

FELICITY  
HEATON



HUNTER'S  
MOON







# **Hunter's Moon**

**Felicity Heaton**



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What the hell did they think they were doing?

Scott Hudson leaned against one of the upright posts on the porch of his cabin with his arms folded across his chest and watched the hunters moving through the trees. He listened to their loud laughter and chatter, and shook his head when one of them accidentally fired off a shot. He sighed. After all these years, he still couldn't understand why the city types insisted on coming to his mountain and disturbing his peace with their drunken hunting. Didn't they realise the dangers of the area, and carrying a gun when under the influence? If someone got killed tonight, it wouldn't be the first time, and he was getting tired of the inquests. The local police knew he had nothing to do with it, but they still insisted on questioning him every time a bunch of suits got it into their head to get drunk in town and get killed on the mountain.

When he'd first arrived in this part of the world all those years ago, he'd thought that being two miles from the nearest town would buy him a little peace, but it didn't.

He glanced up at the bright hunter's moon that was bathing the world in a silvery light and then at the mountains on the horizon.

Turning his back on the falling night, he walked into the cabin and closed the door. He locked it and then drew the little curtain aside and checked that the hunters were gone. Seeing no sign of them, he moved to the windows, drawing the drapes so they shut the world out.

He kicked his boots off beside the door and then walked across the wooden floor to the fireplace. Taking hold of



one of the irons beside it, he stoked the embers and threw another couple of logs on, watching the flames lick hungrily up their sides.

He sighed and looked at the door again.

There was nothing good to hunt on the brink of winter anyway. Only the wolves remained high up in the mountains and they'd be somewhere safe tonight because of the approaching storm. He'd been watching it on the horizon when the hunters had caught his attention. It was going to be a big one. They'd not had much snowfall so far this autumn and it looked like tonight it was all going to come at once.

If the idiots didn't kill each other, then the weather would.

He supposed he should go after them, but it wouldn't get him anywhere. He'd done that once a few years ago and after nearly forty minutes of arguing with them, he'd realised it was hopeless. There was no talking sense into them. He was better off just keeping out of their way and letting them sober up and realise that a mountain like this was no place to be at this time of year.

Walking across the room, he moved between the armchair and the couch and went over to the cupboard beneath the staircase. He pulled the door open, removed a glass and a bottle of whisky and poured himself a good glassful.

He sipped it while he moved back to the fireplace. Sitting down in the armchair, he listened to the wind picking up outside, whistling through the trees and down the chimney. It stirred the fire, making it dance and roar. His eyes lingered there while he drank.



It had been a long day. Living up here at this time of the year was difficult to say the least but he only had to rely on the generator for power a handful of times in winter. The snow rarely affected the power, leaving him free to do his work and stare out of the window at the white peaceful landscape. He had the best office in the world.

It was lucky that he'd gone down into town today and got some supplies in. Something in his bones had told him that bad weather was coming and once it did, the road would become impassable. When he'd first arrived, the people in town had told him that the mountain got into your blood and spoke to you. He had thought they were joking at the time, but now he was starting to think they had been telling him the truth. Even the old man of the mountain that lived across the valley had been in town today, and he only saw him once or twice a year. There was something about him that always piqued his interest. He never seemed to look any older. He'd been here for years, and the old man had always looked the same. His long grey hair and beard were probably hiding his aging. He ran his hand across his jaw. Maybe he should grow one so he never looked any older. His brown hair was a long way from turning grey, but it would one day. He wasn't a kid any more. Hell, he was going to be forty next year.

Nine years. If he was forty next year, then it meant that he'd arrived in these parts nine years ago. It didn't seem like half as long.

He'd been surprised at how well they'd received him. No one had ever asked why he'd come here, not in all the years he'd spent in the cabin. This town was like the end of the earth, the kind of place where people came when they had secrets and those secrets were the type that



people didn't want others to know about. Every person in this town had something to hide. Only the ones that had been born here didn't, and even then he was sure they carried the secrets of their parents. So long as he didn't ask them about theirs, he knew they would never ask him about his. That was half the reason he loved this place so much. It had been the only place in the world where he'd felt he could start over.

Finishing his drink, he slouched into the chair and put his feet up on the stool. He placed the empty glass down beside him and closed his eyes, letting the warmth of the fire and the sound of the growing tempest outside relax him. It was always nice to be safely tucked up somewhere warm in weather like this.

He stretched, yawned and smacked his lips together a few times as sleep wrapped its comforting arms around him.

The sound of a gunshot echoing around the mountain made him sit bolt upright. All tiredness was pushed right out of his body and his eyes went wide. He blinked and realised that he was tightly gripping the arms of his chair. He looked down at his hands. His knuckles were white. He struggled to convince himself to let go and when he did, he shook his hands as though by doing that he could shake off how badly that shot had frightened him. It was almost as though he'd felt it. He'd been on the edge of dreaming, could almost see the mountain and the forest, and then he'd been zooming towards a wolf and the shot had awoken him.

It had been close. The hunters must have circled back around. He'd thought they'd be long gone by now, deep into the woods.



He was about to relax back into his chair when a shuffling sound on the porch made his heartbeat accelerate. He swallowed hard, listening to what sounded like the scraping of claws on wood. Standing slowly, he eased across the room to the gun cabinet and took down his rifle. He pulled the bolt back and checked it was loaded before sliding it back into place.

His heart thudded heavily against his chest while he moved to the door. He took a few deep breaths, his senses still firmly focused on the scratching sound. It was too late in the season for bears. It could be a wolf.

Unlocking the door, he frowned when the noise outside stopped. It must have heard the key grating in the lock. Maybe it had run off.

He almost ripped the door open and immediately levelled his gun at the porch.

His brain took a few seconds to compute what he was seeing, but his heart didn't. It raced at the sight of her naked form. He lowered the gun, unable to find anything to say. He took in the way she was curled up on the porch, her hair strewn across her face and her hands trembling where they held her upper arms. His gaze travelled down the length of her body. The sight of the blood on her leg made his head become painfully clear and the world felt real again.

"Christ," he cursed and ran into the cabin, almost tripping over his boots as he did so.

He grabbed the white fur blanket off the back of the couch and tossed his gun onto the table. Hurrying back to her, he went to wrap the blanket around her but she whimpered and curled up into a tighter ball.



"I'm not going to hurt you," he said and held the fur out to her, showing her it. "I just want to get you warm."

He eased the blanket towards her and wrapped it around her. When she was safely tucked up inside it, he picked her up, gathering her into his arms. Standing on the porch for a few seconds, he scanned the woods in an attempt to see if the hunters were nearby but the snowfall made it impossible.

Had they shot her?

Why the hell was she naked?

He looked down at her and walked into the cabin. He'd never seen anything like her. She was beautiful but it was the mystery of her that held his attention. He'd never seen a woman so young with such silvery grey hair before. Here he was worrying that he was going to go grey but she had to be ten years younger than him. It suited her somehow. She opened her eyes a little, enough for him to see the golden colour of her irises and then her eyelids drooped again. He told himself that they must be a shade of brown and that it was the firelight making them look so yellow. No one on earth had eyes that colour.

Kicking the door shut, he carried her over to the couch and laid her down on it. He checked that her pulse was strong and she murmured, her fine brows knitting into a frown. She shifted a little, pulling the fur up around her bare shoulders and he took it as a good sign that she was so conscious. Going back to the door, he locked it and drew the curtain aside enough for him to see the outside world.



The snow was falling fast now. It would have covered her tracks to his cabin, hiding them from the hunters.

Was she one of them?

Why was she naked?

Rousing himself, he went into the kitchen and retrieved the medical box he always kept stashed underneath the sink. He brought it back into the lounge, picking up the bottle of whisky on his way past, and went to her where she was still laying motionless on the couch.

He knelt down in front of her and swallowed hard.

"I shouldn't have come," she said in a voice that was nothing more than a whisper.

He could almost hear the pain in it. What was she talking about?

"I've put you in danger." She frowned this time, her eyes opening a little and her lips compressing as she braced herself. She must have been in agony.

"The hunters? Did they do this to you? Did they..." he trailed off, not able to bring himself to mention the nude state she'd been in on his porch for fear that his thoughts would get stuck on the image of her that had been seared into his mind.

He shifted into a more comfortable position, cursing his body for responding to the memory of what she'd looked like naked.

"In a way," she said in a breathless voice.



Opening the box when she started shivering, he took out everything he could think of that might patch up the wound on her thigh and then realised that he hadn't even got a good look at it. In his hurry to get her into his cabin and out of the bad weather, he'd not thought about how serious the injury could be. She could need a doctor and he'd been dilly-dallying and getting lost in his thoughts.

"It's of no concern to me. I don't need to know why you're naked or why they shot you—" He started but she cut him off.

"You wouldn't believe me," she said and her face screwed up in pain when she moved, pushing herself up into a sitting position.

"I don't need to know your name," he continued as though she hadn't even spoken, his focus wholly on peeling the fur blanket back to reveal the wound on her left thigh.

"It's Neoma," she said.

His fingers paused, brushing against her thigh, and he stared straight into the golden eyes that were looking right into his. His heart accelerated, his breathing following it, and his fingers tingled where they were touching her.

"I'm—"

"I know who you are, Scott Hudson." She smiled and then cringed.

He shook his head to clear it and break the invisible bond that was stopping him from looking away. Forcing



his eyes back down, he inspected the wound on her thigh, all the while trying not to let the feeling of her soft skin under the pads of his fingers affect him. She was pale, and he didn't know whether it was loss of blood causing it or whether she was always like this. How the hell did she know him?

"This doesn't look too bad," he said, more to himself than to her. She didn't seem very frightened for someone who had just been shot and was sitting in front of a stranger while wearing nothing more than a blanket. Maybe it was shock or adrenaline making her like this. It was the only explanation he could think of for how calm she was.

Taking out some antiseptic, he poured a little onto some cotton wool and dabbed it against the wound. She whimpered when it touched her and he couldn't help thinking that she'd sounded like a kicked dog. Glancing up at her, he found himself trapped in her gaze again and battled to get free of it. He had to keep his focus. This whole night was turning out crazy. Maybe he was still asleep and this was all some vivid fantasy.

He pinched himself on the arm.

It stung like a bitch but he didn't wake up.

Nope, it was definitely real.

A part of him wanted to talk to her so his mind would be occupied with something other than the subtle curves of her left leg. The wound was nothing more than a long, deep graze now that he'd cleared away all of the blood. He checked it thoroughly, making sure that there was no dirt in the cut and that it wasn't bleeding profusely. With the weather closing in, there was no way he could get



her down the mountain. The road would probably be blocked by now. Something inside said that he'd have to try regardless of how pointless the attempt would be.

Taking the bandage out of the box, he placed a strip of padding against the wound and then took a deep breath. He stared at her thigh, mesmerised by it. It wouldn't be the first time he'd touched a woman's thigh, but there was something about her that made it hard to control himself. She was so mysterious, so beautiful. And it had been a hell of a long time since he'd been this close to a woman.

He cleared his throat and then unceremoniously pressed the start of the bandage against her thigh. She inhaled sharply through her teeth and he mentally apologised to her for being so rough. Lightening his touch, he carefully drew the bandage around, accidentally brushing his fingers against the inside of her thigh at the same time. He bit his tongue, stopping himself from giving in to the desire that was beginning to burn like an inferno in his veins. Every time his fingers brushed against her, she would breath in a little, adding to the thrill he got from touching her. This was wrong. He didn't even know the woman and she was making him feel like he hadn't felt in a long time. It had been too long since he'd had these feelings, these desires. He tied off the end of the bandage and ran his fingers over it, smoothing it and making the most of the excuse to touch her and feel her tensing beneath his fingertips.

When he removed his hand and raised his eyes up to hers. Her pupils were wide and her cheeks were flushed. God, she was beautiful.

Neoma caught hold of his hand and smiled at him, hoping to alleviate the flicker of fear that had surfaced in



his grey eyes. She wanted to thank him but the overwhelming weight of anxiousness in her stomach made different words leave her lips.

"I've placed you in danger. I shouldn't have come," she said and went to stand.

He took his hand away from hers and pressed it against her shoulder, forcing her to sit again.

"You're not going anywhere in this weather. You'd never make it back down into town alone."

There was such a sweet note of concern in his voice and his expression. She tensed her thigh, testing it. Pain raced along every nerve but it was less now than when it had first happened. She could easily make it back to her home. She turned her face towards the door and sniffed. He was right about the weather though. The cold would slow her down and make her vulnerable to the hunters again.

"Have we met?" he said and she watched his fingers while he poured a large glass of whisky. "I think I'd remember you."

He held it out to her. She looked at it for a moment and then took it, sipping it so he would stop staring at her. She'd had to fight for control every second that he'd been fixing her wound. His proximity and touch had made her soul stir into life and only the pain had stopped her from reacting as she'd wanted to.

Wind blew down the chimney, making the fire crackle and pop. Her eyes moved to it, following the sweeping motion of the flames.



She smiled across at him when he sat in the armchair, a glass of whisky in his hand. His hair was darker than she'd expected, and she'd always pictured him wearing a checked lumberjack shirt under his jacket rather than the padded navy one he was wearing now. His pale blue jeans looked faded and old. She wondered how often he went down into town. Living up here could get lonely. She rarely ventured down into the settlement. Only at night had she found the bravery to wander the streets there.

She was at home on the mountain, running through the trees after her prey and watching him.

"We've met," she said, her smile remaining in place.

"We have?" he frowned.

She decided he was handsome when he did that.

"At a party, or in town?" he ventured and she shook her head.

"Up here, on the mountain." She sipped her drink again, letting the heat of it warm her through and sedate her, quenching the nerves that were spiralling out of control inside of her. She swallowed a whole mouthful and then took a deep breath, wondering how he was going to react to what she was going to say.

His eyes widened and he leaned forwards, a curious but confused look quickly settling on his face.

"But there's no cabin for miles and I really don't remember ever meeting someone on the mountain," he said.



"My home isn't that far," she said and tugged the fur blanket up when it began to slip away from her shoulders. She noticed how his eyes followed it, the grey of them becoming stormy while they roamed over her bare shoulders and chest. "You stopped hunting, why?"

He dropped his gaze to the floor and frowned again. Maybe she was asking too many questions. She was surprised he was letting her sit here like this without making her explain how she came to be laying on his porch naked with a gunshot wound. If she were him, she would have demanded answers.

"How do you know all this?"

She smiled at his question. It was about time he asked that.

"I've watched you," she said and shifted on the seat so her feet were on the floor. She didn't bother covering her legs again. He'd already seen her buck-naked and she'd wanted that for so many years now that she needed to make the most of the feeling of his heated gaze roaming her body. "I used to watch you hunt at night. I'm a hunter too. I love the dark. It makes everything seem so *wild*."

He swallowed hard.

Scott cleared his throat and gulped another mouthful of whisky, hoping to calm himself but only adding to the wildfire spreading through his body. Was she trying to get him like this? Her eyes were full of intent and her body language was speaking words straight to his libido. He wished she'd given him a straight answer about how she knew him. Had she really watched him at night? She would have had to be close to him to even make him



out. The night up here was pitch black unless there was a full moon.

Full moon. He got stuck on those words. The hunter's moon was tonight. Did she only hunt during a full moon? Was that why she was out there?

Another gunshot echoed around the mountain and he snapped his head up when she jumped to her feet. He watched her turning on the spot as though she was trying to make out the direction it had come from and stood up. Catching hold of her shoulders, he was stunned when she curled up against him, her silvery hair brushing softly against his neck while her cheek pressed against his chest. He could feel her fingers on his chest. He managed to keep control for all of a second before he gave into his desire to wrap his arms around her and hold her.

"It's okay, I won't let them find you," he whispered into her hair. She was trembling against him and he idly stroked the fur blanket she was wearing. It was the only way to stop himself from stroking her hair.

She drew back, her eyes round and wide when she looked up at him. She was so close. He inhaled the scent of her. It was a fresh smell that reminded him of crisp snow and meadow flowers. His eyes locked with hers. Her palms were pressed against his chest and he was sure she'd be able to feel how fast his heart was pounding because of her. Her lips were unbearably close to his and she had a look in her eyes that begged him to kiss her. He let go of her, telling himself that he was imagining it. His feelings were running away with him and making him see those things.



She opened her mouth to say something but he shook his head, able to see in her eyes what she was going to tell him.

"I told you, I don't need to know."

"It isn't what you think," she said and there was a hint of panic in her eyes.

Was she worried what he was thinking of her? He stared deep into the golden pools and searched them, desperate to see what she was trying to tell him and then stopping when he saw the edge of fear that filled them. She looked like she was scared to tell him, so why did she want to?

He decided to make it easy on her.

"If you don't tell me, it'll be easier for me to tell them you're not here when they come looking for you," he said.

"They won't come looking for me." She took a step towards him, closing the gap between them again. "They don't know who I am."

"You seem to know everyone but no one knows you." He held her gaze when she smiled, her soft pink lips calling to him and trying to lure his eyes down to them. He wouldn't look. He was made of stronger stuff than this. She was probably reacting on instinct and that had been shaken by wound she'd suffered. He'd helped her and it was confused gratitude that was making her act this way. To kiss her would be a lie. A girl like her would never want a guy like him, not when she found out the reason he was here. She'd think he was crazy like the rest of them did. Like she had. Bitterness filled his heart,



tainting his feelings and making him want to walk away from Neoma, but he couldn't.

She had him captivated again the moment he came out of his thoughts and found himself staring into her eyes still.

"I should take you to the docs," he said but the words were empty, just an excuse to say something in the hopes of breaking the spell she'd placed on him the moment she'd come crashing into his life.

She shook her head and her eyes widened.

He frowned at her refusal.

"I'm not a professional at this. The doc should take a look at it." He saw the panic rise up in her eyes again and she backed away from him. He wanted to tell her that if she was that scared of going to the doctor's then she didn't have to go. He wasn't going to make her.

"It'll heal," she said and swallowed. "I heal fast."

Not knowing what to say or how to tell her that he hadn't meant to frighten her, he tapped his hand against his thigh for a few seconds and then glanced down at the bottle of whisky.

"You want another drink?" he said. She smiled at him, her lips curving gracefully into it.

"I could use something hot."

He swallowed hard and nodded. Hurrying from the room, he headed straight for the kitchen.



Neoma looked around at the interior of the cabin. She'd never thought she'd see it. It was cosy. There wasn't a great amount of furniture, but what was there looked snug and homely. She wished her home were like this. The cabin she lived in was half this size and was all on one floor. Her bedroom was practically the lounge, and her kitchen was nothing more than an old wood-burning stove.

She walked a few steps, testing her leg. It was beginning to feel better now which meant she had no excuse for staying. He didn't have to know that though. She just wanted to spend a little more time with him. She rarely saw people, and it was an even rarer occurrence for her to actually speak to someone. Besides, it was him, the one man she'd always wanted to speak to but had never found the courage to.

Her gaze traversed the walls while her fingers pulled the fur blanket tighter around herself. She was surprised that he hadn't offered her any clothes. Maybe he was in too much shock to think about things like that. She was covered and that was probably enough for him.

She smiled while she thought about the way he'd been looking at her. She'd never thought he'd look at her like that. He wouldn't look at her like that if he knew her.

The real her.

She cast a glance at the window, feeling the storm outside and the lure of the night. It was hard for her to keep from giving in to it. She could feel it in her veins—the desire to hunt and kill. She wouldn't be able to hold it at bay forever. The longer she stayed, the more danger she was putting him in.



Looking up at the wall above the fireplace, she frowned when she found herself staring into the glazed eyes of a wolf's head.

She walked towards it, her hand raising up to touch it where it was mounted on a wooden plaque, guided by a morbid curiosity to feel its fur. Her brows furrowed while she stared into its dead gaze.

Her hand quickly dropped to her side when Scott walked back in. She picked at the blanket, her eyes downcast and her voice lost to her. Seeing the wolf had raised so many questions and fears inside of her that she didn't know where to start or what to say.

He came to stand next to her and she managed a small smile when he held a cup of tea out to her. Taking it from him, she sipped it a few times while struggling to stop herself from looking at the wolf's head. Her gaze briefly moved there.

"It came with the cabin," he said. "I've been meaning to take it down. I don't kill wolves. I'm a deer hunter."

She sighed and relief washed through her.

"So, what do you hunt?" He looked a little awkward and she wondered whether he'd asked her because he was interested, or because he didn't know what else to say to her.

"Deer, anything I can eat," she said without thinking and froze. She risked a glance at him and saw he had one brow raised, as though he was trying to make sense of what she'd said. She hoped that he'd let it slide. He was probably going to spend all night wondering exactly what she lived on now. She told herself she should add in



some other things, like vegetables and the things she ate normally, but he spoke again and her chance slipped away.

"You alone up here?"

She nodded.

"Even in winter?" he said with a hint of disbelief in his voice and his eyes.

"Yes," she answered and then realised that her blanket was slipping, revealing the swell of her breasts. His eyes seemed to linger there, causing heat to settle in her stomach and making her whole body flush. She pulled the blanket up again and the soft fur tickled her skin.

"Come on, you shouldn't be standing." He caught hold of her arm and went to lead her to the couch but she sat down on the rug in front of the fire.

It was so nice and warm here. She felt so safe. It had been a long time since she'd felt that in company.

"Well okay then," he said and sat down next to her on the rug. "You warm enough? I can throw another couple of logs on—"

"It's fine, it's...nice." She didn't look at him. She remained staring at the flames and thinking about how good it felt to be with someone.

It wasn't just the fire making her warm.

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He was sitting so close to her, his eyes fixed on the fire and the soft light of it warming his face.



"Thank you for looking after me," she said and leaned towards him. She pressed a kiss to his cheek and when she pulled back, he had his eyes closed. Her heart sped a little when he opened them and looked straight into hers. There was so much passion in them, desire that she'd caused, and it made her tremble inside to see it.

"What are neighbours for?" he said in a shaky voice that betrayed his feelings as much as the way his eyes dropped briefly to her body did.

"You're different up close and in the light." She waited for his eyes to come back up to meet hers and smiled when they did, trying to alleviate the nerves she felt and forcing herself to continue with what she wanted to say. "I know your shape and build, and your scent, but you're so much more..."

"Yes?" Scott tried to swallow the dry lump in his throat but his actions were pointless. It wouldn't shift, not while she was looking at him like that, with eyes that told him how much their owner longed for his touch. He couldn't be imagining it now. The sweep of her tongue against her lips, the shy way she looked at him through her eyelashes and the way her blanket was falling dangerously low around her breasts told him everything he needed to know. He would have had to be blind to miss how attracted to him she was, how she wanted him.

"...Handsome," she breathed the word. It was a feather light whisper but it hit him with all the force of a tidal wave, sending him reeling and making desire surge through him. "I like your grey eyes. They remind me of a wolf."



He smiled and gave a short laugh, his nerves getting the better of him. "You have wolf eyes more than me."

She drew back a little and a tiny frown wrinkled her nose. He wondered if it had been what he'd said, but then told himself that it couldn't be. Why would his mentioning that her eyes look like a wolf's make her react like that—as though she was afraid of what he'd said?

He watched her sit back and cover her shoulders with the blanket, stealing the pleasure of seeing her smooth skin away from him.

"Neoma?" he said. "Something wrong?"

She looked at him. "I'm...I felt a little dizzy. I'm all right now."

He could see that she was lying. He wondered what the problem had been really but when she spoke, his thoughts were pushed from him by her words.

"So, what are you hiding from and who are you hiding from, Scott?"

"What?" He blinked and then averted his gaze, a frown knitting his brows while he thought about what she'd asked. What did he tell her? If he told her the truth, would she think he was crazy too? Christ, his palms were sweating and his chest was tight. It felt as though someone was trying to squeeze all of the air out of his lungs and he struggled to breathe normally. This was too nice. If he opened his mouth and his heart to her, would she turn around and leave him too?



Neoma held her breath, hoping that the reason he was here would be the answer to her prayers. He had to have a reason for being here. The people who came just for the hunting left at the end of each season, but he was always here. She'd watched him as he took midnight strolls in winter. She'd even watched him at Christmas once and had wondered if he'd felt as alone as she did during that time of year.

"Everyone who comes to these parts has something to hide and are also hiding from something. So who are you hiding from?" she said and leaned towards him again, eager to hear his answer.

"The world," he said in such a bitter but solemn tone that her heart ached for him.

"Me too." Her tone matched his and she stared at the fire. It wasn't the life she'd wanted for herself, but there was nothing she could do about it now. She had to live with what had happened, even if it meant living alone. She wanted to ask him the reason why he was here, but didn't have the heart to cause him any more hurt with her questions.

She sighed.

He followed suit.

Silence filled the room and she wished she could make it go away, but she was lost in her thoughts and the dark feeling of sadness growing inside of her. She told herself that she wasn't lonely, but her heart said it was a lie. She wouldn't still be sitting here if that were the case. She wouldn't be waiting for Scott to say the words she knew he never would and resisting the call of the wild that tugged at the very core of her soul. He'd never



understand the real her. He wouldn't stick around long enough to even make a start. The moment he realised what she was, he'd leave her and she'd be alone again. There was no way on earth he would believe her if she tried to explain what she was.

No one understood.

"Nine years ago I moved here," he said, his deep voice breaking the silence and making her look at him. He was staring at the fire with a pensive expression firmly settled on his face and his eyes narrowed. "I never told anyone why, but...no one ever asked before now."

She felt the tension in the room elevate as though it was a physical thing affecting them both. It made her body tighten, her heart clench and her breath leave her. She waited, wanting to hear the reason why he'd come into her world, wanting to know that the impression he'd made on her wasn't for nothing and that there was hope for them.

He ran his hand over his hair and sighed as though he was trying to gather himself enough to speak.

After a moments pause, he did.

"I've always been the kind of guy that did everything with a passion. My job was a passion and my hobby was a passion, but when that hobby began to become an obsession then the whole game changed. My colleagues at work mocked me, my friends turned their backs and even my wife—" He stopped abruptly and she could see the pain in his eyes when he looked at her. A mirthless laugh left his lips and he forced a smile. "Well, you get the idea."



She nodded, awed and touched by the fact that he was telling her this when he'd never told anyone before. She reached out and laid a hand on his arm, trying to show him that she was there and she understood the pain he must have gone through. She had never really been in love, but she had been in relationships that had ended bitterly and she knew the hurt he held inside.

He sighed and grabbed the bottle of whisky. In one swift movement, he'd uncorked it and was pouring himself a large glassful. The neck of the bottle rattled against the rim of the glass, telling her how unsteady his hands were.

"Why?" she said, prompting him but not rushing him.

"You'll think I'm mad like the rest of them," he said and looked at her.

"No, no I won't." She shook her head and stared deep into his eyes, wanting him to see that she meant those words.

How could she ever think he was insane? Her whole life was more crazy than he could dream up. This night would be all she would have to cherish for the next god knows how many years. She didn't want it to be that way, but if he realised what she was, he'd really think he was insane and she'd never see him again. She'd never be able to explain to him that she could control herself, and that it was only once a month that the moon affected her.

He looked unconvinced so she moved her hand down to his and curled her fingers around under his palm.



"Please believe me...this is as easy for me as it is for you...I've never had a night like this and I don't know when it's going to end, but I know it's going to be too soon, and I want you to know me before—"

Scott frowned at the way she'd cut herself off and the tears he could see shining in her eyes. Her words had hit him straight in his chest, tugging at his heartstrings and rendering him powerless to do anything but tell her the things about himself that he had been reluctant to say.

He placed his other hand over hers and silently thanked god that he wasn't the only one shaking. Her fingers trembled against his and her gaze was unsteady, her eyes darting between his in an obvious effort to see what he was thinking and whether he believed her.

He believed her.

He had the same feeling in the pit of his stomach as she did. He didn't want this to end but something in the recesses of his heart said that it was going to, and when it did, he wasn't sure whether he'd see her again.

"I...I'm not that much of a hunter. I didn't come up here for the wildlife. I came here for the solitude, for the peace away from prying eyes and pointed fingers. I've had all the jokes made about me that I can take. I just want to pass life quietly up here researching."

"Researching?" She cocked her head to one side and the corners of her lips tugged into a slight smile.

"This is going to sound a bit weird, but when I was a kid I was obsessed with all the alien movies and the horror and ghost stories. All of that stuff that people usually grow out of. Only I didn't. I lost interest for a while, but



then about twelve years ago I got into it again. I was married at the time. She left me when I quit my job to do research...into the paranormal." He waited for her to laugh but she didn't. Her smile broadened and there was such a look of happiness in her eyes that he felt as though he'd missed something.

He really couldn't figure her out.

"Paranormal research? That's like looking for the yeti and things, yes?" She took his glass of whisky from his hand and sipped it.

When she lowered the glass, his eyes followed it until it reached her chest and then it dropped out of view. The blanket had slipped again. He tried to tear his eyes away from the swell of her breasts and cursed his mind for racing to recall how delicious they'd looked when she was naked.

"Hmm?" he said dreamily and raised his brows.

"Yeti?" she repeated.

"Um...yes, well...I mean," he stumbled on the words and then cleared his throat. "I suppose. Yeti, vampires, ghosts—"

"Werewolves?" she said with an air of hope about her.

He frowned for a moment and then nodded. "Those too."

Neoma smiled. He was probably thinking she was crazy for finding what he'd said something to be happy about, but for her it was. Was there a chance that he'd understand or would his obsession over what he thought



was fantasy disappear the moment he realised that it was in fact a reality for some?

She drank down the rest of his glass of whisky to steady her nerves and handed it back to him. Their fingers touched when he took it from her and tingles swept through her body like a chill. She shuddered a little, unable to stop the reaction, and smiled shyly when he narrowed his eyes softly on hers.

While he was refilling his glass, she drew the fur blanket she was wearing to one side and inspected the bandage on her thigh. He'd done a good job and her natural healing abilities were already beginning to mend the wound.

She frowned when she realised that the pain was gone. Her eyes unfocused as the call of the night sung in her veins and called to her soul.

"Neoma?" he said in a tone of voice that made her realise that he was worried about her.

She stared at the rug they were sitting on, struggling for control inside and begging for a little more time.

"The storm is clearing," she whispered and got to her feet without thinking. She was halfway to the door when he stopped her.

He stood right in her path, blocking her way to the outside. It was a dangerous move to make, but he didn't know that. To him, she was just a woman, weaker and lighter than him. He didn't know how strong she really was.



"Please let me pass. I shouldn't have come here. I've put you in terrible danger." She stared at his chest, unable to bring herself to look at his face and see the confusion there. He had a right to feel that way.

"You can't go out there. You'll freeze before you get far."

A rumble echoed through her and she gritted her teeth, trying to keep herself together and attempting to ignore the sway of the moon. It was strong tonight. It called to her, promising her open fields of snow to run through and the comforting embrace of the dark. She wanted to answer it, wanted to let the howl she was holding inside come out, but if she did that then she would lose Scott forever.

If she left now, there was a chance she could see him again.

But how long could she keep the truth from him?

She went to push him in the chest to make him move but he caught hold of her hand. Her eyes widened when she saw her fingernails had extended into their initial claw like state and struggled to get her hand back from him. Panic swept through her, pushing her heart to the limit as the adrenaline entered her veins. She muttered words of pleading, desperate for him not to see what she could.

She stilled when he looked down. His brows knit. His eyes narrowed. He stared at her hand for the longest time as though trying to understand what he was seeing.

She snatched her hand back and went to run to the door but he caught hold of her other arm, stopping her in her tracks. His hands moved to her shoulders, turning her to



face him. She didn't resist him. His touch had calmed the animal inside of her, making her desire to change drift to the back of her mind. She could feel the door behind her, but she knew escape was impossible now.

"Just let me go," she said, even though it broke her heart to voice those words. She kept her face turned away from him so she didn't have to see the horror in his eyes and told herself it was best that she left. He would never want her, not now.

There was silence and then he moved closer to her.

"I don't need to know what's got you scared, or how it is you came to be on my porch, naked and shot, but I do know one thing. I can't let you go," he said in a near whisper, his voice husky with desire.

Her breathing quickened, racing to match the thundering heartbeat that was sounding in her ears. Her eyes widened when he dipped his head and she watched his mouth move towards her. Anticipation coiled in her stomach, waiting for the moment his lips touched hers to explode into a wash of fireworks that raced through her body.

Her eyelids drooped and then gave up the fight when his lips brushed softly against hers in a slow, tentative kiss. She was stunned into stillness at first and then slowly she became aware of what was happening and began to kiss him back, her lips exploring his. She absorbed how his stubble scratched her chin, and the way his mouth tasted of whisky, and the warmth of his tongue when it swept across the gap between her lips, begging entrance from her. She parted her teeth and her tongue came to meet his. Her heart missed a beat and she involuntarily gasped when her tongue touched his.



She tensed for the briefest of moments and then pressed her hands into his chest, her body melting into his embrace as he wrapped his arms about her. They surrounded her, holding her steady and stopping her from leaving.

Like she'd ever really wanted to.

This was what she wanted. She wanted to be in his arms and feel like what she was wasn't a problem. Maybe it wouldn't be. Maybe he was the one for her after all, just like she'd prayed he would be.

Her hands slid up his chest to his neck, gliding over the rigid muscles of it to his hair. She moaned into his mouth at the silkiness of it under her fingers and he responded by pulling back and looking at her.

"Still want to leave?" he whispered with so much desire that her knees trembled.

She shook her head, unable to get her senses straight enough to find her voice. She felt muddled and a little dizzy, and she was sure it wasn't just the alcohol that was responsible for her feeling that way.

"We should get you off your feet," he said.

She nodded and stared into his grey eyes, fascinated with the darkness of them and how full of hunger they were. He'd make a perfect wolf. Maybe one day he'd let her change him and they could be together always. She'd never be lonely again.

Scott swept her up into his arms and carried her back to the rug in front of the fire. She was gazing at him with



such a spellbound look, as though this was some moment in a fantasy for her rather than reality. It didn't feel real to him either. He barely knew her, but at the same time he felt as though he did. There was something so familiar about her. He must have seen her before tonight.

Laying her down on the rug, he smiled at her while he sat back on his heels. She ran her hand idly down her chest, a single finger luring his eyes to her breasts and the fur blanket that was hiding them.

"There's hunger in your eyes," she said and her finger crept slowly downwards while her voice became seductive. "What are you hungry for?"

He swallowed. A part of him said that things were going too fast but the rest of him kept telling it to shut the hell up. He felt an urgent need for her, as though what she'd said earlier was true. This night was going to end too soon, and he couldn't let her walk away, he had to do this in case he never saw her again. He had to have some perfect moment to remember her by because he'd never meet anyone like her again.

"I'm not sure," he said and cursed the part of him that had won control long enough to voice those words.

She smiled and traced her fingers lower, flattening her palm against her body when she reached her stomach and not stopping until she touched her navel. The fur she was wearing was parted enough for him to see a strip of her torso. When she sat up, the blanket almost fell open. It barely clung to her breasts, keeping her nipples hidden from him and making him want to reach out and gently brush it aside so he could see them. She



extended a hand towards him and caught hold of his shirt, pulling him close to her.

"What are you doing?" he said when his mouth was a hair's breadth away from hers.

"Don't deny yourself...give in to your desire. Listen to your heart," she whispered in a lust-filled voice that sent arousal bolting through him, making him harden in his jeans.

How could he deny her? It seemed so impossible. More than that, he didn't want to deny himself. He wanted her. He wanted her in a way he'd never felt before. The feeling was a primal urge, a desire to take what was in front of him and make it his. She called to his animal instincts, making him react to the base urge consuming him.

He had to have her.

She had to be his.

With a growl that was barely human, he pulled her to him and smashed his mouth against hers. She melted instantly in his arms, her body relaxing while his tightened, and her fingers wrapped themselves around his shoulders. God she tasted good. Something about her was driving him wild. He was losing all control and the fact that it scared him a little only added to how aroused he was.

She leaned backwards, luring him down onto the rug with her, and his eyes flickered to her body when their mouths broke apart. He groaned when he saw one deep pink nipple had been exposed to him and his attention was immediately with it. Dipping his head, he ran his



tongue around it and then flicked it with the tip. Her fingers dug into his hair and she brought her left knee up, making the fur fall away from that side completely and drawing his gaze to it. He ran his fingers over the bandage and delighted in the way she trembled beneath them, her body lifting off the floor a little. Trailing his hand downwards, he followed the sweep of her inner thigh and moved his gaze to meet hers while he slid it underneath the blanket.

Blood rushed through his ears, drowning out the sound of the crackling fire and her quiet moan while she bit her lip. He breathed out shakily, his heart beating so fast that he felt dizzy.

Swallowing in an attempt to stop his mouth from feeling so dry, he edged his hand further downward and then frowned and closed his eyes when he made contact with the curly hair covering her pussy.

She arched into his touch, forcing his fingers to slide between her lips and into the soft, slick core of her. The tattered, fragile threads of control he'd been holding on to snapped. Withdrawing his hand, he knelt and hastily unbuttoned his shirt, growing annoyed when his shaking fingers made it almost impossible to do as swiftly as he wanted. He tugged it off over his head and was about to toss it onto the couch when she sat up and raked her nails down both sides of his abdomen. He threw his head back, his body jerking and tensing with pleasure at the jolt of pain.

He groaned and dropped his shirt when he heard the clink of metal and felt her tugging at his belt. He was about to say something but speech became just a hazy memory when she popped the top button of his jeans and pulled at the two sides, forcing the rest of the



buttons to pop open. He could only moan when she pushed his jeans down his hips, freeing his erection.

Breathing became an issue shortly after that.

His eyes rolled back into his head when she took his erection into her mouth. He could barely stop himself from thrusting his hips forwards like he wanted to. Her lips wrapped around him and her tongue swept along his length. The wet softness and warmth of her mouth promised of things to come and he struggled against his desire to throw her down and pound her into the rug. He clenched his fists, his muscles becoming so tight that his arms trembled while she moved her lips down his cock, taking it deep into her, and then sucked hard when she pulled back.

His buttocks clenched when her fingers ran around his balls and she cupped them, weighing them gently before rolling them.

He looked down at her, his brows furrowing and his heart thundering against his chest while she licked and sucked him. He buried his fingers into her silvery hair, the silkiness of it only adding to the pleasure he was feeling. His hips quivered when his balls tensed and he pulled out of her mouth, not wanting to let go just yet.

She looked up at him with dark eyes full of lust and need and he almost pounced on her. Standing up, he removed his jeans, telling himself to take things a little slower.

Neoma lay back on the rug, waiting for him to come to her like she knew he would. She'd tasted how excited he was, had felt how close he'd been to coming when she'd been sucking his cock. She wanted it in her mouth



again, wanted to let her tongue explore every hard inch of it until he came screaming her name.

She wanted this night to never end.

She squeezed her thighs together to make the most of the throb in her clit. She moved them back and forth, moaning breathily as she did so. He knelt beside her again and his eyes dropped to her hips. The muscles of his jaw tensed when he saw what she was doing. She breathed in when his fingers grazed her knee and he forced them in between her thighs. She resisted for a moment and then parted them for him. Her hand ran up his leg at the same time as his eased down her inner thigh.

When his fingers came to rest on her pussy, she ran hers up the length of his cock, running her thumb over the soft head of it and catching the pearly drop that glistened there. She made eye contact with him while she brought her thumb to her mouth and sucked it clean.

His eyes darkened, betraying his hunger, and his cock bobbed. She smiled for a moment and then bit her lower lip when he ran his fingers down the length of her pussy and slid one long finger up inside of her. She tensed around it, her hips jerking upwards while her body sung in response. He withdrew it slowly and thrust it back into her, a smile of satisfaction settling on his lips when she moaned. She deserved a little payback for thinking she was wholly in control of this. She was so aroused that a single stroke of his finger in the right place would make her come all over it. She shoved her hips against his finger, riding it while he slowly pumped her, and held his gaze.



She brought her hands up and cupped her breasts. Her thumbs brushed over her hardened nipples, teasing them, and then she ran her hands down over her stomach to her pussy. She closed her eyes and arched her back when her fingers made contact with her clit, making little sparks of pleasure ride out along her nerves.

She frowned when his hand caught her wrist and then spread her legs for him when he moved between them, his finger still sliding into her.

He stopped and a frown marred his face.

“What?”

“I haven’t...I mean...it’s been years...I wasn’t exactly expecting company.”

She would’ve have laughed at what he was saying if he hadn’t looked so crestfallen. “It’s fine...”

She reached out and caught hold of his hand where it was resting on her knee. Pulling it towards her, she lured him down and then wrapped her hand around the back of his head. Her lips met his in a passionate kiss and her tongue duelled with his, the warmth and hunger of his kiss making her blood burn for him.

He withdrew his finger and her body sung a silent prayer, begging him to be inside of her so she could quench the fire growing out of control in her abdomen.

The tip of his cock nudged against her and she stilled, waiting for him to make a move. She held her breath, her eyes meeting his when he pulled back and looked at her. It felt like the quiet before the storm. Everything



from this point forwards was going to be a frenzied, lust-fuelled race to fulfilment.

His grey eyes cleared for a moment, visibly growing paler, and she felt as though she was watching the moon coming out from behind storm clouds. She was lost in them. A thousand things sprang to her lips, but he silenced her with a kiss and in one slick movement buried himself in her.

She moaned into his mouth. Her teeth clashed with his, her tongue battling for command while her nails raked down his back to his buttocks. She grappled with them, trying to control his harsh movements. He broke the kiss and buried his face into her neck, his breathing heavy in her ear. Her face contorted in pleasure when he slammed into her, his cock thrusting deep inside her in long hard strokes that made her whole body cry out in bliss. She dug her nails into his backside, forcing him to move faster and muttered desperate words into his ear, begging him for more.

He gave a low groan when she tensed her muscles around his cock to make the most of each thrust. Desire stirred the beast inside of her and she growled when she rolled him over onto his back. He stared at her, a brief second of silence and stillness falling between them before she pressed her hands into his stomach and started to move. She built up a rhythm of long, deep strokes. Her hands roamed up her body, twisting in her hair and toying with her breasts. She opened her eyes and breathed heavily when he raised his hips to meet hers on each down thrust. She moaned and licked her lips before smiling at him. Tensing her muscles again, she elicited a deep groan from him. His face contorted in pleasure, his lips parting and his head tilting backwards. She stared at the defined curve of his jaw and his Adams



apple when he tensed beneath her, his fingers scrunching the fur blanket up into his fists.

Scott groaned again. She was killing him. He wanted her to go faster, wanted to be put out of his misery, not tortured with her slow strokes. He could feel her skin sticking to him each time their bodies met, could feel the heat of her wrapped around his cock. He wanted to bury himself deep inside her and come, wanted to slam into her and make her scream in pleasure.

Before he could think about what he was doing, he had pulled out of her and turned her so she was facing away from him. She fell forwards, exposing her backside to him while she knelt on the fur blanket. He paused, unsure of whether to continue. He ran his fingers over her slick pussy, capturing the juices that coated it and smearing them over his cock. God he wanted her. He wanted to fuck her like an animal.

She dropped forwards so she was resting on her elbows and looked over her shoulder at him. He took hold of his cock, bringing it towards her, and waited to see if she was going to stop him. When she raised her ass, he placed the tip of his erection inside of her and then put his hands on her hips. He drew her back, sheathing himself to the hilt inside of her and then pulled out again. He built up a rhythm while watching himself sliding in and out of her. His cock glistened with her juices in the firelight. He moved his knees, forcing her to spread her legs further and giving him deeper access as he began to thrust harder into her. He could feel his balls tightening with each quick stroke and jolts of pleasure shot through him when she tensed her muscles, clenching his cock and making him lose control. Tightening his grip on her thighs, he pounded into her, listening to the sweet moans that escaped her lips each



time he buried himself in her. He groaned, his hips slapping against hers which each meeting of their bodies. The fine sheen of sweat coating her back shone in the warm light. She looked over her shoulder at him again, her mouth hanging open and her eyes narrowed in a look of desire and need.

He felt her tighten around him and knew from the look in her eyes that she was close.

He slammed into her and gave a low guttural growl that had her body quivering around his cock. His thrusts slowed when his orgasm swept through him, his hips jerking while he came. Her inner walls milked him, making him moan and hold her hips against his so he could make the most of the feeling. She groaned and pressed her backside against him, showing him that she was doing the same as him. He stared deep into her eyes, not wanting to leave her body, but knowing that he'd have to.

She moved forwards, causing his already softening cock to slide free of her body. He didn't resist her when she lay down and tugged on his hand, making him come to her. He sighed out heavily, trying to slow his heart and catch his breath.

Neoma curled up in his arms and rested her head against his chest. She listened to his heart thumping against her ear and smiled. Her whole body felt warm and sedated. She took hold of the edge of the fur blanket behind her and wrapped it over their legs. Looking up, she found he was watching her. He had one arm behind his head, propping it up, while his other was wrapped tightly around her waist as though he knew she was going to have to leave soon.



She didn't want to, but there was only so long that she could deny the moon's sway.

It was still dark out and she could sense that the storm had cleared. Her eyes traversed his face for a few moments longer, memorising his soft look and smile, and then she closed them. She held him a little tighter, waiting for him to fall asleep and silently promising him that she'd come back. In her heart, she knew that her fears about him had been wrong. He wouldn't turn her away because of what she was. He would never see her as nothing more than a beast. He would always see her as a woman, a human, first and foremost.

When his heart rate evened out and his grip on her side loosened, she looked up at him. She smiled and sighed when she saw him sleeping. It was only another day before the moon lost its sway over her for almost a month. She'd return to him then and explain everything in the hopes that he would let her remain with him.

"I'll come back," she whispered against his mouth. "I love you."

She pressed a kiss to his lips and then slipped free of his grasp.

Scott frowned and scratched his chest in his sleep. When he rolled over and found that his arms were empty, his eyes shot open. He sat bolt upright and listened for a sign of her in the house. It was pointless. He knew where she'd gone.

Getting to his feet, he tugged his jeans on and ran to the door. He grabbed the torch that was hanging beside it and pulled the door open. Dashing out into the thick snow, he gritted his teeth when his feet sank into it. It



froze them almost instantly, draining the heat from his body.

“Neoma!” he called out to her, panicked thoughts pushing his heart to the limit. She’d freeze out here without any clothes. He shone the torch around, cutting through the darkness. His eyes darted about in an attempt to follow it, desperate to find a sign of her. The moon was still shining brightly but it was low on the horizon, telling him that it was early in the morning. In the pale light, he saw something on the snow and moved his torch there.

Tracks.

He followed her footprints towards the woods and frowned when they seemed to become muddled and then a set of smaller animal-like tracks replaced them.

A shuffling noise made him look up and he froze to the spot when the wolf looked at him, its eyes shining in the torchlight. He’d never seen a wolf this big before. His gaze flickered to the scrap of bloodstained bandage beside it and the scratch on its hind leg. His heart clenched and his mind reeled when he remembered what she’d said to him.

He wouldn’t understand what had happened. She’d been watching him. She hunts what she can eat. She’d placed him in danger.

He looked at the full moon on the horizon.

There was a reason she had been naked on his porch and shot by the hunters. There was a reason she had such beautiful silvery hair and piercing yellow eyes.



She was a werewolf.

He went to look back at her but found that she was gone.

He smiled when he remembered something else she'd said. He heard a wolf howl in the distance and started back towards his cabin.

Stepping onto the porch, he turned and looked back at the woods and then at the glowing red orb on the horizon.

The hunter's moon would wane in a day or two.

He'd see her again, of that he was sure.

She'd come back to him.

She loved him, after all.

***The End***



### **About the Author:**

Felicity Heaton is a great believer in love at first sight and the romantic ideal. Having grown up reading extensively, she developed a deep love of classical literature, ranking *Jane Eyre*, *North & South*, and *Persuasion* amongst her all time favourite reads. The most romantic moment of her life was when her husband got down on bended knee on the steps of *Sacré Coeur*, Paris, at night in front of several hundred spectators and proposed. She was too drunk on love, and subsequently champagne, to care about the audience. All she could see was the man that she loved. A writer of emotion and life, she always strives to touch a chord of familiarity in her readers and give them characters they can love and a read to remember.

To see her other novels, visit:

**<http://www.felicityheaton.co.uk>**

### **Other short stories in this series:**

#### **Darkness & Light**

Every witch and wizard in the Tri-Kingdom knows the Black Sleep has no cure and it means death to anyone who passes the eighth-level dark magic trials, so who on earth would subject themselves to it?

Kyra has loved Isaac from the moment she first laid eyes on him and her feelings have only grown in the year she's spent as his apprentice. When she discovers that he's condemned himself to death by taking the eight-level trial, and consequently suffering the Black Sleep, her whole world begins to fall apart.

Isaac knows exactly what he's doing. There's a reason he's put his life on the line by taking the trials. He has a plan to defeat the Black Sleep and live, and it involves Kyra. He knew from the second he met her that she was the one for him. Not only could she save him from death, but she could be his forever, so long as she agrees to the intimately physical connection the spell he's planning to use needs.

Will Kyra be willing to share his burden and join with him through a physical connection? Will Isaac's nightmares become hers or will their bond bring the balance of darkness and light?



**<http://www.felicityheaton.co.uk/darknessandlight.php>**

### **Eternal Kiss**

Nicholas has spent centuries doing what he does best-hunting and killing. A Halloween masquerade seems like the perfect place to amuse himself and grab a quick bite to eat, but he gets more than he bargained for when he sets eyes on the beautiful Anna. He's a vampire who is happy being alone in the world but is Anna about to change all that?

Anna has had a tough life and her luck with men is dismal. When she finds herself swept up into the seductive embrace of a sinfully handsome man, she thinks that luck is finally changing, but things are not all they appear.

Caught up in their masquerade, Anna and Nicholas both find it impossible to deny their attraction to the other and they succumb to their desires. Anna takes everything in her stride, convinced that she's either dreaming or about to die, and wanting to make the most of it regardless. Nicholas starts out wanting nothing more than her blood and her body, but things soon change. What will happen when reality comes crashing down around them? Will love last forever if it's sealed with an eternal kiss?

**<http://www.felicityheaton.co.uk/eternalkiss.php>**