

Raining Red

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An Excerpt from Chapter 3

The rain sounded like snare drums as it beat Shannon's bedroom window. Her first week in Ireland had been nothing but wet and lonely. The quiet of the nights, when it wasn't interrupted by torrential rain, was such a far cry from the noise of her hometown that she could not sleep. Instead of sleeping in her still unfamiliar bed, Shannon spent the nights staring out over her grandda's land.

Usually all she could see was rain, but this night was different. Someone was watching her from the pasture. Lightning illuminated the features of the person. Shannon shuddered as thunder shook her walls, she continued watching her watcher. Another bolt of lightening showed that the person was closer now.

She was transfixed as the figure in the rain moved closer with each flash of lightening. The window creaked under her weight as she leaned forward to see the figure more clearly. She ignored the ominous sound and leaned even further into the glass. The window flew open as the latch gave out.

Shannon jerked back to avoid falling out and shrieked when the stranger caught the window as it swung back down. The woman had deep red hair and her green eyes seemed to glow. She gave Shannon a small smile.

"'Tis quite wet out here, lass. Would you invite in a lost soul?"

Before she realized what she had done, Shannon helped the woman inside. She handed her the blanket from her bed and gestured for her to sit at the desk.

“I am Siobhan.” The woman said, “The rain was quite sudden today, I thank you for allowing me to rest.”

Shannon’s tongue felt as though it were three sizes too large for her mouth. She swallowed hard as Siobhan’s glowing eyes locked onto hers.

“I am Shannon,” She mumbled around her tongue. The glow in Siobhan’s eyes brightened with pleasure. Shannon’s stomach twisted.