

Excerpt: One Winter Knight

She shouldn't—she should *not*—want to be kissed by a man who had abducted her at sword point. No eighteenth-century lady should admit to wanting to be pressed up against a man's body, especially one as rock hard as his. An image of his face, with its high cheekbones, straight nose and chiseled jaw, flitted through her traitorous mind. Sensual lips, far too full to be ignored; long, dark hair that curled against the collar of his white shirt; and mesmerizing eyes, golden with flecks of brown, all reminded her of the huge wolf that stalked her father's forests, often bring down a fleet-of-foot doe.

Kaitlin tugged at the silken scarves that bound her wrists to the four-poster bed, holding her captive. Her ears strained for the sound of human movement, but all she could hear was the creaking of the wooden hulas the ship pitched in heavy seas and plunged into deep troughs. They must be in the treacherous waters of the Inner Hebrides, judging from the violent rolling of the frigate. Where was he taking her and why? Who was the handsome stranger anyway?