

# THE WISE ONE by K.T. Anglehart

## EXCERPT

### Chapter 3—A Note Forgotten

“The signs have been there all along . . .” Andre stared at his partner with deep sorrow. He knew how difficult it was for Seán to leave this part of his life behind.

Seán was beside himself with anger. He hit the table, hard. “We’re not telling her a fecking thing—”

“Would you keep your voice down—”

“We’ll just make up whatever it is we have to make up to convince her that we don’t know who her mum is, and all these odd incidents are coincidences.”

“You can’t be serious. Have you met our daughter? You saw how fast her thoughts jumped to her mother. That was not regular human intuition you just witnessed. It’s something else entirely. She knows—”

“I am not letting her go down that path. I won’t let her!” he hissed and lowered his voice again. “You know what—you have no right to judge this.”

“Excuse me? I’m her father . . .”

“Oh, don’t do that, you know perfectly well that’s not what I mean. You weren’t there,” he signed exasperatedly. “You just can’t understand the danger involved.”

“I may not understand it the way you do, but this is her blood, Seán. She has a right to know who she is.”