



Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2)

By Jill Barnett

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A legendary warrior. A mission to tame the rebellion of the Welsh Borderlands. A wild Welsh beauty. For years Teleri of the Woods, shunned by superstitious villagers, has lived her life in solitude among the creatures of the forest. But when she discovers a man ambushed and left for dead in her woods, she must try to save him with her healing skills. She does not know he is a knight charged by the King of England to establish a stronghold and build a castle nearby, only that he is the same knight who chased her once before. Sir Roger FitzAlan awakes to discover that none of his fabled diplomacy and skills of war will help him with his most immediate problem--a madwoman who has tied him to stakes in a small woodland cottage. Teleri is his match in wit and will, but she opens his eyes to the wonder of a simple world he has never known. As Roger recovers and fomulates his plan for catching his would-be-murderer, he realizes something else: his real challenge won't be taming the borderlands but taming and winning over his wild Welsh healer. But when he understands that he cannot live in her world and she may not survive in his, he knows he must teach her to trust him, even though he threatens all she holds dear.

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Editorial Review

Amazon.com Review

Wales is a wild place in 1280. Sir Roger FitzAlan is there by order of the King, commanded to build a mighty walled castle to defend England's borders. But the site the King has chosen has a strange circle of massive blue stones and when Sir Roger and his men arrive, a beautiful young woman is praying within the ancient circle. Even more arresting, the young woman flees from Roger's men astride a sleek black Arab stallion stolen from Roger's best friend nearly five years before. Roger gives chase and before long, the black Arab and Roger's mount leave his men-at-arms far behind. When the woman disappears into a thick wood, Roger follows her alone and quickly loses her. But someone else is in the deep woods, and that someone is intent on killing Roger.

Teleri of the Woods is delighted to have lost her pursuer and it isn't until the following day, when she returns to search for her lost pouch, that she discovers Roger, barely alive, and struggles to rescue him. Roger awakens in her bed, cranky, furious, and too ill to leave. Forced to remain with the beautiful young woman, he slowly becomes aware of the world about him in a way he has never known. Despite Teleri's lack of gold and possessions, she is rich in knowledge and appreciation of life. As Teleri teaches Roger about her life, he's forced to confront his lust for her and his prior beliefs about love. But their time together in the magic woods must come to an end and when it does, what will Roger do about the forbidden love that once ruled him? How will Teleri cope with life beyond her enchanted woods? And how will they solve the dark mysteries that swirl around Roger and threaten both their lives? Filled with Barnett's trademark humor, wit, and wonderfully warm writing style, readers everywhere who have anxiously awaited *Wild* won't be disappointed. --Loise Faye Dyer

About the Author

Since her first book, **Jill Barnett** has been acclaimed as a fresh and witty voice in romantic fiction. Set apart by her unique humor and whimsical view of the world, she creates delightfully original novels with characters who, according to *Romantic Times*, "seem so real they are like close friends. Pure magic!"

She is the recipient of a National Waldenbooks Award and a four-time RITA and Golden Choice finalist. Her work has been critically acclaimed as some of the very best by the *Detroit Free Press*, *The Dallas Morning News*, and *Publishers Weekly*.

Jill currently lives in the Pacific Northwest, where she is working on her next book, *Wicked*, which Pocket Books will publish in 1999. Readers may write to her at P.O. Box 8166, Fremont, CA 94537-8166.

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Chapter: The Welsh Marchlands, 1280

Legends were born here.

With good reason. High in the hills, the mountains took on odd shapes like that of King Arthur's crown, the Devil's giant hand, or even God's profile. Ancient stone rings with mysterious pasts marked the countryside. It was here where the Druids once roamed, and the fairies had been known to bury their treasures under old oak trees -- the ones with branches that looked like they were trying to climb clear up to heaven.

Sometimes, when the wild wind blew down from the hills, the trees in the woods sounded as if they were singing, the stars fell right down from the sky, and people's lives could change over the space of one night

without them ever knowing it.

If you looked down from the tall mountain called *Craig y Ddinas*, the sleepy hamlet of Bleddig appeared to be nothing more than a cluster of neatly thatched roofs threaded with winding paths, the colorful splash of a garden here or there, and large, square patches of farm fields.

But this was Wales.

The village that sat there so innocently was surrounded by rolling hills and thick, dark woods. Above it stood a plateau, where a ring of giant blue stones had towered over the whole valley for as long as anyone could remember.

If the superstitious villagers happened to look up and see a young woman walking toward that huge and eerie stone ring, they would cross themselves and mutter the names of all the saints, for that was the place, they whispered, where Teleri of the Woods conjured up her evil magic.

Did you know she could call down healing powers the same way witches called down the moon? Aye, she could. She had claimed it was the stones, but they, the villagers, knew better. Wicked, that's what she was.

Some of the villagers had threatened to stone her, because they sought to kill anything that was different.

Others didn't threaten; they did throw stones.

Whenever the wild young woman named Teleri looked at her reflection in the water of the brook or in a glassy forest pond, she saw a small, star-shaped scar just below her right eye where a sharp rock had struck her. It was a scar that went so much deeper than just the white mark on her skin.

She talked to the forest animals, because animals didn't hurt a person just to make themselves feel better. Unlike people, animals only attacked to protect their young or if they were cornered and feared for their lives.

She stayed away from the village of Bleddig. Instead she lived deep in the darkest part of the Brecon Wood, a place where the fireflies danced wildly on dark summer nights, where the trees would moan from the wind, and insects sang so loudly they scared the world away.

Over time, Teleri of the Woods became part of the local folklore. The villagers claimed she stalked them on moonless nights to steal their souls. If the wheat grew slow, they would say 'twas because she walked past the field. She had cloven feet, you know, like the Devil Himself.

It was easier for them to make up tales and spread lies than to understand a young woman who was so pure of soul that she could simply look at them and see the malevolence hidden deep inside their hearts.

Some of the village children scared young babes with fearful tales they would tell in their beds on dark winter nights:

If she looks at you during a full moon, you will change into a statue of stone. If her tall shadow crosses your path, you will become a wild bird, destined to forever chase after the sun. Her kiss is so wicked just the touch of her lips can turn you into a toad.

Sometimes the children made up cruel rhymes which they sang at the edge of the woods, where they chanted and threw sticks and stones. "Be leery of Teleri!" they called out. "Run! Run! Or you will be done!"

She was the Devil's spawn!

The daughter of Satan!

But Teleri of the Woods was not the daughter of the Devil, for if she were, she would have known who her father was.

Her mother had been Annest, daughter of the Druid woman Gladdys, and a wild beauty that no mere man could conquer, though many had tried. One day Annest had just disappeared.

'Twas said that a mysterious knight in a golden helm rode down from the hidden caves in the Welsh hills on a wild white horse with a mane and tail blacker than the River Styx. The knight had reined in the horse the moment he saw the fair Annest. His horse had reared and pawed the air as if in protest. But the knight only leaned down and held out his hand to her.

She calmly placed her hand in his and rode off with him toward those high dark hills, only to come home months later alone and heavy with child.

On the very day Teleri came into the world, her mother Annest left it, taking with her the one secret Teleri longed for. Her father's identity.

Brecon Beacons, Wales

Sir Roger FitzAlan rode across the Welsh Marches by order of the King, an honor that today he did not welcome. For Roger had a weakness. He loved women, the wrong women. And last night he'd spent too long in bed with one.

Today he had a duty to perform: to eye the land King Edward himself had chosen for the building of his newest castle on the border in southern Wales. Roger also had been given the select honor of overseeing construction. Once done, the castle would be his.

Yet at that moment he didn't feel like building anything but a pile of pillows for his throbbing head.

Behind him a few paces rode his men-at-arms, one of them carrying his pennant, which snapped loudly in the gusty wind, then snapped again, and again, sounding as loud and as final as the crack of a mace handle when it breaks in battle.

The snapping sound made his eyes throb. His head already ached from lack of sleep and the incessant, tinny jingle of a brace of golden bells on his mount's trappings, an annoying royal ornament that actually did serve a purpose. Those ringing bells told anyone with half an ear that he rode at King Edward's command.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Hallo world! I am Sir Roger FitzAlan. I am on the King's business!

Ring! Ring! Ring!

King Edward wants another border castle built!

Damn! Damn! Damn!

Sir Roger wanted a new head.

He reined in and let his mount rest, leaning down to give the beast a stroke. He almost slipped from his saddle and had to quickly hook his leg around the pommel.

He looked down and groaned.

I must look like one of the queen's ladies.

He put his boot back in his stirrup and stood. He was studying his saddle when Sir Tobin de Clare, the newly knighted son of the Earl of Gloucester, rode up to him.

Roger gave him a quick glance.

De Clare stiffened in his saddle the way he always did before he said something that made Roger want to clout him. De Clare's face held that quick, easy-to-anger look that mellowed with a man's age and experience. "Are you trying to drive every last one of your men into the bloody ground, sir, or just me?"

"You?" Roger laughed; it was a brittle sound even though he hadn't meant it to be. He sat back in his slippery saddle and rested the reins on his leg. "Why would I want to do anything to you?"

"Elizabeth is my sister."

"An unfortunate accident of birth for which I've never blamed her."

"God's eyes, but you can be an ass!"

"Aye," Roger said in an indifferent tone. "My father trained me well in the art." He fingered his reins absently, then rested an arm on his pommel and leaned closer to the dark-haired young knight. "My father also taught me how to take care of lads who have more tongue than sense. And speaking of asses, de Clare," he added pointedly and almost laughed when de Clare scowled at him, "it's my ass that concerns me. I'm trying to keep from falling on it."

De Clare looked confused. Still annoyed, but confused, too. 'Twas easy to play with the young

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Daryl Pena:

Information is provisions for individuals to get better life, information these days can get by anyone at everywhere. The information can be a knowledge or any news even a huge concern. What people must be consider if those information which is from the former life are difficult to be find than now is taking seriously which one is appropriate to believe or which one the resource are convinced. If you get the unstable resource then you obtain it as your main information we will see huge disadvantage for you. All those possibilities will not happen throughout you if you take Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2) as the daily resource information.

Donald Spada:

The reserve untitled Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2) is the publication that recommended to you

you just read. You can see the quality of the publication content that will be shown to a person. The language that article author use to explained their way of doing something is easily to understand. The article writer was did a lot of exploration when write the book, so the information that they share for you is absolutely accurate. You also could possibly get the e-book of Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2) from the publisher to make you far more enjoy free time.

Thomas Hill:

Playing with family in a very park, coming to see the marine world or hanging out with buddies is thing that usually you have done when you have spare time, and then why you don't try point that really opposite from that. 1 activity that make you not feeling tired but still relaxing, trilling like on roller coaster you have been ride on and with addition details. Even you love Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2), you could enjoy both. It is good combination right, you still want to miss it? What kind of hang-out type is it? Oh seriously its mind hangout men. What? Still don't obtain it, oh come on its referred to as reading friends.

Thomas Moss:

As a college student exactly feel bored in order to reading. If their teacher asked them to go to the library or make summary for some publication, they are complained. Just minor students that has reading's heart or real their pastime. They just do what the educator want, like asked to the library. They go to presently there but nothing reading really. Any students feel that looking at is not important, boring and can't see colorful photographs on there. Yeah, it is to become complicated. Book is very important in your case. As we know that on this time, many ways to get whatever you want. Likewise word says, ways to reach Chinese's country. Therefore , this Wild (Medieval Wedding Trilogy Book 2) can make you feel more interested to read.

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