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Silent Vows by Catherine Bybee.

My life is over.

Myra MacCoinnich sat astride her horse, marching toward death, death of her life as she knew it.

Why were the Ancients, the benevolent Druid spirits, dictating her destiny by sending her into the future now?

Beside her, her sister-in-law, Tara graced her with a wry smile, a grin holding enough doubt to leave Myra with a giant hole in her heart.

“Tis far enough,” her brother, Duncan, announced as he brought their horses to a stop.

Sliding from the back of the mount, Myra gave her mare a final pat.

“This isn’t goodbye, Myra. You’ll see her again,”

Tara lifted an arm to Myra’s shoulders in support.

“Are we doing the right thing?”

“Have your mother’s visions ever been wrong?”

“Nay.” Her mother’s clear vision had warned of Myra’s death if she stayed in 1576.

“Say ‘no’, Myra. The twenty-first century will be hard enough without tripping on words from the sixteenth-century. If Lara’s visions have never failed, then we must believe you aren’t safe here.

You’re going to love my time.” Tara sent her a much more convincing smile.

“Tis time, lass,” Duncan called.

“Remember, ‘Lizzy’ is short for Elizabeth.

Myra nodded, understanding Tara searched for any missing detail about her sister that would help Myra in the future, or so they hoped.

“If for any reason she won’t listen, find Cassy.

“You’ve told me all of this. I won’t forget.” Myra removed the heavy cloak covering the twenty-first century style pants and shirt. “Here, I won’t be needing this.” She couldn’t believe she’d soon be walking in public with the clothes she wore.

Tara’s eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Duncan’s fierce hug filled Myra with warmth.

She remembered the last words her younger sister Amber had uttered to her the night before. Tara was with child, yet neither of them knew it. Amber always knew such things. Much like their mother’s visions, Amber was never wrong.

“For what?” he asked, drawing away from her embrace to glance down at her.

Duncan moved from her arms to spread the sacred stones in a perfect circle. He touched each one, lending them part of his Druid power to help them move Myra through time. Pulsating energy beat within the stones, waiting.

Myra placed one unsteady foot in front of the other, and found herself in the center of the stones.

She repeated the chant in her head. Energy built.

“Godspeed,” Duncan lifted a hand.

The wind started to turn, and heat, along with light, shimmered and burned from each stone reaching far above her head in a kaleidoscope of colors.

“Hey, Myra?” Tara yelled out in an obvious attempt at distracting her.

“Have Lizzy take you to Magicland. The rides don’t compare to this, but you’ll love it.”

Myra clenched her sack to her chest. Air within the circle thinned making breathing difficult.

She wanted to run, flee away from the stones, away from the power that started to surround her body; instead, Myra raised her voice and chanted.

“Ancient stones, and Ancient power, take me safely to Lizzy this hour. Keep me safe and from harm’s way, from prying eyes and the light of day. If the Ancients will it so, take me now and let me go.”

The earth trembled beneath her feet. She stepped forward, fear slammed into her from all sides. Air filled her lungs before expelling in a near scream.

From the corner of her eye, she witnessed Duncan draw Tara tight to his chest.

The power within the circle, held steady by the stones entrusted only to her family, roared. She couldn’t escape. This was her destiny. Dread slid up her spine and burst in her head, followed by an eerie sense of calm.

Myra squeezed her eyes shut. Magicland, Elizabeth McAllister, oh, God.

The earth fell from her feet and time swept her away.

Amnesia. Who believes in that shit? Some woman woke up on the Island of Atlantis, smack dab in the middle of Magicland before the first employee arrived, and Todd needed to take the report. It sounded like a case for an ambulance chaser.

Scammers came in all shapes and sizes. This one had scammer written all over her. Someone was always searching for a way to make a quick buck.

Officer Todd Blakely asked the elderly woman at the reception desk of Anaheim General Hospital where the ER had taken Jane Doe, then made his way to the elevators.

He walked past the nurse’s desk and smiled at the blonde behind the counter who eyed him up one side and down the other.

Obviously, she liked what she saw.

He didn’t know if it was him or the badge and uniform. The department called them Badge Bunnies. Women who went out of their way to gain the attention of anyone in a uniform, police or fire, they didn’t care which. The men often took advantage of the women’s attention, which explained the high divorce rate among the ranks.

Todd walked toward room number 840 to visit Jane Doe.

Behind the slightly open door, he heard a small laugh. The sound was a little happy for someone who woke without a memory.

He glanced through the doorway, and saw Miss Amnesia sitting up in bed. The flat screen television, held on to a platform by a C-arm, swiveled in front of her. Her hair, the darkest shade of brown fringing on black, traveled down past her shoulders all the way to her elbows. Her deep amber eyes sat atop beautifully shaped cheeks and plump lips that smiled about whatever she watched.

Todd felt the air leave his body. Jane Doe was drop-dead beautiful.

Impulsively, Todd straightened his shoulders and forced his jaw into a hard edge. He would have to watch his step. Women as stunning as the one in front of him had a way of disarming the strongest of cops. The woman in the bed hid a smile behind her hand.

Todd’s mouth ran dry. Sweet Jesus!

The pressure behind her eyes slowly disappeared. The nurse called the little white pills ibuprofen, not that she understood what that was exactly, but she consumed it nonetheless. All of Tara’s coaching worked thus far, leaving her to believe all else would fall into place. Myra sat back and once again replayed the conversation she and Tara had shortly before leaving the sixteenth century.

“They will probably take you to a hospital and run a bunch of tests. Let them, and for God’s sake don’t act like they’re trying to hurt you. They aren’t.

About.

Myra, a medieval virgin druidess, flees five hundred years into the future to escape death at the hands of a cursed witch and lands in the arms of a handsome but cynical twenty-first century cop.

Officer Todd Blakely knows Myra is hiding something, but can’t resist her innocent charms. Destiny throws them both into a world of intrigue and mysticism.

Can Todd be the true white knight she needs? Or will magic and the winds of time tear them apart?

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Excerpt.

“I want you,” he whispered in her hair, not willing to break their contact.

She stiffened when his words registered. “I don’t—”

“You want the same thing, Myra. Don’t try and deny it.”

“I don’t know what I want. I’ve not ever...” She didn’t finish her sentence.

“No one has ever kissed me the way you do. Let alone anything more.”

A virgin? Was that even possible? “You mean you’ve never...?”

“Never.” She lowered her head and removed her hands from his shoulders.

“Hey.” He caught her gaze. “It’s nothing to be embarrassed about.” He kissed her again, briefly, then placed a protective arm over her shoulders and walked her home. “So are the men in Scotland blind?”

She laughed. “Nay.”

“My father is very protective.”

“Does your father know you’re here?”

“Much to his dismay, but we had no choice.”

Interesting, a protective father who sent his daughter away to a different country without any money. Something wasn’t lining up.

They were within a block of his home when Myra stiffened, and all color washed from her face.

She stopped and spun in a slow circle.

“Someone is watching us.”

“Some of the neighbors are busybodies.”

“No, Todd. The one who watches wants more than to gossip.”

Now the hair on his neck stood on end.

The Book.

Silent Vows The Maccoinnich Time Travels, Volume II August 2019, Third Edition eBook & Print.

Ranks & Awards.

Amazon Kindle Bestseller in Time Travel Romance 2011 First Place Winner of the More Than Magic Contest (Paranormal Genre)

Reviews.

“Silent Vows is buoyed up with mysticism and Myra and Todd’s scorching encounters. You won’t want to miss it!” —RT BOOKS REVIEWS.

“This series is just plain fun, and I can’t wait to see how it ends!” —READING REALITY.

“Fast paced and unputdownable.” —HAPPILY EVER AFTER REVIEWS.

“The MacCoinnich Time Travels series is a must-read for any time travel romance lover.” —AUTHOR E.B. BROWN.

“It is a light, fun, absorbing read that disappoints only because it ends.” —TJ MACKAY, PUBLISHER & EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AT IND’TALE MAGAZINE.

“If you love time travel, steamy romance, a bit of paranormal, and my beloved Highlanders, it is a must read!” —FOREVER BOOK LOVER.

“I am lovin the hell outta this series.” —JESSICA’S OVER THE TOP BOOK OBSESSION.

“The story moves quickly and you can’t help but to just keep reading to find out what happens.” —AUTHOR JESSICA WILDE.