

# Lover Claimed Excerpt

Paranormal Romance

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Meisha squinted, trying to see what he saw. It was dark and the street lights weren't much help. On this block all of them except for two were broken. She scanned each house, first trying to figure out which one was pale blue. Then she looked for one that had a second floor. "I don't see it," she finally said, giving up when she couldn't make anything out.

"It's on the next block. I wouldn't expect you to."

"The next block," she exclaimed, not bothering to whisper any longer. "How the hell can we stake out a house that we can't see and that's not even on this block?"

He turned, flashing his pearly whites at her. "I can see it just fine."

*Oh god, I love those dimples.*

She pulled her gaze away from him. *No involvement, Meisha.*

"Okay, you can see it with your super non-human eyes, but now what? You just sit here and watch it? Shouldn't we try to get closer? Don't we need to find out how many Shifters there are and maybe ambush them?"

"There are six Shifters in the house and another who just entered that liquor store on the corner."

She turned back toward the direction of the house. Okay, the liquor store she could see, but she definitely couldn't make out anyone going into or leaving out of it.

"Wait, how are you so sure about the numbers?"

He tapped his nose again.

"Yeah, right. The *best* in the business," she mocked.

"Exactamundo."

"So we've come all this way to find out how many of them there are? I thought you needed to find out who hired them to kill Mark and Trudy? For that, wouldn't we need to capture one and torture him into telling us what we want to know?"

He glanced at her. His eyes seemed to grow brighter in the dark night. And they were on her, making her feel... She really didn't know how they were made her feel. There were too many emotions raging in her at once. She fidgeted uncomfortably on her seat.

"Sweetheart, you jumped straight to torture. I don't know if I should be turned on or a little scared."

She tried her best to appear nonchalant, as if she hadn't just had a spark course through her body when he looked at her like she was the only woman on the face of the Earth, making her feel like she was. Another man would've cringed away from her at the mention of torture, but Lajos wasn't an ordinary man.

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