



DEVON HAUNTING
FALLS: *Magic*
RAINE DELIGHT

Aspen Mountain Press

Devon Falls: Haunting Magic

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PO Box 473543

Aurora CO 80047-3543

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Dedication

For Sierra and Celina, this is dedicated to you as you helped me become a better writer and you are one of my best friends. Thanks for encouraging me to do this series and for helping me in ways I can't even thank you for. You two are the best!

Introduction to Devon Falls

Welcome to Devon Falls, founded in 1784 by four families with one goal: to find a place where they can live without their “special” gifts coming to light. The Stevens family were master bakers from France with an affinity for magic; the Dracon family ran a hotel in London and were shape- shifters; the Sinclair family mastered the art of building in Germany and were dream walkers, and the Craven family were master musicians from Russia with an ability manipulate the elements. With each family’s gifts, they found freedom and contentment in the town they called Devon Falls.

As the years went by, each family grew and expanded and soon love blossomed among the residents as new arrivals helped the town flourish. This year, destiny has played her hand in helping some of the residents of Devon Falls find the love they dreamed of. Join them as they celebrate the path of love and blinding passion.

Welcome to Devon Falls.

Chapter One

Devon Falls: A few days before Halloween

Jaxon “Jax” Sinclair never thought she’d be stuck doing dishes at the Dirty Diamond Bar on a late Friday night. All she wanted was a night out with the girls celebrating Alicia’s reunion with Damien, but when Grady cornered her when she walked into the Dirty Diamond Bar, she had to let her soft heart get in the way of her plans. With a swipe of her wet hands, she tried to get the maddening piece of hair off her face but it stuck like glue. After awhile, she gave up and looked down at her now sweat stained camisole and then spied a run in her new stockings. *I swear Grady O’Neil owes me big time. If we weren’t cousins, I would have told him off after asking me to pitch in*, Jaxon thought as she went on filling the dish rack while trying to ignore the ache in her lower back and the headache that pulsed behind her eyes. Then she heard the dish cart being sent back yet again and snarled as it came through the elevator.

“How anyone can handle this is beyond me,” Jax said as she lifted the dirty glasses and dishes out of the elevator. Slapping one dish after another in the water, she caught a glance of herself in the window and groaned at the sight of her thick brown hair that was once in an intricate knot at the base of her head and was now almost unraveled and stuck up in places. Her make-up was smudged or off her face for good, while sweat ran down her face and neck. *Thank god no one is here to see me look like something the cat dragged in on a stormy night*, Jax thought as she wrestled

another tendril of hair off her neck. She gave up after the whole mess came down. She longed for a cool drink, some food, and her bed. Not necessarily in that order either.

With a sigh, she got back to work and hoped Grady paid her for this favor. It was enough to help bus tables or pitch in as a waitress or bartender but dishwasher? "I know now never to let myself get talked into a career change as a dishwasher," Jaxon mumbled as she slid the last dish in the dishwasher. With a happy hum, it kicked on and Jax finally relaxed against the wall as she tried to ignore the agony in her feet and back.

"Jax, you down here?" Grady called into the kitchen.

"Yeah, I am in here Grady," Jax answered her cousin Grady, owner of the Dirty Diamond Bar.

She watched as Grady walked into the kitchen. The smells of sandalwood, beer, and smoke from the bar upstairs wafted in the air after him. Giving him a wan smile, she closed her eyes. The stress from bending and being on her feet most of the night had her aching in ways that were so not pleasurable.

"Planning on entering a wet t-shirt contest?"

"Are you insane? I look like I was wrung out to dry. You owe me big time. I never want to look at water again unless it involves two men, a bottle of wine, and a hot tub!" Jax said.

She grimaced as Grady reached for her shoulders and started to massage the knots out of her neck. Purring as the kinks in her neck slowly unknotted and the beating drum behind her eyes became a bearable ache.

With her eyes closed, Jax said, "You know you should open a spa instead of this dive bar. You do need more help though, Grady. This is getting out of hand with Rex not showing up three days. Have you decided what you're doing about it?"

"I decided to can the bastard after this latest stunt. I am really sorry, Jax, for asking for all your help these last few weeks. I do appreciate it. Let me thank you. Can I take you to dinner tomorrow night at the Inn? Please?" Grady asked. He finished massaging her neck and Jax turned to face him. "You deserve that and more

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but, alas, I can't pay you what your worth in gold so how about dinner and let me pay for a change?"

Jax weighed the idea of food at the Dragon Inn versus the fact she couldn't cook, and answered, "Sure thing, cousin, and I plan to order the most expensive thing there." Then feeling as if she was hit by a truck, she got her legs to work a bit, though it took some effort on her part, and slid her shoes on. "I need to get my ass moving and get home so I can grab some sleep before helping Alicia at the Dew Drop."

"I am walking you out to the car Jax and don't even think to tell me about how capable you are and all that crap. I am not letting you walk around out there without an escort. My god, if anything happened to you, Aunt Muriel would have my head on a stick and parade it through town, carping all the way." Grady shuddered at the thought of Jax's mother yelling at him. "I don't know how you do it, dealing with her the way she is. When will you let me in on your secret? She is like a banshee on a *really* bad day!! And that is saying a lot on the natures of banshees too!" Grady saw the smirk on Jax's face and helped his cousin clean up some of the leftover dishes before turning the lights off for the night.

"If you think I am giving away my secret on how to stay sane around my mother, you got another think coming, Grady. I am not about to let the rest of the family find out how easy it is to deal with her. That is my own secret weapon." She laughed at the look on his face and tweaked his nose, as they started to go out the back door into the cool night air that felt so damn good on her heated skin.

With Halloween days away, the town was getting ready for the Harvest Festival. The residents always enjoyed hay rides, a bon fire, and Main Street was turned into a place where people could find unique items for the holidays as well as cider, donuts, and more. The culmination of the festival was the annual trick-or-treating night for the kids. Scary ghosts, witches, and other bump in the night creatures came out as kids scampered around trying to scare people. It always seemed so magical to Jax each year. She always enjoyed Halloween, especially the way the kids loved to dress up in their costumes and run around yelling "Trick or

Treat" and getting lots of candy.

The night sky was so clear it was like looking at a picture. Stars twinkled brilliantly; a soft breeze blew some of the leaves on the ground as the moon glowed in the night sky and she felt the aches slowly ease their grip on her body a little more. That is until she spied Rodrick ushering three women into his corvette. Her lips turned down as she watched him drive off. "Does that man ever go home alone?"

"Oh bloody hell, Jax, leave the man alone. It isn't like you two are an item or anything. Sweet Christ, you made your feelings known about his lifestyle the last several years. Let the man enjoy himself. So what if he has three women? It isn't like he is married or anything," he said as he ushered Jax toward her car.

Jax opened the door of her beat up Ford Mustang. "What time tomorrow, Grady? I get out of work around four-ish and meet you around six, if that is doable?" She slid into the driver's seat and started the car.

"That's fine. I can't thank you enough for your help. You are a godsend." Grady leaned down and wrinkled his nose. "When are you getting rid of this rust bucket? You can afford something better." He peered into the car's interior. "Is that a hole in the floor?"

"Stop being so melodramatic. Betsy's not going anywhere. It got me through many dates from hell. She has character!" Jax snapped the seatbelt in place and shifted the car into gear. "I will meet you around six at the Inn. If something happens, let me know. Now, will you let the damn door go so I can go home?"

"See you tomorrow."

As Grady shut the door, Jax blew him a kiss, and then drove off.

* * * *

Jax didn't want to think of Rod after her night spent washing dishes but her thoughts seemed to not bother following her wishes tonight. Each time she was there, that lothario had women draped all over him like leeches and yet he hasn't hit on her since that one night of drunken monkey sex in high school.

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Honestly she had more than one brain cell like some of the women he took home and even though she enjoyed the way his jeans hugged his tight ass and the way his muscles bunched under his t-shirt, Jax knew better than to contemplate a night with the “stud master”, the nickname she gave him after years of hearing about his conquests. It was enough to see him at the local hot spots working his wiles on the women and, whenever she got near him, he acted like she was cramping his style.

Sighing, she tossed her shoes in the corner, grabbed some water, walked into her bedroom, and sank on the edge of her bed. She hated dishes as well as men who thought they are all that and a bag of chips. *What is it with men who think they need to add one more notch on that bedpost*, Jax thought as she tossed her clothes into the corner then wrinkled her nose at the stale beer and smoke smells that wafted from them.

Slowly she made her way to the shower and tried to figure why she was bothered by the way the cheap floozies immediately spied Rodrick and flew to his side. It was enough to make her ashamed to be a woman. Jax stepped inside the shower and tried to erase the sight of not one, not two, but three women draped all over Rod like leeches.

She soaped down and let the hot water ease her aches. She muttered, “If I am ever that desperate to get laid again, I hope someone just shoots me to put me out of misery. I may have enjoyed that one wild night in high school but he sure didn’t care. He left that morning without a goodbye and I am definitely not interested in him anymore. He needs to learn that some day, he will find a woman who will say no and mean it. Then I will laugh uncontrollably at the irony of it all.”

Jax got out of the shower and yawned. She turned off the lights and padded naked to the bed. Drawing the sheets over her, Jax yawned as she watched the shadows dance in the moonlight against her walls and thought, *I wonder if I will ever see Rodrick work to win not just a woman’s body but also her heart as well. He needs to be taken down a peg to see that women are not just play toys for him. If that happens, I am going to cheer and hope she has better sense than I did.* She punched her pillow and settled into sleep. “He needs to be taught a lesson,” Jax mumbled before sleep took over.

Chapter Two

Rodrick Dracon felt like a Mack truck had slammed into him the next day. He had definitely downed one too many beers last night. The pounding in his head worsened when he pried open his eyes. He closed them again and tried to remember what caused him to bring home three women. His inner wolf must have been especially randy. He tried to gather his thoughts and the energy to get a shower but the thought of moving had him determined to stay right where he was.

BANG! BANG!

"What the hell is wrong with you, Rod?" Damien said, as the door flew open and slammed into the frame. "You were due to help Dad out with the barn set up for the Halloween dance an hour ago. He has been looking for you."

"Stop it already, my head feels like it's ready to explode here. I'll call Dad in a few minutes once I'm able to function and apologize, then meet him out at the barn. Isn't Halloween a few weeks away anyways?" Rod asked as he made it to the edge of the bed and whimpered as the pain caused spots to form in front of his eyes.

"Rod, Halloween is only couple of days away and Dad is trying to get the dance floor finished before the festivities. I am helping Alicia bring the refreshments over and setting up. You were to pick up the slack so Dad doesn't have a heart attack doing the work you said you'd help him with." Damien shook his head and looked at his disheveled brother. "Do you even remember the ladies you came home with, Rod?"

Rod tried to remember, but all he kept getting were lots of black places.

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“Nope.”

Damien sighed and sat on his bed. “Rod, this has got to stop. You need your mate and the faster you run from it, the more you are going to hurt as the wolf tries to run free. You know that but you are so hell bent on not getting shackled, as you say, that the wolf inside you wants...no, he needs his mate or he will die trying to find her.”

“Well what do you want me to do...audition every woman on the planet, Damien?” Rod retorted as he looked bleary-eyed at his brother. “This whole mate thing is getting on my nerves and, frankly, I am going to have a complex if this keeps up. What is it with happy couples who want others to be just as happy? Are you drinking happy juice or something?”

“No, not audition but not try to sleep with every female that offers herself to you might be a good place to start.” Damien said. “Why not trying to court a woman or find one that interests you for more than sex? What about falling in love instead of lust?”

Rod looked up at his brother like he was nuts. “Love? What the hell do I know about love with a woman? Lust, yes. Plenty of that, but love?” Scoffing, Rod tried to remember when he ever felt like being in love. “If it means getting all moony over a woman like I see around here, then kill me now because I swear I will never act like that.” With a sigh, Rod implored, “Who am I to fall in love with Damien? Hmmm... with Jax, Dixie, or some nameless woman I’ve never met?”

Damien shook his head. “It is not so bad, Rod. Love will smack you when you least expect it but stop trying to out run the wolf. You will never win and, truthfully, are you not tired the endless parade of women that seems to go through your revolving door of a bedroom? I am going to start charging admission soon if this keeps up.”

“That is all fine for you, Damien. You found your mate again,” Rod grumbled and loneliness clawing at his stomach. “I have never been in love; don’t believe in destiny or any of that crap either but I have seen love around me so I know it is there. I just don’t think it will happen to me.”

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Damien smiled a little as he continued, "Rod, it's time to find your destined mate and if you would just learn to listen to your inner voice, you just might find her. You never know, it could be the one you never looked twice will make your heart melt and your blood heat up. Now get your ass moving before Dad has a coronary. I expect to see you downstairs grabbing some coffee at least before you meet dad."

The bed dipped again as he felt Damien stand up and the door softly shut. Rod tried to pick his way through the things his brother said, but the one thought that hit him in the solar plexus was his time was up. He needed to find his mate soon or forever be a lone wolf, always searching for a love that never would come and a mate he had lost.

After a quick shower and a couple of aspirin, Rod felt like a human being. His head felt even better once his brother gave him the two cups of steaming hot coffee and then he was able to finally to function, even if it was a bit slower than his normal pace.

* * * *

When Rod walked into the barn, his father was directing the workmen setting up the stage. He tried to get his brother's words out of his mind. He didn't need the guilt or the longing he felt whenever he was around Damien and Alicia lately. Ever since they got together again, it was like they were on one big happy train ride. It wasn't like he wasn't happy for Damien and Alicia. Hell, they deserved it as far as he was concerned. They belonged together. But it was getting a tad lonely as he watched his friends and family find that special someone and he was still by himself.

Rod shook his head to try to clear his mind and smiled as his dad waved him over; he was more than ready to do some physical activity that didn't involve naked women. All this talk of love and destiny was giving him the heebie-jeebies.

He met his dad in the middle of the barn. "Hey, Dad. Sorry I'm late. What do you want me to do?" His nose wrinkled as he took in the smell of straw, sawdust, and the lingering odor of animals. The place looked amazing as workmen scrambled

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over beams and wrestled with planks for the dance floor. It wasn't a barn anymore to Rod's eyes. All it needed now was the final touches that would make it magical.

Mikal smiled as Rod came over, "Not a problem, Son. Help Frank finish over by the stage. We don't have too much left to do before the dance tomorrow. Thank God. All that is left are the little things, and making sure the stage is secure for the band."

Rod nodded. "I'll help him and we can get the rest of this done today." He clapped his hand on his father's shoulder and walked over to Frank. Soon the physical activity caused him to take off his shirt and use it to wipe the sweat from his face.

A few hours later, Rod sat back on his hunches, his shoulders tense as the work crew informed everyone that the stage was done and the work pretty much over with. Now the decorating committee could start with sparkly stuff that girls seemed to enjoy playing with and making the place shine with balloons, streamers, and other stuff that was a complete mystery to most men.

Rod walked over, grabbed a bottle of water and nodded to his dad and the rest of the crew. With a cheery wave goodbye, he walked out in the waning sunshine; rolling his shoulders as he tried to ease the ache building inside his brain. The wolf snarled inside for release; he felt the way it shifted inside his skin. He tried to remember when the full moon was coming and his steps stilled as he counted in his head that in less than three days the moon was going to wreck havoc on his system. He scratched the back of his neck as he felt the skin ripple in response to the wolf as it howled in his mind. *Being a wolf was not fun some days*, he thought as he settled on his bike.

Hitting the start switch on his bike, he started the motorcycle and gunned it down the road, waving to Alicia as she scooted out of the way with food for the crew. He remembered what Damien said about courting and falling in love. *It shouldn't be so hard*, Rod thought as rode down the lane, *to find that one special woman destiny has marked for me but I am so tired of being alone and the comfort in arms of nameless women is not helping me anymore. I guess it is time for me to step up and see that my mate is finally claimed. Maybe I will find some peace then.*

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“I know I am not about to tell my brother he is right because then there is no way I can live with him,” Rod muttered as the bike roared under him. With the breeze blowing around his face, he drove off with hope alive in heart even as he knew that this time if he didn’t find his one love, then he better enjoy being lonely because frankly, time had run out.

Chapter Three

Jaxon watched the people walk into the Dragon Inn as she waited for Grady. It was a perfect autumn night: hardly any wind, comfortably cool, leaves changing. Her stomach rumbled and she hoped Grady would get his ass in gear before she fainted from hunger. After working days at the Dew Drop, helping Jenna plan her upcoming wedding, and her late nights with Grady, Jax was running on empty.

Her cell phone chirped and she snatched it off the seat when she recognized Grady's number. "Don't tell me you're canceling. I've been waiting here for the last hour. If you're standing me up, I'm going to kill you."

"I am really sorry, Jax, but we had three workers get the flu, so we are kind of short staffed here," Grady said. "Can we reschedule for another time instead? I'm really, really sorry for the late notice."

Jaxon rubbed her forehead as she felt a headache brewing. She knew it wasn't Grady's fault, but damn it, she wanted some real food for a change and the Dragon Inn had the best BBQ around. "Don't worry about it. I'll see if Mrs. Dracon can give me a take out then go home for a quiet night. I can hear the place is busy. Just make sure you can get off one night so we can hang out. You owe me dinner." Jax smiled a little as she tried to make out Grady's voice from all the noise inside the Dirty Diamond. "I'll talk to you later, 'kay."

She turned off her phone and closed her eyes as she tried to still the pounding in her head. Her eyes felt gritty and tired. She needed to sleep for ten uninterrupted

hours. It has been so long since she had been able to do that. Sighing, Jaxon got out of the car.

As she closed the door, she saw Rodrick leaning on the porch rail watching nothing and everything. She felt her panties get wet as her eyes traveled up his body. He was easily six foot tall with a muscular body that drew women far and wide. His black jeans were molded to his thighs and she wished he would turn around so she could see how they cupped his nice, tight ass. She knew she was in no shape to put up with his wise cracks tonight but if she wanted food, she had to face the “stud master.”

“Please just go away,” Jax whispered as the smells from the kitchen wafted in the breeze. It made her stomach grumble with anticipation.

The wind stirred up the leaves as she walked across the parking lot. The lights gleamed softly from the windows and Jax could see the people inside, enjoying their food and each other’s company.

He looked even better close up though she damn well wasn’t going to tell him that. He had a swelled head as it was with all the honey bees that swarmed all over him. She mentally gathered her defenses. If she didn’t know better, she would have thought she was in lust with Rodrick, impossible as it may seem from the way they snipped at each other. Shaking her head slightly, she felt his gaze move to her and heard his startled breath as she walked up to the porch.

“Hey, Rod, slow night?” Jax asked. Her eyes drank in the way his muscles bunched under his t-shirt. She felt her stomach clench though it could have been the anticipation of food that waited inside the dark mahogany doors. The way he was watching her had her nerves on edge. She didn’t know what the hell his problem was but Jax was determined to get in and out with her order before Rod pushed her buttons. She just was not up to dealing with him tonight.

“Yeah, seems everyone is getting ready for the Halloween costume dance tomorrow. What are you up to tonight? Got a dinner date?” Rod growled at her, his eyes shining with a glow that had Jax take a step back before she caught herself.

Shaking her head, she said, “What the hell is wrong with you tonight? I was

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going to have dinner with Grady but he got short-staffed and had to cover tonight. I just wanted to see if I can grab a take out from your mom.” Jax marveled at how normal it was between them. Though she thought the hair on his arms bristled at the thought of her on a date, it probably was her imagination. Rod wasn’t interested in her, just the ones who wanted a good time and an easy lay.

“I am sure my mom would love to give you something since everyone knows you can burn water without even trying.” The smile that tugged at his lips had her eyes go wide then narrow in annoyance.

“What the hell would you know about cooking, you jackass? I bet you couldn’t make something if your life depended on it,” she sneered. Her hands closed into fists and she was tempted to smack him for being so damn aggravating. If she didn’t know better, she would have thought there was a smile lingering on his smug face.

“Oh, are you challenging me, Jax? Can’t take the fact that I may actually know something you don’t? Want to take that to a test?” Rod leaned forward and stroked a finger down her nose. He said softly, “Afraid that maybe I can do something that will make you readjust your opinion of me?”

Jax was stunned by the clenching of her pussy. If she didn’t know better, she could have sworn there was a flare of interest in his eyes, though it could have been that she was moon dazed or something. Jax tried to still her weak knees to him touching her as she tried respond.

“You can boil water? Oh My God!” Jax looked up at the darkening sky then back at Rod. “Wow the sky hasn’t fallen yet. Did you pay off Heaven or something? Has Hell frozen over and no one told the Devil?”

The smile that played on her lips had him growling low in his throat. Jax didn’t know what to think when Rod yanked her to him and said, “You have a death wish don’t you Jax? You really don’t want me to show you that I can do that and so much more.” The last was said so low and, as he nipped her ear, Jax felt her bones turn to mush. He turned her on, no two ways about it and damn it, why him? He had to be the most annoying man on this planet yet he also was sexy as sin and damn it

to hell and back, he made her want him with every inch of her being. Trying to shove away from him was like trying to hit a rock with an open palm. He was an immovable object and his eyes, she could have sworn, glowed faintly.

“Will you please let me go, you ass?” Jax tried to keep her voice strong and pissed off but, dang it, he was making her stomach do flips every time he nipped her ear. “If you really want to prove to me you can cook, fine. I swear it is like your male ego got in a snit or something.” She huffed and blew her breath out when nothing else seemed to make him let go, though if she was honest with herself, she liked his hands on her body, but not like she was going to tell him that. No telling what he would do with that information.

“Is it possible that I can go grab some food before I die of starvation? I swear if that was your goal tonight, Rod, you are not doing a very good job,” Jax said as she felt his hands glide down her arms then let go. The lack of his touch almost had her keening for more. This attraction she had for him was getting out of hand, especially as she and Rod rub against each other like oil and water.

Her treacherous body leaned into him before she caught herself and as she glared at him, she didn't know what the hell was going on tonight but for some reason, he was determined to drive her insane.

“Go get your take out, Jax, but tomorrow, make no plans for the evening. I got something to prove and frankly, I am more than happy to show you what else I can do besides what you may perceive.”

“Fine,” She snapped at him, disgusted at the way her body aroused from the way his voice. “If it makes your fragile male ego happy to prove something, come on over and, frankly, it better be edible, please. Nothing frou-frou or stuff that I cannot pronounce for God's sake. I get home about six so come by after that.”

The next thing she knew, he leaned over, snatched her from her spot on the sidewalk and smiled as her eyes widened. “Jaxon, if I didn't know better, I would say you are intrigued by me making dinner for you. If this keeps up, I think I am going to have to show you some of my other hidden talents.” Then, before she could form a coherent thought and punch him, he leaned forward and laid his full wet lips on

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hers, teasing her with a light caress of his tongue and with light firm kisses until she was panting, flushed. Before she could form a sane thought, she kissed him back, teasing him with hard kisses as her tongue dueled with his as her arms wrapped themselves around his waist.

With one last reluctant kiss, he stepped back. His eyes glittered in the moonlight and Jax saw his arousal strain his jeans. "Now the deal is set, Sweets. I will be there around six thirty, so don't be playing the 'I am late' game. I will be waiting for you." Then he sauntered away back into the Inn, leaving her body primed for something and ready to kill him.

Chapter Four

Jax had no idea how long she stood there with her pulse racing until a gentle cough made her jump out of her skin. She turned and saw Jenna on the steps of the Inn, a smug look on her face like she knew what had just happened. Jax tried to ease the ache that seemed to center on her pussy with deep breaths.

"You certainly know how to make an evening more...let me say...entertaining," Jenna said and smiled. "You look a little flushed. Not coming down with a cold are you? You seem to have a little dinner date with the local stud master. Don't want to disappoint him, right, Jax?"

Jax felt her body tense as the truth hit her. She had agreed to a dinner date and, if that wasn't enough, she had kissed the damn man. She groaned in embarrassment. *Oh my god, what the hell did I just do?*

Jenna collapsed laughing on the steps.

"Don't tell me the whole place heard us?" Jax said. All she needed was the gossip to fly that she was making a move on Rodrick.

"Jax, the whole town heard you. You both were yelling at each other like there wasn't anyone else around. It was priceless. I have never seen you lost for words like that before."

Jenna leaned over and squeezed her cousin's arm. "Unless people were paying attention, all they saw were you guys talking, then him kissing you... senselessly. I was amazed this place didn't catch on fire with at so many sparks flying between you. You had him so hot and bothered he's walking around with a bulge in his jeans." Jenna shook her head and reached over to lead Jax to the side of

the building. "Come on, it's not that bad."

Jax looked at her favorite cousin and wanted to smack her. Didn't she get that this was a really bad idea? Just because her hormones flared whenever Rod was around, that doesn't mean there was anything between them.

"Not that bad? Do you have any idea what I was just goaded into? Dinner at my house with the resident lothario of Devon Falls! My God, Jenna, he has a different woman every freaking night. What makes me so different that he has to prove something to me?" With her head down, Jax tried to still the roiling in her stomach, though she didn't know if it was with fear, desire, anger, or a combination of them all. She remembered the way it felt to be against his chest and the way she melted at his unexpected kiss.

"Would it be so hard to see the man he is inside, Jax? You both have been throwing so many sparks at one another for years. You like him even though he rubs you the wrong way some days." Jax started to shake her head in denial but she heard Jenna continue, "Don't even bother denying it, Jax. I saw the way you melted. Now the question is not what did you get yourself in to, but can you let yourself see the man behind the playboy image? Can see the real Rod? He is not so bad, you know, and frankly, I think he just might be the one to finally have you believe in love again."

Jaxon didn't know what to think as she felt Jenna pat her on the shoulder and leave her with those questions burning in her mind.

Dammit, she didn't need this complication in her life, even if she was feeling a restless lately. She didn't want to feel arousal or have her heart speed up when Rod kissed her, or ache for his cock. Shaking her head, Jax stood up, thankful that her legs seemed to be able to function and no one was watching her anymore.

Jenna is freaking nuts. I don't want Rod, Jax thought as she walked slowly to Betsy, food forgotten as she tried to assimilate the feelings that needled her. As she got in the car and started it up, she wondered if he was aching like she was deep down. She hoped it hurt like hell for him. *It would serve him right if he has blue balls after that little spectacle.*

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Jax gunned the engine and blew by the Inn with her body still aroused and aching for the one man she was determined to never have again.

* * * *

Rod watched Jax's taillights fade in the growing darkness and shifted the boys a little. The need to claim and mate with Jaxon stunned him. Wincing from the way his cock ached to be released and the fact that he wanted Jaxon Sinclair, the bane of his life, had him leaning his forehead against the glass in defeat. It was enough to wonder what he did to have the one woman who drove him nuts with her taunts as the one fated to be his. "I must have really pissed off someone up there to have them choose the one woman who drives me freaking nuts," Rod murmured to himself.

Hearing a knock on the door, Rod turned to see his brother poke his head in the room and then walk inside, as the door quietly snapped shut behind him.

"Well, you seemed to have the whole town buzzing now, Rod. Seems fate has stepped in and chosen your mate for you. Well, I can see she isn't one of your usual bar girls that's for sure." Damien shook his head and laughter gleamed in his eyes. "I sure hope you got armor around somewhere because she definitely is not going to make this easy for you. So tell me, Rod, are you going to woo her or storm her defenses?"

"Are you done being an asshole? And please, can you stop giving me a play by play? I was there and I really don't need you telling me your opinion of the situation." Rod turned around and growled at his twin in response. His eyes glowed a bright gold and his breath huffed through his nose. "I need you to back off, brother of mine, before I deliver a beat down on your ass."

"Ok, Ok...sheesh Rod, it isn't like I don't want you to settle down but Jax? She can't stand you. Man, what anatomy were you thinking with, your dick?"

"I have no fucking idea, Damien, but one minute I was trying to yank her chain and the next thing I know, I want to claim her and mark her as mine for everyone to see and know." Rod shook his head and walked over to where Damien

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stood. He laid a hand on his twin's arm, and whispered, "She is my mate, Damien, and I have no clue who will kill whom after it is all said and done."

Damien walked over to the mini bar and grabbed two beers. He gave Rod one and then took a long swallow of his before answering.

"Rod, love's a bitch, but if you admit it, you have wanted her for a long time. She stirs you like none of the other women you had before. She keeps you on your toes and, frankly, all this sparring between you two was getting a tad exhausting." Rod tried to get himself under control as he watched Damien put the beer down on the desk. He never felt the wolf like this before. It was almost like he wanted to go now and claim a woman who probably wanted to shoot him on sight. Trying to get his chaotic thoughts in order was giving him a headache as he sat on the edge of the desk.

"Listen to me for a change. I owe you for helping me get my head on straight about Alicia a few months ago, but I would really appreciate that you not take a chunk out of my hide. I don't think she would appreciate that very much and if you think she won't kill you then you really haven't seen her pissed off and gunning for vengeance." Damien said with a grimace as he put down his empty beer bottle in the trash and walked over to Rodrick. "Go for a run and get your game head on, brother of mine. Jax is going to test you in every way and then some. It is time to get ready for a war because her heart is clearly behind some strong shields and the wolf will not settle for anything but her heart, body, and soul before this is all said and done. Know you have my support and if you need me, just let me know. I have your back like always, Rod."

Rod nodded as he tried to make sense of the things Damien said and what he felt tonight. Something was different between Jaxon and himself. Each time he was near her lately, he wanted to toss her over his shoulder and take her to some place where he could rip her clothes off and taste every inch of her body. As Damien walked towards the door, Rod smiled with anticipation of taming the hell cat who stirred him like no other woman had.

"Thanks for the help, Damien. I appreciate it," Rod said as Damien slowly

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closed the door. Rod felt like his life was finally coming into focus. Jaxon Sinclair was his and woe to anyone in his path.

Chapter Five

The wind blew lightly, ruffling Rod's hair. He felt the tension stream along his spine and the wolf howled in his mind, aching to let loose. As he walked out the back of the Inn and towards his Harley, he pondered what his brother had to say and the way his body reacted to Jax's. He was certain this Halloween was going to be more interesting than the past few years. The silver and chrome gleamed in the moonlight and he felt a surge of pride at the sleek lines of his baby. His family may think he is nuts for pampering the bike but he custom built this one from scrap and it was a joy to ride. He slid one black jean leg over the side and put the key in the ignition. With a quick jump, he hit the clutch to start it. As the engine roared to life, his eyes gleamed in the moonlight as he pictured Jax melting into his embrace. *She is mine and no one better get in the way of my claiming her, especially Jax herself.* Rod gunned the bike and roared off into the night towards a field where he could shift into his wolf form in peace and without an audience.

About three miles outside town, he slowed down and slid his bike in between some trees. The silence was deafening after the throttle of the bike's engine. He looked around and used his keen senses to determine if any human was there. He rolled his shoulders as the itch grew worse. As the moon rose higher in the night sky, Rod knew the wolf would not be denied any longer.

He slid off the bike and stripped out of his clothes. He really did not want to ride buck naked back to town. There would be no telling what the nosy gossips would say on that one. He leaned over and let loose the wolf inside him.

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His body compacted, lengthened, and fur sprouted and teeth grew longer and sharper. His transformation was completed a few minutes later and the wolf was let loose completely. Clouds covered the moon in that instant and then where Rod stood was a silver wolf.

Golden yellow eyes glowed as he howled loudly, then he ran off, feeling the wind whip through his fur. Bunnies ran off as they caught the scent of a predator and he heard the screech owls in the air. He ran for hours till his sides were heaving from exertion and his breath came in short bursts through his nose. Looking around, he saw his bike in the distance as the false dawn lit up the sky and he walked over to it. Once he reached the protective area, he changed again and with the force of his change, Rod dropped to the ground in exhaustion. He felt like a newborn pup as he tiredly put his clothes on and made sure to leave no evidence that he was there. After awhile the effects of the change stopped his body from shaking, which was a bitch as far as he was concerned, and he dragged his tired ass back on the bike and started her up.

Now I need some sleep before I put the game plan I have in motion. Jaxon is about to find that when a wolf finds his mate, there is no stopping him until she is claimed, marked and mated.

* * * *

The next day, a whole passel of people bugged Jax at work about what happened at the Dragon Inn. It felt like the whole damn town was interested in the "love story of Jax and Rod." One huge problem...there was no love story between her and Rod as far as she was concerned. To add to her misery, she was late for work after dreaming about Rod, naked and gleaming in the moonlight, wolf howling in the night sky. It was enough to keep her awake for hours trying to figure out what to make of it all. And to top it off, when she got to the Dew Drop, her cousins looked at her with a knowing gleam in their eyes. After fending off nosey questions and the lethal glares the women were throwing at her was enough to give her a headache. Laying her head down on the back room break table, Jax tried to relax before the next

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round of well meaning customers came stampeding into the place.

A tap on Jax's shoulder had her looking up with wide eyes and a smart ass comment ready to fly when Alicia's face came into view.

"Go home, Jax. I can close up. You look like you need a hot bath and to relax a spell," Alicia said.

"Thanks, Alicia. I really need to be away from the busy bodies right now. I swear this town doesn't have anything else better to do than gossip about my love life!" Jax's headache tried to claim her attention again. "Are you sure you don't need me any more? I can finish my shift."

"No, get home. Don't forget...Rod is coming by for dinner and you want to make sure the pit you call a home is clean." Alicia snickered and patted Jax's shoulder. "Have fun tonight, Cuz, and enjoy yourself for a change. You might be pleasantly surprised for once!"

As Alicia walked away after a final squeeze on Jax's shoulder, she groaned at the thought of Rod's impending arrival. *It doesn't matter. He probably will bring pizza and tell me he made it or some such nonsense,* Jax thought as she collected her purse and dug out her keys. Her keys swayed in her hand as she walked over to her car and got in. *I swear it is like everyone seems to think I need to get laid and that Rod is the best man for the job.* Jax snickered. *If he even hints at getting horizontal, then he is going to get punched silly.* Though the vision of Rod naked and at her mercy almost had her coming right then.

If this kept up, she was going to land in a ditch. Her knuckles turned white as she held onto the steering wheel before she put the car in drive and zoomed off towards home, praying she could make it home before she gave herself over to the fantasies and dreams that had plagued her the night before. *All this tension from a damn kiss,* Jax thought as, a few minutes later, she pulled into her driveway. Jax put the car in park and closed her eyes for a minute, doing some deep breaths to ease the sexual tension that heated her blood and caused an ache to bloom in her pussy. She turned off the car, grabbed her bag and jumped out, determined not to let Rod make her into one of his bar ninnies. As Jax walked into her house, the blessed darkness

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was a relief to her senses. Jax breathed in the scents of sage, pine, and pumpkin that blended in the air. She smiled as she saw her pumpkin wind chime sway lightly in the breeze outside and tinkle magically.

Jax decorated her whole house for Halloween. She had loved the holiday forever it seemed. She was always like a kid this time of year, anxiously awaiting the time to get tons of candy or exclaiming over the costumes some of the kids came up with.

She finally started to relax and put on a new Michael Buble CD on the stereo. She swayed to the music as it swelled with feeling, then grabbed a Diet Coke and raced upstairs to take a quick shower before Rod got there. Determined not to put an emphasis on "date," she took a sip of her drink, set it down, and grabbed her favorite black jeans and a black t shirt. After a quick shower, Jax stood in front of the mirror and contemplated whether or not she should do her make up.

"Bah. What the heck am I doing?" Jax grumbled. *"I am not dating Rodrick Dracon at all; this is just some ego thing for him and a point to prove to me, like I give a flying crap."* She shoved her hair up in a hair clip, looked in the mirror and walked out of the bathroom, determined to not give into Rod's lustful advances, even if her body melted with just a caress. Then she heard the doorbell chime and drew a huge breath that made her chest heave. She squared her shoulders and marched down to answer it, as she tried to still the racing of her heart.

* * * *

Rod was ready as he ever would be considering it was Jax he was going to woo. As he grabbed what he had decided to make that night, he wondered if he should just forget it all and try to find someone new. The minute he had that thought a growl sounded in his head and he chuckled softly. *It looks as if the mate I would never had chosen was chosen for me,* Rod thought as he walked outside and to his black Mustang convertible. The air had a crispness that called to him deep inside. He lifted his head and drew the air deep in his lungs before he started the car. Humming a

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tune he heard on the radio, he drove along until he found Jax's house, tucked back in a corner lot. He smiled when he saw it was all decked out for Halloween. Between witches on the front porch swinging in the breeze, to jack-o-lanterns on the steps, Rod could imagine how much fun Jax had when Halloween came by.

Wonder if she will dress up to hand treats out or if I can persuade her to be my treat, Rod thought as the image of Jax in a saucy outfit with thigh highs, corset and nothing else had him hard as a rock. After grabbing the bags he had dinner fixings in, he tried to cool his steaming blood and slammed the door of his car. Rod sauntered up to the door and hoped like hell he wasn't making a mistake with this and, feeling a tad nervous, rang the doorbell. He smiled a little at the way the black cat winked at him on the window by his side. It felt like forever but in all reality it was just seconds, when the door opened and Rod felt his breath hitch at the sight of Jax. He almost dropped the bags on the ground. She looked delectable and sexy as hell in jeans and a t-shirt.

"Hey Jax, you are here, I see," Rod said as he tried to get over his nervousness. "Can I come in or am I going to have to answer a series of questions or something?"

"Yeah get your ass in here or Mrs. Nosey across the street will wonder what the heck is going on." Jax said. She shook her head as she opened the door wider for him to come through.

* * * *

"So what are you making me, Rod? Nothing like tofu or some wheat grass crap, I hope." Jax asked as she closed the door and turned to see him watching her with those golden eyes of his. She felt a jump in her belly as she watched him put down the bags and walk forward. *This weird lust crap is going to give me hives if this continues,* Jax thought as she watched his eyes take in her outfit. She felt like he was stripping her bare with his gaze. It was arousing her in a way she never felt before. It made her feel all twitchy.

"Hey do you need to put anything in the fridge? The kitchen is that way." Jax

pointed through a doorway on her left and prayed he wouldn't kiss her or hell, kiss her again just to still the thumping of her heart. She didn't know what the heck was going on with Rod but she could have sworn his eyes were glowing in the dimness of her front hall. It was spooky and sexy at the same time.

* * * *

Rod felt the wolf gather under his skin, howling to mark and mate with Jaxon. Shaking his head like he was coming out of a trance, he tried to calm his heated blood. He spotted the kitchen and walked that way, as he tried to figure out how the hell he was going to make it through the night without getting Jax naked or his hands from being chopped off for making a move on her. *What the heck have I gotten myself into*, Rod thought to himself. "Thanks, Sweets. Steak sound good to you? I got those plus a salad from my mom, potatoes, and rolls, and for dessert, Pumpkin pie. If you got a grill, I can start it and let it heat up while I get other stuff going."

Rod could see the way her eyes widen and her jaw drop as he told her what was for dinner and he almost laughed as the incredulous expression raced across her face. She was so expressive. It was hoot watching her.

Jax closed her eyes and tried to keep from keeling over in shock. "You are making steaks and all the fixings?" She said in a breathless voice as she watched him empty the bags on her kitchen island and get things in order. She couldn't believe it. She could have sworn he was going to order pizza or take out Chinese for tonight.

"Yeah, Jax, I can cook. My mom taught us from the time we could walk in the kitchen so we didn't need to order take out or eat ramen noodles all the time. So where is the grill? Outside right?" Rod said as he got the steaks in the fridge for later.

"Um, yeah outside on the back patio. It should have enough charcoal in it for tonight." Jax said still trying to make heads or tails of this night. It was getting all homey all of a sudden. If she didn't know better, she could have sworn he was laughing at her. "The door is right there, through the laundry room." Jax pointed to the side of the kitchen where a blinking skeleton hung from the doorway.

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“I am going to start that up and get it going. Why don’t you sit down and grab us a beer or something, Jax? You look a little flushed,” Rod said as he sauntered out the door, humming softly.

Chapter Six

Jax sat down hard on a bar stool by the island and tried to calm her breathing. *Oh my god, he is so different from other times. What the heck is going on here? My heart is racing, my body is aching for his touch and damn it, why the hell does he have to look so good in those tight jeans.* Jax watched him through the window get the grill going and wondered if maybe she was wrong about him after all. Sighing softly, she got up and grabbed two beers out of the fridge and brought them to the island as Rod walked back into the kitchen.

“Thanks. I followed your orders, no frou-frou crap.” Rod said as he picked up the beer, opened it and took a quick swallow. “Now before I do anything else, I want to do one thing before I start dinner for you.”

Rod watched as her eyes widened as he walked over to where she stood. His fingers glided up her arms and her body trembled at his touch. “Now I have wanted to do this again since last night and this time there is no hiding from me, Jax.” Then he bent forward and touched his lips to hers. It felt like the world exploded between them. He wanted to go slow but the first touch of her lips had him growling low in his throat. She tensed up then he felt her body soften and melt into his, her arms going up to cup his head as his tongue glided against her lips.

He thought his body was going to burst from the lust that raced through him as her tongue dueled with his. As his hands slid down to cup her ass, he heard her moan deep in her throat. He kissed her lips till they were swollen and she was gasping against him. His cock was aching and straining the front of his jeans. If he didn't stop soon, he was going to explode like an untried school boy. But dammit,

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she tasted like spice and everything nice.

With one last kiss, Rod laid his head near hers and breathed in her scent. His ragged breathing sounded loud in the quiet kitchen. He could smell her arousal and it was all he could do to not toss her over his shoulder and bound off to his lair. Holding her close, Rod felt like his world tilt on its axis.

“I am not going to say I am sorry for this, Jax. I wanted to kiss you all damn day.” Rod said as he felt her breath hitch a little and the deep breaths had her breasts rubbing up against his chest. “I am not sure what the heck is going on between us but I want you...very badly.” Rod put Jax’s hand on the front of his jeans to feel the hardness that pulsed against the fly.

* * * *

Jax’s fingers traced the outline of his hard cock as she tried to still her ragged breath. She could still feel the way his lips captured hers and she wanted more. Her nipples ached and her pussy was dripping wet, going down her thighs. She didn’t know what to do or say but she knew she wanted more of him and she wanted Rod naked very soon if he kept this up.

“I...” Jax tried to talk but her throat was dry and her breath kept hitching every time he swirled that tongue of his on her ear lobe and then nipped it. Swallowing hard, she tried again to speak, though if he kept it up, she was going to do something drastic very soon. All this tension was making her stomach clench and her breasts felt achy from wanting to be touched.

His body felt like it was cast from granite, hard and unyielding though each time she traced her fingers along the hard ridge in his jeans, she heard him groan. Jax debated if she should let this go further when all thought of caution went flying out the window as he nibbled on that one particular spot between her shoulder and neck. It was like a time bomb exploded inside her. He made her feel like she was going to combust. She couldn’t stop the way her body melted into his or the moan that seemed to come from deep inside her. She wanted more and she was going to get it,

regardless of the consequences.

Jax grabbed his t-shirt with both hands and yanked it over his head. The pale skin gleamed in the light and she drooled over the way his abs rippled. She slid her hands across his chest, marveling at the way his body looked to her eyes and how his nipples pointed out when she teased them with her fingernails. With just his jeans on and no shirt, he looked like a wild god, ready for his sacrifice, and Jax was more than willing to sacrifice herself. If he didn't get naked soon, she was going to go up in flames, Jax thought as she nipped his lips with her teeth. Hearing his breath hitch each time she traced a path around his navel had her aching to explore even more. Flipping the top button of his jeans, she teased Rodrick as she looked at him with her eyes at half mast, passion glazing in them. She slid her fingernail across his nipple, causing him to tighten his grip on her waist. Slowly, she slid the zipper down and her breath hitched as she saw his cock straining to get free. He was utterly naked under the jeans and Jax was about to scream as her eyes took it in. Her panties were so drenched that her juices were sliding down her legs, coating the inside of her thighs.

Jax slid her fingers around the waist of his jeans and as her eyes drank in the way ardor had him in its hungry grip, she slid one finger over the ridge of him, teasing and tempting him with her light touch.

* * * *

Rod could barely breathe as Jax ran her finger over his cock. He was about to explode if she kept this up. It was like gasoline was tossed on the ground and Jax was the match that caused him to burn uncontrollably. He hoped like hell she did something soon or the wolf was going to take over this mating.

"Jax...Please" Rod growled as he tried to control the beast inside him. Jax looked at Rod and the sly, sensual smile on her face had him shuddering as she slid the jeans down and his cock bobbed free, a drop glistening on the tip.

"What is wrong, Rod? Can't stand the flame that burns between us?" Jax

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whispered in his ear as her hands slid down to cup his balls, rolling them gently as she nipped his ear lobe and pressed a kiss on the side of his neck, ignoring the way his cock strained for her touch.

She was driving him nuts and his control was getting thinner and thinner. With each touch and whispered word, this woman was driving him past the point of no return. The wolf howled inside his head as her hand finally slid down the length of him, causing him to tighten his hands on her ass and groan at the sensations that raced through him. Exquisite pleasure racked his body and he shuddered at the touch of her finger on the sensitive underside of the head had him growling low in his throat.

He felt Jax nip his throat in response and then before he could react, she slid down so her lips grazed a trail that burned with each kiss, nip and lick of her tongue down his chest, to his waist, swirling her tongue around his navel, making him groan louder. She looked up, passion glazing her eyes over, making them like bright sapphires and then before he could think, her lips closed over the tip of his cock and he grabbed the edge of the kitchen island with such force, he almost left marks in the countertop. The flick of her tongue against him had him almost cumming and it took all the will power he had to not force her to swallow him whole. The maddening licks, the way her fingers glazed over his balls and the slow torture of her sliding him deeper inside her wet mouth had Rodrick perilously close to the edge. She was driving him mad with the way she was teasing him. If this kept up he was going to blow his load deep down her throat.

Growling softly as he tried to keep from ramming his cock deeper, Rod tried to draw deep breaths and almost succeeded until this she-vixen slipped a finger to trace his anus and slid it down to tease him some more as she slid her lips up and around his cock, drawing him deeper inside her mouth, her hand sliding up and around his cock to tease his balls.

"You are a witch, Jax. If you keep this up," Rod said, as his hips rocked against her, "I am going to come hard and I want you to suck it all up."

Jax looked up and, with a glint of pure mischief in her eyes, Rod felt her draw

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his cock deep in her mouth and then she slid one finger in his anus and suckled hard as she pumped her other hand up and around his cock, asking for his tribute. The sucking, teasing...before he could slow himself down, Rod gripped her head with his hands and thrust hard against her mouth several times as he roared with his release. It shot out in jets of hot cum and he felt Jax swallow it all as she licked him clean.

Chapter Seven

Jax finished licking Rod clean and sat back on her haunches, looking up at the man who tasted like sin and looked like a god. She eyed the way his glistened cock nestled in his curly pubis hair and even at rest it was easily eight inches long. Her cunt pulsed with an ache that had her cream coating the insides of her thighs and her body tingled with an awareness that she never felt before.

“Yum Rod, got more?” Jax said as she slowly stood up. He still had his eyes closed and his harsh breathing was the only answer to her question. Sliding her hands up along his arms, Jax tried to calm him down but she wasn’t prepared for the way he looked as his eyes slowly opened, glowing softly with a light that seemed to beckon her to come play some more. He thrust his feet out of his jeans and stood naked in the kitchen.

“We are not thru my dear. In fact, we are just getting started but I think we would be more comfortable if we took this to your bedroom.” Rod growled as he watched the way Jax reacted to his glowing eyes. He had a tenuous control on the wolf, but it was getting harder to maintain as all he could think of was Jax’s lips wrapped around his cock; the way she smelled was driving him nuts and he itched to explore the lush body that was in front of him.

In a blink of an eye, Rod had Jax over his shoulder and bounded out of the kitchen. He slapped her rounded ass lightly as she squealed with surprise and desire. “Which way to the bedroom, Jax?”

“Go up the stairs to the first room on your left,” Jax told him as he bounded

up the stairs, his hands caressing her ass and thighs. Shoving the door open, Rod moved fluidly toward the bed, his goal to get Jax naked very, very soon. She was ripe for the plucking and he wanted to taste every delectable inch of her.

Laying her on the bed, Rod saw her eyes were wide and dilated with her desire. Her breath hitched as he slowly tugged her jeans off. Her arousal was sweet as ambrosia as he saw how her panties were drenched with her juices. Sliding down he tugged the jeans off and he looked up at Jax as he slid a finger around her hips.

“I am going to fuck you, Jax and then fuck you again. I want to feel every clench of your pussy, every sigh, moan, and scream you make because when I am done, you will be mine!” Rod said as he slid his body up Jax’s and delivered several hard kisses on her swollen lips. “You woke the beast, now it is time to pay the toll, my dear.” As he growled low in his throat and felt the hard points of her nipples pierce his chest, his cock grew even harder than before. The wolf was going to mark and mate his female. She wasn’t going to get away now.

* * * *

His hands roamed all over her body, imprinting it in his mind as the wolf howled for more inside. His eyes gleamed brighter as he slid down to kiss her forehead, nose, cheeks before claiming her lips in a kiss that had her straining against him for more. Her tongue dueled with his as she opened to his onslaught. Rod felt her rubbing against him in a way that had him growling louder as each point of her nipples rubbed his furred chest.

With each kiss, Rod claimed and marked the woman under him with every inch of his passion. She was *his* and woe to anyone who tried to get her from him. Sliding his hands around her breasts, he teased her with light, feather touches, keeping away from the nipples that seemed to grow bigger as he teased and caressed her. *Mine* was all Rod heard in his head as he captured Jax’s lips over and over again, keeping the sensual torture up as she withered under him, need shining in her eyes as she strained for more.

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Then with a flick of his finger, he teased the nipple of her left breast and had Jax arching under him. She was completely under his spell and she wanted more from him. Each teasing touch, hard kiss and caress had Jax aching more as she arched again as his other finger reached to flick her right nipple, making her groan from the need inside her growing with each exquisite torture from him.

“Please...Rod...I can't take it.”

“No, you will take it and more because I am not done yet, Honey. You are going to feel the full awakening of the beast inside me,” Rod said as he slid his tongue up and around her areole and licked her nipple as his other finger tugged and teased her other one. Her thighs were coated with her arousal and the air smelled of it. Then before she could beg him for more, he bit down quickly on her nipple and then licked the pain away. Jax screamed softly as Rod's sensual onslaught kept her on edge for more.

Then before she could catch a breath, Rod slid down to kneel between her splayed thighs, her pussy lips glistened with her juices and her arousal perfuming the air with its musky scent.

His finger traced the outer lips of her labia and she trembled from need, desire, and for something more as he teased her with his touch. Rod leaned forward and sniffed her scent before kissing the inside of her thighs as a finger dipped in her pussy and was coated in her cream.

Rod sat up, traced her lips with the finger and placed her cream all along them before licking them clean with his tongue. Then the hard kiss he gave her next had her back bowed as her breasts pushed up against him. He felt her moans as he plundered her lips with a savage need.

Then leaning back again, his cock hard as a rock and glistening with a pearl of pre-cum on the tip, Rod watched as Jax licked her lips and watched the way her eyes flared with desire. She smiled as his cock bobbed in anticipation of claiming her.

“If you are going to take me, then take me, Rod. I am getting ready to explode from all the torture you are giving me here.” Jax cupped her breasts together and rubbed her nipples to tease him back. Then, before he could blink, she leaned down

and kissed one then the other nipple. He groaned. "Fuck me, Rod, and fuck me hard! I want you to fill me full of your hard cock now...please!"

Growling, Rod slipped his finger in Jax's cunt and thrust hard and fast. "Not until I'm done, Jax. Stop being naughty or I am going to stop and spank that cute ass of yours." Thrusting with more vigor, he leaned forward and nipped at her nipples as he felt her inside clench around one finger. "I will fill you full, Jax, just not quite yet. I'm not done playing, wench." He thrust two then three fingers into her, causing her to clamp around them hard. He played with her clit and drove her to the edge. She was grinding into his hand as he finger fucked her hard until he heard her breath hitch. Her pussy clamped around his fingers and she screamed as she broke apart. Her climax caused him to shudder with desire and he tried to still the lust that fired his blood into boiling. As he slid his fingers out of her pussy, cream coated, he looked up at Jax as she tried to get her breath back, and he held her eyes as he licked his fingers cleaned then leaned over to position himself between her thighs.

"You are so beautiful when you come, Jax. I want to see more of that." Rod said softly as his cock slid against her sensitized clit, causing her to squirm and gasp from the pleasure. Feeling her wetness coat his tip had Rod almost coming and a shudder raced up his spine as his balls contracted and he fought the urge to bury himself to the hilt inside her pussy.

* * * *

Jax was trembling as she felt his cock nestled between her, her hands trying to force him more inside her when a sudden lunge had him sheathed to the hilt inside her pussy. Clenching around him, she gasped in surprise as she felt the way he filled her, pulsing as she throbbed in time. Hearing his indrawn breath as she clenched her muscles, and then before she could do any more, he began to move slowly, oh so slowly. She wrapped her legs around his waist and slid her hands down to cup his ass as his hips flexed with his thrusts and as hers arched to meet them. He was slow, driving her to the edge with each hard thrust, giving her a glimpse of paradise as she

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whimpered for more.

“Please...please,” became her running refrain as her hips bucked against his and she tried to get him to go faster.

She dimly heard his answer as his thrusts sped up and he nipped the base of her throat as his hips rocked against hers, causing whimpers of need. All she could do was answer his call by meeting his thrusts and clenching her thighs around his waist. She arched as her climax seemed so close and she trembled with the assault of their shared desires.

Jax didn't care if the bed broke or who heard her wails, she wanted the delicious sensual dance between them to continue. She arched to meet his thrusts, her nails digging into his ass as she felt it flex and his hips moved faster. She was so close to falling over the edge. She needed something to drive her there.

“Please, Rod...I can't take any more,” Jax panted as she clenched her insides around him, her hips moving in time with his. She was desperate for a release only he could give.

Her body swayed with his, as her entire being was focused on that hard cock. She tried to focus on the way his eyes glowed eerily in the moonlight but she couldn't keep hers open long enough to ponder it all. She was focused on one thing and one thing only: utter completion.

“We are not quite done yet, Jax. Come for me baby. Make me feel you come apart all around me.” Then he swiveled his hips hard and hit her G-Spot. Her muscles clenched around his cock as her orgasm came flying through her into him. She screamed from tension and spasmed, causing him to howl as he climaxed right after her.

Chapter Eight

Rod dropped down gently on top of Jax, his body trembling from the force of his mating. He tried to catch his breath. The wolf settled down inside his mind; all he could hear was *MINE*. He wondered if hell would break loose when she felt the mating mark that would show everyone she was claimed by him. He already felt the mark forming on his shoulder to show all he was finally taken. He knew shit was going to hit the fan when she finally figured it out. Then again, he knew she was a spitfire when he met her all those years ago. Grinning softly, he figured his life was about to get very interesting.

“Are you okay, Jax? Am I crushing you?” Rod asked as he smoothed back the hair that covered her face. He watched as her eyes slowly opened and a burst of something: happiness...contentment, hummed inside him. Her eyes were passion glazed and they looked lovely to him. It was like looking at the ocean as it glimmered in the sunlight. “I can move, you know, if I am too heavy.”

“You move and I am going to geld you,” Jax said. She cleared her throat and spoke again. “You are fine. I like feeling your weight against me. Plus your cock is nicely nestled.” She squeezed the tip as his softening cock slid out.

* * * *

Jax tried to get the chaotic jumble of thoughts under control yet all she could think was that he was hers. It didn't make sense to her but she felt at peace. It was

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like she was finally home and home was Rod. Her body nestled and she mewed as he moved off to the side and shifted her closer into his arms. Her head nestled on his shoulder and she threaded a leg through his. She was sore yet she also felt the need thrum through her again. It was like something clicked on inside her and now it was on simmer, waiting to boil again. She had settled down to doze a bit when she yelped in surprise.

Jax sat up quickly, dislodging Rod's arms from around her. She tried to twist her body to see where the stinging pain was.

"What the fuck is going on?" Jax asked. Looking down at Rod, lounging like there was no care in the world, his eyes gleamed as he took in her nakedness. "Did you bite me or something?"

"Stop twisting, Jax. I will show you what the fuss was about." Rod said, his lips turning up as she glared at him. "All it is a mark that says you are mine. I have one as well so don't even think I am coming out of this unscathed."

"What?" she yelled. His eyes widened in appreciation when she jumped up from the bed to look in her mirror, not caring she was naked. "What the fuck is going on, Rod? What did you do to me?" She glared at him over her shoulder as she twisted around looking for whatever it was that caused her pain.

Rod sighed. Sitting up, he swung his legs over the side of the bed then doubled over, clutching his shoulder as well.

"Rod! You okay? What the hell is going on?" Jax yelled at him as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It is ok, Jax. Just the wolf mating brand coming on us." Wheezing, Rod tried to still the trembling in his legs as he rubbed his shoulder, feeling the raised area where the mark would be.

"Wolf mating brand? What the hell are you talking about? What game are you playing with me, Rod? I am not mated, married, or anything." Jax tried to not screech out the words but fear and a little something else was racing up her spine as she saw a wolf tattoo on his shoulder when he turned toward her. It made her pussy clench as he stalked over to her, his eyes glowing softly in the darkness. She tried not to step

back as she faced him.

Trying to keep his voice low and soothing, Rod stood in front of Jax and said “Jax, you always knew I was different. I am a wolf-shifter and I found my mate... you. You can imagine the shock of finding that the one woman who wouldn’t melt at every word, challenged me at every turn and basically caused so much havoc in me was the woman I was destined to be with. A wolf mating brand only happens if soul mates come together and mate. You are my soul mate and my everything. Please don’t fight it because the effects of that are so much worse, or so I have read.”

Her hands trembled as she looked at Rod and a combination of fear, need and something else warred in her mind. She slid one hand over her shoulder and sure, enough a raised bump was there. Shaking her head in denial, she tried to figure a way out of this but if what she was hearing correctly, it looked as if this aggravating man claimed her as his mate and she had no freaking say in it. One side of her wanted to cuddle back in his arms. The other side wanted to rail at the injustice of it all and yell at him that it was his fault, but she knew, if she was honest with herself, she had a feeling of completeness with him she hadn’t felt before.

“Where is your brand? Why me? Why not the bar bunnies you always took home? You never looked at me like that before,” Jax said as she tried to keep from jumping into his arms and nestling next to him. She didn’t quite understand the feeling running through her but she knew deep in her heart this was the right thing.

“Jax, I don’t understand it either. I can honestly say I tried to fight the wolf’s desire but there is no fighting the mating time. I found you, thankfully, because if you were with someone else, I would have ripped him to shreds. You are mine and I will cherish, protect, and love you with all my heart, soul, and body. Now will you let me show you the wolf brand and then warm you up under the covers? You are shaking so hard the dresser is moving,” Rod said as moved to take her in his arms.

“Please, show me.” Jax whispered and moved to the warmth of a man who moved her to heights no other had ever done before. As he turned her around, she spied a small wolf brand on her right shoulder that matched his. It was silver with gold eyes.

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Thankfully it isn't summer and I can ease into this entire mating thing over the winter, Jax thought. She knew Rod had a hold on her heart, but she didn't want to let him get it too easily. She was going to make him sweat a little before she let her feelings be public

"Sweetness, can we now go back to bed and relax a spell before anything else happens? I swear I didn't mean to cause you any pain," Rod said as he rubbed his chin against the top of her head. Jax turned a bit, looking deep into Rod's eyes, smiled a sweet smile that had his cock go hard and he groaned as a mischievous light lit her eyes up. "Relax, huh? I can think of a way to relax, sunshine. I think it involves naked limbs, lips, and lots of playful fun." Nipping his lips as she dragged his head down, Jax thought she heard a wolf howl in answer. She smiled softly as Rodrick groaned and carried her over to the bed Jax knew she had a lot to learn about Rod's other half, but she knew her heart was his even though she was going to make him work for it.

This Halloween was definitely magical.

Devon Falls: Haunting Magic

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