

A CALL THROUGH TIME EXCERPT:

Haesal offered her hand and stared at this man who had appeared as if from nowhere. She made a supreme effort to conceal her fear. After her treatment at the hands of the evil Garth, she was not about to trust any man again, and this one certainly bore a strange look. It was not simply his beardless jaw that set him apart from other men she knew, no, there was a totally foreign air to him.

Her father often likened her to a young horse, for her legs were longer than most young girls, but she had to lift her head to look up to this man with hair as black as the wings of a raven. His eyes, as they went over her were soft as a meadow flower, yet so dark. Those eyes seemed to be searching to her secret self, as if they would see into her thoughts. His proud bearing as he faced her made her knees begin to weaken, and she could feel heat rushing to her face.

His nearness made her tremble, and she fought a desire to hide her hands behind her back. Those dark eyes were grave, but as he smiled, small lines at the side of his eyes crinkled. Up close she could see every small dent in his skin—skin which was not weather roughened, but much darker than her own.

His firm but kindly mouth parted to show even white teeth. Haesal shivered at the force of the animal wildness that seemed to surround her. Or was it the unusual smell of him making her wary?

“He rescued your brother and now will set you free.” Anstred placed the stranger’s hands on hers and Haesal tried to hide her reaction to the clasp of his warm fingers as they tightened around hers. The commanding air he possessed frightened her, but not for anything would she show this fear.

Brys clasped her slim fingers. Was the quiver running through them fear or did she recognise him as he’d recognised her? The belt at her waist defined the narrowness of her seductive young body. While they continued to gaze at each other, Anstred introduced her as Lady Haesal.

“I bid you welcome.” There was a tremor in her voice, as, with a small tug she freed the hand he’d been clutching.

Her golden eyebrows met above the bridge of her nose, and the set of her chin suggested a stubborn streak. Despite her untouched air, she exuded an intriguing passion and charisma. Reaching his shoulder, she was taller than he imagined her to be in his dreams.

“Gerald, my beloved brother!” She spread her arms as the young man went to her. Tears made her eyes dewy as she embraced him, while still watching Brys over the boy’s shoulder. Gerald struggled free. “Thank you from the bottom of my heart for rescuing him,” she said with genuine sincerity.

Brys felt heat running up his face. "This may sound hard to grasp but I think I've come through time to answer your call." How foolish did that sound? Her frown said she was just as puzzled. "I'm here to help you and yours." What the hell was he doing making such farfetched claims? Yet, she appeared to accept this explanation.