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"She was tired—oh so very, very tired. Never—not in all her life—had Evony Elorietta known such thoroughgoing fatigue. As she trudged out of the dark woods still veiled in the shadows of early sunrise, out across the expanse of cold, dew-drenched grass and onto the main road of the village, Evony wondered how she would ever endure a day that was only just beginning. Every bone in her body ached—every muscle throbbbed in misery, every inch of her flesh begged for respite. Yet there would be none—at least not until she had finished her stitching—finished the near thirteen hours of sewing she now faced under the ever observant, incessantly critical eye of seamstress Agnes Teche. After such a long, chilled, and sleepless night spent in watching—peering through the darkness and into the rooms of the inn in the woods, until her eyes were too dry to watch any longer—after listening to the shallow, often vile conversations, until her ears hurt from the foul ferment of it—Evony dreaded sewing for Mrs. Teche more than ever before. The woman was a banshee of an employer. And yet, she was grateful Mrs. Teche had had the keen eye to recognize Evony's superior skills with needle and thread—for how else would Evony have managed to feed Mikol and Tressa—to shelter them—to keep them hidden?" Ask the publishers to restore access to 500,000+ books. Ask the publishers to restore access to 500,000+ books. Ask the publishers to restore access to 500,000+ books. "Wyatt began. Vilma rolled her eyes with exasperation. She loved Wyatt because he was her brother, but most of the time, she didn't really like him very much. For one thing, he was the worst gossip in town—always embellishing things as well. It was bad enough listening to him when he was telling the whole truth, but it was plain annoying to have to listen to him when he was making up things to add into his tales. But since Vilma was up to her elbows in kneading bread dough, she was trapped.... Therefore, with a heavy sigh, she asked, "Who, Wyatt? Marie and Hudson? That's nothin' special. They spend half the day sparkin' and the other half just gazing into each other's eyes like a couple of lovesick calves." But Wyatt's smile was more than just triumphant: it was arrogant too. Vilma shook her head, knowing that he really must've caught somebody in a compromising situation this time. "Nope,"MoreLessRead More Read Less