



CONTINUE ►

Kidnapped, corralled, and marked, Vesa Watson refuses to break. A nameless face in the sea of a dozen or so other women who were snatched off the street just like her, Vesa refuses to show any sign of weakness. She can't. There'll be no hope of escape if she loses it now. Unsure what is going to happen, she knows one thing for certain. She's going to fight! No matter what, no matter who, no matter how, she's going to fight with everything she has even if the captor who's had her marked is some sexy, dominant, beast of a man who can't keep his eyes off her. The Hunt has been a part of wolf shifter history for as long as anyone can remember. Still, it doesn't keep Haddix BloodMoon from fuming at his forced participation. Tantamount to an arranged marriage, The Hunt is the Council's way of controlling the packs. Worse, the crying, sniveling women who were taken and transported to the event's mountain site aren't his type. No, Haddix needs a dominant female. A strong-willed, no-nonsense, take no sh*t woman is what his wolf needs. When he finds a little fighter among the offerings, both he and his wolf take notice. Vesa thought that being kidnapped and forced into marriage with a wolf-shifter was the biggest threat to her future, but it's not. It's falling for her new mate, Haddix BloodMoon.****"It's simple ladies," the man spoke. "When you hear the howl, you run. Doesn't matter what direction. You. Run! If you don't run, if you stay here, drop to your knees in fear or submission, it simply means you've denied your Hunter the benefit of the chase. He won't like it. I promise you won't either. You'll get a five-minute head start. You'll need it. I reiterate. When the howl bays, run!" Hunter? Run? So that was the game. Suddenly, the paint made sense. They'd been brought here to be hunted down by these men but for what? Had they paid just for the experience of hunting humans down like they were animals? Her eyes dipped to the different colored paint on each woman's chest. Like licking a doughnut, so no one else touches it! She wanted to puke, and it only intensified when she realized that these Hunters could only have one end game. She and all the other women were going to be chased down and killed. Before she could even register what was happening, the men surrounding them all suddenly backed up. Vesa's eyes scanned the forest around them, seeking out the best path when her eyes snagged on a wooden structure that looked like a row of stalls. There was a single man in each stall. Her eyes tracked down the men pacing in their respective stalls and landed on Haddix. He was watching her, his eyes intense, and it made her sick that a few short minutes ago she was thinking he was hot and now he was going to be hunting her like she was a deer! Screw him! Screw this game! Her lips thinned into a grim line, and she lifted both hands and gave him two middle finger salutes. If she was dying today, it was going to be on her terms. Her belly dipped when he merely beamed a grin and then blew her a kiss. Jerk! Spinning she gave him her back and locked her eyes on a path. Hands shaking and blood rushing too loudly in her ears, she wondered if she'd even be able to hear this stupid howl.

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