

# DAUGHTER OF LIGHT by Eileen Dreyer

## EXCERPT

Harry saw the confusion in the young woman's eyes and huffed in frustration. It wasn't enough that he had another of those damn movie freaks wandering his property. He had one who thought she was actually participating in the film, like a fairy version of a Renaissance Fair. Reality? What is reality? No, no, I'd prefer to live in a fantasy world like the people in the movie.

Well, damn the movie. He wasn't putting up with it a moment more. Not even when he still couldn't quite pull himself away from the heart-stopping kiss they'd just shared. All right, then. The kiss he'd just taken.

It hadn't meant a thing. Surprise. Sudden human contact out on the edge of the moors. A hit on the head. God knows he'd bounced enough down that bloody hill. He'd been stunned. Nothing more. Nothing.

"Did you say it's, what? Winter?" she asked, looking around.

Bloody hell

He sighed. "Yes. For another four months."

She stood there, wide-eyed and silent, the rain dripping off those blond curls. Then she looked around. "This is what it looks like without spring?"

She sounded absolutely lost. How could that hurt him? He was probably coming down with pneumonia and already delirious.

"November comes every year, lass," he said, pulling off his jacket and wrapping the shivering girl in it. "Right on schedule."

"But spring won't come," she said back. "Not unless I recover the Stone."

That brought him to a dead stop. "Don't," he growled, finger in her face. "There is no stone. No fairy diamond. It was a movie, damn it! And no bloody fairies! Fairies don't exist. They never existed, damn it!"

"But of course they do," she assured him in the most musical voice he'd ever heard as she stood there letting him drape her in his oversize coat. And then, bloody hell if she didn't smile as if she'd just discovered gold. "Aren't you the living proof of it, now?"

It was his eyes, green like spring grass in sunlight. Fairy eyes.