



When the husband Lillian LeClair has been bound to since World War II takes her on vacation which turns out to be a tour of cemeteries; she is bombarded by glimpses into a mysterious man's soul as well as memories of her life as a mortal. Once she realizes this mystery man is tracking her, she is frantic to escape. But the phenomenon known as the Calling has her in its grip and Lillian is aboard the runaway train which will inevitably link them.

Famous and centuries-old sculptor Nathan Halbrook is on the receiving end of Lillian's Call, and is tormented to discover the woman he's waited years for is the wife of another man. As Nathan and Lillian come face to face, they find themselves embroiled in the puzzling events surrounding Lillian's delivery into immortal life. While the holes of her memory are plugged, a sacrifice is made to keep Lillian Walking and in the arms of her immortal mate.

**To My Reader:** Some writers begin with characters and create conflict for them. The trio of main characters in *Trefoil* came at me backwards, as the ending unfolded to me first. I wrote the ending scene, and as I was writing, other scenes flashed through my mind. At the time, I didn't yet have a computer, so the entire novel was written longhand on spiral notebooks. Thirteen in all, and in this case, I consider thirteen to be a lucky number. *Trefoil* was actually the first book I wrote after a long stint of writer's block following our first child's death, and at the moment of inspiration, I just knew I had to bring these characters to life. Writing had never been more than a hobby to me, but with the birth of these characters, a new passion rose inside me, fueling a drive to be published and share these stories with readers.

While writing *Trefoil*, I fell in love with a secondary character, Will Cochran, who told me his story of the phenomenon known as *The Calling*, which links immortals to their mates. So the first book of the *Immortal Series*—*Runes*—was written second. Speaking in terms of time, *Trefoil* fits between scenes of *Runes*.

Every character in the *Immortal Series* speaks deeply to me, and I can't wait to reveal more of their stories. However, as the first book I wrote after a seven-year dry spell, *Trefoil* will always hold a special place in my heart.

Free Chapter of *TREFOIL-Book Two of the Immortal Series* by Em Petrova  
Available from Red Sage <http://www.redsage.com/store/Trefoil.html>

Dante and Lillian's footsteps sounded hollow and as cold as her blood. She quaked in fear. At each intersection of hallway, she glanced back, hoping to see Nathan. And behind her, she felt John's fear and confusion. When she had roused from her faint, his eyes were burning.

"Why did you hide this from me?" he asked.

Dante stood aside and gestured for her to enter a pretty sitting room. It was small, with the feel of a Parisian parlor, high-ceilinged and ornate. The windows were as slender as elegant women, dressed in ice blue damask and skimming the Persian, pastel wool carpet. A simple antique sofa and small side chair were situated before a fireplace.

Lillian's heels sank into the deep carpet, and she had to take care not to trip. She watched Dante closely as he peered through the window at the cold grey morning. After her faint, she felt fragile, like she was trapped inside a stranger's mind, unable to control her thoughts or emotions. Disjointed images played in her mind. John's look of absolute betrayal. Will's long-legged gait as he entered the cemetery yard. And Nathan.

Her eyes rested on Dante, and found his dark and soulful eyes on her. "How are you feeling?" he asked in a quiet and richly accented, melodious voice. He possessed that raw decorum many foreigners possess. His movements were ingrained with it, from the sweep of his eyes to his elegant stance, leaning casually against the windowsill.

She cleared her throat to reply. She was so thirsty. After the men vacated the upstairs bedroom, Maria had given her two glasses of water, but she longed for more.

“A little disoriented,” she said. Dante moved forward, took her elbow and guided her to a chair. Relief trickled through her. She had been afraid he would make her lie on the sofa like a psychiatric patient.

“I’d like to ask a few questions. I hope you don’t object?” He smoothed his black wool trousers over his knees. She searched his face, faintly lined but sporting the inner glow of an immortal. It shone through his tawny olive complexion. But if Dante was beautiful, he was nothing compared to the man who opened a hidden door in the paneled wall.

Nathan moved into the space and the breath was sucked from Lillian’s lungs. His burning gaze latched onto her immediately. She was glued to her seat. Her heart beat as if she’d run a marathon. She and Nathan were not five steps from each other. Electricity thrummed between them.

“Ah,” said Dante softly, “it is as I thought.”

Nathan stepped further into the room, but did not sit. He leaned against the marble fireplace and watched her unswervingly. She couldn’t look into his eyes very long and keep a coherent thought, so she turned her gaze to her twisting hands.

“Lillian, you realize what is going on here?” Dante asked.

She shook her head.

“Nathan is immortal. You know that.” At her nod, he continued. “Are you and John immortals?”

“Yes.” Her voice was soft and clear. Why was she being questioned as if she was on a witness stand?

Suddenly she was hyperaware of sensation. Her skin rippled with a need to be touched. And Nathan’s did, too. His desire rippled from him in waves, so tangible it had its own scent—greenery and leather and cold snow. Though he had never laid a hand on her, those waves were invisible fingers, stroking over her heated flesh.

“How long have you and John been together?”

She felt more than saw Nathan’s flinch. Her heart turned over, and he took a small step toward her. Her eyes snapped to his. “Over sixty years.”

“How old are you, Lillian? When were you made?”

The depths of those green eyes pinned her in place. “I was Made in 1940, in Oahu.”

“She just discovered that. She didn’t know,” Nathan cut in. His voice sent a thrill through her. A smile appeared, causing the corner of his mouth to twitch upward.

She focused on Dante. “That’s true. John Made me.”

Dante shot a look at Nathan. “He also Made Nathan.”

“So I heard.”

Dante shifted as if his long legs required movement. “Lillian, do you know anything about the Calling?”

She shook her head. Nathan’s shoulders relaxed.

“It’s something which happens between immortals who are mates. They Call to one another, creating a connection to help them find one another. Once they do, they complete their bond by sharing blood and their bodies.”

Her face scorched. Nathan’s heart lurched toward her.

“You and John did not experience this Calling? The same as you and Nathan have?”

“No. I only remember being with him always.”

The men exchanged a look. Dante leaned his elbows on his knees. “Lillian, may I look into you a moment? Immortals can leave a mark on one another’s soul. I believe Will told you this.”

“Something like that.”

“Do you mind?” He was kneeling before her, and when she didn’t resist, he placed his hands on her shoulders and delved into her eyes. A long minute passed before he rested back. “You see, Nathan? It is as I believed. He is there as well, and it’s causing quite a physiological uproar.”

At once, Nathan was before her, kneeling, gripping her shoulders, plunging into her soul. It was the first time he’d touched her. Her breath came hard as he searched her, washing over her and ratcheting her desire up a notch. Her mind whirled. She was here, and he was close and she wanted him oh, so badly. Her chest seemed to gape open to expose her needy heart. Could he see the chasm in her soul only he could fill?

He turned his head to unlock their gazes. “Dante.”

“Of course.” Dante rose and slipped from the room, using the main door rather than the secret one Nathan used.

He wouldn’t meet her gaze, looking at a point on the fireplace, a hum running through him that she could feel but not outwardly detect. She stared at his fine blond hair, memorizing every strand. It fell in a long wave over his forehead, and she burned to see his eyes.

*Nathan.*

His head lifted, his trance broken. The opening between their souls blossomed, building a bridge in the gulf. Seeing him in person and feeling him inside her simultaneously was overwhelming. Tears pricked at her eyes.

“Oh, Lillian,” he said hoarsely. “I’ve waited my whole life for you, and now I can’t bear to see him in you. In your soul.”

“But you’re there, too,” she whispered, tears bulging against the roots of her lashes and breaking free to splash down her cheeks.

His chest heaved. “Yes, goddammit, and I will have you!” His mouth crushed hers, hard, possessive. His delicious musky flavor filled her mouth, coated her tongue, pooled in her head. He tasted of nothing she had ever experienced before. He was fine wine to an alcoholic, and the first sip hooked her. Her heart sang with utter joy at this meeting. She’d never known such bliss in her long life.

She was in his arms, pressing herself to him, trying to enter his body the way she had already entered his soul. She fisted his hair to hold him to her mouth. His tongue was gritty and harsh, devouring her. Heat ripped through her, nipples bunching, clit swelling, juices flowing.

The flip of their tongues increased to a desperate fervor. She gripped him to her, afraid he’d vanish, wisp through her fingers like smoke and never again would she feel this elation. When his big hand cradled her head, she let it rest on his palm. Slowly, he tipped her head all the way back. His gaze was a soft caress licking over her features, searing itself on her soul.

He dipped his mouth to hers once more, lapping at it tenderly. Her lower lip caught on his and she trailed it back and forth. Did he feel the fires raging between them?

“Lillian,” he whispered hoarsely, and then commanded her once more. His tongue delved deep, stroking the hot walls of her mouth and traced the line of her teeth. He angled his head and took absolute possession of her. She melted in his hold. His fingertips pressed into her spine and sent a shock straight to their souls.

“You see?” he was saying into her mouth, lifting her to the sofa and pressing her down. “You see? It’s us. He is nothing in the face of this.”

And she did see. She was blinded by blond hair and green eyes that jolted her like lightning, like the living tattoos of his chest.

He tore his mouth from hers and stared at her, eyes traveling over her hair, face, throat, breasts, then riveted on her mouth. He lunged at it, taking her lower lip between his teeth, his tongue smoothing the inside. She moaned, and he was flipping her again so she straddled him, his hips rising to meet hers as they ground against each other intimately.

Hot cream soaked her panties as the bulge of his long, thick cock rubbed her pussy. She wanted much more than his beautiful body. She wanted his blood running through her veins, to link their souls for eternity.

His hands clamped about her waist and he stretched her beneath him again, his rough hands softening, playing over her immortal tattoo until she writhed. His kiss slowed, deepened. He cupped one cheek and pressed his forehead into hers, his sweet breath crossing her face.

They lay wrapped in each other’s arms for a long minute before he pulled them into a sitting position. He eyed her with such intensity, she blushed. The smile that graced his face was soft and full and gentle.

“That wasn’t exactly the union of my imagination, but it was extraordinary.” His index finger traced her jaw to her lower lip. Her mouth parted with a sigh, causing a rumble to explode from his chest. He dove for her mouth again, tongue sweeping the hot interior. Her tongue circled his in a frenzied dance.

“Lillian, Lillian, I’m not letting you go. I was beside myself, thinking you didn’t want me.”

She caught his face between her palms. “Nathan, look at you.” She searched his features, then leaned in to rasp her cheek against his beard-roughened jaw. “How could I not want you? How?”

His eyes slid shut. His weight pressed her into the sofa cushions, but she longed to straddle him again, to ease the throb in her pussy.

The mantel clock chimed, causing him to jerk. “No,” he whispered, hot with pain. “What is it?”

He shook himself as if he’d awakened from a long sleep and scrubbed one hand through his disheveled hair. “I don’t want to come down from this cloud you’ve put me on, but I must. You’re meant to go to Maria now.”

“Why?”

“I’m going to try and play nice. Keep up appearances.” His voice twisted the words and he grimaced. “It kills me, having you here and knowing you’ll be with him,

too. But I'll try not to make it harder on you. I can't bear to see you unconscious." A sharp sigh expelled from him. "I'll play the game. Right now I'm to pretend this never passed and send you to Maria for tea."

He stamped her mouth with his, hard. "Dante's coming."

She rose with him, hot and cold at once. Her fingers clung to his.

"I'll see you at dinner," he said at her ear, and then he was gone, disappearing through the narrow hidden door in the paneling.

Dante smiled at her in a way that spoke volumes. "Come, my dear. I'll show you to your room before you meet Maria for tea. I'm sure you'd like to freshen up."

She must look a sight if well-mannered Dante commented on it. "John?" she asked in a tremulous voice. Her body beckoned Nathan back to her. She started to tremble.

"Outside, exploring the grounds with Will, oblivious."

"Thank you, Dante. I don't know how you can be so kind."

She followed him back upstairs and into the guest room she had recently vacated. He opened the door for her with a smile. "Don't you? Maria will be up shortly."

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