

# MAGNAR by Mary Morgan

## EXCERPT

The king rose from his chair. “Lord Sutherland has prepared chambers for you both.”

“Chambers in the south tower?” asked Magnar, taking a hold of her elbow.

Lord Sutherland gave him a slight nod.

Startled once again by the man’s silent movements, Elspeth remained mute, trying to control the warring emotions from the man’s touch. The heat of his fingers seared into her gown and onto her skin.

Giving the king a small smile, she permitted Magnar to usher her out of the great hall. Erik kept a steady pace with their movements as he continued to entertain their overly bold guide with yet another tale of how they escaped their home.

Her steps slowed as the torchlight danced off the giant tapestry hanging on the wall near the stairs. The eyes of a white wolf bore into Elspeth as she drew near. Though only the head of the animal was represented within the woven threads, she half expected the wolf to jump out at her.

Elite Guards. Wolves. King William.

Elspeth returned her attention to the man holding her in his grip. “I heard my brother once mention the elite guards for the king. He spoke with reverence and with fear. They are loyal to the king but had one leader—one who all of Scotland should fear because of his magic.”

The man’s eyes darkened and a smile tipped the corners of his mouth. “Your brother was wise in his account.”

Elspeth’s heart pounded fiercely within her chest. “You are the leader of the Wolves of Clan Sutherland.”