

THE WILD ROSE AND THE SEA RAVEN

by Jennifer Ivy Walker

EXCERPT

Healing the Wounded Warrior

With all her verdant magic as a forest fairy, the Emerald Princess poured her spirit as a guérisseuse celtique into healing the wounded warrior from Cornwall.

Finally, on the fourth day, when the morning sun glistened in the sparkling waters of the fountain, Tristan's eyelids fluttered. Issylte leaned over him, his brow cool now that the fever had broken. He opened the brilliant blue eyes that she'd seen in the vision.

As she gazed into them, the earth tilted. Her heart raced; her bearings were lost. In the depths of his eyes, she glimpsed a fountain in a forest. The turquoise waters of the ocean. An underground well encased by sacred stones. She, the forest fairy, was immersed in the blue waters of the warrior's eyes, the waves emanating from him flowing through her, cleansing her. Beckoning her.

In Tristan's eyes, Issylte glimpsed a black bird—a sea raven—soaring over an open sea, hovering now before her. A small dove fluttered in her breast, called forth from her soul. White wings unfurled as she took flight, rising into the azure sky alongside the black seabird—floating together through the diaphanous clouds scattered over the vast ocean.

In the breadth of an instant, Issylte was bound to this warrior, the Blue Knight of Cornwall, as if fate had indeed entwined them. Through the windows of his eyes, she peered into his soul, her own blending with his, as if they were the forest and the ocean, encircled now within the three layers of protective stones, the holy trinity of sacred elements of the Goddess.