

TRAVIS EXCERPT:

Beth lay motionless. If she'd died, then when she opened her eyes she would be at the pearly gates. Every muscle in her body ached. It hadn't hurt this much since she'd fallen off a horse as a child and bruised every part that touched earth.

A buzzing in her ears made her dizzy, but a bird singing sweetly nearby comforted her. At least she wasn't dead. Unless they had birds in heaven to serenade you. Good grief, now she was raving nonsense.

Warily she opened her eyes. The branches of a tree curved above her, not clouds. With a hand to her temple Beth slowly turned her head, first one way then the other. She lay out in the open, and the tree above her was one of half a dozen in a small glade. Bracken grew waist high all around her. The air was crisp, the grass beneath her cold and damp. She shuddered.

Perhaps she'd had a funny turn and passed out, then wandered outside in a trance. What was she doing when she began to feel dizzy? Ah yes; the attic and the cloak! Peering down warily, she ran a hand over her front. She still wore the strange garment.

This couldn't be happening. She was going mad. This wasn't a glade, and these weren't real trees. She must have bumped her head and was hallucinating. That was the only explanation.

Her mind veered away from the obvious answer.

She'd been studying the engraving on the badge before the lightning flash. Touching it, she twisted it until she could read the inscription and clearly see the markings. Was it like Aladdin's lamp, one rub and a genie appeared? Or in this case, you were propelled into another dimension.

No, that was just plain silly. The likeliest explanation was that she'd had some sort of blackout and wandered out of the castle and into the surrounding countryside. She wanted to believe that one. The first person to pass would verify the date and time and that this was the month of May. She sat up, massaging her thighs. At least her legs felt normal now, although her muscles still ached as if she'd run a mile. The dizziness had subsided and the ringing in her ears was gone. Rubbing her face she glanced around. Everything seemed normal and the few cattle grazing about a hundred meters away added to that normalcy.

Beth tried to remember the lie of the land on their drive back from the airport but couldn't recall seeing any cattle near the McAlister's castle. But that didn't prove anything. She could have wandered aimlessly on the far side of the estate while in this stupor, or whatever ailed her. It certainly looked wild and rugged—but perhaps the countryside was like this over most of Scotland. In Australia you only traveled a short distance from some towns to find oneself in the outback.

She must have passed out. This was the only feasible answer to the feeling of flying helplessly through that vortex. Between the hurtling sensation and the blackness, all she could recall was the cold. And it had been freezing when that strange wind blew up.

“Come on, be practical.” She stood and slapped at her sides. She’d always been level-headed. Boring and unimaginative, that was Beth Anderson. She steered away from the answer that was emerging, crying out to be heard.

“No. I’m still near Liz and Andrew’s estate. As soon as someone comes by I’ll prove it.”

With a definite nod of the head Beth looked about, trying to get her bearings from the position of the sun. What time could it be? It was just after ten when she left her room after donning the thick sweater. So, depending on how long she’d been in this strange state, it could be anywhere between ten thirty and eleven. The sun wasn’t quite at its height, which proved she was more or less right. It was streaming in her window this morning, which meant the castle had to be...

Beth turned about. This was so stupid. How on earth could she work out which direction to take? A city girl didn’t have to worry about such things. There were street signs in the city and always someone to ask for directions. Here she was surrounded by trees, the few cattle, and bracken. As she pondered which way to walk, the thundering of hooves disturbed the tranquility. Thank the lord. Beth breathed a sigh of relief—now she’d find out where she was.

A hand shielding her eyes, she faced the rider.

A giant of a man rode one of the biggest horses she’d ever seen. Black flowing hair streamed out behind him, and he rode as if all the devils from hell were on his heels.

As he neared Beth saw that he had a beard as black as his hair. He wore some sort of strange garment, like a philabeg, the old Gaelic version of a kilt. A claymore hung at his side, and leather strapping bound his calves.

It was Andrew.

Relief flooded her. Why hadn’t Liz told her he was taking part in a highland pageant? She laughed out loud as he saw her, and lifted her hand to wave.

He skidded the horse to a standstill. It was then, as the man controlled the wild, panting beast, Beth recalled something Liz told her last night. Andrew wasn’t a good rider. Her throat dried up, and she couldn’t swallow. The rider stared at her as if she was a ghost just risen from the earth. His mouth worked but no words came out.

Some sixth sense told her exactly who this stranger was.

“Travis.” A hand covering her mouth, Beth whispered the name hoarsely. Dizziness swamped her, and vaguely she heard him use a Gaelic curse before she toppled into oblivion.

REVIEWS:

5 Stars Kristal Gorman Romance Readers at Heart **“Loved this book!”**

I absolutely love this book. There are so many things that I want to say about it, but I am going to stick to the basics or I will have a ten page review! Beth Anderson has all of the qualities a great heroine should possess. She is beautiful, charming, has a great sense of humor and a sense of adventure that she didn't realize she had. She is drawn up into the attic of her friend's

castle to where a cape lays, a cape that supposedly drew her friend back in time to the man of her dreams.

Travis... Ooooh, baby! Travis! He is as hot as his name, through and through. Big and brawny, he is bossy and loud and I just love the frig out of him. He knows who is boss, and, future woman or not, Beth is going to know that too! But, he doesn't count on her getting under his skin, and that just plain ticks him off.

I love everything about this book. The play of emotions and the battle of wills between this couple keep this book flowing very smoothly. I don't think Ms. McGill could have done it any better, even if she had wanted to, although I don't think perfection can be improved upon—and that is absolutely what this book is. Pure perfection.

...enchanting and light, but also filled with all of the good old-fashioned emotions that we all love in our romance novels. Heck, that's the reason we read them! This flashy, spirited woman and her big, hunky Highlander have completely captured my heart! Their chemistry and sizzle fires up the pages and kept me glued to it from start to finish...one for the keeper shelves, as I am sure that romance readers everywhere will agree with me once they read it."

JoEllen Conger Conger Books Reviews

"Beth Anderson visits her friend Liz and her husband, Andrew, in their hodgepodge Scottish castle, enthralled by their exciting tale of time travel into 1050 Scotland, where the year before they had met Andrew's enigmatic ancestor. If you've ever fallen in love with a man in a portrait painting, that's what happened to Beth. Then she plots to join her Highlander by using the brooch and mantle that had transported Liz the year before. And find him, she does. What she hadn't expected was the intense feuding and fighting between the clans, and the harsh conditions found in 1051 Scotland. Still, Beth must make up her mind whether or not to return to the present... or brave it out and stay in the past with her Highland lover, by destroying the time travel mechanism. This is a fast paced action tale of the rough conditions of by gone days, and the man Beth couldn't leave behind.

Multi-published author Tricia McGill does it again! You can't help but fall in love with her Highlander chief, Travis, the masterful clan leader in 1051 Scotland from her previous book. Even without running water and central heating this time-travel novel will make you wish you could be transported back into Travis' castle... for a good, old fashioned candle lit romance."

5 stars By Violet

"**Another great Time-travel** by one of my favourite authors. Tricia McGill takes you back convincingly to a past age where times were hard and there were no amenities to make life easier. The handsome Laird Travis made me wish I was back there with Beth."

5 stars By Olivia Becker on 4 July 2015

"The period stories make me hold my breath"

4 Hearts Patricia Oshier Bruening for TRS

"This is a terrific story. Ms. McGill has created two dynamic characters whose stubborn passions cause them many problems. Throw in the fact that they come from two different time periods and you have a delightful read full of the violence of the time, intrigue, passion, and heartache. Beth is a quiet but feisty woman of the twenty-first century. Travis is the Laird of all he surveys and rules his people with a fair but firm hand, putting the protection of his people above all else, including himself. I really enjoyed this story. Beth and Travis are a team;

forging a bond that even time cannot break. In a time of extreme violence and danger, they create their own oasis of peace in each other's arms. This book gave me many peaceful moments of escape from my own days of work and life. If you need an escape, travel to Scotland in the year 1051 with Beth and put reality aside for a while."

Lisa at Romance Junkies Rating 4.5

"When Beth is taken back in time to medieval Scotland, Travis McKenna has no time to deal with another visitor from the future. He must avenge his sister's murder. But is Beth the woman of his destiny? This is a wonderful book. Tricia McGill is a wonderful writer. She kept me spellbound. Ms. McGill wrote Travis as a sequel to an earlier novel, *The Laird*, which I haven't read, but she does a wonderful job filling in what the reader needs to know. Travis stands alone wonderfully. The heroine, Beth, is such a sweet character who is fully embraceable and the hero, also wonderfully written, is a man of honor all the way. If you enjoy suspense, action and a great romance this is a must read."

4 STARS **"What happened next to the cloak and brooch..."** by Angharad Gask

"Nice characters and plot with interesting twists to keep you hooked. Not that this isn't to be expected from the author. But it was real fun to find out, what happened after the Laird."

Chrissie Reviewer for Coffee Time Romance Rating 3 Cups

"This book is an appealing and sensual time travel romance. I really enjoyed the way the author described living in Scotland during the 11th century. Her depiction of the harshness of life in medieval Scotland was very affecting..."

Overall this novel is an enjoyable read."