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Rule Breaker



Par Lora Leigh
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Par Lora Leigh : Rule Breaker before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Rule Breaker:

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurTheres a fine line between animal instinct and human desireand in her highly erotic saga (Fresh Fiction), #1 New York Times bestselling author Lora Leigh crosses it. Now, in her new novel of the Breeds, the mating heat continues Lion Breed and enforcer Rule Breaker has just a few rules he doesnt break. Not for anything. Not for anyone like never have sex with a woman outside his own breed, especially a human woman. Especially someone too helpless, too fun loving and too full of life to ever be able to protect herself, let alone help him to protect her.If the damned animal inside him insists on a mate, then why pick her? A woman who is an easy target and who can be used as a weapon against him at any time.But what

he suspects is mating heat may not be that at all. Just his animal instincts rioting, pacing, irritated whenever he's away from her. Okay, he can handle that. What ensues is a fiery affair that breaks all the rules of mating heat and will eventually endanger his mate with the very rules designed to protect the Breeds for she's possibly been working against them. From the Hardcover edition. Excerpt Sometimes, it just didn't pay a man or a Breed to make a decision, Rule decided as he lounged against the bar at yet another honky-tonk on the list of known clubs Gypsy often found herself at. Knowing he'd finally caught up with her hadn't helped his mood, or his irritation. She'd eluded him for a week and he was growing tired of waiting for her to get her ass back to town. Rule was beginning to think he was going to have to actually chase her down if he was ever going to see her again. A week between sightings was too damned long a wait, especially once he'd made up his mind to have her. After going without the sight of her the past week, he was as antsy as an addict needing a fix and wondering if he should worry about that reaction. And that just pissed him off. Maybe he just had an addictive personality, he thought as he watched her and several of her friends stroll purposely onto the dance floor. She was preparing to dance, and God bless her heart but she could turn grown men into slaving animals hungry to fuck whenever she danced. The smell of their lust never failed to cause him to glower at any male unlucky enough to catch his gaze. Maybe he was just too damned used to finding her whenever he wanted to. Hell, he'd watched her practically grow up. He couldn't count the times he'd slipped to Window Rock in the past nine years to check on the broken, traumatized child who had fought so valiantly against those Coyotes so long ago. And he had to say, she'd grown into a hell of a woman. She was wary and secretive, and the effects of the night her brother died were often apparent in her too-serious gaze. But she'd turned into a hell of a beauty. And he was a sucker for a woman in black leather too. Miss Gypsy Rum McQuade had adopted a penchant for black leather just after her eighteenth birthday. And she'd been driving him crazy just as long too. Watching the dainty form, leather boots over her knees, short black leather skirt clinging to her hips and luscious ass, a black leather vest that flashed her bronzed belly and the upper curves of her full breasts, he couldn't help but grin. He might have been drooling a little, and damn he hoped Dane Vanderale hadn't caught him. But hell, that woman was built to tempt, seduce and deliver, all in one package. Rule decided he was the Breed to collect on it too. He was damned sure tired of all that lush, pretty body going unclaimed by him. Jaw clenching, his cock throbbing, he watched as she moved. Lifting her arms and moving her hips, her legs shifting gracefully in four-inch heels, her expression becoming exotic, erotic. Sexy enough to make a Breed have to force himself not to pant. Long, long straight hair, so dark it was almost black and framing a dusky face so delicate he couldn't stop the hard-on straining the black mission pants he wore. Graceful and witchy, sensual and burning with a hidden fire, she made him want to burn with her, burn in her. Fluid and graceful, hips and shoulders swaying, jade green eyes gleamed teasingly, long thick lashes at half-mast. Those eyes glittered with wicked promise and cool distance. A distance she'd used against him more than once in the past two months since Jonas had brought his investigation to Window Rock. Tonight, she was just flat avoiding him, and her explanation for her disappearance was causing more than a few raised brows since she'd arrived less than an hour ago. According to her, she had been at a spa in Broken Butte, New Mexico. The local sheriff who had mated Jonas's sister, and a deputy, the sheriff's cousin who had mated another Breed, had checked into the story and reported back to Rule, mere minutes ago, that Gypsy had never been to that spa in Broken Butte. They knew, because it was no more than a front for the Bureau of Breed Affairs and every customer that came through its doors was completely vetted. But who said she came in as a customer? Rule refrained from shaking his head in frustrated disgust. Gypsy was going to have to be more careful if she intended to keep doing these little odd jobs for one of her bosses, Cullen Maverick. She was going to end up getting her ass burned at this rate. And if her ass got blistered, then his would be fried. That thought and any other fled his brain, though, as her eyes met his and locked for heated seconds, and he swore the hunger that raged inside her began to burn him hotter. Amid a floor filled with seductive, graceful women, sexual invitation gleaming in their eyes without the distance, without the reserve that shimmered in the very air around her, she stood apart with inexplicable awareness. She gave herself to the music and that was all she was giving herself to, her gaze seemed to warn. She didn't give herself to the men who attempted to draw her to them. She didn't give herself to the women who would have rubbed against her in sensual abandon. Nor did she give herself to the drunkenness or the drugs that flowed so freely. She might be as secretive as hell, but purity flowed from her, even as she felt the dark, rich desire trapped within her like a living flame. She burned inside. Rule swore he could see the flame burning there in the center of her eyes. Not the same flame easily glimpsed in a Breed's or animal's eyes in a certain light. This was a flame barely contained, burning from the center of the soul, trapped, aching to be released. A woman

aching to be touched. Revue de presse Praise for Lora Leigh's Breed novels: I'm a huge fan of Lora Leigh's Breed books. Nalini Singh, New York Times Bestselling Author of the Psy/Changeling Novels When it comes to this genre, Lora Leigh is the queen. Romance Junkies Lora Leigh delivers on all counts. Romance Today I was hooked. Night Owl s Highly charged and carnal. Fresh Fiction Heart-wrenching. Fallen Angel s Leighs action-packed Breeds series makes a refreshing change. Monsters and Critics The love scenes are incendiary. All About Romance