notion.

"Enchanting, isn't he?" Aunt May whispered in her ear.

Ericka jerked upright, adjusting her glasses. A warm sensation seeped into her cheeks. Caught ogling an image. She'd forgotten Aunt May stood next to her as she examined the tapestry. Hesitantly, she glanced at the male figure, who now stood with a wry smile upon his lips. Was that there before? She blinked and forced her attention to her aunt.

"I was inspecting the detail, trying to place a date of its origin," Ericka pronounced. A flustered tone tinged her words, though she'd tried to sound professional as always.

"Yeah, that's what I thought you were doing. But I have to tell you, that Gavin's the most handsome of the seven." She sighed audibly, turned and strutted toward the open door at the end of the hallway.

Ericka's mouth dropped open. Did her aunt think that these men were the MacKinnons? Glancing back at the tapestry, the man's dark eyes twinkled.

Oh god! She closed her eyes tight, took a deep breath then peeked at the tapestry once again. Normal. The eyes seemed normal now. She spun away.

I must be exhausted. That's it. I'm too tired to think straight.

Two steps. That's all she took before the hair on the back of her neck rose. Glancing over her shoulder, she gasped. A wink!

Did he just wink? That's not possible.

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