

THE LADY IN THE MIRRORED LAKE

by Jennifer Ivy Walker

EXCERPT

The Mating Bond

Their bodies sated—at least for now—they lay together, a tangle of limbs, reluctant to leave their enchanted realm. Tristan propped himself onto his elbow to unabashedly appreciate her nudity, worshipping her beauty with admiring eyes. He kissed her softly.

“I love you, Issylte. With every breadth of my soul. With every beat of my heart. I am yours. Now, and forever.” His sea raven heart soared in the love light shining in her forest fairy eyes.

“And I love you, Tristan. You are my warrior. My friend. My teacher. The only one who ever believed in me. Who promised to fight for me. Beside me.”

Rising onto her knees, she took both of his hands in hers and kissed them. Her eyes glistening, she whispered, “You gave me weapons. Trained me to fight. To defend myself. And that…” she choked, gazing up at him, “is not only the greatest gift I have ever received. It also saved my life.”

She kissed his hands again. “You are helping me to grow, Tristan. To believe in myself. To face the wicked queen who denies me my birthright. Who killed so many of those I loved. Whose evil threatens us all.” Lying down at his side, she laid her head over his pounding heart. He softly stroked her long blond hair. “You have made me strong, whole, and complete, Tristan. I am totally, utterly, undeniably yours. “

He held her for a few moments. His wild rose. Then, rising to his feet, Tristan took her hands, and pulled her close. He wrapped his arms around her waist, gazing intently into the deep green eyes of his Muse.

“Toi et moi. So it shall be. You and I are entwined. Eternally.”