

Soul Seducer

Excerpt

Sensing movement behind her, Audra whirled. In the shadowed corner of the room, she could make out the figure of a man, although she couldn't distinguish his features.

Visiting hours weren't until ten a.m. And even then, only family members were allowed in this wing of the ICU. Audra had met each of Ms. Chapman's relatives, and this man wasn't one of them. She could tell by his body type and height. The only male in Ms. Chapman's immediate family was her son, and he was short and stocky.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice hushed. "You can't be in here."

He looked behind him, then back at her. "You can see me?"

She frowned in puzzlement. "Of course."

"You saw me that night. Both those nights."

Her frown deepened. "What nights?"

He moved from the gloom, drawing closer. Her instinct was to back away, but she forced herself to remain in place.

As he left the shadows behind, his features emerged and part of her brain recognized him, but she wouldn't let the terrifying thought solidify.

He wore faded jeans and a form-fitting black T-shirt. His pectoral muscles and biceps would rival a male model's. They were tight and well-defined, not overly bulky like those of steroid-enhanced body builders.

Reluctantly, her mind acknowledged she'd seen him before. He'd been part of her hallucinations. Her worst nightmares were becoming a reality.

Somehow not as frightened as she should have been, she stared into his icicle blue eyes. She waited, holding her breath in expectation.

Why did she feel this tingly sense of excitement? This glimmer of anxiousness mixed with fear? Why did she feel like she might explode with anticipation?

He halted a couple of steps in front of her and lifted his hand, brushing it along the scar on her cheekbone, causing a shudder in the pit of her stomach. A current moved in the air, like a burst of electricity.

“The first time was the night you got this.” His words were a whisper along her skin, as was his touch . . . as if his caress was the hint of a sensation, but not actual contact. Her eyes drifted shut and she swayed toward him. One slight move forward and she could touch him, press against his chest. Biting her lower lip, she just barely held back from giving in to the urge.

Softly, she murmured, “That night—I—you—” Her heart pounded, her belly clenching. She lifted her lashes, staring up at him, wanting to lose herself in his glittering blue gaze. Wanting to feel his hands on her body . . . his full, sensual lips on hers. Wanting to be swept away in whatever madness this was. It felt so strange, yet at the same time, exhilarating, compelling, irresistible . . . dangerous.

Yes, dangerous. Gulping in a breath, she stepped back. His touch fell away, breaking the strange hold he had on her.

“You! It was you there that night. In the alley” Her breath came in short gasps as the odd yearning was replaced by fear. “Then again, at the hospital.” She shot her gaze around the room. “Where’s the other one? The blond guy? Who the hell are you?”