

HEALING KISS by Amanda Uhl

EXCERPT

Tristan wrapped his arm around Lillian's shoulder and tucked her into his side. He smelled of the sea and something else, something otherworldly, something magical, like tall evergreens under a full moon in a fierce winter snowstorm. He tilted his head and angled his face toward hers. His dark blue eyes were the night sky, swallowing her whole.

My God, what was happening?

And then she felt it. It began where his fingers grazed her arm, traveled along her spine, caressed sensitive nerve endings, and ignited a shivering, shaking, blazing trail through her entire body. White-hot scorching energy lit the space between them. His warm breath caressed her skin.

So energetic. So thrilling. So full of life.

Lillian stood transfixed under the enchanted spell he cast. Excitement curled and unfolded in her veins. She'd found a burner—the term her mother used to describe someone with immense vitality. Someone with so much natural power, he vibrated with it. Someone who could cure a room full of invalids if he'd let her.

Someone she could use to cure Hannah.

"Who's this?" Angelina asked, finally giving Lillian an ounce of her attention.

Lillian didn't answer. All she could manage was to lean against Tristan's side so she wouldn't collapse in a warm puddle at his feet.

"My date for tonight's party," Tristan said, his tone smooth, as if he hadn't just set her whole body on fire and left her a helpless lump of hot coal.