

Dragon Lord of Kells: Book 1-The Empowered Spirits Series Excerpt:

EXCERPT:

Bringing her thoughts back to the present, Kira was about to give up hope of finding any one alive when she heard a faint moan from behind her. She hurried over to the man. He was lying on his stomach, blood splattered everywhere on his armor. She felt his neck for a pulse. It was barely there below the surface, but it was there none the less.

She stood and looked down at the man. He was a very large man. It would take all her strength and cunning to be able to move his massive body. Well, there was no help for it. She needed to turn him over and remove his armor so she could tend to his wounds.

With steady fingers she grabbed the taut leather strips that held the armor together along the sides. There were five all together, on either side, tied snugly to keep the armor from slipping. Once they were removed it was by far a much easier task slipping the armor off from the backside first. She knew as soon as she was able to turn him over onto his back, the rest of the armor would fall away. But then there was the task of removing the chain mail jerkin that he wore just beneath the armor. He was such a large man that she knew the jerkin would be too heavy for her to remove by herself. She would have to have him in a sitting position or all would be for naught.

As gently as she could, she started pushing him over onto his back. He was unconscious so his weight was that of a dead man. He moaned softly, but didn't move. She had examined his backside and had found no wounds save for the arrow that protruded from his left shoulder and the nasty gash that bled from the back of his dark head, probably done when he had fallen from his horse, his helm coming loose and landing several feet from where he lay. She hoped she would be able to save him. Finally, with one last shove, over onto his back he went. She gasped in sudden recognition as she fell backward onto her backside.

"You!" she breathed in a whisper. The shock that gripped her also had knocked the breath from her chest. The same man that had haunted her dreams last eventide now lay before her! The man that had haunted her dreams for as far back as she could remember, lay within arms reach. She took in life sustaining air as she looked at him. Mentally shaking herself and gathering her senses, she quickly took

a piece of cloth from her bag and wet it with the skin of water that she'd carried with her.

Gently she started cleaning the blood and dirt from his ruggedly handsome face. His dark hair stood out like a beacon against the paleness of his skin. She remembered the arrow in his shoulder and then spied another lodged in his upper thigh. Both had been broken off into the flesh, evidently when he had fallen from his horse that lay only a few feet from him. From the carnage that surrounded them, she could not believe how little damage was done to him in this battle. She mentally thanked the Goddess for looking after him.