

*Your Soul Was  
Made for Mine*

C. L. Hunter

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Summary: When their lives converge in Ireland, Nolan and Emmalyn will never be the same as dangers appear from Nolan's past, and they unravel astonishing secrets together. With each new discovery they go to places, events, and ecstasies they could have never imagined possible in this tale of loss, pain, romance, and electrifying thrills.

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## Memories of Ireland

Within the silhouetted tranquility of the glade  
A twilight soothes the dazzle of the late afternoon  
Across the luxuriant barrier of the eclipse  
The sun's diminishing pitch of an idyllic flicker  
Incessantly drifting reminiscence of days gone by

—*C. L. Hunter*

## Cast of Characters

- Nolan Hurley O'Neill—Owner of Empire World Association International
- Emmalyn Grace Cullen Stone—Widow of Thomas Stone; mother of Christian Stone; her name means “entire world.”
- Thomas Stone—Deceased husband of Emmalyn; father of Christian Stone (Thomas is pronounced in Irish as To-MAHS.)
- Christian Stone—Son of Thomas and Emmalyn Stone
- Katlyn (Kate) Reynolds—Emmalyn’s best friend; owner of Reynolds Advertising Inc.
- Deacon O'Mallery—Nolan’s friend and right-hand man
- Dermod O'Neill—Nolan’s father; first name means “free man.”
- Aislinn O'Conner—Girlfriend of Dermod O'Neill; name means “dream vision”
- Calista—Fairy/Angel; name means “most beautiful one.”
- Mitchell Kennedy—Pilot for Nolan O'Neill
- Kerianne Macrea—Flight attendant for Empire World
- Aine Fyle—Nolan’s housekeeper
- Fergus Mallon—Nolan’s handyman
- Harper Lilly Ragin—Christian Stone’s girlfriend at Yale
- Justin Hayes—Kate’s art director
- Ailbe O'Braoin—Nolan’s secretary at Empire World
- Conner Lane—Private investigator for Empire World
- Matthew Jacobs—Thomas Stone’s partner
- Margarita Fontaine—French prostitute
- Davet Blaise (O'Neill)—Son of Nolan O'Neill; name means “loved/gift of God”
- Cabhan O'Neill—Son of McKenzie O'Neill and Margarita Fontaine
- Jacqueline Beaumont—Cabhan’s foster mother and caretaker
- Anthea Bannan—French prostitute
- Madam Babette—Owner of the parlor, or brothel
- Abraham Blaise, Duke of Lux—Margarita’s husband
- McKenzie O'Neill—Brother of Dermod and Uncle of Nolan O'Neill

## Lost

My heart is shattered without you.  
My soul plunges into an endless ocean.  
I see no ending to my absolute sorrow.  
I cry out to the heavens, but no one hears me  
For I am sealed within my own walls of despair.  
The infuriation in me claws and kicks  
To break free of the constant torture it endures.  
When will my mind stop calling out to you?  
It searches for even a faint whisper of long ago.  
I cocoon myself in time, praying that anguish will subside,  
Yet it seems everlasting.  
I am lost in gloom  
Wondering if I will ever find happiness again.

—*Emmalyn Stone*



May 21, 2010—Dublin, Ireland  
*Nolan O'Neill*

I was at a loss for words for perhaps the first time in my life.

I sat in shock looking at the phone after the call I had received just five minutes ago. Dear God! What the hell?

Thomas Stone (To-MAHS) as we Irish pronounce his name, with the accent on the second syllable, had been in my office less than an hour ago closing the merger between my company and one of America's largest mobile companies. I had stayed behind at my office to make some last-minute phone calls for next week. I had my secretary make arrangements to have a few of my colleagues meet us that evening at Noble's, a restaurant and pub. Now I learned that Thomas was involved in a critical car accident and was hanging on by a thread.

Why the hell had I sent him ahead without me? He could have just driven over with me. The Dublin streets are brutal for locals and for foreigners they are a living hell. Now that we were finished with the deal, I was going to fly him to Castlebar with me so he could spend a couple of days enjoying Loch Loch sio' Ga, Lake Lake of Fairies, my beautiful home, and, oh God, then Thomas wouldn't be in this place. I pushed the intercom button.

"Ailbe, tell Fergus to bring the car around. I need to get to Beaumont Hospital."

The intercom came back with Ailbe's soft voice saying, "Yes, Mr. O'Neill."

I hit the intercom again. "Also, Ailbe, please cancel the reservations at Noble's. We won't be having a party tonight. I just learned that Thomas has been in a horrible car accident."

"I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do, Mr. O'Neill?"

I paused and finally said, "Yes, there is, Ailbe, you can pray. That is all we can do."

Fergus Mallon was waiting for me as I slid into the back seat of my powder-blue Rolls-Royce. He looked at me from the rearview mirror with concern in his old blue eyes, his handsome Irish face etched with worry. He had been with me for a long time and knew me like an old shoe, worn but extremely comfortable. I met his gaze and told him what happened to Thomas. When he stopped at the hospital entrance, he came around and opened the door for me. He put his hand on my shoulder. "I will be praying for Mr. Stone while I wait for you."

I shook his hand and nodded, having no words. My mind was still blank as I walked through the sliding glass doors.

I was led down a hall into a small room. As I entered, my heart skipped a beat, and I stood at the bedside of my friend and attorney. Thomas was one of a few associates whom I could call friend. In my line of business and my fucked-up world, true friends were hard to come by. Everyone always wanted more. More than I could always give them. Thomas had become my loyal friend over the years. I knew about his beautiful wife and promising son. Though I didn't know them personally, I felt close to them because of what Thomas had shared with me. He was a true family man. He went to his son's baseball games. He had been married to the same woman all these years. He was the only married man I knew who absolutely adored his wife.

This was something I could not fathom. I was a God-fearing man. I could at least say that. I respected the man lying here fighting for his life, but I damn sure did not understand him. I don't do "attached." Not just with women but with anything. For a man like me it causes too many complications. Shit, who was I kidding? I was too afraid of my brutal past, because it was a doozy.

I had long ago somewhat shared my story with an older woman. My father had paid her a great deal of money to help bring me back from insanity and back into the world of the living. After that I made it my mission to concentrate on work. I was a billionaire and yet it never filled the hole where my heart used to be. I would never get over what that bastard did to me, the man who ripped my soul out and left me for dead; not physically, but emotionally. I was a man unapproachable, guilt clearly my ruler.

I was happy to have my simple social attachments here and there. It was all I could manage. But as I contemplated my friend lying in this condition, if I truly let myself think back to our conversations, I'd have to admit I'd sometimes imagined what it would be like to have the fantastic life that he had. I just never allowed myself to go there. A man like me doesn't get the happy ending.

The monitor went off bringing me back to the here and now. Beep-beep-beep... Other than the beeping in the room, it was eerily quiet.

I wanted God to hear me as I said aloud, “*Dia Good, troid do do sgaol me chara.*” Good God, friend, fight for your life.

However, the way he looked, it would take a miracle for him to come out of this alive.

I had been in many hospitals over the last few years when I helped with the openings of several, including the one in Galway near my home. I had never been in a hospital where I looked at a person on the brink of life and death. He had tubes sticking out of almost every space of his showing flesh. The damned machines beeped and buzzed around us, as I whispered, “God, I don’t talk to you often enough but this man needs help. *Dia le do thoil cabhair eisean.*” God, please help him!

Beep-beep-beep... This time it was louder and accompanied by other earsplitting noises.

A shiver ran up my spine. I felt my equilibrium tilting off its center. I did not think I could stand to be in the room with its blasting sounds, when an angel, or a fairy—an exquisite creature no matter what she was—materialized before my eyes. I stepped backwards at the sight of a spirit that I could not have conjured up by myself.

Miraculously, at the moment when she appeared, Thomas opened his eyes. I saw a flash of loss, denial, and anguish across his face. I’d never forget the look in his eyes. It was no more than a whisper but with unbelievable effort he said, “You are the providence for Emmalyn. Take care of her, Nolan. You are designated by the spirits as the only one who can do it!”

Was this a joke? “What? Thomas, don’t you dare ask this of me. *Iarrann tu’ dom a theipeann cara d’aois!* You ask me to fail, old friend. Do not do this to me.”

As I watched him struggle with every breath he took, I thought, I have a past that he doesn’t know about. I will never get beyond what happened to me so long ago. He’s asking the impossible.

My friend was blinking back tears. I didn’t know if they were from excruciating pain or because he was losing everything dear to him. I knew I only had a few seconds with him. I put my hand over his and said, “*Ta’ me’ cara sin ta’ bro’n orainn.* I’m so sorry, my friend.”

He was closing his eyes, but carried an invincible grin on his face. He knew he was leaving this world and he was doing so with that amazing angel. He whispered, “*Ta’ se’ predestined mo chara. Tabhair aire di.* It’s predestined, my friend. Take care of her.”

His speaking in Irish shocked me as I wept openly, something I had not done since I was a child. I looked up and into the eyes of the angel. She spoke not a word to me but revealed herself as Calista and that she was taking Thomas home. As the alarms got louder, a team of doctors and nurses rushed in, asking me to step back. I watched them work on Thomas with precise movements, but I knew it wouldn't be enough. In my head, I kept shouting *no, no, no*. It was only seconds, but it seemed like hours when I heard him take one last breath.

The medical team stopped and in the silence, I heard one of the doctors say in a low voice, "Friday. Time 7:02 p.m. May 21, 2010. Record it. Thomas Stone, United States American, died Friday, 2:02 p.m. Eastern time. It is over."

It was a blinding blur after that and I knew I had heard the last words Thomas would ever say to me in this life.

*Calista*

Calista had watched Thomas fade from life, not believing this could be happening. “Zakkai, please help me,” she cried.

The king of angels appeared. “Calista.”

“Zakkai, it is my time to breathe life into Thomas, my human-soul.”

“Calista, please alleviate your pain. It is causing me great distress to see you like this.”

“I do not understand what is taking place here.”

“Calista, I can only glimpse fragments of the outline of your story. I do know, above all, under no circumstances are you to intervene.”

“What? I have no choice,” she said. “I have to save him.”

Zakkai paced around her in a circle. “Calista, you must put Thomas in oblivion. It will only be for a short time. As he lies in tranquility, I give my blessing for you to show yourself to this man Nolan. However, be extremely wise. You can do this only a few times; you may not meddle with destiny.”

“Why is this happening, Zakkai?”

“Oh, my beautiful child, even if I knew all the truth, you know I am preordained not to say. I will show you what I saw so you can have some relief.”

In the old Irish words, he said, “*Fado’in am anaithnid, aingeal a bhi shil a bheith ina siog ag go leordaoine a thainig Calista go talamb. Ba e a cuid ama ar an anam fireann a bhain lei sua raibh am a eileamb. Bhi torn an anam fear idir an da shoal. Da bhri sin, Calista cunamb i shocru cad a briste. Go gairid go mbeadh ar na anamacha i gceist go mbeadh ceim i riamb agus la gan eadochas le haghaidh gach ceann acu a bheith iomlaine ina saol.*”

The story he had told her was: Long ago in a time unknown, Calista, an angel who was thought to be a fairy by many humans, came to earth. It was her time to claim the male soul that belonged to her before time

existed. The male soul was torn between the two worlds. Therefore, Calista assisted in fixing what was broken. Soon all of the souls involved would phase into ever and a day without despair, for each of them would have completeness in their lives.

Calista fought back tears that appeared on the outer edges of her eyelids. She had always had the ability to merge naturally in and out of heaven and earth. For the last forty years, while Thomas was a human, she had chosen to stay in the Land of Eternal Youth. It was where the pure innocents lived, where Thomas came from before he was born. The only place that brought her peace during the years without him.

Most humans couldn't see her and if they did they usually thought her to be a fairy. Why they thought of her that way was ridiculous. But at the moment she didn't care what anyone thought. She wanted Thomas and if she had to show herself, then so be it. She knew the laws, but she was happy Nolan could see her; he needed to see the truth.

God's laws were strict between the two worlds. It was a precious gift to glimpse one of the Shining Ones. She had been shocked that Nolan saw her, as people usually saw the angels around twilight when the shades of the worlds briefly parted. There were only a few of the angels who were called the Shining Ones, the only angels who led the way into the heavens. They worked closely with Zakkai and Caelia, the king and queen of angels.

Now was the time to be brave and fight for what was already hers.

At Thomas's bedside, she whispered into his ear "Be still, my worrier. Come with me. I will never leave you. You will only be asleep for a short time. All will be well soon, my love.

*Thomas*

“*To-mahs,*” Calista whispered in her soft Irish brogue, “*ar oscailt do shu’ile.*”

Thomas knew he must have died. Yet he heard the voice as she asked him to open his eyes. He tried to obey, but his eyes would not open.

He knew she was not Emmalyn. But the magnetism of this woman was so compelling that he yearned to please her, to touch her, to see her, but he could not move. Something deep inside cried out to his wife, as though he was a traitor. A part of his soul was leaving her in an unfair world, which she would have to endure without him.

His eyes finally opened and through the fog, he saw the unearthly woman who had spoken to him. It was her eyes that held him captive; they were polychromatic changing dramatically as he was spellbound to her stare. She was so enchanting that he thought he must be dreaming. He knew she belonged to him yet she wasn’t his. Flashes of the accident and being in the hospital began replaying in his head, and he realized he truly had died.

She was not speaking English, but he understood every word she said.

In her singsong voice, she sounded like Nolan. “*Teacht liom.*” Come with me.

Thomas felt as if he’d been ripped in half. He longed to follow this woman wherever she wanted him to go, but the detachment he felt from Emmalyn’s humanity left him feeling ill. A woozy feeling washed through him so hard that he lost his breath and then he told the angel, as she appeared to be, that he was sorry. In her eyes he saw her thoughts and images playing out in his head, but he could not comprehend their magnitude. The hypnotizing woman started moving away from him. He screamed, “Please don’t leave,” but it was not her leaving, it was him leaving her.

Wham! He was slammed back inside himself with excruciating pain. He heard Nolan saying, “*Dia cabhru’ leis le do thoil.*” How in the world did he understand what Nolan was saying—“God, please help him”?

He slowly opened his eyes and he saw Nolan as he felt the angel next to him. He was not sure what hurt him more, the physical pain from his injuries or knowing the truth of what she had revealed, and causing her pain because he could not let go. Thomas thought he was speaking to Nolan telling him to seek for Emmalyn’s affection. He knew he was leaving this world and needed to tell Emmalyn he was sorry. He told Nolan to love her and cherish her, but Nolan obviously could not hear him, because he looked helpless and lost.

Then it was as if it all were a dream. Thomas was gone. Pain left him, forced energy engulfed him and the exquisite woman’s voice said, “*Beidh codlata mo ghr’a a bheith go le’ir go maith.*” Sleep, my love. All will be well. His spirit joined hers as they disappeared into the heavens and then there was nothing.