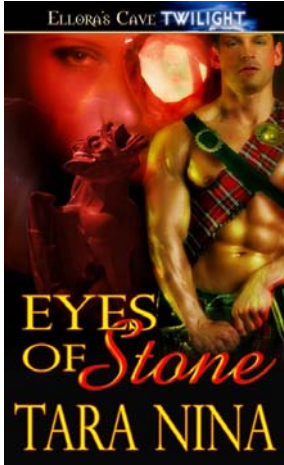


Excerpt From:
Eyes of Stone



Outside, the early shadows of evening had fallen. The ground under her feet rumbled, startling Izzy, causing her to stumble backward. Dust filled the air, making her squint, but the sight before her she refused to miss. She couldn't pull her eyes away even if she wanted to. Bit by bit, stone crumbled from the statue to pool around its feet. She coughed and gagged with each breath she took and still she forced herself to remain where she stood. Minutes seemed like hours as the dust settled and her vision cleared.

Oh, my God, it looked as if the myth was real. A gorgeous hunk of Scottish warrior stood living and breathing within a few feet of her and all she could do was stare.

Situated in a battle ready stance, the man Gavin called Ian looked directly at her. The deepest blue eyes she had ever seen seemed to penetrate straight through her, sending signals of raw need to her pussy. If it wasn't for the support of the wall behind her, she was certain that her knees would have given way under the weight of his stare. Within seconds, the tip of his sword hovered beneath her chin, pointed at the rapid throb of the pulse in her neck. Was he kidding? Did he actually mean to kill her after she had set him free?

Afraid to even swallow due to the close proximity of the sword's tip to her skin, Izzy stood still. But she couldn't determine whether it was fear or sexual adrenaline that made her inner muscles clench and her legs quiver. This was stupid. What was she supposed to do now? Unable to resist, she let her gaze slide down the man.

Even though he was hunched in a battle stance, she knew he was tall, much taller than she. He had to be no less than six feet. A broad chest rippled with muscles. His biceps flexed as his hand tightened on the sword's hilt. Pure strength seemed to ooze out of him and she was impressed that he held such a large and heavy looking sword extended and unwavering in one hand. Naked from the waist up, she couldn't help but notice the cut texture of his abdominal muscles. Her nipples pebbled at the thought of skin-to-skin contact with those washboard abs.

Unable to look any lower due to the position of his sword, she lifted her gaze back to his face. Those brilliant blue eyes darted from side to side as if trying to determine his location. His face was taut and confusion was evident. But what did she expect? He was scared.

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What form of sorcery was this? Ian shook, sending remnants of stone and dirt to the floor while holding his sword ready to attack his enemy. He knew not where he was, no matter which direction he looked. The room was small with only one other near. But what was it? Was it human?

Wide-eyed, he stared at the creature standing at the end of his drawn sword. Dressed in black, it stood, not flinching or moving, but staring back at him with big green eyes outlined in thick black war paint. Bright red lips made him think of blood. But whose blood did this creature drink to achieve such a color?

He took a deep breath and steadied his stance. Short white spikes stood on its head where hair should be. Or was that its hair? He couldn't be sure. Never had he seen such a color. A strange restraint made of leather and decorated with some sort of metal studs was around its neck. Was it a slave? Glancing down its body, he realized the creature was a woman. The sight of its chest heaving, lifting round globes with each breath, caused an unwanted reaction beneath his kilt. *Nay, 'tis not the time for this*, he silently chided his growing member as he forced his gaze lower and away from his favorite female part. But that was a mistake. The woman wore a black skirt of indecent length. Any shorter and her nether region would be exposed for all to see. As it was, the woman had outstanding legs. Milky white thighs made him lick his lips. Her calves and feet were hidden, encased in some sort of black leather boots. He envisioned himself nestled in a gripping hug with those legs wrapped around his waist and her leather-clad ankles locked at the small of his back.

Ian swallowed hard and tried to focus on anything other than the strange female creature. But it was difficult, considering the room was small and there was nothing more enticing to look at other than her odd, yet appealing, features. Even though her appearance was the strangest he had ever seen, he decided she was dressed for sex. If he lifted her skirt, would she be naked, wet and ready for him? *Och, what was wrong with him?* Ian stiffened. Darting his gaze from side to side, he tried desperately to determine where he was being held prisoner. Anything to not look at the enticing creature locked in this small room with him. Maybe she would know the answer if he asked.

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