

New World War II Romance: Warring Hearts: Cradle the Light by Vicki Gaia

ISBN: 1-58749-562-7

Publisher: Awe-Struck E-books – <http://www.awe-struck.net>

A weary intelligence officer and a struggling artist discover love in war-torn London, but secrets and betrayal threaten to undermine their fragile bond.

Warring Hearts - Cradle the Light is the first of a 3-book series set during WWII. Claire O'Neill is an American artist determined to live life on her terms. Richard Hart, ace saboteur, is weary of fighting the war against Hitler. When they meet, sparks fly, and love comes unexpectedly at the worst possible time.

Claire struggles with her mother's mysterious death, and with the conventions that govern women's lives in the forties. She must learn to trust in her talent and in Richard's love. Richard struggles to overcome the inner scars caused by war and betrayal. He yearns to find a flicker of hope. Claire gives Richard a reason to trust in love, but must she sacrifice her own dreams?

Excerpt:

20th century historical romance excerpt from Warring Hearts: Cradle the Light by Vicki Gaia from Awe-Struck Ebooks - www.awe-struck.net Copyright 2006 Vicki Gaia/Awe-Struck Ebooks, all rights reserved

They caught a crowded bus. With no seats available, Richard stood behind Claire, a perfect opportunity to slide his arm around her waist. She leaned back and her hair tickled his chin. He bent his head and whispered in her ear. "You smell good." Claire twisted around in his arms, and her lips parted. He wanted to kiss her. "Are you having fun?"

Her eyes grew round and her amber irises darkened. "You need to ask?"

Freckles sprinkled across her nose, so close he could count them. Instead he kissed the rash of dots and landed his lips on the tip of her nose. "With you, yes."

"I'm a mystery? That's amusing. The girl next door should be easy as pie to read."

"Looks are deceiving."

"Are you deceiving me?"

Claire's tone set off a warning in his head. They jumped off at the next corner, and he buttoned up his coat. A chill settled between them.

"Did I say something wrong?" Claire hugged herself.

Richard took off his silk scarf and wrapped it around her neck. He tugged at the ends. "Do you trust me? Because, well, you seem uncertain."

"Richard, I thought we're on a date? Two people having fun, trying to forget this war if only for an afternoon."

He longed to trust Claire.

"I'd better get home," she said. "We'll go dancing another time."

Claire stood away from him, her arms crossed at the waist. Richard moved in. His hands clasped her shoulders to prevent her escape. Ah, yes, her mouth parted. The tip of her pink tongue flickered. A quiver to her lips told of an anticipation strong as his. She longed for his kiss, and this gave him the courage to bore down on her mouth without restraint.

Active lips met Richard's mouth. Oh, Claire tasted delectable. She rubbed against him like a cat in heat. Breasts pressed into his chest, fanning the fire in his groin. His erection throbbed, a terrible ache throwing him off guard. Short of breath, he gasped for air between kisses, startled when she met his kisses with equal fervor. Her passion bewitched him, and he cocooned her body with his coat, drawing it around her. To bring her inside his soul, to feel a human's touch, giving him a spark of hope that the world held goodness, after all.