

Alistair Cross – Prose

Romantic Excerpt from *The Angel Alejandro*

A mouth covered hers, blew, and Madison's lungs expanded with borrowed breath. As if the man were blowing on dying coals, warmth glowed inside her, spreading and swelling through her solar plexus, expanding, reaching her limbs, bringing heat to her skin and clarity to her mind. She could breathe, she could see, and what she saw was the stranger's face.

Handsome. Full lips, strong cheekbones, eyes she couldn't yet fathom. Close-cropped, golden hair backlit by a near-blinding halo of light. Yes, she knew him from somewhere - but where?

The warm buzz swam through her. Her fingers and toes tingled. She was losing consciousness again, but she didn't care; the panic was gone. As the world pulsed in and out, the man leaned over and blinked black-lashed silver eyes at her. Not gray, but silver. Bright and shining, like disks of polished steel. The light behind him swelled and brightened just before the world relapsed into black and nothingness wrapped itself warm around her.

Excerpt from *The Angel Alejandro*, by Alistair Cross
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