

## Spotlight On



### *Beast Magic by Sapphire Phelan*

The following topic may be considered adult in material and/or contain sensitive subject matter. Please take this into consideration before reading.



Beast Magic is a love story with shape shifters—werelions, in particular. Usually shifters are men or women who can change into animals. But in the world of Beast Magic (and all future books set in this world), certain predators in the animal kingdom—by way of their beast magic—can become human men and women. And through the Dreaming that they all have, they find out who their potential mate will be. The Dreaming also enables them to track down their mates. Some times, the mates are other shifters, but sometimes, the mate is a human female or male. For Ramses, it is the human, Shana Tory.

They came from two different worlds.

Ramses was a werelion. Shana Tory was human. The Dreaming foretold them as soul mates.

So Ramses tracked her down in America, and when he found her, made her his and brought her back home with him to the South African Bushveld.

But others from his pride, led by one evil lioness, do not want them together.

Besides their lives, will their love survive the coming war?

The e-Book novella can be found at Sapphire Phelan's [website](#), [Phaze.com](#), [Fictionwise](#), and [Mobipocket](#).

### *Excerpt from Beast Magic*

“A dream that a lion had dreamed”

Against Unworthy Praise by William Butler Yeats

The lion stalked through the tall grass. He never let his gaze waver from what he saw in front of him, keeping focused on the trap set for him.

He bared a parody of a human smile, showing his glistening fangs, as the odor of five hunters wafted to him. They hid behind some heavy brush only fifteen paw lengths away. The stench was repugnant to his nose combined with the hot, humid air.



He knew what they thought. That they were being smarter than the dumb beast, when in reality he wanted to be caught. It was his destiny to spring the trap. Then he could be taken across the Great Water to meet his fate in a human female, the one from the Dreaming that he would take as his mate. The magic within him wanted to be called forth and show this puny prey what he could really do, to surprise and frighten them. But he forced it down back into himself. Now was not the time to let it free. They were not his real enemies, just pathetic humans who didn't know any better, as his father would say. He could have used his beast magic to whisk himself away to where he wanted to go. But he felt this plan was better. Much better.

Ramses, the werelion, stepped forward. Dried grass and large palm leaves crunched noisily under his massive paws. He discovered the edge of the pit the humans had dug, covered with brush to hide it. His superior hearing picked up the echo of a human catching their breath, as he toed some ground by the trap. Stepping onto the leaves, he crashed through and along with the earthly covering fell into the hole.

He landed on all four paws. With a low roar rumbling in his chest, he paced the length of the hole. Pausing, he glared up into the excited eyes of the hunters as they surrounded the hole and stared down at him. Listening to them chatter among themselves about how easy it had been to capture the lion, he let them believe it for a brief moment.

Then the low rumble in his chest morphed into laughter. The lion watched as uneasiness replace the excitement in their dark eyes, as if they heard and understood his inner thoughts.

Soon he would find his mate and claim her. The Dreaming never lied.