



Wicked Wraiths: Man About the House

Mina Carter

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**ISBN: 978-1-60521-400-9
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF, EPub
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1046
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046
www.ChangelingPress.com**

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Cover Artist: Mina Carter**

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When Janelle's friend offers to help with the housework, she doesn't think it will include any hocus pocus. Not convinced it will work, Janelle recites the incantation and summons a domestic god. He cooks. He cleans. He even does the ironing. The trouble is Corvin isn't your typical wraith. In fact, he's not a wraith at all but a demi-god looking for love...

Chapter One

Like most men, Corvin had always had an idea of what would happen the moment he met the woman of his dreams. The usual romantic moment where their eyes met across a crowded room and, Corvin being male, the normal “getting to know you” crap was minimal, replaced instead by a bout of hot, sweaty sex en route back to his apartment.

In all his thinking on the subject, which was rare since men as a whole and Corvin in particular didn’t tend to think in happily ever after -- more happily for now, preferably ones involving blow jobs -- he certainly hadn’t expected said moment to occur at the worst possible time for romance.

Namely, when he was in drag.

“Jesus Christ, these heels are fucking killing me.” Hex stumbled into Corvin’s back. “How do women wear these things?”

“Intelligence and a higher pain threshold than you pathetic men,” Storm, the only girl in their trio, threw back. The comment earned her a sneer from Hex as he tried to negotiate climbing onto a barstool in a miniskirt and the heels he was complaining about.

One eye on the woman and one on the farce unfolding to his left, Corvin had to smother a smile as Hex approached the puzzle in his usual manner, bull in a china shop.

“Would you two give it up and get a fucking room sometime this century?” Corvin’s voice was bored as he slid behind the opposite side of the table to Hex. Both of his friends turned toward him, horror and disgust on their faces.

“What, with *him*?”

“...her? You gotta be fucking kidding me. I’d rather screw a keres demon.”

"You look like a fricking keres demon!"

"Better than sounding like a harpy all the time!"

Corvin shook his head as the two started to squabble again. They were perfect for each other; they just couldn't see it. One day he was going to lock them up together in a room for a weekend. They'd either kill each other or fuck each other's brains out. Either way, he'd get some peace.

A waiter approached their table, and Corvin let Hex order as he looked for his dream woman again. The club was crowded but they'd had no trouble getting a table. They never did. Known as the god pack, all three had divine blood but they weren't full demi-gods, just the offspring of a few.

Hex was the son of Hecate so he threw a mean spell when pushed or pissed off, which was often. Storm's mother was Tempestas, Goddess of Storms -- even deities struggled for originality when naming their offspring -- and she'd inherited her mother's temper. Last but not least, Corvin's mother was Minerva, Goddess of Poetry, Medicine, Crafts, Magic... blah, blah, blah.

Corvin wrinkled his nose and glanced past his friends again. There she was, over on the other side of the bar, collecting empty glasses. Corvin took a moment to admire her. Small and curvy, her dark hair was pulled back from a heart-shaped face and clipped up to reveal the slender curve of her neck. His gaze devoured her as she turned, and the sensual curve of her breasts was outlined for a moment in the club lights as she tried to juggle glasses.

Lust hit him like one of Cupid's arrows. Or rather would have if the God of Love hadn't said "fuck it" and gone AWOL last year after breaking up with his latest squeeze.

"Need a piss, back in a minute," Corvin announced as he slid off his stool. Still squabbling, Hex and Storm didn't notice his departure. Corvin put them from his mind as he negotiated the crowded club, heading toward his target like a tiger on the prowl.

* * *

Busy, busy, busy. The litany ran through Janelle's mind as she scurried around the main floor collecting empties. It was near closing time. If she could get most of the bulk cleared away before the club closed, then she had a chance of getting away at a reasonable time. Which meant she could get a couple of hours study in before she had to crash.

You carry on like this, you're going to burn out, honey.

A sigh escaped Janelle's lips as her friend Tori's words came back to haunt her. Two jobs and study to boot? Burnout wasn't an optional extra; it came fitted as standard. A table to her left came free so Janelle darted in behind the departing patrons and snagged the empties in quick movements.

Listen, let me help. I've got this scroll...

Looking about her for more glasses, Janelle couldn't help the smile spreading over her lips. Magic was Tori's answer for everything. Mind you, if Janelle were married to a sexy-as-hell sorcerer like Jacob, she'd be a big fan of magic as well. The guy was gorgeous and the way Tori had met him? Something out of a fairytale.

Love for Janelle was not on the agenda. She had too much on her plate as it was, without having to deal with a relationship as well. Sex... yeah, sex would be nice. But then again, her battery-operated friends could be ridden hard and put away wet. They didn't pout and complain when she ignored them and spent half the night pouring over books or cramming for endless exams.

Her gaze caught on someone approaching her. Janelle's breath hitched in her throat. She bit back her whimper as a god of a man strode toward her. Standing between the tables, she felt like a rabbit trapped in the glare of a car's headlights.

Oh God, what I'd give to do some practical study on him!

Tall and dark, he was Janelle's deepest, darkest desires made flesh, every single one of them. His broad shoulders should have made him look stocky but didn't. His height should have made him awkward, but instead he moved with the fluid grace of a hunter. A hunter whose sights were firmly set on... her?

She blinked. He was looking at her. Like, directly at her. She glanced over her shoulder, expecting to see some leggy blonde stick insect behind her.

The table was empty.

Too surprised to do anything else, Janelle swung back around and just looked at him. He nodded as if to say, yes, it was her he was looking at. *He is looking at me.* She was having trouble wrapping her head around the thought. Men like that did not look at women like her.

Ever.

Whilst she was struggling with the concept, he'd closed the distance between them. It was only his sidestep at the last moment to avoid a loved-up couple that drew her attention to his clothing.

Sexy, clingy clothes. Women's clothes. Complete with high heels. *Oh my God, I am such a pervert. I'm drooling over a guy dressed as a woman.*

"Hi," he offered, with a charming smile that made Janelle's heart do a hop, skip and a jump behind her breastbone. "Would you like a hand with those?"

"Huh? What?" Mesmerised by the bright blue eyes looking down into hers, Janelle had completely forgotten the glasses she was carrying. Ugh, make that the glasses she was cuddling. *Great, just perfect, Janelle. He'll think you have a thing for bloody empties next.*

"The glasses?" he said, nodding toward her loaded arms. "Awful lot of glasses for a little lady like you. Can I help?"

"Ohh... no. It's okay, but thanks." A flush heating her cheeks, Janelle readjusted the empties. "I work here. It's my job."

Duh, as if "I work here" didn't clue him in on that fact. She floundered for something to say next. Usually men like this, hell, any men, didn't talk to her. It was as if the club uniform of black t-shirt and pants rendered her totally invisible to the opposite sex.

"So, is the..." She indicated his clothing. "...a lifestyle choice?"

As soon as the words were out of her mouth Janelle winced. *Way to go, just call the man a transvestite.* Her mind was already conjuring up scenarios where she was

pulled into the club manager's office and sacked for insulting a guest when he chuckled. The rich sound rolled around her, whispering across her skin like a warm caress. She shivered. She'd always had a thing for men's voices and he had a gorgeous voice. *Who are you kidding? Forget the voice. He's just plain gorgeous!*

"Err, no. Not exactly."

He looked over his shoulder. Janelle followed his gaze. Her heart fell. There, seated at the table he was looking at, were two women. One was leaning down to adjust the ankle strap on her shoe and the other... Janelle's heart sank even lower. The other one was just stunning. Tall and slender, her red hair cascaded over her shoulders in waves, and her perfect porcelain skin had Janelle green with envy.

She sighed. There was no way, with a woman like that at his side, he was actually interested in her, plain and plump Janelle. "I'll be over in a moment to clear the table. Just let me get rid of these."

* * *

Corvin turned around to see her disappearing into the crowd. He was momentarily distracted by the sight of her delectable ass, rounded and curvy, then realised she was getting away. "Hey, wait! Come back."

It was too late. She was already gone, lost in the heaving mass on the dance floor, and at her height, Corvin had no chance of spotting her.

"Great, just bloody great. Real smooth, Casanova. You didn't even get her name." He stomped back to the table and slid onto a barstool. "What is it with fucking women?"

Hex popped his head up from fiddling with his shoes. "Fucking women? Where? When?"

Storm slapped him upside the head smartly. "Not fucking women, idiot. He means fuck -- never mind, forget it." She stopped halfway through and sighed, rolling her eyes at Hex's rapt expression. "Men. One-track minds. What's up, Cor?"

Corvin shrugged one shoulder. Grabbing his drink he lifted the bottle to his lips and downed half in a series of long swallows. The glass base clinked as he set it back on the table.

"Drink up. Quickly," he ordered, catching his breath before lifting the bottle again.

The two picked their drinks up obediently. That didn't surprise Corvin. Hex in particular didn't need an excuse to drink.

"Why? We moving on?" Hex cut a longing glance at the dance floor. Even just one or two to drink and he became a dance diva, assured of his talent and supremacy on the floor. Luckily his divine blood didn't allow him to be anything less than graceful, much to Corvin's irritation. Would have been so much easier if Hex dumped himself on his ass regularly; that way he and Storm wouldn't have so much of an issue getting him to leave at closing time.

"Nope. I just want another drink."

Corvin emptied the bottle and slammed it down on the table, instantly signaling the waiter to bring another round. His mystery woman was obviously a bar employee and clearing glasses. She'd escaped him for the moment. He'd just have to give her a reason to come out of hiding. If it meant drinking the bar dry, then that's what he'd do.

Money wasn't an issue and neither was inebriation. He could get as drunk as a skunk, but all that would happen was he'd wake up in the morning with a stinking hangover. No alcohol poisoning or stomach pumps in his future, thank you very much.

"Woo-hoo! Man's on a mission... Hey, will you stop doing that?" Hex complained as Storm clipped him around the ear again.

"Well, keep your mouth shut and stop talking shit then, you bimbo," she shot back, looking at Corvin with an odd look in her eye. He ignored it, concentrating on the drinks the waiter was offloading onto the table. In an undertone, he ordered the guy to get another round ready.

"So, big man," Storm lined her drink up with the one she was halfway through, "what's going on? Did the pot washer piss you off, and you plan on making his life

hell? Or does this have something to do with the curvy glass collector who blew you off over there?"

Sometimes Storm was a little too perceptive for Corvin's liking. "Just shut up and drink, okay?"

Storm shrugged her shoulders and picked her glass up. "Whatever you say, boss."

Several rounds later and the table began to resemble the glass section of a hardware store. They were still missing one cute-as-hell glass collector though. Corvin frowned as he signaled the waiter yet again, watching the man eye the tower of pint glasses Hex was happily constructing. It swayed precariously, much to the other man's delight.

Corvin suppressed a sigh. Simple things pleased simple minds. Sometimes dealing with Hex was like dealing with an overly excitable, hyperactive three-year-old. Scratch that. Dealing with the toddler would have been easier. At least toddlers didn't have a tendency to curse people when they were drunk.

This time, though, he let Hex carry on. Worst case scenario was the whole thing would tumble down and cover Hex in the dregs, which would mean they needed someone to collect the fallen glasses. As far as Corvin was concerned, it was a win-win situation. He'd get to see his mystery woman and take the piss out of Hex. It was a plan with no drawbacks.

Draining his drink, he added it to the group of bottles in front of him. His vision swam and he blinked to clear it. Although he couldn't get ill from drinking he could still get rip-roaring drunk. The waiter was talking into a small radio as he approached, clipping it back onto his belt as he slid the laden tray onto a small gap on the crowded table.

Corvin leaned back in his seat. "Any chance of getting some of this cleared away, mate?"

"No problem, sir, I've already alerted Janelle you're a bit overloaded here. She should be over in a moment."

Janelle. Her name was Janelle.

Corvin rolled the name around in his mind. He liked it. Delicate and feminine, like the woman herself. As though just thinking the name had conjured her up, the woman in question appeared at the other side of the table with a large tray. Efficiently she started to clear the empties away, smoothing Hex's complaints with a smile as she firmly removed his toys.

"Hi." Corvin smiled as she moved around his side of the table. Flicking a glance at him she smiled politely and carried on clearing glasses away.

Corvin tried again. "Come here often?"

"Yeah, quite a bit." Her lips quirked but she managed to keep a straight face as she stacked glasses onto her tray.

Come here often -- she fucking works here, you great idiot. Of course she comes here often! The little voice in his head reached full volume as Corvin kicked himself for stupidity.

"I'm Corvin..."

Patiently he tried again, trailing off in the vain hope she'd provide her name. Of course, he already knew what it was, but getting her to tell him her name would be a minor victory since the only conversation he'd gotten out of her so far was a veiled query on his sexuality.

"I don't normally dress like this, you know," he carried on when she just nodded. "It was a bet. I lost --"

She eyed his sparkly top. "Obviously."

Not expecting that, Corvin lifted an eyebrow. "Why obviously?"

Glass clinked as she finished clearing the table and then wiped it down with a wet rag. Stuffing it between two glasses she nodded toward Storm. "Two guys dressed in drag and a woman? Either you three are real kinky or you both lost a bet with her."

Corvin glanced at the other two, who were still sniping at each other, and smiled. She was right on the money. A girl with brains as well as looks; what more could he ask for?

She started to slide the heavy tray off the table, bracing to take the weight. In a heartbeat Corvin was by her side. He didn't give her an option as he lifted the laden tray from her hands with ease. For a second she was trapped between him and the table, his arms on either side of her as he gripped the tray. The scent of mimosa wafted up from her hair.

He closed his eyes and filled his lungs. His mother had a mimosa tree outside her home on Olympus, a scent he remembered from his earliest days. The smell of home and comfort all wrapped around another scent... clean skin and an earthy, musky scent that had to be Janelle herself.

His breath punched its way out of his lungs as his cock hardened to full attention. God, he wanted her. Like right now. If he wasn't so sure he'd get a glass where it hurt, he'd throw an obscurity cloak around them, boost her up on the counter and sink deep into her lush body.

Now, do it now! His cock jerked at the thought, and his balls drew up tight and aching against his body. Trying to be circumspect he rolled his hips, an attempt to readjust himself without using his hands. Risking a glance down, he winced. Another lesson learned, women's clothing was so not designed to disguise a raging hard-on.

"What are you doing?" She tried to yank the tray back from him. All she achieved was a new level of tray instability as the contents slid across the surface. "You'll get me the sack!"

Corvin tightened his grip, stopping the bottles before they started a lemming leap for the floor. "Then let go. I got this."

She ducked out from between his arms and gave him a look. It was another of those very female looks, one cold enough to freeze over all seven levels of hell. Corvin suppressed a sigh. He was doing real well with this one. First she'd run off and now she was pissed with him. Perhaps he should just call it a day here?

Then her expression softened a little. "Well, come on, if you're coming," she said and turned to walk away. Tray easily balanced, Corvin followed her like a lost little puppy dog.

Chapter Two

"You can put them down there. I'll put them in to clean in a moment."

Janelle eyed the tall stranger over her shoulder as she led him through the back corridor and into the kitchen. He put the tray down and, to Janelle's astonishment, began to unload the glasses right into the dishwasher.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?"

He looked over his shoulder and Janelle was pinned by that bright blue gaze. Even dressed in women's clothing, there was no mistaking he was a male in his prime.

"What does it look like? I'm loading glasses. You know, for such a pretty woman you do ask some dumb questions."

"Okay, now I know you've had too much to drink. Thanks for your help but I can take it from here." Janelle snorted. Pretty, did he really think that washed with her? She brushed past him to start loading glasses herself. Used to the job, she was far quicker.

"Huh. What? I haven't had too much to drink at all."

Janelle looked at the multitude of glasses on the tray. They were all from his table. By rights he and his friends should be passed out insensible on the floor.

"Yeah, right. You've had a skinfull and anything female will do. Now, I have a job to do and I really don't need to lose it. So if you don't mind, I'll take it from here."

"You're pissed because I called you pretty?" Astonishment rang in his tone as he turned to face her. "God, you must get pissed a lot then."

Janelle didn't look him in the eye, steadfastly loading the remainder of the glasses. "And why's that?"

His chuckle rolled around the room, rebounding off the metal cabinets with a tinny sound. "Are you kidding me, lady? You're gorgeous. I'm sure you get guys hitting on you all the time."

Janelle looked up as she slammed the dishwasher closed. "Yeah, mostly drunk idiots who see the 'prettily plump' --" God, she hated that phrase. " -- waitress as an easy mark."

He was still looking at her. She could feel his attention, the weight of that incredible blue gaze centered solely on her. She flicked a glance up. He had incredible lips, full and sensual, almost too feminine for such a masculine face. A small part -- okay, a large part of her wanted so much to believe all this attention was real and not the drink. Compressing her lips, she ignored the heat blossoming in her lower belly.

"What? Easy mark? I bloody wish! So far you've done everything but tell me to fuck off."

"Believe me, buddy, that's an option." Janelle's voice turned chilly as she grabbed her tray and started scrubbing it clean with enough force to take the picture off the surface. "There's the door. Don't let it hit you in the ass on the way out."

"So, damned if I do, damned if I don't," he muttered, his voice low. Janelle looked up, a frown on her face.

"Sorry?"

"I said, damned either way. So I might as well do something to deserve it. Wouldn't you agree?" He started toward her, a hot, dark look in his eyes.

Janelle lost the power of speech. Her mouth opened and closed soundlessly as she backed up. His gaze held hers fast as he followed her, stalking her until her hips hit the metal cabinets behind her. The slight bump broke the spell he seemed to have on her. "Hey, you can't do this! I'll call security --"

His broad shoulders cut off her view of the room. He reached out a hand to cup her cheek. If anyone had told her just hours previously she was going to be cornered in the kitchen by a club guest, she'd have had security camped out in here already. Every club had horror stories of staff attacked by drunks who couldn't take no for an answer.

She didn't feel threatened though. Not by him. Instead, excitement swirled through her veins, the heat in her belly spreading out like wildfire. His thumb whispered over her lips and her pussy clenched hard in reaction.

He can't mean this. He's drunk... just playing in the fat pool...

His lips were soft, gentle as he whispered a feather-light kiss across her closed mouth. Janelle forgot to breathe, her heart thundering in her chest. His hand slipped down to the side of her neck. Moving in closer, he curled strong fingers into the hair at the nape of her neck and tilted her head back to change the angle of the kiss. He was so close, his body heat beat at her even though they were both clothed.

His thumb smoothed the frantic pulse in her throat; a soft, soothing motion almost like he was calming a wild animal. It didn't calm her though, just sent her breathing haywire. She whimpered in the back of her throat, a tiny noise of need and encouragement.

He smiled against her lips. His tongue swept slowly, seductively, across her lower lip, in a hot, wet brush of temptation and silent demand for access. Janelle's body turned to mush, her knees threatening to collapse and dump her on the floor in a tangled heap of limbs.

"Hey! What you doing? Guests aren't allowed back here. Oh my God, Janelle?"

The voice broke through the sensual scene. Janelle froze, eyes wide. Corvin broke the kiss, his lips hovering just above hers.

"Great, just great. Now I'll get the sack," she accused, pushing at his broad chest. "Happy now?"

* * *

Fuck, just as she was beginning to respond. Anger flared through Corvin as he stepped back, snapping a glance over his shoulder to the bouncer who'd walked in on them. Just a few more minutes and he'd have had her where he wanted her... sitting on the counter with her legs wrapped around his hips, and his cock buried balls deep.

"Steve, this isn't what it looks like --"

Corvin frowned at the nerves in her voice. She really was worried about losing her job.

"Yeah, I'm sure it's not." Steve's voice was filled with perverse satisfaction. Corvin knew the guy's next stop was the manager's office, and Janelle would be out of a job.

"Sorry, mate, all my fault," he said as he walked toward the door. "Didn't give the lady much of a choice." Pausing for a second as he drew level, he held Steve's gaze with his own. It took less effort than flicking a switch to slide inside the mortal's brain and grab his memories of the last couple of minutes.

Without remorse for the pounding headache the guy would get in the morning, Corvin wiped them clean. Everything that had happened since he walked through the door. All gone. It was breaking about seven rules in the "Rules for Demi-god Conduct on the Mortal Plane," but Corvin didn't give a shit.

Steve swayed on his feet. Blinking as his eyes refocused, he glared at Corvin. "Hey, guests aren't allowed back here."

Corvin waved dismissively. "I was on my way out. Just helping the little lady with the tray." With a mental shove, Corvin locked this new "truth" into place, then walked out.

Frustration and need clawed at him as he walked down the corridor to the main part of the club. He'd nearly cracked her, nearly had her where he wanted her.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Forgetting he was wearing heels, Corvin aimed a kick at a taped patch on the carpet. The heel caught in the frayed section and he stumbled. Swearing enough to make a marine blush, he managed to catch himself on a coat rack before he landed on his ass. "Fucking hell."

Muttering he untangled himself from what must be the staff's coats. One, a long mac, clung to him like a jealous ex-lover, causing a fresh bout of swearing as he tried to escape its clutches.

Good job Hex and Storm weren't here to see him. They'd die laughing. "Gah, get off me!"

He managed to struggle free by flattening himself against the wall and scooting sideways. Not an easy manoeuvre in heels and a tight skirt. He was almost free when he knocked into a set of lockers. A door popped open, and a purse tumbled out. Typical for Corvin's luck tonight, the top was unzipped. In slow motion, the contents spilled out onto the floor.

"Oh, just fucking great." Dropping to his knees, he started to gather up the spilled belongings. With quick movements, he stuffed them back into the purse. One, a small scroll wrapped with a red ribbon, rolled away, forcing him to make a grab for it. As soon he touched it, a bolt of energy snapped at his fingers. "Ouch! What the fuck?"

He dropped it, shaking his hand to get rid of the sting. "Okay, what the hell are you?"

Carefully he picked the thing up between his thumb and forefinger to examine it closely. Magic buzzed and tried to crawl up his arm. He blocked it easily. It was a lower intensity than the first jolt. It was as though it had built up a charge, and when he'd touched it, it had arced through him like a jolt of electricity.

Corvin's brow creased in confusion as he unfurled the scroll and read the inscription on it.

*Thnall terantis Terathel,
Heran juris gerath,
Ceris armouret anak,
Heran Koras go-gothian totalis.
Aranath gosita terabi.*

"What the hell? A wraith summoning scroll?"

This was higher level Fae magic. What was it doing just stuffed in a purse in a club locker that hadn't even been locked? These things were dangerous in the wrong hands. Holding it in one hand, he looked through the belongings for some ID. He had to find out who this belonged to, then bawl their ass out for leaving it unsecured like this. Gods knew what a dark sorcerer could do with an active summoning scroll.

The wallet wasn't easy to find in the general chaos that inhabited the bottom of any woman's purse. It was like they were trying to form their own world complete with eco system in there.

"There you are." His fingers closed over the small leather rectangle and he flipped it open in a quick move. Okay, who was she?

His eyes widened at the picture on the driving license. Janelle Allen. A quick glance confirmed the name and address. Corvin looked from the purse to the summoning scroll in confusion. This was Janelle's? He unrolled the last bit of the scroll and a note fell out. Corvin fell on it like a vulture on prey. Unlike the scroll, it was just a normal note, written in pen on a page torn out of a pad.

Just in case you needed a little help -- cleaning or otherwise. Trust me; you won't be disappointed with either. Tori

Who the hell was Tori? The spelling and handwriting indicated a woman. And what did she mean about "otherwise?" Jealousy slammed into Corvin's gut as he scowled and read the summoning spell again.

Ah, there it was. The spell had been adapted; it was part domestic spell and... Hell, the middle part was straight from a sexual summoning ritual. Whatever wraith she called with this would be bound to either clean her house top to bottom or perform in bed.

What was Janelle doing with a summoning scroll for a wraith? She was human through and through, at least as far as he could tell.

One who had been stressed about losing her job and was obviously busy enough to need to summon a domestic wraith.

One who also worried about her weight, if the battered fat-club membership card was any indication. Corvin's lip curled. Why on earth she thought she needed to starve herself, he didn't know. She had a figure to tempt a saint, all luscious curves and tantalising hollows. Even better, he knew she wasn't going to break if he breathed on her the wrong way.

Busy... Stressed...

Wraith.

A wicked little plan unfurled itself in Corvin's mind. A grin spread over his lips as he shut the wallet and shoved it back in the purse. Taking note of the details on the scroll, he put it back, too, and put the purse back in the locker.

Long strides took him out the corridor and back through the smoky, crowded confines of the club. Sliding into the seat opposite Hex, he looked directly at his friend and grinned.

"Hex, I need you to curse me."

Chapter Three

"Ugh, I am so glad that's over."

Janelle let herself into her small apartment and trudged up the stairs. Each step felt heavier than the last. Reaching the top, she dropped her purse next to the phone table and groaned as she looked around the small sitting room. With back-to-back shifts, work then the club, she hadn't cleaned up in days, and she still had to get a couple of hours study in.

Despair and exhaustion clawed at her. How the hell was she going to manage all this? There just wasn't enough time in the day to do everything she needed. A heavy sigh escaped her chest. It wasn't working. She needed help or she needed to cut back.

Just in case you needed a little help -- cleaning or otherwise.

Janelle's lips quirked into a small smile. Grabbing her purse, she dumped it on the back of the easy chair and rifled through it for the scroll her friend had given her. She knew Tori thought Janelle needed to get out more. She'd even tried to set her up on blind dates, insisting Janelle needed help finding a man. She wouldn't be saying that if she'd seen the guy earlier -- Corvin -- and that kiss in the kitchen.

Even now Janelle herself couldn't believe it. Pausing, she lifted a hand to lips that still tingled. God, the guy could kiss. Even just the little taste she'd gotten before they were interrupted had turned her brain to mush and her knees to Jell-O.

Confusion filled her again. Why had he even bothered with her in the first place? Men who looked like that, like they should be gracing a catwalk in Milan or Paris, didn't go for women like her, even when they were drunk.

Then there was Steve, who hated her, yet had seemingly ignored the fact he'd caught her in a clinch with a guest; a sack-able offence. The Steve she knew would have

scuttled off to the manager in a hot second to report her. He hadn't. Instead he'd just nodded at her and walked right back out, leaving Janelle a bunch of nerves.

"Today," she decided, "made no sense."

Her purse slid from the back of the chair onto the seat, bringing her attention back to the present. Janelle groaned as she looked around the room. It wasn't messy. She was too much of a neat freak for that. Trouble was she tended to use the place as a hotel most of the time, so well-worn paths showed where she hurried from bedroom to bathroom to kitchen in a morning. The rest of the place was showing signs of inattention what with dust beginning to form across all the surfaces she didn't use.

"Right. Magic it is then. Tori, you'd so better be right about this cleaning spell." Unrolling the spell scroll, she looked at the unfamiliar words. According to the instructions Tori had given her, the spell had been coded to her, so she didn't need to do anything icky like cut her finger and drop blood on it or, worse, cut a lock of hair to power it. She took a breath. *Okay, here goes nothing.*

*Thnall terantis Terathel,
Heran juris gerath,
Ceris armouret anak,
Heran Koras go-gothian totalis.
Aranath gosita terabi.*

She finished the incantation and looked around in expectation.

And looked.

And waited.

Still nothing.

"Well bugger me, bloody useless." Sighing in defeat she dropped the scroll back into her bag. *Great, I'm going to have to pull an all-nighter.*

Right, first job is the kitchen. Of all the jobs in the house, it was the one she hated the most. Kitchen work reminded her of her nemesis: food. She'd much rather scrub the bathroom twice over than deal with even the small kitchen she had.

Grabbing her purse to dump back next to the door, Janelle turned and walked right into a hard male chest.

"Oomph!"

She rebounded. Before she could land on her ass, she found herself wrapped in a pair of strong arms and nose to pec with a broad, muscled chest. One she could see right through.

“Oh.”

Even Janelle’s tired mind could make the links. She’d summoned a wraith, and now a see-through hunk had appeared in her apartment. Chest muscles flexing in a fascinating display, he set her gently back on her feet and released her.

Janelle stumbled back a step and looked up. Hell, he was tall. *About as tall the guy from the club*, the traitorous little voice in the back of her head, the one who was obsessed, reminded her.

Her gaze travelled up the well-defined pecs and over his shoulders, up a broad but not too chunky neck to a face that just had to match the rest of his body. He would look like a Greek god. Built like that, he had to.

“Huh?”

She couldn’t see his face. Not properly anyway. Sure, all the features were there. She got the impression of a strong nose, full lips and a pair of intense eyes. For some reason, her brain refused to bring them all together into a whole. It was like looking at something with a migraine, when she could see letters and words yet not actually read them, but without the pain.

“Oh yeah, Tori said that would happen. It’s weird,” she told him, finding it quite disconcerting that she had a half-naked and silent hunk standing in the middle of her lounge. Still on edge from the club earlier, she felt a buzz of awareness tremble through her.

Hubba hubba, I can understand what Tori meant now when she summoned Jacob. He’s gorgeous!

Feeling her cheeks burn Janelle snuck a glance down. He was naked apart from a pair of well-worn jeans hanging from his lean hips. The top button was undone, giving her a tantalizing glimpse of the skin below. He was commando under there. She

swallowed as the thought sent her blood pressure through the roof. It was one thing Tori telling her the Wraiths were sex-on-legs, but quite another to see it in the flesh.

"Hmmm, okay. I guess I'd better show you where everything is, hadn't I?"

* * *

Staying in the role he'd gotten Hex to curse him into, Corvin only nodded in reply, following her through to the kitchen. His appreciative gaze wandered down her back to linger on the mouth watering curve of her ass. She sure was one delectable little package. Rounded curves wrapped up in satiny, coffee-cream skin he just wanted to lick to see if it tasted as good as it looked.

His cock, semi-hard since the club, rose to full attention as he got a lung full of her perfume. Taking a deep breath, he dragged her scent into his lungs to savour it. He ached for her, his balls tight and heavy as his dick pressed painfully against the denim of his jeans.

"So, the cleaning stuff's in this cupboard here..."

She was talking, showing him where all the cleaning supplies were, but all Corvin he could think about was boosting her up on the counter and picking up where they'd left off in the club.

"Are you even listening to me?"

Her voice broke through his erotic daydreams and he refocused on her. She was standing with her hand on her hip, a cloth in the other and an exasperated expression on her face. "I know Tori said you guys didn't talk, but I'd kinda credited you with at least some intelligence. Perhaps I was wrong."

"Actually, we can talk," he replied, breaking all the rules but not caring as he crossed the kitchen in two steps. The temporary curse Hex had put on him had not only obscured his appearance but also changed his voice. The one that emerged was rougher and deeper than normal, like he had a bad cold or smoked twenty a day for the last thirty years.

Taking the cloth out of her hand, he tossed it into the sink. His other hand snaked around her waist and dragged her up against him, hard. Her gasp of surprise

was accompanied by a darkening of her eyes and a flare of her nostrils. She was into this.

"I've got far more interesting things in mind than cleaning."

He bent his head and claimed her lips again. Unlike at the club, this kiss was hard and possessive. Crushing her lips under his, his tongue swept across her lower lip in a demand she open up and allow him access.

His hands stroked down her back. One splayed across the back of her hips and pulled her in hard. She gasped as his thick cock pressed hard into her soft belly. Corvin didn't waste the opportunity, sliding his tongue into her mouth in a sensual move. A deep groan rumbled in his chest as she responded, tentatively teasing him with her tongue. Not quite letting him get what he wanted but allowing enough of a glimpse of the heaven she offered, it nearly drove him out of his mind.

He broke the kiss to demand against her lips, "You want to play?"

His free hand smoothed up from her waist to cup one of her breasts. She wasn't big but neither was she small. The perfect handful and it was all natural. If there was one thing that turned Corvin off, it was false tits.

She caught her breath at his almost rough touch, her eyes wide and dark. He stilled, not wanting to hurt her. With the sheer desire and passion that boiled in his veins, he could quite easily do that and there was no excuse for such a loss of control. Her body was relaxed, though, no tension in it as she melted at his touch.

Corvin smiled and walked backward with her, out of the small kitchen. There had to be a bedroom around here someplace because he seriously doubted she slept on the floor. No, from what he'd seen, she was as house-proud as hell and perhaps even a little shy.

A shiver ran through him at the thought. The quiet ones were always the best; he knew that from long experience. Once he'd gotten them out of their shell, most were wicked in bed. Anticipating a long hot night, he pressed his hips against hers a last time and said, "We can play, darlin'. Oh yeah, we can play. Bedroom?"

Chapter Four

"Through there, on the left."

Still reeling from the kiss, Janelle was amazed she managed a coherent reply. If she'd thought the kiss in the bar earlier had been hot, then this was scorching. Absolutely, one hundred percent hotter than the sun, *hawt*. Dragging a shaky breath into her lungs, she sent a mental command to her knees to find some bone structure down there before she attempted to walk.

The wraith grinned, a wicked little expression. It was strange, but if she focused on one feature like his mouth, then she could see it clearly. Same for his eyes, a clear blue filled with a wicked twinkle. It was just when she tried to see all of his face at once that it slid out of focus.

He's a wraith. So why does he remind me of the guy from earlier? she mused as her trembling knees got their act together. Phantom he might be, it still didn't mean she wanted to make an ass of herself and face-plant in the carpet in front of him. Janelle didn't have a lot of feminine pride or ego, so the little she did have wouldn't survive such an encounter.

She pushed off from the counter as he walked out the kitchen. *God, he has a nice back.* Janelle was a sucker for a nice, well-muscled male back. And his ass? Firm enough to crack nuts with. Her knees went all wobbly again. As though he could read her mind, he looked over his shoulder, wicked twinkle in full evidence again, and held out his hand to her.

Gratefully, Janelle took it and let him lead her through the lounge and toward her tiny bedroom. She needed the support; arousal and excitement thrummed through her veins in equal amounts. How this worked, she didn't know.

When Tori had told her about the wraiths, and how she'd summoned Jacob -- who wasn't really a wraith but had appeared as one -- Janelle still hadn't wrapped her head around how that had all happened. She'd been more than a little skeptical.

After all, it was a bit fantastical, wasn't it? The idea a spell could summon an otherworldly being to take care of all the cleaning *and* who was excellent in bed? It was a good thing the idea hadn't reached the feminine population as a whole. There would be magazine articles dedicated to "How to Summon Your Wraith" and then reality series like "In Bed with the Wraith." It would revolutionize the world -- and put men out of jobs.

Not that the man in front of her wasn't a man. He turned at the door to the bedroom and pulled her hard up against him without warning. Janelle gasped as her curves were flattened against the hard planes of his body from breast to thigh. He was most definitely a man.

She swallowed. She could feel everything. The solid muscles of his chest, the knee-weakening six-pack, and -- it just kept getting better -- a rigid cock any porn star would be proud of.

His lips teased the skin just under her ear. "Janelle, honey, you have no idea what I plan to do to you."

His sultry tone hit her low down. Her pussy ached and clenched tightly. Lips parting on a soft moan of need, she arched her neck to allow him better access. The trembling in her stomach expanded throughout her whole body and shivered across her skin. Heat slipped from between her pussy lips, dampening her panties, as her body readied itself for anything he had in mind.

Janelle wasn't one to be passive, though. Most people got it wrong, assuming reserved meant shy, and she'd happily go along with any suggestion. She pulled back a little and looked him in the eyes challengingly. "Tell me."

He grinned, a slow sensuous expression full of heat and promise. "Blunt. I like that."

His hand flattened across the back of her hips and held her against him. She could feel the blood pounding through his veins and filling that magnificent cock as it pressed against her.

"First I'm going to strip off every piece of your clothing..." His voice was low and ragged, filled with the same desire and need she could see reflected in his blue eyes. He stroked the back of his finger up her arm to the cuff of her shirtsleeve. The simple touch left a tingling trail along her skin.

"Then I'm going to taste every inch of this delicious skin. Find every sensitive spot you have; which areas make you giggle, which make you squirm and beg me to stop.

"Then, when you're squirming under me, when you think you can't take anymore, I'm going to spread your thighs and lick, kiss and nibble your clit until you come screaming over my tongue," he promised, his cock jerking against her with an eagerness that threatened the structural integrity of her knees again.

Janelle swallowed. His words reached deep inside her and flicked her arousal from idling into overdrive. The temperature in the room seemed to soar. How was he doing this? He wasn't even touching her beyond holding her against him. Well, apart from the fact their bodies were plastered together from thigh to breast, of course. She could feel his reaction to everything he was saying.

"But I'm not going to stop. Oh no. I'm going to make you come again and again until you're begging me to take you, until you're begging for my cock in your tight, wet pussy. Would you like that, Janelle?"

She couldn't speak. Her mouth was too dry and her heart pounded in her ears. Instead, she nodded mutely as he carried on. "Do you want it slow and easy? Comfortable sex, like having sex on a hot summer's afternoon with the sun beating at the closed blinds and sweat sliding down our skin? Or do you want it hard and fast... like this?"

Without warning he turned them, pinning her back against the wall and pressing hard into her. She gasped, half in shock and half in sheer arousal, as her hands braced

against his broad chest. *How odd.* Even though she could see through him -- not easily, it was like looking through a thick voile curtain -- he felt completely real and solid under her hands.

He even smelled real. The scent of his aftershave hung in the air, over something else, a deep, woody, musky smell that had to be his own, natural scent. Janelle closed her eyes. For a moment she was taken back to the kitchen at work, and the drunk in the women's clothing who'd kissed her.

He didn't give her time to think. He captured her hands, stretching them over her head and pinning them there in one of his. A soft moan whispered in the back of her throat as the change in position mashed her sensitive breasts against the solid muscles of his chest. Her nipples, already tightened into hard beads, rubbed against the lace of her bra, desperate to be free.

"How about like this?" He held her gaze as his free hand stroked down her hip and further. Reaching down, he hooked a big hand into the back of her knee and drew it up over his hip, holding it in place.

Janelle's soft moan erupted into full force as he rolled his hips, pressing the bulge at his groin between her parted legs. Rocking his hips, he pressed against her aching clit. Pleasure rolled through her. All she could think of was that a couple of layers of fabric was all that stopped him from burying his cock deep inside her needy cunt.

His lips teased her neck again, his moan feral when she pushed her hips back against him. She wanted him. Now, if not sooner, and she couldn't believe her own reaction. She just didn't do this -- have sex with a guy within minutes of meeting him.

Really? The little voice in her head mocked. *What else would you call this then?*

He was a wraith. Tori had assured her this was what they did, and they enjoyed it. That they volunteered for it... volunteered to be at the beck and call of a summoning spell. So he'd known what he was getting himself into. There would be no awkward morning after, either. As soon as they were done, unless she requested him to remain, he would disappear back to where he'd come from. That was yet another thing she

wasn't sure of the details on, but so far, all the information Tori had given her had proven to be true.

"Bed," she managed between the wicked temptation of his lips on her neck and his hips pressing against her, simulating what was about to happen. Preferably without clothes though.

"As you wish."

Instead of pulling away as she'd expected, he simply let go of her hands, and reached for her other leg. Janelle squeaked as he lifted her. Worried about being dropped, she wrapped her arms and legs around him and clung. Unbelievably, to her at least, he carried her with ease as he strode into the bedroom. Every step pressed his denim-covered erection against her until Janelle was ready to come there and then.

He paused at the bottom of the bed, running his hands over the curves of her backside. "God, you feel fantastic. I love your ass."

That made her pause, and deep inside, something delicate and easily crushed started to flower. "Yeah? You don't think..." Janelle broke off and bit her lip. *Christ, how needy could she get, looking for reassurance about her looks from a wraith?* "Carry on."

He started to kiss along her jaw as he propped a knee on the bed and lowered her onto it. Janelle pouted a little as his hips left hers, keenly feeling the loss of his body warmth and the pressure against her clit.

"Doesn't matter."

She reached up and slid her hands into his hair to pull him down for another kiss. This time, to cover her insecure little slip, she was the aggressor. With a rumble of surprise in his broad chest, he parted his lips and allowed her determined exploration. She lifted her hands to run her fingers over his stubble-covered chin and moaned in delight as she imagined what it would feel like between her legs. Her pussy quivered again, aching to be filled over and over again.

"Anyway," she said as she broke the kiss. "Wasn't someone making promises earlier?"

She felt rather than saw his smile. "You know I was, wench. You want it? You got it."

Wench? Who called anyone wench these days? Janelle opened her mouth to complain about the term when he waved his hand and their clothes disappeared.

"Holy shit," she gasped, surprise surging through her as she went from the comfortable concealment of clothes to completely naked and pressed skin against skin with a naked -- very naked -- guy. "How the hell did you do that?"

"Does it matter? Just accept it, Janelle."

His hand smoothed up her waist then her ribcage, stopping at the curve of her breast, her now very naked breast. She bit her lip as her nipples hardened, becoming tight little pebbles that craved his touch. He had to touch her, he just had to. Her teeth dug into her lip harder as her gaze shot to his face.

Heat suffused through her body at the expression she found there. Dark heat and an even darker hunger swirled in his eyes. Funny, but if she could see him properly, she was sure his eyes were nearly the same colour as the guy from earlier.

Exactly the same, the little voice in her head insisted. *Oh, hush, you. You're just obsessed with... What was his name? Corvin. Yeah, that was it. You're just obsessed with Corvin. And this can't be him because he wasn't a wraith and this guy is. So nerr.*

"I love your ass. I love your curves." He ran his thumb along the crease under her breast before cupping it in a warm palm. His hard knee slid between her thighs and parted them. "Whatever you think, you don't need to lose weight."

Janelle paused and looked at him, pulled out of the sensual mood for a second. *What was he doing, reading her mind?* Tori hadn't said anything about that, and she wasn't sure she liked all of her innermost thoughts and fears laid out bare. "How did you know I was trying to lose weight?"

His hand stopped and Janelle pouted. Quickly he started up again, his thumb stroking over her breast, getting closer to the nipple with each stroke. "Your purse was open. You have a uhh, weight-loss club card in there."

"Ah."

Janelle relaxed just at the instant his thumb reached her tight nipple. She sucked in a breath between her teeth as he rolled it under the broad digit. She'd never been sensitive around her breasts, but something about him had brought out reactions she'd never had before.

"Perfect just as you are." His voice was low, as though he was talking to himself. Bending down he sucked her nipple into his mouth. She gasped as the sensitive peak was enveloped in wet heat. His tongue brushed over her and her gasp turned into a low moan of need.

She drove her hands into his hair and held him to her as he laved each of her nipples in turn. He brushed his tongue across the turgid nipples, suckling them and even nipping gently with his teeth, until she was panting and squirming under him.

All too soon, he moved on though, sliding down her body as his second knee joined the first between her parted thighs. Janelle pouted and tried to hold on for a second, her pleasure-numbed brain slow to process information. Gently, he disengaged her hands and kissed his way down the centre of her stomach.

Heading south.

Janelle tensed. Anticipation and excitement hummed through her in equal measures as she realised what he was planning. Her pussy clenched. The ache there was near painful now. Torn, she couldn't work out what she wanted more at the moment: his clever lips and tongue between her legs, or the cock she'd felt earlier slamming into her and filling her to the hilt.

"Just relax," he murmured against her skin as he kissed along the curve of her hip. A large, rough hand smoothed over her quivering stomach and held her in place. He nudged her legs further apart so he could settle his broad shoulders between them. Janelle whimpered and reached out blindly for something to hold onto. Finding nothing else to get a purchase on, she grabbed the sheets and mangled them instead.

He trailed a line of soft kisses down the inside of her thigh. Fire and ice followed his lips. Fire from his touch, then ice as the air in the room whispered over her skin. Oh God, what was he doing? He needed to hurry up and get on with it already!

By the time he parted her pussy lips with gentle fingers, Janelle was wound up so tight she was ready to come off the bed. Her hips jerked as he touched her. She moaned breathlessly as his tongue flicked over her, playing in the valley he'd created.

The soft, then firm, brush of his tongue was maddening. Thrills of pleasure followed by frustration rolled through her body one after the other as he alternated nibbling her clit with flicking his tongue down to circle the entrance to her pussy. Nice as that was, it didn't soothe the deep need within her. She needed to be filled. Now.

Her breath came in soft pants as he went through another cycle of quick licks over her clit, never staying long enough for her to get close enough, then paused to blow cool air over her hypersensitive flesh.

"Oh my God..." Her hands wound tighter into the sheets. They would be hopelessly crushed, but right now, Janelle didn't give a damn. All she cared about was the ache in her pussy and the growing need to be filled by his cock.

"It's been said before."

His comment was followed by a deep, male chuckle as he closed his lips over her again. The vibration from his chest rumbled through his body and directly to her. Heat flooded her lower body as the tension in her loins reached breaking point.

She held her breath as she balanced on the precipice. It was like standing on the edge of a cliff and seeing the waves crashing against the rocks below. Knowing you were going to fall into it and shatter into a million pieces.

"That's it, babe, ride it out. Come for me."

He drove his tongue deep into her pussy as though to catch all the evidence of her arousal. She bit her lip and let go. Blood pounded in her ears as lightning arced through her veins. Pleasure raced over every inch of her body, through every cell, as she dropped into the maelstrom of ecstasy below her.

Chapter Five

"You taste fantastic. I could do this all day."

He crawled back up her body, wiping his mouth with one hand as he braced himself over her. Janelle blinked at him, the waves of pleasure rolling through her quickly giving way to an even greater need as he dipped his hips and ran the broad head of his cock over her sensitive lower lips.

"Hmmm..."

Unbidden, her hips lifted as he pressed against her. A silent invitation and demand all in one. His smile was quick and full of a very male triumph as he pushed against her. Janelle caught her breath as her body parted to allow him access.

Hell, he's big. After what Tori had said, had she expected anything else? A hunk looking the way he did, how could he be anything else but built along Adonis proportions? It wasn't like he was human, where there had to be some payoff for the looks, was it?

He grunted slightly as he pressed into her a fraction then withdrew, not enough to pull out of her. More taking the pressure off and allowing her body to adjust to him. Within a heartbeat he pushed again, sliding into her slick channel another half inch. Janelle's eyes rolled back in her head as he repeated the exercise and worked into her in quick, short movements.

It didn't take him long. With a groan he pushed for a last time and seated himself to the hilt in her pussy, his balls pressing against her ass as he gathered her under him. His hot lips sought her throat, nuzzling at the spot under her ear that made her go weak.

"Just stay still, honey," he begged in a hoarse voice. "Otherwise this is gonna be over way too fast for either of us."

Surprise hit Janelle low and fast, her eyes widening as she looked up, unseeing, at the bedroom ceiling. He was really affected by this. From what Tori had said, Janelle had thought she'd just be one of a long line for him, but the raw need and plea in his voice didn't fit. Not one little bit.

Not sure what to do, she did the only thing she could think of. Lifting her hands, she smoothed them down the muscled expanse of his back soothingly and made nonverbal reassuring noises. He held himself motionless above her, body near vibrating with tension.

He didn't see her as fat. The way he looked -- the way he was trembling above her as he fought for control -- it was all because of her. Janelle smiled as a sense of her own feminine power filled her. "It doesn't matter. We can take it slow next time," she promised. "Just fuck me already. Okay?"

A start of surprise went through him, and he lifted his head to look down into her eyes. Concern, hope and desire all warred for dominance. "Are you sure? Please, God, tell me you mean that."

"I wouldn't have said it if I didn't mean it."

It was easy to smile, to pretend this meant something more than sex, and that she hadn't summoned him with a spell to fulfill a sexual need, but to pretend they'd met earlier. Perhaps in the club and he'd walked her home... then she'd invited him in for coffee...

"Stay with me, babe."

He pulled out and stopped, looking down at her. Shit, he'd sensed her mind was someplace else, weaving a fairytale around this. Janelle plastered a smile over her lips and reached for him.

"Don't worry, I'm right here." Her voice was low as she pulled his head down for another kiss. "Now, are you gonna do this or do I have to get Bob out of the drawer?"

"Bob?"

He slid into her in one slick ride of sheer sensation. Janelle caught her breath as a wonderful sense of fullness filled her again. It was almost too much, the line between pleasure and pain close. He rolled his hips and her eyes followed suit, rolling back in her head as he took her held breath and stole it away.

"Who's Bob?" he demanded as he pulled out of her. Janelle managed to get a breath before he slammed back in again, much harder this time, all the muscles in his perfect body tensing to drive his cock deeper.

"Mhhmmm... Battery-operated boyfriend."

He looked down at her in sheer surprise. "Darlin', if you need to resort to a bit of plastic, then I'm sure as fuck doing my job wrong. And believe me, I'm the best at what I do."

Oh hell, you aren't kidding. Janelle bit back a whimper as he proceeded to show her exactly how good he was. Forget being able to talk, she was barely able to think as he gathered one of her legs over his arm and took her ruthlessly. There was no gentleness in his movement but it didn't bother her. She'd always dreamed of being fucked good and hard by a man who didn't care what she looked like, even -- and this seemed unbelievable to Janelle -- one who preferred her curves to a half-starved waif.

His face, what she could see of it, was hard with determination and need. Blue eyes blazed down into hers as though daring her to try and look away. She gathered her lower lip in her teeth as he rolled his hips. If she'd thought her climax earlier had been the end of it, she was wrong. He'd managed to work her back up without effort, something she'd never encountered with another lover. Normally she just came once, but that was nice, safe sex under the covers, with the lights out.

This wasn't nice, safe sex. It was rough, wild outrageous sex and she was loving it. Her eyelids fluttered shut as she strained against him and tried to match the rhythm of his hips with her own.

"Stay with me," he growled, and Janelle's eyes snapped open to look directly into his. He held her gaze as he thrust into her so she could see his reactions to every little sensation. Arousal swirled through her veins, fizzing like the bubbles in expensive

champagne, but unlike the drink, these bubbles didn't dissipate and fade away. They just increased, colliding with each other and exploding in showers of sensation until she was nearly at the edge again.

"Oh God, I'm gonna --"

"That's it, babe. Come for me."

The tendons on his neck stood out as he pounded into her over and over, all finesse gone, leaving just raw power in its wake. He thrust again, then again, heavy thrusts that slammed his hips against hers. She moaned, clenching her pussy tightly around the cock buried deeply inside her. Then she was there again, balancing right on the edge. One more touch, one more thrust, and she would topple over it and soar.

"That's it, darlin', just a little more. I want to feel you come all over my cock," he ordered, with his hands hard on her hips as he held her against him and rolled his pelvis. Janelle cried out, her back arching as pleasure slammed into her. The tight knot deep in her loins shattered into a thousand pieces, like a dropped mirror, each shard reflecting light and colour as it tumbled and turned.

Warmth enveloped her, running through her veins as it raced to her core. Liquid heat flooded her tight sheath, wrapping around his body buried in hers as she clenched around him.

"Fucking hell!" The oath escaped him on a hiss as his body trembled. With a deep moan that was more roar than anything, he thrust into her one last time and went rigid. Janelle whimpered as his cock jerked and pulsed within her, bathing the neck of her womb in his hot seed.

He collapsed over her and she welcomed his weight, her arms around his shoulders and her pelvis cradling his. He was still hard within her, the pulsations of his cock slower now. Gently, she stroked the short hairs at the nape of his neck. Pleasurable aftershocks coursed through her body as she closed her eyes.

"That... was amazing. I know you're a wraith, and you probably do this all the time, but for me, that was wonderful."

She sighed in contentment as he rolled over, sliding from her and pulling her into his arms in the same movement. Sleep was already starting to steal over her, making her limbs relax and her eyelids heavy.

"Tori said I had to ask to get you to stop. Please, stay the night?"

* * *

Babe, I'll stay for eternity. The question and the hesitant way she'd asked it was still lingering in Corvin's mind the next morning. He flicked the feather duster over the crammed bookshelf with a single-minded determination to eradicate all dust. He'd never been particularly house-proud before, but this morning he'd embraced the cleaning like it was a newfound, lifelong dedication.

"Hex," he muttered as he decided that just dusting the shelves wasn't going to do, and that he was going to have to crack out the polish. It was obvious what had happened. Hex had taken the opportunity for some payback. "I am so going to kick your ass for this one."

"Hmmm?" Janelle asked from the table as she belatedly realized he'd said something. Her expression was distracted though, so he knew whatever he said she wouldn't really be listening. Just like all the other times he'd tried to distract her this morning.

Damn woman's got a single-track mind once she's got those things out. He cast a jealous look at the books she had spread all over the table. He'd tried to look at them but Corvin and reading didn't go down too well. He got bored too easily. Not Janelle though. No amount of stretching and posing in front of her got more than a couple of quick looks and, once, a slight blush.

He finished off the shelves with a frustrated flick of the duster. If she'd rather study than spend time with him in bed then that was fine. He pouted to himself. He wasn't used to being ignored. He didn't like it, not at all. The phone behind him rang shrilly. Corvin turned automatically and then stopped. He couldn't answer it, not in this form.

"Great." Janelle dropped the pen on the table and stood up with a sigh. "Bloody typical. Sit down and try to study, and all I get is a hunk posing all over the place, and now the phone won't stop ringing."

Corvin opened his mouth to point out the phone had only rung once. He caught a look at the expression on her face as she passed him en route to the phone, and shut his mouth with a click. He recognised the expression. It was one many men had seen, right before they said something stupid which got them verbally flayed, chewed up and spat out. Or if Storm was the woman in question, hit by a bolt of lightning. Between that and Hex's habit of cursing anyone who pissed him off, the three of them had been banned from most bars in the city.

"Hello. Oh, hi, Tori! How you doing? Yeah, I'm good, thanks."

Corvin carried on cleaning as Janelle answered the phone. All the time he made sure to keep himself in her line of sight, bending and stretching as much as he could to showcase his body to best effect.

"... shift last night. You know, the weirdest thing happened. You remember Steve, don't you?"

Never knew, he might get lucky, and she'd be overcome with lust for his body and drag him back into the bedroom for round... Were they on round six or seven now? He had no clue, to be honest. Clamping the feather duster between jean clad thighs, he swept the cloth over the top of the TV.

As he moved, he cast a glance down at his hand and stopped. He couldn't see through his hand anymore. Corvin lifted his hand up to the light streaming in the window. Shit, the curse was starting to wear off.

"Hex, you sloppy son of a bitch, can't you even get a curse right?" Grabbing the cleaning supplies, he headed for the kitchen. He stuffed them under the sink and sat back on his heels. What the fuck was he going to do now? It wasn't like he could explain the situation, now was it?

Yeah, sorry, darlin'. I was so desperate to get into your panties that when you turned me down I decided to lie and cheat to get what I wanted instead. He groaned. The stupidity of

what he'd done had turned around and was biting him in the ass. If he told Janelle the truth, he could kiss goodbye any chance of seeing her again, so what the fuck did he do?

Sitting on the kitchen floor certainly wasn't an option. Quickly grabbing the first thing that came to hand, the bathroom cleaner and a couple of cloths, Corvin did the most adult thing he could think of in the circumstances. He went and hid in the bathroom.

* * *

"Excuse me? Run that by me again, would you?"

Tori's startled comment halted Janelle mid-stream. Now that the wraith had headed off to clean the bathroom, she'd relaxed a little. Without him listening, she could give Tori all the hot details of last night without her cheeks becoming a damn inferno.

"Huh? Oh... yeah, as we were... you know --"

She made vague motions with her hands, then realised Tori couldn't see her down the phone line. Which was a good thing, really, since it was Saturday morning, and she'd done both her hair and make-up already. This was unheard of for Janelle on weekends.

"And he was whispering all these things in that sexy-as-hell voice of his. I tell you, I could have come on the spot just listening to him."

The frown was evident in Tori's voice as she answered. "Yeah, that's what I thought you said. Janelle, is he between you and the door?"

Janelle blinked in surprise at the change in Tori's manner. She looked toward the closed door to the bathroom and at the front door next to her.

"No, I'm right next to it."

"Okay, good. Here's what I want you to do. Grab your keys, your purse if it's near and walk out."

"Huh? Why?"

"Because whatever that guy is, honey, he's not a wraith."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Don't tip him off that you know!" Tori snapped down the phone, her voice full of authority. "Listen, I'm texting Jacob right now. He's out at the moment but I'll get him to come straight around for you. Just walk out and wait outside. We can deal with this."

Janelle opened and closed her mouth soundlessly as she looked toward the bathroom door again. He wasn't a wraith? But he'd appeared right after she'd done the spell. "But how do you know he isn't? He looks exactly as you described. See-through and... Well, the guy's sex-on-legs."

"Because he's talking! Wraiths are silent. It's part of their code. They don't talk."

"Jacob did. You told me." Janelle's brain was working on automatic, providing answers as her anger simmered inside. If what Tori was saying was true, then she'd been played for a fool. Whoever was in her bathroom, he was an imposter. An imposter who was damn good in bed but an imposter nonetheless.

"Yeah, but Jacob wasn't really a wraith. He was just trapped as one."

"So this guy could be the same?"

There was a pause on the other end of the phone. Janelle could feel Tori's frustration and fear radiating down the line. "Jan, honey, it's possible but think about it. Two sorcerers trapped as wraiths? Who just happen to have been summoned by women who are friends?"

"Stranger things have happened..." Janelle shrugged as she inched along the wall toward the bookshelves on silent feet. Every step of the way she kept her eye on the closed door ahead of her. "Like high-waisted pants, Peter Pan necklines, and let's not even start on the big hair."

She was talking to keep her mind occupied mostly. Reaching around, she felt down the side of the bookcase for the baseball bat she kept there. Originally her little brother's, she'd kept it out of sentiment and just in case she ever needed it. Like now.

Unfortunately Tori knew her way too well, the suspicious tone in her voice saying it all. "Janelle Allen, you're not doing what I think you are, are you?"

"Depends on what you think I'm doing."

Jan's hand closed around the handle of the bat, and she withdrew it from its hiding place. It knocked against the bookshelf with a wooden thunk and she winced. Surely he'd heard that in there.

"Shit, you're going to confront him! Jan, don't you dare! You have no clue what he is!"

Janelle gritted her teeth as she swung the bat, loosening her wrist up. She'd been good at hitting home runs in school. So it had been a long time ago but still, it wasn't something a person forgot.

"Oh, I know what he is, all right." She padded back to the front door and put the lock on the latch so it could be opened from the outside.

"You do? What?"

"About to be very fucking sorry he lied to me. Tell Jacob to come straight up. He might want to bring some paramedics with him."

Leaving the line open Janelle dropped the phone on the couch as she passed it. Tori's shriek of frustration faded behind her as she marched up to the bathroom door and knocked on it. "Right, Mister Whoever-the-fuck-you-are, get your ass out here now. Or else!"

Chapter Six

She was pissed off and she was onto him. Corvin stood by the bathroom door, his hand on the lock. Hex's curse had completely worn off now, and he was as solid as he had been in the club last night. "Listen, darlin'. Let me explain."

"Oh, you'll explain, all right. Get out here right now. Don't make me come in there after you!"

She would too. Corvin held no illusions she wouldn't march right in here and drag him out by the earlobe, much like his mom had done when he was a teenager, and she'd caught him spying on the vestal virgins in the scrying bowls.

Actually, she was very similar to his mom. Not physically -- he didn't have a mother fetish going on or anything freaky -- but she was a strong woman just like Minerva. He had a feeling the two would get on like a house on fire, if he survived long enough to introduce them.

"Well? I'm waiting."

Sighing, Corvin reached out and flipped the lock. The bathroom had a window so he could escape if he wanted to. Hell, he could have just waved his hand and wiped her memory if he really wanted. It was well within his power.

Trouble was, with Janelle he didn't want to. For the first time in his life, Corvin's first choice of action wasn't anything to do with his celestial powers. He wanted to do this right. Properly. He'd made this mess so now he had to fix it.

He inched the door open, some instinct warning him to keep it between him and her for the moment -- an instinct which proved to be wise as he saw her standing there, her stance wide and bat held high, ready to swing.

"You!"

"Janelle, I can explain," he said hastily, seeing the violence written in her eyes at the sight of him.

Her full lips compressed. "Yeah, you fucking will. And it had better be a damn good explanation."

"Would it be too much to ask for you to put the bat down?"

"Yes." Her voice was as short and uncompromising as the look in her eyes.

"Okay. Just checking. Just... don't hit me until you've heard me out, please?"

She narrowed her eyes at him as he edged out from behind the door. The absurdity of the situation hit him full force, but Corvin daredn't even crack a smile. Something warned him any sort of flippancy on his part, and she'd take his head off.

"Not making any guarantees. Now talk, I'm listening."

Corvin nodded quickly. She wasn't swinging yet. That was a good sign, surely?
"Okay, talking. I'm Corvin --"

"Yeah, I got that bit. How about you skip the introductions and get to the part where you fucking lie and pretend to be a wraith to get into my bed?"

The fury in her voice was in check but it was still there. Corvin winced. This was the bit he wasn't looking forward to. "Hmm. Would it help if I start off by saying I'm sorry?"

"You could."

The bat rose a little higher as her eyes sparkled. Despite the fact he was in imminent danger of large amounts of violence and bodily harm, Corvin couldn't help but admire her. The flush of anger on her cheeks, the way her breasts rose and fell with her harsh breathing, she was magnificent. His cock, which hadn't been at less than half-mast all damn morning, sprang to attention again, hard, aching and ready for action.

"Well, I am sorry. Just let me say that before you start swinging. Other than that, I don't really have an excuse."

Corvin knew he had to talk quickly before she ran out of patience, so he ran his words together in an effort to get them out. "Apart from the fact in the club last night I met the woman of my dreams -- and she shot me down."

Murder filled her eyes. "So then you moved onto me?"

"No!" Corvin shook his head then -- he couldn't help it -- the grin he'd been suppressing started to spread over his lips. "You're gorgeous when you're mad, you know?"

"Answer the fucking question before I lose my temper."

Her tone was threatening and she raised her arms and the bat a little higher, but he could see the pleased smile just starting to tug at the corner of her lips.

Corvin wasn't a virgin. Hell, he was nowhere near it. In fact, he was about as close to the legendary lover as you could get without actually being called Casanova. So he was more than experienced with women, and everything about Janelle was telling him she could be charmed. That she wanted to be charmed.

"I walked into that club bored and intent on nothing other than getting as plastered as I could and try to drown out Hex and Storm's arguing. Then there you were, on the other side of the club, like something out of a dream." He risked a step away from the door, glancing at the bat before he looked into her eyes. Yeah, she wanted to be charmed. She wanted to believe him. He could see it in her eyes, in the slight relaxation of her arms.

"You dream about short, plump women who collect glasses often?"

"How many times do I have to tell you? You're fucking gorgeous. Why else do you think I pretended to be a wraith?" *Shit, wrong thing to say.* As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Corvin realised his mistake. Her eyes hardened and the bat came up again.

"Hmmm, I don't think you should have reminded her of that."

A male voice broke into the conversation. Both Corvin and Janelle swung around toward the door. A man stood there, one shoulder propped against the frame.

All his protective instincts flaring, Corvin plucked the bat from Janelle's hand and stepped in front of her, the impromptu weapon held at his side but with the threat of violence hanging in the air. "Who the hell are you?"

"Hey, give that back! Hi, Jacob."

Okay, answers that question. So, who the fuck was Jacob? An ex-boyfriend? He'd have to be close to her to just walk into her apartment. Corvin looked from Janelle to Jacob, a small suspicion flaring into all out jealousy within a heartbeat.

His eyes narrowed as he sized up his competition. Jacob pushed off from the door and sauntered into the room. He was tall and lean, with angular features Corvin knew some women found attractive. Even without his powers, Corvin knew he could take the guy in a fight. He was taller, with a longer reach. But something about the way the guy walked, the inherent grace and threat in his poise, made him pause a little.

Jacob stopped well out of range of the bat and eyed Corvin up and down. Then he transferred his attention to Janelle. "Well, he's not a wraith. That I can tell you for sure."

"Yeah, no shit, Sherlock. Tell me something I haven't figured out for myself, would ya?" Janelle threw back as she tried to slip out from behind Corvin. She wasn't fast enough, not for him. Putting out a restraining hand, he blocked her progress. He couldn't help the amusement that filled him, warring with his jealousy. Seemed he wasn't the only one his Janelle gave shit to.

His Janelle. God, that sounded good.

"Wanna move out of my way, Mr. I'm-not-a-wraith?"

"Not until someone tells me what's going on. Are you and lover boy here an item?" Corvin demanded, wanting nothing more than to swing for the smug bastard right here and now. At his words, though, both looked confused.

"What? Me and Jacob?" Janelle chuckled. "He's not my type. Besides, he's married to my best friend who would have my guts for garters if I made a move on him."

"You and me both," Jacob added. "And Tori in a bad mood? I've seen enough of that once a month, thank you very much. I don't need to tempt fate."

"Ah."

The tension and jealousy in Corvin's body drained away, leaving him feeling a little stupid. So the guy wasn't a former lover of Tori's. Good. At least he didn't have to

pound him into the dirt for touching her, or take him to task for letting such a woman get away. Just the contrary nature of those desires was enough to give him a headache. "So, who are you?"

Jacob shrugged nonchalantly, his sharp eyes centered on Corvin's face. He resisted the urge to roll his shoulders to try and get rid of the weird little itch there. It was like Jacob was looking right through him, down to his soul.

"The guy who wrote the spell which called you here, or rather called Terathel here. Who is, of course, now rather confused as he felt the summoning, but it dumped him in an empty apartment on the other side of town -- a guy's apartment, to boot. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"

He'd written the summoning spell. Jacob was a sorcerer. Now it started to make sense.

"If I was to make a guess, I'd say the spell put him -- Terathel, did you say?"

Jacob nodded, folding his arms. The silver rings across his fingers and the tattoo on the fleshy part between his thumb and forefinger caught Corvin's eye. Great! The guy was wearing one of his mother's sigils. How screwed was he? If he fucked about with one of his mom's pets, his ass would be nailed to the wall in the Underworld for a couple of centuries at least.

"...put Terathel in my place and me in his."

"Okay, so how did you manage that? Those spells are designed to be foolproof, unhackable. Otherwise we'd have kids calling up all kinds of nasties." Jacob's voice was uncompromising, all his attention focused on Corvin. With both the sorcerer and Janelle looking at him, he was beginning to realise what a goldfish felt like.

It was Corvin's turn to shrug, a one-shouldered gesture he'd picked up from his mother. "You've not worked it out yet, then? I'm surprised. Badass sorcerer like yourself? What are you, fourth level, at the least?"

Janelle punched him in the shoulder, drawing his attention back to her. "Excuse me. We're the ones asking the questions, mate, not you. Any funny stuff and Jacob will turn you into a frog!"

"He doesn't have the power. Even if he did, frogs get kissed, don't they?" Corvin grinned broadly and dragged her into a quick embrace to plant a quick kiss on her full lips. It was end game here, so, like it or not, he was getting a last taste of those lips, just in case.

She looked up at him, dark eyes suspicious. Interestingly she didn't seem so pissed about being kissed. "What do you mean he --"

" -- I don't have the power?" Jacob finished Janelle's question off, a new suspicion entering his eyes. Lifting a hand, he muttered a word under his breath, a word of power and query.

Corvin's head rocked back as the magical force hit him, his eyes closing as the air whipped around him in a mini-tornado. Seconds later it disappeared. He opened his eyes slowly to look directly at the other man.

"Shit!"

"What?" Janelle asked, then turned to Corvin. "Will you let go, you big bloody oaf?" she demanded, slapping his bare shoulder. Reluctantly, he let her go. She looked back at Jacob. The sorcerer's face mirrored shock as he dropped his hand, shaking his head. "What? What did you see?"

Corvin turned to her. "He saw what I am, Janelle. I'm not a wraith, no, but I'm not human either. When I left you in the club's kitchen, I was desperate to find a way to see you again. I knew you wouldn't come back out into the club so when I found the scroll..."

"You went through my purse?" Her eyes narrowed at him again, promising dire retribution for that act of trespass.

"Not on purpose. I stumbled into the lockers and it fell out. The scroll kinda... rolled out. I read it, realised what it was and got my friend Hex to curse me into wraith form for twelve hours." Corvin sighed. "But the daft son of a bitch can't count. The curse wore off two hours early."

"So, and forgive me if I keep going on about this one, but *what the hell are you?*"

"A god. Well, technically I think he's a demi-god," Jacob broke in as Corvin paused.

He shot the other man a grateful smile. He hated telling people what he was. It sounded so damn arrogant... *"I'm a god."* Besides, if he'd thought it would impress Janelle, he'd have played the god card a lot sooner. "Corvin, son of Minerva," Corvin concluded with a bow.

"You're one of the god-pack?" she asked in disbelief, looking him up and down in disbelief. "I heard about you guys. You've not been into the club since I started working there though."

"Yeah. We were barred. Hex, as usual, got pissed the last time we were in and turned the security staff into pink flamingos. Management was not at all happy."

"What? Even Steve?" A delighted twinkle entered her eyes.

Corvin smiled at her amusement. He'd sensed the antagonism between the two last night. If he was sticking around, actually even if he wasn't, he and Steve were going to be having a chat. "Yeah, even Steve. So, what do you reckon, Janelle? We need the chaperone anymore?" Corvin jerked his head toward Jacob. "No offense, mate, but I'm not going to hurt her, and we need to discuss things, preferably without an audience."

"None taken." Jacob looked at Janelle, a question in his eyes. When she nodded, he sighed. "Tori is so going to kick my ass about this but okay. You hurt her, and I don't care who your mom is or who your friends are, I'll saddle up and hunt you down." He grinned, the threat implicit in his expression. "And I'm not fourth level -- try seventh."

Janelle watched her friend's husband leave. When the door closed behind him with a soft click, she turned to Corvin. "Okay, you've got two minutes. Then, if I don't like what you've got to say, I'm kicking your ass out, god or no god."

He took a deep breath. He'd never taken much notice of the instincts he'd inherited from his mother. The powers, yes. What guy didn't think being able to throw thunderbolts was cool? But not the other stuff so much, and it was that side which was setting off all kinds of alarms. He knew that what he said next would irrevocably alter his life, good or bad.

"Janelle. I don't know what else to tell you, darlin'." Gently, he reached out and took her hand. His voice rang with honesty as he pulled her slowly toward him. Not a demand, she could get away if she wanted to, but a request. "The instant I saw you, I wanted you, but you wouldn't talk to me. I had to get drunk to even get you to clear the table." He searched her face as he spoke, his heart falling at her set expression. "Nothing I say is going to make a difference, is it?"

He should have expected this. He'd lied and cheated to get her into bed. What woman would have anything to do with him after that? He let go of her hand and stepped back. A quick wave of his hand supplied a shirt and boots to go with his jeans. "I'm sorry, Janelle." He risked a quick glance at her. Her expression was still set, her lips pursed. "I shouldn't have done what I did. I guess... it was the only way I could think of to get close to you, especially when you wouldn't have anything to do with me. Not your type, huh? I'll let myself out."

With a heavy heart, he headed for the door. He'd blown it. Hex was going to laugh until he pissed himself over how he'd spent twelve hours as a sex wraith and still got his ass dumped before he could get a second date.

"Wait." Her voice stopped him as his hand landed on the door handle. Hope slammed into him, constricting his heart until he could barely breathe. He didn't turn around. He daren't. "Did you mean that?"

Her voice was closer, as though she'd moved toward him. He turned his head slightly, not to look at her, but to make sure he was hearing her properly.

"Mean what?"

"Everything. Did you really want... *me* that much?" She was right behind him when she spoke again, her voice filled with an odd mixture of curiosity and hope. "You said you weren't my type, but it's not that at all. It's more I'm not -- can't be -- your type. Surely?"

Corvin's knuckles tightened on the door handle until they showed white. "Asking me or telling me?"

"Asking."

Turning, he caught her gaze with his. Indecision showed plainly in her chocolate brown eyes. "Darlin', you're more than my type. You're freaking perfect for me. Do you think I'd go to this much trouble for a passing fancy?"

"Yeah, but you're..." She shrugged, and nibbled her lower lip. Corvin crossed the short distance in two steps and wrapped his hands around her upper arms.

"What do I have to do to persuade you that you're perfect just as you are?" he demanded, wanting to shake her. The desire must have shown in his eyes because an answering fire filled hers.

"Well, being with me without bloody lying would be a good start!"

Corvin dragged her into his arms, his hands smoothing down her waist and over the flare of her hips possessively. Far from the fight he was expecting, she all but melted against him. "I'm not lying now," he whispered, tilting her chin up so he could gaze deep into her eyes. "This is who I am, what I am. Give us another chance? Give me another chance? A chance to start again, do it right this time?"

"Well, that depends. Why should I?" Janelle arched her eyebrow as she asked. She wasn't sure why she was even thinking of giving him a second chance. The little voice in her head, the one that sounded suspiciously like an incredulous Tori, demanded to know what the hell she thought she was playing at. Janelle ignored it, still watching him.

He'd lied. He'd gotten his friend to turn him into a wraith for the night so he could seduce her, but if seduction was all he was interested in, he could have just faded out this morning, and she wouldn't have been any the wiser. So why had he hung about when he knew the chances of him being caught increased with every passing second.

"You shouldn't. I was wrong... but, thank you."

That surprised her and she let it show on her face, leaning back in his hold to look up into his face. His stark male beauty made her stare again. And he was all hers? "Thank you for what?"

He smiled, a quirk of his sinfully full lips. "For making me see, making me grow up. I -- I've always brushed things off in the past, you see. Ignored problems or made

them go away when I've screwed up." He shrugged, colour tinting his high cheekbones as he looked away in embarrassment for a second. Within a heartbeat his blue eyes met hers again, the expression in them earnest. "But this time, with you, it's different. I screwed up, so I wanted to make things right. I have to make them right."

Janelle nodded. A hot guy who was prepared to do anything to possess her, who'd actually got his friend to curse him so he could treat her to the hottest night of sex she'd ever had. She'd be nuts to let him go, especially when he was so determined to put things right. "And does starting again mean we have to wait for sex?"

"God, I hope not. But if that's what you want..."

She smiled and pressed closer. His breathing caught as she walked her fingertips across his broad chest. "Then let's start again, with the sex part, and go from there?"

Mina Carter

Mina Carter can be found exploring in the middle of the English countryside with her real-life hero and their young daughter... the true boss of the family. Constantly seeking new challenges, Mina never tires of learning new skills, counting aromatherapy, corsetry and welding amongst her abilities.

She juggles motherhood, working full time and writing, tossing another ball in the air with her work as a graphic artist and web designer. For her, writing time is the wee hours of the morning or any spare minute that can be begged, bought or conned.

Her first stories were penned at age 11, when she used a stationery set meant for Christmas "thank you" letters to write stories instead. More recently, she wrote for her own amusement to save on outrageous monthly book bills, and to quell the demands of friends for more and longer stories. Now you'll find her reading and writing original worlds where the unusual is every day and romance is a must.

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