

# **CINDERS LIKE GLASS by Clarissa Kae**

## **EXCERPT**

She slipped from the house into the hired carriage and pulled the mask over her face. Her reflection in the glass gave her pause. Her shoulders rose and back straightened. The mess of curls had begun to loosen, strands framing the black mask covering the top third of her face. Her eyes, the blue-green of the ocean, were striking against the shiny black fabric. She was nobody. She could be anyone tonight. Once she was inside, no one would know she was once the stuttering daughter of a forgotten earl.

**Copyright © 2021 by Clarissa Kae. Published by Carpe Vitam Press.**