



New Dawning International Bookfair

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Heart of Stone

\$3.99

Randall Stone is the stuff of heroes, a mercenary given a discharge from the army he has served with his life. But the government is still interested in using the skills they've taught Major Rand Stone, and he continues to work with his hand-picked team. Into his shadowy world a light has come, and in her love, Stone discovers unhopd for joy, and, perhaps, unbearable sorrow?

Rand reached for her and sat her astride his hips as he leaned back on the soft, warm grass. He pulled her down over him and into a kiss that left them shaking against each other.

Robin smiled, kissed him lightly, then eased back to gaze down at him. She tilted her head to one side, tugged at the waist of her T-shirt, and slowly eased it away from her skin and over her head to be tossed aside.

Rand's hands quickly covered her bared breasts, strong fingers caressing firm flesh before his thumbs began brushing tantalizing circles around her nipples, making the already hard tips rigid with excitement.

Robin pressed herself tighter to him, her hips moving in seductive, rhythmic insistence while she leaned down and offered her breasts to his mouth. When his teeth closed over one aching nipple she moaned, lost in the well-known madness of Rand's touch. The world spun as Rand's arms encircled her waist and he changed their positions. Her legs parted to accommodate his weight and he thrust into her, the material of his pants straining against his erection. She arched in pleasure, her spine curling as he teased first one nipple then the other.

She raised her hips, pleading wordlessly, as her hands ran over the broad expanse of his back, smoothing

tense muscles. She reached between them, her fingers tracing the ridge of his arousal, then moving lower, pressing with urgent abandon, inciting soft groans from him. She yanked at the snap on his pants, and he rolled away with a gasp.

Robin rose to her knees and shed her shorts, laughing when his eyebrow rose in faint surprise to see there was nothing beneath them. He left his T-shirt and boots near the edge of the water before he waded into the pool. All that remained were his dark pants and briefs, and she took them down the long length of his legs when he lifted his hips to give her the freedom to finish undressing him.

Robin's gaze stroked every inch of him as she stared, and Rand's blazing eyes held hers for indeterminate moments when she met his look directly. She moved again, and heard Rand's breath leave him in a hiss of startled pleasure when her mouth closed over him with sudden, fierce pressure. His fingers twisted in the waves of her hair and he held her gently, slowing her sucking rhythm. At last, he eased her away and pulled her up to meet his kiss.

She drew back with a gasp, smiled at him, then sat up, tossing her hair over her shoulders. She guided him into her eager body. When sensation exploded through her, she bit her bottom lip and her back arched. Rand's hands at her waist held her as he pushed deeper into her, and his name was a moan of elated pleasure that spilled from her lips without conscious awareness. For several moments she was motionless, enjoying the spasms of bliss that rushed through her veins.

When she finally began the slow, rocking rhythm that would sate their lust, Rand held her in place, hips rising to meet her with each thrust. Long minutes later, Robin cried out, shaking against him, her breathing strained and shallow. The convulsing muscles of her body pushed him over the edge and into his own shuddering climax.

When her breath returned, Robin leaned down to kiss him.

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