

Leseutdrag fra “Wild Hearted”

A dark figure waited on the opposite side of the street, hiding in the shadow of a wooden door. Tomor didn't need to see the man to picture his long, black mustang mane and alert raven eyes glowing in the dark. Stan Otaktay, one of his most trusted men, had both the looks and cruel instincts of a predator.

Man, we're so alike you'd think we were brothers.

Swallowed by the similar shade of a courtyard, Tomor grinned as pedestrians passed, unaware of the lurking menace.

His rebellious heart beating too hard, its pulse delirious, he slid a hand over his chest under the black leather jacket to calm the impatient throbbing. It was about time; it was his turn.

Who has time for patience when the fun's about to start?

As a leader, he no longer needed to take part in the gang's operations and usually sent his men on missions. But today, he'd had that crazy urge to be feral again, feel hot, wild blood run in his veins, and let loose his strong muscles. One more time, he wanted to get in touch with his fears, taste the arousing excitement, and challenge the unexpected.

Stan peeked out from behind the door to check the street, and sent Tomor an almost imperceptible nod. His dark eyes sparkled with slyness and ferocity.

If not for pale skin and Latin features, Tomor might pass for an Indian, too. Maybe a half-breed. He'd never known his parents. He had inherited an Indian ring from his late mother, but that didn't prove anything. Later, he devoured cowboy and Indian stories and learned to admire the Native Americans, their culture, their love and respect for Nature and the Creator. But he grew up lacking the essentials necessary to become a decent person, and therefore strayed from these noble ideals.

He often imagined having Native ancestry; it suited his fighting spirit. If he were, he would choose the wolf totem—he, too, was a loner that hunted in group. He wore the ring as a daily reminder of his affinity.

I steal like the Pawnee. I can endure like the Apache and fight like the Cheyenne. I don't know what that says about my soul...but I'm a warrior at heart, a Dog Soldier.

He reached under his jacket again, this time feeling beneath the shirt, and found nestled amongst chest hair and ridges of old scars his most precious belonging: the silver ring hanging from a thin chain. With the rough skin of his fingers, he followed the raised pattern of the turquoise stone encrusted in the metal.

@ Lea Bronsen