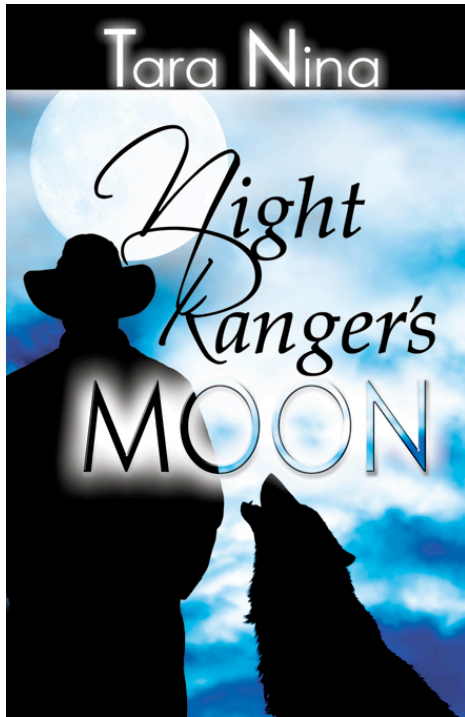


Excerpt From:

Night Ranger's Moon



An unusual, erotic scent filled his nose as he caught the surprised and angry heat in a set of sexy cobalt blue eyes staring back at him. He paused and suddenly knew he couldn't snap the creature's life vein even if he wanted. The knowledge of who lived within this wolf's flesh washed over him. Pure need filtered through his system causing him to harden. Intense animal urges thrashed through his veins yet he refused to bow. Never had he taken a female in wolf form, and he wasn't about to do so now. To do that mated him for life, and he wanted no mate. Not now, not ever. On an angry growl, Weylin released the death grip he held to her

throat and backed away. He shook his entire being and returned to human form. Naked, he stood before the female wolf and knew he stared at the woman he followed through the village. She sat upright on hind haunches, held her chin in a regal tilt, and returned his steady gaze. The dilation of her pupils gave the only indication that his naked form affected her in any way. He read defiance in those hot cobalt blues. Good, he decided. It seemed to him, she battled nature's demands and wanted no mate either. Though, according to an antiquated Lykoian law, he'd won the right to take her as his own. He'd beaten her. In the ancient culture, that meant he could mount her and mate her if he chose, and she could not resist. But he didn't believe in the archaic testaments of the old tribal ways. With a sister of his own to protect, he was a true believer in the freedom of choice when it came to a mate. His lip curled as he stared at the beautiful wolf. Desire roared through him urging him to claim his right.