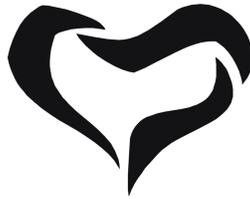


Teaser from Torn (Connections #2)
Madness
Author: Kim Karr

*Love is strong yet delicate. It can be broken.
To truly love is to understand this.
To be in love is to respect this.
~Stephen Packer ~*



Before I can fully turn around he has me flush against his body. When his hands are on my hips, desire consumes my every thought. I have to swallow hard—the evidence of his desire more than apparent. I look into his now hooded eyes and see a reflection of my own, a passion ready to erupt.

Leaning back he takes in every inch of me. I skim my hands down his chest and circle his waist, tucking them inside his jeans. Pulling him closer to me, I softly brush my lips against his neck and his body quivers from our slight skin-on-skin contact.

His hands glide up my back as he closes the small distance I left between us. When he slips his tongue into my mouth and crushes his lips against mine, I gasp. But when he bites down on my bottom lip and sucks on it, I can't help but whimper.

Intensifying our kiss even more—his tongue seeks what his body can't have right now—I have to pull away.

He steps back and surveys his options. Watching him, I lick my lips and run my hands down my body. He groans, hissing through his teeth. When he drags his tongue across his teeth, he looks so freaking sexy I know I'd let him fuck me in the bathroom.

He motions to the left, ushering me into the crowd and I hope no one is watching us. As we're making our way through it, he wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me into him. Pointing to where he wants me to lead him, he leans in and whispers, "I'm so hard right now."

My brain is a bit hazy from the drinks I've had tonight but it is not in the least bit clouded when it comes to this—I know what I want and I know he wants the same. When we reach the covered archway with the sign 'poolroom', he looks around then lifts the sheet of plastic and motions to me to slip under it. He quickly follows.

Once we're on the other side he takes my hand and leads me down the hallway. It's pitch black and he has to hold his phone up to guide the way. Once we enter the room, I look around, but the only thing in here is the pool table covered by a white sheet. He sets his phone on it, and quickly hoists me up onto the table.

"You sure about this?" he asks questioningly as his eyes study my face.

I smile and lean in to kiss the corner of his mouth. "Absolutely!"

He slides between my legs and the feel of him pressed against me makes me tremble. His stare is unyielding. He traces the seam of my lips with his and my breath hitches. Not wanting to wait another minute, I wrap my hands around his neck and crush my mouth to his. Our lips move against each other with fervent need, and a soft moan escapes my throat. I can hear the band playing "Feel This Moment" and I lose myself in the music.