

Author



Rebecca E. Grant

Love is Unstoppable

Author: Rebecca E. Grant—*Love is Unstoppable*

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Description

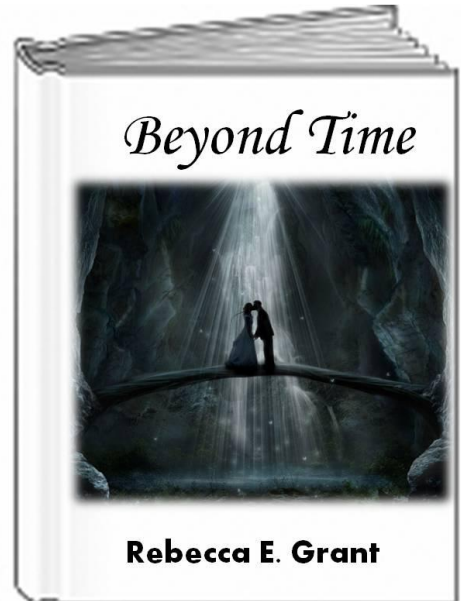
Elsha Maccay and Noble Gray have been searching for Each other for the past seven hundred years... they Just don't know it.

Driving to work one morning, sexologist Elsha Maccay feels a waft of air brush against her lips like a lover taking his first taste. A wolf howls in the distant canyons and a man's voice whispers her name.

Elsha. Elsha, I know you can hear me. Elsha!

Is she losing her mind, or can a disembodied voice make her ache the way no one ever has... at least in this lifetime.

90,000 words



Cover Art TBD

Excerpt

June 24

They circled me, their eyes volcanic. I crouched, hand on my dagger, ready to spring. The silver wolf stretched his neck and howled. I trembled. The darker wolf took a step toward me but the silver wolf cut him off. They wanted me, and I wanted them. But I knew they would each rip my heart out in their own way, if I let my guard down for even a moment.

The dream changed. The wolves dissolved and I heard a man calling.

"Lass!"

It echoed from the cliffs above and drifted down around me.

"I've come back to tell you what I'll never say again because you must forget me. But if you can't, *mo gradh*, then let this be of some small comfort. You are my constant."

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**Chapter One
Los Angeles, CA
Present Day**

“Elsa.” It was barely more than a whisper.

A waft of air brushed against her lips and played them like a lover taking his first taste. The hair on the back of her neck rose and she glanced nervously around.

This isn't real.

And yet, hadn't she'd known she might be headed for something like this?

A week ago over coffee, she'd asked, “Jess, have you ever had a dream that was so all-consuming that when you realized it was only a dream, you just wanted to pull it back?”

Jesse leaned in adopting her best therapist's expression.. “Say more.”

Elsa pushed the hair out of her eyes. “I'm not sure what to say. They're difficult to describe.”

“Always the same?”

Elsa nodded. “More or less.”

“What happens in them?”

Elsa colored slightly.

Jesse chuckled. “That good? Well, it's hardly surprising. After a loss like yours, the human psyche will do almost anything to shield itself from more pain. Is there something specific about the dream that bothers you?”

“I don't know how to put it except to say that he's disturbingly familiar.”

“He's someone you know?”

“No, that's just it. He's not like anyone I've ever met, and yet he seems familiar. Almost intimate.”

Jesse nodded. “Classic. Anything else?”

“I don't want to wake up. I do everything I can to keep from waking up, and when I do, I roll over and try to bring it back.”

“Everyone does that.”

“No, I don't mean I hit the snooze button a few times. I'm talking about spending large amounts of the weekend in bed trying to bring the dream back.”

Jesse raised an eyebrow. “And are you able to?”

“Almost always.”

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“Do you experience an orgasm in these dreams?”

Elsha shifted. “You mean do I dream I’m having an orgasm?”

“You know exactly what I mean. Do you come?”

Elsha’s cell phone vibrated. Jesse’s phone went off a half a beat later. The two women looked at each other.

“Zoe?”

“Zoe.” Elsha confirmed. She reached for her keys more than ready to move on. For some reason she couldn’t explain, sharing the dream with Jesse had almost felt like a violation—as if she were revealing some secret that she’d promised to take to her grave. “No rest for the wicked. Besides, we’ve spent more than enough time on me.”

Jesse caught Elsha’s hand. “Not so fast. Zoe’ll buzz again if it’s urgent. Here’s how I see it. The anniversary of Jack’s death is coming up and you’re anxious about how that’ll feel. Besides, how long’s it been since you had a man? Jack was out of commission for at least four or five months before he died, am I right?”

Elsha wished to God Zoe would buzz again.

“Have you looked in the mirror lately? You’re in the best shape of your life thanks to yoga and my personal trainer. After eighteen months of celibacy, I’d be concerned if you weren’t dreaming up the perfect man. Just don’t waste your time looking for him, grab the first one who comes along. A girl needs what a girl needs!”

Elsha’s phone buzzed again. Zoe’s text read L.A.T.E. She pushed her chair back.

“Hang on, Elsh. I know we’re running behind but *Crowning Pointe* isn’t the ER and we’re not ER docs. It’s not like our clients are going to bleed to death. You have some anxiety about this first anniversary of Jack’s death—”

“Anniversary. You make it sound like it’s something to celebrate.”

“—and you’re horny. Why wouldn’t you be? Our entire day is focused on the physiological, emotional and psychological aspects of sex. You know as well as I do that it’s impossible to be a sexologist without feeling a little titillation at times. So, if your body’s screaming for some attention, it just makes sense. I don’t know what I’d do if I didn’t have Hugh.” She took a last swallow of her macchiato and grabbed her purse. “Actually, that’s not even close to true. I know exactly what I’d do—and it would be a lot more than dreaming! As for spending your weekends in bed, let’s see what we can do to get someone into bed with you.” She winked. “And that’s my official recommendation.”

“Elsha!”

His voice snapped her back to the present. This was not a sexy dream.

Am I losing it?

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She pushed the thought away, breathed deeply several times, and swung her car back into the stream of traffic. She needed a vacation.

Zoe stood in the elevator, her foot blocking the door, a fistful of pink messages in one hand, and coffee in the other.

“You’re running behind. You’ve got patients in exam rooms A, B, and your office. A is erectile dysfunction. B is probably a code red, and the Seivers are in your office. Looks like they managed to show up this time. Just wait till you meet ‘em.” Zoe rolled her eyes and shoved the messages into Elsha’s hand.

“Thanks Zoe, and remember, no judgment. It takes a lot of courage to reach out—”

“I know, I know. Blah, blah, blah. Oh, and this is for you.” Zoe handed her the steaming mug of coffee. Elsha smelled milk and nutmeg.

“Oh, Zoe, you didn’t have to—”

Zoe shrugged. “It was on my way. Besides, you’ve got a staff meeting at ten and I know how you love those.” She rolled her eyes again.

Elsha gulped the coffee. It nearly scalded the back of her throat but the hot liquid grounded her. She made a mental note to do something nice for Zoe, who might have a tough outer shell, but was the most efficient nurse she’d ever had, and as loyal as a St. Bernard.

Zoe eyed her over the rim of her readers.

“Something else?”

“Well, your girls there are a little out of control. Let’s get ‘em tucked in before your patients mistake you for a sex surrogate instead of a double board certified psychiatrist.”

Elsha glanced down surprised to see that her crisp white shirt was unbuttoned to her waist. *When the hell did that happen?*

Zoe reached with nimble fingers. “Stand still, I’ve got it. Say, does this mean you finally got a little action? There, you’re all set. After staff you’ve got a noon lunch with Jesse.”

“I need to reschedule that one.”

Zoe nodded. “She said you’d say that but that I should ignore you. She’s trying to finish up the budget. Says you’ve already cancelled twice. I’ve made a reservation for you at Pike’s.”

Elsha downed half the coffee.

“You’re seeing the Marshes at two, the Wallaces at three and your four o’clock cancelled, so I penciled in Ava Mallin—she’s been on your waiting list for some time. Post menopausal and having trouble with the big O. Okay, one more swallow and then I’ll take that,” she reached for Elsha’s cup. “Now, off you go.”

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The woman might as well have swatted her.

Elisha knocked on the door of exam room A before entering. As so often happened when meeting a patient for the first time, this man displayed high levels of anxiety and embarrassment stoked by self-recrimination. He sat on the edge of the examining table wearing the clinic's light blue gown, folding and refolding the paper sheet that covered the lower half of his body. She glanced at his chart. Mike Iverson, thirty-five, just over six feet and weighing in at 185 pounds. She looked back over and caught an eyeful of tortured blue before he dropped his gaze.