

Excerpt: The Wolf of Haskell Hall

“Go ahead. Discharge me if you wish.”

She started and whirled. How did he walk so silently?

No smile upon that enigmatic face now as he said softly, “But you will still not be rid of me. Any more than I will be rid of you. The Haskell women and the Griffith men have been linked for centuries, Delilah. Your blood is as hot with the bond between us as my own.”

Still holding her gaze, he reached around her for the sketchbook. He flipped it open and showed her the top picture, the next, and the next.

Heat started at the top of her head and ran like magma to her toes. The images got progressively more sensual.

And progressively more shocking.

They were all of her. Face only, then bust, then from the waist up. Dressed lightly at first, then only in chemise and stockings. Finally....as he flipped through the sketchbook, he ended on a full length nude.

Before she put thought to action, her hand lashed out and slapped that arrogant face hard enough to jerk his head to the side.

“You bounder! You have no right to even think of me so, much less--” She broke off with a gasp as he caught the back of her skull in both his powerful hands and tipped her head back. His touch swept through her stem to stern like a tidal wave.

For a moment she was pristine, like a beach never stepped upon by human foot. And then he shoved her against the wall, pressing into her with his masculine frame that so strangely seemed to fit her own.

And she was marked.

Marked forever after, no matter what came of this night when it seemed only the two of them were awake in all the world. She felt the imprint of him, indelibly stamped through the shivering sands of pride and propriety straight to the bedrock of her soul.

When he kissed her, she tipped her head back to meet him.

And finally, she saw emotion in those strange amber eyes.