

By popular demand I'm giving you a small teaser from *Redemption*. I had to decide whether to let you have a small clip of story delving into the two main characters Devin and Darren, or to give you a hot sizzling sampler. The two choices toyed with me but ultimately the hot and sizzling won out. ~Elizabeth

Grace my guest book with your thoughts!

Before reading on, know that this sample contains Adult Content and may not be suitable for all ages.

The frigid air hit her in a rush. Instead of cooling her temper it just added to the energy already controlling her emotions. Stepping out from the shelter of the eaves the rain immediately soaked through the thin garment she was wearing, plastering it to her body leaving little to the imagination. Closing her eyes she raised her face to the torrent of rain falling from the sky, letting it cascade down her face refreshing her soul. Her heightened senses alerted her that Curran was walking down the path towards her. He couldn't possibly know she was seeking him, as he wasn't within sight of her. Not wishing to wait for him she resolutely began down the path towards him. The rain was coming down in sheets providing a heavy curtain allowing her to see only a mere couple inches in front of her. Despite her limitations in sight she knew she had only a few more feet to go and she would be upon him. She hadn't thought far enough ahead to decide what needed to be said. All she knew was that the air needed to be cleared between them one way or another.

Startled by the faint outline of a person in the path ahead Curran realized he had been too consumed by his raging thoughts and emotions to sense he wasn't alone. He couldn't see her clearly, but he knew without a doubt that

it was Ivy. She became visible the closer she got to him and one look at her had his breath catching in his throat. Stalking down the path wearing only his shirt she was a vision. The shirt clung to her like a second skin outlining the perfection of her body. Flaring out almost with a life of its own was her hair, a startling fiery tangle that mirrored the wild look in her eyes. The radiant blue depths of her eyes tore straight into his heart, a conflict of anger and lust swirling together until they were one and the same.

She was on a mission and he knew he was the intended victim of her anger. Not that he blamed her. He had been completely unpredictable and moody since he had saved her. He considered turning and avoiding the confrontation, but she called to him with something wild and primal. She was angry but she was driven by a far more primitive emotion. It was the same emotion that had kept him more on edge than usual. Their bodies called out to the other, needing to connect in the most intimate of ways. He knew he didn't deserve her or the happiness she brought to his life. As much as he tried to fight it there was no way he could resist her.

As their paths collided they stood facing each other deciding which part of the emotional turmoil raging within

they should indulge. The rain was beating down upon them raising goose bumps on already sensitized flesh. Flashes of lightning illuminated the night sky reflecting the storm of feelings raging between them. A sharp clap of thunder broke the silent war battling between them and moving in one swift motion they brought their bodies together and entwined limbs. Clinging to each other they mated their mouths in a desperate kiss. Embracing the wild energy of the storm they allowed it to bring their hidden desires to a peak. Hands raced over slick flesh and saturated clothing. Urgency flowed through every touch as they fought for the feel of the other, letting passion wash away all past guilt and physical pain for a brief moment in time.

Curran framed Ivy's pale face with his hands, pulling their mouths apart for a moment. He forced himself to step away. One glance at the lust-induced haze in Ivy's eyes melted away any resolve he had to do the honorable thing and walk away. Taking charge of the situation he pulled her rain soaked body close kissing her as if his existence depended on it. Lips cooled by the rain clashed with the warmth of her breath in an erotic combination. Sliding his hands down her back, he began to guide her slowly backwards while peeling the saturated shirt from her slick skin.

Her whole body was ignited with desperate passion flamed by Curran's touch. Knowing logically that she was supposed to be mad at him did nothing to quell her rising desire. Every fiber of her being needed to join with him and despite his faults she could sense that their fates were entwined. Giving herself over to the moment she attended his body with the same intensity he was showing hers. A sudden rough sensation against her lower back startled her. Looking back she discovered she had backed up against a fallen tree stretched across the path.

Looking deep into Curran's eyes she saw her own intense desire flaring back at her. Grasping his shirt in both hands she tore it from his body in a surprisingly fluid motion. She could feel her magic flowing strongly through her veins as it began entwining with Curran's and their essences braided together as their desires became one. The deep sexual power that flowed through him was almost enough to drive her over the edge. She wanted him as she had never wanted a man before. Pulling him close she entwined herself with him, mating her mouth with his in a heated open mouth kiss. She felt the instant his will power snapped. He slid his hands down her back, caressing her thighs before grasping one in each hand and lifted her onto the log.

His gaze lingered over her for a second, drinking in the sight of her wet and naked with pure ecstasy sketched across her features. She was an erotic offering he couldn't refuse. Lowering his head he kissed the tender spot on the side of her throat and as the storm became more intense, so did he. He suckled at the delicate flesh satisfying his need on the taste of her. Raking his teeth across her sensitized skin he thrilled in the way her supple body shuddered beneath him. Moving down the long graceful line of her throat to the swell of her perfect breasts, he found each a delicious offering with nipples hardened by a combination of her passion and rain beading over them.

A throaty moan escaped Ivy's lips as he drew her nipple into his mouth slowly at first and then faster taking his rhythm from her restless movements beneath him. Stroking every inch of her skin he loved the way it felt like rain soaked silk beneath his fingertips. Sliding his hands along her thighs he could feel them trembling in anticipation. Caressing his hand up her inner thigh he felt her body shudder as he stroked a finger across her quivering heat coaxing another deliciously sexy moan from her perfect lips. A moment froze in time as he brought his head from the temptation of her breasts to gaze at her face that was etched with desire and longing. Her magnificent blue eyes

glazed with passion. An unspoken question passed between them, she simply said, "yes."

Not needing any more encouragement he quickly shed himself of the last offending garment that clung to him. Parting her still trembling thighs with his hands he held her gaze as he thrust inside of her. Her head fell back in surrender to the intensity of the moment, shattering his well-placed barrier around his heart. Savoring the first moments of intimate contact, he allowed the flood of emotions he had tried to keep hidden flow around him. She was tight and hot despite the freezing rain washing over them. The moment of tranquility was but the eye of the storm. Pulling her close he supported her as he picked up momentum. Thrusting in and out of her he allowed the sweet intensity of the moment to linger over him as it seeped into his deprived heart.

The feel of him inside her was so intensely erotic she felt she might die from the feeling of such euphoria. Her hips matched the frantic rhythm he was setting for them. She could feel his intensity building as quickly as hers, swirling around tighter and tighter until an explosion of pleasure was imminent. Wrapping one arm around his neck she pulled herself closer to him, needing to feel every inch of

his magnificence inside her. Heat and electricity flowed through her veins.

Their combined issues seemed to melt into the distance, there was only Ivy and Curran now, in this moment at this place and it was sweeter than anything she had yet to experience. Opening her eyes she marveled at the way passion had etched itself on his face, something close to pain, but much more potent. She felt herself become overwhelmed with the sensations they were creating when suddenly her vision blurred and a sweet, hot melting sensation took over every fiber of her body. Causing her to shudder and her hips to buck violently against him. Unable to fight the storm of passion she let it sweep through her reveling in the torrent of new sensations crashing over her in a tidal wave of pleasure.

Opening her eyes as the storm slowly cleared in her, she saw the same emotions flooding Curran as he pinned her hips to the tree, thrusting himself savagely into her, sating his own lust as he had already done for her. As his body shuddered a final time she could see the glow of satisfaction ease across his face.

Lowering his head to her breasts he allowed the beating of his heart to begin to slow and his body become his own again. Being with Ivy had been unlike anything he had ever

felt. Something he knew he didn't deserve, but a feeling that was quickly weaving its way through him, threatening to make it impossible to live without. He didn't dare contemplate the future. All he knew was being here, fully merged with Ivy, he felt complete for the first time in his life. He couldn't put into words the profound effect this had upon him. Thankfully she didn't seem to need to verbalize feelings at this point. Gathering her into his arms he carried her back to the warmth of the cottage to love her with the tenderness that their first encounter lacked.

The way he cradled her in his arms told her more than any words could have. She could sense he wasn't ready to talk. She wasn't sure she could even find the words to describe her feelings at this moment. She was content to be near him. Thankful for this blissful distraction from all the problems they faced.