



*Isabella Jordan*

*Every  
Breath  
You Take*

## EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE

...From the thick pillow where the crystal ball rested every night, Dukker had a clear view of Moira's bed. He ached every night with each glimpse of white flesh revealed to him as she moved about in her sleep. How he longed to feel the smooth white skin of her thighs, of her breasts.

His one desire when he managed to escape the crystal ball was to claim Moira as his own, to take her again and again until she understood that she belonged to him. Dukker thought of nothing more than the vision of Moira spread beneath him, her body open to all his senses. He wanted to touch and taste every part of her and once he was done with that, had her helpless and wanting beneath him, he'd bury his cock inside her and claim her as she'd never been claimed before...

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# EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE

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EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE  
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*For Jim...*

## CHAPTER 1

“Moira.”

The soft voice of Lydia Meyer drew Moira’s attention away from the large suitcase she was stuffing her meager belongings into. Lydia, the carnival’s resident fat lady, was Moira Jacob’s favorite person in the ragtag group of entertainers she’d joined six months ago. The kind-faced woman was the reason she’d joined the seedy show, had even given her the crystal ball she used for her act.

Moira’s gaze met that of the older woman. “I have to go.”

Her friend’s mouth curved up into a gentle smile.

“Honey, you’re not the first person to pick up an enthusiastic admirer.” Lydia walked toward the bed, the sequins of the costume covering her enormous body sparkling and flashing red as she sat down next to Moira. Her friend’s considerable weight caused the bedsprings to protest loudly and pulled her right into Lydia’s arms, willing or not. But Moira wrapped her arms around her friend and held on, undone by

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the woman's unconditional caring.

"Lydia, I'm scared." Moira's heart slammed in her chest just talking about the tall, gaunt-faced man who'd followed the show, followed *her* for five towns now. He never approached her tent, just watched her. A face in the crowd watching her with black soulless eyes. "I just went into town to the mall to get some film for my camera. And there he was. I swear he was running after me when I ran back for the bus stop."

And if there hadn't been someone else at the bus stop, just maybe she wouldn't be here. Once on the bus, Moira had immediately asked the bus driver if he'd take her to the police department at the end of his route. The kind older gentleman had done just that, and it had been a long, nerve-jarring ride.

But when she told her story to the local police officer, he didn't seem to assign it much importance. Moira thought she knew why. She was a *carnie*. Most small towns loved when the carnival arrived, but once the show was over, their residents wanted nothing to do with the entertainers themselves, treated them like criminals.

Well, most of them *were* outcasts. But criminals they were not.

Lydia rocked her like a baby, her hand smoothing Moira's hair. "Are you going to be safer if you leave? No. You have no where to go, honey. See? You have no reason to leave."

Moira pulled back to gaze at her friend. "I don't want to leave."

Her carnival family had been her only family since her mother died five years before. At twenty-seven years old she knew she should have at least tried to track down her mother's family, find out who they were. But she kept reminding herself there was some reason why her mother had no contact with them, and it was probably best to leave it alone. Her father had left when she was seven. Moira didn't want to find him or his family.

Lydia held Moira's face in her hands. "Then stay here. Who's going to mess with you with Darius and Earl around?"



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The muscular carnival manager and his assistant were fearsome indeed and very protective of all of their people. But they couldn't watch her every minute.

"They won't be with me all the time, Lydia. And I can't expect them to be." Pulling free of Lydia's grip, Moira shook her head. "I'm going to leave the carnival, hide out for a while. Maybe I can come back in a few months."

"What's to stop him from finding you out in the real world if he really wants to?" Lydia's painted mouth drooped. "Wouldn't you be more vulnerable out there?"

"Not necessarily. Once I leave there'll no playbill saying where I'll be next."

"This all just seems so drastic," Lydia said. "Are you *that* afraid this guy is out to get you?"

Moira had never been so afraid in her life. She nodded. She'd seen the man too many times.

Lydia's expression was grim. "What are you going to do out there?"

Moira shrugged. "Waitressing. I guess. Besides this, it's the only other thing I've ever done."

"Not much of a life," Lydia threw out.

Moira knew that all too well. Busting her ass in a greasy spoon held little appeal compared to her life at the carnival.

She shared Lydia's love of the crowds, the eager faces that watched them work their magic. She wasn't even a performer in the big tent. She told fortunes with her crystal ball in a smaller tent just outside. Moira loved weaving fortunes from her fertile imagination for each person who came to call. She always made them happy forecasts at the end, even if some of what she threw at them was foreboding at first. And she was a good guesser. For whatever reason, Moira was always able to guess correctly at least one thing about the person whose fortune she told that she couldn't possibly know. And the less she tried,

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the better she did.

It didn't hurt that her hand-me-down crystal ball could do tricks. Inside, it would turn cloudy or flash with bright light at precisely the right moment. Moira had no idea how, but she wanted to get a picture if she could. It was the reason she'd wanted the film.

Yes, she'd miss the life, the people.

But Moira couldn't shake the feeling the man following her meant to harm her. And she didn't intend to stay and wait for him to do it.

"When? And what are you going to tell Darius?" Lydia asked.

"I don't know," Moira said with all honesty. "But it needs to be soon. And I might as well tell him the truth. He'll understand."

"He won't like it." Lydia's voice dropped. "You're good at what you do, you know? You ought to stay and ride it out."

"And wait for him to get me?" Moira asked.

Lydia's deep sigh let Moira know she'd accepted defeat. With some effort, Lydia rose from the bed. Moira fought the urge to help her, knowing her friend hated that. She thought Lydia meant to leave without saying anything else, but she stopped at the door to Moira's tent.

"Just talk to Darius before you decide anything, okay?" Lydia's bright blue eyes scanned her face. "Just tell him what you told me and then hear him out. He may know a way to deal with this."

Moira nodded as her friend left. Darius might know a way to deal with this all right. Rumor had it that more than one troublemaker had disappeared over the years, and their carnival never returned to the towns in which the disappearances allegedly happened.

No, she didn't want to go there.

But she *would* talk to Darius first thing in the morning, she decided. Moira resumed stuffing the enormous pile of clothes into the suitcase that had seen better days. She had no idea in hell of exactly what she'd say to him.

## CHAPTER 2

Dukker watched her dash back and forth across the room, gathering her clothes and other little belongings. Her skirt was a fluid motion of red and black on the other side of the glass and her full breasts strained against the white peasant blouse she wore. Her long, silky hair was the color of old gold coins and it fanned around her as she spun around, walked back and forth. He much preferred her natural hair to the dark wig she wore when she worked. He wanted nothing more than to sink his hands in that hair, to fill them with those breasts.

There was no way he was letting Moira go. She didn't know it yet, but she was his. *His*. And she'd better be ready, because when he found a way out of his glass prison, he planned to let her *know* she was his over and over and over.

And Moira *was* the key to his escape from the crystal ball. He just knew it. When old Wen's sister had finally died six months ago, he'd rejoiced. It had been bliss to be free of her evil thoughts and hands after

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fifty-seven years of imprisonment. Even if they'd thrown the crystal ball, and him along with it, into the Dumpster with the rest of her belongings, it would have been worth it to be free of the cruel woman who'd once been his lover.

But that fat Lydia had done him a favor and given him to Moira instead. Beautiful Moira who had no idea of the crystal ball's magic. Even if she did, she couldn't wield it. And she sure as hell couldn't control him. She didn't even know he existed.

But he knew *her*.

Each touch of her small white hands on the glass had been heaven and hell; he could feel each one as if she were caressing his skin. And each time she touched the crystal ball her thoughts and desires were revealed to him. Dukker enjoyed her pride in a good night of fortune-telling and reveled in the way she could handle anyone who dared call her a fraud. That was most amusing because in truth she was exactly that. Any insight she had about the people who visited her tent, he gave to her, and from his glass prison he was extremely limited in his ability to help her. He could only see them through her eyes and he had to rely on her senses. But most people were pathetically easy to read. He'd seen the pattern of their boring little lives thousands of times.

Dukker knew the long lonely nights Moira spent in her tent, dreaming of love and a lover who was both dominant and tender. In her first few weeks with the carnival she'd covered the crystal ball with a scarf, shrouding his world in darkness for most of the day. But after a while she decided the crystal ball no longer made her nervous and she stopped covering it. Either way he despised the long hours of the night because he wanted to know what she was thinking. What did she dream about?

From the thick pillow where the crystal ball rested every night, he had a clear view of her bed. Dukker ached every night with each glimpse of white flesh revealed to him as she moved about in her sleep.

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How he longed to feel the smooth white skin of her thighs, of her breasts.

His one desire when he managed to escape the crystal ball was to claim Moira as his own, to take her again and again until she understood that she belonged to him. Dukker thought of nothing more than the vision of Moira spread beneath him, her body open to all his senses. He wanted to touch and taste every part of her and once he was done with that, had her helpless and wanting beneath him, he'd bury his cock inside her and claim her as she'd never been claimed before.

But first things first. Dukker had to escape the crystal ball once and for all, and before she could flee the carnival. He'd felt her fear over the last few weeks but, strangely, he couldn't see in her mind's eye the person she was afraid of. One thing he knew with some certainty: he'd never let Moira meet harm. Ever. But he couldn't protect her until he was free.

Moira's movements slowed; most of her belongings had been gathered he guessed. She turned back from the bed where she stood and her gaze fell on the crystal ball. Would she leave it? Take it with her?

Slowly she approached it and it came to Dukker in a flash how he might escape. Fear had jarred her from her normal routine and it might give him the break he needed. Gathering all of his strength, he watched her and waited. *Yes, come to me, my love.*

Moira came to a stop before him, treating him to a tantalizing view of the creamy tops of her breasts. Dukker watched her hands lift, waited for just the right moment. The instant her hands touched the glass he used all of his power and energy to create a furious explosion of light within the crystal ball until his energy was completely drained.

The sound of Moira's shriek was the last thing he heard before everything went black.

## CHAPTER 3

Moira felt like a fool crying over the broken glass of the crystal ball. But it had scared the shit out of her. She'd just decided to take it with her and when she picked it up, it had lit up like a Roman candle. Of course she'd dropped it, and it had shattered once it hit the floor. And there she stood sobbing in the middle of an acre of broken glass.

What else was going to happen?

It took her damned near an hour to sweep up the glass. When she was done, it was late. Worry had left her tired. What would she say to Darius about the reason she was leaving? Would she be able to leave without that man following her? Could she keep him from finding her?

Would she survive without the carnival in her life?

And where the hell would she get a new crystal ball?

Tired and resigned, she changed into her flannel pajamas, turned out the lights, and climbed into her bed. The early spring night was chilly and Moira curled into a ball on her side, snuggling under her

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heavy comforter.

Sleep came swiftly, but her mind was restless. One strange dream after another clouded her mind. Dreams of the carnival...

But the carnival in her dream wasn't the carnival she knew. The people were dressed differently, like from a time long ago. And the attractions were different. There were Siamese twins and a disfigured man who was supposed to be the offspring of Satan. There was a man with a rubber face, a fat lady who, unlike Lydia, had a full beard.

And a fortune-teller. The woman in her dreams was a small, thin woman with hard, dark eyes and incredibly long hair. She stood quarreling with a man, a man with dark hair and eyes like hers, their complexions swarthy and their features sharp. *Gypsies*. Unlike the woman, he was large and imposing. The man was incredibly handsome, the features of his face both rugged and appealing. Moira knew in the way of dreams that they'd been lovers once and that the woman refused to accept their parting. In her mind's eye she watched the man turn and walk away from the woman's cruel words, missing the malice in the woman's eyes as she watched him disappear into the night.

Fear crept into Moira as the dream showed her the woman plotting with another man, the woman's brother who had dark powers. What did they plan to do to the woman's lover?

Restlessly Moira tossed and turned in her bed, but now she was walking in her dream, into a tent that looked remarkably like her own. In the darkness she approached a bed near the back of the tent and found a large figure sleeping there—the woman's handsome lover, she realized. Her heart slammed in her chest as she wondered why she was there, what would happen next.

When the man's dark eyes flew open to gaze up at her, Moira awoke instantly, shot up in her bed.

*Moira.*

Moira took a deep breath, willing her heart to slow. It had just been

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a dream. *Damn, but it seemed real.* After several moments she was able to go back to sleep, deeper sleep this time.

\* \* \*

Moira was warm now, her muscles relaxed instead of taut and aching from the chilly air. The warmth came from behind her, curled around her. She snuggled back against the man's body as his hand slid soothingly up and down her back with smooth strokes. Arching like a cat into his touch, she stretched under his knowing hand and her flesh tingled beneath the flannel as it slid over her hip. His strong fingers were gentle but firm as they skimmed across her leg to the sensitive flesh of her inner thigh.

So, she'd returned to the dream and now she was in bed with the handsome man, the fortune-teller's lover. Maybe she was supposed to be that woman in her dream. At the moment she really didn't care. How could she with his fingers searching for her center where a delicate craving had begun? Damn, it had been a long time since she'd been laid. When those fingers moved up to press into the dampening folds of her pussy, his touch was light and tantalizing over her pajamas. Moira's thighs clenched around his large, solid hand.

"Do you like that, Moira?" His voice was a deep purr.

Okay, so it *was* her in the dream. That was good.

Bucking under his touch, Moira moaned. "Yes."

His warm breath pelted the shell of her ear and her neck, sending delicious waves of pleasure coursing through her. His tongue teased the sensitive lobe, a devilish distraction as his hand skimmed back up her hip and under the waistband of her pajama bottoms, under the top of her panties. She nearly came off the bed as his fingers slid between her thighs.

"You're so wet for me, Moira." His breath was hot in her ear. "I always knew you would be."

Now this was some dream. Moira pushed herself into his hand as



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his fingers worked their way into the curls at the juncture of her thighs. His finger was gentle as spring rain as it insinuated itself between her nether lips and maddening as it drew slow circles around her clit. Squirming, she tried to move her lower body in such a way that she could manipulate his touch to where she wanted it. But the teasing devil avoided giving her what she wanted, ruining her sanity with his tantalizing touch.

“Patience has never been yours, has it, Moira?” Pulling his hand free of her clothing, he pushed her onto her back, forcing her to glance up at him. “Tonight it will be.”

Damn, he was fine. He rose above her, magnificently bare-chested, his black eyes alight with desire. The man was undeniably handsome with his high cheeks and the hard line of his jaw. He had the sexiest mouth on a man she’d ever seen. Moira wanted to know what it was like to kiss that mouth, to feel it on her body. Idly she ran a hand over the smooth, muscled wall of his chest. The skin of her hand was pale compared to his swarthy flesh.

Well, the woman in her dream who’d once been his lover couldn’t get over him. Moira was anxious to see what all the fuss was about.

And she was definitely going to find out. With one hand he made swift work of the buttons at the front of her top. Her skin chilled as he pulled away the flannel to reveal her breasts, but his touch was hot as his large hand closed over her breast. Her nipple was a hard aching point as it strained into his palm, his touch delicately burning her. Moira pushed herself up into his hand, drawing a moan from him before he dove for her with that gorgeous mouth.

His lips possessed hers with a masterful kiss that had cream gathering in her vagina, the hot wash of her fluids seeping out to further slicken the folds beyond. Her fingers gripped in his hair, kneading his scalp as he held her in place for his claiming. He pressed her lips open and his tongue licked at hers, twined with it. He deepened the

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consuming kiss until pleasure coursed through every fiber of her being. Moira was barely aware of the fact that he pulled away the top of her pajamas, her bottoms and panties going just as easily.

His fingers plucked at her nipples, pulling hard at the tips until she moaned her frustration into his mouth. Without warning he tore his mouth free of hers and his lips left her fighting for breath as they trailed down her arched neck, over the sensitive flesh of her chest, until they closed over one exquisitely sensitive peak.

Moira gasped as his fingers curled around the sensitive mound of her breast, testing its weight as his lips and tongue suckled and licked the diamond-hard tip. Her fingers dug into the solid flesh of his shoulders as his other hand began to playfully tease the other breast. Oh, he was very good. Each move, each touch designed to destroy her sanity.

“Do you like that, Moira?” His voice was low, the deep rumble causing her womb to convulse in anticipation. “Do you want more of my mouth?”

But he really wasn't asking permission. His mouth burned a trail of scorching kisses down her belly. Her abdomen tightened as his mouth stopped at her navel, his tongue dipping into the little indent until her thighs clenched together, her own wetness soaking the curls there. Her body wept for him, but he took his time, his mouth slowly descending to the little thatch of curls as his hands pressed her thighs open. His rough fingers felt so good, powerful, as they held her open to his greedy mouth.

Then his mouth was on her, his tongue slowly circling her aching clit. Moira's head fell back, her eyes closing until she was aware of nothing but every sensation. His hot breath on her sensitive flesh, his tongue lapping around her clit as he sucked her dewy folds.

“You taste so good,” he whispered. “I've waited for so long to taste you.”

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Finally his lips closed around the tight little bud and she cried out as he sucked at that straining mass of nerves. Her hips shot off the bed and her fingers clutched the sheets under them as he tortured her with his mouth, sent flames rushing through her body. Moira's knees shook from the assault on her senses, the world spinning away until there was nothing but him and the pleasure tightening her belly.

Her mysterious lover didn't share her sense of urgency. Moira wanted to come, needed to come, and he knew it. Just as she would reach the edge of release he would stop or slow down, withholding orgasm from her. Did he want her to beg?

"Oh, please." Moira pleaded and mewled as he pressed her legs farther apart and his tongue thrust into her hungry sheath with stiff, quick movements that shattered her senses with the sheer force of pleasure. She couldn't take much more. Especially not when his thick finger slid into her greedy passage, stretching and opening muscles that hadn't been tested in a long time. Moira clawed at the bed, pressing her pussy against his mouth as his finger thrust inside her rapidly to hit a spot that made her lose her mind. Pleasure ripped through her, a storm of sensation that shook her until the world spun away.

Moira felt the mattress dip as he shifted his weight and his slim hips insinuated themselves between her shaking thighs. The crest of his cock was hot and silky against her opening, easily gliding back and forth on the wetness.

"Do you want me inside you, Moira?" His voice was roughened by desire, his breathing ragged.

Was he kidding? "Yes!"

Pushing herself at his teasing cock, she would have impaled herself if she could have. But the tormenting devil wouldn't allow it.

"Will you let me in?"

"Yes, please!" Moira reached for him, but he grabbed her wrist and easily held it to the mattress. "Just fuck me."

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She hated the pleading in her voice, but the hunger was about to undo her. The long, heavily veined object of her lust was about two inches away from where she needed it to be. This was serious.

“If you let me in, Moira, you are mine forever.”

Forever? Whatever.

“Yes, okay. Please damnit!”

His eyes were black and gleaming as the head of his cock slid easily into her sheath. Her flesh rippled around him, sucking him in as he worked himself inside her with short, hard strokes. Her dream lover plunged into her, his breath rough as one hand clutched her hip and the other slid up her body to cover her breast, plumping it.

Moira met each thrust, crying out at the torrent of pleasure as his weight pinned her to the mattress. Her body tightened around the heated length of his invasion, caressing it with spasms as release neared again for her.

“Do it harder,” she whispered, needing more, wanting him to take her. “Please, harder, faster.”

His thrusts inside her gained speed, grew harder in desperation. His grip on her tightened, his weight heavier, and she loved it. Moira craved more, wanted the climax that was tearing at her. The waves of pleasure gathering promised the best orgasm she’d ever had and she wanted it. Now.

Wantonly pushing up her hips to meet him, she coaxed him into giving her what she wanted. He fucked her harder, faster. His movement inside was powerful, the orgasm rushing through her was more powerful still. Moira melted, dissolved beneath him. Her body tightened around his burrowing cock as the bursting colors blended into darkness and the darkness swept her away.

## CHAPTER 4

Dukker gently rolled off Moira and onto his back, as triumphant to have claimed the beauty by his side as he was to be in the flesh once again. For fifty-seven years he'd been merely a specter in the crystal ball, a prisoner to his former lover until her death. But he'd never been her slave, which is what her brother Wen had intended. He'd never belonged to Oana, would never have had sex with her again even to free himself. Loving Oana had left him feeling empty, cold. The only emotions to be found inside her had been anger and fear.

The beautiful blonde woman snuggling against his side was different. Emotion hit him like a punch to the gut as he realized that he'd belonged to *her*. Dukker wasn't sure when, during his time with Moira, watching her from inside the crystal ball, he'd lost his heart to her. But he had. Moira was caring, loving. Now that he'd tasted her, held her in his arms...Well, there was no way he could let her go.

But what to do? Moira planned to leave the carnival because she

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was afraid of someone. Someone he couldn't see. And she *had* freed him from his glass prison, but now what? Just tell her that he'd been living in her crystal ball for fifty-seven years? That he'd seduced her in her dreams to return to his mortal form?

That would be a one-way ticket to another prison—an asylum. If they still had those. Fifty-seven years had gone by since he'd last been a man. There were bound to be some changes in the world.

His Moira was so beautiful. If Dukker thought for a moment that returning to his human form had been his only motivation for wanting her, he was lying to himself. The dark gold of her hair cascaded over her shoulder like a silken river as she nudged closer to him in sleep. She was so fair, her white skin dewy from their passion. He loved the way her little nose turned up slightly at the end. Her lips twitched in her sleep. Full, soft lips that had tasted better than anything he remembered.

Loving her had been everything he'd imagined over the last six months and more. The way her tight little body had felt pulsing around him, the helpless way she'd clung to him as he drove inside her. Dukker had felt himself coming apart inside, in a way he never had before. Moira made him feel vulnerable and powerful all at the same time.

Moira was his. That was the only thing he knew with any certainty.

Pulling the covers over her sleeping form and easing away from her to avoid waking her, Dukker padded across the cool grass to search around her tent. Finally he spotted the waste basket and found just what he expected to. Dukker reached into the small basket and pulled out the crystal ball, restored now as he was restored.

Did that mean Wen's curse was over then? Dukker was just a man again and the crystal ball a hunk of glass?

Dukker needed some clothes and then he could comfortably put together a plan that would help him protect Moira and get him into her

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life without having her affected by the drama she'd just ended. She didn't even have to know as far as he was concerned.

\* \* \*

Moira's nerves were on edge the next morning as she made her way out of her tent. The dreams she'd had, dreams of sex with a strange man... Okay, so he was a gorgeous man. But it had been a vivid, erotic dream and, strangely, she could remember a lot of details. If that weren't enough, she'd awakened completely naked. That had never happened before and it started her morning out badly. She was already dreading her talk with Darius, to tell him she was leaving. Now she felt completely out of her element.

Somehow she'd managed to go to the showers, get dressed and pack up everything she hadn't last night. But that sense of something-bad-about-to-happen was hanging over her head as she passed by Lydia's tent. She just couldn't shake it.

And when the shadow of a man crossed her path, she knew why.

*It was him.* The man who'd been following her.

"Where is it?" The man's voice was harsh, his eyes black and mean. He had an accent she didn't recognize and it only made him sound more sinister. "Where is the crystal ball?"

Moira's heart began to thump in fear. He wanted her crystal ball?

Oh, God. *That's* what he wanted. What would he do to her when she told him she'd dropped it and it had shattered into a thousand pieces?

"Here you go. Catch!" The deep voice came from behind her. A crystal ball went sailing through the air by her, and the man she'd feared for weeks watched it, as she did, with his mouth agape. And he did the only thing a person could and would do with an object flying towards them.

He caught it.

Moira was sheltered in strong male arms as blinding light burst

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from the crystal ball, so bright she closed her eyes tightly and turned her face away. A large hand cupped the back of her head, keeping her from looking back to see what had happened for several long moments.

When the person who held her finally released her, her gaze flew to the spot where the man she'd feared had stood. He was gone. Only the crystal ball remained on the grass with the morning sun shining off it.

"Where did he go?" Moira wondered out loud.

"He dropped the ball and just ran."

Moira turned to the unseen speaker and her breath paused. The man from her dream. The man she'd had sweaty hot sex with in her dream! Moira felt her face go up in flames as he smiled, looking incredibly handsome in a black sweater and tight-fitting jeans.

"Strange, huh? That he'd leave it when he seemed to want it so badly?" he asked as if she weren't staring at him wondering if she should run away or just jump his bones. "Are you okay?"

Moira nodded mutely. It was all she could do.

"I found that back towards the entrance. Is it yours?"

Moira shook her head. No, hers was in pieces in the waste basket in her tent.

His sexy mouth curved up into a half smile and he shrugged. "Do you know who I'd talk to about getting a job?"

"Darius," Moira answered. "I was just on my way to see him."

The handsome devil's grin widened. "Mind if I tag along?"

"No." Damn, it was hard to keep her train of thought around this guy. How weird was it that she'd dreamed of him last night? And *what* a dream. What if she really did have a little bit of a psychic twinkle? It wasn't the first time since she'd been at the carnival that something strange had happened.

"Are you looking for a job, too?" he asked casually as he walked to where the crystal ball rested on the ground and scooped it up.

*No, I was going to quit but...*



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“I wonder if he’ll be back.” The crystal ball gleaming in the sun in his hand reminded her of her stalker.

“Did you know that guy?” he asked.

“No, but...”

“No and you didn’t want to?” Nodding, he tucked the crystal ball securely to his side. “I don’t blame you. He didn’t have a good manner about him. I’ll make you a deal. If I can land a job, I’ll help you keep an eye out for him.”

The little wink at the end had her grinning. Moira hoped he’d keep the other eye on *her*. “Okay.”

“Dukker.” He held his hand out to her.

“Moira.” A thrill of excitement ran up her arm when she took his hand. *Oh, this is promising.* If she *were* psychic at all, she hoped that her dream combined with meeting the man before her meant something.

“I’ll take you to Darius.” Moira nodded towards Darius’s tent. And if Darius gave Dukker a job, she might hang around. Hadn’t her stalker been afraid of Dukker?

\* \* \*

Dukker watched Moira walking away, admiring her shapely backside and long legs in the light-colored slacks that she wore. Her reaction to him this morning was very encouraging. Yes, he would be back in her bed very soon. And after she knew her body belonged to him, he’d lay claim to her heart.

Holding up the crystal ball, Dukker winked at it.

“That was an old trick. It worked on me anyway. I’m surprised you fell for it.” Dukker laughed at the unbelievable good fortune that placed the man who’d imprisoned him in his hands. “Let’s see how you like living in a safe for a few decades, Wen.”

He’d take care of that as soon as landed a job with the carnival. Whistling, Dukker walked quickly to catch up to Moira.

## ISABELLA JORDAN

Isabella Jordan is a lucky lady who spends her days with her family, doing volunteer work and writing. She loves creating new stories of all kinds and chatting with readers and friends. Visit her online at <http://isabellajordan.com>.

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